

FRANCO: I don't hear no P.
 ARTHUR: It's in there.
 FRANCO: Arthur P. You ain't scammin' me about makin' the donuts, are you? You ain't just shippin' 'em in from Acme Donut Factory.
 ARTHUR: I make the donuts. By hand.
 FRANCO: You gotta get up early.
 ARTHUR: I make the dough in the evening, after I close.
 FRANCO: Stick it in the fridge, then fry it up in the morning?
 ARTHUR: More flavor that way.
 FRANCO: Just flour and oil, right? Then hit it with the sugar?
 ARTHUR: No, it's a little more sophisticated than that.
 FRANCO: Really sophisticated?
 ARTHUR: No, not really.
 FRANCO: What kind of oil you use?
 ARTHUR: 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: Consider the donut. It's a dessert cake.
 FRANCO: A dessert cake?
 ARTHUR: Yes.
 FRANCO: Or a meal substitute.
 ARTHUR: I suppose either one.
 FRANCO: Or an *additional* meal. Which contributes to obesity and cardiac disease in the African-American community.
 ARTHUR: You're not giving much credit to the discernment of the consumer, African-American or otherwise.
 FRANCO: Discernment implies a choice. You don't see no Whole Foods in this neighborhood, do you?
 ARTHUR: Oh it's coming. We got a Starbucks right across the street.

FRANCO: Brother, they got Starbucks in wheat fields now. Anyway, you don't see a lot of brothers in the Starbucks, do you? And you ain't never seen a brother in the Whole Foods, unless he's stockin' the shelves. Can you picture that, some big angry black man shoppin' in Whole Foods, his arms all loaded with soy cheese and echinacea and star fruit?
 ARTHUR: I wouldn't know.
 FRANCO: Why not?
 ARTHUR: I don't shop at Whole Foods.
 FRANCO: Oh. I do. Shit, I'm just about hooked on that soy cheese.
 ARTHUR: Your point is, because no alternative is readily available, I'm contributing to the poor health habits of low-income African Americans by providing unhealthy meal substitutes?
 FRANCO: Well spoke, Arthur P.
 ARTHUR: Are you encouraging me to close my business, Franco Wicks?
 FRANCO: I'm encouraging you to provide some heart-healthy alternatives. Some fruit or even low-fat bran muffins.
 ARTHUR: Bran muffins.
 FRANCO: If you want to stay in the world of the donut.
 ARTHUR: Hold on, this is your job interview.
 FRANCO: How'm I doing?
 ARTHUR: No, yeah, pretty good.
 FRANCO: Today's your lucky day, Arthur P. I'm a self-starter.

(Arthur studies Franco, considers.)

ARTHUR: Okay, give me a few days to mull it over.
 FRANCO: I can start tomorrow.
 ARTHUR: Give me a few days.
 FRANCO: I can start now.
 ARTHUR: You need a job that bad?
 FRANCO: I wouldn't waste your time if I didn't.
 ARTHUR: You're not in any trouble, are you?

FRANCO: I'm in debt.
 ARTHUR: We're only talking about a little help at the counter.
 Five days a week.
 FRANCO: What's the pay?
 ARTHUR: Minimum wage.
 FRANCO: Which is . . .
 ARTHUR: Eight dollars an hour. It just went up.
 FRANCO: How many hours a week?
 ARTHUR: Thirty?
 FRANCO: Thirty hours a week at eight bucks an hour. Two hundred forty a week. Nine sixty a month. Little over eleven-five a year. Before taxes.
 ARTHUR: Sounds right.
 FRANCO: Sounds right? Eleven grand a year sounds right?
 ARTHUR: Sounds accurate.
 FRANCO: Benefits?
 ARTHUR: Such as?
 FRANCO: Health insurance?
 ARTHUR: Very funny.
 FRANCO: Workmen's comp?
 ARTHUR: Sure.
 FRANCO: Social security.
 ARTHUR: Yeah.
 FRANCO: What about profit sharing?
 ARTHUR: Profit sharing.
 FRANCO: Do you believe in profit sharing?
 ARTHUR: Sure, I believe in it. I don't provide it.
 FRANCO: What if I can demonstrate an increase in sales?
 ARTHUR: We'll talk about that at your first employee evaluation.
 FRANCO: Does this mean I got the job?

(Arthur considers for another moment . . .)

ARTHUR: Yeah, okay.

(They shake.)

FRANCO: You won't regret it.
 ARTHUR: You live in the neighborhood?
 FRANCO: Born and raised, brother. Wilson and Sheridan.
 ARTHUR: Live alone?
 FRANCO: Nah, I got . . . I'm the man in my family. You? From Uptown?
 ARTHUR: Jefferson Park. But the shop's been in my family almost sixty years.
 FRANCO: I walk past every day of my natural life.
 ARTHUR: How come I've never seen you in here?
 FRANCO: I don't eat no nasty-ass donuts. But if I'm gonna be workin' here, I better know what the hell I'm sellin', so . . . donut, please, and a large coffee.
 ARTHUR: Actually, I'm all out of coffee and donuts right now.

(Franco stares at him.)

During the following, Franco puts on an apron, cleans up the damaged shop. When Franco opens the shades, we see that the shattered glass of the front door has been boarded up.

Lights shift.)

A kid. In Chicago. In the sixties. Pure magic. Well. Magic for a white kid, anyway. Christmas windows at Marshall Fields, twilight at Riverview. Another world.

The city was true working class, and the bars were clean and well lit, and immigrant factory workers would sit and have a beer after a day's work. And sleeping outside with my family, with all the families, on the lawn at Jefferson Park on sticky summer nights. Every Sunday hanging out in someone else's basement, food all day. Or a trip to a forest preserve, all free back then. Polish the only language I'd hear, twenty pigs spinning in fire, and every friend I made became my parents' friend, just because they were my