

FADE IN:

EXT. SAUNDERS BEACH - MORNING

The blue, sea water is rough, medium-sized waves crashing onto the shore.

EXT. BAY STREET - SAME

Water from the sea surges and splatters sand onto the road. Cars slowly traverse the sandy, black tarmac.

EXT. NASSAU CITY - SAME

CAMERA ZOOMS through the colorful tourist "jungle" of Bay Street --

PEDESTRIANS of diverse backgrounds move along the sidewalks, a FEW in a hurried pace --

Two ASIAN TOURISTS simultaneously hold up their I-phone camera, soon taking a 'selfie.'

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - SAME - BAY STREET

The Tourist Couple walks over to a STORE VENDOR (male, 75) who stands outside the main door. They hand the vendor their phone, gesturing for him to take a snapshot.

The vendor acquiesces, steadying the camera while trying to frame the couple. He CLICKS.

INT. BRIDAL STORE - SAME - BAY STREET

Racks of formal wedding attire: tuxedos, bridesmaids outfits, bridal gowns.

FITTING ROOM

CLOSE UP of **JASMINE BETHEL (28, Afro-Bahamian, beautiful)** looking at her face in a tall mirror. CAMERA OPENS to reveal her standing in a white wedding dress. Her hair is pulled back in a ponytail - her traditional hairstyle.

A spacious room with a full length mirror on the each side of the wall.

STORE CLERK (O.C.)
Ms. Bethel, how's the dress
fitting?

JASMINE
It's great... but I think it needs
to be taken in by the arms.

Sound of VIBRATING. Jasmine slowly shuffles over to a brown
purse and pulls her phone out.

INSERT - PHONE

Text from Brandon: "Hi Beautiful..."

BACK TO SCENE

Jasmine half-smiles but soon bites her lips, showing a sign
of hesitation.

INT. TEMPLE ASSEMBLIES - DAY - PASTOR GREEN'S OFFICE

Jasmine and **BRANDON SMITH (28, Afro-Bahamian, handsome)** sits
opposite **PASTOR GREEN (55, burly, Afro-Bahamian)**, who wears a
nice, white suit.

PASTOR GREEN
So Brandon, when did you first know
that you wanted to marry Jasmine?

Brandon smiles while looking at his fiancée.

BRANDON
I knew from the second date. That
date affirmed all the things I
suspected from the first.

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE SCENE - DATE NIGHT

INT. SWIMMING PIGS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jasmine, dressed in a yellow jumpsuit, sits, talking with
Brandon. On the table, a pair of bare plates -- Jasmine
mouths off something to him.

BRANDON (V.O.)
On that date, she asked about my
family, my friends, my health...
she wanted to know if work was
fine... I felt like I was talking
to someone who really cared.

INT. BRANDON'S CAR - NIGHT

Jasmine reaches over to open the car door. Brandon gets in the driver's seat, places his hand on the wheel, soon smiling at her.

BRANDON (V.O.)

Also, she went out her way to open my car door. I knew that she wasn't the type of woman who wanted to see what she could get out of me. She was the type who wanted to meet a man halfway, you know?

EXT. CABLE BEACH STRIP - CONTINUOUS

Brandon and Jasmine stroll along the side walk as cars zoom by. There's a pedestrian ahead -- Jasmine holds Brandon's hand as they begin to cross.

BRANDON (V.O.)

She even held my hand when we were crossing the street... as a way to protect and guide me, I suppose.

BACK TO SCENE - END OF FLASHBACK

Pastor Green exchanges a look with Jasmine.

PASTOR GREEN

And Jasmine... what about you? When did you know that you wanted to marry Brandon?

JASMINE

I guess --

BRANDON

(smiling at Jasmine)
Pastor, you've seen the way I look in a suit. Who wouldn't want to marry me?

INT. BRANDON'S APARTMENT - DAY - LIVING ROOM

Brandon and Jasmine pound their lively thumbs on a remote control, playing the X-box game, "Fortnite."

BRANDON

Pull your weight, Jas. You gotta switch ammo.

JASMINE

What about you? I had ten more kills than you did last mission.

BRANDON

Uhm--

(maneuvering his remote)

I was trying to tell you that my astigmatism was acting up, you know...

JASMINE

(smiling)

Whatever. Just don't drag out your kills next game.

BRANDON

(to the television)

Whoooo! You saw that! Gunsmithing up in this *bitch*!

LATER

Brandon turns the television off while Jasmine lounges, lying on the couch with her knees folded.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

You hungry?

JASMINE

Yes. What you have to eat?

Brandon sits next to Jasmine, soon kissing her face and neck.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

So, when you say hungry, you're not talking about food?

Brandon looks at her and shakes his head, then resumes to kiss her in various places while slowly pulling on her shirt.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

But I'm seriously hungry.

BRANDON

Hungry, really, is code word for other things.

(with a serious tone)

I love you.

Jasmine kisses him softly on the lips.

JASMINE

So what's code word for I really
really really could go for a
conchburger right now versus
imminent sex?

BRANDON

(kissing her on the lips)
Hmmm. We can figure that one out.

Brandon gives her a last peck and grabs his keys off the
table.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Come on, let's do Bamboo.

INT. SMITH'S WESTRIDGE RESIDENCE - EVENING

A FEMALE SERVANT (25, Filipino) removes a silver dish cover,
revealing roasted pieces of lamb.

The lamb dish rests in front of Brandon's mother, **PORTIA
SMITH (55, Afro-Bahamian, regal)** who folds her hands, soon
looking over to Jasmine who sits quietly at the table.

There's a spread of a spread of fancy dishes - roasted
potatoes, ceviche-style shrimp cocktail, boil grouper,
asperagus, hassleback tomato caprese, caesar salad, and white
rice.

Brandon and Jasmine sit side by side. Brandon uses a fork to
dig into a piece of lamb, lifting it to his plate filled with
white rice, meanwhile Jasmine forks the cream cheese out of
the tomato caprese.

PORTIA

(to Jasmine)

What do you think of the caprese?

JASMINE

It's delicious.

PORTIA

So it's agreeable to add to the
wedding's menu?

Portia watches as Jasmine nods her head, unable to talk with
the mouth full of tomato. Brandon scoops up some rice.

JASMINE

(with an empty mouth)

Yes, it is.

BRANDON

Mom, anything you pick will be fine, I'm sure.

PORTIA

I mean most people expect only Bahamian food but I like to add a touch of extra class. And besides, I'm paying for the wedding so I would sure want a say in quite a number of things.

BRANDON

You're only paying for it because you begged me not to. So please don't...

PORTIA

Well, you're an up and coming lawyer in the practice. I just want to make sure your burden is light. I'm sure Jasmine here understands that a woman needs to especially support a man in his career.

Jasmine glances at Brandon as Portia cuts into her piece of lamb with her knife and fork. Portia takes a bite of the meat.

BRANDON

Jasmine's been super supportive, Mom. She even grammar checks my court documents without me asking her too.

Brandon takes another bite of lamb as Jasmine rests her fork down, making prep for interrogation.

PORTIA

How's teaching by the way?

JASMINE

It's good.

PORTIA

But I'm sure you know you can do better than teaching?

Brandon reaches over to Jasmine's lap to hold her hand.

JASMINE (V.O.)

I actually love being a teacher, Mrs. Smith.

EXT. ST. GEORGE'S HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

HIGH SCHOOL CHILDREN, diverse in appearance and dressed in blue and white uniforms, shuffle in and out of classrooms.

INT. JASMINE'S CLASSROOM - SAME

Jasmine sits at the teacher's desk, shuffles through papers and records grade in her grade-book. A gold wedding band glistering on her finger.

The classroom is empty, until **DANIEL, an Afro-Bahamian male student, (16, handsome)** enters, ambling toward her desk.

DANIEL
Miss Bethel?

Jasmine looks up at Daniel, who places his palm on her desk.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
How did I do on the essay?

JASMINE
You did well, but you'll see your grade when I hand them back next class.

Daniel smiles.

DANIEL
Can't I see it now?

Jasmine sighs.

JASMINE
If I tell you, will you go to lunch?

DANIEL
(teeming with joy)
Of course.

JASMINE
Eighty-five percent.

Daniel nods his head.

DANIEL
Not bad.

There's something else on his mind.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I heard you're getting married,
Miss Bethel. Tell your husband I
need an invite to this wedding,
though.

Jasmine sighs.

JASMINE

Daniel, go to lunch.

SOUND of a SCHOOL BELL ringing.

DANIEL

(smirking)

But lunch is over.

Jasmine shakes her head.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Jasmine talks on the phone while lifting a stack of books to
her BLUE TOYOTA COROLLA. She opens the back door.

JASMINE

(on the phone)

Hey, how was your day?

INT. SMITH & PRYOR'S LEGAL FIRM - SAME - BRANDON'S OFFICE

Brandon, on his phone, sits at a desks looking through legal
files.

BRANDON

It was good. Plus, I got a new
case. Wessex Bank is counter suing
a client for defamation of
character.

JASMINE (V.O.)

You do know that you just gave out
confidential information, which is
unethical.

INT. BLUE TOYOTA COROLLA - SAME

Jasmine, sitting in the driver's seat, closes the car door
while using her ear to press her phone against her shoulder,
steadying it in place.

BRANDON (V.O.)

But it's just you, babe. And this is a pretty big case, which means I'm definitely going to make enough to buy you a house in Westridge.

She sighs.

JASMINE

I don't care about a big house, Brandon.

INT. SMITH & PRYOR'S LEGAL FIRM - SAME - BRANDON'S OFFICE

A LEGAL ASSISTANT (25, male) walks in with a folder and hands it to Brandon. He's still on the call.

BRANDON

(in his phone)

We can talk about your reasoning about the house later. What about your day, Jas? Those young boys still hitting on their English teacher?

JASMINE

No, they're not. You're the only one who finds me the slightest bit attractive, remember?

INT. LUKKA KAIRIE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jasmine, wearing a tight ponytail, a white button down t-shirt, and white jeans, sits at a table, drinking a glass of water while Brandon drinks a bottle of Guinness while carousing with some friends - **PHIL (33)**, **DEANNA (28)**, and **PAUL (30)** --

BRANDON

I was this close to peeing my fucking pants, completely speechless while the judge was looking at me like... do you really want this guy going to jail?

Jasmine watches as Brandon playfully slaps his friend Phil in the back while letting out a loud guffaw. Everyone at the table LAUGHS except her. Jasmine takes another sip of water --

BAR COUNTER

Brandon and Phil stand by the bar, ordering drinks. Phil, pulling out some cash, gestures to a MALE BARTENDER and holds up his empty glass.

PHIL
(to the Bartender)
Two rum and cokes, please.

The Bartender nods.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I can't believe your girl doesn't drink at all. She needs to loosen up.

BRANDON
(smiling)
Leave my baby alone. She's doesn't like alcohol, so what?

Phil laughs as the bartender places the two rum and cokes in front of them.

PHIL
So, you're seriously not going to have a bachelor's party?

BRANDON
I feel like every other Saturday hanging with you *is* a Bachelor's party, so *no* Bachelors.

PHIL
I'm not that bad. You make me sound like the island Howard Hughes. Come on, bro.

They both take a sip of their drink.

PHIL (CONT'D)
But seriously though, you going to get married right now, even though lone gals coming at you right now?

BRANDON
Phil, come on man. I fucking love Jasmine.

BRANDON (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I love her, Phil.

Brandon takes a sip of his drink while looking over at the table where Jasmine sits alone.