

"The Boss Always Loved Jelly Doughnuts"

by
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1 INT. DANDY DOUGHNUTS - LATE EVENING

1

The shop is what you'd expect: Fluorescent overhead lights, bad Muzak, a few tables scattered about, and a customer service counter. The place is empty except for the middle-aged clerk, WALTER, who stands near the cash register. Behind him are several trays of different varieties of doughnuts.

The door opens, and two men in trenchcoats enter: BUTCH, the older leader, and NICK, his right-hand man. Together, they approach the counter.

WALTER

Welcome to Dandy Doughnuts, gents.
My name's Walter. What can I get
for you?

BUTCH

The place looks. . . *deserted*.

Walter glances at his watch.

WALTER

We close up in thirty-five minutes
- at midnight.

(beat)

You two want some coffee?

Butch pulls a gun from his pocket and levels it at Walter.

BUTCH

Not exactly.

(beat)

Get the door, Nick. Flip the sign
to "closed."

NICK

Right, Butch.

Nick does as instructed. He also locks the door.

WALTER

Be careful with that gun, friend!
You can have the money, but I. . .
I don't have much. It's been slow.
Look at all the doughnuts I have
left.

Walter gestures behind him as Nick returns.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

All locked up. Nobody else will be coming in here tonight.

BUTCH

You don't have a drive-through, right?

WALTER

R-Right.

NICK

Good. Less trouble that way.

WALTER

How about I give you guys the money and you go?

BUTCH

(chuckles)

The money, Nick. He thinks we want the *money*.

NICK

(chuckles)

Funny Wally.

WALTER

You *don't* want the money?

BUTCH

Uh uh.

WALTER

Then what. . .

BUTCH

You've got a lot of doughnuts left.

WALTER

Yeah, well, like I said, it's been slow.

BUTCH

Do you have any *jelly* doughnuts?

WALTER

What?

NICK

Jelly doughnuts. We want 'em.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

Sure. We, uh, have some left. How many do you want?

BUTCH

Bring me what you have.

WALTER

(beat)
OK.

BUTCH

Don't try any funny stuff, like hitting the alarm, or my gun will do the talking for us.

Walter walks to the doughnut trays, grabs the one with the jelly doughnuts, and brings it to Butch and Nick. He puts it down on the counter.

WALTER

Here you are, guys: All the jelly doughnuts we have.

BUTCH

Let's see. . . Two, four, six, eight. . .

Butch mumbles as he counts the doughnuts.

BUTCH

. . . sixteen, eighteen, nineteen.
(beat)
You've got *nineteen* jelly doughnuts.

NICK

Say, those look good! Can I. . .

Nick reaches for a doughnut, and Butch slaps his hand.

BUTCH

Take your mitts off those!

NICK

But I only wanted *one*.

BUTCH

You'll get *none*. We don't know which one is *the* one.

WALTER

Let me bag them up for you.

(CONTINUED)

Walter reaches for a bag.

BUTCH
We don't want the doughnuts.

WALTER
But you said -

BUTCH
We're not hungry.

NICK
Speak for yourself.

BUTCH
Shut your pie hole!

WALTER
Then what. . .

BUTCH
They're for *you*.

WALTER
Me?

BUTCH
Uh huh. All nineteen of them.

WALTER
Thanks.
(beat)
I'll take them home. My. . . My
kids will love to -

NICK
Uh uh.

BUTCH
The jellies aren't leaving the
store, and neither are you.

WALTER
I don't understand.

BUTCH
You're gonna eat 'em.

WALTER
Well, maybe one or two.

NICK
You're gonna eat *all* of them.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

Nineteen doughnuts? You have to be kidding me. I can't possibly -

BUTCH

Does this gun look like a joke to you?

WALTER

N-No.

NICK

Then get eating. Have some coffee - on the house - to wash them down.

WALTER

Why do you want me to -

BUTCH

Never you mind that! We have our reasons, and this gun makes them *good* reasons.

(beat)

Eat!

Walter starts eating the doughnuts.

BUTCH

We're gonna have a seat while you chow down. Don't try any funny stuff. We'll be watching you, and I'm a crack shot.

WALTER

(with his mouth full)

Don't worry.

Butch and Nick sit down at a table.

BUTCH

(sighs)

The boss always *loved* jelly doughnuts. Remember, Nick?

NICK

Oh yeah. I remember him with all that powder around his mouth.

(beat)

Cute as a baby he was.

BUTCH

Don't you let *him* hear you say that!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (5)

1

NICK

But he *can't* hear me, Butch. He's dead. Has been for a year - one year tonight.

BUTCH

Maybe he is, and maybe he. . . *isn't*.

NICK

You don't think he heard me?

BUTCH

I can't say for sure. I'm no student of the spooky, like the boss was.

NICK

He did go in for that weird stuff.

BUTCH

And how! That's why we're here after all - because of what he told us a year ago tonight.

FADE OUT.

2 INT. THE BOSS'S HOME - FLASHBACK

2

Butch slowly opens the door to the boss's opulent bedroom. In a bigger-than-king-size bed, the boss - frail and white - lies amid a jumble of blankets. On a bed table before him is an unopened box of doughnuts. When the boss speaks, he sounds very hoarse and tired.

BUTCH

(quietly)
We're here, boss.

NICK

Just like you wanted.

The BOSS coughs spasmodically.

BUTCH

That don't sound good, sir.

(beat)

Do you want us to come back later so you can get some sleep?

(CONTINUED)

BOSS

No. Come in, and close the door
behind you.

Butch and Nick do as they're told. They approach the
boss's bed.

NICK

You should see a doctor.

BOSS

You idiot, I *have* seen a doctor.
I've seen every doctor in town,
for crying out loud. Their
diagnosis is all the same: I'm not
gonna be around much longer.

He coughs some more.

BUTCH

That's too bad.

NICK

(beat)
You didn't eat any of the
doughnuts we brought you.

BOSS

I know.

NICK

They're your favorite - jellies. A
whole *box* of jellies.

BOSS

Let me clue you in on something,
pallie: Dying really cuts down on
your appetite.

NICK

You. . . mind if I have one?

BOSS

Eat! Eat!

NICK

Thanks.

The boss pushes the box towards Nick, who opens it, takes
a doughnut, and bites into it.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

(with his mouth full)

Mmmm. Delicious!

(beat)

Sure I can't get you one?

BUTCH

Shut that mouth of yours. You
heard the man!

BOSS

Look, you guys.

He coughs spasmodically.

BOSS

I called you here because I have
something very important to tell
you.

NICK

What is it, sir?

The boss looks down at his blankets, now smeared with
powdered sugar from Nick's doughnut.

BOSS

Do you *mind* not getting powdered
sugar on my blankets?

NICK

That doesn't sound important.

BOSS

(sighs heavily)

BUTCH

Nick, will you *try* to use the
brain God gave you?

NICK

But he said -

BOSS

Quiet, both of you! I don't have
the breath to waste on either of
you.

BUTCH

Sorry, sir.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Me too. . . and sorry about the blankets.

BOSS

I don't think I'm letting any cat out of the bag when I say that neither one of you is too bright.

NICK

No, sir.

BOSS

If it wasn't for the fact that both of your fathers were personal friends of mine back in the day, I wouldn't have hired either of you to work in this. . . organization.

He coughs some more.

NICK

We understand.

BOSS

Up till now, your performance has been - to put it nicely - lousy.

BUTCH

But we've tried so hard!

BOSS

I know. That's why I haven't kicked the both of you out.

BUTCH

Thank you.

NICK

Me too.

BOSS

I still can't believe how you bungled that Malloy hit.

NICK

That wasn't our fault, sir.

BUTCH

You saw how much that water pistol looked like a *real* gun.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

There ought to be a *law*.

BOSS

That's in the past now. Manny took care of Malloy for you.

NICK

He's a *swell* guy.

BUTCH

Salt of the Earth, that one.

BOSS

Butch, Nick, the docs say I'll be dead by midnight.

NICK

No, sir!

BUTCH

You're kidding?

BOSS

Why would I joke about something like that?

He coughs again.

BOSS

I'm gonna give the two of you a year to straighten up and fly right. If you don't, you're out on your butts.

BUTCH

How will you do that?

NICK

Yeah, you'll be. . .

BOSS

The word is "dead," Nick. Don't you worry. I'll find a way.

BUTCH

But how will we know how we're doing a year from now?

The boss taps on the lid of the doughnut box.

BOSS

What's the name on this box?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

Dandy Doughnuts.

BOSS

The one on Kelly Street?

NICK

That's the one.

BOSS

Boy, they make good jellies.

BUTCH

That's why we stopped there.
Nothing but the best for you, sir.

The boss coughs some more.

BOSS

Here's the deal: One year from
today, right at midnight, I'm
going to appear in that doughnut
shop.

NICK

No kidding?

BOSS

Death is no kidding matter.

BUTCH

How will you do it?

BOSS

You just wait and see.

BUTCH

Can you *really* do that?

NICK

He's the boss. He can do *anything*.

The boss coughs some more.

BOSS

You two be there that night. I'll
speak through the voice of whoever
eats that doughnut and let you
know how you're coming along.

NICK

Cool!

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

We'll be there.

NICK

Both of us.

BOSS

Good. See that you are.

(beat)

Now get out of here. I don't have much time left, and I don't want the last sight my eyes see to be your two mugs.

Butch and Nick hurriedly leave.

BUTCH

Yes, sir. Right away.

NICK

Me too.

(beat)

Sorry about the blankets.

They quickly open the door and then close it behind them.

BOSS

What a couple of maroons!

(beat)

Ah, what the hell.

He removes a doughnut from the box and takes a big bite.
He speaks with his mouth full.

BOSS

Good jelly!

FADE OUT.

Butch and Nick are still seated at the table.

BUTCH

Hard to believe it's a been a whole year.

NICK

You know, one thing about that night has always puzzled me.

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

What?

NICK

Did you hear the boss say
something as we were leaving?

BUTCH

I don't *think* so, but I left
before you did. What do you think
he said?

NICK

I can't be sure, but I don't think
it was nice.

BUTCH

The boss was a sick man, Nick. You
have to remember that.

Walter calls out to them.

WALTER

Gentlemen?

NICK

How's it goin' over there, Wally?

WALTER

(beat)
I've been better.

BUTCH

How many doughnuts have you eaten?

WALTER

Seven.

NICK

That's all?

WALTER

I'm feeling a little nauseous. I
think I'd better make a trip to
the bathroom.

NICK

Can he do that?

BUTCH

I'm not sure. I don't know if he's
eaten the boss's doughnut yet or
not. We won't know until midnight.

(CONTINUED)

He grows alarmed.

BUTCH

If he *has* eaten the magic
doughnut, and he doesn't hold it
down, the boss might not appear.

NICK

What are we gonna do?

WALTER

Could you gentlemen make a quick
decision. . . *please?*

NICK

Is it an emergency?

WALTER

If I don't pay my visit soon,
something's going to happen in
these pants of mine that hasn't
happened in a *long* time.

BUTCH

(beat)
We'd better let him go.

NICK

Yeah. The boss probably took this
into consideration, huh?

BUTCH

He *was* a smart man.

Nick stands.

NICK

Come on, Wally!

Walter quickly approaches their table.

BUTCH

You go with him.

NICK

Why me?

BUTCH

Cuz I told you to.

NICK

But I don't want to see. . . *that.*

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

You don't have to *watch* him. Just make sure there's no way for him to escape once he's in the bathroom.

NICK

Is there, Wally?

WALTER

No. There are no windows and no back door.

NICK

Good.

(beat)

Lead the way.

Nick and Walter hurriedly leave. Butch calls after them.

BUTCH

Don't take too long. You have another dozen doughnuts to eat before midnight, and that's only fifteen minutes away.

Walter groans.

FADE OUT.

Walter and Nick leave the men's room and approach the table where Butch sits.

BUTCH

Feel better, Wally?

WALTER

A little.

BUTCH

Good, because you have twelve more doughnuts to eat.

Walter groans again.

NICK

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

I'm not sure I can even *look* at another doughnut right now.

NICK

You'd better do more than *look* at them if you don't want to get hurt.

WALTER

Do you two *really* believe that your boss will somehow come back to you tonight through the "power" of a jelly doughnut?

BUTCH

He can do what he wants. He's the boss.

WALTER

But he's *dead*.

NICK

It don't matter! He was dead at his wake. Do you remember what happened there, Butch?

BUTCH

How can I forget!

WALTER

What happened at the wake?

BUTCH

Well, Nick and me went to the Delaney Funeral Home to pay our respects. . .

FADE OUT.

A large crowd of black-dressed people have gathered for the boss's wake. An abundance of flowers lines the walls. Many ladies are weeping. The boss's family is gathered near his pricey casket. With funereal music playing, Butch and Nick say their condolences to the family and then kneel before the coffin.

Very suddenly, the lid of the casket slams shut, trapping Butch's tie inside. Startled, some of the mourners gather and start mumbling. Butch and Nick speak softly at first.

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

Uh oh.

NICK

What's wrong?

BUTCH

My tie. It's *stuck* under the casket lid.

NICK

Pull it out.

Butch tries to, unsuccessfully.

BUTCH

I. . . *can't*.

(beat)

Lift the lid.

NICK

Not me.

(beat)

That's the *boss* in there.

BUTCH

He can't smack you upside the head now. He's dead.

NICK

That's the *point*. I don't want to touch him!

Butch starts gasping for breath.

BUTCH

Lift the lid! This tie is getting *awfully* tight.

Nick tries, but can't budge it. Some of the mourners are growing concerned.

NICK

It won't budge.

Butch grabs at his tie, struggling to breathe. MR. DELANEY, the impeccably dressed funeral director, approaches.

DELANEY

Is there a problem here, gentlemen?

(CONTINUED)

NICK

There sure is, Mr. Delaney. The casket lid closed on Butch's tie, and it's making it tough for him to breathe.

DELANEY

Lift the lid.

NICK

I *tried* that. It won't budge.

DELANEY

Allow me.

Delaney tries, also unsuccessfully.

DELANEY

It *is* stuck! But how. . .

BUTCH

Nick!

DELANEY

Oh my! Can you get the tie off of his neck?

Nick tries, with no luck.

NICK

Uh uh. The knot's pulled tight as a drum.

Delaney yells out to his young assistant, ALAN.

DELANEY

Alan, some scissors. Quickly!

ALAN

Right away!

Alan runs off. The concerned mourners gather around the casket.

DELANEY

I'm *so* sorry, sir. I don't know how something like this could have happened. We're going to have to cut the tie off your neck. I hope that's alright.

BUTCH

I just want to *breathe*!

(CONTINUED)

Alan approaches with the scissors and hands them to Delaney.

DELANEY

Here we go.

With great difficulty, Delaney starts cutting the tie from around Butch's neck.

DELANEY

(long beat)

Almost there.

NICK

Pull, Butch. *Pull!*

Butch tries to free himself.

BUTCH

It's coming.

The tie rips off away from Butch's neck. He gasps for breath. Part of the tie still hangs from his collar.

DELANEY

Are you OK, sir?

BUTCH

(catching his breath)

I will be.

DELANEY

Alan, fetch the gentlemen a glass of water.

ALAN

Right away!

NICK

And put some scotch in it.

ALAN

(beat)

Mr. Delaney?

DELANEY

You heard the man.

Alan runs off.

DELANEY

You have my sincere apologies, sir.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DELANEY (CONT'D)

I've been in this business for two
decades, and I've never seen -

The coffin lid loudly springs open. The tie is propelled
out and lands on the floor.

NICK

I'll be *darned*.

DELANEY

The casket must be defective
somehow. *Strange*.

(beat)

Rest assured Delaney and Sons
Funeral Home will make everything
right for the deceased and his
family. You all have my most
heartfelt apologies.

Alan approaches with the drink and hands it to Butch.

ALAN

Sir?

BUTCH

Thanks, kid.

Butch takes the glass and quickly drinks it down.

NICK

How's that, Butch?

Butch clears his throat.

BUTCH

Better.

The crisis over, the mourners go back to their places.

NICK

You want the rest of your tie?

BUTCH

Leave it! I never want to see it
again.

FADE OUT.

INT. DANDY DOUGHNUTS - MOMENTS LATER

Nick and Butch are seated. Walter stands before the
table.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

And you think the boss was responsible for that?

BUTCH

Sure I do.

NICK

Do you have any better ideas?

WALTER

It *is* a strange coincidence - I'll give you that - but I don't think you should assume that your boss was somehow able to reach out from beyond the grave.

NICK

Mr. Delaney said he'd never seen anything like it, and he's been taking care of stiffes for a *long* time.

BUTCH

You don't believe it was the boss's work, Wally?

WALTER

I do not.

BUTCH

Then explain how my tie got caught under the casket lid.

WALTER

I don't follow you.

BUTCH

You wear ties?

WALTER

On occasion.

BUTCH

They lie flat against your chest, don't they?

WALTER

Of *course* they do.

BUTCH

Then how did *mine* end up in the casket?

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

Well. . . I don't know. I wasn't there.

BUTCH

I didn't lean over the boss's body. There was no sudden breeze that blew it up and in.

NICK

Those funeral homes are always sealed up tight.

WALTER

(beat)

Well. . .

BUTCH

That's why we believe the boss is going to appear here tonight and speak through you. The tie thing was proof of his power, even from the great beyond.

WALTER

(sarcastically)

If you say so.

NICK

You stop questioning Butch!

(beat)

It's almost midnight. Don't you have some doughnuts to eat?

FADE OUT.

Nick and Butch are seated. Walter is at the counter attempting to eat some more doughnuts.

Excited, Nick looks at his watch.

NICK

Almost time.

BUTCH

Yeah. Only another minute or two.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

I can't believe the boss is going to appear to us here after a whole year in the great beyond!

BUTCH

It should be something to see him take over Wally's body.

NICK

We'd better go check on things.

They stand and walk over to the ill-looking Walter at the counter.

BUTCH

What are you doing taking a break? It's nearly midnight.

NICK

You still have seven doughnuts left!

WALTER

I can't. I just. . . *can't*.

NICK

You *have* to. One of those could be *the* doughnut.

WALTER

I don't care.

BUTCH

You'd *better* care. I still have my gun.

WALTER

Gentlemen, if I eat one more doughnut, I am going to heave. Is that what you want to happen?

NICK

I'm not sure. Is that what we want to happen, Butch?

BUTCH

Of *course* it isn't.

WALTER

Well then?

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

We can't risk having the boss *not* come back.

(beat)

You'd better eat the rest of the jellies, Nick.

NICK

Me?

BUTCH

Don't you want to find out how we've been doing this year since the boss passed?

NICK

Of course.

BUTCH

Then eat.

Nick looks down at the remaining doughnuts.

NICK

(beat)

I. . . I can't.

WALTER

I know how you feel.

BUTCH

Why not?

NICK

I don't want the boss taking *me* over. It's too *spooky*.

WALTER

You were fine with him taking *me* over.

BUTCH

There's only seconds left! Open your mouth.

Nick clenches his teeth.

NICK

I will *not*.

Butch grabs a doughnut from the tray and tries to force it into Nick's mouth. The pieces fall all over the counter and the floor.

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

Look what you did!

NICK

What *I* did?

BUTCH

What if *that* was the boss's
doughnut?

We hear a growing wind chime-like sound. A person-sized
white light begins to shine near the three men. The BOSS
appears inside it. He speaks in an otherworldly echo.

BOSS

It *wasn't*.

WALTER

I'll be darned.

BUTCH

It's *you*!

NICK

You came back!

BOSS

I said I would.

BUTCH

But you were supposed to take over
Wally's body.

NICK

Did he *not* eat the right doughnut?

BOSS

(amused)
You *really* believed that?

NICK

Well. . . yeah.

BUTCH

That's what you said would happen.

BOSS

God, you two maroons are even
dumber than I thought.

NICK

Is that possible?

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

Shut your pie hole! The boss is talking.

BOSS

You two mugs *really* believed that I could somehow come back to life with the help of a . . . jelly doughnut?

BUTCH

Uh huh.

BOSS

Oh geez. I fear for the future.

(beat)

That was a *test*.

NICK

A test?

BOSS

To see how smart you two are.

NICK

How'd we do?

BOSS

(sighs heavily)

What's your name, mister?

WALTER

W-Walter.

BOSS

I'm sorry, Walter. I didn't believe for a *second* that they'd be dumb enough to do this.

(beat)

Butch, give the man a ten spot.

BUTCH

Why?

BOSS

Just do what I say. Put a crowbar in your wallet and give the guy a ten dollar bill.

Butch reluctantly pulls his wallet from his back pocket and opens it. He looks at his bills.

(CONTINUED)

BUTCH

I don't have a ten - just a
twenty.

BOSS

Give it to him.

BUTCH

(beat)
Alright.

Butch hands Walter the cash.

WALTER

Uhm. . . thanks.

(beat)
What's this for?

BOSS

Buy yourself some antacids.

Walter rubs his aching stomach.

WALTER

Great idea.

BOSS

Do you want to bring charges
against these two mugs?

NICK

Charges?

BUTCH

What did we do?

BOSS

(amazed)
What did you. . . Do you want to
bring charges?

WALTER

(long beat)
No. I don't think so.

BOSS

You're kinder than they deserve.
You use the extra money from that
twenty to pay for all those
doughnuts.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOSS (CONT'D)

Nick, Butch, you're lucky this guy has a good heart. You apologize to him for what you did tonight.

NICK

Apologize?

BOSS

That's what I said. . . or *else*.

BUTCH

With all due respect, sir, you're *dead*. What can you do to us?

BOSS

Did you think the same thing a year ago at the funeral home?

BUTCH

That *was* your doing?

BOSS

Of course it was. God, I hated that tie, and you had the *nerve* to wear it to my wake.

BUTCH

That was a nice tie. My girl bought me that tie.

BOSS

And she was the only thing *uglier* at the wake than that tie.

(beat)

Apologize to Walter.

BUTCH

I'm sorry, Wally.

NICK

Me too.

WALTER

(amused)

It's OK.

BOSS

Now look, you two. I *did* come back tonight to let you know how you've been doing this past year. *That* part of what I told you wasn't a rib.

(CONTINUED)

NICK

And how are we doing?

BOSS

Lousy.

BUTCH

What?

BOSS

Actually, I'd have to grade everybody in the organization on a pretty big curve to get you two up to lousy.

BUTCH

But we've been trying so -

BOSS

I know you two have been doing your best - God help us all. Also, being dead, I've had the chance to talk with your parents.

Nick puts his hand on his heart.

NICK

How are Mama and Papa?

BOSS

Disappointed.

BUTCH

And my -

BOSS

Don't bother asking.

(beat)

Because of my talks with the four of them, I've decided - against my better judgment - to give you two goons one *last* chance.

BUTCH

Thank you, sir.

NICK

Yeah, thanks, boss.

BOSS

Neither one of you *deserves* it.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOSS (CONT'D)

I want you to go see Manny. Tell him I sent you.

NICK

Really?

BOSS

He's from the old country. He'll believe you.

BUTCH

Whatever you say.

BOSS

From now on, he's your boss. You do what he says. If he says, "Jump," you say, "How high?" You got me?

BUTCH

Yes.

NICK

Yes, sir.

BOSS

If anyone can make you guys useful hoods, Manny can. And *never* forget: Manny's your boss, but I'm *his* boss. Don't make me come back a year from now to drum you two out of the organization.

NICK

We won't.

BUTCH

We'll get better. I swear!

BOSS

Glad to hear it, because the way I get rid of employees isn't pleasant.

(beat)

Now, get out of here, both of you. I'm sure Walter has someone to go home to.

Butch and Nick hurriedly leave.

BOSS

I'm sorry about this, mister.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER

It's OK. It will make a good story, but then, who'll believe me?

The boss looks down at the remaining doughnuts.

BOSS

Those jelly doughnuts look *good*.

WALTER

The local paper has given us the award for best doughnuts three years in a row.

BOSS

God, I miss doughnuts. I really . . . Say, could you do me a favor?

WALTER

What?

BOSS

I'd love to have a taste of one of those jellies.

WALTER

Is that possible?

BOSS

If you help me.

WALTER

How?

BOSS

Like this.

The boss's ghostly form hovers over Walter. They begin to merge. Walter is understandably nervous.

WALTER

What are you doing? What's going on?

BOSS

Don't fight it. It'll hurt if you do.

WALTER

But -

(CONTINUED)

BOSS

I'm only taking you over for a moment. I *swear* it. Just long enough for a taste.

We hear a popping sound as the merge is completed.

BOSS

Done!

The boss rubs his stomach.

BOSS

I can feel what you mean, Walter. Your stomach really *is* upset. Still, I have to risk just one *little* bite.

He picks up one of the remaining doughnuts and takes a bite. He chews and swallows.

BOSS

Delicious!

(sighs)

How can they *possibly* call Heaven paradise when there are no jelly doughnuts?

FADE OUT.