

ARO LUCHA'S WEB SERIES, THE DESVALIDO: EPISODE 1

A MEEK GROCERY STORE CLERK

Written by

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Short opening title sequence with a signature theme song.

We are bombarded by a CHEERING crowd.

Text: "There's no drama like wrestling." - Andy Kaufman

1 MONTAGE 1

Boots WALK across the wrestling mat, masks are laced up, colorful capes flow across stage lights, ring ropes STRETCH, teeth GRIND, and a body SLAM.

Title: The Desvalido - Round 1: A Meek Grocery Store Clerk

2 INT. WRESTLING RING - UNKNOWN 2

An upbeat Latin song plays.

Slow motion: A boot steps on the face of MUERTE, a black masked Luchador as he lays on the mat.

We follow the boot upwards and see a plump young man wearing a cape under his afro. This is DWIGHT.

SIDELINE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Muerte took a devastating blow  
delivered by Dwight!

Dwight turns, shows his baby face and mustache. He climbs onto the top ring ropes.

SIDELINE ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
It doesn't look like Dwight is  
finished yet!

Dwight stands on the top ropes, ready to jump. He lifts his fists high into the air.

AUDIENCE (V.O.)  
DW-IGHT! DW-IGHT! DW-IGHT!

3 INT. AUDIENCE - CONTINUOUS 3

An angelic, young Latina blows him a kiss. This is SELENA.

4 INT. WRESTLING RING - CONTINUOUS 4

Dwight's fists burst into flames. He jumps in the air, reaches a high point, winks at camera, combs his mustache and descends at Muerte.

MUERTE (IN MOM'S VOICE)  
You're going to be late, Dwight.

DWIGHT  
Huh?

Dwight's flames go out, his cape flings over his face and he lets out a high-pitched scream as he falls.

CUT TO:

5 INT. DWIGHT'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 5

Dwight falls out of his bed and groans.

An alarm clock reads, "11:00 AM". A song plays.

MOM's hand, 45, turns it off.

DWIGHT  
Five more minutes, ma.

MOM (O.S.)  
You're going to be late, Dwight.

Dwight rolls over and sees his mother standing over him with a cat in her arms.

Mom shows Dwight the time.

DWIGHT  
FROM THE LEGIONS OF THOR!

Dwight jolts up and picks through a pile of clothes.

MOM  
I'll say it once, I'll say it again. Bad habits are like taunting a snake, son. You're going to get bit.

Dwight finds his pants and jumps in them.

DWIGHT  
Metaphors go over my head, ma. You know this!

Dwight runs out of the room.

MOM (YELLS)  
What about your work shoes?

DWIGHT (O.S.) (YELLS)  
There's a pair in my locker!

MOM (YELLS)  
Breakfast is on the table.

Dwight barges back in, kisses her cheek and dashes back out.

6

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

6

A waffle drenched with syrup and a glass of orange juice lies on the breakfast table.

Dwight runs in, stuffs his mouth and dashes to the front door.

Dwight stubs his toe on the coffee table, falls and hears a fork scraping a plate.

DWIGHT (MOUTHFUL)  
GUARDIANS OF THE - !

Dwight grabs his foot and looks at the coffee table.

There is a leftover plate with used silverware and a wine glass. On the couch is a television remote, an indented pillow and a quilt.

DWIGHT (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)  
Late night soap operas.

Dwight jolts up.

7

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

7

Dwight runs across the yard to his piece of junk car. He fights with the driver's door, notices a newspaper roll laying on top of it and turns.

There is a collection of newspapers on the house's roof.

DWIGHT  
I'll deal with it later.

Dwight gets in the car, punches it in reverse, the newspaper falls off, turns to proceed forward and the engine shuts off. He starts the car back up and putters down the road.

8

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

8

A large open bag of candy sits on the dash, a Saint Jude necklace dangles from the rearview mirror and Dwight dances to an upbeat Latin song on the radio.

Dwight grabs the bag, pours candy in his mouth, plops it back on the dash.

The song ends and an advertisement comes on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (HISPANIC ACCENT)  
Forget everything you know about  
Lucha Libre!...

Dwight grabs the knob, surfs through the stations and pulls the knob off swerves.

DWIGHT  
What?!

Dwight notices a car in front of him and swerves.

Candy scatters everywhere.

9

EXT. REAR PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

9

There is one last available parking space.

Dwight's car aims for it.

A muscle car pulls up at an equal distance from the space.

Both cars punch their brakes. A stand off.

The muscle car revs its engine.

Dwight's engine revs.

Both vehicles put the pedal to the metal and gun for the space.

Dwight's car chokes.

The muscle car takes the space.

A sloppy kid gets out, smiles at Dwight and goes towards the store.

Dwight frowns, starts his engine back up, spins the tires and looks another space.

10 EXT. REAR PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER 10

Dwight runs from afar towards the store.

Dwight pulls at the knob and the door doesn't open.

DWIGHT  
FOR THE LOVE OF LOKI!

Dwight grabs his hair, unknowingly spikes it and sits next to the door planting his face in his hands.

A few employees walk up to the door, push it and enter.

EMPLOYEES  
What a perdedor!

Dwight gets up, looks around and bursts through the door.

11 INT. LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS 11

Dwight rushes to his locker, turns the dial, tugs on the lock and it stays shut.

DWIGHT  
Are you kidding me?

MR. JESÚS (O.S.)  
What's wrong, machaco?

DWIGHT  
Jesús! I just needed my -

MR. JESÚS, 40's, Dwight's boss with a bad hair cut and a tooth pick between his teeth, tosses a dirty apron at Dwight's feet.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
How did - ?

Mr. Jesús pulls his key attached to a recoil wire on his belt, unlocks locker, opens it and shows an empty space.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Where are my work shoes?

MR. JESÚS  
Incinerated. They stunk!

Mr. Jesús slams the locker leaving behind a sticky note reading, "CLAY F."