

INT. BAKERY ELF HQ - NIGHT

It's the hour of yeasting at Bakery Elf HQ, a large room that looks suspiciously like the Master Chef kitchen because the writer isn't all that creative at this hour of the night. The various bakery elves are arranged around the room, some sitting on the counter, other standing at attention.

BIG BOSS

--Blakewell, you're on case 87A35. They're making baklava tonight, and they owe us. You know what to do.

BLAKEWELL

Gotcha!

BIG BOSS

Palmier, another night on 90B26. Don't screw this one up again. Close the deal.

Palmier mumbles something around a mouthful of cookie.

BIG BOSS

What the--what is that? Did you bring enough for everyone? No. You put that--put that down. Cookies are for closers. Close the fucking deal and you get a cookie. Not til then.

Palmier mumbles again and tries to stuff the rest of the cookie into her mouth. Big Boss points at her with a rather rapier-like flourish. A puff of sparkly flour and she gets invisibly punched off the counter. Palmier hits the floor back first and coughs out her mouthful of cookie at the impact. Chocolate chips scatter.

Big Boss blows across the tip of his finger, wild west style.

BIG BOSS

Anyone else have anything they want to share with the rest of the class?

(beat)

Yeah? You. The new kid.

Jester, at the very back of the room, slowly lowers his hand. Looks around. Seems to realize he's made a major mistake.

BIG BOSS

Well? You raised your hand.

JESTER

Gum?

BIG BOSS

What, do you think this is high school? You're a bakery elf. Put that shit away.

Jester shoots an embarrassed look around and sticks the pack of gum back in his pocket.

BIG BOSS

Oh and look. I have an assignment for you.

JESTER

I don't think--

BIG BOSS

Don't care. 6th street bakery. It's cake day.

JESTER

But--

BIG BOSS

Unless the next thing you're going to say is *I couldn't possibly be happier, yippee!* Then I don't want to hear it.

JESTER

I--

Big Boss flourishes and points. Puff of glittery flour, and Jester is gone.

BIG BOSS

Why thank you. You're the best boss ever. Oh shucks, kid, it's nothing.

(beat)

Okay, which one of you sad sacks is next?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jester appears in the kitchen on top of one of the ovens, scrunched up to fit under the ceiling. Emily is bustling around the kitchen, making cupcakes.

JESTER

But I'm not even supposed to be here!

Emily turns and sees Jester, then screams. She drops the two pans of cupcakes she's carrying.

JESTER

Oh shit, I'm sorry, don't--

Emily grabs the massive bowl out of the mixer and flings it with stunning accuracy. Bowl knocks Jester off the oven, frosting goes everywhere in a bright pink splatter, and the Jester lands in a stick heap. A moment later, the bowl drops over him with a clang.

JESTER

(muffled)

Well, fuck.

Jester peers out from under the bowl to see Emily brandishing a nut chopper and large, terrifying spatula.

JESTER

Pleasedon'tkillme

EMILY

Who the hell are you?

JESTER

Jester?

EMILY

You don't sound very sure.

JESTER

I have buttercream in my nose. I can't be sure of anything.

Emily gestures with the spatula for the elf to come out from under the bowl, which he does, dripping frosting and grimacing as his feet skid on the floor.

EMILY

Why were you on top of my oven?

JESTER

Because my boss is a dick.

EMILY

The universal reason.

JESTER

I'm a bakery elf.

EMILY
You look like a pink snot monster.

JESTER
You threw a bowl at me!

EMILY
Right, right, we don't need to get
in to who threw what at who. And
you want to...?

JESTER
Help you?

EMILY
You sound really sure.

JESTER
I'm having a night, okay?

Emily waves a hand.

EMILY
Yeah, yeah. Well. Thanks to you I
lost a batch of cupcakes. And
frosting.

JESTER
Okay, let's just--

EMILY
There is no *us* in bakery elf.

JESTER
There isn't an *I* either.

EMILY
There are plenty of other vowels.

She wields the nut chopper threateningly.

JESTER
Fine! Fine. I'm doing it. I'm
doing it.

Jester shakes some frosting from his hands.

JESTER
(mutters)
Okay, so he did like--

Little hand flourish. Point. Nothing. Not even a little
puff of flour. Tries several other gestures. After a final,
particularly emphatic one that might involve middle fingers

(it totally involves middle fingers) he slips in the frosting and ends up face-down on the floor.

JESTER

Shit.

Sarcastic slow clap from Emily. Jester might make that magical, middle finger hand gesture at her too.

EMILY

Make sure you wash your hands first.

SERIES OF SHOTS

All the while, Emily is sitting in a chair, feet propped up, reading a magazine with Martha Stewart on the cover. Also noted, as an elf, Jester is only about half the size of a human so all of the equipment is rather ridiculously huge in proportion.

- a) Jester doing battle with the large mixer; getting his elf sleeve tassels caught. The mixer tries to eat him.
- b) Scooping batter into the cupcake pans.
- c) Carrying one pan overhead to the oven, slipping on frosting, ending up with batter everywhere.
- d) Second attempt, shuffling carefully across the floor.
- e) Prying the oven door open, feet braced until the door suddenly opens. He dangles from the handle for a moment, toes over the full cupcake pan.
- f) Smoke rolling out of the oven. He tries to get the pan out, burns his hand, kicks the oven, pratfalls occur.
- g) At last there are cupcakes. Time to make frosting--a mighty dust cloud of powdered sugar. Poor Jester gasps and chokes and falls off the counter.
- h) The endless cycle of add milk, add sugar, add more milk, fuck this consistency is never right!
- i) Put the frosting in the bag, squeeze, and of course it comes squirting out the wrong end.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Next to a replacement batch of perfectly frosted cupcakes, Jester lays across the counter in a desultory, sticky mess.

EMILY

Not bad.

JESTER

Really?

Emily picks up one of the cupcakes.

EMILY

Yeah, you earned this.

For a moment Jester looks appalled, but then his stomach growls loudly. He reaches out for the cupcake, but right before he actually touches it, there's a poof of glittery flour.

INT. BAKERY ELF HQ - NIGHT

And then he's sitting on the floor of HQ, hand ineffectually grasping at Big Boss's elven manboob.

BIG BOSS

What the hell happened to you?

He pokes at a blob of frosting and licks it off his finger.

BIG BOSS

Buttercream?

JESTER

Cupcakes. I helped her with her stupid cupcakes.

BIG BOSS

...you weren't supposed to help her. Her account is way past due!

Jester stares at him, then flops over onto the floor with a faint *splat*.

BIG BOSS

I should take it out of your pay.

JESTER

We get paid?

BIG BOSS

No. But look on the bright side.

JESTER

There's a bright side?

BIG BOSS

I'm sure next time, you'll do
butter.

Jester fishes the pack of gum from his pocket. Then
squeezes it like he's wringing it out; frosting drips from
it in fat blobs. He sighs and tosses it away, then massages
his forehead with his hands.

JESTER

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Always, always read the license
agreement.