

SUPERIOR DONUTS by Tracy Letts / **side 4**

ARTHUR SELL ME THIS STORE

side for **MAX** and **ARTHUR**

MAX. Arthur, sell me this store. I'm 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 it's so important for me. I expanse my business. 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. I offer something Best Buy will never have.

ARTHUR. Which is?

MAX. The personal touch. And Croatian pornography.

ARTHUR. It doesn't really matter –

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 be 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, *(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 gets icy.)* I'm sorry Arthur.

ARTHUR. Don't worry about it. Here's your donuts.