

**PASCAL'S BAKERY**

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**THE SCAD LACOSTE MUSEUM EXPERIENCE**

*A fully immersive museum experience that responds to all senses.*

February 17, 2019

## SCENE 1

*(OUTSIDE on Rue du Four, in front of the SCAD LACOSTE MUSEUM, a late 19th century village is in action: a WOMAN hammers a nail into her shutters; a FARMER carries freshly-cut lavender stalks; a WOMAN waters plants outside her home. They greet the Guests with "Bonjour!")*

FARMER WITH LAVENDER

Do you visit Pascal? Please give these to him! He will know why!

*(He hands one of the Guests a bouquet of FRESH LAVENDER and winks. The Woman watering plants hands another Guest a SMALL BUNDLE of olives wrapped in a cloth.)*

WOMAN WITH OLIVES

Oh yes, give Pascal these olives too.

*(The other Woman hands over her HAMMER to a Guest.)*

WOMAN WITH HAMMER

And this! It is for - well, he knows. Straight ahead.

*(The door to PASCAL's home is open and as Guests enter, PASCAL, 20s, covered in flour, hurries down the steps to welcome them. Baking tools stick out of his apron pockets.)*

PASCAL

*Bienvenue!* You are here for our world-renowned bread, no? I say "world-renowned" as I have a cousin in America! Ha! The bakery is just next door but I have a batch cooling here. Come in!

*(He sees the hammer, lavender, and olives and takes them from the Guests as he ushers them into his home.)*

PASCAL

*Comme c'est gentil! Olives from Camille's trees! And lavender from Antoine's fields! My neighbors, so thoughtful. And you for bringing it! Merci beaucoup!*

*(He puts the olives near the sink and the lavender in a vase.)*

## SCENE 2

*(Pascal sets the hammer near a rack of tiered bread baskets.)*

PASCAL

*Bonjour! I am Pascal. The baker! A baker. My whole family are bakers! We work just next door.*

*(SFX: from a horn-like tube on the wall, Pascal's PAPA can be heard.)*

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

*(in a Provencal accent)*

If I can hear you talking, I can hear you not working.

*(Pascal closes the lid on the tube, sheepish.)*

PASCAL

*Mon papa's there now, readying the dough actually. (Whispered conspiratorially) I'm supposed to be working.*

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

I know when you shut the tube.

*(Pascal opens back up the tube.)*

PASCAL

*Pardon, Papa.* I have guests! *(To the Guests)* You must be surprised by our speaking tubes. They are for much grander houses than this, no? Our secret? *Mon maman est un génie.* A genius! They are all the rage in Paris and mon maman loved them so much she designed them for our home. We use them in every room to speak from the bakery to here. Even Pierre the donkey has one!

*(SFX: Through the tube, PIERRE brays from another room.)*

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

In the 19th century they didn't stop working if they had guests! That's why there's no longer a bucket for that iron handle on the wall.

PASCAL

Mon papa and I don't have the most open relationship. He doesn't like to express himself. But he does sometimes! Sometimes with his accordion or through his love of history.

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

Show them the handle!

*(Pascal indicates #7 from the inventory.)*

PASCAL

He really wants me to show you this 19th century iron bucket handle. I think my ancestors used the bucket over generations until the handle came off. Papa insists they worked so hard the handle fell right off the bucket. To him this makes them role models. To me it just means they worked too much.

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

I heard that!

*(Pascal laughs.)*

PASCAL

That is how the cheese pot went too, I'm sure.

*(Pascal indicates yellow-glazed pottery fragments on the wall, #32.)*

PASCAL

Come in! Papa will cheer if I share the history of our home. *L'histoire*. Please look around! This is where I live with *mon papa et mon maman*. This cave is the bottom level of our home. All along our village, ancient caves and grottos are connected into the stone structures built above.

*(Pascal leads his Guests further in the space. Guests smell the aroma of fresh bread as they see loaves of bread and baguettes cooling on shelves. Dried herbs hang from the ceiling. In an arched niche, a candle burns. A pot simmers above a crackling fire in the hearth. Near the fireplace, a larder niche stores dry cheese.)*

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

Ask if they've noticed the stone buildings in our village. Ils sont en pierre parce que juste à l'ouest du Château, se trouvait une carrière romaine.

*(SFX: From the tube, a sound of a pot being dropped is heard.)*

PASCAL

*Oui, Papa!* Ah, I knew talk of history would cheer him. Have you noticed the stone buildings of Luberon? An old Roman quarry lies west of the château, providing the stone. And before he can ask -

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

*Montrez-leur la pièce.*

PASCAL

Ah, he beat me. Papa is very proud of this ten-cent Italian coin!

*(Pascal indicates #22.)*

PASCAL

Next to the Calavon River, we have the Via Domitia. It was the first road built in Gaul. We still get merchants from the Alps of northern Italy passing through on their way to Spain. And we had an Italian man buy our bread. *Imaginer! Un Italien.*

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

We cannot be self-respecting bakers if we cannot keep a donkey. Feed Pierre!

PASCAL

*Oui, Papa! (To the Guests)* My papa worries I'll forget to feed the donkey, Pierre.

*(SFX: Pierre brays from O.S.)*

PASCAL (CONT'D)

I know, Pierre, it's always about you! *(To the Guests)* If we're late feeding him, he runs away! He is more of an attention hog than the real hogs.

*(SFX: PIGS snort from O.S.)*

PASCAL

*Pardon, mes cochons.* I've offended them. But I have no time to chase a donkey tonight, for -

*(Pascal glances surreptitiously at the tube on the wall.)*

Can you keep a secret? My friend Paul Cezanne, he lives nearby in Aix-en-Provence, says that the new painter Claude Monet will be in town this evening. You know him? He is a founder of the new style of painting, Impressionism. He, Renoir, Pissarro, and Manet, they are revolutionizing art! I hope that tonight he -

PAPA (OFF)

Talk less. Stir the soup more. I am going upstairs.

*(SFX: The sound of footsteps moves overhead. Papa whistles a TUNE heard near the stairs.)*

PASCAL

I will stir the soup! Pretty tune, no? He wrote it, I'm sure. We'll find an artist in my father yet!

*(Pascal goes to a pot of soup on the fireplace. He is about to stir the pot with a paint brush.)*

PASCAL (CONT'D)

*(Laughing)* That is not right! I can't stir soup with a paint brush! How did that get in there?

*(He picks up a wooden spoon and stirs the soup.)*

*(SFX: The pigs snort in the next room.)*

PASCAL

Oh! Peek into the small room to the right to meet our three pigs, Fontainebleau, Molière and Chambord. They are fans of the French Renaissance.

*(As Guests peek into the ANIMAL AREA: the three pigs respond to the Guests. The female pig, CHAMBORD, snorts loudly and moves her tail or ears in greeting.)*

PASCAL

*(Calling to Chambord)* Pardon, mon petite! *(To the Guests)* Her full name is Château de Chambord, after the largest of the Renaissance Loire châteaux. *(Under his breath)* Chambord is a bit of a snob.

*(MOLIERE, the biggest pig snorts and waves his tail.)*

PASCAL

That bigger one, Molière, likes to hear my stories. Some nights I tell him tales of the town. If he could, he would read. And the littlest one, Fontainebleau --

*(FONTAINEBLEAU snorts and wiggles his ears.)*

PASCAL

- loves to watch me paint. *(He catches himself)* I mean my friend, paint! *Mon ami* Cezanne! I asked him to paint Fontainebleau, but Cezanne would rather paint his father reading a newspaper. *C'est la vie!*

*(Chambord snorts again.)*

PASCAL

Are you hungry, *mon petit cochon*? Chambord is my bread-tester. She has exquisite taste and I try out all my new recipes on her. If you follow me to the next room, I'll show you what I'm working on! *Allons-y!*

*(Pascal ushers Guests into the Wine Press area.)*

PASCAL

Isn't this a wonderful room? We dug it out for our cistern. So many people lived here before us! Celtic tribes, Romans.

*(SFX: Papa is heard from the tube.)*

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

That dagger is from the Middle Ages! And show them the 16th century cannonball that was used in a culverin!

*(Pascal points to a small dagger:  
#4 in the inventory.)*

PASCAL

Mon papa says this small dagger is from the Middle Ages. Maybe my great-great-great-grand-papa used it to fight invading Visigoths! Or maybe he used it to eat cheese.

*(Pascal shows Guests a cannonball.)*

PASCAL

My father found this 16th century cannonball too! It was used in a culverin, which was an ancestor to the musket.

Don't tell Papa, but sometimes I use it to grind up the wheat for our bread!

*(He points to the olive press.)*

PASCAL

And this used to be a wine press - see the wine stains on the floor? My great grand-papa turned it into an olive press in the late 18th century. It was good thinking because villagers had pay a fee to the marquis to use the community olive press at the base of Rue du Four. My mother fixes the press every so often to keep it running smoothly.

*(He reveals a basket of olive bread.)*

PASCAL

I'm producing my own olive oil and experimenting on a new recipe: olive bread. You can try some just next door! Pascal's olive bread. My papa does not believe that olives belong in bread. He's old fashioned. But my grand-papa always believed in me. Grand-papa lived through the French Revolution and Napoleonic Wars. He saw a lot of turmoil over the years, but he never lost his love of art. *(Pascal clears his throat)* You know, like the art of bread.

*(He takes a piece of olive bread.)*

PASCAL

Here's the real test.

*(He motions for Guests to stay as he EXITS to the animal area with the piece of olive bread.)*

PASCAL (OFFSTAGE)

Here you go, Chambord! What do you think, *mon petit lard?*

*(From the animal area, Chambord snorts happily. Pascal runs back into the wine press area.)*

PASCAL

She likes it! I hope you do, too.

*(Pascal leads the Guests back to the main living area. He is struck by a thought.)*

PASCAL

I should paint olives in my painting!

*(Pascal covers his mouth.)*

PASCAL

*Mais je rêve!* I cannot keep it a secret any longer.

*(He picks up the hammer from beside the bread basket cart and bends to hammer at one of the wheels, fixing it. Satisfied, he stands.)*

PASCAL

Mon maman built me this device to hide the fact that -

*(Pascal spins the basket cart around to reveal an easel covered in a cloth.)*

PASCAL

- I paint.

*(He flips over his apron - the other side is splashed with paint. Brushes stick out of the pockets. Pascal whips the sheet off the easel to reveal a half-finished painting of a loaf of bread.)*

PASCAL

I call it "Bread." It's a work in progress.

*(He does a double-take to Guests.)*

PASCAL

Were you expecting something more imposing than a loaf of bread? Charles Baudelaire says we should paint modern life.

Pissarro paints "without artifice or grandeur." Courbet paints peasants returning from a fair, van Gogh paints a farmer sowing seeds, Monet paints *en plein air*. Here in Lacoste, art is everywhere. Over centuries the fortunes of the village have waxed and waned. But one thing has stayed constant: artists in action, inspired by the bounty around us. Art can be grand or humble. But it must be truthful. And it should be shared.

Mon maman knows, my neighbors know, and now you know too. My plan was to run into Monet in the village tonight and invite him back here. To impress him with my revolutionary olive bread - as imaginative as his Impressionism - and to show him my painting. That is why my neighbors have you bring the olives and the lavender and the hammer.

*(From his apron Pascal pulls the wooden spoon he stirred the soup with.)*

PASCAL

*(Laughing)* I can't paint with a wooden spoon!

*(He exchanges the spoon for a paint brush and holds it aloft. But his shoulders fall.)*

PASCAL

But I will not finish my painting in time. Not with all my chores. I have to feed Pierre. And omigoodness I've forgotten to feed you! Now the bread is cold. I'm a horrible painter and a horrible baker, and I am a disappointment to mon papa. He does not know about my painting. He can't know about my painting. He wants me to focus on baking.

*(SFX: From the stairs and through the tubes, the sound of an accordion is heard, playing the same whistled tune from before.)*

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

(Sung)

*Il n'y a pas de secrets dans  
cette maison.  
Nous avons des tubes pour une  
raison.  
Je sais que tu aimes peindre.  
Mais vous n'avez pas à  
craindre.  
Avec moi tu n'as pas de  
problèmes.  
Ces choses ne sont pas des  
crimes.  
Croyez en vous même.  
Et fais ce que tu aimes.  
Je suis fier de toi.  
Je suis fier de toi.*

PAPA TRANSLATED

There are no secrets in this  
house,  
We have tubes for a reason,  
I know you love to paint,  
but you have no reason to be  
afraid.  
I have no problem with this,  
these things you do are not  
crimes.  
Just believe in yourself,  
and do what you love.  
I'm proud of you.  
I'm proud of you

\*

*(Pascal gets emotional.)*

PASCAL

*Mon papa dit - pardon - my father says that he knows that I  
love to paint - nothing is a secret with these tubes in the  
house (Pascal laughs) - and that this is not a problem for  
him. He says I should believe in myself and he's proud of me.*

PAPA (OFFSTAGE)

It will get late soon. Paint or don't paint, but don't waste  
the candle. The niche was created perfectly to best  
illuminate the room.

PASCAL

And he says that I shouldn't waste candlelight. It will be  
another two years before he expresses emotion. You saw it  
here first. *(Thoughtful)* This beautiful valley has always  
inspired artists. I see a future, one day, where this street  
will be full of artists in action. It is a captivating  
vision, no? I must paint! I am a painter! And I want to share  
my art - and my bread - with Monet!

*(SFX: Pierre the donkey brays.)*

PASCAL

But maybe first, I'll feed Pierre.

*(Pascal ushers the Guests out.)*

PASCAL

*Merci beaucoup de votre visite!* We love visitors. Please visit the bakery for your bread and just past that, take the stairs to our living room as well! I don't know if *mon maman* ou *mon papa* will be there but please peek in. *Au revoir!*

*(As Guests leave, Pascal can be heard humming his father's song.)*

**END**