

THE FRUITCAKE

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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, churching 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?
Woooooo 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
noggins 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 snuffles. 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.