

THE BILLIONAIRE'S ACCIDENTAL BRIDE

"MARCO POLO"

Written by

Rocco Giamatteo

**INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - DAY**

JACOB (20s, suave) is escorted in by prison guard BONNIE (40, tough-as-nails). Jacob clutches his stomach in pain.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jacob played his cards perfectly.  
He had made himself vomit, knowing  
it would land him here. A plan was  
already forming.

Jacob sits on the medical bed as a NURSE (20s) approaches.

NURSE

Where does it hurt?

JACOB

Sharp, stinging pain... like  
something's lodged in there.

The Nurse eyes him suspiciously.

NURSE

Did you swallow something to  
smuggle it in?

Jacob shakes his head.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jacob knew she wouldn't believe  
him. That was the point.

The Nurse closes privacy curtains around Jacob while Bonnie  
stands outside keeping watch.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Protocol meant privacy. Privacy  
meant opportunity. Jacob knew it  
would take an hour or more for the  
emergency doctor to arrive. He was  
counting on it.

Jacob side-eyes the curtain blocking Bonnie, smirking.

JACOB

(whispery)

Marco...

Bonnie rolls her eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Bonnie prided herself on her quote-unquote "military bearing." That's what her ex-husband called it anyway. So she ignored him.

Jacob creeps along the curtain, sniffing the air.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
A prison guard wearing perfume wasn't typical. Jacob filed away that detail for later.

Jacob places his head against the curtain, lowering to her height.

JACOB  
(whispery)  
Marco.

Suddenly, the curtain between them SWEEPS open. Bonnie storms in, baton raised.

BONNIE  
Stand down! Stand down!

Jacob raises his hands, backing up to the bed.

JACOB  
Alright, alright.

Bonnie glares at him, then gestures to the bed.

BONNIE  
On the bed. Now.

Jacob complies, sitting down with a sly smile.

JACOB  
Chanel Number Five.

BONNIE  
What?

JACOB  
Your perfume. A classic.

BONNIE  
If you try that again, you're not leaving this infirmary.

She turns to leave, but Jacob can't resist.

JACOB  
Did your husband buy it for you?

Bonnie freezes, turns back with venom in her voice.

BONNIE  
You've got a big mouth, you know  
what?

JACOB  
Didn't think so.

Bonnie closes the curtain, stepping closer to Jacob, her hand  
on the taser.

BONNIE  
Looks like it's up to us prison  
workers to teach you some manners.

JACOB  
Because what kind of a man would  
buy you the perfect perfume and let  
you out of his sight?

Bonnie pauses, thrown off.

BONNIE  
You don't know anything about me.

JACOB  
You can tell a lot from the little  
things.

Bonnie removes her hand from the taser.

BONNIE  
Try me.

Jacob lowers his hands.

JACOB  
Women who wear Chanel spray it  
where they like to be kissed...  
like just under the ear...

Bonnie tries not to blush.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Coco Chanel's perfumer, Ernest  
Beaux... he traveled to the Arctic  
for inspiration... fresh air  
northern lakes, midnight sun...  
eighty scents blended into  
perfection...

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)  
(leaning in now)  
Smell isn't the only clue. There's  
sound. Like a slight Southern  
drawl.. A woman far from home,  
maybe always feeling that way...

Bonnie's eyes widen, betraying Jacob's accuracy.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
And sight... A faint streak of  
white where a wedding ring used to  
be.

Bonnie glances down at her hand, noticing the mark.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Or a top button left undone,  
against dress code. Deep down,  
she's overdue for someone to notice  
her.

Bonnie reaches to fix her button. Jacob takes her hand  
gently, standing.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
Touch is my favorite. You can feel  
someone's heart race... their hairs  
stand... their whole being aching  
to break free...

Jacob steps closer, his hand lightly around her waist. Bonnie  
gulps, unable to move.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
There's just one sense left... the  
one that really brings people  
together.

Bonnie closes her eyes, leaning in. At the last moment, Jacob  
whispers in her ear.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
I do things for you, and you do  
things for me. How's that sound?

Bonnie opens her eyes, startled but intrigued.

BONNIE  
What kind of things?

CUT TO BLACK