

THE LOT

A WorkCom

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. HOME NURSERY - MORNING

A young white couple, MR. and MRS. CHRISTIANSON, stands in front of a baby crib. She rubs her large baby belly and looks at him with big, beautiful soft eyes.

They appear to be new transplants recently moved from Provo, Utah. Various shades of creamy white and soft colors line the walls. The modern baby furniture gives a calm, peaceful mood to the space.

She inspects the color on the wall as her husband looks on, nervous for how much he will have to spend. She wears the pants in this family.

MIGUEL (early 40s) is a resilient, yet determined worker neatly dressed in a light green Polo and khaki slacks. He wears a well-manicured mustache. His focus is on the wife.

MRS. CHRISTIANSON

Is this, the color... is it Pearl  
Baby Blue?

MIGUEL

You know your colors, Missus  
Christianson. Yes, that is Valspar  
four-twelve -- Stork Baby Blue,  
Matching this with Lullaby Semi-  
Gloss White one-oh-eight is the  
perfect compliment. And it's a  
protective finish that's washable,  
durable, and kid-safe.

She eats it all up.

MIGUEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

A dream nursery for any little  
prince, and his king and queen. No  
one else can give you a guarantee  
like I can.

EDDIE, a tall, 6'2" African-American man in his early 50s, steps in behind Miguel. Eddie wears a nice company brown-orange Polo with a green supervisor's apron and name tag that reads: EDDIE - SUPERVISOR

Miguel doesn't notice him, though the couple does.

EDDIE

Morning, folks.

(to Miguel)

Hi, Miguel. Bit early today.

(to young couple)

Folks, if you don't mind, I need to have a chat with Miguel. Excuse us.

MIGUEL

Sorry, friends, one moment please.

I just need to chat with my associate.

They exit the home nursery, which is not in a home. It's not a real nursery. It's a NURSERY DEMO ROOM in the middle of an IKEA-like home improvement megastore named --

INT. THE YARD SUPPLY - DEMO AREA - MORNING

The demo room is surrounded by aisles, shelves, and a large open space that you would find in a home supply warehouse.

Eddie leads Miguel outside the demo. Customers pass them as Miguel turns, keeping an eye on the couple. Eddie keeps a low profile, so as to not make a scene.

EDDIE

Miguel. Seriously?

(whispering)

Associate? Miguel, we talked about this. You and I, did we not?

MIGUEL

Qué?

Eddie, agitated, keeps a managerial calm appearance.

EDDIE

(whispering)

Qué nothing. Don't give me that, I only speak Spanish nonsense.

Please, please, please, Miguel. You don't work here. You never have.

Miguel peers over Eddie's shoulder, checking on the Christiansons. They're looking at prices.

MIGUEL

(leans in)

Eddie, you know me. Be a brother. I am this close to closing. This close. We need this one, I'll bring you the sales.

He smiles at the couple giving them the thumbs up and winking.

EDDIE  
(whispering)  
Listen, if my regional manager  
decides to come unannounced --  
that's my ass.

MIGUEL  
(extending his hand)  
Come on, amigo? We shake on it?

EDDIE  
Ok. Let's go.

Eddie takes him and leads him out as he's security. The young couple is perplexed as they watch him leave.

MIGUEL  
(to young couple)  
Be right back. Just have to talk  
with my associate.

EDDIE - INTERVIEW

Customer service area. Eddie adjusts his lapel microphone as he speaks to an off-screen INTERVIEWER. He hasn't done this before.

EDDIE  
Oh? Are we filming? Ok. Sorry, my  
name is Eddie. I am the head  
supervisor for the Yard Supply.  
More or less.

INT. THE YARD SUPPLY - ENTRANCE - DAY

Eddie leads Miguel toward the entrance. Miguel tries to plead with him using all types of tactics. Miguel looks at Eddie, then to the couple.

MIGUEL  
(to the Christiansons)  
We're making great choices here for  
the baby's room! I'll be right  
back!

EDDIE (V.O.)

And yes, I do know Miguel. And yes,  
I understand how it is raising two  
kids so I am soft at times, but  
man, that dude is persistent.

They near the doors and pass the Yard Supply's Yard Greeter,  
MINDY (60s), an all-smiles, overly optimistic, ditsy older  
woman without a clue who's like Dustin Hoffman in Rain Man.

MINDY

Thanks for shopping the Yard  
Supply!

EDDIE

It's me, Mindy.

MINDY

(smiling)

Oh, hi, Eddie! Hi, Miguel!!

Miguel waves, but this interruption is all Miguel needs to  
make a quick exit. He bolts, escaping into the vast maze  
jungle of aisles, which is The Yard Supply.

EDDIE (V.O.)

They sometimes get the best of me.

They both are literally playing cat and mouse, aisle to  
aisle. Eddie stops as he becomes winded.

Eddie looks around for Miguel. He seems lost.

EDDIE (V.O.)

I admit. Even I myself get lost in  
this place.

EDDIE - INTERVIEW

Customer service area. Eddie listens to the Interviewer.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

How long have you worked at The  
Yard Supply?

EDDIE

Huh, three years... going on four --

Suddenly, a SHORT CUSTOMER enters frame and screws up the  
take. The height difference between tall Eddie and Short  
Customer results in us only seeing the Customer's balding  
head.

SHORT CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Do you know where I can get rubber gaskets? Other guy sent me to toilets. I don't want the toilet ones. I need the sink ones.

EDDIE

(looking down at him)

Uh...that would be on aisle fifty-nine, I think.

SHORT CUSTOMER (O.S.)

What are you filming?

The Customer looks at camera, except all we see is the top of his balding head.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Documentary.

SHORT CUSTOMER

Like for Netflix?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

(annoyed)

No. Not really.

SHORT CUSTOMER (O.S.)

(grumbles under breath as he exits)

Ok. Ok.

(beat)

Aisle fifty-nine, eh? Was just there, dumbass.

The Customer gives the camera the finger (blurred out) as he exits.

Eddie looks directly at camera, rolling his eyes.

INT. THE YARD SUPPLY - PAINT DEPARTMENT - DAY

Miguel runs past the Christiansons, who have paint and other supplies on their cart. He stops, himself half-winded, but in better shape.

MRS. CHRISTIANSON

There you are. We like these colors.

Miguel grabs the paint from the cart and looks at it. He smiles.

MIGUEL  
(smiling yet winded)  
Good choice... I see you went  
with... Dover Grey... very gender  
neutral -- palette, I mean.

Eddie walks into the end of the aisle, still panting.

Miguel looks at Eddie, then at the couple.

MIGUEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
If you decide, remember, it's  
Handyman Mike. I'll be outside in  
the lot.

Miguel hands them his semi-bent worn business card, an old  
number is scratched out only revealing:

HANDYMAN MIKE 818-555-4390

Miguel runs outside, leaving the Christiansons standing there  
confused.

TITLE CARD: THE LOT

**END OF COLD OPEN**

ACT I

INT. TOYOTA COROLLA - (DRIVING) - DAY

JOSE ANGEL (mid 20s) is a disheveled yet charismatic young man wearing cargo work pants and a large clean t-shirt, and some classic white Adidas.

He is sitting in the back seat of what appears to be an Uber as he talks on his dated, cracked Samsung smartphone.

The Virgin Mary and Rosary hang from the rear-view mirror. A Toyota Corolla decorated in a modest Latin texture. The driver's eyes can be seen in the rear-view. They appear to be of an older WOMAN.

JOSE ANGEL

(on cell phone)

Bro, thank you, you're a real one  
but really a janitor? Me in a  
jumpsuit picking up people's trash?  
Nam bro, not me.

(beat)

I know, right?

(laughs)

How was I suppose to know you can  
get a DUI from pushing some pedals?  
Of all things, on a bicycle! So now  
I've got no papers and need some  
paper. But I'll rebound, just  
watch!

(beat)

Got a lead, so I'm headed out to  
meet the boss. Scope it out. Oh,  
that's what's up.

(beat)

Cool, cool. Peace.

He hangs up.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(thick Spanish accent)

I'm sure it's going to work out.  
One problem at a time.

JOSE ANGEL

Thanks... and yo, thanks again for  
the ride.

She rolls her eyes in the mirror. He doesn't notice as he's completely focused on social media on his phone.



JOSE ANGEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I mean the DUI, losing my job, I mean in this "market" -- SUCKED! I mean you walk in every day, say good morning -- pretend like you like people, and trust me, not my kinda people. And don't get me started on other homies stealing my food out the fridge, then denying it! Nah. Not cool.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(turns steering wheel)

Well, maybe this new job will be a time for new opportunities.

Jose texts/scrolls on his phone, not paying attention

JOSE ANGEL

(smiling)

You're right. Yeah.

The Corolla takes a turn, pulling into The Yard Supply parking lot. A home improvement juggernaut that is the Home Depot/Costco of home, yard, and commercial property improvement, all wrapped into one!

The Corolla pulls up to a band of young and middle-aged men, THE CREW of the Yard Supply. They are day laborers, some undocumented, some out of luck hoping to find contract work in a freelance environment.

Jose looks out the window, his eyes filled with disbelief.

JOSE ANGEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Yo? Are we making a pit stop?

WOMAN

No.

Reveal our "Uber driver" is not an Uber driver. She is Jose's mom, MARTA (late 50s). A respectable, older woman, dressed up and refined. A quintessential hard-nosed Latina woman that means what she says and does what she means, even if it's a bit underhanded. She turns around to speak to Jose.

MARTA

A job is a job and you need this, mijo. And why do you still sit in the back seat? Ever since you were fifteen!

JOSE ANGEL

Yo! Are you serious?!

MARTA

(stern, in Spanish)

Yes, Jose Angel Antonio Luis Morales. I am serious.

(beat)

A DUI on a bike?! Sin verguenza. Grow up. I can't keep doing this. You had your chance... and now... it's your Tio's turn.

JOSE ANGEL

Ama! Hell nah! Por favor, I am not working here.

He looks at the day laborers standing around the parking lot. A hardened bunch, but with smiles on their faces.

MARTA

(in Spanish)

What you said?! They work hard. And you need to. Learn. You are no better than anyone else here.

JOSE ANGEL

Ama! I'm not saying that. That is not what I said --

JOSE ANGEL - INTERVIEW

JOSE ANGEL

That is what I said.

(beat)

Ama knows me wayyy too well.

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Amongst the crew of workers is LALO (30s), El Suave. Trim and fit, Lalo is a first-generation Mexican-American, and by his multitude of tats, he looks like he's had a short history of incarceration. His charisma, good looks and great hair have gotten him far. Somewhat.

Lalo approaches the Corolla as it parks.

LALO

What up, big homie? You looking for something? What you need?

A few of the crew members approach the car, heading toward Lalo anxiously peering inside.

JOSE ANGEL

(to Marta)

We're good. I think we took a small detour.

Lalo looks back at the crew and waves them off (no work). They all walk away disappointed.

MARTA

(to Jose)

Shhh. Adults are speaking.

(to Lalo)

Excuse me, young man. Do you know my brother, Miguel Morales? I'm his sister.

Lalo looks over at Marta, then looks at Jose Angel.

LALO

Un placer. Miguel never told me he had a younger sister.

Jose Angel is looking at them both dumbfounded.

JOSE ANGEL

Okay, Prince Charming! Chill out. That's my mom, fool!

MARTA

Que lindo. Actually I'm his older sister, Marta. This is my son, Jose Angel.

JOSE ANGEL

I need some air.

Jose Angel pushes the door open, then slams the door. Lalo peers back in the car.

MARTA

(in Spanish)

He's fine. Just tell Miguel I am dropping Jose off for him.

LALO

(in Spanish)

Ahh, ok, I'll look after him, and if you ever need any floor, roof, or electrical work, even plumbing -- you can call me, Doña Marta.

MARTA

Sure. Thank you.

(to Jose)

(MORE)

MARTA (CONT'D)

I'll be back around six, unless you  
get a ride with your tio, Miguel.  
Don't call me unless it's an  
emergency. Like I said earlier,  
mijo -- don't let me down. Behave.

Jose looks on, nodding and obviously submitting. Lalo  
watches.

LALO - INTERVIEW

LALO

Perdon, Jose Angelito... ha! Who's  
the fool now?!

MARTA - INTERVIEW

MARTA

(in Spanish)

Madre de Dios. Thank God I got him  
out of the house. My son hasn't  
worked in days! Maybe this will  
teach him how to use his hands  
instead of sitting and playing that  
XBox all day. Jumping job to job,  
couch to my couch. No more. I need  
help. He needs a lesson.

(beat)

And if not. I can always call Lalo.

Marta smiles.

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Marta drives off. Jose and Lalo stand there watching her go.

JOSE ANGEL

I can't believe this shit.

LALO

Don't worry, brotha, buck up! I'll  
take care of you. Any family of  
Miguel's is family of mine.

Jose Angel rolls his eyes. Lalo puts his arm around him.

LALO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Let me show you the office.

They walk out.

INT. THE YARD SUPPLY - BATHROOM - DAY

COOPER BRAUER, a semi-retired employee in his early 60s, takes a piss in one of the urinals. It's that one at the very end, lower then all the others.

Miguel rushes into the bathroom, having lost Eddie. He straightens up seeing Cooper. He steps up to one of the urinals. Nothing to see here, just two men having a whiz.

They talk in code, which is SUBTITLED...

MIGUEL

Cooper.

COOPER

Miguel.

MIGUEL

Lakers are looking good this Saturday.

SUBTITLE: Definite job on Saturday.

COOPER

Hope so... but they're gonna need their A-game.

SUBTITLE: Agreed... they're gonna need tools.

MIGUEL

Heard you're a fan.

SUBTITLE: I know you can help.

COOPER

I am one to root them on in any way.

SUBTITLE: I can get you what you need, no problem.

MIGUEL

That's good. I'd love to get some floor seats.

SUBTITLE: Great. Need some flooring tiles.

COOPER

Cool. I think I can hook you up. Let's connect.

SUBTITLE: I can get them at a discount. Let's meet out back.

COOPER - INTERVIEW

COOPER

The hombres call me "El Coyote".  
I'm the gringo that gets you the  
shovel, the Worx Electric chainsaw,  
a DeWalt DWHTTR three-fifty nail  
gun, no questions asked. I'm a job  
creator... of sorts.

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - SHIPPING/RECEIVING - DAY

Hidden from view, Cooper does a transaction with another crew member as he passes off some working materials and tools secretly in the back shipping. They shake hands like bros in the barrio.

COOPER (V.O.)

I say every man has to earn his pesos. And the Yard's bathroom is a perfect office for business -- central air, a spa of sorts, jet-flush toilets, and even a drinking fountain.

MONTAGE - COOPER ENJOYS THE BATHROOM

- He shaves in the mirror as someone else enters the bathroom.
- He enjoys the blow drier on his face.
- He uses a sink to fill up a paper cup and drink.

COOPER (V.O.)

My private office, and yes, that's my urinal.

- Cooper's Yard Supply name tag is taped above the last urinal. He stands proud. Peeing.

COOPER (V.O.)

A little lower is best for the perfect flow, no back splash.  
Little slice of heaven.

END MONTAGE

LALO - INTERVIEW

Lalo stares at camera, without blinking. He nods his head.

LALO  
(a long beat)  
Cooper... El Coyote? That fool.  
He's... weird. Like, really weird.

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jose Angel and Lalo are standing under a small tree in the scorching California heat, several other crew are in different parts of the parking lot.

LALO  
So let me lay out the land since  
you're the newbie.  
(points to crew members)  
Ernesto over there is our director  
of mergers and acquisition, next to  
him is El Aguila, "The Eagle".  
That's David -- he's on the lookout  
for any large trucks, the fancier  
the better, returning customers,  
possible new clients, anyone we can  
put our sales team onto.

Jose Angel nods his head, pulling out a small notepad and jotting some notes.

LALO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

JOSE ANGEL  
Taking notes.

Lalo snatches the notepad.

LALO  
This is men's work. We work with  
our hands. Out here it's about  
paying attention, pouncing at  
opportunity. That's what counts.

JOSE ANGEL  
Okay, so what about them?

Two crew members jump in the back bed of a truck filled with lumber. The truck speeds away.

Lalo waves his hands and yells.

LALO

Hey!!

Jose Angel stands wide-eyed at Lalo's frustration.

LALO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Those pinches are blacklisted.  
They're never gonna pick up a paint  
brush again!

JOSE ANGEL

But what's the big deal, isn't that  
why we're here to find work?

LALO

We don't steal work from one  
another, we take care of each  
other. A lot of us are here day-in,  
day-out.

(with pride)

We're here to provide our clients,  
who don't want to pay for a greedy  
half-ass contractor, the best  
quality work at affordable prices.

(to another crew member)

Chavo! Get that plate number!

JOSE ANGEL

So where does my tio fit into all  
this?

LALO

Miguel is part of our sales team.  
He does a lot of freelance work but  
we still love him because he does  
kickbacks. He throws five percent  
of his earnings into a pool that we  
provide amongst each other. A big  
dawg.

JOSE ANGEL

Oh.

LALO

Yeah... your tio is a stand-up  
homie.

A crew member comes up to Lalo and hands him a clipboard.  
Lalo looks it over.



LALO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
We are actively looking to supply  
our returning clientele, depending  
on ratings -- one to five. Similar  
to Yelp.

JOSE ANGEL  
There's ratings?

LALO  
Yeah, fool. We rate them, so we  
know who to work with again or not.  
Pull out that notepad, take notes!

ERNESTO (30s), one of the Lot crew, waves and signals from  
across the Lot near the front entrance.

LALO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Check it, we got action!

Ernesto hand signals while DAVID (20s), keeps a look-out.

LALO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Large, Red Dodge Ram. Four-  
Estrella. Mister Chavez. He brings  
good work.

Lalo points to another crew member, hand signaling to another  
part of the Lot.

LALO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Putting these two guys on it.  
Mister Chavez usually needs brick  
work done. Eduardo is master  
bricklayer -- generational  
craftsman.

He makes notes and hands the clipboard back to the crew  
member.

JOSE ANGEL  
So you choose the crew?

LALO  
Yep. I'm what you'd call "The  
Foreman."

JOSE ANGEL  
Thought my tio ran the Lot?

LALO  
(caught off guard)  
Well, yeah. I just, like, help out  
when he's out... you know?

CREW MEMBERS #1 and #2 politely walks up.

CREW MEMBER #1  
(to Jose in Spanish)  
Mucho gusto, Nacho, this is Jorge.  
(to Lalo in Spanish)  
Hey, Lalo, did you hear about  
Alejo? ICE nabbed him.

The other men raise their eyebrows in surprise.

CREW MEMBER #2  
(mocking in Spanish)  
No way! I always thought his secret  
talent was pushing oranges, not  
cocaine!

LALO  
(to Jose)  
That's the other thing El Aguila is  
good at. Keeping an eye on ICE.

JOSE ANGEL  
ICE comes here?

LALO  
Look around, this is a supermarket  
for those fools, they circle the  
lot just for laughs -- to see  
everyone run around all crazy.

CREW MEMBER #1  
(in Spanish)  
I wonder if they picked up his  
girlfriend too? Remember her, that  
thick Central American girlfriend.  
Wow.

LALO - INTERVIEW

LALO  
Sad to hear Alejo being shipped off  
and all. I think I'm going to call  
his girlfriend after work.  
(pause)  
To see... if she's okay.

JOSE ANGEL - INTERVIEW

JOSE ANGEL  
This fool is a trip, he has no  
shame.  
(MORE)

JOSE ANGEL (CONT'D)  
(pulls out his notepad)  
I just letting him talk.

He shows the empty notepad to the camera.

JOSE ANGEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Haven't taken one note.

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jose looks over and sees Ernesto waving his palm and hand-signaling rapidly.

JOSE ANGEL  
What's that signal mean?

LALO  
What? Oh shit! White Ford Van. El  
Chivo Cochino. Code Blue, code  
blue!

JOSE ANGEL  
Who is it, ICE?

LALO  
No, fool, cheap-ass Korean  
contractor. Definitely a One-  
Estrella.

JOSE ANGEL  
One-Estrella?

LALO  
Este guez.  
(shakes his head)  
Son of a bitch never pays. No way  
he gets our crew.

Lalo quickly licks his lips and gives the loudest whistle  
with his lips and fingers.

Everyone scatters -- hiding, making it seem as if not one  
laborer is out there. The lot clears.

Miguel unknowingly walks around the corner as he texts.

MIGUEL  
(looking up)  
Where is everyone -- ooohhhh no.

EL CHIVO COCHINO, an older Chinese-American man in glasses  
(50s) pulls right up to Miguel.

He smiles, showing a lifetime of not going to the dentist, as a toothpick hangs out of his mouth. His filthy white shirt looks like it has a hot mustard stain on it.

EL CHIVO COCHINO  
(in a horrible accent)  
Mucho gusto... Miguel. How's it  
hangin'?

Miguel cringes as he knows he must talk to him now. He waves hello.

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - MARIA'S TAMALES MOBILE STAND - DAY

MARIA (mid 60s) is the residential tamale lady and is as authentic as her food. She prepares and serves food under her little cart and umbrella as customers come and go. She's sweet and kind and nicknamed "Abuelita".

SOPHIA (20s), a Yard Supply employee and local Latina hottie, is hardworking and ambitious, yet sassy. She juggles both work and a full-time college load. She is down-to-earth and has earned the respect and admiration of her fellow employees and the crew.

She texts as she walks over to Maria for her lunch break.

SOPHIA  
Bueno dias, Dona Maria.

MARIA  
How are you, sweetie? What can I  
get you today?

Sophia switches to selfie mode and takes a quick Tik Tok video with Maria. They stick up some signs and smile.

SOPHIA  
Hi, fam! Anything new on the menu?

MARIA  
Well, I have the usuals of chicken,  
beef, or pork.

SOPHIA  
It's so hard losing weight being  
Mexican.

MARIA  
Well, I did bring you a new one to  
try. It's a veggie one, but with  
three different types of sweet and  
hot peppers. Stilo Michoacan.

She puts the phone down.

SOPHIA

Sweet!

Maria preps her a plate.

MARIA

Has Lalo been bugging you today?

SOPHIA

No. Why do you ask? Is he close?

MARIA

(in Spanish)

Don't move.

SOPHIA

What?

Lalo and Jose Angel walk up. Before Maria can answer, Lalo quietly puts his hands over Sophia's eyes.

LALO

Guess who?

SOPHIA

From the smell of that  
lavender/rose hand-lotion, it's  
either my abuela or the Avon Lady.

LALO

Come on, Sophia! Why you gotta be  
like that?

(to Maria)

Doña Maria, como estas?

MARIA

(annoyed)

Hi, Lalo.

SOPHIA

Don't you have some toilet to  
plunge or something?

LALO

I don't know why you always clown  
me. You know I just want to mack on  
you.

SOFIA - INTERVIEW

Sophia talks to camera as she looks into a small make-up mirror to apply lipstick.

SOPHIA

If the boy had any peas in that brain of his, or maybe some manners, but nope! Lalo is Lalo. Don't get me started on that fool. (beat) Not sure why the girls think he's all that -- he's so freakin' annoying. Like a little brother, or cousin, or maybe a cousin's cousin. Always there! He's lucky he's funny, sometimes.

(beat)

But he oddly does have really soft hands.

Takes a moment to get a good look in the mirror.

SOPHIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Ok, how do I look?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

We've been rolling. Yes, you look good.

SOPHIA

(smiling)

Gracias. So this a doc? Like, is it gonna be on Netflix or Hulu?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

No.

SOPHIA

Paramount? Max? Starz?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

No.

SOPHIA

Tubi?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Ah... no. It's for a community college project.

SOPHIA

Oh, this is homework?

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)  
Eh... sort of. More like an  
assignment for my humanities class.

SOPHIA  
(disappointed)  
Oh. Ok.

She takes out her phone as she quickly clicks a selfie with the DOCUMENTARY FILM CREW, an outcast bunch. She smiles at camera. Then inspects her photo.

SOPHIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
That's what's up. Rad... this cool  
to post? Yo, did I mention I have  
eleven thousand Tik-Tok followers?

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - MARIA'S TAMALES MOBILE STAND - DAY

Jose Angel quietly waves to everyone. He eyes Sophia.

LALO  
Anyways, meet the newbie, Jose  
Angel. Taking him under my wing,  
you know, showing him the ropes.

Maria passes Sophia a plate of tamales.

LALO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(reaching for his wallet)  
That's cool, let me take care of  
that.

Maria waves off Lalo's money.

MARIA  
Don't bother, she's my taster for  
the day. So this one is on the  
house.

SOPHIA  
Really? Gracias, Abuelita.

Maria smiles.

LALO  
What about me, Maria?

MARIA  
You? You pay double because you're  
trouble.

Eddie approaches, eyeing Sophia.

EDDIE

Sophia, I didn't break you yet and I still need you to help Jesse unload that new palette of Valspar for the aisle end cap.

LALO

What up, Eddie? My brotha from anotha --

EDDIE

Hey, Lalo. You bothering my employees?

Jose Angel shakes his head.

LALO

No, sir. We just here adding some spice to our sidewalk.

EDDIE

Uh huh.

LALO

(pointing to Maria)

Well, what about her? She don't work here.

EDDIE

Maria is the only person I see daily busting her butt.

(to Maria)

I'll come by for one of those. Save me a pork one, extra hot sauce.

(to Sophia)

Young lady, come with me.

Sophia turns back, smiles and waves as she goes inside.

Both Lalo and Jose Angel stand there mesmerized.

Lalo looks at her and shakes his head.

LALO

Damn! Come on, J, let's go back.

JOSE ANGEL - INTERVIEW

JOSE ANGEL

What do I think of Sophia? I mean, wow... wow. Yeah, I can work here. Opportunity is knocking... some boots.



EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Ernesto and El Aguila (The Eagle), aka David, enjoy one of those delicious tamales.

Suddenly their attention turns to some loud bass music slowly reverberating as it nears.

A 2022 Mercedes C-class convertible pulls up. The decibels of some old school hip-hop fill the lot. It pulls up to a group of crew members.

TIANA (20s) -- a curvaceous, voluptuous, classy black woman with soft vibrant dark skin, and the most outrageous braids -- sits behind the wheel checking her eye shadow. Everyone's eyes are on her.

OTHER END OF THE LOT

As Sophia unloads a palette, she sees Tiana and dismisses her, clearly jealous.

SOPHIA

Look at her... ughh.

Helping to unload the palette is JESSE, early 30s, LGBTQ ex-Marine big boned woman's woman who is also an employee of the Yard Supply. A def CrossFit aficionado, she's more focused on using a pair of paint cans to do shoulder lifts.

JESSE

How many reps you think I can do?  
(imitates Schwarzenegger)  
Hello? How are you?

MAIN PARKING LOT

TIANA

(to Crew Member #4)  
Hey baby! You know where I can find  
a handyman for the day?

CREW MEMBER #4

Hmmm... perdon, no hablo ingles.

TIANA

(in Spanish)  
Can you please help me find a nice  
young man that can help me?

The crew member still stands there silent. He starts to nod.

Lalo spots Tiana from a distance. He and Jose Angel walk over.

LALO  
(to Jose)  
Meal ticket... watch.  
(to Tiana)  
Hello, Miss, umm...

TIANA  
Lalo. It's Tiana.

LALO  
Miss... Tiana. You're looking good.  
What can I do for you?

TIANA  
I need me a handyman for the day.  
Have some odd jobs.

MIGUEL (O.S.)  
Great.

Suddenly standing there is Miguel. Like a ghost.

LALO  
(frightened)  
Ay, cabron! Hate when you do that!  
Where the hell you been all day?

TIANA  
Um, excuse me.

MIGUEL  
Handling business.

LALO  
I've been looking for you.

MIGUEL  
(to Jose)  
Did he show you around? You good?

JOSE ANGEL  
Yeah, Lalo's been showing me the ropes.

LALO  
(dismissive)  
No help from you.

MIGUEL  
You shut up, pinche soft hands.

TIANA

Excuse me! Can someone help me?

LALO

(points to Crew Member #2)  
Pancho has soft hands too. Don't be  
hating a brother for his God-given  
gifts.

CREW MEMBER #2

(looks at hands)  
I mean, I do moisturize every day.  
Wear gloves.

TIANA

Excuse me -- Boys!!

They all turn to Tiana.

TIANA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Yo! Now can someone help me or not.  
I'm in desperate need of some  
service.

MIGUEL

Of course. What exactly are you  
looking for?

TIANA

Some leaks, maybe some screws need  
to be tightened.

MIGUEL

(in Spanish)  
Ah, I see. Mario! Come here.

Lalo points to MARIO (50s), overweight but a good worker.  
Tiana looks him up and down.

TIANA

Nah. Don't think so. It's going to  
be a lot of work. Need someone  
young... and strong.

LALO

Well, you can send me --

MIGUEL

Jose Angel... you take it. It's  
about time to get your feet wet.

Jose Angel is thrown back, and so is Lalo.

MIGUEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(to Tiana)  
I think my nephew here, Jose Angel,  
will attend to you.

He leads Jose into Tiana's car.

JOSE ANGEL  
Me? You sure? I don't have any  
tools.

TIANA  
Yeah, he'll do. And don't worry,  
honey, I have all the tools you  
need back at my house.

JOSE ANGEL  
Tio, I am not the best at plumbing.

MIGUEL  
(whispering)  
She's a four-Estrella. Lalo told  
you the rating system, right? Just  
stall and don't mess this up. I'll  
send Lalo soon to help you. Trust  
me.

Miguel closes the passenger door.

MIGUEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
I'll text you later. To check on  
you.

Jose nervously smiles.

JOSE ANGEL  
You sure, tio?

MIGUEL  
(in Spanish)  
Totally.

TIANA  
Buckle up, mi Angel. I'm all about  
protection.

Jose Angel smiles at her, now ever more nervous. He looks  
back at Miguel as the Mercedes speeds out of the lot.

MIGUEL - INTERVIEW

MIGUEL

(chuckling)

If I know my nephew, and I do, he  
doesn't know the difference between  
a flat-head and a Philips.

(leans in)

Everything has purpose.

INT. MERCEDES C-CLASS - (DRIVING) - DAY

The car drives furiously down the US-101. An erratic driver  
would be a compliment for how Tiana handles this German  
automotive machine. She does not let up off the gas pedal.

Jose can only hold on for dear life. The car in front of her  
slows down, braking. She puts her arm over his chest,  
stopping short, feeling him. Jose can simply only look at  
her. Awkward.

She pulls ahead.

He takes out his phone, starting to text.

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

With the sun beginning to drop, Cooper walks out to the Lot  
to meet with Miguel who's talking to some of the crew.

COOPER

(in Spanish)

Miguel, my friend? How that thing  
go?

Miguel takes a step back.

MIGUEL

(in Spanish)

You want yours, eh? I don't know  
how you do it.

Miguel pulls some bills out of his pocket, counting, then  
passes them discreetly to Cooper. He counts the money.

COOPER

(in Spanish)

A man by the name of Charles Schwab  
always said, "Don't wait for  
opportunities, create them."

Cooper gives him a homie-handshake and bro-hug.

COOPER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Vaya con dios.

MIGUEL  
You know... we can speak English.

COOPER - INTERVIEW

COOPER  
I find it my purpose to know the  
language of business, whether  
Spanish, Russian, or a little  
Mandarin...  
(beat, in Mandarin  
Chinese)  
"A single conversation with a wise  
man is better than ten years of  
study."

Miguel gets a text on his phone from Jose, which reads:

TIO, I'M NOT TOO SURE I CAN DO THIS. DON'T KNOW WHERE TO

START. WHEN ARE YOU SENDING LALO?

Miguel types a reply text: BE A HANDYMAN. DO THE JOB.

Miguel smiles and puts the phone in his pocket. He exits.

INT. TIANA'S HOUSE - CALABASAS - DAY

Tiana and Jose Angel stand over, looking at an open tool box.

TIANA  
These are my ex's. He didn't know  
shit. The dumbass. Grab what you  
need and use the tool belt, and  
come with me. Def need that  
Phillips.

Jose puts on the tool belt. His eyes dart between two  
screwdrivers -- a flathead and a Phillips. Which one is the  
Phillips? He shrugs and takes both. Plus a large wrench.

As they walk toward the stairs, Jose checks out the home.

The multi-million dollar house is beautiful, minimal and  
modern with an eccentric flair. But something's off. Every  
piece of furniture has its place. There are a few abstract,  
sexually implicit art pieces on the walls.

JOSE ANGEL  
So where's the problem?

TIANA  
Master bathroom.

JOSE ANGEL  
In the... bedroom?

Jose begins to sweat.

JOSE ANGEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Your house smells nice.

TIANA  
Thank you. It's called Plant  
Therapy. You like?

JOSE ANGEL  
Yeah, but I don't see any plants  
around.

TIANA  
No, silly, it's a fragrance. It's  
one of the brands I'm testing.

Jose Angel's shirt is drenched in sweat.

JOSE ANGEL  
Testing?  
(beat)  
By the way, can you please turn the  
AC on?

Tiana opens the double doors of --

INT. TIANA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter a massive room with a California King bed covered in purple and gold silk sheets. The room is decorated like a TV studio with video lighting and camera equipment. On the nightstand are sex toys in various sizes and colors. In the corner -- a sex swing.

JOSE ANGEL  
Whoa. Oh my God.

TIANA  
Oh honey, you're all sweaty.

JOSE ANGEL  
Yeah. It's hot. Can you turn on the

AC?

TIANA

I like it this way. But let me grab you some water. You can take that shirt off, we'll wash it, it looks filthy. I'll be right back, stay right here.

She exits. He removes his shirt and wipes his sweaty face with it. He whips out his phone.

JOSE ANGEL

(to Tiana off-screen)

What is it you do?

He quickly types a text, which reads: TIO, THIS IS NUTS!

PLEASE GET ME OUT OF HERE!

TIANA (O.S.)

Baby, I'm an entrepreneur. An influencer.

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Miguel sits on a curb talking on his phone. BING. He receives Jose's text.

MIGUEL

(into phone)

That's him, texting... hold on.

He reads Jose's text. Smiles. Then he types a reply text, which reads: YOU'LL BE FINE. DON'T LET ME DOWN.

Miguel returns to his phone call, speaking in Spanish.

MIGUEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I know it's a bit early but I think it's time. Calabasas.

(beat)

I can't. I have to stay here.

(beat)

Yes, yes, I'll send you the address. Chao.



INT. TIANA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Tiana walks in with a bottle of water in hand, wearing the most revealing, tightest workout clothes imaginable. Jose Angel looks at her and immediately turns red. He grabs any tool he can find and acts like he's working on the toilet.

TIANA

Sweetie, I'm going to place your water right here. I hope you don't mind if I stretch and work out up here.

She turns on music and starts to stretch, showing him all her sensual moves. It's becoming awkward and a bit weird. He continues to fidget with the toilet, clearly not knowing what he is doing.

JOSE ANGEL

Oh my God.

He looks at his phone. The screen is black. He tries to turn it on but its battery is dead.

JOSE ANGEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Ahh shit.

TIANA (O.S.)

It's been a long time since I've had a hard-working man here with me. A man who knows how to use his hands is sexy.

He looks down at his hands.

JOSE ANGEL

Uh huh.

TIANA (O.S.)

Jose Angel, do you think you can come help me? Just real quick.

He closes his eyes in dread.

Jose Angel stands up completely afraid. When he exits the bathroom, Tiana is completely glistening with sweat. His heart feels like it's going to beat out of his chest.

He sees the door to the bedroom is closed and no other exit.

TIANA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Need you. There's this stretch, and I need a partner.

He backs away further into the bathroom and sees an open balcony.

JOSE ANGEL

I'm sorry, you know, I don't think  
I'm the right person for this job.

TIANA

(in Spanish)

Yes you are, my own little  
angelito.

Unknowingly, he backs too much into the balcony and falls  
over the railing.

TIANA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Baby!!!

EXT. TIANA'S HOUSE - POOL GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Jose Angel falls into some thick hedges and prickly bushes.

JOSE ANGEL

Owwwww!!!

Tiana looks over the balcony.

TIANA

Oh my God! Baby, you hurt?!

Jose Angel emerges, coming to. His clothes are now torn and  
he has scratches all over. He steps out and unmistakably  
falls into the --

LARGE POOL

He tries to stay above water, finally grabbing a large  
inflatable.

He jumps on it, realizing it's in the shape of a black penis.  
He freaks out further, doggie paddling for the edge, and  
finally getting out.

TIANA (CONT'D)

Angelito!!

Jose sees a tall rusted-like wall at the edge of the property  
that he doesn't hesitate to climb over.

EXT. TIANA'S HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Marta slowly drives her Corolla down Tiana's private driveway. Suddenly she sees Jose vault the wall and land on his back.

He gets up and, with all his will power, runs for his mom's car, landing on the hood in complete disarray.

MARTA  
(in Spanish)  
Mother of God!!

JOSE ANGEL  
(in Spanish)  
Ama, stop!!

EXT. THE YARD SUPPLY - PARKING LOT - SUNSET

The crew helps Jose out of the small Corolla. He stumbles a bit. One crew member grabs him, helping him walk. They surround him, fully aware of the episode he's been through.

Marta and Miguel stand near the parked Corolla. Marta shakes her head. She pulls out a \$20 bill and hands it to Miguel.

MARTA  
(in Spanish)  
I don't know how you did it.

MIGUEL  
(in Spanish)  
Experience.

Miguel's flip-phone buzzes, playing the ring tone: "CANTA Y NO LLORES". He picks it up off his belt clip.

MIGUEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Handyman Mike, how can I be of service?  
(beat)  
Oh! hello, Misses Christianson! How are you?  
(beat)  
Yes, yes, thank you... sure, yes of course. I believe I can make that number work.  
(beat)  
Great! I'll see you Monday then, bright and early. Thank you for your business.

A big smile grows on Miguel's face.

MIGUEL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Today was a good day.

Miguel looks on, seeing the crew, including Lalo, carry Jose Angel to some shade and sit him down.

JOSE ANGEL (V.O.)

I get it now. This is what the Lot is all about.

(beat)

We're all just looking out for one another, and doing what we can for each other... our families... whether they are here or elsewhere.

A crew member brings paper towels and bandages. Maria comes over with a large bottle of water and a churro.

Lalo looks at Jose, then starts to laugh, as it infects others. They shake hands. Lalo brings him in for a bro-hug.

JOSE (V.O.)

But we never forget that without each other we cannot do this, and that to me is the best part of the job -- being part of something. We all know that someone always has your back.

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.

FADE IN:

**TAG**

EXT. TIANA'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Lalo knocks on the door. Tiana answers. He smiles as she pulls him into the house. The door closes.

LALO INTERVIEW

Lalo leans in, eyeing the camera.

LALO

Like I always say -- work hard,  
play hard.

FADE OUT.

**END OF PILOT**