

EXT. DESERT - DAY

We roam over what appear to be the dunes of a desert, skimming the tops of mounds of lifeless sand, feeling alone, then thirsty, until we settle on one lone shiny golf ball. It waits in this endless gulf of sand like a diamond.

Finally, it is whacked by a sand iron and goes sailing from the sand bunker and slowly through a sapphire blue sky. As it spins, it appears to have heavy black words printed on it, but we cannot read them.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

The golf ball lands on the velvet green golf course where it rolls like a gargantuan white boulder through a smaller city, destroying buildings made of chocolate cake.

GINA (V.O.)
*Moist Valrhona chocolate cake with
hazelnut icing, waiting to be
touched like an anxious lover...*

INT. DESIGNER CLOTHING STORE - DAY

GINA COLLINS, 40s, with fake blonde hair and patronizing grin to match, signs her name at an electronic credit card kiosk at the check out counter. The TRENDY CLERK, 20s, makes an empty smile, and passes Gina several gift-wrapped boxes of shoes. Gina largely ignores her in a snooty way.

GINA (V.O.)
*Tropical cream cake with rum and
pineapple icing, tempting the frail
desires of the weak...*

Outside the window behind her, the huge golf ball wrecks surrounding buildings made of cream cake. Oblivious, Gina continues to smile with teeth so white, jewelry so big, they flash.

INT. CHILDREN'S CHARITY BALL - DAY

Flashes go off from the cameras of LOCAL NEWS REPORTERS. Gina holds that fake smile near her husband ROBERT, 50s, waxy tan and trim, while he shakes hands with a CHILDREN'S CHARITY REPRESENTATIVE. They pose holding a large cardboard check made out to the amount of \$50k.

GINA (V.O.)

*Red velvet dancing alive with cream
cheese icing so vibrantly white and
kissed with vanilla so pure, the
clouds of heaven hide in shame
behind the skirts of angels...*

Flashes continue to go off as behind them, the golf ball moves along its destructive path, destroying more buildings made of red velvet cake, and squashing PEDESTRIANS as well.

Gina sits chatting with her COUNTRY CLUB FRIENDS, a bunch of 40-60 something glossy ladies in expensive flowery dresses holding matching brunch cocktails. They look like a Monet painting meets an Almodovar film.

GINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

*I want it all. Every last piece.
But some fool out there with
nothing better to do than make
people sad said 'Thou shalt not
have thy cake and eat it to.' What
ever in the world does that mean?*

The golf ball, looming and huge, rolls loudly behind the women. They don't notice as it completely tears up the golf course like an earthquake on a mission.

INT. ART CLASS - DAY

Gina sits in "proper" artist attire in a water color class where she paints from a photo of her and Robert together on a Florida beach. She still has that huge grin.

GINA (V.O.)

*If I have my rum raisin carrot
cake, I am not going to stare at it
like the shapely buttocks on a
Greek statue. You can bet your
little life I am putting that
beauty in my mouth...*

The mammoth golf ball rips off a side of the art building, taking the TEACHER and several ART STUDENTS with it. Gina continues to paint in ignorant bliss.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

We pull back from the cover of a pulpy romance novel, struck by the image of a bare-chested ripped man with long hair and tight pants, passionately enveloping a woman in a gown.

Gina reads this engrossed, while sitting near a pool in a humble bathing suit, with sunglasses and a mimosa.

GINA

*And when I've consumed that and
licked my lips in more pleasure
than one Ms. Marie Antoinette ever
knew cake was capable of, I'll take
another and eat that too because,
frankly, I deserve it.*

A normal-sized golf ball lands on her stomach, and she is startled out of her trance.

ROBERT (O.C.)

Sorry, darling.

Gina looks up to spot Robert practicing golf on the amazing lawn in their luscious Deep South garden. He smiles at her.

Gina blows him a kiss and waves.

Robert turns away from her, and his smile evaporates. He reaches for a cotton handkerchief stitched with his initials and wipes the sweat from his face. His hands are shaking as he tries nervously to grab an 8 iron. Something is clearly up with him.

Gina looks at the golf ball that landed on her belly.

POV GINA: Golf ball with brand marked as "Tag! You're it."

Gina gives it a curious look, throws it behind her where it bounces once, twice, then lands in the pool where it floats amongst soggy pieces of destroyed cake.

INT. ROBERT AND GINA'S HOUSE - DAY

In an expensive tailored dress, Gina lays the needle on a record where a soft gorgeous solo violin melody plays. She takes a moment to relish it before moving to the table, passing Robert. She ruffles his hair and kisses him tenderly.

He seems tense, his fingers tap the stem on his glass of red wine.

GINA

Well, honey, aren't you going to try that cab? The Wilsons have been asking me about it, and I keep telling them you were waiting to age it right.

She slices a large chunk of rare prime rib and plops the hot piece of cow flesh on Robert's plate.

GINA (CONT'D)

They keep bothering me about having us come over to see their new koi pond. Last year it was African parrots, year before it was Maine Coon cats, now Asian fish...

Gina sits at the opposite end of the table. Their tuxedo cat, Mr. Bacon, sits near Robert on the table patiently waiting for scraps. Gina raises her wine glass to toast Robert who is now sweating.

GINA (CONT'D)

To ten perfect years of us. I am nothing without you in my life.

They tap glasses, and Gina proceeds to pour a ton of salt on her prime rib. Robert struggles to say something, but chokes.

Gina looks up from her bloody meat to spot Robert near tears. She puts down her fork.

GINA (CONT'D)

Why, honey...

ROBERT

Gina...I...

GINA

Don't be shy. You can say sweet things to me.

He looks around the room, then stands up while holding his hands out as if to be cuffed, and says loudly:

ROBERT

I'm guilty!

Off screen, a door bangs open. There is commotion in the hall when suddenly five FBI AGENTS enter the dining room, weapons in hand.

FBI AGENT 1

Robert Collins, we have a warrant for your arrest.

GINA

What is the meaning of this!? It's dinner.

Robert begins to cry as two FBI agents handcuff him, disturbing the elegantly-set dining room table. Robert's wine glass tips over, spilling the luscious Cabernet over the silky peach tablecloth where its inky stain spreads.

FBI AGENT 2

Mr. Collins, you have the right to remain silent...

We follow the course of the stain like a gorgeous moment from a Tarkovsky film, as it makes its way over the table, while hearing the commotion of the arrest in the background.

GINA (O.C.)

Untie my husband this instant! You have the wrong man!

The stain reveals Mr. Bacon ravenously eating from the bloody prime rib, near a spilled vase of white roses and their water mixing with the wine.

FBI AGENT 2 (O.C.)

Anything you say can and will...

GINA (O.C.)

Do you know who we are?

The wine stain moves past a professionally-shot photo of Robert and Gina together smiling, then past an anniversary card, and a decadent fancy layer cake.

GINA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Take your hands off me!

The wine finally gathers beneath a single blooming Bird of Paradise flower, like the blood of slaughtered fowl.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, HALLWAY - DAY

Gina sits in a busy hallway where all sorts of tragedy has been at play. She looks out of place, a richie rich in a mess of people who survive on a fraction of her husband's income.

Gina clutches her kitchen apron for warmth, still wearing her dinner dress. Her face is a battle field, where the stains of old makeup have left her vulnerable. She looks like she has not slept in days, and has been crying for longer than this.

Gina stares fearfully at a RAGGED STREET WOMAN who holds her gaze without blinking, a bit of drool falling from her cracked, bleeding lips.