

THE FRUITCAKE

Trey Selman

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Madhouse Entertainment  
CAA

This isn't based on a true story.

This is a true story.

USA v. Sandy Jenkins  
§§§§  
Case No. 3:13-cr-00350

**EXT. I-45**

A massive split lane chugging between the breast augmentations of Dallas and the refried smog of Houston.

But out here in the piney woods, it's grassy swaths, spotty traffic, and a lingering breeze of uh-huhs and yes ma'ams.

We idle on a lightning bug dancing in the dusk, when...

An eighteen wheeler SCREAMS by. Flinging the bug high. It flutters in the tumult, then SMASHES...

Into a GIANT 3-D FRUITCAKE bulging from a billboard. As the bioluminescence flickers away, we FADE to a...

**MONTAGE**

As an arsenal of mishmash footage crashes into one another.

**A JIMMY BUFFETT CONCERT:**

The barefoot prophet of landlocked beach lovers bellows...

JIMMY BUFFETT  
*Half baked cookies in the oven  
Half baked people on the bus  
There's a little bit of fruitcake  
left in everyone of us...*

**THE TONIGHT SHOW - 1985:**

Johnny Carson monologues.

JOHNNY CARSON  
The worst gift is fruitcake...

The crowd laughs.

JOHNNY CARSON (cont'd)  
There's only one fruitcake in the world, and people keep sending it to each other, year after year.

**THE ANNUAL NEW MEXICO FRUITCAKE TOSS**

Where these baked delicacies tumble from the sky. And SMASH down like an unwanted plague of frogs. Pow, splat, pfffft!

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.)  
Butt of the joke? Or the sturdy foundation of an American tradition? A flimsy pile of glazed  
(MORE)

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
nuts...or the strongest muscle in  
the holiday gift game?

We finally arrive at unquestionably 90's corporate b-roll.

**SERIES OF SHOTS**

- inside the storybook Collin Street fruitcake plant
- happy faces lining up outside the bakery
- servicemen unwrapping these morsels of ageless wonder

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
If you ask me, the fruitcake is a  
patriotic gesture. The bald eagle  
of desserts. The Liberty Bell,  
Declaration of Independence and God  
Bless America all mashed together  
as one.

**CORSICANA, TX FLYOVER**

You'd think this town was a caricature of America. Hell it is. A brick stacked showcase built on the riches of cattle, oil, and finger licking baked goods.

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Welcome new hires. To Collin Street  
Bakery and the fruitcake capital of  
the world -- the great city of  
Corsicana, Texas. Where we...

CORSICANANS (PRE-LAP)  
Work! Live! Play!

**CITY HALL**

The camera ZOOMS IN on a gaggle of cheering Corsicanans.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY – CONFERENCE ROOM**

SANDY JENKINS, a human shaped pile of lukewarm oatmeal, watches along, like a lost puppy in a window.

As the video ends, Collin Street heir, BOB MCNUTT swaggers forward. He's not a show-off, but he could if he wanted to.

Bob surveys this room of maybe six people.

BOB MCNUTT  
People snicker from coast to coast,  
but in their darkest of nights and  
(MORE)

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
 loneliest of times, trust me, they  
 wish they had a little clump of  
 heaven that we slice up. And I'm  
 not one to brag but with over a  
 million sold each year at forty  
 bucks a pop -- you do the math. Our  
 heaven ain't so small.

(beat)  
 Just remember: Crafted by human  
 hands. Made with a labor of love.  
 Fruitcakes forever, y'all.

As people start to disperse, Sandy Jenkins walks up to say  
 hello to Mr. McNutt. But two of the more extroverted hires  
 steal his thunder and all Sandy gets is a wink and a nod.

**EXT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY**

As the sun drops into the horizon, we get a glorious look at  
 this picturesque plant of pecans and promise.

A banner is draped across the entrance:

**COLLIN STREET BAKERY | MAKE IT A DELUXE® DAY!**

Son of a bitch. Good times are here to stay.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

In many cities this would be a million-dollar house, but in  
 little ol' Corsicana, a \$50,000 salary gets by just fine.

Gardening next to a Yard of the Month sign is KAY JENKINS. A  
 bundle of gleeful dynamite and ain't afraid to blow.

KAY  
 Likety split, look at you two --

Two fancy pants women, BETSY AND JENNY, look at each other,  
 like, shit. She saw us.

KAY (cont'd)  
 -- y'all look like two prom queens  
 prancing by a prison farm on  
 furlough day. If you need me to  
 whistle, I'll belt out a song...

NEIGHBOR BETSY  
 Oh, Kay. You are something else.

NEIGHBOR JENNY  
 Yard's gorgeous as always, honey.

KAY

The Lord gives and gives. Like a whirling, broke ass slot machine on a white trash riverboat -- and speaking of the big man upstairs -- Sandy's finally on someone else's payroll -- God help him -- getting baptized with fruitcakes today.

NEIGHBOR JENNY

That's a blessing, girl.

KAY

Don't need to tell me. Times were getting leaner around here than skim milk after liposuction.

NEIGHBOR BETSY

You know, I probably shouldn't say anything, but y'all know the Thompsons over on Pecan Street? Course you do. They're getting evicted, six ways to Sunday. Upside down on their house payments. Then again, you get slobber knocked on the sauce every night, that reaper comes to sow.

It's fair to say this is a weird town. Where what you make isn't a whisper, but a badge of honor and maybe a disgrace.

KAY

I mean we ain't rich like most of you but I'll say it -- y'all know I don't varnish shit -- we almost had to drop the country club. So this wasn't just a blessing. It was a triumphant miracle on 3rd street! Hell. Sandy even got off his pills.

NEIGHBOR BETSY

Oh, Kay...was he sick? We didn't --

KAY

Yeah. Y'all remember. He caught a pinch of the sadness while he was subbing for those snot-nosed seventh graders.

NEIGHBOR JENNY

I don't think I remember --

KAY

Well, he did. But he's never been down for long. This is Sandy we're talking about!

Betsy nudges Jenny, like hey we gotta go. But...

KAY (cont'd)

Don't need to pussyfoot around me. If you gotta get to your hoity toity book club, you gotta hoity toity. I won't be the molasses to your bedazzled rocket ships.

And Kay swings her hose around, spritzing her neighbors, just enough, to make a mark.

KAY (cont'd)

As they say in somewhere cooler than Corsicana, toodles!

Kay smirks as they strut off. Somewhere between absolute disdain and unbridled jealousy.

#### **EXT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY**

Sandy stands in the parking lot next to a BMW and a Lexus. He looks over them with the utmost respect before he...

Hops in a Toyota Camry Luxury Edition; leather, moon roof. All the bells and whistles a Toyota can have.

#### **WE DRIVE HOME WITH SANDY**

As he passes First Baptist Church, Corsicana Country Club, then a main street of jewelry, furniture and custom clothes.

If he looks content passing the church, he's enraptured, the more he passes the materialism of life.

#### **INT. JENKINS HOME**

My Three Sons could have been shot here. There's a piano and a modest collection of Hummel figurines above the fireplace.

A wall of family photos:

- Sandy and Kay's wedding in 1971
- Sandy, Kay and a young girl with a moving truck outside their Corsicana home in 1988

- Sandy, Kay and their daughter at high school graduation

KAY (O.S.)

You gotta tell me all about work.  
Like how was it? You gonna love it?

#### DINING ROOM

Sandy and Kay share an extravagant osso bucco, like it's nothing. Like this is old hat.

SANDY

I mean. Everyone seems real friendly. Real good people there.

KAY

Uh-huh. How about your office? You get a real looker of a work station? Betcha did. Owners love people that can juggle numbers like a one-legged clown on a unicycle.

SANDY

It's a comfortable space. A real, honky dory slice of heaven.

KAY

Bet it is. You'll be big time in no time and we'll be living like the big shots we're destined to be.

Sandy loves Kay and he'd love to give her the best. One day.

SANDY

Enough about my day. How was --

KAY

Same old. Same old. Betsy and Jenny strolled by while I was watering the begonias. Course they were on their way to that stupid ass book club. I mean, read your own damn book at home. You don't need to go bragging around town like you invented reading.

SANDY

Those two do like to --

KAY

Gossip. But soon enough we'll give 'em something to talk about. With your new job and my catering

(MORE)

KAY (cont'd)  
business sizzling, we'll be burning  
their ears in no time.

SANDY  
Everything is coming up Jenkins.

Kay laughs but looks at her watch and exclaims.

SANDY (cont'd)  
Lord baby Jesus. We gotta sing!

#### **INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - CHOIR ROOM**

Sandy and Kay are swinging with the tempo and time of an old hymn, churched up a little for modern day parishioners.

CHOIR  
*Gimme that old time religion,  
Gimme that old time religion,  
Gimme that old time religion,  
It's good enough for me.*

#### **LATER**

Lemonade, coffee and Collin Street Bakery goods are dined on from cheap Styrofoam plates. Though everyone is split up in little cliques like good Baptists, Kay clears her throat.

KAY  
Friends. I don't mean to barge on  
in but choo-choo! Well, I guess  
that's a train -- course we are  
glory bound.

Some amens and a stray hallelujah.

KAY (cont'd)  
I just wanted to take a moment and  
thank everyone for your prayers for  
Sandy. It has meant a lot to our  
family...

It's clear in this moment and many more to come, that Kay is the backbone, voice and life of the Jenkins party.

#### **EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - NIGHT**

A slew of luxury automobiles dart into the darkness, leaving behind a handful of modest cars.

**INT. BAPTIST CHURCH**

Sandy, Kay, and a few others clean up the refreshments.

**LATER**

Sandy and Kay are the last to leave. The life of a devoted volunteer. All the sweat, none of the thanks.

**EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH**

Sandy and Kay drive off, passing the church sign.

*James 4:2 – "You do not have because you do not ask God."*

Sandy focuses on this sign, making a mental note. As a boisterous piano composition begins to fill the air.

**INT. JENKINS HOME - NIGHT**

Sandy plays his piano as Kay strolls by, sipping some wine, in a frumpy nightgown.

KAY

Honey. If you don't mind. Softly. I got the Vickers rehearsal tomorrow.

SANDY

Whatcha feeding 'em?

KAY

Well, I didn't make you osso bucco just for fun!

SANDY

That's a mighty big job.

KAY

You saying your wife, who moved to Corsicana from the big city, gave up her dental hygiene career and raised our daughter while you went to work does things half ass? You saying Kay Jenkins don't got this?!

SANDY

Kay Jenkins doesn't do anything willy-nilly. Kay Jenkins got this!

Sandy winks at his wife. All love. All very weird.

**KITCHEN**

As Sandy brings his piano to a relaxing murmur, Kay smirks as she pulls down a thick notebook that says:

KAY JENKINS CATERING

*Sweeter than peaches and nicer than pecan pie!*

FADE OUT:

**EXT. JENKINS HOME - MORNING**

Looking like we remembered, but the trees are taller. There are no less than five Yard of the Month signs!

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

There's more family photos:

- Sandy and Kay with their daughter at culinary school
- Their daughter in a chef's coat
- Sandy and Kay beaching on South Padre Island

**BEDROOM**

Sandy rustles up without a peep. He rolls over to see the love of his life, lost in a slumber.

Then turns back to look at the roof.

**SANDY'S MIND'S EYE**

*Fueled by a majestic concerto and heavenly strings, we see Sandy's other, better life.*

*He touches down in a seaplane outside a Caribbean island.*

*As he and Kay saunter onto this private beach, stewards rush up with mouthwatering pina coladas on shimmering platters.*

*He gazes up, like a king, to a verdant mountain peak, nudging into the clouds.*

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sandy opens his eyes, with a rapturous grin.

**KITCHEN**

Sandy makes coffee with a custom french press.

He sets out an impressive tray with fine china on it.

**BEDROOM**

Sandy strolls on in with his tray just as Kay wakes up.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy and Kay sit upright in bed as a muted Good Morning America plays on their pleasant TV.

KAY

Oh, it's Robin! Give her a voice!

Sandy fumbles in the comforter for the controller.

KAY (cont'd)

Come on now. Come on, Sandy --

SANDY

I got it. I got it.

But he doesn't have it. No matter how hard he tries.

KAY

Oops!

Kay holds the remote in her hand. She laughs and unmutes it.

KAY (cont'd)

That sweet, sweet Robin Roberts.

**BATHROOM / CLOSET**

Like the world's most depressed Macy's employee, Sandy steps in ordinary black pants and a forgettable gray polo.

He tucks a thin chain necklace holding a key inside his shirt, sucks in his gut and lets loose a toothy grin.

He opens a drawer and pulls out a bottle of unopened lithium pills. He smiles as he tosses them in the trash can.

**EXT. CORSICANA**

Sandy drives through the subdivision of the rich and small town famous. And parks by this one house. It's a knockout.

A sprawling home that looks like it was ripped from the leather bound cover of a timeless fairy tale.

If he worked hard. This too could be his.

Sandy waves at a LAWN GUY. The lawn guy waves back. It would appear this is not the first time Sandy has stopped by.

**EXT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY**

Sandy pulls up into a sparse parking lot.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY**

Sandy politely holds the door for some fellow early risers, but they just zoom by as if he's a carbon-based doorstop.

Sandy pivots and spots security guard, WILLIE.

SANDY

Morning, Willie. Keeping this place super safe and shipshape?

WILLIE THE GUARD

You know me. I'm a great white shark in a hot tub.

Sandy winks and gives him one goofy thumbs up.

Then strolls down the homey corridor, passing folks.

SANDY

Hey, Stu. Like the new 'do.

STYLISH STU with the new haircut is thrown off.

STYLISH STU

Uhh...

SANDY

Congrats on your baby, Holly!

HOLLY

Uh, thanks, Sandy. Sandy, right?

Sandy keeps trucking down the hall. Stu whispers.

STYLISH STU

Who is that, Holly?

HOLLY

Think he does something with numbers. He's worked here for like four years.

Stu just scratches his temple and nods. Okay then.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - PRODUCTION LINE**

Sandy peeks in as the mysterious fruitcakes come to life.

**SANDY'S FACE**

We watch his eyes dance around this room. He loves this place. The smells. The mystery. The intoxicating ingenuity.

**SCOTT'S OFFICE**

A tidy space with modest furnishings. Sandy's boss, SCOTT HOLLOMON, a bookish steward, prepares his day.

SANDY (O.S.)

Happy birthday, Scott!

Sandy plops a card on his desk to the surprise of Scott.

SANDY

Kay thought you deserved a little pick-me-up. Think that's what she called it. Ah, heck. You know she's always better with words than me.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Well, thank you, Sandy. That's mighty nice of you and Kay.

Sandy just sorta wavers there.

SANDY

You see someone got a new Lexus? Wooooo buddy. Thing's sharp as a tack. Styling's a tad uninspired, but their depreciation cannot be --

SCOTT HOLLOMON

I don't mean to stop you but can I stop you right there, bud?

SANDY

Sorry. There I go rambling again.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

No worries, man. I just have this end of the month report, and actually, there's a section I need you to reconcile. Think you can tackle that before lunch?

SANDY

Sure thing, Scott. You can count on me. Like an abacus.

There's a pause. And Sandy gestures with his hands.

SANDY (cont'd)

Get it. Like. An. Abacus.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

I got it, man.

**INT. SANDY JENKINS OFFICE**

Next to Scott's, with only a shade-covered window partition.

Sandy postures behind a gorgeous antique desk and looks at his stack of documents to be invoiced, checked and issued.

**COMPUTER**

Sandy inputs the requests and begins to issue checks to various vendors and suppliers.

SANDY

Holy smokes. That's a big one.

His printer spits out a six-figure issuance, with Bob McNutt's name automatically signed.

SANDY (cont'd)

Sandy Jenkins, my friend. You are in the wrong business!

There doesn't seem to be a hint of greed or need, but like a kid in a candy store, these are impressive wonders.

**LATER**

Sandy moved everything into an entered stack. He smiles.

RANDOM JOE (O.S.)

Hey Sandy --

A no-nonsense middle manager walks in, eating a donut.

SANDY

Hi-ya. Joe. How about this weather?  
Quite the scorcher, if I do --

RANDOM JOE

Yeah, Sandy. Really in a hurry.

Joe rips a sickening chunk off his donut.

RANDOM JOE (cont'd)

I need these invoices double  
checked. I'd do it myself, but --

SANDY

Your hands are full.

RANDOM JOE

They're pretty full.

Joe finishes off that donut in a second bite and heads off.  
Sandy takes it all in stride, but he's always been a giver.

**LATER**

Sandy grips his lunch sack. But RANDOM ANN pops in.

RANDOM ANN

Catch you at a bad time, buddy.

Obviously he was going to lunch. But that wasn't a question.

SANDY

Not really. Well, actually I --

RANDOM ANN

I'd love if I can get a ruling on  
this before I send it to the higher  
ups. Not saying I need a fall guy,  
but two's company, right?

Before Sandy can respond, Ann is long gone. For accountants  
are tools of efficiency, not founts of fellowship.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

Kay waddles out with a towering stack of folded linens to  
her driveway where a roughed up Toyota Previa is parked.

A magnetic sign on the door says: KAY'S CATERING: Sweeter  
than peaches...nicer than pecan pie!

**INT. LUNCH ROOM**

While most employees are eating fast food take-out, and the in-house commissary, Sandy takes a seat at his own table.

He lays out a fabric place mat, shiny silverware and some herb crusted chicken with penne pasta. Dammit, Sandy.

**LATER**

Bob McNutt strolls by. Being the face and heart of the company. People do love him.

He gets to Sandy...

BOB MCNUTT

If I didn't know better I'd think you were on a date. But then I'd have to guess you got stood up...

SANDY

I didn't get stood --

BOB MCNUTT

I know. Sandy Jenkins, right?

SANDY

Yes sir. From accounting.

Sandy gets excited as he can tell Bob is enthusiastic.

**INT. BOB'S OFFICE**

Sandy sits formally across from Bob, in this cavernous space. Just basking in how great this all is.

On the wall: A photo of Frank Sinatra holding a DeLuxe® Fruitcake! World leaders too. Then an assortment of thank-you notes on exquisite, royal stationary!

BOB MCNUTT

You've worked here for what two or three years?

SANDY

It'll be six, this December.

BOB MCNUTT

Time flies, huh?

Sandy believes he's about to receive some great promotion, he gets anxious in the chair, waiting for the riches ahead.

**SANDY'S MIND'S EYE**

*Sitting behind his antique desk in a humongous office.*

*A cast of secretaries being his wait staff at lunch.*

*Walking outside to a showroom ready Lexus GS 430.*

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sandy nods along aimlessly. No idea what Bob is saying.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

...and so you see, with our trustworthy fruitcake sales flagging, we need to execute a fiscally cautious re-positioning.

SANDY

Right. Sure. I agree.

BOB MCNUTT

Hate using these three-dollar words, but I figure it's big words for big brains like you.

Sandy loves the praise, if not backhanded.

SANDY

So what's the plan?

BOB MCNUTT

We're going to build standalone bakeries, open to the public, like roadside mirages of caloric goodness. Then most extraordinary, we're buying three thousand acres for a pineapple farm in Costa Rica. Gonna harvest four grand a day!

SANDY

Wow.

BOB MCNUTT

That's what I said, when I came up with it. Vertical integration is what the suits at the bank call it.

SANDY

That sounds delicious, Mr. McNutt.

BOB MCNUTT

Call me Bob, Sandy Jenkins, you know my dad's still the Mister around here.

SANDY

And always will be.

The joke lands flat. Like they often do. Bob cracks up.

BOB MCNUTT

You're a quick one, Sandy Jenkins. Gotta be on my toes around you.

SANDY

So -- what do you need from me?

BOB MCNUTT

Just keep on being you. Keep on keeping on. You know -- men like us -- we get done what needs to be done. Without asking questions or crying for help.

Sandy smiles. He loves that swagger.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

I won't lie, Sandy Jenkins. Times are tight. The public thinks they've lost their appetite for DeLuxe Fruitcakes, but once they remember that preserved glory, we can loosen our belts and everyone will share in our bonanza.

This isn't what he wanted. But hell. He can't complain. He's got a good job, a loving wife and the respect of his boss.

#### **HALLWAY**

Sandy looks down and sees a snagged hole in his wool pants. He HUFFS way too loudly for such a pitiful issue.

#### **EXT. NORTH PARK MALL - DALLAS**

Sandy pulls up to the front row of the parking lot. And cranes his neck up to the Neiman Marcus sign.

But then looks in his meager wallet. Thirty two dollars.

**EXT. NEIMAN MARCUS LAST CALL**

Sandy parks at what he considers a landfill of fine clothes. He looks up at the sign with unmitigated disgust.

**INT. JENKINS HOME - MORNING**

Sandy and Kay dine on a magnificent eggs benedict.

KAY

I don't care where you bought 'em, Sandy. Those are fancy pants for fancy folks.

SANDY

Neiman's is Neiman's. Last Call is Target without the popcorn.

Kay just rolls her eyes at Sandy and his refined tastes.

**INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - SANCTUARY**

Sunday morning. It's packed like sardines looking for salvation. Sandy and Kay with the choir behind the preacher.

**KAY'S POV**

As an organ HOWLS, we follow as she looks out in the congregation, toward Bob McNutt and Scott Hollomon. Except not at them. But their wives' fat diamond rocks.

Then she looks down at her meager, 1/2 carat ring.

**LATER**

It's empty, except for two custodians and The Jenkins. Doing their best to pick up stray leaflets and crumpled trash.

**EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH**

Sandy and Kay drive by and Sandy looks at the sign:

*2 Cor. 8:9 - "That though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor, so that you by his poverty might become rich."*

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

Half undressed from church, Sandy plays *Moonlight Sonata*, while Kay sits next to him, a wine glass in her hand.

SANDY

You deserve real wine, sugar plum.  
I just wish we could afford --

KAY

This wine's fine, Sandy. Smushed  
grapes are smushed grapes.

SANDY

Now that's not exactly --

KAY

Next thing I know you're gonna want  
truffles because a farting pig  
sniffs them outta shit-stained mud.

SANDY

Who wouldn't want that?!

KAY

I'll take what we got over a stiff  
upper lip, some fancy-ass fungus,  
and clothes you gotta dry clean  
after every tinkle.

Sandy sighs. Kay just doesn't understand. Or so he thinks.

KAY (cont'd)

I gotta do some finishing touches  
for the Wallace Christmas party.  
Don't lose yourself in those fancy-  
ass dreams while I'm gone.

SANDY

When have I ever --

Kay chuckles and bounds away. Sandy rolls his eyes. But...

#### **HALLWAY CLOSET - LATER**

Stuffed with umbrellas, overcoats and crap. Sandy peeks in.

A stack of yearbooks. He pulls out the most worn one:

*1967 Wortham High School*

And flips to easily the most frequented page.

#### **YEARBOOK**

It's a picture of 18 year old Sandy Jenkins, in cap and  
gown, wearing a pinky diamond ring.

*Three-Time Most Fashionable: 1965, 1966, 1967*

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sandy stares at the yearbook with a nostalgic appreciation.

KAY (O.S.)

Quit living in yesteryear and get  
your tookus to bed! I got a big day  
tomorrow! I love you. But bedtime!

**EXT. GIANT BARN - NIGHT**

Exposed trusses, draped with greenery and candles. A tux and boots gala. Pretty spectacular for a little holiday party.

**CATERING TABLE**

Kay orders around an army of workers, sweating up a storm.

Everyone in stark white uniforms emblazoned with KAY'S  
CATERING: Sweeter than peaches...nicer than pecan pie!

But in the heat of the moment, one waiter slips and SLINGS a silver platter of cranberry sauce all over Kay's smock.

**KAY'S POV**

Looking across the entitled, well-heeled members of Corsicana society as they hold down their snickers.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Kay brushes off the cranberry and helps the waiter up. Who looks horrified. But Kay gives him a hug and whispers...

KAY

If we aren't the court jesters, the  
royalty would eat us too.

**LATER**

Alone, Kay loads up a few chafing dishes in her minivan.

**INT. MINIVAN**

Dirty linens and damp garbage bags of uneaten food encroach on the front, so Kay shoves it all back. And gets PISSED as she scurries her hands like a tornado of pent-up anger.

She rips out a plump scrapbook wedged in the back.

Then opens her armrest. It's filled with ritzy magazines. She places them on the passenger seat and smiles.

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

Sandy sips a glass of Brandy as Kay straggles in, covered in stains and mid-life crisis. And before Sandy can say a word.

KAY

Yes, I look like a category five shitstorm. Yes it was a complete shitshow! It was all gold and diamonds, glitz and glamour. Then Ricky slipped and flung drunken cranberries all over me.

SANDY

Oh no, Kay...

Kay showing signs of surprising fragility.

KAY

I'm just so tired of being a maidservant for these hayseeds.

SANDY

Now, come on Kay. You're a small business owner. You're living the American dream.

KAY

If this is the American dream. The American dream is deader than a Peking Duck in Beijing!

SANDY

Honey --

KAY

I'm just saying, why doesn't Bob McNutt spread the wealth some more?! You work too damn hard to bring home so damn little.

SANDY

So you do wanna be rich enough for those farting pigs, huh...

KAY

I'd slaughter those dumb swine! I just wanna be rich enough to cook my husband dinner without it being some culinary write-off, tend my garden, and you know, be happy. Momma needs a break!

Sandy waves his arms forward. Kay collapses in his embrace.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

An inflatable snowman has fallen into the arms of a vintage plastic Santa. The street is filled with Christmas lights. It's that time of year in Deck the Halls America.

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

Sandy wakes up and gazes at the ceiling.

**SANDY'S MIND'S EYE**

*Strutting through Santa Fe draped in expensive furs and exotic jewelry. The wealthiest and most famous gawking.*

*He tips his straw fedora at a group of slack-jawed tourists*

**BEDROOM**

While sipping coffee, Sandy and Kay watch Robin Roberts.

ROBIN ROBERTS (V.O.)

Do we have a special show for you?  
How two coupon-clipping spend  
thrifths skirted bankruptcy, bet all  
they had and leveraged what they  
didn't to build a grocery store  
empire. And now spend six months of  
the year in a jungle in Peru. They  
sold their house, their cars, their  
clothes. Risked it all and are now  
worth twenty million dollars. Ask  
yourself, how far would you go to  
get what you love...on Good Morning  
America.

Sandy transfixed by the story. Kay just loves watching. This is the escape she needs.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - PRODUCTION LINE**

While the symphony of fruitcakes happens in our periphery, we look out at Sandy Jenkins looking in. A fanatical grin.

**SANDY'S OFFICE**

Issuing checks. But something curious happens. He laughs to himself. Quietly, mischievously.

**REVEAL**

He's playing with the inputs and outputs. Changing names of vendors to names like Neiman Marcus and Citibank.

But this is just harmless fun. He changes them back quickly.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (O.S.)  
Hey, Sandy.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sandy pops up quickly. Almost too quick. Like he was doing something he shouldn't. But he's sorta awkward like that.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
I need two-fifty outta petty cash.  
We told the guy who flocked our  
trees we'd pay him when he finished  
and I was a short.

SANDY  
Like they always say, it's better  
to get flocked -- than fleeced.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Right.

SANDY  
Well, I can help you out.

Sandy takes off that hidden necklace, holding a key, and uses it to open a drawer in his desk. He dips into the bag and forks over the money.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Thanks, Sandy. I appreciate it.

SANDY  
Just a soldier taking orders, boss!

Sandy salutes at Scott and it throws him off. Scott just sorta awkwardly backs up.

**SANDY'S POV**

That verse from the church sign pasted on his desk.

***"That though he was rich, yet for your sake he became poor,  
so that you by his poverty might become rich."***

Sandy uses his key necklace to open the drawer again.

Stares down the billowing cash. And reaches his hand inside.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - MORNING**

Sandy rushes by Willie. Heart pounding. Face flushed.

WILLIE THE GUARD  
You okay, Sandy? It looks like  
you're getting choked by a ghost!

Sandy motors by. His hand quivers over where his wallet is.

**NEXT DAY**

Sandy comes in, quicker. Sweating like a milkshake in July.

WILLIE THE GUARD (cont'd)  
You don't look good, man. Maybe you  
should take a few days off.

SANDY  
Just a hot one out there, Willie...

Willie looks out at a winter's morn. And raises an eyebrow.

Sandy blasts past. He grabs his wallet and peeks inside, and we see \$200 burning a hole right through his stability.

**NEXT DAY**

Sandy, more chipper. Still slightly skittish.

WILLIE THE GUARD  
Those meds are working, huh?

SANDY  
What?

WILLIE THE GUARD  
You're off death's doorstep. A  
blind bat could see that!

SANDY  
Oh -- yeah -- on the up and up!

**NEXT DAY**

Sandy, pep in his step. Swings the door open. And before Willie can say anything...

SANDY (cont'd)  
Hi-ya, Willie. Great day to be  
alive in Corsicana, Texas.

Sandy gives Willie the weirdest high five in history.

**ON SANDY**

We FOLLOW him as he rambles down the hall. He takes out his wallet, snags that \$200 and WAVES it at a confused employee.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (O.S.)  
 Kathy. Calm down. Everything's gonna be fine. It's just supper club. It's not like your in-laws are coming over for Thanksgiving.

Sandy perks up like a Corgi hearing the unique rustle of his dog food.

**SCOTT'S OFFICE**

Sandy leans in right when Scott hangs up the phone.

SANDY  
 Didn't mean to overhear. But everything kosher on the homestead?

Scott laughs.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 Yeah man. Thanks for asking. We're hosting supper club tonight and Kathy's not gonna have time to get "good" wine. We have wine. Plenty of wine. But some of these folks in Corsicana...

SANDY  
 They got good tastes.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 Something like that.

SANDY  
 Maybe I could come -- you know -- bring some "good" wine along.

Scott searches for the right tact. He smiles endearingly.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 That's mighty kind, Sandy, but. Look, I'm not trying to be a hardass here. It's just that these supper clubs are so uppity and stuffy and high class. You're too salt of the earth and way too nice for these people.

Off Sandy's obvious disappointment.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
 Buddy. Hey man. Listen. If  
 anything, I'm doing you a favor.

SANDY  
 Oh, I was just rambling again. I'm  
 sure y'all will have fun!

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 Yeah. Something like that.

Scott laughs. Sandy forces one out too. Sorta.

**EXT. VAN'S JEWELERS - DUSK**

Bob McNutt twirls a paper sack as he leaves the fancy shop,  
 right as Sandy drives by. And Sandy definitely sees him.

**INT. VAN'S JEWELERS**

Sandy strolls in, enchanted by the glorious craftsmanship as  
 a CLERK pops over to help.

SANDY  
 Howdy. My boss, well, my friend,  
 Bob McNutt just purchased --

The clerk points at a gold and diamond tennis bracelet.

CLERK  
 Pretty swanky. And it's yours for  
 only three grand.

Sandy doesn't reveal a lick of emotion.

SANDY  
 Three thousand? Huh. I didn't bring  
 my credit card. But I'll be back!

**EXT. VAN'S JEWELERS**

Sandy looks in his wallet with \$200 and four credit cards.  
 He sighs. Salt of the earth never shines like diamonds.

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

Kay is laid out across the couch with a wet wash cloth as  
 Sandy drags himself in from the jewelry store letdown.

SANDY  
Sweet pea!? Are you --

KAY  
Shhhhh. It's just a migraine.

SANDY  
But are --

KAY  
Yes. I'm sure. Now be quiet and go  
get yourself something to eat.

SANDY  
Well, do you want --

KAY  
I want you to shut the hell up,  
crank the AC down and march your  
happy ass outta here!

Kay smirks through the pain.

**EXT. HOLLOMON HOUSE**

Sandy's Toyota drives by an exquisite ranch style house  
where two dozen cars are parked around the block.

Just another Supper Club Night in Corsicana, Texas.

**EXT. TACO CASA - DRIVE THRU**

Sandy snags a grease-stained paper bag as he idles away from  
this ebullient celebration of all things Crunchy-licious™.

**INT. TOYOTA**

Sandy opens the bag and stares at this deep fried tortilla  
bowl filled with all sorts of gut bomb glory.

**LATER**

He pushes around his Taco Casa Super Salad, seemingly alive,  
bubbling up with lettuce, cheese, ground beef and madness.

**SANDY**

Looks up and we realize he's parked across the street from  
The Hollomon's house. He's like a Supper Club peeping Tom.

Jealously staring at the upper crust of Corsicana society.

He sizes down his meal then bitterly jerks his head back up.

Up and down. Up and down. Their panache. His peasantry.  
Their gastronomy. His gluttony. This life just isn't fair.

He begins to breathe really hard. Seething. Coming unglued.

Pissed, he BASHES his hands down. And like a volcano of  
reheated Tex-Mex, caloric chaos plumes high.

#### **SANDY'S POV**

Looking around his car at this fast food fallout, dripping  
with sour cream, red salsa, pinto beans and disappointment.

SANDY (V.O.)  
Pull it together, Sandy!

#### **INT. JENKINS HOME**

It's pitch black. The tomb of someone with a migraine.

#### **HALLWAY CLOSET**

Sandy goes to reach for his trusty yearbook but sees  
something else, precariously balanced in the very back.

#### **KITCHEN**

Still covered with Super Salad shrapnel, Sandy stands over a  
scrapbook, exactly like the one Kay was working on.

The pages are filled with exotic locations and high-fashion  
clothes. Spectacular jewelry and stunning homes.

#### **SANDY'S**

Face melts toward a horror he never knew existed.

There's a sticky note above a Viking range ad.

KAY (V.O.)  
I love Sandy. Hell, he's the only  
man I ever loved. He may never  
become some business genius, but he  
has a good soul and that alone, not  
fancy things, will carry me...

Sandy sniffles. He's never felt smaller than right now.

**INT. JENKINS HOME - NIGHT**

Sandy, in bed. Eyes wide open. Something eating at his soul.

**BATHROOM**

Sandy glares into the mirror and repeats Bob's mantra.

SANDY

Men like us -- we get done what  
needs to be done. Without asking  
questions or crying for help...

**KITCHEN**

Sandy, at his counter, taking a hard look at his finances.

**CHECKBOOK**

Organized. Orderly. A balance of \$2,378.62.

**SANDY'S EYES**

Going to places his left brain never would.

**EXT. CORSICANA - NIGHT**

Sandy drives by Collin Street Bakery and onto the highway.

He ZOOMS past a sign: DALLAS 51 MILES.

**EXT. LEXUS DEALERSHIP - DAWN**

Just as this showplace is opening, Sandy smiles by a  
kaleidoscope of cars as a salesman curiously marches over.

**EXT. I-45**

Sandy in his brand new Lexus GS 430, THUNDERS from the  
endless sprawl of Dallas. The eight speaker hi-fi system  
blares a smooth orchestration of feel-good easy listening.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

Sandy parks the Lexus and gets out. Some neighbors walk by.  
Sandy raises his eyebrows and points back -- look at this!

KAY (O.S.)

Sandy?

Though it looks like he needs to take a piss, Sandy flips back to see Kay standing there.

KAY  
What is that?

SANDY  
It's a Lexus. A Lexus GS --

KAY  
I can see that, eagle eyes. Why?

SANDY  
The mileage got too high on the old one. Plus, no one gets invited into Corsicana high society driving a Toyota with magnesium wheels. But really, I got it for --

KAY  
Did you get a Christmas bonus or something?

Sandy is thrown off for a second and he uncharacteristically stutters, then just BLURTS OUT...

SANDY  
I paid for it with the freelance work I've been doing for the Fishers -- ya know, from church.

KAY  
I didn't realize you were doing enough to buy a damn car.

SANDY  
Yep. They've had me working double time. Early in the morning, during lunch, downtime. But really --

KAY  
That's pretty damn industrious. But you've always been a well-oiled grandfather clock, just tick-tocking along! You deserve it!

Sandy is still prancing around like he needs to pee.

SANDY  
Actually...I got it for you.

Kay pauses. Head turned to the side.

KAY

Huh?!

SANDY

I said --

KAY

I heard what you said, but I don't want it.

SANDY

But I said I bought it for you!

KAY

And it's real spiffy. But I want you to have it. You earned it.

SANDY

But --

KAY

If you say one more word, I'm gonna find a bazooka and blast your ass to smithereens. Now quit dancing with your dick in your hand and go use the bathroom.

#### **INT. JENKINS HOME - BATHROOM**

Sandy's sweating more than he should be.

SANDY

Heck, Sandy. Kay's right, you earned it. You didn't win most fashionable in high school to putter around town in some pre-owned clunker leaking oil.

#### **KITCHEN**

Sandy bounds in as Kay is prepping dinner. This looks to be a massive undertaking. He gauges what she's got left.

Sandy puts his hand on hers and they set down the bowl and mixer. Then he leads her out of the kitchen, like a prince.

#### **EXT. COUNTRY CLUB**

They pull up to the front. Sandy flips his keys to the valet as he escorts Kay inside. He's way too cocksure right now.

**INT. COUNTRY CLUB**

Sandy and Kay stroll through the picturesque, if not a little dated halls with wooden walls and thick carpet.

KAY

You didn't cheat on me, did you?

SANDY

Heavens no. Why would you say that?

KAY

Cause you've been acting strange this entire month. Not too weird. But now -- all this -- it's just a lot to unpack. And you know I've never been good with bubble wrap.

SANDY

I love you honey. I'd never do anything to damage us. Trust me.

**DINING ROOM**

Sandy spots Bob across the way. And when Bob looks up, Sandy waves, but Bob nods and gets back to his dinner.

KAY

I don't know why you put up with his haughty shenanigans.

SANDY

What are you talking about, buttercup?

Kay tilts her head and half-frowns.

KAY

Don't play Dumbo. I didn't marry a Dumbo.

**WIDE SHOT**

Sandy and her sit in the middle of the room, with other unaffiliated two-tops and families with arguing kids.

Because flanked on either side of the room are two long tables of supper clubs.

KAY (cont'd)

What's the point of a stupid supper club if you're gonna eat outta the same kitchen as us peasants?! Supper clubs are supposed to be

(MORE)

KAY (cont'd)  
 elite and exclusive -- in someone's  
 big, fat mansion!

SANDY  
 We could join one if you want.

KAY  
 I'd rather blow 'em all to kingdom  
 come -- boom!

Kay comically SLAMS the table causing the china to rattle.  
 Most in the room turn. Let's be real. Everyone does.

KAY (cont'd)  
 Sorry. Fly on my dinner roll! I  
 don't know how these damn things  
 even get in here.

Kay postures in her chair. Like what of it.

SANDY  
 Hypothetically speaking, if you  
 were going to drop a bomb -- how --

KAY  
 Like any great innovator. Pretend  
 they don't exist while we build  
 something bigger and better than  
 whatever they do at their boob job  
 and hair dye, dog and pony shows.

Sandy laughs at Kay. Dammit. He loves her.

**LATER**

Kay and Sandy have an exotic looking lobster tail split  
 between them. Sandy waits till Kay's mouth is full and...

SANDY  
 Think I'm gonna pick up more  
 freelance work. Bring in extra  
 income so you can take a break from  
 catering -- and I know they're not  
 your favorite, but hear me out --  
 maybe you could join a book club.

Kay finishes chewing and before she can speak.

SANDY (cont'd)  
 I'm sure with that extra cash, we  
 can sneak you in one. Maybe not the  
 crème de la crème, but one good  
 enough for my pretty pin cushion.

Kay swallows and swabs her teeth with her tongue.

KAY

I love your gumption. I don't care  
what people say about you.

Kay gets back to her lobster as Sandy lingers on that,  
before looking up at Bob and all his smug friends.

**INT. BOB MCNUTT HOUSE**

Classically decorated. Refined tastes. Nothing ostentatious.

Bob kisses his kids on the forehead and gives his wife a  
hug. He snags the paper and some coffee, then heads out.

**EXT. BOB MCNUTT HOUSE**

Bob steps out of his elegant one-story Georgian. He doesn't  
see Sandy Jenkins pull off the curb and drive away. But we  
do because we've been here before...

**REVEAL**

Bob McNutt lives next door to that fairy tale mansion that  
Sandy loves. It's twice as big as Bob's tasteful home.

**EXT. CORSICANA MUNICIPAL AIRPORT**

Bob McNutt boards into a King Air turboprop, the preferred  
airplane of Texas oilmen and big-time ranchers.

**REVEAL**

Outside the chain link fence, Sandy Jenkins, sitting on the  
hood of his Lexus.

**LATER**

The plane PURRS overhead as we HOLD on Sandy's crazed grin.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

Still grinning like a madman, Sandy opens the mailbox and  
finds a Citi credit card bill.

**CLOSE ON**

Sandy's face. Moment of truth.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE**

A \$20,000 credit card statement sits on the desk next to a previous month of \$632.

Both CITI STATEMENTS belong to SANDY JENKINS, PERSONAL.

Sandy glances around to see if anyone is snooping.

Then types a \$20,000 check payable to CitiCard.

**MOMENTS LATER**

The printer spits out the Citicard check for \$20,000, signed by Bob McNutt. He slides it into a beige envelope.

Sandy voids it in the system by deleting the entry.

Then prints another check made out to Fred's Flour and Grain for the same amount.

When it scoots out, he slides it in a white envelope.

Sandy takes his necklace key off. Taps it twice. Then...

Opens the drawer and sets the credit card bill inside -- and the bible verse print out from his drawer.

**HALLWAY**

Sandy frenetically moves by.

SANDY  
Gotta -- run to -- the post.

**SCOTT'S OFFICE**

When Sandy's gone, Scott peeks out to a couple secretaries.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
He's an odd bird...

The receptionists chuckle.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
But I guess he's our toucan.

**EXT. POST OFFICE**

Sandy balances two envelopes. The beige and white one.

**SANDY'S POV**

He looks at the sun, shining down on him. Today is his day.

**BACK TO SCENE**

He drops the beige envelope in the mail. Then rips up the white one. It's really a masterful shred. He's all in.

Finally when the paper is little more than pulp, he bounces around to three different trash cans and discards it all.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE**

We HOLD on a slow-moving, deer in the headlights Sandy, while people rush in and out, at a frenzied, sped-up pace.

The sun rises and falls, rises and falls, rises and falls.

Morning by morning, his face, slowly melts toward normalcy.

**COMPUTER**

Sandy opens his email and executes a number of searches:

*"discrepancies" "fraud" "fraudulent" "money missing"*.

And all of his searches come up blank.

**REFLECTION**

In the LCD hum, Sandy slips into a joyous grin.

**EXT. CORSICANA**

Sandy motors home and passes the jeweler with a Valentine's heart in the window and something glistens in his eye.

**INT. VAN'S JEWELERS**

Sandy inches down the glass cases under exotic spotlights, and stops by a shimmering diamond tennis bracelet. No gold.

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

Sandy plays Chopin's *Nocturne* as Kay dances in the dark. He slides the jewelry box on the piano.

She finally notices, opens the box. And is bamboozled.

**BEDROOM**

Sandy and Kay lay in their messy bed. They obviously consummated Valentine's Day like lovers do.

Kay dangles the tennis bracelet in the moonlight.

KAY

You're not dealing drugs are you?  
I'm too sweet to be living with  
some blood-lusting kingpin.

Even though Kay jokes, something's off.

SANDY

What can I say? People are finally  
seeing the light, like you always  
said -- giving accountants their  
due. My freelance work is  
absolutely snowballing.

KAY

Seriously?

SANDY

Well, I didn't win the lottery!

Kay punches him in the gut and they go at it again.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

The sun rises, warming the winter right outta Texas.

**INT. BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING**

Kay looks at her odd compilation of clothes and less than fit physique. Her bracelet sings in the vanity lights.

She holds it for a moment. Almost looking guilty. Something doesn't make sense. But man, it sure is beautiful.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - HALLWAY**

Sandy strolls down the carpet dressed in Armani pants, a Hermès shirt and Gucci loafers

STYLISH STU (O.S.)

Sandy...Jenkins?

Sandy whips back. Stu is sizing up Sandy's \$5,000 wardrobe.

STYLISH STU  
Nice threads, man.

SANDY  
Talking about these old rags?

STYLISH STU  
Since when did Armani, Gucci and --

SANDY  
You're crazy, Stu. I can't even  
spell Armani. I got this stuff at  
Wal-Mart! Just looks like rich  
people stuff!

Sandy struts off and there is no way Stu believes him.

#### **INT. CONFERENCE ROOM**

Execs sit around a humongous conference table stamped with  
obnoxiously happy lettering: **MAKE IT A DELUXE® DAY!**

BOB MCNUTT  
...and on the back of our fruitcake  
empire, we will march toward the  
taste buds of America, aiming for  
the soft spot of their hearts.

Even Bob cringes at that. But hell, he can sell it.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
Awful metaphors aside, we have the  
nostalgia. We have the legacy. And  
soon, we'll have their money.

#### **PRESENTATION SCREEN**

Collin Street Bakeries pop up on the interstates of Texas,  
offering weary travelers a sweet tooth recharge.

#### **SANDY**

In his ridiculously expensive outfit, looks on intently, or  
so it would seem.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
And, we can't forget about the  
pineapple farm in Costa Rica!

But then we see....

**SANDY'S MIND'S EYE**

*Bob in Costa Rica, frolicking through the pineapple farm, sun-kissed skin. And then above him...*

*A twin-engine Cessna swoops down, blowing off his hat. It's Sandy and Kay waving at the peasants down below.*

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.)

*Hello, Sandy!*

*Sandy and Kay smugly keep waving as they press off higher and higher into the sunset.*

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.) (cont'd)

*Hey, Sandy Jenkins. You with us?!*

**BACK TO SCENE**

Beads of sweat on Sandy's forehead. Adam's apple bobbing.

BOB MCNUTT

Hey, man. You okay?

SANDY

Yep! But full disclosure. My noggin's a bit touch and go today.

BOB MCNUTT

Hit the headboard a little too heavy last night?

And most of the others catch the entendre but not ol' Sandy.

**MOMENTS LATER**

As the room is dispersing, Sandy heads toward the door.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

Sandy. Can we talk?

And we hold on Sandy. Not sure of where we're heading. It sounds like Sandy begins to CHOKE.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

I'm not asking you to run a marathon in the mud. Just lunch.

Sandy nods. Whew...

**INT. LUNCH ROOM**

Bob and Sandy eat outta the commissary. Sloppy Joes.

BOB MCNUTT

I know this isn't the typical Sandy Jenkins fine dining experience, but I appreciate your time.

Sandy picking at his food as polite as he can.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

Wanted to circle back and thank you for all your sweat equity. The expansion has gone -- cross your fingers -- so far, without a hitch.

Sandy puts his train wreck on a bun down.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

You and Scott are simply the bedrock of our business. In this land of doughy dreams, y'all provide the solid form to sell our legacy from.

Sandy loves hearing that. Sheer, unbridled praise.

#### **INT. SANDY'S OFFICE**

Sandy snags a copy of Robb Report off a secretary's desk.

#### **BATHROOM**

In a stall, Sandy flips through the pages of eye-popping jewelry, adrenaline pumping cars and fabulous custom homes.

He sees an ad for a Viking range and gasps!

OTHER RESTROOM GUY (O.S.)

Uh. Everything ok in there, dude?

SANDY

Yeah. These Viking --

OTHER RESTROOM GUY (O.S.)

Just stop talking please.

#### **INT. JENKINS HOME**

Kay toils over a Chilean Sea Bass as Sandy bounds in, pecks her on the cheek and slams down the Viking ad.

SANDY

Hear the call of the Viking!

KAY

Oh I hear them alright. They're shouting, 'we're crazy beautiful and insanely expensive!'

SANDY

The apple of my eye, deserves the apple of her eye.

KAY

We can't afford a Viking range, nor do I think we have the space for --

SANDY

That's not for you to worry about, my worrywart. I had a great conversation with Bob. They have big plans for me.

KAY

Hot shit on the griddle. You get some whopper of a raise?!

SANDY

Not yet. But. There are big plans.

KAY

Well, I don't think we should celebrate until you're pissing in high cotton, Sandy.

SANDY

You keep cooking and I'll keep pissing!

Sandy struts out as Kay laughs at him. She stares at the \$10,000 range as Sandy starts to bang the keys.

#### **WE PULL OUT**

To capture the whole elevation of the comfortable space and linger in the emptiness right as...

#### **A FRONT END LOADER SMASHES IN THE WALL**

And the whole space is gutted and shredded to the bone.

#### **TIME DISSOLVE**

As a carousel of architects and workers transform this modest kitchen into a TV ready showplace.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

Kay directs a gardener as workmen stream in and out.

KAY

No, no. We can't put the annuals there. We gotta spread the love among the stubborn perennials. No one plops a dab of jelly on peanut butter. You gotta slather it. You know I love pops. Gimme my pops!

NEIGHBOR BETSY (O.S.)

I must say Kay Jenkins...

Kay pirouettes around.

KAY

Son of a biscuit and huckleberry jam. Looky here.

NEIGHBOR JENNY

Look at you, Kay. You got more workers in your yard than Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Kay eyes the monstrous work force, like it's nothing.

NEIGHBOR BETSY

What exactly you got going on?

KAY

Ah, not too much.

NEIGHBOR JENNY

You can play coy all you want. We do have eyes.

KAY

Okay...okay. Ever since I blew the whistle on my catering operation, I've been eyeing a chance to jump back in the culinary pool.

She points back as she simultaneously does a little shuffle.

KAY (cont'd)

Guess I climbed the high dive and did a big ol' belly flop!

NEIGHBOR JENNY

Looks like you'll be the cock of the walk in no time.

KAY

I'm not one to brag -- but those Botox faces in Highland Park ain't got nothing on me.

NEIGHBOR BETSY

Truest thing you've ever said.

Kay smiles, soaking it all up. Then...

KAY

Sandy and I were talking about throwing a fiesta soon. Let the neighborhood get a little liquored up for once.

NEIGHBOR BETSY

That'd be fun.

KAY

I'm not talking some drunken kegger filled with floozies -- like you sorority girls back in the day guzzling trashcan punch -- just enough champagne to shake the snobbery outta these trees.

Sandy jabs Betsy and Jenny, queens of the snobby Illuminati.

#### **ON THE WOMEN**

Chuckling as they walk off.

NEIGHBOR JENNY

I can't wait to see what a Kay Jenkins party would be like though.

NEIGHBOR BETSY

I'm like, can you even imagine?

But sure enough:

#### **SPLIT SCREEN**

The two women open envelopes and are invited to the "Hayseed High Life" champagne brunch.

#### **4X4**

Then 16 people receive an invite to the "Succotash Soiree".

#### **8X8**

And 64 invited to spend "An Olde Night in Gay Paree".

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

The crowds depart, murmuring about this lavish gathering. With a mini Eiffel Tower in the front yard.

We eavesdrop on couples as they walk by.

## COUPLE 1

I heard his cousin died and left Sandy a boatload of money.

Beat.

## COUPLE 2

Allegedly they hit it big on the slots over in Shreveport.

Beat.

## COUPLE 3

Kay's long lost stepsister, lives in Midland, and I kid you not, woke up one morning and nailed a gusher.

**FINALLY**

The last couple is Scott Hollomon and his wife, KATHY. They stand by their well-worn SUV on this scenic, low key street.

## KATHY HOLLOMON

They keep getting bigger and weirder and more outlandish. You think it's all debt?

## SCOTT HOLLOMON

Sandy is safe and risk-averse. That would shock me.

## KATHY HOLLOMON

But let's be honest. What in this town doesn't shock us.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY**

Bob is stressed looking at cash flow projections with a number of red lines and boxes. Straight up ugly town.

He picks up the phone and hovers over Scott's extension, but puts the receiver back down and sighs. Meanwhile...

**SANDY'S OFFICE**

The printer pops out checks like mice in a hay barn.

**TIME DISSOLVE**

Each time he reaches for a new check, his wrist is covered with a different gaudy watch.

Checks on checks on checks.

Showpiece watches on showpiece watches.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

Kay steps out to see a drop-top Lexus; paper plates. She frowns and whips out a bedazzled purple cell phone.

KAY

Sandy Jenkins. This is too damn much. You need to get home ASAP and take this nonsense back to whatever stork factory you stole it from.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE**

Sandy paces on the phone. He sighs. He won't win this but...

KAY (PRE-LAP)

No Sandy. I don't need a damn thing! Let's just go to Neiman's.

**INT. NORTH PARK MALL**

Walking down the marble floors of this almost Grecian showplace, Sandy tugs Kay toward Eisman Jewelers.

KAY

Hell to the no!

Sandy pulls her a little harder.

KAY (cont'd)

There's nothing you can say to get me in that grotesque shoe box of overpriced doodads!

**MOMENTS LATER**

We're inside the palatial extravagance of...

**EISMAN JEWELERS**

Sandy points, like a fat kid at a cupcake buffet but Kay brushes them all off. This is a foolish game. Except...

Kay makes one mistake when she gasps at a huge diamond ring.

SANDY  
Say no more.

KAY  
We cannot and should not --

SANDY  
Say no more.

KAY  
Sandy freaking Jenkins, you're  
losing your damn mind.

While Kay tries to see the price, hidden under the glamorous case, Sandy flags someone down and motions drinking.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

A suave manager, RAUL, whisks Kay toward a mind-blowingly comfortable couch armed with a flute of champagne.

MANAGER RAUL  
Please, Mrs. Jenkins. Have a seat.  
Relax. Enjoy your ring purchase.

KAY  
But I don't even want it.

MANAGER RAUL  
Please. Enjoy your ring purchase.

KAY  
Are you going to force me to stay  
here, Raul? Am I your hostage!?

Kay barges toward Sandy who whips around with that boulder of a diamond ring. Kay's eyeballs pop out of her head.

#### **INT. LEXUS GS 430**

Sandy and Kay head home. Kay dazzled, stunned and blessed. Just in case you were wondering: a quarter million dollars.

KAY  
How can we possibly afford such a  
humdinger of an heirloom?!

Sandy turns, and smooth as hot butter on a roll...

SANDY

I got a great deal. A great, great deal. I'm not gonna sit here and say I'm the world's greatest deal-maker, but I won't pretend I'm not.

KAY

Sooner or later, you're gonna have to tell me about our money spigot.

SANDY

It's not even an income issue. We're not talking about revenue. This is about patronage. I've bought a number of watches from Raul. You know that. This was him giving back to our family after we invested so much in them.

Kay looks out the window. Unconvinced.

SANDY (cont'd)

Plus. We just traded in your Lexus. That's like free money --

KAY

It is?

SANDY

Heck yeah! Don't worry, sugar plum. We have the funds. I'm corporate controller at the world's most successful fruitcake baker. That might not impress the suits on Madison Avenue but just trust me!

**EXT. I-45**

We're coming up FAST on a Collin Street billboard that says:

***Order your slice of tradition today.***

***Baked in Texas. Shipped to the World.***

**INT. LEXUS**

Sandy smiles up. Kay grimaces until she sees that ring steal her peripheral from a streetlight.

KAY

If you say so, I'll believe you.

SANDY  
Sweetie...

She looks down again as Sandy grabs her hand in his.

SANDY (cont'd)  
Everything is coming up Jenkins.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - BOB'S OFFICE**

Bob and Scott huddle.

BOB MCNUTT  
I don't understand, Scott. I need  
you to help me understand.

Scott exhales heavily, clutching a McDonald's sack lunch.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
That doesn't sound like the sigh of  
an epiphany.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Honestly nothing makes sense, Bob.

BOB MCNUTT  
What do you mean, nothing?

Scott shrugs but holds up a finger. He breathes in.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Let's put it this way. Say I'm a  
magician on a stage.

BOB MCNUTT  
Do you have a rabbit?

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Pretend I have a rabbit, top hat,  
tuxedo, pretty assistant, the whole  
nine yards -- and I have a bag of  
gold coins on the table.

Scott plops his McDonald's sack on the table.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
Imagine these golden brown potatoes  
are the profits each of our  
business units should be showing.

Scott bounces the bag to show how plump it is.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
But you see, as I tump the bag of  
gold coins in my hat --

Bob watches french fries cascade to the ground.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
Sorry, I'll clean those --

BOB MCNUTT  
Whatever. Just keep going.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
All the coins should be in the hat  
now, right?

Scott shows him the empty fast food bag. Bob nods.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
Well, here's the rub.

Scott lifts a trash bin and flips to show Bob the inside.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
The money -- or America's favorite  
french fry in this case -- poof.

Bob sorta stares there. Wanting to understand.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
They vanished.

BOB MCNUTT  
Yeah I got that part.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
We've checked the costs. We've  
sized up the margins. We've  
performed forensics across the  
financials. It's not a cash flow  
problem. It's not a balance sheet  
issue. It's like -- magic.

BOB MCNUTT  
This is awful, terrible magic.

Scott nods, heavily.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Do you think -- now -- I'm just  
spit-balling here, but...

BOB MCNUTT  
Just take out your straw and blow.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
The expansion.

BOB MCNUTT  
There it is.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Maybe it works in the long run. But  
what if we took off too fast.  
Everything too soon.

BOB MCNUTT  
Hubris.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
No, not hubris. I'm not --

BOB MCNUTT  
No, it is hubris. I was convinced  
we could enchant the American  
people with a little fruitcake  
wizardry. I thought our fully  
integrated pineapple operation  
would feed the whole farm-to-table  
crowd, and they'd get drunk on our  
patently non-alcoholic desserts.  
But I'm starting to think we can't  
outrun our fate. We're a dumpy  
relic of yesteryear...

Bob turns back to look out his towering window.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
But that's just not true, Bob. Our  
sales are strong. Our revenues  
robust. It's all costs -- I think.

BOB MCNUTT  
Can we rein them in though? Is it  
even possible.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
We don't have a choice.

Bob turns back as Scott leans to pick up the french fries.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
Maybe we should bring in Sandy --

Bob starts laughing causing Scott to pop up. Like what?

**INT. AIRPORT**

The Jenkins board a commercial plane, heading for Heathrow.

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.)  
Sandy Jenkins is nothing more than  
a glorified printing press.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (V.O.)  
A printing press?

**INT. COMMERCIAL PLANE**

They bobble back to coach.

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.)  
You know. He takes papers from a  
big stack, types them into a  
computer and moves them to a  
smaller stack.

**INT. COMMERCIAL PLANE**

Kay and Sandy snuggling into first class seats. Their  
tickets say St. Barts.

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.)  
Asking him to help uncover what you  
can't would be like asking a corner  
man to step into the boxing ring  
and take on a prizefighter.

**EXT. AIRPORT**

Sandy and Kay, stride arm-in-arm across the tarmac. And head  
toward a private plane.

BOB MCNUTT (V.O.)  
Sandy handles invoices and checks  
with great care and a weird robotic  
efficiency. I'm just saying,  
there's enough smoke in our lives.  
The whole company is on the verge  
of going the way of the Titanic --  
with no lifeboats or survivors. No  
need to see our Sandy Jenkins  
machine short out too.

The pilot comes out to greet these ridiculous lovebirds as  
they board up.

**INT. CITATION JET**

The Jenkins sprawl across a long leather seat while a steward brings them a fat bottle of Cristal.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (V.O.)  
I think you're selling Sandy a  
little short, Bob.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - BOB'S OFFICE**

Bob looks down at Scott. And finally Scott cracks.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Okay. Maybe not.

They both let loose a hearty array of laughter, as the screen begins to cover up with...

**POSTCARDS OF SANDY AND KAY**

On the steps of a Citation in front of:

- The almost Italian countryside of Napa Valley
- The chic island enclave of Martha's Vineyard
- The billionaire's frozen paradise of Aspen
- The remote beauty of a Santa Fe airfield

**EXT. SANTA FE - HONDO HILLS HOME**

For Sale sign in front of this rammed earth and stucco home.

**INT. HONDO HILLS HOME**

Terra cotta tile and comfortable, orderly rooms bleed into a chef's kitchen with Wolf and Viking appliances.

Kay walks inside and this is already home. Or a second one.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - LOADING DOCK**

In the midst of this sugar dusted fulfillment center where forklifts and pallet jacks move in choreographic bursts, Bob and Scott walk toward the vacuum sealed door.

BOB MCNUTT

I'm not saying I'm above onboarding or anything but why I'm going to meet a lady who was a bank teller last week?

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Because we need outside eyes. Tough, steady outside eyes.

BOB MCNUTT

Well, I trust you.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

After all this. I would hope so.

**EXT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - LOADING DOCK**

Bob and Scott hop off the elevated platform to meet a confidently sturdy middle-aged woman, SEMETRIC WALKER.

**EXT. HONDO HILLS HOME - BACK**

Sandy stares off the back deck into the untouched horizon.

KAY (O.S.)

You know, we don't need a second home.

Kay saddles up by him.

SANDY

We don't need a lot of stuff, but I think we earned it.

Kay smiles. True.

**EXT. HONDO HILLS HOME**

For Sale sign says SOLD.

**EXT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - LOADING DOCK**

Bob, Scott and Semetric stand among an arsenal of box trucks, refrigerated vans and eighteen wheelers.

BOB MCNUTT

...and never discount shipping and receiving. We can bake the most delicious treats outside the Garden  
(MORE)

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
of Eden, but if we can't deliver on demand and under budget, no one gives a hoot and holler what we do.

Semetric is taking exquisite notes down.

SEMETRIC  
And so far, cost overruns haven't been realized within S&R?

Bob looks for the words.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
To be completely frank here, Semetric. We're not exactly sure where this quicksand is.

SEMETRIC  
Deep in your gut. What's it saying?

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Well, that's --

BOB MCNUTT  
It's saying, I'm damn happy you hired Semetric Walker because she's here now...

SEMETRIC  
To find the quicksand.

BOB MCNUTT  
Then again, it could be a mudslide.

Semetric nods as big rig air breaks EXHALE.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
Maybe it's one business unit, could be two, please don't be three. But something's all woppy-jawed at the Bakery -- and my gut is shouting, Thank God Semetric is here.

The eighteen wheeler downshifts and CHUGS off.

#### **INT. JENKINS HOME**

Carrying Louis Vuitton luggage in from their latest trip, a full renovation has taken place. Fine furniture has sprouted like wildflowers in a soggy spring.

They set their bags down. Kay looks at the extravagant Steinway under a spotlight with a longing gaze.

KAY  
You miss the choir?

Sandy lets out a mirthful chuckle.

KAY (cont'd)  
Don't laugh like that, Sandy. It feels like years since we donned the robes. And that ain't a hyperbole. Years.

SANDY  
One, it's only been a few months.

KAY  
At least nine.

SANDY  
Seven.

As Kay goes to rebut him.

SANDY (cont'd)  
But two. Don't you remember how they treated us? Like we weren't good for anything except cleaning up after their hypocritical pieholes. Our fellow "Christians" acted like we were nothing more than hired hands.

KAY  
I loved doing our part to serve the congregation. You were a deacon.

SANDY  
And if we're comparing ourselves to anyone else in that stuck-up steeple -- well -- we sacrificed enough for a few lifetimes. And I'll stand outside the Pearly Gates and tell St. Pete exactly that.

KAY  
I'm not gonna force us to go.

SANDY  
Then let's not fight -- vino?

#### **UNDER THE STAIRCASE WINE CELLAR**

Sandy scans down his magnificent monstrosity. This guy.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME - BACKYARD**

In thousand dollar Adirondack chairs, they sip high-end Pinot as the perfect Texas sunset dips into the depths.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME - MORNING**

Betsy and Jenny linger by the front door.

The door swings open, and of course, Kay is there. Betsy and Jenny hand her a fancy pants envelope. They all hug. Weird.

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

Kay closes the door and turns to see Sandy. About to blow.

SANDY  
What just happened?

KAY  
I'm in a stupid ass book club!

Sandy and Kay rush into each other and hug so tight.

**EXT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY**

Sandy pulls up in a new Bentley coupe. It's something else.

WILLIE THE GUARD (O.S.)  
Holy Toledo. Is that another new car?!

Sandy embraces the attention from his Bentley show car.

WILLIE THE GUARD  
Maybe I shoulda been an accountant.

SANDY  
Oh, it has nothing to do with the pitiful salary from Nutty McNutt. My cousin flips these things like a video game!

WILLIE THE GUARD  
You gotta any tricks for Willie?

SANDY  
I mean, I typically don't like to blab about this.

WILLIE THE GUARD

I know you don't, Sandy. But I'm the one asking.

SANDY

It's not only that my cousin is a world-class car flipper...

And we think he's about to let loose a secret here.

SANDY (cont'd)

It's that I modified his trademark system and sped up the cycle. It's like trading high-volume stocks on margin.

WILLIE THE GUARD

Trading stock -- high volume -- margin -- cars?

SANDY

Basically I never exchange physical cash. It's all -- sorta like -- funny money. As long as I keep the cycle churning, I never have to realize actual cash flows. Just swap out the equity on each note.

WILLIE THE GUARD

That hurts my head, man.

SANDY

I never said the great car disco was an easy dance.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Willie scratching his head looking at this \$200,000 coupe, as Bob drives up, leaning out of his Suburban.

BOB MCNUTT

Why is there a Bentley in our parking lot -- who drove a Bentley?

WILLIE THE GUARD

Sandy Jenkins.

BOB MCNUTT

Of course he did.

WILLIE THE GUARD

Says he bought it on margins, swapping out his notes and something about disco.

Bob nods, what the hell. Then just guffaws as he rolls by.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - HALLWAY**

Sandy peeks in the symphonic production line. But y'all can't see this magic. We ain't that good of friends...

YET.

**INT. QUINTILLION BOOK CLUB**

Stately wood. Heavy drapes. Elegant women sit with books, in a tidy circle, sipping on wine. Kay just happy to be here.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE**

Feet on his desk, Sandy flips through a Robb Report, folding down page after page of exquisite jewelry and fine wine.

SANDY  
Screaming Eagle -- I like the sound  
of that!

Sandy scribbles Screaming Eagle over a bible verse printout.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (O.S.)  
Hey, bud. Got a sec?

Sandy cranes his neck, checks his watch.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
You know much about e-commerce or  
Cryer Creek's business model?

SANDY  
The technology part, sure. But if  
you're asking me to explain how  
they're supposed to make money for  
the bakery from a website. Well, it  
just sounds like witchcraft.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
No one called us the most tech  
savvy company in Texas, but still,  
you have a good handle on computers  
and all that, and frankly, I need  
help. Darlene says there's a  
problem with Cryer Creek.

To say Sandy is piqued would be underselling everything.

**INT. DARLENE JOHNSON'S OFFICE**

The head of Collin Street Bakery's e-commerce arm Cryer Creek Kitchen, DARLENE, stands as Scott and Sandy arrive.

SANDY

Hey, Darlene. Like what you've done with the place...

Darlene gazes around. Looks pretty average to us. And her.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Sandy, as you know, I've been going line-by-line, trying to peg the culprit siphoning our profits.

The word "culprit" snags Sandy's ear.

SANDY

Sorry, Scott. The culprit...

SCOTT HOLLOMON

You've been in all those meetings. These runaway costs we've let slip away during our rush to expand.

SANDY

Oh, yeah. The culprits.

Darlene jumps in.

DARLENE

I don't know how this is true but Cryer Creek rang up a twenty three thousand dollar postage bill.

SANDY

Twenty three thousand?!

DARLENE

That doesn't even sound possible. Like it literally is impossible.

SANDY

Huh.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

That's pretty much the sound we both made.

DARLENE

I coulda paid to ship a dozen Clydesdale horses cross country for twenty three thousand.

SANDY

And we know Cryer Creek Kitchen  
ain't shipping horses.

DARLENE

I know e-commerce is this strange  
new beast. But I'm hoping this  
isn't a systemic problem. Cryer  
Creek is important for Collin  
Street's future. You know...baked  
in Texas, shipped to the world...

SANDY

Like the billboard!

DARLENE

Yeah. I guess...

SCOTT HOLLOMON

So, Sandy. I'd like you to take a  
deep dive. Rip off some band-aids  
and make sure we allocated costs to  
the right line-items. Because  
twenty-three thousand in postage?  
That just can't be right.

Sandy is doing some calculations in his head or dreaming  
about the beaches of Dubai or who knows what.

DARLENE

Uh, Sandy...

Sandy twitches and...

SANDY

The postal system is going to fall  
in our lifetimes. You can bet on  
that.

Scott and Darlene aren't following as Sandy goes to leave.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

So you'll check it out?

SANDY

We'll make sure we got this right.

DARLENE

But you know this isn't right,  
right?

SANDY

Darlene. Trust me. We're going to  
make sure this is right.

Sandy leaves. Darlene kinda throws her hands up at Scott.

**INT. QUINTILLION BOOK CLUB**

The women recline, more relaxed, passing around bottles of wine. There is no question: Kay is the disruptive catalyst.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE**

Sandy is hunched over his desk eyeing loose gemstones.

A gaggle of coworkers are also there, almost like a hostage audience.

Sandy picks up a glistening ruby and gets a lot of head shakes.

SANDY

I didn't like that one either!

Sandy flips it to an ex-military ARMED GUARD in the corner.

This actually happened. This is real life.

Sandy picks up an emerald. It gets a smattering of applause.

SANDY (cont'd)

Y'all know my gut better than I do.  
It's like we're the Corsicana  
Philharmonic!

Sandy nods over to the armed guard, who slides the other loose gemstones in a black felt bag.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (O.S.)

Sandy, I got your mem --

Scott enters this bizarre bazaar.

SANDY

Will you look at that, y'all?  
Thanks for coming. But Scott and I  
need to touch base.

Scott attempts to size up what just happened when the armed guard nods at Sandy as he leaves.

SANDY (cont'd)

Tell Raul to bill me.

ARMED GUARD

Of course, Mr. Jenkins.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Everything ok, Sandy?

Sandy waves a 5-carat emerald at Scott.

SANDY  
Hell yeah it is, el queso grande.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Ummm. Ok. Cryer Creek?

Right. Sandy hands Scott a spreadsheet print out.

SANDY  
It's all there. Twenty three  
thousand in postage.

Scott's face says dammit.

SANDY (cont'd)  
I'm just wondering out loud here --  
and pardon my editorializing -- but  
maybe the mail order business isn't  
doing as good as we think. I've  
read a lot about shrinking margins  
in this brave new world of dot com.

Scott raises his eyebrows, taps the memo and heads out.

#### **INT. QUINTILLION BOOK CLUB**

The women are joyously dancing. Loud music blares. No books to be seen. But plenty of wine and Kay creating a scene.

Her face is glorious. She's made it and these women know it!

#### **INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE**

Scott eyeballs Sandy's document, double-checking things.

BOB MCNUTT (O.S.)  
Did y'all send money to the bank or  
something?

Scott looks up to see a quizzical Bob.

BOB MCNUTT  
An armored truck just pulled out of  
the parking lot.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 You're going to think I'm shitting  
 you, but I am not shitting you.

Bob can't wait for this...

SCOTT HOLLOMON (cont'd)  
 Sandy had an armed guard in his  
 office -- delivering gemstones.

BOB MCNUTT  
 Instead of wasting his money on the  
 most idiotic purchases in America  
 maybe he'll just give us a loan!

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 I don't think that's really smar --

Bob smirks.

BOB MCNUTT  
 Only an idiot would get in business  
 with an idiot.

#### **EXT. COUNTRY CLUB**

In a Porsche Cayenne, Sandy motors up to the valet. As the  
 young guys grin, Sandy flips them his keys and \$100.

VALET  
 Where's your better half?

SANDY  
 Here's a little free advice, boys.  
 Never let your wife become the  
 treasurer of a book club. It's  
 costing me five grand -- a month.

VALET  
 For books?!

SANDY  
 Nope. Those women can drink!

Sandy pulls out his own crazy expensive wine.

#### **INT. COUNTRY CLUB**

Sandy has a table pressed against the floor-to-ceiling  
 windows, perched over a bucolic pond.

WAITER (O.S.)  
Wine list, sir?

The waiter shows him a hardbound menu. Sandy whips back.

SANDY  
You must be new here -- Timmy.

WAITER  
It's Tommy, sir.

SANDY  
Right, well. The selection here  
just isn't up to snuff. It's like  
we have a two year old without  
taste buds for our sommelier.

WAITER  
Would you like something else --

Sandy swings his bottle, all cocky like.

SANDY  
When you bring the Screaming Eagle,  
you drink the Screaming Eagle.

WAITER  
Yes sir.

Sandy squints his eyes, like thank you, kid. Good bye.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (O.S.)  
Mind if I join you, old friend?

Scott is there, arms spread wide. Sandy waves his arm.

SANDY  
You heard I broke open the Eagle  
didn't you?

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
What?

SANDY  
The Screaming Eagle. My wine.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Sounds good.

SANDY  
Please. Good is the enemy of glory.

**LATER**

Scott watches Sandy go through the most obnoxious preparation for drinking the wine.

But stops waiting. And guzzles his. Sandy is apoplectic.

**LATER**

The bottle, long gone.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Been missing you at church, man.  
Everything going ok?

SANDY

Between buying Kay enough jewelry to be the Queen of England, and the jet, and the house in Santa Fe, I'm swamped, and this Jeremiah ain't no bullfrog.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Sandy. I consider you a friend.

SANDY

And I consider you my closest.

Scott smiles as forced as he can.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Just between us, you might wanna taper the showmanship and grandstanding. Just a tad.

SANDY

Why? We're no different than any other rich people in town.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Yeah. But they all inherited their money from mommy and daddy and a small miracle called oil.

SANDY

And your point?

SCOTT HOLLOMON

You work at Collin Street Bakery. And unlike the oil money in town, that keeps the rich, rich. The bakery employs half of Corsicana and keeps our town, a town.

SANDY

But I'm not the face of the bakery.  
That's Bob. Maybe you should tell  
him to act a lot more humble.

Scott realizes this is going nowhere.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Sandy. If things go from bad to  
worse at the bakery, Bob will be  
the least of this town's focus or  
worry. He'll be like gum on their  
shoe as they trample toward people  
like you, flaunting what they have  
when everyone else has nothing. If  
the Great Fruitcake Depression were  
to happen -- and I'm not saying  
it's going to -- but if it did,  
well that whole bourgeois-  
proletariat squabble would look  
like a preschool mud fight next to  
the class warfare of Corsicana.

SANDY

Could that happen?

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Which part?

SANDY

Collin Street going belly up?

SCOTT HOLLOMON

At this point, anything's possible.

Sandy is scheming something fierce. Scott just tired, man.

#### **INT. DARLENE'S OFFICE**

Darlene reads the memo from Sandy. Her face, perplexed when  
Semetric walks in.

SEMETRIC

You root out that boondoggle yet?

Darlene forks over the memo and just laughs.

DARLENE

Sandy says we actually spent twenty  
three thousand dollars. It's all  
there. I think I'm losing my mind.

SEMETRIC

You got your P.O.'s and any supporting collateral?

DARLENE

Sure thing -- and thanks for doing this -- Sandy didn't even ask.

Darlene fishes through her file drawer.

SEMETRIC

He's a busy, man, huh? I haven't even met him yet...

Darlene doesn't even hide her frown.

DARLENE

If traveling around the world with seemingly unlimited vacation days while doing the absolute minimum around here is busy -- well, then, busy is the polite way to put it.

Semetric forces a laugh. Not sure what to do.

#### **INT. LUNCH ROOM**

While grinning at the rubberneckers, Sandy, sensing an upper hand, times his chewing and swallowing as Bob passes.

SANDY

Hi, Bob. You really need to come --

But Bob walks on by. Surely he saw Sandy. Surely he heard.

#### **INT. BOB'S OFFICE**

Bob is on the phone, hectically scribbling notes down, when Sandy walks in. It's obvious he's unannounced.

BOB MCNUTT

What's the minimum payment we can make this -- hold on --

Bob stares down Sandy who's lollygagging in the corner.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

Lemme call you back -- in five.

Bob sets the phone down. Okay...

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
Sandy...

SANDY  
I was just thinking we could trade  
notes about traveling.

BOB MCNUTT  
Traveling.

Bob doesn't really show any emotion.

SANDY  
I don't know if you heard through  
the supper club grapevine -- you  
probably did -- but I've been using  
my cousin's plane to fly around.

Beat. For the kill.

SANDY (cont'd)  
A lot.

BOB MCNUTT  
I hadn't heard.

SANDY  
Well, it's not a plane like some  
King Air with silly props. We're  
talking a jet.

BOB MCNUTT  
Okay.

Sandy gets perturbed at his aloofness. Why isn't he jealous?

SANDY  
Wanted to lob it out there if you  
ever wanted to shoot the shit -- as  
they say.

BOB MCNUTT  
As they say.

SANDY  
Yep.

BOB MCNUTT  
Ummm. Alright, I --

SANDY  
Be glad to bring you by the hangar.

BOB MCNUTT

You know Sandy? I really need to get back to work. So --

SANDY

Course you do, Bob. Didn't mean to be a pest. You got a bakery to run -- a century old company to keep afloat.

#### **HALLWAY**

Sandy strides out of Bob's office, eyes pierced.

#### **SEMETRIC'S OFFICE**

Semetric is hard at work. Closely examining monthly ledgers when Sandy marches in.

SANDY (cont'd)

Hi-ya, Semetric. Sandy --

SEMETRIC

Jenkins, right?

SANDY

That's me. How you doing? How you enjoying life inside the fruitcake?

SEMETRIC

Beats my last job, I can tell you that. Pays better too.

SANDY

You like Bob?

This sorta throws her off.

SEMETRIC

I haven't spent much time with Mr. McNutt, but he seems very fair.

SANDY

Just between you and me -- if his dad still ran this place, we'd be much better off. He was a god. Bob's still learning to tie his shoes. I don't know why he doesn't wear Velcro.

And before Semetric can respond, Sandy marches off.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Semetric strides to her door and watches Sandy stomp down the hallway. She, like all of us, is straight up bewildered.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE**

Sandy unleashes a steady stream of checks.

**MOMENTS LATER**

The checks just churn out. But an ink cartridge goes out.

**MOMENTS LATER**

He slams a new cartridge in and gets to printing again.

**MOMENTS LATER**

He stuffs all the voided checks in a bag, but one slips to the floor and slides under his desk.

**PETTY CASH DRAWER**

Numerous credit card statements, bank statements and bible verses plummet from overhead.

**UNDER THE DESK**

We hold on that lost, lonely check, as footsteps walk away and the light turns off.

SANDY (O.S.)  
Sandy Jenkins...

The footsteps return and the check disappears.

**ON SANDY**

Looking down at that rogue check.

SANDY  
Be better, Sandy! Come on, be better!

**MOMENTS LATER**

Scott ducks his head in the darkness.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Everything alright in here?

SANDY

Alright is a saddle on a donkey,  
Scott. I'm a four point harness in  
a Ferrari.

Off Scott's perplexed tilt.

SANDY (cont'd)

It's a metaphor. And thanks for the  
talk last night. But I'm gonna  
spend my money like I feel and as  
Johnny Paycheck said, I'll just  
tell Corsicana to shove it.

As Sandy shoulders off, Scott just lets the crazy man go.

**EXT. CORSICANA**

Sandy BOMBS down the neighborhood in his Bentley. Screams  
through downtown. He swings by the Church to see the sign:

*John 14:14 – "You may ask me for anything in my name, and I  
will do it."*

He grins. Then floors it.

**EXT. I-45**

The Bentley RED LINES north. Sandy and Kay inside.

**EXT. NORTH PARK MALL**

Sandy pulls up to an expecting mother parking spot. Taps the  
sign. And reverses back a few inches.

**INT. BENTLEY**

Sandy jitters. A bull waiting for his eight seconds. A  
stripper, her featured song.

KAY

You okay? You're shivering more  
than a wet cat in a bag of  
unbleached flour.

SANDY

Nope. But let's get there.

Sandy rips out his Black Amex and head bangs with this  
ultimate status symbol.

**INT. NORTH PARK MALL**

They walk in, tightening the grip on their hands. Fueled by momentous rock music recreated on the piano, we enter...

**NEIMAN MARCUS**

The manager talks into his earpiece.

**NEIMAN'S MANAGER**

Fruitcake and Cupcake are in the oven. I repeat. Fruitcake and Cupcake are in the oven.

Personal shoppers and their assistants descend outta nowhere like some surreal ballet performance for crass consumerism.

**LATER**

An entourage of staffers and shoppers have arrived to gaze upon the Sandy and Kay showcase as clothes pile high.

**LATER**

You can't even see Sandy and Kay, hidden behind this Mt. Everest of extravagance.

**NORTH PARK MALL**

Sandy and Kay take up half the damn walkway with armfuls of bags from Neimans as they pass a Van Cleef & Arpels store.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Kay emerges with the most bad ass necklace you've ever seen.

**MATTRESS STORE**

While everyone is whispering reverentially over a \$40,000 horsehair mattress, Sandy and Kay run and jump on it.

The crowd is immediately anxious. HOLY SHIT! Sandy and Kay make snow angels on the blue gingham fabric.

A SWEATY SALESMAN rushes over...

**SWEATY SALESMAN**

Excuse me! Hello --

Sandy leans up quick.

**SANDY**

How much is this?

SWEATY SALESMAN

Forty.

The crowd leans back. Double holy shit.

SANDY

Holy smokes!

SWEATY SALESMAN

Yes sir. That's forty thousand dollars. So, if you don't mind --

SANDY

We'll take two.

The crowd's jaws fall to the floor.

KAY (PRE-LAP)

Two thousand!

#### **INT. LIBRARY**

All dolled up for a night benefiting the Corsicana Opry.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.)

You heard the lady in the big red hat. Two. Gimme two-five. Gimme two-five. Who's got two-five? I got two down in front. Gimme two-five. Two-five. Going once. Going --

BOB MCNUTT

Three thousand.

Bob raises his eyebrows as the crowd approves of that.

Kay, in a big red hat, looks over at Sandy. Unbelievable.

AUCTIONEER

Thank you sir. We got three. Do I hear three-five, three-five or even four? Three-five, three-five, maybe four. Gimme three-five. Go as low as three-three. As low as three-three? Lady in the red hat? Three-three. Okay. Going once. Going Twice. And sol --

KAY

Ten thousand bucks.

We LINGER on Bob McNutt, bewildered.

**INT. BOB MCNUTT HOUSE**

Bob tries to relax, sitting by a single slab oak table. His wife, AMBER kisses him goodnight.

AMBER

Don't stay up too late, Bobby.

Bob nods, pained.

AMBER (cont'd)

There aren't many things more resilient than the fruitcake and there's no one in town more resilient than you.

Bob takes a sip of scotch from a Waterford tumbler.

BOB MCNUTT

It's them -- I'm worried about.

**REVEAL**

A pile of paperwork and a thick stack of employment files.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

Collin Street's never had a layoff -- I'm afraid my arrogant expansion will make me the first McNutt to march out a firing squad.

AMBER

No one's getting shot -- plus, this economy's in the shitter anyway.

BOB MCNUTT

And that's why I can't let them down.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - MCNUTT'S OFFICE**

The employment files sit in front of three large pieces of construction paper: green, yellow and red.

Bob stands in front of it all with a valiant gaze.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (O.S.)

Wanted to see me, Bob?

Bob turns back and grimaces. Scott eyes the colored paper.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

What is this, like a game show?

BOB MCNUTT

More like one of those shooting galleries you see at a theme park.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Oh, so. It's going down -- like right now? We're gonna do this --

BOB MCNUTT

Not now, as in right now. But we need to prepare -- are you color blind?

SCOTT HOLLOMON

No. Uh, why?

BOB MCNUTT

Then good. Green is safe. Yellow's gonna be a maybe. And red. Well, grab some Kleenex.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Sure you don't wanna wait? Maybe a miracle falls and we turn this ship around?

BOB MCNUTT

I've faced down the abyss, Scott. You should too. We have to prepare. Layoffs are coming soon.

**LATER**

70% of the files are in green. 15% in yellow. 15% in red.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

...and so this is the best case scenario, considering our current financial predicament.

Bob said he was ready for this. He is not ready for this.

BOB MCNUTT

Shit. I'm going to be binging Pepto like a frat kid after Hell Week.

Scott pushes a bunch of green to yellow and yellow to red.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

And this...would be the worst case. Meaning if we're unable to increase or extend our line of credit.

Bob swallows whatever saliva is left in his mouth.

BOB MCNUTT  
 Dammit, Scott. I knew this was  
 gonna be awful. And all I'm looking  
 at is construction paper...

Bracing himself, Bob takes 80% from the green stack, empties  
 the yellow stack and towers the red pile high.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
 ...and so this is survival?

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 Yeah, but our reputation is still  
 strong across the region, Bob. We  
 have a century of goodwill baked  
 into this town -- even highly  
 leveraged -- we shouldn't need to  
 prepare for such a bloodletting.

BOB MCNUTT  
 I know. I just needed to see it.

Someone opens the office door, causing Bob to throw his arms  
 across the table. All the files PLUMMET to the floor.

#### **REVEAL**

Sandy Jenkins stands there, like a creepy garden gnome.

SANDY  
 Looks like a tornado of capitalism  
 tore through here.

Bob and Scott stare back.

SANDY (cont'd)  
 Shame. This used to be such a nice  
 space.

BOB MCNUTT  
 What do --

SANDY  
 Kay's throwing another doozy of a  
 fundraiser. Be there. Okie-dokie?!

Sandy plops two invitations down and heel turns away. He  
 looks above Bob's door where hand-stenciled letters say:

**MAKE IT A DELUXE® DAY!**

#### **HALLWAY**

Sandy picks up a stray piece of paper from Bob's office.

**STRAY PAPER**

We only catch a few words: *hemorrhaging cash...death spiral...toxic debt...downsizing...layoffs imminent...*

SANDY (V.O.)

Well, that's just sad --

**SANDY**

Looks pensive. Like a moment of deep angst. But then he sees a speck of dirt on his Ferragamo shoe and brushes it off.

SANDY

-- can't even run the company his daddy gave him.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sandy crumples the paper and shoots it in the trashcan.

**MCNUTT'S OFFICE**

Scott and Bob look at two ludicrous slabs of fine card stock from THE JENKINS inviting them to the THE GREAT HATSBY.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

A huge soiree. With big white tents, valet and waiters.

A banner hangs across the front: The Great Hatsby: Benefiting the Boys and Girls Club of Navarro County.

Scores of socialites from Corsicana, in outrageously gigantic hats, bustle in and out of this exorbitant gala.

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

We follow two trust-fund philanthropists as they saunter through this mad hatter's fever dream.

TRUST FUND CAROL

I've been to the biggest and best in Dallas, Houston -- even with those limousine liberals down in Austin -- and I've never seen something, something so -- I don't even have a word for it.

TRUST FUND TAMMY

Decadent.

TRUST FUND CAROL  
Decadence gives off an air of  
class, an over indulgence in  
richness and elegance. This is --

TRUST FUND TAMMY  
The Beverly Hillbillies striking  
oil.

Carol hits Tammy.

TRUST FUND CAROL  
That's it. White trash goes White  
House. But Texas Tea didn't pay for  
this. Bob looked into mineral  
rights when he was down at the  
Railroad Commission. He can't  
figure where their money came from.

TRUST FUND TAMMY  
I think they won the lottery.  
That's the only logical answer.

Carol closes an eye and rolls the other.

#### **TWO BEER GUT MILLIONAIRES**

In tuxes and idiotic hats that should've been left in  
London.

BEER GUT GARY  
When's the last time you saw Dom,  
Cristal or Petrossian in Corsicana?

They stop by the catering table where Dom Pérignon, Cristal  
Champagne and Petrossian caviar flows freely.

BEER GUT BOBBY  
Hell, Gary, when's the last time  
you saw any of it outside the  
jackassery of Highland Park.

BEER GUT GARY  
I ain't complaining. Shit. I'll  
pocket a few bottles for my casa.

BEER GUT BOBBY  
A fool and his money are soon to  
part.

BEER GUT GARY  
And these numbskulls will be in the  
poor house in no time.

Bobby and Gary both grab a \$1000 bottle for a take home.

### **WE STEADICAM THROUGH THE CROWDS**

Spinning around the ludicrous hats and idiotic hairpieces. It's really all too much. Too invasive. Too preposterous.

We whirl by people dancing but they're just caroming into each other like wine drunk bumper cars.

And then others attempting to drink champagne but their hats keep dipping in other people's flutes.

### **IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM**

Semetric, a fish outta water here, stands next to Bob who is guzzling beers.

SEMETRIC

I haven't even seen Sandy. And trust me, I went looking. He's the oddest man and has the most peculiar way of conducting himself.

BOB MCNUTT

You can call him bat shit crazy, Ms. Walker.

Off Semetric's unsure footing.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

No reason to clutter the truth with fruits, nuts and euphemisms. Let's call a fruitcake, a fruitcake.

SEMETRIC

You know, he might be the perfect mascot -- a nutty face for a nutty world.

Bob takes another swig of beer and rambles off.

### **BIG ASS HATS**

We can't see any of the faces through the fog of frills, feathers and fur.

BIG HAT 1

I'll tell you what I love about the Jenkins. They blow money like a bankrupt casino -- and never even brag about it!

BIG HAT 2

Amen. They just spend. And so I say  
we let them spend!

BIG HAT 3

Has anyone even seen 'em?

BIG HAT 1

I heard they're not even here. They  
like to throw parties and watch  
from a helicopter in the sky.

BIG HAT 3

I wouldn't put it past them.

BIG HAT 2

Amen. Never underestimate The  
Jenkins!

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

Scott and Bob stand across the street. Staring at a  
cartoonish cowboy hat plopped on the roof. Bob isn't  
intoxicated but he's clearly drowning his sorrows.

BOB MCNUTT

Why even come to work anymore? Why  
toil over freaking fruitcakes? Why  
put up with dumb reports and stupid  
meetings and urinals you gotta  
share with other dudes -- why --  
when you have all this?

SCOTT HOLLOMON

If I had a rich uncle, I'd get the  
hell outta dodge. No offense, Bob,  
but why stay?

BOB MCNUTT

It's a conundrum, deep fried in an  
enigma, sauteed in a riddle, dunked  
in a vat of mystery. Sandy Jenkins  
is the craziest man in Corsicana  
and that crown was not easily  
obtained.

They both laugh as two spotlights begin to chase each other  
like the opening night at some cocaine infested nightclub.

SCOTT HOLLOMON

Son of a bitch.

BOB MCNUTT

While we're over here melting  
faster than Bomb Pops in Beaumont,  
Sandy Jenkins is setting money on  
fire like he's stealing it!

Just then. A MASSIVE BOOM!

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

Son of a bitch.

**WE TILT UP**

As spectacular fireworks go BING, BONG, BAM, POP! It's  
outrageously awesome and absurdly expensive.

**INT. BOB MCNUTT HOUSE - BEDROOM**

While Amber sleeps soundly, we PULL in tight on Bob's face.  
Desperate and broken. Confused and scared.

**INT. JENKINS HOME - BEDROOM**

While Sandy sleeps like a pile of stolen gold bricks, we  
PULL in tight on Kay's face. Anxious and unsettled.

**INT. BOB MCNUTT HOUSE - BATHROOM**

Bob is far from the fun-loving personality we first saw.

AMBER (O.S.)

Is today the day?

BOB MCNUTT

We'll see what the bank has to say.  
I've lost all control.

Amber walks in to grab her earrings.

AMBER

Control is all an allusion. We just  
cling to this wildass world the  
best we can -- and never let go.

**INT. BOB MCNUTT HOUSE - BREAKFAST ROOM**

Bob lingers a moment over his loving family, safe from the  
hatchet that may befall others soon.

**EXT. COMMUNITY NATIONAL BANK & TRUST OF TEXAS**

Looks as quaint and Norman Rockwell as it sounds. The front door swings open and a stressed out Bob McNutt emerges.

He clutches his chest and takes a few deep breaths.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

The 10,000 gallon cowboy hat BOBBLES in the breeze.

KAY (PRE-LAP)

Sandy.

SANDY (PRE-LAP)

Yeah, snookums?

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

Sandy and Kay lay in their palatial bed. Staring up.

KAY

Can I ask you a question?

SANDY

Since when you ask for permission before you lit the fuse on a thought?

KAY

Well. It's delicate.

SANDY

Delicate?

KAY

Consider me a Vera Wang wedding dress running through a rose garden in a biblical monsoon.

SANDY

Not sure I'm follow --

KAY

Can the money get us in trouble?

There's a long pause.

SANDY

No.

Kay breathes a huge sigh of relief.

SANDY (cont'd)  
 But I'm not reporting the income to  
 the IRS.

That relief is now gone.

SANDY (cont'd)  
 It's best that way.

KAY  
 I don't mean to sound morbid here,  
 but I need to know -- if you go  
 tits up?

SANDY  
 If I die, the money is gone.

We hold on their faces. Kay's of consternation and fear.  
 Sandy's petrified with anxiety and a fake, frozen smile.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - BOB'S OFFICE**

Scott and Bob have cups of coffee and two apple cinnamon  
 miniature pecan cakes.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 We change the recipe on these  
 things? They're delicious.

BOB MCNUTT  
 Like everything else around here, I  
 wish I knew.

Bob puts down his breakfast snack and matter of fact...

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
 The bank recommended a 10 percent  
 haircut -- to start.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 And that's okay with you...

BOB MCNUTT  
 Nope -- but we don't have a choice.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
 You want me to get HR in here?

BOB MCNUTT  
 I'm not firing anyone first thing  
 in the morning. Especially the day  
 after The Great Hatsby.

Almost crazy-like, Bob polishes off his pecan cake.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
But you know. These are damn good.

Bob walks to his giant window and gulps, peering through the shades at his oblivious employees coming and going.

**BOB'S POV**

Sandy pulls in a Mercedes CL 550 and parks in the back so everyone can see him. His transition to asshole: complete.

**EXT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY**

Sandy stares over this never-ending bank account. What a day. What a glorious day. The sun just now creeping high.

He waves up to Bob's office. The shades immediately close.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE**

Sandy looks out toward the endless tree-topped horizon.

SEMETRIC (O.S.)  
Jibber-jabber-jibber-jabber,  
Capital One, jibber-jabber...

Intrigued, Sandy spins back.

SANDY  
Sorry for being on Cloud Jenkins  
this morning. About to look at a  
new house. Over on Mills Place!

SEMETRIC  
I'm not sure where that is to be  
honest -- and apologies for barging  
in like this, I know you're really  
busy. But I've been going over  
statements for Scott, and I have an  
issuance I can't reconcile.

SANDY  
Oh yeah? Whatcha got?

SEMETRIC  
Capital One? I'm almost positive we  
don't have a Capital One account.

SANDY  
Huh. Capital One?

SEMETRIC

Yeah. If you think there's a discrepancy --

SANDY

Well, I'll fix it.

SEMETRIC

Will you let me know what you find?

SANDY

Yeah, I'll fix it.

But both of them know, at that moment, that neither really trusts the other.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy leaves a note on his desk.

*House hunting with Kay in Mills Place. Be back tomorrow.*

**INT. BOB'S OFFICE**

Bob stares at the computer screen, drinking scotch and water. Fraying by the minute.

**ANGLE ON COMPUTER**

*Friends and family, I'm sorry it's come to this...*

We hear a couple sniffles. A throat clear. Then an inhale.

**INT. SEMETRIC'S OFFICE**

Semetric goes to work. Scanning over the checks issued.

Her screen is a cascading onslaught of excel tabs, screen grabs and pictures of baked goods.

It's something brilliantly delicious. Like the love child of Nikola Tesla and Julia Child.

**EXT. MILLS PLACE - CORSICANA, TX**

An enclave of historic homes cloistered by timeless oaks.

Sandy and Kay stand with a Realtor outside that 8,000 square foot fairy tale looking mansion on two luscious acres.

SANDY  
We have arrived.

KAY  
Arrived? We're about to drive an  
eighteen wheeler of nitroglycerin  
right through the aristocracy of  
Corsicana!

SEMETRIC (PRE-LAP)  
Oh, wow -- oh my -- oh no.

**INT. SEMETRIC'S OFFICE**

Semetric has a print out of checks and voided checks.  
In a rush, she connects them all with a bright highlighter.

**SEMETRIC**

We FOCUS on her brow as she realizes what she's uncovered.

**INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE**

Semetric sets her findings meticulously across his desk.  
There is no turning back from this. They have to be right.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Bob at the doorway as Semetric and Scott stare at him.

BOB MCNUTT  
Sandy Jenkins embezzled four  
hundred thousand dollars...

SEMETRIC  
Over thirty-two days.

BOB MCNUTT  
What do you mean thirty-two days?

SEMETRIC  
Meaning he worked here for like  
fourteen years and I've only looked  
at thirty-two days.

BOB MCNUTT  
So you're saying he probably stole  
a lot more?

Semetric just tilts her head and grimaces.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
Well, that explains a lot.

There's a crushing moment of realization and like a massive zit popping -- sardonic satisfaction.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
What about the lay-offs...

BOB MCNUTT  
We just found ourselves a lone  
teardrop in the sands of Chihuahua.

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY**

Yeah, I think we've spent enough time together. You're pretty much family now. An honorary Corsicanan.

A majestic red curtain is pulled back to reveal...

**The production of the world-famous DeLuxe® Fruitcake.**

The base. The filling. The mix. The spotless line.

The mouthwatering batter and crucial sugar.

The bake. The glaze. The spin and drizzle. Finally...

Hand-decorated with pecans, cherries and pineapples.

The finished fruitcakes slide off the line and placed with care, caution and love in a kitschy trademark tin.

**WE FOLLOW**

As one fruitcake is taken from the line, heads upstairs, then down a long bank of desks and offices.

And straight into...

**BOB'S OFFICE**

Who's standing there, next to Semetric.

**REVEAL**

Scott is holding the latest hand-crafted fruitcake.

BOB MCNUTT  
Let's make it a DeLuxe® Day.

**INT. SANDY'S OFFICE**

Sandy rambles in and boots up his computer. He opens an envelope with an invitation to a Van Cleef & Arpels event.

SCOTT HOLLOMON (O.S.)  
Morning Sandy.

Sandy looks up to see Semetric, Bob and Scott. He knows there's something very wrong. Especially when...

Scott hands Sandy the stack of voided checks.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Can you tell us what these are?

Sandy casually flips through. Be cool, man. Be cool.

SANDY  
Fraid I don't know, Scott. What --

Bob breathes out loud. Semetric clinches her jaw. Scott moments from boiling over.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Sandy. Did you write these checks?

Sandy assesses his dead end options. He feels the key around his neck and furtively eyes down that petty cash drawer.

SANDY  
...I write checks for the bakery.

**EXT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY**

Willie, the great white shark, can only shake his head as he watches Sandy off, carrying nothing but a fruitcake tin.

**INT. BOB'S OFFICE**

Shades wide open. Semetric, Bob and Scott look down as...

Sandy slowly lugs toward his Benz. He waves at a few people -- like nothing is wrong.

BOB MCNUTT  
Welp, one nutcase is better than  
ten percent of our nuthouse.

Bob puts his arms around Semetric and Scott's neck in a weirdly personal but totally genuine gesture.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
I guess our long Corsicana  
nightmare is finally over.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
I'm not so sure about that.

BOB MCNUTT  
What?! We just sent Sandy Jenkins  
to the guillotine.

SCOTT HOLLOMON  
Well, for starters, we have to call  
the cops.

BOB MCNUTT  
Sugar-coated shit. You're right.

#### **EXT. CORSICANA**

Unlike the righteous indignation of Sandy's last drive home,  
this is white-knuckled TERROR.

#### **INT. MERCEDES**

Sandy's honking at people to get out of the way. Driving up  
on curbs. Making a MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD dash home.

#### **SIRENS**

Spin down the street. Sandy brakes and comes to a crawl. He  
watches as they FLY past him. Heading toward the bakery.

#### **REAR VIEW**

Sandy's eyes look up as the sirens disappear in the Collin  
Street Bakery parking lot. Shit.

#### **INT. JENKINS HOME**

Sandy steps inside and doesn't need to say anything. Kay can  
read everything on his face. Threat level: midnight.

#### **DOUBLE-TIME**

They fly around, THROWING things in their biggest bags:  
Jewelry from drawers. Watches from a self winding box.

The most valuable wine bottles from the fridge under the  
stairs. Gold bars from a locked safe in the wall.

Some gemstones hiding in an air vent!

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - SANDY'S OFFICE**

A sheriff and Willie watch as Semetric, Scott and Bob ransack the office, searching for any damning evidence.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Semetric, Scott and Bob stand by that locked drawer in the antique desk. After fidgeting at it they nod at Willie.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Willie uses a crowbar to rip it out.

**THE DRAWER FLIES OPEN**

Everyone is confused at the endless stack of bible verses and pile of credit card statements. Then shocked to see...

Half a million dollars in petty cash.

**EXT. BACK ROADS OF TEXAS**

Sandy and Kay motor down the Old Spanish Trail.

The towering pine trees shrink as rolling hills, scenic ponds and cattle begin to populate the landscape.

**INT. YUKON**

Kay swings her neck around. Are they being chased?!

KAY

What exactly is happening, Sandy?

Sandy is laser focused on driving. Straight ahead.

KAY (cont'd)

You need to let me know if we're in trouble. Is there a mafia? Hitmen? Dragons?! Should I be scared?

SANDY

Physically, we're safe.

KAY

So jam a finger in your throat and vomit up what's happening.

SANDY  
It's just better if you don't know.

KAY  
Are you sure?

Sandy breathes through his nose and turns up the radio. Kay sarcastically blurts out...

KAY (cont'd)  
Everything is coming up Jenkins!

**EXT. COUNTRY GAS STATION**

Sandy pulls up to this ramshackle outpost. He sees a STRESSED MOM waver out from the station, tears streaming.

Sandy slides his card in the pump and begins fueling.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy leaning against his Yukon as...

STRESSED MOM (O.S.)  
Come on. Why aren't you working?!

Sandy pops his head through the pumps.

SANDY  
Everything ok, ma'am?

STRESSED MOM  
No. But we'll be okay.

SANDY  
You sure?

STRESSED MOM  
Yes dude. I'm sure.

Sandy peeks inside to see an SUV jam packed with screaming kids and an overwhelmed parent at the pump. He frowns.

**INT. COUNTRY GAS STATION**

Sandy hands some cash to the clerk and points outside.

**EXT. COUNTRY GAS STATION**

Sandy walks by the mom, who seems shocked as the gas pump is working. He waves at the kids crammed in the Suburban.

**EXT. AUSTIN FOOD TRUCK**

Line streaming to the street. The Yukon parks nearby.  
Sandy waves at a CHEF inside. She is utterly confused.

**EXT. HIP COTTAGE**

Deep in the trees of south Austin, Sandy and Kay speed in.

SANDY (PRE-LAP)  
You saw me talk to her. Said to put  
whatever we want in the safe.

KAY (PRE-LAP)  
You sure she said it was ok?

**INT. HIP COTTAGE**

No one is home. As they lug their bags inside.

SANDY  
I promise. She is our daughter.

KAY  
Well, least you didn't say "trust  
me".

Kay takes a moment to smirk at that all too honest humor.

**EXT. I-10 WEST**

Anyone that's ever made this drive knows it can drive a  
normal person insane. Just an endless onslaught of brown.

**DARKNESS FALLS**

And moonlight chases their lonely westward push.

**EXT. SANTA FE DOWNTOWN - MORNING**

They finally arrive. It appears they drove all night.

**INT. YUKON**

Sandy pilots through the slow paced town.

And mimicking one of his dreams, people seem to stare, but  
not out of reverence. Like they know something's up.

SANDY  
Do you see them? Do you see them  
looking at us? Hey, Kay...

Kay rustles up from a nap.

SANDY (cont'd)  
I think they're out to get us.

KAY  
Who is out to get us?

SANDY  
Them.

Kay looks out at the tourists and well-heeled members of Santa Fe society, paying their Yukon no mind.

KAY  
I think you're stressed. We drove  
all night. You got the delirium.

SANDY  
I'm not sure about that.

Kay just pets his head and rubs his shoulder.

**INT. JENKINS SANTA FE HOME**

Like many an outlaw, Sandy stares across that untouched landscape, bargaining for an offer of rebellious freedom.

And for the first time in a few days, there is peace.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME - CORSICANA**

A quaint morning in the city built on fruitcakes, love and gossip. Betsy and Jenny stroll by the overgrown yard.

NEIGHBOR BETSY  
It's always like a roller coaster  
with them. First, it was the most  
mediocre house on the block -- then  
the nicest in town -- and now, the  
red headed stepchild of their  
illustrious collection.

NEIGHBOR JENNY  
I can't remember the last time I  
saw them. Maybe a month?!

NEIGHBOR BETSY  
 You know them. Aspen -- Martha's  
 Vineyard -- Napa -- Santa Fe!

Just then, three flatbed trucks pull up.

NEIGHBOR JENNY  
 What in the holy hell?

Then two FBI vans. A dozen agents calmly file in the house.

NEIGHBOR BETSY  
 Oh my. This is o-mazing.

**LATER**

A few onlookers watch with intrigue, as a BMW X53 and Mercedes CL are winched onto flatbeds.

**LATER**

The sun overhead. A huge crowd is enchanted by the agents, walking in and out of the house, searching and seizing.

Some kids are selling bottles of water and hot dogs. It's like the fourth of July of schadenfreude.

A fur is brought out and GAWKERS begin debating.

GAWKER 1  
 At least five grand, right?

GAWKER 2  
 I'd bet seven -- at least.

GAWKER 3  
 Ten. If not more.

Two Louis Vuitton steamer trunks are rolled out.

GAWKER 1  
 Holy crap! A steamer.

GAWKER 3  
 Two. They have two steamers!

GAWKER 2  
 Those are worth more than my car!

SCOTT HOLLOMON (PRE-LAP)  
 And so he just gets away with it?!

**INT. COLLIN STREET BAKERY - CONFERENCE ROOM**

Semetric, Scott and a few others listen intently.

BOB MCNUTT

Not exactly. But unless we get a confession from the cuckoo clock himself, word is, the FBI has to construct a watertight case.

SEMETRIC

And that could take...

BOB MCNUTT

You know a fruitcake's shelf life?

Semetric nods.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

Maybe longer than that.

The room leans back. Dammit.

BOB MCNUTT (PRE-LAP)

Unless he makes a mistake.

**EXT. SANTA FE DOWNTOWN**

Sandy shuffles through town, hat pulled over his frazzled hair, the makings of a beard and shiny silver aviators.

Carrying paper bags, he looks over his shoulder. Eyes passing folks. He stares down people who look up to no good.

**SANDY'S MIND'S EYE**

*Some of the random tourists and local business owners transform into a legion of men in black suits.*

*They hold their hands to their ears and nod toward Sandy.*

*Sandy swings his perspective around, looking for an escape and BEGINS TO RUN. And as he does...*

*One of the men in black begins to chase him down!*

*Sandy LEAPS over an exposed steel box with a cactus in it.*

*He DODGES a woman with a stroller!*

*He SLIDES his ass across a gurgling fountain.*

*But when he turns back to look, he nails a bus bench.*

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sandy's grocery bag explodes. Canned corn, baked beans and sardines scatter like baby spiders from a carcass.

**REVEAL**

Sandy standing up, looking over his shoulder to see a tourist in black linen pants and a linen shirt.

LINEN TOURIST

Hey, man. Didn't mean to startle you -- but you dropped a twenty.

Sandy swallows as the tourist gives him the money back.

**INT. JENKINS SANTA FE HOME**

Sandy lurches in with a busted eye and broken grocery sack.

SANDY

We need to get back to Corsicana. I'm sure people are talking.

KAY

You think? It's Corsicana.

Sandy forces a smile.

KAY (cont'd)

You sure, though?

SANDY

Yep. I'm cracking like two eggs on the devil's bare butt.

KAY

Alright then. Rather get basted at home than fried like a fugitive!

**INT. HIP COTTAGE - AUSTIN**

Sandy and Kay sit in the living room. Everything's quiet.

Sandy grabs some keys to head out.

SANDY

When I come back, we can leave.

KAY

You want me to come?

SANDY

It's better if you don't.

KAY

You're not gonna kill yourself are you?

SANDY

It's gonna take a lot more than childish rumors and jealous chatter to hurt my feelings.

**EXT. AUSTIN**

Sandy takes a right by the Capitol and heads south. Skirting in and out of traffic just behind him, an unmarked car.

**INT. YUKON**

And we really can't tell if he's seeing things or there's actually a car there. He's fracturing. He can't handle this.

He looks up. WOOOSH. WOOOSH. Is that a black helicopter?!

**EXT. WHOLE FOODS SHOWPLACE**

Sandy races inside.

**MOMENTS LATER**

He rushes out with two insulated bags and that's it.

**EXT. TOWN LAKE TRAIL**

Sandy parks under the concrete expanse of the Mopac bridge.

**INT. YUKON**

He jumps in the back and burrows in the floorboards.

In hurried motions, he moves all the luxury items from the bags that were in the safe to these new insulated bags.

**EXT. YUKON**

He opens the car door and there's someone stretching right next to his SUV. The SPANDEX FIT GURU looks up.

SPANDEX FIT GURU  
Hey brother.

Sandy eyes back at this guy in need of more clothes.

SANDY  
Do I know you?

SPANDEX FIT GURU  
I don't think so. You going for a  
run or shopping?

Sandy looks down at the bags.

SANDY  
I like to feed squirrels.

SPANDEX FIT GURU  
Righteous, man.

**EXT. TOWN LAKE TRAIL - LATER**

Sandy tiptoes around the dirt paths snaking under yawning tree cover. It's not that he's nervous. He's petrified.

After looking around for a moment, he takes a curious pose. Hunched over like some kinda malnourished leprechaun.

**WE FOLLOW SANDY**

As he shoves the more compact objects, like watches, in piles of rocks, gopher holes and tree trunk hollows.

This man has lost it.

What the hell is happening?

(This really happened.)

**MOMENTS LATER**

He looks back in the bag. Everything else, like wine bottles and gold bars, too big and too noticeable.

So he pops up. Takes a normal -- for Sandy posture -- and begins to ramble down the trail.

**MOMENTS LATER**

He swings his arm to throw the bags in the lake but spandex fit guru runs by.

SPANDEX FIT GURU  
Oh, hey, man! Keep on trucking!  
Those squirrels need to feed!

The spandex guru blazes off. Sandy calms down and strains his neck down the trail, searching for any others.

And sure enough, there's a fleet of cyclists rumbling by.

SANDY  
What is going on in this city?

He huffs a couple of times, before his gaze catches an...

#### **OVERGROWN PATCH OF LONELINESS**

This is it. He breathes heavily. Clutching the bags, protecting eight years of work, sweat and embezzlement.

He rolls up his pant legs and wades through reeds.

A snake skitters out and he gasps, but it disappears.

After a moment, he looks back at the giant tree for memory's sake, triple checks the seals and then...

Without any crescendoing fanfare, drops them in the water.

#### **UNDERWATER**

We watch the million dollar bags SINK into the murkiness.

#### **SANDY**

Watches them vanish. And when they're gone, he pivots back.

A couple joggers run by and he ducks fast in the reeds.

#### **JOGGERS**

Stare back, like what the hell? Obviously we saw you, dude.

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

Sandy, wet pants and all, begins running on the trail. Like he was running the whole time. He looks like a dumbass.

#### **EXT. AUSTIN**

Sandy stands on the Congress bridge scanning the trail, making mental images of where he hid his treasures.

**SANDY'S MIND'S EYE**

*The names and values of each item pop up like a roll over.*

*Suddenly, an awful rainstorm falls!*

*A flood sweeps across town, flushing his hiding spots and bags down stream. All the labels and titles converge as one.*

*He flips east to see everything wash by like a faded dream.*

**SANDY**

Shakes his head out of this apocalyptic vision. His eyes bloodshot and mouth quivering.

**INT. YUKON**

The compass in the car says we're trucking NE.

Kay grabs Sandy's hand. They hold it tight. Heading to face the music. Whatever that opera may entail.

**EXT. TOWN LAKE TRAIL**

An off-duty UT police officer parks his truck, pops in some earbuds. And hits the trail.

**WE RUN WITH HIM**

Passing moms with strollers, a sinewy gang of mountain bikers, a cult of tattooed joggers, some kids smoking pot.

He takes it all in stride. Until something sparkles.

He takes a few more steps and something else sparkles.

**MOMENTS LATER**

The officer slowly approaches a nook in a hulking oak.

Reaches in and pulls out a \$25,000 Patek Phillipe!

Then swings his head back to the last sparkle.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Buried in a gopher hole, a \$23,000 Ulysse Nardin!

Then spots faint impressions in the mushy turf.

**OVERGROWN PATCH OF LONELINESS**

He eyes visible imprints on the ground.

**LATER**

Scuba divers splash into the lake.

**UNDERWATER**

The divers push through the cloudy lake. Until they swim over two bags slouched in the mud.

FBI AGENT 1 (PRE-LAP)  
I've got matches.

FBI AGENT 2 (PRE-LAP)  
How many?

**INT. FBI DATABASE LAB**

The younger agent shows a list of watch pictures with their serial numbers and a stack of credit card print outs.

FBI AGENT 1  
Every one.

FBI AGENT 2  
Shit.

FBI AGENT 1  
Guess how much the bags from the lake weighed...

FBI AGENT 2  
I dunno. Six or seven pounds?

FBI AGENT 1  
Forty.

FBI AGENT 2  
Holy shit.

They can't help but laugh as the phone rings.

**INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS - CALL CENTER**

In a long bank of cubicles, we pass over suits wearing headsets. Meet the concierge army of Centurion Cardholders.

We stop at MS. ATHENS' spotless work space.

MS. ATHENS

I'm sorry it's taken so long for me to get back to you, but Mr. Jenkins has an extensive history as a cardholder. And if my tally is correct, he spent eleven million dollars on his Centurion card.

Silence.

MS. ATHENS (cont'd)

Hello -- Special Age --

FBI AGENT 1 (V.O.)

Sandy Jenkins never made more than \$50,000 in a year.

MS. ATHENS

Holy shit!

**EXT. COSTA RICA PINEAPPLE FARM**

Bob rambles among this stunning grove of fruitcake toppers. His phone buzzes. He reluctantly looks down.

*"We got him."*

**BACK TO SCENE**

Bob looks up to the sun and finally smiles. Rips open a pineapple rind and takes a big glorious bite.

**EXT. JENKINS HOME**

More shaggy than we've seen. Weeds in the flower bed. A bedraggled driveway, splattered with flatbed grease.

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

Not much left. Except that Steinway piano and a sad couch. Kay drinks coffee, reclining, as Sandy plays a bluesy tune.

When there's a knock on the door.

KAY

Hot damn, we have a guest!

Kay leaps to her feet. Finally. Some good news.

KAY (cont'd)  
 Church up that tune. Play something  
 peppier, Sandy! We got a visitor!

As Sandy warily rips into a zany orchestration, Kay stands at the front door. Fixing her hair. Then opens it...

**REVEALING**

The FBI. Papers. Jackets. Sunglasses. And the music stops.

CUT TO:

**CORSICANA DAILY SUN FRONT PAGE:**

*Jenkins Estate Sale. This Weekend Only.*

And we PUSH IN on the photo of their home.

**JENKINS HOME**

Tight on the white columns, fixed up a bit.

And then PULL OUT, where a line snakes into the street.

**AND WE DOLLY**

Past grandmothers and gawkers, antique hawks and socialites ready to laugh and snark at the swindler's misfortune.

**BOB MCNUTT**

Strolls back up the line, with a few people in tow, handing out coffee and baked goods from Collin Street Bakery.

BOB MCNUTT  
 Not trying to sound like a huckster  
 here, but we'd love y'all to spend  
 and spend big.

He motions to his assistants to hand out delicious goods.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
 Don't think of our snacks as graft  
 but sustenance to help you make the  
 best decision possible. And spend  
 all the money you brought!

The crowd laughs as Bob surveys that house. That godforsaken money pit of a house.

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)  
 You know. The real tragedy has  
 nothing to do with Collin Street.  
 (MORE)

BOB MCNUTT (cont'd)

(smirks)

No way. The biggest calamity is that we lost arguably our most sophisticated watch collector in the history of Navarro County.

The crowd loves his gallows humor.

**INT. JENKINS HOME**

The line funnels inside and people are stunned at the assortment of things rich people blow their money on.

An array of gluttonous jewelry. A Cartier silver cigarette case. An Atmos clock. A queen bed with a Håstens mattress.

A comical array of china cabinets. A gaggle of designer handbags. Louis Vuitton. Burberry. Balenciaga. The best.

And perhaps the most ridiculous liquidation offering:

A terrifying onslaught of Hummel figurines.

**NEXT DAY**

Like the morning after a high school kegger, this place is a deserted hollow of broken doodads and bleary-eyed remorse.

KAY (O.S.)

Jenny! Betsy! So glad I'm finally talking to both of you.

Kay walks in, frazzled and fraying by the moment.

KAY

It's been an absolute gut punch of shock and anger. While I was being sweeter than peaches and nicer than pecan pie -- who knew Sandy was capable of such...such dumbassary!

Her eyes start to well up.

KAY (cont'd)

When's our next book club meeting? Haven't heard from y'all in --

Now her eyes really begin to spew.

KAY (cont'd)

I know. I know. Forget the handbasket. I'm going straight to hell!

She belly flops on the wooden floors in unmitigated shame.

**EXT. FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION, SEAGOVILLE**

From the sloping roofs to the classical red brick lines, it looks more like a country club than a penitentiary.

But then we see the razor wire snag a little sunlight.

**AND FOCUS ON**

Federal Correctional Institution

Seagoville, Texas

**INT. FCI SEAGOVILLE - CELL**

Sandy wakes up, on a simple bed in an ordinary room.

He shimmies up against the wall and stares off at a drab corner where a scripture hangs:

***John 10:10 – "The thief comes only to steal and kill and destroy; I have come that they may have life, and have it to the full."***

He closes his eyes.

**SANDY'S MIND'S EYE**

- *Sandy pleads for forgiveness in front of First Baptist*
- *Goes door to door in Corsicana, filled with contrition, handing out fruitcakes*
- *Hugs Bob McNutt among the pineapples in Costa Rica*
- *Walks down the aisle, arm-in-arm with Kay, renewing vows*

PRISON GUARD (V.O.)

It's breakfast time, Sandy...

**BACK TO SCENE**

Sandy smiles like he did before he was rich and awful.

**INT. FCI, SEAGOVILLE**

Sandy eats his breakfast and makes a cup of instant coffee. This is not the life he dreamed of. But we're here now.

It's simply eggs and toast. But it'll do. It has to.

A familiar voice rattles his eardrum. He looks up to a modest TV on a rolling cart.

ROBIN ROBERTS (V.O.)

And now a tale so crazy it must be true. How two college sweethearts became known as Fruitcake and Cupcake at Neiman Marcus after a million dollar shopping spree. But that's where the comedy for this tragedy ends. From their humble home in small town Texas, this couple embezzled untold millions from the world-famous Collin Street Bakery. At the center of this nutty caper? Sandy and Kay Jenkins, who ironically enough, are big fans of Good Morning America...

Sandy smirks. Guess you could say he arrived. He turns...

**SANDY'S POV**

He stares out the window, at nothing close to freedom.

SANDY (V.O.)

Holy smokes...

And we PUSH outside. Into the promise of a new day.

***Fruitcakes forever, y'all.***

**SUPER**

**COLLAGE OF SANDY AND KAY JENKINS EXTRAVAGANCE**

*The court determined the total loss as a result of Sandy Jenkins's offense was \$16,766,645.70.*

*He truly was the \$17,000,000 fruitcake.*