

YEAST RISING

A One Act Play

by

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Scene One

(Lights up. It's a city sidewalk, with stores lining the road. People walk in and out of the shops. JUSTIN, wearing a jacket and backpack, walks down the street. He stops in front of a candy store window and peers inside. FRAZZLED MAN runs on stage coming from the back of the theater. He is carrying a long paper package and loudly muttering things along the line of "One! One! Must, find him". When he reaches the stage he stops upon spotting JUSTIN.)

FRAZZLED MAN

Yes, yes, yes! Perfects perfect and all is right!

(FRAZZLED MAN does a happy jump and runs full speed toward JUSTIN. He spins JUSTIN around to face him and pushes the package towards JUSTIN.)

Take! Take! You's and yours and accept fate!

JUSTIN

I don't have any money.

FRAZZLED MAN

No! Not of the give, but of the take. Give a life, Take a package! Take a package!

JUSTIN

No thanks.

FRAZZLED MAN

Justin, no time for discussions! You take! Take!

JUSTIN
 How do you know my name?
 (FRAZZLED MAN begins poking JUSTIN with the package.)

FRAZZLED MAN
 Take a take a took a take! Hurry!
 (JUSTIN, angrily takes the package.)
 Ha ahah! Wewewewewewe thanks to thank you kindly.

JUSTIN
 Great. Awesome. This better not be a hooker's leg or anything.

FRAZZLED MAN
 Oh, it's anything alright right. Anything's anything when the time is time.
 (FRAZZLED MAN runs off stage and back through the audience yelling "He Took! He took a took a take a took!" JUSTIN is left on stage looking at the package. He unwraps it to discover a loaf of French bread.)

JUSTIN
 Fantastic, stale bread.
 (JUSTIN waves the bread in the direction FRAZZLED MAN ran.)

Thanks crazy man!
 (Lights down.)

Scene Two

(Lights up of the left side of the stage showing the living and dining area of an apartment. MATT is sitting on a couch in the living area watching a TV. The dining area has a table and three chairs. The walls are decorated with posters of various pop culture things. JUSTIN walks in with the loaf of bread. MATT turns off the TV.)

JUSTIN
 How much do you think it would cost to create something along the lines of Gamera and have it destroy this town, Matt?

MATT

What happened today?

JUSTIN

I was accosted by a crazy old man who gave me this loaf of bread.

MATT

That doesn't sound so bad. At least now I can make a sandwich.

(JUSTIN throws the loaf of bread to MATT.)

JUSTIN

Have at it. I don't eat crazy person bread. And to be safe, I'm going to take a shower and get these crazy man germs off me.

(JUSTIN walks off stage. MATT takes the bread to the dining area table.)

MATT

I'm gonna mustard you up sammy.

(MATT takes a knife and holds it over the bread to cut it.)

SAMMY

(Screams.)

Ah! For fuck's sake! Get that knife away from me!

JUSTIN

(Offstage.)

You say something?

MATT

Uh.

SAMMY

I said move the knife meaty!

(MATT backs away from SAMMY.)

MATT

Hey, Justin, the bread is talking.

JUSTIN

(Offstage.)

Uh huh, right. Sure.

SAMMY

How'd you like it if I sliced you thinly and put mustard on you? Make a Mattwich?

MATT

For shit's sake Justin, the bread is threatening me by name.

(JUSTIN walks onstage wearing a towel.)

JUSTIN

Fine, what's this? Oh, bread. Great.

(JUSTIN pokes the bread.)

There, I think it'll leave you alone now.

SAMMY

I take a small nap and wake up to be almost stabbed and then poked? What kind of hospitality is this?

JUSTIN

Oh, um.

SAMMY

(Sigh.)

So you're the one huh?

MATT

The one?

SAMMY

Not you. Him. He must be the one if I'm in his possession.

JUSTIN

I have no idea what you're talking about.

(Beat.)

Heck, I have no idea why a loaf of bread is talking.

SAMMY

Alright, set me on that chair over there, take a seat, and let's get you filled in. We need to get started sooner than later.

(JUSTIN picks up the bread and sets it on a chair facing the couch. MATT and JUSTIN sit on the couch and stare at SAMMY.)

I remember it well, even in this flaky form. It started about five years ago, in a bakery in the center of town.

(Lights up on the right side of the stage revealing the interior of a bakery. There's a large oven on one wall, counters and cabinets long the other walls, and a large table in the middle. HUMAN SAMMY is standing at the table, covered in flour, and making a large batch of cookies.)

I was one of the head bakers. That winter we needed extra help and I was supposed to interview some people to see if we could bring them on. That's when he showed up. Thomas Klickah.

(Lights dim on the left side of the stage. THOMAS enters the bakery carrying a box. He is in full bakers gear, but his hat is black.)

HUMAN SAMMY

Ah, you must be Thomas!

(HUMAN SAMMY and THOMAS greet each other and stand back by one of the counters talking.)

SAMMY

(Voiceover.)

The interview went fine, he seemed like a decent guy and knew his baking knowledge. That was until I asked him to show me some samples of what he made.

(THOMAS opens the box and pulls out 4 horribly burnt or disgusting looking pastries. One of the pastries screams until THOMAS hits it, squishing it.)

But they were all terrible.

(HUMAN SAMMY vomits.)

HUMAN SAMMY

Thomas, maybe baking isn't the, well, isn't the path for you. No offense, but these pastries are the worst things I've ever seen, smelt, and heard.

(THOMAS stands up angrily and throws his box to the ground.)

SAMMY

(Voiceover.)

That's when he broke.

THOMAS

You shan't tell I what not to do!

HUMAN SAMMY

I was just suggesting, really. Professional to professional advice.

(THOMAS pulls out a knife.)

THOMAS

I don't take advice from the dead.

(THOMAS lunges at HUMAN SAMMY. Lights down on the right side of the stage. Lights up on the left side.)

MATT

Oh damn.

JUSTIN

He stabbed you because he was a bad baker?

SAMMY

He did.

MATT

What a bastard.

SAMMY

That's not the worst of it. See, next he baked a loaf of French bread with my blood, encasing half my soul to this grain filled existence. The other half he keeps in a jar.

(Lights up on the right side of the stage. The bakery is a mess of blood and flour. THOMAS goes to the oven and pulls out a loaf of French bread.)

But I actually turned out pretty good. Damn good considering his abilities. So he cast me aside.

(THOMAS throws the French bread against the wall. Lights down on the right side.)

Since then I've wanted revenge. But fate didn't intertwine until Thomas started making a name for himself. I'm sure you've read the headlines.

MATT

No.

JUSTIN

We don't really read the paper or watch the news.

SAMMY

And yet you kids get all up in a fuss when people attack freedom of speech.

MATT

Hey! Just cause I don't want to read the paper, doesn't mean I won't be angry if I don't get a paper. My bird's cage doesn't line itself!

JUSTIN

Wait, are you talking about that Horrible Baker guy?

SAMMY

Well, he calls himself the Terror-ible Baker, but yeah. So you have heard about it?

JUSTIN

I saw a parody of it on Daily Show, if that counts.

SAMMY

They know not the power they mock. He wants ultimate power, and he'll kill anybody in his way. He's bent on baking the world into the universes largest pie. He's already gathered all the necessary ingredients.

MATT

If he's making a pie he can just find everything at Meijers, we'd be pie filling already.

SAMMY

We're taking about a pie of ultimate destruction, it takes a little longer to gather everything necessary.

MATT

Name one ingredient he couldn't find at Meijer then. And I'll tell you right now you better not say flour.

SAMMY

A dragons claw.

JUSTIN

Of course, the one ingredient needed in any ultimate power plan!

SAMMY

Justin, look. You're the only one that can help me stop him.

JUSTIN

Why me?

SAMMY

It will be revealed in time.

Can I know?
MATT

No.
SAMMY

Can I get a hint?
JUSTIN

Look, you'll find out later!
SAMMY

I don't think he knows.
MATT

I'm a loaf of French bread, give me a break. So what if I don't know why? I know he's the one. The Omega told me.
SAMMY

Omega?
MATT

Shut up! The time for questions is over.
SAMMY
(Beat.)
Justin, will you help me, and mankind?

I do have the day off.
JUSTIN

Excellent!
SAMMY

I didn't say yes.
JUSTIN

What else are you going to do?
MATT

Fine, I'll do it.
JUSTIN

SAMMY

We'll look for Thomas' hideout first thing in the morning. Crack of dawn! Time is of the essence!

(Lights down.)

Scene Three

(Lights up. The stage is setup with to be the interior of a warehouse, except the far left side which is a little bit of the warehouse exterior. on the exterior wall is a window with some boxes leading up to it. the warehouse its self is full of boxes, except the far right wall where a large oven and some tables are setup. JUSTIN and SAMMY are hiding behind some boxes in the warehouse not far from the wall with the window. JUSTIN is wearing a backpack, SAMMY is in said backpack.)

SAMMY

This should be it.

JUSTIN

I hope so we've been searching for hours.

SAMMY

You've been awake for twenty minutes. I did all the searching.

JUSTIN

You fucking Googled it. That's barely effort. A retarded cat could do that.

SAMMY

At least a retarded cat doesn't sleep until six at night!

JUSTIN

Why did we come here now anyway, we don't have a plan on how to stop him.

SAMMY

I figured we would figure it out on the way here.

JUSTIN

I'm starting to understand why you were stabbed.

(At this SAMMY knocks out JUSTIN, Lights down. Pause. Lights up to reveal a white curtain hiding

everything from view except JUSTIN. JUSTIN just lies there as various baked goods [ie, doughnut, muffin, cake, etc] begin walking around. OMEGA CUPCAKE walks onstage, he is a large cupcake with a crown, and stands at JUSTIN'S feet.)

OMEGA CUPCAKE

Rise and be risen, for time is of the essence.

(JUSTIN wakes up and looks around at the different baked goods walking around. Particularly a bear claw doing the Curly Shuffle.)

JUSTIN

What is this? Why is that bear claw doing the Curly Shuffle?

OMEGA CUPCAKE

That isn't important, you're here for a reason aren't you, chosen one?

JUSTIN

Who are you?

OMEGA CUPCAKE

(Sigh.)

I am the Omega. Keeper of all baking secrets it is my duty to protect knowledge, oh one who was chosen.

JUSTIN

Why do you keep saying that? Why am I chosen? I'm not a baker. I don't bake. I eat cake like that for breakfast.

(Justin points at a cake.)

OMEGA CUPCAKE

You already know the answer, just think back. Think to your childhood.

JUSTIN

Is it because I pushed Reggie down that well?

OMEGA CUPCAKE

No you idiot. Your father, it's about your father.

JUSTIN

He didn't push Reggie down the--he did? Man, I know our family hated reggie but.

Your father was a croissant!

OMEGA CUPCAKE

(Lights out. Pause. Images projected on the white cloth of Justin as a child with his family. In every shot the dad is replaced with a croissant that has a monocle and mustache.)

My god, you're right.

JUSTIN

(The images stop. Lights up.)

I thought it was weird they wouldn't let him on space mountain.

OMEGA CUPCAKE

That is why we need you Justin. You have the soul of a baked good. You, and you alone can defeat the Terror-ible baker.

That name is so bad.

JUSTIN

I know.

OMEGA CUPCAKE

And wouldn't I only have half the soul of a baked good?

JUSTIN

You're getting off track.

OMEGA CUPCAKE

I suppose that's why when girls kiss me they say I taste buttery.

JUSTIN

Justin!

OMEGA CUPCAKE

Huh?

JUSTIN

Don't you want to know how you can defeat the Terror-ible baker?

OMEGA CUPCAKE

Yeah, I suppose that would be useful.

JUSTIN

OMEGA CUPCAKE

What's the one thing that can beat a baker?

JUSTIN

I'm asking you that.

OMEGA CUPCAKE

All you have to do is

(Beat.)

wake up.

JUSTIN

Um, I don't think that would work.

OMEGA CUPCAKE

Wake up.

JUSTIN

Shit.

(Lights down.)

OMEGA CUPCAKE

Wake up!

(Lights up. the white cloth is gone, as is all baked goods and OMEGA CUPCAKE. JUSTIN and SAMMY are still hidden behind boxes but now MATT is with them. THOMAS is by the oven making gingerbread men.)

JUSTIN

Matt?

MATT

Hey, you finally woke up.

JUSTIN

You couldn't have waited like, two more minutes could you?

MATT

Sorry. Sammy called me on your cell phone and I came to help.

JUSTIN

And Sammy, why the hell did you knock me out?

SAMMY

Well, you were kind of being a dick.

MATT

I'll agree.

JUSTIN

You weren't even here.

MATT

Doesn't mean I don't know you were being a dick.

SAMMY

We're ignoring the goal ahead boys. We have to stop Thomas! In 15 minutes he'll add the dragon claw glaze topping, and then everything is lost.

JUSTIN

The Omega cupcake was going to tell me how to beat him until some people woke me up.

SAMMY

You met the Omega?

JUSTIN

Yeah, as it turns out, my dad was a croissant.

MATT

I could have told you that. Remember when I mentioned it being weird that your dad ate that croissantwich at Burger King?

JUSTIN

Now that makes much more sense.

(Beat.)

But it still doesn't give us a plan of attack.

SAMMY

What if we watched him for a while and look for a weakness?

MATT

Better idea. What if we go head on? A direct assault!

JUSTIN

I don't think that's--

MATT

Hells yeah!

(MATT gets up and charges THOMAS, an JUSTIN stands to try and stop MATT, but he can't. THOMAS notices MATT and grabs a handful of cookies off a platter and throw them ninja star style at MATT. They hit MATT sticking into his body and MATT falls down dead.)

JUSTIN

Matt! No!

(SAMMY pulls JUSTIN back behind the boxes. THOMAS starts slowly making his way through the boxes to find JUSTIN and SAMMY.)

SAMMY

You're roommate wasn't the brightest boy was he?

JUSTIN

Not exactly.

THOMAS

Is that you Sammy? Here to stop me are you?

SAMMY

Think Justin, how can we stop him?

THOMAS

You can't stop me Sammy. Being trapped in that french bread must have baked your mind.

SAMMY

Justin, what can stop a baker?

THOMAS

The plan's already in action, a few more moments and you'll be powerless to stop me.

SAMMY

He killed your roommate! Justin!

(Beat.)

There on the wall! The jar that has my soul! Break it!

(JUSTIN gets up, turns around points a gun at the jar and fires. The jar shatters. THOMAS turns to face the jar.)

THOMAS

No!

SAMMY

You did it! My soul is free! I'm out of here!

(THOMAS turns to face JUSTIN.)

JUSTIN

What do you mean you're out of here?

(Pause.)

Sammy?

(Pause.)

Sammy!

THOMAS

He's gone, chosen one. It's just you and me now.

JUSTIN

That dick fucker!

THOMAS

So what now? You can't beat me even if you are half croissant!

JUSTIN

How do I defeat a baker?

THOMAS

The answers simple. You can't. The world will become a big spinning pie in space, and there's nothing, nothing you can do.

JUSTIN

You know what? Fuck you.

(Justin fires a shot into THOMAS, who reels back in reaction, but keeps his cool.)

THOMAS

(Maniacal laughter.)

Boy! You can't just shoot a baker and expect him to die! We're stronger than bullets!

JUSTIN

It wasn't a bullet. It was the only thing that could defeat a baker.

(Beat.)

A bullet.

(THOMAS reaches in his wound and pulls out a bullet.)

THOMAS

My god.

JUSTIN

Say hi to him for me.

(THOMAS falls over dead. JUSTIN walks over to MATT'S body, takes MATT'S wallet and places MATT'S hands over MATT's crotch.)

JUSTIN

Goodbye, friend.

(JUSTIN salutes MATT. Lights down.)

END