

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."

DWIGHT  
Who's "Clay F.?!"

Mr. Jesús shifts the tooth pick around in his mouth.

MR. JESÚS  
We need to have a talk.

12 INT. MR. JESÚS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

12

Dwight sits in a foldable chair across from Mr. Jesús' desk.

Mr. Jesús struggles to turn his fancy chair towards Dwight, gives up, stands and toys with his tooth pick.

MR. JESÚS  
You're making me look bad, Dwit.

DWIGHT  
It's "Dwight", Mr. Jesús.

MR. JESÚS  
Of course, Dwit. Chico, you used to be the best employee here, but something happened and now you're not. And on top of being late, you to come in unfit for work almost everyday. That muchacho, makes me look unfit to run this store. Comprende?

DWIGHT  
No comprende.

Mr. Jesús breaks his tooth pick in his hand.

MR. JESÚS  
If I tell you to break a someone's thumbs, you break their thumbs.

DWIGHT  
That's incredibly violent.

MR. JESÚS  
If I tell you to be here on time, fit for work, you will be here on time fit for work! Get it!?

DWIGHT  
Got it.

MR. JESÚS  
Bueno!

Dwight taps the chair.

DWIGHT  
So, is that it?

Mr. Jesús pulls a tooth pick from his pocket and chews it.

MR. JESÚS  
Congratulations Dwit, you've  
officially earned your first strike  
out of three.

The blood rushes out of Dwight's face.

DWIGHT  
No, no, no, I can't have a strike!  
Ma's out of work and all the money  
I make here pays for the rent. What  
can I do to get rid of it?

MR. JESÚS  
Train Clay F., show him the ropes.

DWIGHT  
The guy you gave my locker to?

MR. JESÚS  
Do this when he comes in and I'll  
consider removing the strike.

Dwight leaves as quickly as he can.

DWIGHT  
I'll change from here on out.

Mr. Jesús sits, puts his feet up and the chair breaks.

13

INT. EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH WALL - MOMENTS LATER

13

Dwight wears flip flops while mopping.

Paper ads pinned on a corkboard spreads out onto the Employee  
of the Month wall.

A framed photo of a happier and younger Dwight reads, "2009".

Dwight removes the ads covering his photo. He sees his  
reflection on the glass.

Employees purposefully bump into Dwight as they pass. One of  
them throws a cupcake hits him.

An EMPLOYEE plops a bucket of soapy water at Dwight's feet.

EMPLOYEE  
New graffiti on the men's stall.

14 INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER 14

Dwight squeezes inside the stall, closes the door and sees a huge smiley face drawn with a large permanent marker.

Dwight scrubs the smiley face and nothing changes. He evaluates it, applies pressure and scrubs a bit faster. Nothing changes. Dwight presses down on the scrub brush with both hands, scrubs as fast as he can, yells, slips, hits his head and falls.

Dwight touches his forehead, squeals and looks at the smiley face covered in soap without a scratch.

DWIGHT  
Shut up.

Dwight stands and continues to scrub.

15 EXT. CURB - LATER 15

Dwight sits near a puddle. He goes to take a bite from his sandwich and is stopped when a well built, young man with a head full of curly red hair walks up to him. This is CLAY.

CLAY  
Hey bro.

Dwight looks around.

DWIGHT  
You talking to me?

CLAY  
What are you DeNiro?

DWIGHT  
Who?

CLAY  
You work here, bra?

Dwight pulls at his name tag.

DWIGHT  
Is the Hulk green?

CLAY  
Dude, what happened to your face?



DWIGHT  
What happened to your face?!

CLAY  
Nice customer service skills, man.

Clay walks in the store.

Dwight goes to take a bite out of his sandwich.

A truck rolls by the puddle and douses Dwight with water.

16 INT. OUTSIDE MEN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER 16

Mr. Jesús waits.

Dwight exits the restroom, drying his face with a paper towel.

Mr. Jesús jolts towards him.

MR. JESUS (O.S.)  
Dwit!

Dwight jumps.

DWIGHT  
Oh, god! What?

MR. JESÚS (CONT'D)  
Time to meet the new guy.

17 INT. ENTRY WAY - MOMENTS LATER 17

Clay stares at a sign that reads, "A Lo Hecho Pecho."

CLAY  
"A Lo Hecho Pecho" ?

Mr. Jesús pushes Dwight towards Clay.

MR. JESÚS  
Dwit, meet Clay F.

Clay turns to see Dwight.

CLAY  
What da Boba Fett!

DWIGHT  
This is the dude?

CLAY  
I'm the dude, dude.

Mr. Jesús shakes Clays hand.

MR. JESÚS  
Welcome kiddo. Dwit will train you.

Mr. Jesús walks off.

Dwight stands there deadpanned at Clay.

DWIGHT  
What does the "F," stand for?

CLAY  
"Fitzpatrick." Your name's really  
"Dwit?"

DWIGHT  
"Dwight."

INTERCOM (V.O.)  
Clean up on aisle three, Dwit.  
Clean up on aisle three.

Clay looks at the ceiling and back at Dwight.

DWIGHT  
It's literally the beginning of the  
end.

Dwight turns and walks.

Clay follows then sees something.

CLAY  
Well hello there, senora!

Clay exits to no longer follow Dwight.

Dwight keeps walking into the abyss of the store.

The upbeat Latin song plays.

Text appears: Fin

FADE TO BLACK.

We hear a baby SCREAMING, kids SLAMMING a display of tomato  
sauce glass jars onto the floor and a few disgruntled  
customers GRUNTING as the registers repeatability BEEP.