

MORE THAN A MOUTHFUL

A pastry chef at an erotic cake bakery finds himself
sharing the kitchen with an ex-con.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON CELL

A typical prison cell. The cell door is open.

C-RING, 40s, extremely tall, bulky, and muscular, sits beside the toilet. Its bowl contains a reservoir of toilet paper filled with a dark substance. C-Ring fills a plastic cup with the substance and takes a swig.

Approaching footsteps. C-Ring tosses the cup in the toilet and flushes.

The WARDEN, a suited heavysset man, appears in the doorway, accompanied by PRISON GUARDS. C-Ring stands.

WARDEN

Time to go, C-Ring.

C-Ring exits his cell. The guards lead him away. The warden follows.

An INMATE enters and proceeds to the toilet. He sees the cup inside the empty bowl.

PRISONER

My booze!

The inmate shoves his head in the toilet and licks the sides of the bowl.

EXT. MORE THAN A MOUTHFUL - DAY

An erotic cake bakery.

An array of erotic cakes is on display behind a glass window amongst red boxes covered in XXXs. Red ribbons censor their naughty bits.

The words MORE THAN A MOUTHFUL are painted on the glass in bright, flamboyant lettering. The words BAKING LOVE SINCE 1986 are painted below in smaller lettering.

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE

The office walls are covered in framed photographs of cakes and posters of scantily clad women.

The MANAGER sits with his feet on his desk.

A knock at the door.

MANAGER

Come on in.

The door opens. SIMON, 30s, enters. Simon is scrawny with scruffy hair. He wears an apron spattered with powder and icing. He takes a seat across from his boss.

SIMON

Way to beat a dead horse, boss.

MANAGER

Not a big fan of necro to tell you the truth. Simon, you've got company in the kitchen today.

SIMON

What else is new?

MANAGER

I'm not talking about the rats or the roaches. I'm talking about Darius "C-Ring" Witherspoon.

SIMON

Who?

MANAGER

Ex-con. Used to be a drug dealer. Out on parole. He's going to be helping you out in the kitchen from now on. He shouldn't be too much of a mouthful, er, handful. That sounds dirty too, doesn't it? Anyway, he's got some experience in the-

SIMON

Uh, sorry, boss. That's going to be a problem. Can't you put him behind the

register instead?

MANAGER

Come again?

SIMON

The thing is I've got a problem with confrontations. People get on my nerves. That's why I became a chef. I'm not the one dealing with those dickweed customers out there, I'm the one sprinkling my dandruff on their food. You're telling me I'm going to be working with a guy who probably got put away because he's got an even bigger people problem than I do?

MANAGER

Actually, C-Ring got put away for selling crack but he's paid his dues. He made a few mistakes in the past and now he's trying to get his life back together. Didn't anyone ever tell you not to judge a cookbook by it's cover?

SIMON

What about the Anarchist's Cookbook? This guy's probably read it front to back. I wouldn't be surprised if he's baking banana peels to sell the ashes on the street.

MANAGER

C-Ring's in the kitchen today, Simon, and that's that. Now why don't you be a good pastry chef and go introduce yourself?

INT. KITCHEN

A vast kitchen glistening with stainless steel and tile.

Simon enters. C-Ring approaches him. He wears an apron.

C-RING

What's up, Holmes.

SIMON

My name's not Holmes. It's Simon.

C-RING

Your nametag says Holmes.

Simon jolts upright and removes a piece of paper taped to his back. The word HOLMES is written on it in black marker. Simon removes a marker from his pocket, scratches out HOLMES, and writes SIMON on the piece of paper.

SIMON

Now it says Simon.

Simon crumples up the paper and tosses it on the floor.

INT. PANTRY

Simon and C-Ring carry packages of flour and sugar out of a narrow pantry.

INT. KITCHEN

Simon and C-Ring stand in front of a counter with measuring equipment and plastic containers filled with powdered ingredients placed on its top. C-Ring pours sugar into an empty container and disposes of the empty bag.

SIMON

Let's get one thing straight. This is a service industry and like any other service industry, you get sick of it once you've been in the business long enough. I don't want to hear any more cock and ball jokes. I know all about your Cleveland Steamers, Cincinnati Bowties, and Rusty Trombones so save your breath. I'm here to make cakes and that's it.

C-RING

You ever heard of the Dolphin?

Simon imitates the sound of a giggling dolphin.

SIMON

Like I said. I've heard them all.

C-RING

So what are we making today, Simon?

SIMON

First, we're going to bake a vanilla cake then we're going to frost it to look like a girl with her legs spread.

C-RING

We talking Californian or Brazilian?

SIMON

Well, the frat boys didn't have a preference so we're going with Brazilian. You have no idea what a pain in the ass it is to frost the pubes on these things. Let's get to work. I need two cups of sugar.

C-RING

You got it.

C-Ring measures out two cups of sugar while Simon measures the other ingredients. C-Ring sticks a finger into the sugar container, brings it to his lips, and tastes it.

C-RING

That is premium shit right there.

SIMON

Please tell me that's sugar.

C-Ring continues to lick sugar from his fingers.

C-RING

You goddamn right it is. Premium confectioner sugar. Grade A shit.

SIMON

I know premium's probably one of the top most used words in your vocabulary but I'm the pastry chef here. I'm the one who says what's premium in this kitchen, okay? Now stop eating the sugar.

C-RING

You got it.

Simon continues to prepare ingredients. C-Ring waits until Simon looks away to spread sugar on his gums.

Simon grabs a sifter off the counter top and holds it over a mixing bowl.

SIMON

Time to mix. You pour the ingredients.
I'll sift. You watch.

Simon sifts as C-Ring pours the ingredients into the sifter. Sweat drips from Simon's brow. C-Ring takes notice.

C-RING

Hot in here, Simon?

SIMON

Are you kidding me? It's hot as balls
in here.

C-RING

I'm going to hit the A.C.

SIMON

You do that.

C-Ring walks offscreen. Simon continues to sift. After a moment, he raises his head.

SIMON

Did you just say you're going to hit
the A.C?

A click followed by an industrial roar. A massive burst of air covers Simon from head to toe in powdered cake ingredients.

INT. FRIDGE

A fridge interior packed with dairy products and perishables. The door opens and Simon removes a carton of eggs and a container of milk.

INT. KITCHEN

Simon shuts the fridge door. His face is cleaner but still splotched with powder.

SIMON

I should've warned you. The air conditioner blows the ingredients all over the place. Keep it off.

C-RING

How the fuck are we supposed to keep cool in here then?

Simon places the milk and eggs on the counter.

SIMON

We don't. But we can do something about the chafing.

Simon grabs a handful of cornstarch out of a box on the counter and shoves it down his pants. He bites his lip and shudders.

SIMON

Much better. You want some?

C-RING

I don't think you want to ask again.

SIMON

I'll take that as a no but if you change your mind, the offer's on the table.

C-Ring grabs the box of cornstarch, crushes it in his hand, and tosses it over his shoulder.

SIMON

You know, just because you don't want any doesn't mean I don't. Fuck it. Let's move on to wet ingredients. Pour half of a cup of milk while I handle these eggs.

C-RING

What do you say you stop ordering me

around for a second and let me get a crack at those eggs?

SIMON

Are you kidding me? I don't think these eggs can handle one of your chokeholds.

C-RING

Who said anything about chokeholds? You want to see a chokehold, you're going to have to put those eggs down. I don't think you want that. Now are you going to let me get a crack at those eggs or what?

SIMON

Fuck it. You're getting me two more eggs if you fuck this up.

C-RING

You got it.

Simon hands two eggs over to C-Ring. C-Ring takes one egg into his hand and cracks it on Simon's forehead. The impact knocks Simon to the floor. C-Ring breaks the egg over a mixing bowl.

Simon regains himself. Blood trickles down his forehead. He turns to stare at an egg yolk in the mixing bowl.

SIMON

That's one way to break an egg.

C-Ring cracks the second egg on Simon's skull. Blood drips from his nose as he falls to the floor again.

INT. DRAWER

A hand opens the drawer and reaches inside.

INT. KITCHEN

Simon sports a bandage on his forehead and a tissue in one nostril. He removes two egg beaters from the drawer and attaches them to their motor.

SIMON

You ever use one of these before?

C-RING

There was this one time this fool owed me some cash and wouldn't show so I stuck an egg beater up his—

SIMON

Maybe I better use them. You pour the dry ingredients.

Simon starts the egg beaters and places them in the wet ingredients mixing bowl. Once they are completely blended, Simon motions to C-Ring.

SIMON

Pour them now.

C-Ring dumps the bowl of dry ingredients into the wet.

SIMON

Vanilla extract.

C-RING

Fuck that.

C-Ring grabs a bottle of vanilla extract off the counter and downs the entirety of its contents in one swig.

SIMON

Sweet feces for Jesus! What the fuck are you doing?

C-RING

I figured I might spice up the batch.

C-Ring removes a bottle of cognac from his apron and attempts to pour it into the cake mix.

SIMON

Don't you dare!

Simon grabs the bottle by the neck.

C-RING

Let go, Simon!

SIMON

You let go!

A scuffle breaks out between the two. Both lose their grip on the bottle. It sails through the air and lands in the cake mix. Cognac floods the mixing bowl.

SIMON

Well, there goes our vanilla cake. You want to dump some reefer in there while you're at it? What the fuck are we going to do now?

C-RING

Chill, Simon. I got us covered.

C-Ring walks offscreen and reappears with a red cake box. He places it on the counter and opens the lid. Its contents remain unseen.

SIMON

Is that what I think it is?

C-RING

Damn straight.

SIMON

I don't believe it. It's beautiful. The frosting. It looks so real. I feel like a gynecologist. Where did you get this?

C-RING

I always bake a spare. If the first one's good, the second one's got to be better. If you fuck it up, no sweat.

SIMON

You made this?

C-RING

I was a pastry chef before I started dealing. Didn't anyone ever tell you not to judge a cookbook by its cover?

Simon cracks his first smile yet.

SIMON

You know what? I'm working on it.

C-RING

You know, I think this one's missing something.

SIMON

What are you talking about? It's perfect.

C-RING

Where's the bush?

SIMON

I told you. Frosting pubes is a pain in the ass.

C-RING

You got to have a pussy fro. This shit looks like a five year old's.

SIMON

Sorry, Daddy-O, but the Seventies were thirty years ago.

C-RING

How about a landing strip?

Simon cracks a second smile.

SIMON

A landing strip is acceptable.

Simon extends a hand. C-Ring takes it. A crunching sound brings Simon to his knees.

SIMON

Ouchies!

FADE OUT.

THE END