

SUPERIOR DONUTS

"SCHOOL OF HARD KNEADS"

Written by

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ACT ONE

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS SHOP - MORNING

MAYA SITS IN HER REGULAR SPOT. TUSH ENTERS AND ARTHUR BEGINS
POURING HIM A COFFEE.

ARTHUR

Morning, Tush. Glazed donut and a
cup of coffee?

TUSH

Am I that predictable, Arthur?

ARTHUR

Not at all. It's what you usually
order, that's all.

TUSH

I'm no English major, but I believe
that's more or less the definition
of "predictable."

FRANCO ENTERS FROM THE BACK ROOM.

TUSH (CONT'D)

There comes a time in a man's life
when he must toss caution to the
deep fryer and face the unknown. No
more glazed donuts.

(MORE)

TUSH (CONT'D)

(HE SHUTS HIS EYES AND EXTENDS HIS HANDS) Surprise me, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Okay....

ARTHUR TURNS AND MULLS OVER WHICH DONUT TO SERVE TUSH. HE SELECTS ONE WITH HIS TRUSTY TONGS AND TURNS, PRESENTING IT.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

A raspberry long john!

TUSH IS TAKEN ABACK.

TUSH

Wow. More of a departure than I bargained for. Still, when one buys a ticket on the self-improvement rocket ship, one doesn't eject when the ride gets bumpy.

HE SITS DOWN AND TAKES A GENEROUS BITE.

FRANCO

(TO ARTHUR) How do you know how many of each type of donut to make?

ARTHUR

(POINTING TO HIS BRAIN) It's all up here, kid. Everything revolves around the glazed donut.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(HOLDING ONE ALOFT) In a deli, it's the pastrami. In an Mexican restaurant, it's the taco. In a donut shop, the glazed is your rock.

TUSH

(CUPPING HIS STOMACH FOR EMPHASIS)
It's your *anchor*.

FRANCO

But how do you know the best combination of all the different donuts? There must be a formula or something.

ARTHUR

I never thought of a formula. Maybe if I went to college...(TURNING TO BUSY HIMSELF)...but I didn't. After high school I worked, saved my money, and then opened the shop.

FAWZ (O.C.)

Arthur, you could still go to college!

FAWZ ENTERS WITH A SPRING IN HIS STEP.

ARTHUR

Oh, hey, Fawz. Nah, I'm too old.

FRANCO

For college? Only old people can afford college anyway!

FAWZ

Franco is right. College is expensive, but if you sell your donut shop to me, you'll have money left over for a keg. Not a full keg, a pony keg. Still: party.

SWEATPANTS ENTERS.

FRANCO

Hey, Sweatpants! How was California?

SWEATPANTS

Fantastic. No gray, filthy snow whatsoever.

FRANCO

Did you bring my wee---

JUST AS FRANCO BEGINS TO SAY "WEED," RANDY AND JAMES ENTER BEHIND SWEATPANTS. EVERYONE EXCEPT SWEATPANTS CAN SEE THEM.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

---eeee are all here! This is so
great!

SWEATPANTS GIVES FRANCO A QUIZZICAL LOOK.

SWEATPANTS

Oh, you mean did I bring your--

FRANCO

Shh!

SWEATPANTS TAPS HIS POCKET.

SWEATPANTS

Got it right h--

FRANCO

Zip!

SWEATPANTS STANDS THERE, CONFUSED, WAITING FOR FURTHER
INSTRUCTIONS. THROUGH FACIAL CUES, FRANCO GETS HIM TO NOTICE
THE TWO COPS STANDING BEHIND HIM. SWEATPANTS TURNS BACK
AROUND, TRYING TO ACT COOL AND FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS.

SWEATPANTS

Um...I brought you a pamphlet on
green emissions. (DORKY WINK)

Franco covers his face in embarrassment.

RANDY

Attention, Superior Donuts patrons.
We will be conducting a routine
contraband search in ten seconds.

JAMES

Ten mississippi...nine
mississippi...eight
mississippi...seven mississippi...

SWEATPANTS MAKES A BEELINE FOR THE BACK ROOM OF THE STORE.

ARTHUR

Hey! Employees only back there!

JAMES (O.C.)

...six mississippi...five
mississippi...four mississippi...

INT. BACK ROOM OF SUPERIOR DONUTS - CONTINUOUS

FRANTIC, SWEATPANTS LOOKS AROUND FOR A PLACE TO STASH THE
WEED.

JAMES (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...three mississippi...two
mississippi...

SWEATPANTS REEMERGES, RELIEVED.

JAMES (CONT'D)

...one mississippi.

FRANCO

...and that's the closest I'm
getting to Mississippi.

RANDY

Ah, I've lost the mood. Let's just
grab coffee. Oh, hi, Sweatpants.

SWEATPANTS CONTINUES WALKING OUT THE DOOR.

JAMES

He left faster than the Green
Arrow. (EXPLAINING) He's a minor DC
Comics character who...

FRANCO

We got it. He's green.

FAWZ

Arthur is considering going to
college.

ARTHUR

I didn't say I'd do it. I just
think continuing education is a
wonderful thing.

MAYA

Oh, it is!

ARTHUR

...to a point.

RANDY

Why not get your college degree, Arthur? You've always regretted not doing it. You can go part-time at one of the city campuses.

FRANCO

Yeah, Arthur. Your brain will expand so much from all that learning it'll push your ear hairs out.

ARTHUR

(TO FRANCO) What about *you*? You're the one who should be going to college!

FRANCO

College isn't a given for my generation. None of us want to get weighed down with a bunch of student loans. Besides, I'm an artist.

(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

I can get an education by going to museums, or hanging with other artists. And if I really want to feel like an impoverished college student, I eat ramen noodles.

RANDY AND JAMES TAKE THEIR COFFEES TO GO AND HEAD FOR THE DOOR.

RANDY

I'm telling you, Arthur, you should do it. You're not getting any younger.

FAWZ

You're not getting much older, either, if you want to get technical about it.

A 30-ISH WOMAN ENTERS.

WOMAN

Two dozen glazed donuts, please.

ARTHUR

Comin' right up. (NOTICING HE'S RUNNING LOW ON GLAZED) You...only want glazed, huh?

WOMAN

They're for a grade school field
trip. One flavor minimizes
fighting.

THE WOMAN LEAVES--AND THERE'S ONLY ONE GLAZED DONUT LEFT.

FRANCO

See? Go to college, and you won't
have to pull the optimal donut
formula out of your ass--you'll be
able to algorithm one out.

ARTHUR

I've never even applied to college
before.

MAYA

I'll help you Arthur. Applying for
college is my raison d'etre.

TUSH

(POINTING TO DONUTS) I'll try a
"raisin d'etre" next. Expanding my
culinary horizons!

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ARTHUR PUSHES INTO THE BACK AND BEGINS KNEADING DOUGH.

FRANCO FOLLOWS.

FRANCO

Arthur, if you've always wanted to
go to college, why don't you?
You've got plenty of free time.

ARTHUR

I'm too busy. I've got that thing
I'm doing, and there's that other
thing coming up.

FRANCO PLAYFULLY GRABS ARTHUR'S RIGHT HAND AND HOLDS IT
ALOFT.

FRANCO

And there's that thing you're
dating. If you go to college, you
might meet a naughty lady
professor.

ARTHUR SHOOTS HIM A LOOK AND RETURNS TO KNEADING.

ARTHUR

That does sound fun. But she'd
probably think I'm...

FRANCO

What?

ARTHUR

She'd probably think I'm dumb, ok?!
Dammit, Franco, I'm not sure I'm
college material.

FRANCO

Are you kidding? Have you ever
talked to a college freshman?
Better yet, google "cinnamon
challenge."

ARTHUR

Aww, it's too expensive.

FRANCO

You don't have to go to
Northwestern. Pick a city college.
You must have *some* savings.

ARTHUR

I have a little life insurance
policy Joanie made me promise I'd
spend on something I want to do.

FRANCO

There you go. She'd want you to
have this experience!

(MORE)

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Well, maybe not the naughty
professor part. And I'll bet you
the weed Sweatpants owes me you'll
be accepted.

ARTHUR LOOKS AT FRANCO'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND. AFTER A MOMENT OF
CONSIDERATION, HE SHAKES IT.

ARTHUR

You're on.

FRANCO

You'll do it?

ARTHUR

"No" to the Cinnabon Challenge. But
I'll apply for college.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS SHOP - MORNING

ARTHUR SITS AT A TWO-TOP WITH MAYA, COLLEGE APPLICATION
PAMPHLETS SPREAD ALL OVER IT. FRANCO MANS THE COUNTER.

FRANCO

Look at you, applying for a
sheepskin.

MAYA

I think it's inspiring, picking up
your studies in the twilight of
your...day.

ARTHUR

It's morning.

MAYA

(IGNORING HER SNAFU)
Evening classes, right?

ARTHUR

Yes, night classes. Don't worry,
Maya, I'll fit in a nap between
work and school.

FRANCO

I'm proud of you. Where are you gonna apply?

ARTHUR

Truman College. It's close. And it's a community college. I don't want to make a big production out of this.

FRANCO

All right! What's their mascot?

ARTHUR

A mid-20th century President, I guess. You know, you could join me...

FRANCO

(HOLDING UP A DOLLAR) I don't have enough 18th century presidents.

ARTHUR

You're a bright kid; I'll bet you could get a scholarship.

FRANCO

Arthur, my resume's spray painted on the Irving Park El stop. Traditional college isn't for me.

TWO HIPSTERS ENTER AND HEAD FOR THE COUNTER.

MAYA

OK, let's get started. First essay question: "Why Truman College?"

ARTHUR

To learn how to run my business better, I guess. And while I'm at it, broaden my world view. Learn what the great philosophers had to say about the human condition. Socrates. Aristotle. Ditka.

FRANCO

(SERVING THE HIPSTERS) While you're there, learn the optimal donut formula. These glazed donuts are selling like glazed hotcakes. Tush, you sure you don't want one?

TUSH

Thank you, Franco, but I'm broadening my view of the world as well. Give me a lemon cream.

FRANCO

Your world view ain't the only thing you're broadening.

FAWZ CHARGES IN, WEARING A UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LETTER JACKET, INDIAN HEADDRESS, AND WAVING ORANGE & BLUE POM POMS.

FAWZ

(IN FIGHT SONG CADENCE)

Hail, Hail, Illini!

Hail to the sky!

Hail, Hail, Illini!

The other team must die!

Hail, Hail, Illini!

Scalping all the way!

Hail, Hail, Illini!

None of this is gaaaay!

STUNNED LOOKS ALL AROUND.

FRANCO

That was truly frightening.

MAYA

Not to mention politically
incorrect.

FAWZ

Thank you! Since women were
forbidden to attend school in my
country, we had to make do.

FAWZ REMOVES THE LETTER JACKET AND HANDS IT TO ARTHUR.

FAWZ (CONT'D)

My friend, this is for you. As a
show of support.

ARTHUR

Aw, thanks, Fawz! Where did you get
it?

FAWZ

A student-athlete dropped it off
and never picked it up. Perhaps he
was banished for throwing an
interception and dishonoring his
family. The pom poms I made from
scraps of ruined garments. (TURNING
TO ANGRILY ADDRESS THE ENTIRE
STORE)

Which was *not* my fault! Read the
disclaimer on the back of your
ticket!!

(REGAINING HIS COMPOSURE)

And the headdress...

MAYA

...is offensive to Native
Americans! The university retired
the Chief Illiniwek mascot a decade
ago.

FAWZ REMOVES THE HEADDRESS.

FAWZ

Then I will do the politically correct thing and sell this on eBay.

ARTHUR

I love the letter jacket, Fawz, but I'm applying to Truman College, not Illinois. And I'd only be attending part time; I'll still be here during the day, running the shop.

FAWZ

Will you be getting the full college experience that way, Arthur? Don't you want to smell the ivy? Join a frat? Participate in a hijab raid?

ARTHUR

If I get accepted, I'll be studying, not partying.

FAWZ

No offense, but you don't sound like fraternity material.

MAYA

Thank god. Fraternities are a
antiquated bastion of a homoerotic,
male-dominant society, exhibiting
only a tenuous connection to the
modern world.

FAWZ

(GETTING VERKLEMPPT) Stop it, Maya!
You're making me homesick!

ARTHUR

How long does this application
take?

MAYA

I've always felt it's the journey,
not the destination. (BEAT) My
record is four hours.

ARTHUR MAKES A "SPEED IT UP" GESTURE WITH HIS HAND.

ARTHUR

Records were made to be broken.

INSERT: CLOCK ON WALL CRAWLING UNTIL THE TIME READS "4:20."

REVEAL THE SHOP IS FULL OF PATRONS, ALL LINED UP TO ORDER.

FRANCO

Arthur! They all want glazed
donuts!

ARTHUR JUMPS UP AND RACES FOR THE BACK.

ARTHUR

Stall, kid! I'll make more!

RANDY AND JAMES ENTER. THEY'RE CONFUSED BY THE CROWD.

RANDY

Hey, Arthur!

ARTHUR STICKS HIS HEAD OUT FROM THE BACK.

ARTHUR

Randy, I can't talk! We're having a
glazed run!

RANDY

I don't think you're going to be
able to meet demand. Come here and
take a look.

RANDY MOTIONS FOR ARTHUR TO STEP OUTSIDE.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Go ahead.

EXT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - CONTINUOUS

ARTHUR'S JAW DROPS WHEN HE SEES THE LINE SNAKING DOWN THE
SIDEWALK. HE WALKS BACK IN, STUNNED.

RANDY

Have you ever had a run like this?

ARTHUR

Well, one time, during the 1999
snowstorm...

RANDY

Arthur....

ARTHUR

No.

RANDY

What's going on, Arthur?

ARTHUR

The glazed donuts are delicious?

RANDY

Mind if I sample one?

FRANCO SERVES HER ONE.

FRANCO

That'll be 89 cents. (OFF RANDY'S
LOOK) Or free! Compliments of the
house!

RANDY PULLS THE DONUT APART AND GIVES IT A SNIFF.

RANDY

"Blue Dream," most popular
marijuana strain in California.

SHE LOOKS AT THE CUSTOMERS IN LINE, SEVERAL OF WHOM ARE
WEARING POT-PROMOTING T-SHIRTS.

RANDY (CONT'D)

OK, I've cracked the case.

ARTHUR

That was fast.

RANDY

This isn't CSI. I don't need a full
hour.

A FLASHBACK SEQUENCE PLAYS MOS AS RANDY NARRATES.

REPRISE SWEATPANTS IN THE STORE, EARLIER.

RANDY (V.O.)

It all started when Sweatpants came in and publicly announced the most obvious pot exchange in modern history.

RANDY SURPRISES SWEATPANTS WITH HER SEARCH ANNOUNCEMENT. HE TEARS TO THE BACK OF THE STORE.

RANDY (V.O.)

So I thought I'd have a little fun, which led to Sweatpants panicking, looking for a place to plant his plant.

INT. BACK ROOM SWEATPANTS FRANTICALLY LOOKS FOR A PLACE TO HIDE HIS WEED.

RANDY (V.O.)

He hears James' countdown. He doesn't want to throw quality bud away. So he hides it...

SWEATPANTS DISCOVERS HIS HIDING PLACE.

RANDY (V.O.)

...in some donut dough, planning to pick it up later.

HE HIDES THE WEED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DOUGH AND COVERS IT.

CUT TO:

ARTHUR KNEADS THE DOUGH, WORKING IT IN FURTHER.

RANDY (V.O.)

...then, Arthur makes more glazed donuts, unknowingly using the ho-ho dough.

THE HIPSTER ORDERS A GLAZED DONUT.

RANDY

A hipster orders one, thinking he's getting the same Superior Donut glazed he knows and loves. Except this one takes the "comfort" part of comfort food to 11, enveloping him in a familiar buzz--and a pigeon gets a contact high from the crumbs.

THE HIPSTER SENDS A TEXT.

RANDY (CONT'D)

The hipster texts a friend. Who texts another friend...

(MORE)

RANDY (CONT'D)

...Who posts it on twitter--hashtag
"GetGlazed." And, at precisely 4:20
p.m., every underemployed doper in
Uptown convenes for a run on glazed
donuts the likes of which Arthur
has never seen...

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE.

ARTHUR

(TO EVERYONE IN LINE) Even
unfortified, they're the best
glazed donuts in Chicago!

RANDY

...and will never see again.

TUSH

I picked the worst day possible to
give up glazed donuts!!!

ARTHUR

Wait. Why didn't Sweatpants come
back for his weed?

RANDY

Simple. He got high and forgot.

ON CUE, SWEATPANTS RE-ENTERS, SEES RANDY AND JAMES, TURNS
HEEL, AND LEAVES.

JAMES

I've never seen detective work like that before. And I own the complete box set of *Murder, She Wrote*.

FRANCO

No kidding. Randy, where'd you learn that?

RANDY

Police Academy, 1989.

FRANCO

That's the year you graduated?

RANDY

No, that's the year I got high and saw *Police Academy 6*.

FADE TO:

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS - DUSK

A BLEARY-EYED ARTHUR SITS WITH MAYA.

MAYA

Almost done, Arthur. Just checking your essays.

(MORE)

MAYA (CONT'D)

Let's see...we changed the Harry Truman reference--which smacks of pandering--to Obama, the Oldsmobile reference to Tesla, and dropped "sugar, carbs and hot oil" in favor of "sustainable donut practices."

SFX: KNOCK AT FRONT DOOR.

ARTHUR GETS UP TO SEE WHO IT IS.

ARTHUR

Excuse me a sec.

RASTA DUDE

(MUFFLED, THROUGH DOOR) Do you have any glazed?

ARTHUR

(POINTING TO SIGN) We're closed! Read the sign, if your eyes aren't too bloodshot!

ARTHUR RETURNS TO MAYA'S TABLE.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I think that's everything, Maya.

MAYA

Ready to hit "send"?

ARTHUR

Think I'll get in?

MAYA

I'm sure of it. And they'll be
lucky to have you.

ARTHUR

OK, let's do it.

WITH A CEREMONIAL FLOURISH, MAYA HITS "SEND." ARTHUR SPRINGS
TO HIS FEET.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

This calls for a toast!

HE REACHES BEHIND THE COUNTER FOR A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY.
BLOWING THE DUST OFF OF IT AND GRABBING TWO COFFEE CUPS, HE
APPROACHES THE TABLE. MAYA WHIPS OUT A COCONUT WATER.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Coconut water? That's what you
toast with?

MAYA

Sorry, Arthur. Old Grand Dad looks
like a zombie.

ARTHUR POURS A CUP FOR HIMSELF.

ARTHUR

So be it.

THEY RAISE THEIR CUPS.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

To education!

MAYA

To *your* education.

THEY DOWN THEIR DRINKS AND ARTHUR BEAMS.

ARTHUR

I feel smarter already. I guess
this is how the Scarecrow felt--
except for the whiskey burn, of
course.

MAYA CLOSES HER LAPTOP.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Maya, I owe you. I couldn't have
done this without you.

MAYA

It was my pleasure, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Tomorrow, when you come in,
anything you want is on me.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Even though I'm about to become a
starving college student.

MAYA

You don't have to do that. It was
my pleasure to help.

ARTHUR

No, I want to. By the way, how much
is this going to cost me?

MAYA

You never checked?

ARTHUR

It's a community college and I'm
only going part-time. How expensive
can it be?

MAYA GIVES ARTHUR AN "OH, THIS POOR GUY DOESN'T KNOW" LOOK.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I'd better look it up, huh?

MAYA SLIDES HIM THE LAPTOP. HE SITS BACK DOWN, TYPES IN A FEW
STROKES, AND WAITS, PATIENTLY.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Its taking its sweet time to load,
I'll tell you that...OH MY GOD!!!

ARTHUR BACKS AWAY FROM THE LAPTOP LIKE IT PULLED A GUN ON HIM. HE POINTS AT IT FROM A SAFE DISTANCE.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

L-l-look!

MAYA LEANS IN TO SEE THE SCREEN.

MAYA

Not bad. I thought it'd be higher.

ARTHUR

That's way too much!

MAYA

Can you really put a price on learning?

ARTHUR

Yes! Thousands less!!

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS SHOP - MORNING

ARTHUR SERVES TUSH A DONUT. RANDY, JAMES AND MAYA ARE IN THEIR NORMAL SPOTS.

ARTHUR

A caramel twist. You've worked your way through all the donuts, Tush.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Now you can go back to glazed if
you want to.

TUSH

You can't go home again, Arthur.
True when Thomas Wolfe said it, and
true when my wife changed the locks
on our apartment.

TUSH TOSSES HIS CHANGE INTO A TIP JAR.

FRANCO

How's your college saving program
coming?

ARTHUR JIGGLES THE SPARSE FEW COINS IN THE TIP JAR, WHICH IS
NOW LABELED "COLLEGE FUND."

ARTHUR

A little slow.

RANDY

Still no word?

ARTHUR

No. They're sure taking their sweet
time. How many academics does it
take to read a submission?

MAYA

Is that an actual question or a
post-modern light bulb joke?

SFX: ARTHUR'S PHONE "PINGS"!

ARTHUR LOOKS AT HIS PHONE.

ARTHUR

It's an e-mail. From Truman
College.

EVERYONE STARES AT ARTHUR IN ANTICIPATION.

TUSH

Well?

RANDY

Well?

MAYA

Well?

FAWZ RUNS IN, OUT OF BREATH.

FAWZ

Well? (BEAT) What? Tush texted me!

FRANCO

C'mon, Arthur. Open it.

ARTHUR

I'm nervous.

FRANCO BEGINS TO SING "POMP & CIRCUMSTANCE" (THE GRADUATION MARCH).

FRANCO

(USING GIBBERISH LYRICS) Ba ba ba
ba ba ba, Ba ba ba ba bahhh...

FAWZ, MAYA, RANDY, JAMES AND TUSH JOIN IN.

EVERYONE

Ba ba ba ba BA baaa, Ba, ba ba ba
bahhh...

ARTHUR OPENS THE EMAIL AND BEGINS READING--TO HIMSELF.

EVERYONE (CONT'D)

(BIG FINISH) Ba BA BA BA BAHHHH!!!

ARTHUR PLACES HIS PHONE BACK IN HIS POCKET. THE GROUP HUSHES,
WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

ARTHUR

(DISAPPOINTED) Dammit.

THEY DROP THEIR HEADS.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(PULLING THE RUG OUT) I got in!

HUGS FROM RANDY AND MAYA, HIGH FIVES WITH FAWZ & TUSH.

RANDY

I knew it!

ARTHUR

Says here I got the very last spot.

MAYA

I had faith! Which, FYI, many academics frown on.

FRANCO

Congratulations, Arthur! Last spot, huh?

ARTHUR

Yeah, how 'bout that?

FRANCO

Arthur Przybyszewski, 75-year-old freshman. And you don't owe me any weed--our bet got the munchies.

ARTHUR

The last spot...geez...(SUDDENLY LOST IN THOUGHT). Well, thanks, everybody. I--I've got to make some...

RANDY

Donuts.

ARTHUR

Yeah, that's it!

ARTHUR PUSHES TOWARD THE BACK, WITH FRANCO RIGHT BEHIND.

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FRANCO

Arthur, you all right?

ARTHUR

Sure. Why wouldn't I be? College has always been a dream for me.

FRANCO

Go, Fightin' Harrys!

ARTHUR

Yeah. Exactly. So what if accepting means I'm taking somebody else's spot?

FRANCO

Hey, that's not your problem. That's your spot--you got in fair and square.

ARTHUR

I did, didn't I? So if I'm crushing the hopes of a young man or woman who's always dreamed of attending, that's life in the community college cauldron of competition.

FRANCO

Damn right.

ARTHUR

Maybe that student was going to find a cure for cancer, or solve world hunger, or write the Great American Novel. Something they might not get the chance to do without a degree.

FRANCO

Nobody writes novels anymore, Arthur. It'd be the great American tweet.

ARTHUR

I guess I just wanted to prove I was college material. And now that I have...

HE SQUARES UP AND FACES FRANCO.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I feel bad about taking some young person's spot. That could have been me, 50 years ago.

FRANCO

I get it.

ARTHUR

Will you be disappointed in me if I give my place to some kid I've never met?

FRANCO

Disappointed? It took guts to apply, but I didn't think you *needed* college. I always thought you were smart. Everybody did.

ARTHUR

Thanks, Franco.

FRANCO

And I'm smart, too. So between the two of us, maybe we can figure out the ultimate donut formula.

ARTHUR

With or without Sweatpants?

FRANCO

Without. He brings the class score
down.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. SUPERIOR DONUTS SHOP - THE NEXT MORNING

TUSH WALKS IN AND PREPARES TO ORDER.

ARTHUR

Morning, Tush. Glazed and a cup of
coffee?

TUSH

It's no use, Arthur. The universe
has made it clear: Carl Tushinski
and glazed donuts are not
simpatico. (SADLY) I've evolved.

ARTHUR

C'mon. I made one just for you.

TUSH

Thank you, but no.

ARTHUR

Limited edition. One donut.
Available today only.

TUSH

I'm afraid my answer is final.

ARTHUR

I call it "Tush Kush."

TUSH'S EYES LIGHT UP.

TUSH

Well, no need to stand on ceremony.

HE SHOVES THE ENTIRE DONUT IN HIS MOUTH.

END OF SHOW