

CARB MAN & BREAD BOI

Written by

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SINGERS
If you're in the kind of mood-
(then)
There's Carb Man, and Bread Boi.

INT. CAFE - DAY

JAKE AND SARAH are eating soup.

JAKE
This soup is good as shit.

SARAH
Mhmmmm.

JAKE
It could use a little-

CARB MAN bursts through the door. By his side, trusty companion, BREAD BOI.

CARB MAN
BREAD?

JAKE
What? No. I was going to say salt.

CARB MAN
You know, bread has salt in it.

SARAH
Yeah, I guess. But that's not really--

CARB MAN
Salt. Water. Flour. Sugar.

BREAD BOI
Don't forget the yeast.
(quieter)
Sweet, delicious yeast.

CARB MAN
Jerry, stop that. I told you chill about the yeast.

BREAD BOI
I know, I know.

JAKE
Who are you?

CARB MAN
I am Carb Man. And he is Bread Boi.

Bread Boi curtseys.

CARB MAN (CONT'D)
We arrive in times of need. This
poor cafe ran out of bread.

The CAFE OWNER nods at what has become an overwrought-SNL-like sketch.

CAFE OWNER
We are indeed out of bread.

CARB MAN
See?

Carb Man grabs a random citizen, ALAN, by the shoulder.

CARB MAN (CONT'D)
Citizen. Would you like a piece of
refreshing complex carbohydrate.

ALAN
I'm okay. I'm allergic.

CARB MAN
No.

ALAN
No?

CARB MAN
(full of contempt)
No.

Alan starts to laugh.

ALAN
What're you going to do about it?

Carb Man also starts to laugh. Feeling left out, Bread Boi joins in.

CARB MAN
Hahahaha, Jerry?

Bread Boi restrains Alan's arms as Carb Man shoves an ENTIRE baguette down Alan's windpipe.

JAKE
Holy shit, dude.

BREAD BOI
He'll be fine.

Alan flails wildly. Bread Boi stabs his throat with an epipen look-a-like.

SARAH
Was that an epipen?

BREAD BOI
Probably.

Carb Man paces the cafe wildly.

CARB MAN
Anyone else? Anyone else "allergic to bread?"

A guy in a biker outfit starts to raise his hand. His biker wife puts his hand down.

CARB MAN (CONT'D)
You. You allergic to bread?

DEREK
Me? Oh no. I love bread.

Derek starts frantically shoveling pieces of dry bread down his gullet.

BREAD BOI
I fucking bet.

Bread Boi shoves an ENTIRE baguette down Derek's windpipe too.

DEREK
(flailing)
Mmmmmmm.

JAKE
What the fuck dude?

SARAH
Yeah, he clearly liked bread.

Derek flails in the background. Alan is unconscious.

CARB MAN
Not nearly as much as he could have. Hahaha--

Carb Man rushes over to a woman eating a falafel sandwich. He slaps it out her hand and mean mugs the cafe owner.

CARB MAN (CONT'D)
(gripping loose pita)
What the fuck is this?

CAFE OWNER
Pita? You should know. It's--

CARB MAN
I know what it is. What is it doing
here? You're gonna trigger--

CAFE OWNER
We're out of yeast. C'mon, it's
still bread -- just *unleavened*.

CARB MAN
Why in God's holy hardtack would
you utter that word.

Carb Man rushes over to an uncomfortably still Bread Boi.

CARB MAN (CONT'D)
Jerry? Jerry? It's not time yet
okay, buddy? It's not time yet.

Carb Man shakes Bread Boi who is now frothing at the mouth.

CARB MAN (CONT'D)
Everyone! Get the fuck out of here!

SARAH
Oh my God- The doors are locked!

JAKE
How are the doors possibly locked?

SARAH
I don't know, Jake! I don't have a
degree in cafe zoning ordinances,
okay? I just--

A red beam hits Sarah who turns into a loaf of bread.

JAKE
Sarah?

Bread Boi begins shooting lasers out of his eyes turning
everyone into a loaf of bread. Cafe Owner? Bread. Alan?
Bread. Derek? An English tart, that's new.

Bread Boi towers over a trembling Jake.

CARB MAN
C'mon Jerry, let the sad man go.
The Feds are catching on.

Bread Boi knocks Carb Man aside.

BREAD BOI
(scary omniscient voice)
I am he who adjudicates the quality
of the man and the purity of his
yeast.

JAKE
(sobbing)
Please, I love eating bread. I love
bread.

Jake grabs the now Sarah-loaf and starts eating.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(muffled chewing)
I love bread. Please, please!!!!

Cut to Black.

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