

Superior Donuts
Max Side 1

Max: By the way, Arthur, I can still see your "pussy."
Max refers to the spray painted wall.

Arthur: You can still read it, can't you?

Max: It looks like today's special.
Arthur, sell me this store. I am desperate!

Arthur: Sorry, Max.

Max: I give you good price! I give you same price I offer before Wall Street douchebags fuck everyone in the ass.

Arthur: It's not for sale.

Max: But is so important for me. I expanse my business for electronics next, plasma, HD, Blu-Ray, all digital everything. Nola says she will sell me nail salon, but it does me no good if you take up space in between. With that footage? Mine and you and Nola? A corner lot? I would be biggest electronics shop in Uptown.

Arthur: Until they open a Best Buy on the other side of Broadway.

Max: Let them try. Best Buy cannot do business against me. I offer something Best Buy will never have.

Arthur: Which is?

Max: The personal touch. And Croatian pornography.

Arthur: Maybe Uptown would miss my personal touch.

Max: Arthur, no one come! You sell donut and no one wants donut anymore! People now, they eat yogurt and banana, not donut. And people who want donut an go to Duckin' Donut and eat the shit cake! If they want coffee, they go to Starbuck and pay four dollars for caramel fuck-a-cheeto. You are only donut shop on North Side, you have said this. All the others close. Why? Because they are selling product no one want! Donut is like videotape, it is over! Time change everything and donut has been left behind.

Arthur: Time hasn't changed me.

Max: (*a real explosion*) Goddamn it, I need this store!

(*Arthur is taken aback.*)

I have plans for my life. I have a picture in my head of what my life should be and that picture look more and more like fairy tale. I am almost fifty years old. My hair has disappear and my breasts are falling to Earth and still, I rent my home from old Jewish woman. I cannot ask any woman to by my wife in a rented home. Almost fifty. These boys from Nizhny, they think I am homosexual because I am still bachelor. I'm embarrassed. I come to this country to make a mark, not fade away.

Arthur: I'm sorry, but my store is not for sale.

Max: Believe me: day will come you wish you take my good price.

Arthur: (with irony) Donuts are my life.

Max: Donuts are not your life. Donuts are not anybody's life. Your life is your life. A home. A home of your own, that is life. A home and children and a wife.

The room goes icy.

Max: I'm sorry, Arthur.

Superior Donuts
Max Side 2

Max: (*bursting*) I bought it. Finally. One hundred thirty thousand and now Superior Donuts belongs to me. It feels like a dream. My God, if my father could be here now and see me...

(*to Arthur*) You should have listen to me, my friend. You cannot live in the past. If we could change things. If life were different. This unhappy life.

(*Max seems to notice for the first time that this is not being received in the spirit he intends it.*)

What's the matter? Turn on the radio.

(*No one approaches the radio. Max turns on the radio, dances.*)

Come on everyone, dance! It's my shop now and I say dance.

(*He pulls Lady from her stool, twirls her to dance. She cries, but he laughs, props her up, dances with her.*)

Lady, is a good day. Not a sad day. See? We are dancing at a happy party--

(*Kiril gently tries to restrain Max.*)

Kiril: Dyadya Maxim, oni ne hotyat seichas tantsevat...

[Uncle Maxim, they don't want to dance right now--]

(*Max breaks off the dance and slaps Kiril, yells at him. Lady is left alone, slumping, weeping.*)

Max: Goddamn it, I told you to speak English! Do not hang down your head like a dog, mumbling in Russian. You are American now!

Speak up!

(*Max sees that the party is spoiled.*)

I am drunk now. My stomach is sick. Good day all. Good day.

(*to Kiril*)

Let's go and eat some fried chicken.