

The Great Door

Written by

Kyle Miller

Kyle Miller
8954 Knollwood Dr.
Eden Prairie, MN 55347
(952) 975-3984

FADE IN:

INT. OVEN - DARK

A soft red glow permeates the darkened oven. Vague images are visible through the frosted windows. A YOUNG MUFFIN calls out into the darkness.

YOUNG MUFFIN
(shakily)
Where am I?

The Young Muffin pauses amid the silence.

YOUNG MUFFIN (CONT'D)
What is happening?

The red glow grows brighter, and the WISE OLD MUFFIN becomes visible.

WISE OLD MUFFIN
(slowly)
We are in an oven.

YOUNG MUFFIN
An oven? Why?

WISE OLD MUFFIN
I see you have not been shown
the ways of our kind.

YOUNG MUFFIN
And what are we?

WISE OLD MUFFIN
We, my young lad, are muffins.

ANGLE ON - YOUNG MUFFIN

YOUNG MUFFIN
(whispering to self in bewilderment)
A muffin? What could this mean?
How am I going to live? Where
did I come from? Where am I going to?

WISE OLD MUFFIN

Alas, these are difficult questions.
Many a muffin have tried and failed
in answering them.

YOUNG MUFFIN

Is there nothing you can tell me?

WISE OLD MUFFIN (CONT'D)

Have you ever heard the story of
the Baking? Well, of course not.
Let me begin.

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Amorphous, colorful shapes fill the stainless steel oven as TOM THE BAKER is mixing muffin batter and pouring it into a muffin tin. Tom opens the oven door and places the tin within.

WISE OLD MUFFIN (V.O.)

In the beginning there was nothing.
The Oven was a formless, shapeless
void. All was dark. Then, by the
Baker's hand, the great Oven Door
was opened, and He filled the vast
expanse with the sacred Batter, the
very seeds of our universe, and He
saw it was good.

Tom closes the oven door and turns on the oven. An orange glow can be seen emanating through the glass of the door. He then peers through the glass with a look of expectation.

WISE OLD MUFFIN (V.O.)

The Baker turned on the great orange
coils at the edge of the oven, giving
heat to the oven, and the Baker saw
it was good. Thus began the world,
with the Baker carefully watching
his creations.

CUT TO:

INT. OVEN - RED GLOW

The young muffin sits in awe, silently listening intently to the story.

WISE OLD MUFFIN (O.C.)

It is said that the Great Door will only be reopened at the ends of time when the Baker decides to take us back for judgment so that those who lived well may be rewarded.

The young muffin has an expression of realization.

YOUNG MUFFIN

(interrogatively)

How could you know this? We've both been in the Oven for the same amount of time!

WISE OLD MUFFIN

(accusingly)

Do you dare disbelieve His will? With that attitude, I can assure that you will not be treated favorably by the Baker come judgment.

A bell rings deafeningly, reverberating through the confines of the oven. The orange light is extinguished. Images in the frosted glass become clearer as the door swings open.

WISE OLD MUFFIN (O.C.)

(ecstatically)

He's here! We have come to meet our Baker!

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Tom looks into the oven, smiling. He sniffs the air and its savory goodness. With an oven mitt on his hand, he takes the muffins out of the oven, setting them on the counter.

TOM THE BAKER

Hey, everybody! The muffins are done!

The sound of running people comes crashing into the kitchen. Everyone looks expectantly at the tin. Tom removes the muffins from the tin and places them on a plate.

TOM THE BAKER

Ok, dig in! Be careful, they're still
a bit hot.

Everyone grabs a muffin including Tom. He pauses for a moment, looking at the muffin.

WISE OLD MUFFIN

(whispering)

Judge me kindly, Baker.

Tom continues staring at the muffin, though he eventually shrugs it off, thinking he was just hearing things. He devours it in delight.