

# SUPERIOR DONUTS

"Pilot"

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Based on a Play by

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COLD OPENINGFADE IN:INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - MORNING (DAY 1)

(ARTHUR, RANDY, TUSH, JAMES, CLYDE, CUSTOMER EXTRAS)

A DONUT SHOP IN CHICAGO'S UPTOWN DISTRICT. HASN'T CHANGED MUCH SINCE IT OPENED IN 1964. THERE ARE A HANDFUL OF CUSTOMERS SITTING IN BOOTHS AND AT THE COUNTER (INCLUDING MIKE "TUSH" TUSHINSKI, 30-40). THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND CLYDE, A LOW-RENT CRIMINAL IN HANDCUFFS, IS PUSHED INSIDE BY A PAIR OF UNIFORMED COPS, RANDY MCMAHON (40'S, IRISH CATHOLIC, FEMALE) AND JAMES BAILEY (30'S, AFRICAN-AMERICAN).

CLYDE

Seriously? I'm embarrassed for you.

JAMES

Why?

CLYDE

Cops in a donut shop? You don't see how that's a huge cliché?

RANDY

You want a cop cliché? How about I give you a five-second head start and shoot you in the back?

ARTHUR PRZYBYSZEWSKI (40-50, POLISH-AMERICAN, AND IT'S PRONOUNCED "SHUB-ER-SHEF-SKI"), THE OWNER OF SUPERIOR DONUTS, ENTERS WITH A TRAY OF FRESHLY-BAKED DONUTS.

ARTHUR

Morning, officers. First catch of the day?

JAMES

Caught him breaking into a car on Montrose.

ARTHUR

(SHRUGS) Another day in Uptown. (THEN)  
Wait, was it a Toyota Corolla with  
duct tape on the mirror and a decal of  
Calvin peeing on a Packers helmet?

JAMES

Nope.

ARTHUR

(SHRUGS) Another day in Uptown. (THEN)  
Randy, made your favorite.

HE HANDS HER A DONUT.

RANDY

Maple creme? (TAKES BITE) Oh, man.  
Arthur, you are the high point of my day.

ARTHUR

You must have some crappy days.

CLYDE

I'm feeling a little peckish myself.  
(EYES DISPLAY CASE) You have any cronuts?

AS RANDY AND JAMES EXCHANGE A LOOK:

ARTHUR

What?

CLYDE

Cronuts. They're made from pastry  
dough, like a croissant, but fried,  
like a donut. They're a, whadya call  
it... a hybrid.

ARTHUR EYES HIM FOR A BEAT. THEN, WITH GROWING INTENSITY:

ARTHUR

I know what cronuts are. And no, I don't sell them. Nor do I sell muffins or duffins or muffnuts. This shop is called Superior Donuts. I sell donuts. Made with sugar and gluten and trans-fat and everything that kills you but also gets you out of bed in the morning, and why would anybody want to change that? My father did not flee Communist Poland in the hold of a Swedish cargo ship and open this shop so that 52 years later his son could sell you an effing cronut!

CLYDE

(LONG BEAT) Scones?

ARTHUR

Get out.

CLYDE

Excuse me for having some taste. Guess I'll just wait 'til the new Starbucks opens.

TUSH

New Starbucks? Where?

ARTHUR

Across the street. Opens next week.

They just put up a sign.

TUSH CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKS OUT.

TUSH

Whadya know? Boy, that mermaid's got  
a set on her, doesn't she?

JAMES

Definitely the hottest of the fast-  
food mascots. If I was the Burger  
King, I'd be all over that.

CLYDE

(TO ARTHUR) I feel sorry for you, man.  
Starbucks is some stiff competition.

RANDY

Don't listen to him, Arthur. Superior  
Donuts is a neighborhood institution.

ARTHUR

Exactly. It's not some soulless  
chain, it's real. And there's always  
going to be people who want  
authenticity.

CLYDE

I don't know. Who's coming to this  
dump when they can cross the street,  
eat a toffeedoodle, and enjoy the song  
stylings of Mr. Michael Bublé?

RANDY GLARES AT CLYDE. THEN, SLOWLY:

RANDY

One one thousand.

CLYDE

Come on, you're not really gonna shoot  
me...

RANDY

Two one thousand.

ARTHUR

Damn, this is going to be messy.  
Better get some napkins.

RANDY

Three one thousand.

CLYDE

Okay, okay! (TO ARTHUR) I'm sorry,  
your store is amazing, I'm sure it'll  
be here for hundreds of years.

ARTHUR

Nice of you to say. Now what can I  
get you?

CLYDE

Do you have, like, a nutmeg biscotti?

ARTHUR

(TO RANDY) Fire away.

AS CLYDE REACTS...

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - THAT AFTERNOON (DAY 1)  
(ARTHUR, FRANCO, MAZ, DANA, CUSTOMER EXTRAS)

ARTHUR IS BEHIND THE COUNTER, READING A NOVEL. DANA MELNICK (LATE 20'S, JEWISH) ENTERS, TOTING A BRIEFCASE AND STACKS OF PAPERS. SHE'S A BUNDLE OF NERVOUS ENERGY.

ARTHUR

Afternoon, Professor.

DANA

(BRUSQUE) Donut. Jelly. Now.

ARTHUR

Yes ma'am.

DANA

Was that blunt? That was blunt. My therapist says I can be blunt because I misread social cues. Sorry, Arthur. I just have a big stack of papers to grade.

SHE CROSSES TO A BOOTH, WHERE A WOMAN IS SITTING.

DANA (CONT'D)

Oh. You're in my booth. (CATCHING HERSELF) Which is fine, you have every right to sit there.

AS SHE SETS DOWN STACKS OF PAPERS, A PENCIL HOLDER, ETC:

DANA (CONT'D)

I'll just put my things here so when you do leave, I can slide right in.

(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)

(THE WOMAN STANDS, ANNOYED) Oh, you're  
leaving now? Perfect timing.

AS DANA SITS AND BEGINS WORKING, THE WOMAN EXITS, PASSING  
FRANCO WICKS (EARLY 20'S, AFRICAN-AMERICAN). HE CROSSES TO  
ARTHUR AND SMILES.

FRANCO

Hey, donut man. I'm here about the  
job. (OFF HIS LOOK) You got a "Help  
Wanted" sign in the window?

ARTHUR

Oh. Right. Leave your resumé there,  
I'll call if I'm interested.

FRANCO SETS DOWN HIS RESUMÉ AS ARTHUR TURNS HIS BACK AND  
STARTS TO WIPE DOWN THE COUNTER. THEN:

FRANCO

So what's the pay?

ARTHUR

Minimum wage.

FRANCO

Forty hours a week at ten dollars an  
hour is... a little over nineteen  
thousand a year. Before taxes.

ARTHUR

Sounds right.

FRANCO

Sounds right?

ARTHUR

Sounds accurate.

FRANCO

Health insurance?

ARTHUR

Very funny.

FRANCO

What about profit sharing?

ARTHUR

Profit sharing...

FRANCO

Do you believe in profit sharing?

ARTHUR

I believe in it. I don't offer it.

ARTHUR CROSSES OFF TO WIPE DOWN TABLES. FRANCO FOLLOWS.

FRANCO

What would I have to do?

ARTHUR

(SARCASTIC) Oh look, you're still here. (THEN) Work the counter, brew coffee, make change...

FRANCO

I ain't gotta make no donuts?

ARTHUR

Nope. I make the donuts.

FRANCO

Great. What kind of oil you use?

ARTHUR

(TO DANA, INCREDULOUS) He wants to know what kind of oil I use. (TO FRANCO) Peanut oil.

FRANCO

Not exactly a healthy choice, is it?

ARTHUR

Could be worse.

FRANCO

Yeah, could be. Could be horse fat, but that's not much of an endorsement, is it? You ain't gonna put that on the sign.

ARTHUR

No...

FRANCO

"Superior Donuts -- It Ain't Horse Fat!"

ARTHUR

What are you saying? I'm supposed to stop selling donuts in my donut shop?

FRANCO

No! I'm just saying you could expand your customer base by promoting some heart-healthy alternatives. Fruit, or bran muffins, if you want to stay in the world of the donut.

(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

You'd be battling the epidemic of cardiac disease in the African-American community, like a whiter Michelle Obama!

ARTHUR

Did you say "whiter" or "wider"?

FRANCO

You really want to know?

ARTHUR LAUGHS IN SPITE OF HIMSELF. HE STOPS CLEANING AND SIZES FRANCO UP.

ARTHUR

What'd you say your name was?

FRANCO

Franco Wicks. You?

ARTHUR

I'm Arthur. Przybyszewski.

FRANCO

Arthur S.

ARTHUR

P.

FRANCO

Huh?

ARTHUR

It starts with a P.

FRANCO

It does? Say it again.

ARTHUR

Shub-er-shef-ski.

FRANCO

I don't hear no P.

ARTHUR

It's in there.

FRANCO

Well, today's your lucky day, Arthur

P. I can start right now.

ARTHUR

You need a job that bad?

FRANCO

I wouldn't be here if I didn't.

BEFORE ARTHUR CAN RESPOND, THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND MAZ TALEBI (40'S, IRAQI IMMIGRANT, MUSLIM), AN OVER-CAFFEINATED BUSINESSMAN, ENTERS IN AN EBULLIENT MOOD.

MAZ

Donuts for everyone! My treat.

ARTHUR

That's nice, Maz.

MAZ

Yours is the only store where I would do such a thing, Arthur. Because here I am guaranteed to find hardly any customers.

ARTHUR

Less nice. Why are you in such a good mood?

MAZ

The American Dream! I am living it,  
my friend! For years I am buying  
buildings in this dung-heap  
neighborhood. And now, things are  
swinging up. Starbucks is opening,  
rents will rise, and I will be rich!

HE TAKES A CELEBRATORY BITE OF A DONUT.

FRANCO

And we're supposed to be excited about  
that?

MAZ

What, you do not want neighborhood to  
be nicer? Maybe I lease to a Whole  
Foods. You do not like Whole Foods?

FRANCO

I love Whole Foods. I'm just about  
addicted to their wasabi chips. But  
if the rents "swing up," me and my mom  
won't be able to live here anymore.

MAZ TURNS TO ARTHUR.

MAZ

Who is this black guy?

FRANCO

Actually, I go by Franco. Only my  
friends call me "black guy."

MAZ

What? I cannot say you are black? I am not allowed to call black people black people?

FRANCO

It's just surprising, coming from another brother of color.

MAZ

Why does everything have to rhyme? You are not all Kanye!

FRANCO

All right, it's cool. Don't chop my head off.

MAZ

Ah, ISIS joke. A first for me. (THEN) Arthur, have you considered my offer?

ARTHUR

Sorry. Superior Donuts is not for sale.

MAZ

I give you very good price. Please, if I buy this shop I control whole block. Then I can erect mini-mall. Or some other glorious erection.

ARTHUR

I can't. (DRYLY) The neighborhood would miss my personal touch.

MAZ

Arthur, no one come! You sell donut  
and no one wants donut anymore!  
People now eat yogurt and bananas, not  
donut. Time change everything and  
donut has been left behind.

ARTHUR

Look, this place has survived  
recessions, race riots, blizzards --

FRANCO

Remember when there was a race riot  
during a blizzard? They burned a cop  
car just to stay warm.

ARTHUR

Superior Donuts is going to be fine.

DANA (O.S.)

Not necessarily.

EVERYBODY TURNS TO LOOK AT DANA.

DANA (CONT'D)

Gentrification is hard to stop. And  
Uptown is a textbook case.

MAZ

Listen to her, Arthur, she is  
professor in sociology.

DANA

Artists and bohemians create interest  
in the neighborhood.

(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)

Real-estate developers swoop in.  
Lower-income families and small  
businesses are replaced by sushi  
restaurants and fancy boutiques. Next  
thing you know, I'm sitting in this  
very booth eating a tuna roll instead  
of a jelly donut. (THEN, BRIGHTLY)  
Hey, I might lose some weight!

ARTHUR

(IRRITATED) So what's your point?

DANA

From a sociological perspective...  
you're screwed.

MAZ

You see? Smart lady. So what do you  
say, Arthur? Is it not time to give  
in to reality?

BEFORE ARTHUR CAN ANSWER, FRANCO STEPS FORWARD.

FRANCO

Let me tell you the *real* reality.  
This place is more than just a "small  
business," okay? It's the heart of  
this neighborhood -- an enlarged heart  
that might be clogged with cholesterol  
and whatnot -- but it hasn't stopped  
beating yet.

(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, you talking about some huge, faceless corporations coming here and serving the same things they serve in L.A. or Akron or Kalamazoo. Whatever happened to authenticity? To real human beings running their own damn store, built with their own two hands, serving something you could only get from them?

ANGLE ON ARTHUR AS HE REACTS TO FRANCO ECHOING HIS WORDS FROM EARLIER.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Sure, Superior Donuts may look a little dingy, but this place *is* Uptown. I know, because I grew up here. That's why I'm shoulder to shoulder with my boy, because it's time to take a stand.

MAZ

Who the hell is this guy?

A BEAT, THEN ARTHUR TOSSES FRANCO AN APRON.

ARTHUR

He works here.

FRANCO SMILES.

MAZ

I am feeling like I did on my wedding night, when I finally saw the face of my bride: very disappointed.

MAZ EXITS. ARTHUR TURNS TO FRANCO.

ARTHUR

If you grew up in the neighborhood, how come I've never seen you in here?

FRANCO

I don't eat no nasty-ass donuts.

OFF ARTHUR'S REACTION...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE B

FADE IN:

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - THE NEXT MORNING (DAY 2)  
(ARTHUR, FRANCO, TUSH)

IT'S 5:30 AM. FRANCO IS PAINTING THE WALLS A LIGHTER COLOR.  
ARTHUR ENTERS FROM THE BACK AND REACTS, SURPRISED.

FRANCO

Morning. Where'd you come from?

ARTHUR

The back. I live upstairs. What are you doing?

FRANCO

Slapping on a fresh coat of paint.

Like we discussed.

ARTHUR

We did?

FRANCO

Well, I said the place looked dingy, and you didn't disagree, which I interpreted as full-throated approval. I'm a self-starter, Arthur P.

ARTHUR

Wait, how did you get in here? I never gave you a key.

FRANCO

I'm an employee now, right? So why are we quibbling?

(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Also, related topic, you should think about upgrading your security system.

ARTHUR TAKES IN THE PAINT JOB.

ARTHUR

So how much is this costing me?

FRANCO

Paint's on me. I had some extra. But if you're looking to invest in your business, I've got some other ideas.

ARTHUR

Of course you do.

FRANCO

Marketing and PR campaign. Get some food bloggers in here. If that doesn't work, I'll start writing fake Yelp reviews. Give you six out of five stars.

ARTHUR

Hold on. I'm still deciding if I like the paint.

FRANCO

It's called "ancient ivory." (THEN)  
Hey, kind of like you!

ARTHUR

I guess it looks okay. You seem to know what you're doing.

FRANCO

That's because I'm an artist.

ARTHUR

Really? Oil, water color --?

FRANCO

I'm more of a street artist.

ARTHUR

You mean, like, graffiti.

FRANCO

Why you gotta say it like that?

(IMITATING ARTHUR) "You mean, like, graffiti"? It's not graffiti, it's art. Social commentary. I speak truth to power.

ARTHUR

Okay --

FRANCO

(GROWING AGITATION) Why is it when a white guy like Banksy does it, it's great art, but when a black man does it, it's "graffiti"? (THEN) Are you a racist, Arthur P?

ARTHUR

No! I hired you, didn't I?

FRANCO

Scoot over, Lincoln, make room on the penny! (THEN) Can you name one black artist?

ARTHUR

Is this a test?

FRANCO

Yeah. This is your racist test. Name one black artist. And if you say "The Artist Formerly Known as Prince," game over.

ARTHUR

Okay. (THINKS FOR A BEAT) Basquiat.

FRANCO

Half Puerto-Rican, but I'll give you that.

ARTHUR

Jacob Lawrence.

FRANCO

Look at you!

ARTHUR

Kara Walker. Geoffrey Holder.

FRANCO

Well. Color me shocked.

ARTHUR

"Shocked"? Who's buying into stereotypes now? I went to college.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I read. Just because I own a donut shop I can't know anything about art?

THE DOOR OPENS AND TUSH ENTERS.

TUSH

Morning.

TUSH CROSSES TO THE SIGN IN THE WINDOW AND FLIPS IT FROM "SORRY, WE'RE CLOSED" TO "YES! WE'RE OPEN." HE THEN GOES BEHIND THE COUNTER AND POURS HIMSELF A CUP OF COFFEE.

FRANCO

He work here too?

ARTHUR

He's my most loyal customer. Used to come in every morning before his shift at the John Deere factory. Then he kept coming in after the plant went belly-up. And he went belly-out.

TUSH JOINS THEM.

TUSH

That factory's a tech company now. We used to hammer and drill and saw in there. (DISGUSTED) Now they tweet and twat and twerk.

HE EXTENDS HIS HAND TO FRANCO.

TUSH (CONT'D)

Name's Mike. But people call me Tush.

FRANCO

Oh. Okay. (PLAYFUL) 'Cause you got a big tush?

TUSH

No, because my name is Mike Tushinski.

(HURT) You think I have a big tush?

FRANCO

(COVERING) In my community, that's a compliment.

TUSH

You know what? I've lost my appetite.

HE EXITS IN A HUFF. A BEAT LATER, HE RETURNS.

TUSH (CONT'D)

(SHEEPISH) No I haven't.

AS ARTHUR GETS HIM A DONUT, FRANCO SAYS TO ARTHUR:

FRANCO

So about my ideas...

ARTHUR

Yeah, I don't know. I like the shop the way it is.

FRANCO

Can't afford it? Nothing stashed in a coffee can for a rainy day?

ARTHUR

I have money. My dad taught me to keep a few grand in the bank for an emergency -- roof collapse, busted boiler, window replacement for when employees get nosy about my money and I toss 'em through it.

FRANCO

Arthur P, this is an emergency. You got Starbucks opening tomorrow... and no offense, but business ain't exactly booming.

ARTHUR SIGHS, OPENS THE CASH REGISTER, TAKES OUT SOME MONEY.

ARTHUR

Fine. Fifty bucks for marketing.  
(DRYLY) Anything else?

FRANCO

Well, since you asked... maybe reconsider the way you dress.

ARTHUR

What's wrong with the way I dress?

FRANCO

C'mon now. Look at yourself. I hate to break it to you, but REO Speedwagon ain't lookin' for a new guitar player.

ARTHUR

I like to be comfortable.

FRANCO

You might be comfortable naked, but  
that don't mean it looks good.

FRANCO SIZES HIM UP.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

If you ask me --

ARTHUR

I didn't.

FRANCO

-- I'd lose the T-shirts. Get you  
some shirts that button down the  
front, show off your physique. Some  
good shoes. And not tennis shoes  
either, unless you're gonna play  
tennis. Throw out all those tube  
socks. And it might be time for some  
new jeans. Y'know what, let me  
rephrase that -- might be time to soak  
those in jet fuel, light a match, and  
run for your damn life.

ARTHUR

These are my lucky jeans.

FRANCO

You know who's not lucky? Anyone  
who's got to see you bending over a  
deep fryer while you're in 'em.

ARTHUR

Are you making fun of my jeans or my  
ass?

FRANCO

You really want to know?

FRANCO CROSSES AWAY. TUSH LOOKS AT ARTHUR SADLY.

TUSH

Hurts, doesn't it?

OFF ARTHUR, CONSIDERING, WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - THE NEXT MORNING (DAY 3)  
(ARTHUR, FRANCO, RANDY, TUSH, SWEATPANTS, HIPSTER MAN,  
HIPSTER WOMAN)

CLOSE ON ARTHUR EMERGING FROM THE BATHROOM, WEARING A BUTTON-  
DOWN SHIRT. AS HE STEPS INTO THE SHOP, WE SEE NOT JUST THE  
FRESH COAT OF PAINT, BUT ALSO A BANNER THAT READS: "SUPERIOR  
DONUTS, GLAZIN' A TRAIL SINCE 1964." FRANCO REACTS TO  
ARTHUR'S NEW LOOK.

FRANCO

Arthur P! In a word: damn.

ARTHUR

Calm down. I'm only wearing it to  
shut you up...

FRANCO

Still room for improvement, but you  
just upgraded from "bad bod" to "dad  
bod."

ARTHUR

...And apparently it didn't work.

TUSH ENTERS AND POINTS OUT THE WINDOW.

TUSH

The line at Starbucks is out the door.

ARTHUR LOOKS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD, DISGUSTED.

ARTHUR

Look at all those hipsters. With  
their ironic t-shirts and their man-  
buns.

TUSH

"Man-bun." I hate that word. Makes me think of half a butt. Know what they oughta call it? A man-tenna.

FRANCO

It's all good. Not the man-bun part, that's the white man's Jeri Curl. But we can definitely capitalize on the Starbucks spill-over. (CALLS OFF)  
Sweatpants, you ready?

SWEATPANTS, FRANCO'S FRIEND, ENTERS FROM THE BACK WEARING A "DONUT SUIT" -- CLEARLY A TIRE COSTUME THAT'S BEEN PAINTED TO RESEMBLE A DONUT, COMPLETE WITH SPRINKLES.

ARTHUR

Why's he wearing a tire?

FRANCO

Not a tire. It's a donut.

ARTHUR

I can see the treads.

FRANCO

Focus on the sprinkles!

TUSH

(STILL FIXATED) Or, if you had two man-buns, you could call 'em man-tlers.

FRANCO

He's going to stand outside, pass out fliers. Say your line, Sweatpants.

SWEATPANTS

"Who wants to go nuts for donuts?!"

FRANCO

Wrote it himself. (TO SWEATPANTS)

Okay, time to roll. Not literally.

You'll bust your head.

SWEATPANTS EXITS.

ARTHUR

That's your marketing campaign?

FRANCO

What did you expect for fifty bucks?

Besides, I'm just getting started. I  
got a poetry reading lined up for  
later.

ARTHUR

You think I've been missing out on  
those big poet dollars?

FRANCO

They can't pay the rent, but they  
drink coffee like a mother.

RANDY AND JAMES ENTER. RANDY SEES ARTHUR AND REACTS.

RANDY

Arthur, damn.

FRANCO

That's what I said!

RANDY

(TAKES IN SHOP) And the place looks amazing too. What happened?

FRANCO

Franco happened. (THEN) As you may have guessed, I'm Franco.

RANDY

Nice to meet you. I'll take two dozen assorted for the guys at the station.

FRANCO

Off to a great start.

AS ARTHUR STARTS TO FILL A BOX FOR RANDY, SHE TELLS HIM:

RANDY

So. Last week we took a guy in for beating the hell out of his wife and she gave us his Blackhawks tickets.

ARTHUR

Right, you're a big hockey fan.

RANDY

It's the best. I grew up with seven brothers so I like all sports, but hockey's just so grrrrr, you know?  
(THEN) So I got these two great seats and no one to go with me.

ARTHUR

What about James?

RANDY

He hates sports. And I would never go  
to a hockey game with a --

JAMES

Don't you dare say the 'n' word!

RANDY

-- nerd.

JAMES

Just because I go to an occasional Star  
Trek convention, doesn't make me a nerd.

TUSH

No, it makes you the whitest black man  
in Chicago.

ARTHUR HANDS RANDY THE BOX OF DONUTS.

ARTHUR

Here you go. Hope you find somebody  
to go to the game.

RANDY

Thanks. And good luck today.

RANDY AND JAMES EXIT.

FRANCO

What is wrong with you? That woman is  
into you.

ARTHUR

You're crazy.

FRANCO

I saw the look on her face. She wants to drink a big tub of your bath water.

ARTHUR

She's just friendly.

FRANCO

No, I'm friendly. She's good to go.

THE DOOR OPENS AND A HIPSTER COUPLE ENTERS. THE MAN SPORTS A MAN-BUN AS WELL AS A BANDANA. THE WOMAN LOOKS AROUND DUBIOUSLY.

HIPSTER WOMAN

Seriously? It's so old. And it smells like a gingerbread man farted.

HIPSTER MAN

I know. But would you rather wait twenty minutes at Starbucks?

AS ARTHUR REACTS, PISSED, TUSH POINTS TO THE HIPSTER MAN.

TUSH

Interesting. A man-bun held up by a bandana. (THEN, PROUDLY) Hey, a man-dana!

FRANCO STEPS UP TO GREET THE HIPSTERS.

FRANCO

Welcome to Superior Donuts!

HIPSTER MAN

Thanks. Some guy in a tire suit told us to check it out.

FRANCO

Donut. You ever see a tire with sprinkles? (THEN) Can I interest you in one of our artisanal confections, hand-crafted by a second-generation baker, Mr. Arthur Przybyszewski?

HIPSTER MAN

Two donuts. Whatever hasn't been sitting there since last night.

ARTHUR

(SUPPRESSING ANGER) They're all fresh.

HIPSTER WOMAN

(NOT LOOKING UP FROM PHONE) And I'll have a grande mocha macchiato.

ARTHUR

We just sell coffee.

HIPSTER WOMAN

Isn't that coffee?

ARTHUR

No, it's just some words strung together to justify over-charging pretentious millenials.

FRANCO

(JUMPS IN) Isn't he great? Authentic Uptown sass with every purchase!

HIPSTER MAN

Yeah, he's awesome. (TO WOMAN) Let's  
get out of here.

THE HIPSTERS HEAD FOR THE DOOR. TUSH CALLS AFTER:

TUSH

Yeah, go! Or I'll drag you out by  
your man-knob!

THE HIPSTER MAN LOOKS AT TUSH, WEIRDED OUT, THEN EXITS.

TUSH (CONT'D)

He thought I meant something else.

(MAD AT HIMSELF) Should've stopped at  
man-tenna.

OFF TUSH...

CUT TO:

SCENE D

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - LATER THAT DAY (DAY 3)

(ARTHUR, FRANCO, RANDY, MAZ, DANA, TUSH, JAMES, SWEATPANTS)

TWILIGHT. ARTHUR AND FRANCO ARE BEHIND THE COUNTER. DANA GRADES PAPERS IN HER BOOTH. TUSH SITS AT THE COUNTER EYEING THE NEARLY-FULL DISPLAY CASE.

TUSH

Never seen you have so many left-over donuts before, Art. Just out of curiosity, what's gonna happen to those bad boys?

ARTHUR

I'm giving them out free to my favorite customers.

ARTHUR HANDS HIM A DONUT.

TUSH

Oh. I wasn't angling for that, but thanks. (TAKES A BITE) So, what's gonna happen to all that leftover coffee?

ARTHUR

Knock yourself out.

AS TUSH HELPS HIMSELF TO COFFEE, ARTHUR CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AND FLIPS THE SIGN TO "SORRY, WE'RE CLOSED."

FRANCO

What are you doing? We're staying open late.

ARTHUR

Why? I haven't sold a donut in two hours. And the eight hours before that weren't so hot either.

FRANCO

Okay, competition's a little stiff. But we still got the poetry reading --

ARTHUR

Not anymore.

AS HE GOES TO LOCK UP, MAZ ENTERS HOLDING A STARBUCKS CUP.

DANA

Did you go to Starbucks?

EVERYBODY REACTS: "BOO," "TRAITOR," "WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?"

MAZ

What? I have weak spot for caramel frappuccino. (TAKES A SIP) Mmmm. Growing up in the marshes of Iraq, all we had to drink was -- actually, we had these. Starbucks is everywhere.

FRANCO

(TO ARTHUR) That's something else we could try -- get an espresso machine, a blender, make those fancy drinks. So we're not turning away customers.

ARTHUR

No.

FRANCO

Come on, why you being so stubborn?

MAZ

Stubborn? Or smart. He can see the writing on the floor.

DANA

Wall.

MAZ

Today you had not so many customers. Tomorrow will be worse. Throw in the towel, my friend. Sell to me.

TUSH

Don't do it, Art! (THEN) This is very upsetting. I might need another free donut.

FRANCO

No one's selling anything.

ARTHUR

You need to stop telling me what to do. And for the record, none of your ideas worked. Not the paint, or the flyers, or this damn button shirt.

AS HE REMOVES HIS SHIRT, RANDY AND JAMES ENTER.

RANDY

How'd it go today? (NOTICES DISPLAY CASE) Whoa. Lot of leftover donuts.

TUSH

Yeah, I don't know how I'm gonna get them all home. Art, you got a Hefty bag?

FRANCO

(TO ARTHUR) You know, maybe the real problem isn't the shirt.

ARTHUR

What's that supposed to mean?

FRANCO

It means things might pick up in here if you were nicer to the customers.

ARTHUR

I just gave Tush a free donut!

FRANCO

I'm not talking about your homeboys. I'm talking about the new customers I drummed up. Man-Bun, Face Tattoo, Blipster. (OFF HIS LOOK) That black hipster. You gotta engage people, not scare them off.

ARTHUR

I'm not having this conversation.

HE TURNS AND CROSSES OFF.

FRANCO

That's right, walk away. Damn, I'm starting to understand why the person who had this job left. They couldn't take you anymore.

THE ROOM GOES QUIET.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Why's everybody looking at me?

DANA

(OBLIVIOUS) Because that person was his wife. Ex-wife. But you're right, she couldn't take him anymore. Now she's living with some other guy.

SHE REALIZES THEY'RE ALL STARING AT HER, AGHAST.

DANA (CONT'D)

You all look horrified. (THEN, EXCITED) Hey, social cue! I got one!

FRANCO

Sorry, Arthur. I had no idea.

ARTHUR

There's a lot of things you have no idea about. You're young and stupid and you think you can fix everything. But you know what? Sometimes there's nothing you can do.

FRANCO

So you just want to roll over? Let  
the big corporation win? I ain't  
going out like that. There's always  
something you can do. You try or you  
die.

FRANCO HEADS FOR THE DOOR. AS HE EXITS, SWEATPANTS APPEARS,  
STILL IN HIS DONUT COSTUME.

SWEATPANTS

(CALLS AFTER FRANCO) Where you going?

It's time to get my poetry on!

HE STEPS INSIDE, GOING SIDEWAYS SO HE CAN FIT.

TUSH

You're the poet?

SWEATPANTS

Yep. (THEN) Damn, should have said

"You know it."

JAMES

(TO RANDY) Hey, didn't we get a report  
of a stolen tire costume from that  
auto parts store down the street?

SWEATPANTS

Not a tire, man. It's a donut.

RANDY REACHES OUT AND FLICKS THE SPRINKLES OFF, REVEALING A  
"GOODYEAR" LOGO. SWEATPANTS BOLTS FOR THE DOOR. BUT HIS  
COSTUME IS TOO WIDE AND HE BOUNCES OFF THE DOOR FRAME. HE  
GATHERS HIMSELF, STEPS THROUGH THE DOOR SIDEWAYS, THEN TAKES  
OFF RUNNING...

CUT TO:

SCENE E

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - THE NEXT MORNING (DAY 4)

(ARTHUR, MAZ)

EARLY MORNING. ARTHUR ENTERS FROM THE BACK, TURNS ON THE LIGHTS, AND PUTS A POT OF COFFEE ON THE BURNER. THERE'S A FRANTIC KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR. ARTHUR OPENS IT AS MAZ PUSHES PAST HIM AND ENTERS. HE'S FURIOUS.

MAZ

I hate this neighborhood! The people are animals! They do not deserve nice things! Coffee, Arthur, I am badly in need of coffee.

AS ARTHUR POURS A CUP AND HANDS IT TO HIM:

ARTHUR

Careful, it's very hot.

MAZ TAKES THE CUP AND CHUGS IT DOWN, WITHOUT FLINCHING. HE NOTICES ARTHUR STARING AT HIM AND EXPLAINS:

MAZ

When I was eight my village was attacked with mustard gas, so I have no feeling in my esophagus. Also, if I lick a battery, I die.

ARTHUR

What are you so mad about?

MAZ

This.

HE GOES TO THE WINDOW, OPENS THE BLINDS, AND POINTS OUTSIDE.

MAZ (CONT'D)

Last night someone did vandalism on  
the Starbucks sign.

ARTHUR

(LOOKS) I don't see it.

MAZ

Look closer. That thing the mermaid  
is holding? Not a coffee cup.

ARTHUR

Oh yeah...

MAZ

And it doesn't say Starbucks, it says  
Star --

ARTHUR

Yeah, I see it now.

MAZ

I have already called police. They  
will find who did this.

ARTHUR

Actually, I think I have an idea.

A LONG BEAT, THEN:

MAZ

The black guy, right?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

SCENE H

FADE IN:

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - THAT AFTERNOON (DAY 4)  
(ARTHUR, RANDY, TUSH, DANA, CUSTOMER EXTRAS)

ARTHUR FINISHES UP WITH A CUSTOMER AT THE REGISTER. DANA WORKS IN HER BOOTH. TUSH SITS AT THE COUNTER CONTEMPLATING A BOWL OF GLAZED DONUT HOLES.

TUSH

Dana, you're Jewish, right?

DANA

Yeah.

TUSH

(HOLDS UP DONUT HOLE) Okay, you know how they punch out the middle of a donut and call it a "donut hole"?

DANA

Yeah.

TUSH

Is there such a thing as a "bagel hole"? If so, follow-up question: is that how you make matzo balls?

DANA

I'll give you the same answer as when you asked if I know Jerry Seinfeld -- "Seriously?"

RANDY AND JAMES ENTER. JAMES WEARS HIS COP UNIFORM -- AND A PAIR OF SPOCK VULCAN EARS.

ARTHUR

Randy. (TO JAMES) Spock.

JAMES

Yeah, I went to a convention last night and my wife used the wrong kind of glue. Now I can't get them off.

TUSH

Good luck getting her off while you're wearing those.

RANDY

You haven't met his wife. (THEN) So, bad news. They arrested Franco this morning. Got him on a security camera.

JAMES

Good news is, Starbucks won't press charges if he pays for the damages.

ARTHUR

Where is he?

RANDY

They're holding him on bail. Apparently he had some priors from when he was a juvie.

DANA

Oooh, you guys sound like a cop show.

TUSH

"CSI: Donut."

ARTHUR

Priors? Explains why he wanted this job so bad. I was the only one stupid enough not to run a background check.

RANDY

Hey, you went with your gut. And... probably shouldn't be saying this about a perp, but I thought he brought a spark to this place.

TUSH

Plus hanging out with a young black guy made me feel cool.

JAMES

I'm a young black guy.

TUSH

(EYES HIM) Oh yeah. Hard to see past those ears.

TUSH SMILES; HE ENJOYS MESSING WITH JAMES.

ARTHUR

You liked him? He was starting to get on my nerves.

HE CROSSES OFF. RANDY FOLLOWS.

RANDY

How come?

ARTHUR

The second he walked in here, he was pushing me to change.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Just like my ex. Only thing he didn't  
do was ask me to take swing dance  
lessons.

RANDY

She did that?

ARTHUR

Yeah. She opened with "How would you  
like to swing?" It went downhill from  
there.

RANDY LAUGHS.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Joni and I had our problems. Usual  
stuff. But when our kid left for  
college she suddenly decided it was  
time for us to "spread our wings."  
Take classes, travel, and not just to  
the Wisconsin Dells. But that's not  
me. I liked things the way they were.

RANDY

Hey, I'm with you. I hate change. I  
wish Ditka still coached the Bears. I  
wish pools still had diving boards.

ARTHUR

You know what I wish? Bacon was still  
good for you.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Because if it was, I'd be lying on a  
bacon hammock, eating a plate of  
bacon, made from a pig fed nothing but  
bacon.

RANDY

(SMILES) Yeah, change sucks. Problem  
is, there's no way of stopping it. So  
sometimes you have to adapt. Like the  
kid said -- you try or you die.

ARTHUR

Or I sell the shop to Maz.

RANDY

You could. (POINTS TO TUSH AND DANA)  
But where would they go? This place  
means something to them. And to me.  
And I think it means something to you,  
too.

AS ARTHUR TAKES THIS IN...

CUT TO:

SCENE J

INT. POLICE STATION - RECEPTION AREA - THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 4)  
(ARTHUR, FRANCO, COP EXTRAS)

CLOSE ON A DOOR AS IT OPENS AND A COP USHERS FRANCO OUT.

FRANCO

I'm just saying, you run out of tater  
tots, that's cruel and unusual  
punishment.

FRANCO STOPS WHEN HE SEES ARTHUR, WHO STANDS AT THE COUNTER  
FILLING OUT PAPERWORK.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Arthur P. You're bailing me out?

ARTHUR

Yeah.

FRANCO

I appreciate it. (FOR COP'S BENEFIT)  
Even though I was unjustly  
incarcerated for expressing my socio-  
political views through my art!

THE COP EXITS. FRANCO TURNS TO ARTHUR.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

(EXCITED) Wasn't it beautiful?!

ARTHUR

It was stupid.

FRANCO

Well, it felt good. They take the  
sign down?

ARTHUR

Uh-huh. But not before I took pictures. I'm going to make us some mugs.

FRANCO

(SMILES) Fun.

ARTHUR

What wasn't fun was writing a check to pay for the damages.

FRANCO

Emergency fund?

ARTHUR NODS.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

(TOUCHED) You did that for me? Thank you. I am really feeling the urge to hug you right now.

ARTHUR

Resist it. I made a business decision. I don't want to lose something I care about because I can't handle change. And... maybe you can help me in that department.

FRANCO

You kidding? I can adapt to anything. Lost my dad when I was four -- I survived. Apartment burned down when I was twelve -- moved.

(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Jello stopped making pudding pops --  
okay, still reeling from that one.

AS THEY HEAD TO THE DOOR:

FRANCO (CONT'D)

By the way, I'm going to pay you back.  
Every penny of it.

ARTHUR

Damn right. I'm taking ten percent  
out of your paycheck until we're even.

FRANCO

Sounds reasonable. (THEN) By the way,  
I'm going to need a raise.

ARTHUR

Don't think so.

FRANCO

No no, hear me out. Just a ten-  
percent bump.

ARTHUR SHAKES HIS HEAD AS THEY EXIT.

FRANCO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Signing bonus?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 5)  
(ARTHUR, FRANCO, MAZ, RANDY, JAMES, DANA, TUSH, WOMAN)

CLOSE ON RANDY, JAMES, DANA, AND TUSH GAZING IN WONDER AT AN UNSEEN OBJECT.

JAMES

Whoa.

RANDY

It's so exotic.

TUSH

Did it fall from outer space?

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING AT: A SHINY NEW ESPRESSO MACHINE, FLANKED BY ARTHUR AND FRANCO.

ARTHUR

Guys. It's just an espresso machine.

TUSH REACHES OUT TO TOUCH IT. ARTHUR SLAPS HIS HAND AWAY.

FRANCO

Oh, it's more than that. This is our opening salvo in the war against Starbucks. We will fight them with pastries, we will fight them with free Wifi -- and now we will fight them with foofy-ass espresso drinks!

AN UPSCALE COUPLE ENTERS.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Battle stations, Arthur P. And remember, be nice.

ARTHUR SCOWLS AT FRANCO AS THE COUPLE APPROACHES.

ARTHUR

Hello. Welcome to Superior Donuts.

(OFF FRANCO'S NUDGE) "Glazin' a trail since 1964."

WOMAN

(TO HUSBAND) Oh my god, so retro.

It's like we're actually in 1964.

ARTHUR

That's right. Meet my assistant.

He's a Negro.

FRANCO

(SHOOTS ARTHUR A LOOK) But change is coming, boss. Won't be long til I'm dating your daughter. (THEN) What can we get started for you?

WOMAN

Two nonfat lattes.

ARTHUR AND FRANCO TURN TO THE ESPRESSO MACHINE, STARE AT IT.

ARTHUR

(SOTTO) You know how to work this thing?

FRANCO

Nope. Instruction manual's in Italian.

THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, UNSURE WHAT TO DO. FINALLY:

TUSH

I'll run over to Starbucks.

TUSH HEADS TO THE DOOR.

FRANCO

Whoa whoa whoa. Get back here. (TUSH  
STOPS) Hook me up with one of those  
toffee doodles.

TUSH NODS AND EXITS. OFF ARTHUR...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW