

THE WHYLIGHT ZONE

Episode 20: Person or Perso-Naan Unknown

[OPENING MUSIC: Whimsical variation on iconic four-note theme]

NARRATOR:

You unlock this door with the key of imagination. Beyond it is another dimension—a dimension of crust, a dimension of crumb, a dimension where identity is kneaded into every bite. A journey into a wondrous land whose boundaries are that of invention. That's the signpost up ahead—your next stop: the Whylight Zone.

ACT ONE

NARRATOR:

Meet Mr. Punny Dougherty Twists. Yes, that's his real name. Yes, he's aware it's ridiculous. No, he doesn't care. He's a baker. And in the world of bread, names are optional. What matters is the rise.

Mr. Twists has worked in the same small-town bakery for twenty-three years. He's the guy who makes the bread that makes people cry. The kind of bread that reminds you of your grandmother, your first crush, or that one summer you spent too long in Provence pretending to be artistic. His signature loaf—*Sweet Potato Yam with a Hint of Mystery*—has achieved near-mythical status. People drive for hours just to buy a single slice. They whisper its name like a prayer. They frame photos of it. One man once proposed to his girlfriend using only a baguette shaped like a heart and a note that read: “*This is how I yam.*”

But Mr. Twists? He likes it that way. Anonymous. Humble. Just a man in an apron with flour in his eyebrows and joy in his heart.

Until one morning, when he wakes up... forgotten.

[WHIMSICAL MUSIC STING]

It starts small.

He steps into the bakery—*his* bakery, *Dougherty's Daily Loaf*—and the morning baker, Carla, doesn't even glance up.

"Morning," he says, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

Carla squints at him. "Can I help you?"

"I live here," he says. "I'm Mr. Twists. I, uh... bake the bread."

Carla blinks. "Sir, this is a bakery. We all bake bread."

"But I'm *the* baker," he protests. "I make the sweet potato yam loaf. The one with the swirl. The mystery swirl!"

"Oh!" Carla says brightly. "You must mean *the* Sweet Potato Yam. Everyone loves that one. Honestly, we think it's baked by magic. Or elves. Or both." She gestures vaguely toward the back. "Anyway, the ovens are warming up. You can help slice if you want."

He stares at her. "I *am* the baker."

No one remembers him.

Not Carla. Not Greg, the delivery guy. Not Mrs. Abernathy, who comes in every Tuesday and buys three loaves "for the ghosts." Not even his own bread—when he peers into the display case, there it is: *Sweet Potato Yam with a Hint of Mystery*, sitting proudly under the glass, tagged with the words: *Baked by: Staff Favorite.*

But no name. No Mr. Twists. No Punny Dougherty. Just... bread. Beloved, anonymous, legendary bread.

He runs home—well, the apartment above the bakery, which he's rented for two decades. The landlord, Mr. Grumbles, opens the door with a scowl.

"You're late with the rent again," Mr. Grumbles says.

"I've lived here for twenty-three years," Mr. Twists says.

Mr. Grumbles squints. "Who are you?"

"I'm your tenant!" he cries. "I bake the bread!"

“The what now?”

“The *bread!* The sweet potato yam loaf that everyone loves!”

Mr. Grumbles frowns. “Kid, I don’t know what you’re on about, but you’ve got three days to pay up or I’m turning this place into a laundromat. And nobody wants that.”

He’s not in the lease. He’s not in the phone book. His reflection in the mirror looks right back at him—but the name tag on his apron, the one he’s worn every day for two decades, now reads:
Staff Member.

Nobody knows who he is.

But everybody loves his bread.

****NARRATOR:****

Consider, if you will, a man who has spent his life in the shadows of the oven, content to let his creations speak for him. A man who believed anonymity was its own reward. Until one morning, he wakes up in a world that remembers his work... but not him.

And so begins the strangest quest of all: to rediscover his own identity... through bread.

**ACT TWO**

Mr. Twists wanders the town, clutching a half-eaten roll like a holy relic.

“Excuse me,” he says to a woman eating a sandwich. “Do you... know who baked this?”

The woman takes a bite. “Mmm. That’s the good one. The mystery one. I think it’s French? Or maybe Belgian? Either way, it’s divine.”

“No, I mean—who made it? Who baked it?”

She shrugs. “The bakery, duh. They’re, like, famous for it.”

He visits the bakery again. He tries reasoning with Carla.

“Look, I know this sounds crazy, but I’m the one who makes the sweet potato yam bread. I’m the one who—”

“The one who what?” Carla interrupts. “Look, if you’re trying to get on the staff schedule, you’ll have to talk to Martha. She handles hiring. I’m just here for the croissants.”

He tries the library. The librarian, a stern woman with glasses that could cut glass, stares at him blankly when he asks if there are any newspaper articles about “the legendary sweet potato yam bread.”

“We have a lot of books on yeast,” she says. “And one on the history of carbohydrates. Nothing specific, though.”

Desperate, he breaks into the bakery after hours—just to look at his own oven. To feel *something*. As he stands in the empty kitchen, staring at the mixing bowls and flour sacks that have been his companions for decades, he notices something odd.

A small, handwritten note taped to the inside of the flour bin.

It reads: *“Don’t forget the twist. —P”*

His heart skips.

He digs deeper. Behind a false panel in the pantry (which he *definitely* installed himself but had completely forgotten about), he finds a dusty old photo album. Inside: pictures of him at baking competitions. Newspaper clippings with headlines like: *“Mystery Baker Sweeps National Yeast Fest!”* and *“Sweet Potato Sensation: Who Is the Maestro Behind the Crust?”*

There’s even a faded article with a blurry photo—*him*, holding up a trophy, smiling like a man who just discovered butter.

“Mr. Punny Dougherty Twists: The Anonymous Artisan of Aroma.”

He wasn’t forgotten.

He was *legendary*.

And he’d *chosen* anonymity.

NARRATOR:

You see, Mr. Twists hadn’t disappeared. He’d simply... stepped back. Years ago, after being featured in a national baking competition and being asked to endorse three different brands of yeast (which he refused because “yeast shouldn’t be commercialized”), he decided the bread

mattered more than the name. So he let the legend grow. Let the bread speak for itself. Became a ghost in the flour-dusted machine of his own making.

But now? Now the ghost has forgotten *he's* the one holding the apron strings.

ACT THREE

The next morning, Mr. Twists walks into the bakery—clean-shaven, apron freshly pressed, flour in his hair like a crown.

Carla looks up. “Oh. Hey. You’re back.”

“I am,” he says, placing a new loaf gently on the counter. “And I’d like to introduce myself properly. I’m Mr. Punny Dougherty Twists. I’ve been baking here for twenty-three years. And I’d like to keep doing it. Publicly, this time.”

The room goes silent.

Then Carla squints. “Wait a second. *The* Punny Dougherty Twists?”

“The one and only,” he says, grinning.

“The mystery baker? The guy who won the Golden Loaf?”

“The very same.”

Gasps. Applause. Even Mr. Grumbles shows up, holding a check for back rent and an apology written on a napkin.

Mrs. Abernathy bursts into tears. “I *knew* it was you. I could taste the love.”

A small crowd gathers outside the bakery. Word spreads. People line up around the block just to shake his flour-dusted hand. Children ask for autographs. One man offers to turn his life story into a musical called *Yam: The Musical.*

But Mr. Twists just smiles, wipes his hands on his apron, and slides a fresh loaf into the oven.

“It’s not about the fame,” he says, as the aroma fills the room. “It’s about the rise. And the twist.”

Later that evening, his wife—yes, he has a wife, a retired florist named Marigold who’s been patiently waiting at their cabin in the woods for “the bakery phase” to end—shows up with a basket of fresh herbs and a very judgmental look.

"I thought you were dead," she says.

"I was just... anonymous," he admits.

"Well," she says, kissing him on the cheek, "you're not anonymous anymore. But you're still ridiculous."

He laughs. "Nobody nose who I yam!"

She rolls her eyes. "That pun is terrible."

"And yet," he says, pulling a warm sweet potato yam loaf from the oven, "it's still delicious."

****NARRATOR:****

Mr. Punny Dougherty Twists thought he wanted to be forgotten. To let his bread speak for him. To bake in peace, away from fame, away from expectation.

But in the Whylight Zone, even the most humble crust can rise to greatness—and even the most anonymous among us can discover that their legacy was never about the name... but the love they put into every bite.

Sometimes, the secret ingredient isn't yeast.

It's identity.

****[WHIMSICAL MUSIC STING]****

****CLOSING NARRATION:****

****NARRATOR:****

Mr. Punny Dougherty Twists—a man who rose to greatness not through recognition, but through the quiet, consistent magic of his craft. A man who chose anonymity not out of shame, but out of humility. And yet, when the world forgot him, he didn't crumble. He rose again. Literally.

Because in the Whylight Zone, the proof is always in the pudding—or, in this case, the sweet potato yam. A reminder that sometimes, the work speaks louder than the name... but every now and then, it's awfully nice to hear someone say it out loud.

Consider that the next time you bite into a loaf of bread and wonder: *Who made this?*

The answer, dear traveler, might just be you.

Or at least, someone named *Twists*.

Until next time, keep your yeast alive and your puns risen.

This has been the Whylight Zone.

[ICONIC THEME MUSIC: Whimsical variation]

[FADE TO BLACK]

—THE END—

Episode 20: "Person or Perso-Naan Unknown"

Parody of: *Person or Persons Unknown*

Key Pun: "Nobody knows who I am!" → "Nobody nose who I yam!"

Baker's Real Name: Mr. Punny Dougherty Twists

Twist: He's been famous all along—but chose to bake anonymously.

Moral: Legacy isn't about the name—it's about the love in the loaf. And sometimes, it's okay to take a bow.