

PUNK ASS BITCH

"Pilot"

By

Pat Bishop
&
Chris Estrada
&
Matt Ingebretson
&
Jake Weisman

Produced By

Fred Armisen
&
Jonathan Groff

COLD OPEN

INT. ESPERANZA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

JULIO LOPEZ (30, lanky, bad posture, wearing office clothes) meticulously makes pour over coffee.

In a series of quick cuts, we see Julio grind the coffee beans, take a whiff and love it, boil water, pour the water in a circular motion into the coffee grounds as droplets of brewed coffee drip into the mug...

Julio is about to take a sip when he hears--

ESPERANZA (O.S.)

Julio!

Julio turns around and sees his mom ESPERANZA (60s) and grandmother MARIA (80s), staring at him.

**NOTE: All dialogue is in English unless noted otherwise.*

JULIO

You don't have to scream, Mom. I'm right here.

ESPERANZA

OK, Mr. Right Here.
(Spanish)

I need you to put the blue tarp over the roof so it doesn't leak.

Julio walks over to the window and looks out. It's sunny and oppressively bright.

JULIO

(Spanish)

It doesn't look like it's going to rain.

MARIA

(Spanish, ominous)

A storm is coming. I feel it in my bones.

Julio sets his still unsipped coffee down on the counter.

EXT. ESPERANZA'S ROOF - MINUTES LATER

Julio is on the roof struggling to lay out the blue tarp. It's an old, steep roof with loose shingles, bricks lying around, and random toys. The sun is in his face.

Esperanza stands in the backyard, looking up at him. Maria sits under an umbrella, fanning herself.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

Julio! Bring it closer to the edge!

JULIO

(Spanish)

It's steep! I'm scared!

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

It doesn't look steep from down here!

Julio slips and slides a couple feet down the roof. He catches himself but his clothes get filthy.

INT. ESPERANZA'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Julio beelines for the door, precariously holding his coffee thermos in the crook of his arm as he buttons up a clean shirt. Esperanza calls out to him from across the room.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

Don't forget you're picking up your cousin today.

JULIO

(Spanish)

I know. I know. When have I ever let you down?

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

Never, my handsome little boy. And don't be late -- your sisters are coming for dinner.

JULIO

(Spanish)

Okay, I gotta go. I'm running late for work.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

What did I just tell you?! Don't be late! Ay dios mio! Go! Go!

Julio runs out the door.

EXT. ESPERANZA'S FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Once outside, Julio notices a convertible slightly blocking the driveway. It looks like it will be really difficult to back his car out without hitting the mailbox.

Hanging out around the convertible are a few local Latino and Black TOUGH GUYS drinking, smoking, and racing remote-controlled cars.

Julio sighs, then approaches them with a friendly smile.

JULIO

Ay my bad to interrupt, but do you fools mind moving your car? Trying to get to work.

TOUGH GUY 1

Damn, my boy, bad timing. We're in the middle of an important race.

TOUGH GUY 2

Yeah, it's Blacks versus Mexicans.

Julio surveys the driveway.

JULIO

You know what? I think I got room.

They've stopped listening to him, focused on their remote-controlled cars.

INT. CAR/EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Julio looks over his shoulder and slowly backs up his car, angling carefully. As he gets close to their car, the remote-controlled cars screech to a halt.

The Tough Guys look over at Julio, who immediately stops.

Julio waves at them like *"Don't worry, I got this!"*

Julio adjusts his angle and tries again. From overhead, we see Julio's car inch forward, stop, readjust, inch backwards, stop, etc.

The Tough Guys look over at Julio, daring him to make a mistake. Julio, sweating a little, looks like he's just about to make it but then stops.

JULIO

(to the Tough Guys)

You know what? I'll just go around!

Julio veers off his driveway onto his own front lawn, leaving tire tracks in the grass and running over a couple flowers.

He lands hard when he goes over the curb onto the street and spills coffee all over his shirt.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Aw!

He turns back to the Tough Guys and gives a thumbs up like it's all good. They laugh at him and go back to racing.

Julio flips on the radio, shakes off what just happened and finally takes a satisfying sip of the meager mouthful of coffee that's left over.

TITLE SEQUENCE:

EXT. SOUTH LA STREETS - DAY

Julio drives through South LA streets. We see Black Israelites with signs saying White people are actually aliens, Mexican men dressed like cowboys, people sleeping on street couches, Black teenagers, Latino punk rock kids, and street vendors.

In the background we see a mural of Julio with angel wings, a halo over his head, and a banner that reads "**PUNK ASS BITCH.**"

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

MUSIC CUE: *"I Think You've Got Your Fools Mixed Up"* by
Brenton Wood

INT. HUGS NOT THUGS MEETING ROOM - DAY

In slow motion, tough-looking ex-gangsters do trust falls, falling backwards into the waiting arms of other ex-gangsters.

JULIO (V.O.)

At Hugs Not Thugs, you get a second chance to decide who you want to be.

INT. HUGS NOT THUGS YOGA STUDIO - DAY

A TATTED UP YOGI leads a group of male and female ex-gang members in a tree pose.

JULIO (V.O.)

If you don't want to be defined by the mistakes you've made, you need to redefine yourself. We give you the resources to do that.

INT. HUGS NOT THUGS WOODWORKING SHOP - DAY

Ex-gangsters work on various woodworking projects. A tatted up gangster whittles a miniature wooden chair.

JULIO (V.O.)

We offer classes to develop job skills to get you employed.

INT. HUGS NOT THUGS TATTOO REMOVAL ROOM - DAY

A former gang member gets an obscene neck tattoo (of the Virgin Mary holding two revolvers) removed via lasers by a DOCTOR.

JULIO (V.O.)

And we're proud to say we remove more tattoos than anyone else in all of Los Angeles.

REVEAL Julio and MARTIN (30s, cholo'd out gangster) standing at the doorway, watching.

JULIO

We could wipe that teardrop tattoo away, no problem.

Julio motions to Martin's teardrop tattoo. Martin touches the tattoo self-consciously.

INT. HUGS NOT THUGS LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A TOUGH-LOOKING MOTHERFUCKER politely holds the door open for Julio and Martin as they enter the lobby. The lobby is decorated with a giant graffiti wall of positive words: "Choose Kind" "Think Positive" "You ARE Beautiful"

Martin seems unsure about this whole place.

JULIO

We also offer free legal counseling, solar panel installation classes... oh and here's Minister Payne.

Julio leads Martin over to MINISTER HAROLD PAYNE (50s, White, bearded, fatherly, founder of Hugs Not Thugs), who is gluing a placard that says "Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation" to a wall of donors. The placards are separated into different levels of donors: Platinum, Gold, Silver, Bronze. He places the Bill & Melinda Gates placard under the bronze.

JULIO (CONT'D)

(to Minister Payne)

This is Martin, he's thinking about joining the program.

MARTIN

S'up big dawg.

MINISTER PAYNE

(seemingly in a good mood)

What's up is that we just found out the Bill & Melinda Gates Foundation is making a generous donation in the amount of ten thousand dollars.

JULIO

Oh good!

MINISTER PAYNE

(suddenly turning angry)

Those cheap skate bazillionaire motherfuckers! You know, I heard they spent five million on a butterfly sanctuary.

(MORE)

MINISTER PAYNE (CONT'D)

I guess reformed gangsters rank
below caterpillars in the minds of
those philanthropist sociopaths.

(once again friendly)

Nice to meet you, Martin.

Minister Payne walks off.

JULIO

He's a real good dude.

(getting back on track)

And oh yeah, can't believe I almost
forgot, as a bonus for signing up,
all new Huggers get a free mug.

Julio motions to a display of Hugs Not Thugs merchandise. On
the display are souvenir mugs that say: "*Haters Thug, Lovers
Hug, but either way, this is a mug.*"

JULIO (CONT'D)

So what do you say? You ready to
make a better life for yourself?

Julio offers his fist for a fist bump, but is left hanging.

MARTIN

Ay dawg, I'm gonna be honest with
you, kinda seems like a buncha soft
ass fools up in here. I don't know
if this shit is for me.

JULIO

Listen, I get it big dawg. I know
what that street life is like. It's
hard to let go of.

MARTIN

What you know about street life?
You look like you got a season pass
to Disneyland.

JULIO

Nah man. I grew up in these
streets. And believe me, I've seen
some shit...

EXT. SOUTH LA STREET - DAY

We flashback to YOUNG JULIO (12) rollerblading and listening
to skate punk music on his walkman.

JULIO (V.O.)

I was cruising the neighborhood on my new wheels, just chillin', when all of a sudden, this car pulled up...

A black Cadillac pulls up. A window rolls down, revealing a gun that starts firing into the house behind Julio.

JULIO (V.O.)

But I didn't panic. I instinctively maneuvered out of the way.

Young Julio panics, his rollerblades move in different directions, like a cat on ice. He falls on his ass and instead of getting back up, army crawls behind a car, where he sees YOUNG BRIAN (12, Black) already hiding.

JULIO (V.O.)

I asked my friend Brian...

YOUNG JULIO

(mouthing along to Julio's narration)

"What's going on?"

JULIO (V.O.)

And he tells me...

YOUNG BRIAN

(mouthing along to Julio's narration)

"Your cousin's drug deal went awry."

Julio peeks his head up and sees the gunman is his cousin LUIS HERNANDEZ (20s, wild tatted-up gangster). There's a look of rage on Luis' face as he continues to fire. In slow motion, Luis turns towards Julio, the gun pointed straight at him. Luis breaks into a smile.

LUIS

Oh shit, Julio? What's crackin'?

JULIO

Sup Luis. Just chillin'. Kinda scared.

Julio rolls out from his hiding place.

LUIS

Are you fucking rollerskating!?

JULIO
 (nervous)
 It's actually aggressive
 rollerblading.

LUIS
 Damn fool somehow that's even
 gayer. Ha-ha! Tell my tia I said
 hi. You better not give her any
 problems or I'll fuck you up.

Tires screech as Luis peels off, firing off a few more rounds
 as he goes.

JULIO
 (yelling over gunshots)
 Okay! I won't!

INT. HUGS NOT THUGS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

MARTIN
 Ay no offense but you come off like
 a punk ass bitch in that story.

JULIO
 That's my point. My cousin spent
 the last eight years in prison,
 meanwhile I'm out here living my
 best life. I even got dental
 insurance.

Julio smiles.

MARTIN
 Your teeth still look pretty fucked
 up though.

JULIO
 Sure, but they used to be even more
 fucked up. Look, you're gonna do
 what you're gonna do, but they've
 done a bunch of studies that show
 the life expectancy of a gangster,
 on average? 24 years old. But the
 life expectancy of a punk ass
 bitch...
 (pauses)
 76 years old.

The way Julio sells the line makes Martin laugh. He seems to
 be warming up to Julio.

JULIO (CONT'D)
 I'm planning to be around for a
 long time. What about you, big
 dawg?

EXT. HUGS NOT THUGS - DAY

Martin walks out the front door holding an information packet
 and a souvenir mug. Julio follows him out to the parking lot.

JULIO
 Orientation is at 10 tomorrow
 morning! Don't be late! There'll be
 orange juice!

Martin walks off. Across the parking lot, Julio spots MAGGIE
 (28, Latina, Julio's co-dependent ex) driving his car.

JULIO (CONT'D)
 Maggie?

She peels out into the street and speeds off. Julio pulls out
 his phone.

INTERCUT W/ INT. JULIO'S CAR - SAME

Maggie's phone rings. She answers it.

MAGGIE
 Oh hey Julio, what's up? You need
 something?

JULIO
 Did you just steal my car?

MAGGIE
 Excuse me? Don't use that word with
 me. I *borrowed* it. To run errands.

JULIO
 When did I say you could borrow my
 car?

MAGGIE
 Remember when you left your spare
 key at my house that one time on
 accident?

JULIO
 Yeah?

MAGGIE

Do the math, bitch. By the way,
your check engine light is on.
That's dangerous Julio. I should be
the one who's mad. You know what,
actually? How fucking dare you?
You've put me in danger. Why the
fuck would you do that to me?

Reveal a FEMALE FRIEND of Maggie's is sitting shotgun smoking
a joint. She hands it to Maggie, who takes a hit.

JULIO

Well, bring it back then. I gotta
pick up Luis.

MAGGIE

No shit. They're letting your
cousin out? Man, the prison system
is *stupid*.

JULIO

He's gonna stay with us a while
until he gets his shit together.

MAGGIE

Isn't this the same Luis who used
to beat your ass and call you gay?

JULIO

Things are different now. We're
grown ass men. Besides, he doesn't
have anywhere else to go.

MAGGIE

You know Julio, you really are the
nicest ex I have. That's why I
thought you'd be cool if I borrowed
your car. But you know what? I'll
just call another ex. Maybe *Sniper*?
We're talking again...

Julio thinks about it for a second.

INT. BUS - DAY

Julio is on a crowded public bus, trying to ignore a pop-
locking CHOLO PREACHER (Mike Servin) proselytizing about
Jesus Christ and dancing in the aisle.

CHOLO PREACHER
 (yelling and pop-locking)
 You gotta be a selfless and good
 person for God! I love you God! We
 love you God! We do it all for
 Jesus Christ!

EXT. PRISON - DAY

A buzzer sounds and the gate opens to reveal Luis (now mid-30s, worn down). He takes his first steps outside the prison walls and looks around. Julio is nowhere to be seen.

LATER

Luis smokes a cigarette. He hears footsteps, turns around and sees Julio in the distance, looking like an idiot running towards him.

 JULIO
 (shouting from a distance)
 Sorry, I'm late!

 LUIS
 (shouting back)
 Damn, you run slow! Should have
 brought your roller skates!

 JULIO
 (shouting from a little
 closer than before)
 They were roller blades. It's
 different!

Julio finally makes it to Luis, sweating and out of breath.

 LUIS
 So where's your car, primo?

 JULIO
 I let my homegirl borrow it. But
 don't worry, I got you. I'll call
 us an Uber.
 (pulls out phone like a
 big shot)
 Uber's like the taxi of the future--

 LUIS
 I know what Uber is. They have
 internet in prison.

 JULIO
 Oh, right.

LUIS

They actually have Uber in prison too. His name is Juan and he'll carry you around if you give him cigarettes.

Julio laughs.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Damn I haven't seen you in forever. Ay for real though why does your body still look 19 but your face looks 56? You got Edward James Olmos face.

JULIO

Welcome back, fool. I missed you too.

Julio opens his arms wide and goes in for a hug with a stiff, uncomfortable Luis, who recoils.

LUIS

Don't be nasty! We're family. I don't get down like that.

INT. UBER - DAY

Julio and Luis sit in the back seat of their Uber, a shitty Chevy Malibu. The driver, JOHAN (20s, Latino), has nunchucks hanging from his rear-view mirror.

JULIO

So yeah, I'm still looking after my mom and grandma. I've thought about getting my own place, but they need me. And work's been going good. I'm basically the top recruiter at Hugs Not Thugs.

LUIS

Oh yeah? You make good feria?

JULIO

It's a non-profit so... But we're now the fifth largest gang rehabilitation program in LA County.

LUIS

How many gang rehab programs are there?

JULIO

Five. I could give you a tour if you want.

LUIS

Nah, I already know about that place. You teach people how to be lames like you, right? Those fools are lucky to have a teacher who knows so much about being a pussy.

Luis laughs and Johan joins in. Julio shoots a look at Johan.

JULIO

Anyway, what's new with you? What you been up to?

LUIS

Prison.

JULIO

Oh right.

Beat of awkward silence.

LUIS

So who's your homegirl you let borrow your car? She cute?

JULIO

Well, technically she's my ex.

LUIS

You let your ex borrow your car?

JOHAN

That's pretty fucked up. You should talk to someone about that.

JULIO

We still hook up though. Sometimes.

LUIS

Does that make your boyfriend jealous?

Luis and Johan both laugh. Luis grabs Julio and playfully, but aggressively shakes him.

JULIO

Why don't you make fun of this fool? He thinks he's a ninja.
(points to nunchucks)

(MORE)

JULIO (CONT'D)
You even know how to use those
things?

Johan shoots a look at Julio through the rear-view mirror.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Julio and Luis watch in awe as Johan does legit tricks with his nunchucks while doing backflips.

JULIO
(impressed)
Damn. I was wrong. You are a ninja.
(then)
Could you finish giving us a ride
though?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. ESPERANZA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Luis stands in a corner of the room, looking at a wall full of family photos. He lingers on one sitting on a corner table, also full of photos, of LUIS' MOM (as a young woman). She stands in a kitchen wearing an apron, covered in flour, holding a birthday cake out for a 6 YEAR OLD LUIS, who has a big smile on his face. It's a happy memory for Luis.

Julio's nephews AIDEN (5) and MICHAEL (7) run around the table screaming after each other. Aiden bumps into the corner table and knocks off the photo Luis was looking at. Michael runs off, but Luis grabs Aiden and kneels down.

LUIS

Hey Aiden, you gotta be more careful. You almost just broke this photo. Now I'm gonna forgive you because you're little but if this was a level 4 yard I would've stabbed you. Understand?

AIDEN

(scared)

Yes.

LUIS

Okay, now give me a hug. I'm your tío Luis, I love you.

They hug and then Aiden runs off. Luis picks up the photo and lovingly puts it back on the table. He notices a graduation photo of Julio, and places that face down.

Esperanza, Maria, and Julio's aunt TERE (50s) serve dinner. Hot steam comes off the food. It's practically boiling.

ESPERANZA

(yells in Spanish)

The food is served, come eat before it gets cold!

Julio's sisters ANA (20s) and ROCIO (30s) gather around the table.

Both Julio and Luis go to grab the chair at the head of the table. They both grip it hard and make fierce eye contact.

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

Julio, don't be rude. Luis is our guest. Sit here, next to me.

Julio relinquishes the chair and sits down in a much smaller chair, so low to the ground that the table comes up to his neck.

LUIS

Ay, who let this Mexican Oompa Loompa in here?

Everyone except Julio laughs.

ANA

I thought Oompa Loompas were Palestinian.

JULIO

You guys are racist. They're actually Guatemalans.

LUIS

Well I just came from prison and let me tell you, I'm racist.

Everyone laughs.

Aiden tries to steal some food off of Michael's plate. Michael stabs at his hand with a fork.

ROCIO

Michael! Don't stab your brother.

They settle down.

LUIS

Hey, what's with that tarp I saw on the roof?

MARIA

(Spanish, ominous)

A storm is coming.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

We have a leak. Julio, you need to call Don Lorenzo to come fix it.

JULIO

(Spanish)

I will. I will.

LUIS
 (Spanish, to Esperanza)
 I can fix it. Not a problem.

ESPERANZA
 (Spanish)
 That would be wonderful! Maybe you
 can teach Julio. He has lawyer
 hands.

ANA
 (laughing)
 Yeah teach his ass.

ROCIO
 (laughing)
 This fool can't even build Legos.

Michael and Aiden, who have silver-capped teeth, crack up
 laughing and point at Julio.

LUIS
 It's the least I can do to repay
 you for letting me stay here.

ESPERANZA
 (Spanish)
 You don't have to repay us. You can
 stay here as long as you need, and
 take your time getting back on your
 feet.

LUIS
 Gracias, Tia.

ESPERANZA
 (Spanish, switching to
 interrogation mode)
 So, what is your plan to get back
 on your feet as soon as possible?

LUIS
 (Spanish, joking)
 Oh... I was thinking I'mma learn
 how to use nunchucks. I know this
 ninja.

Luis nudges Julio.

ESPERANZA
 (Spanish)
 But what will you do for work? You
 need a job.

Luis doesn't have a response ready and Julio senses his opportunity.

JULIO

You know Hugs Not Thugs has career training programs. There's a pretty long waitlist to join, but I could pull some strings to get you in.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

Julio has helped many people like you. He is very successful at his job.

JULIO

I could be his case manager.

LUIS

I don't think that place is for me. I'll find a job on my own. I just want to chill for a while first.

JULIO

The thing is, they've done studies that show being unemployed greatly increases the risk of going back to prison.

All the women agree.

LUIS

(annoyed)

Yeah, but not me.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

Luis! Don't you think your mother would want you to live a better life? You owe it to her.

TERE

(Spanish)

Sofia loved you very much.

Luis goes silent at the mention of his mother.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

You're not staying here and doing nothing with your life. That's not how it works in my house.

JULIO

(to Luis)

So I guess, if he wants to stay here, then he has to join Hugs Not Thugs...

(Spanish)

Right, Mom?

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

Yes, yes.

Luis is defeated. Julio smiles, victorious.

Aiden shoves a tortilla smeared with refried beans onto Michael's face. Michael starts screaming and tries to stab Aiden with his fork again.

ROCIO

HEY! What did I say about the stabbing?

INT. ESPERANZA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

We see another quick montage of Julio meticulously brewing coffee.

Luis wanders into the kitchen looking groggy. He grabs a box of instant coffee out of the cabinet. He pours tap water into a mug, heats it up in the microwave, adds a spoonful of Nescafe, and a ton of sugar.

Even though Luis started way later, they finish at the same time and both take equally satisfied sips of their coffee.

JULIO

Ahhhh.

LUIS

Ahhhh.

EXT. ESPERANZA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Julio eagerly leads Luis out the front door.

JULIO

Hurry up, we're gonna be late.

Once outside, Julio's car is nowhere to be found.

LUIS

Your torta ex-girlfriend still got your ride?

JULIO
 She's not a torta. And let's not
 jump to conclusions.

Julio pulls out his phone and calls Maggie.

LUIS
 Maybe she's not a torta but you're
 definitely a leva. She's using you,
 bro. Look at it closely.

Maggie picks up.

MAGGIE
 What now?

JULIO
 Ay, I need my car. Where are you?

MAGGIE
 San Diego.

JULIO
 What?! I thought you needed to run
 a few errands?!

MAGGIE
 People can run errands in San
 Diego. Don't be racist.

JULIO
 What the fuck kind of errands are
 you running in San Diego?

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

Maggie lies out on a beach towel under an umbrella wearing a
 swimsuit and sunglasses. A FRIEND of hers passes her a blunt.

MAGGIE
 None of your business what kind of
 errands! Always so nosy. Respect my
 boundaries. Bye.

Maggie hangs up.

INT. ESPERANZA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Luis sits shotgun with Julio in the back seat as Esperanza
 drives. Luis slowly reclines his seat all the way back,
 antagonizing Julio, who's not happy about it.

INT. HUGS NOT THUGS KITCHEN - DAY

Minister Payne and Julio stand in front of a group of tattooed, hardened, mostly male Latino and Black former gang members (including Luis and Martin) in an industrial kitchen.

MINISTER PAYNE

You should all be proud to be sitting here today. Because it means you've already taken the first step towards making a positive change. But the real challenge is committing to that change. And as a symbol of your commitment, you must pass a test of great mental and spiritual fortitude. You must bake a delicious cupcake.

He holds up a cupcake with the Hugs Not Thugs logo embossed in frosting. All the new Huggers groan and complain.

MARTIN

Yo Julio, what the fuck? I thought you said I'd be getting job training, like learning to design solar panels and shit.

JULIO

This is job training. Plus, the only way we can afford to do this program is by selling these cupcakes to local supermarkets.

MINISTER PAYNE

People love knowing they're buying cupcakes made by ex-gang members. Nothing sells cupcakes like face tattoos.

Minister Payne takes a bite out of a cupcake.

LUIS

Yo, this some exploitation shit. It's like prison labor. We oughta unionize!

This riles the Huggers up. Julio tries to quiet them down but they ignore him.

CHEF DAVONTE WILLIAMS (Black, tattooed, jacked ex-gangster) hits a mixing bowl with a wooden spoon. He wears a pink apron that says "HUG ME". Everyone quiets the fuck down.

CHEF DAVONTE WILLIAMS

(intense)

Yo shut the fuck up! I know why you
bitches don't want to bake
cupcakes. It ain't about the apron.
You motherfuckers are afraid to
fail. Because this ain't your
world.

(motions to baking
supplies)

This is *my* world. Cupcake world.
I'm a cupcake girl, in a cupcake
world, and you will not disrespect
my cupcake world, bitch.

MINISTER PAYNE

This is Chef Davonte Williams. He
started out like all of you. Then
he went through our culinary
program and now he's a gourmet
pastry chef in Silver Lake.

This seems to impress the Huggers.

CHEF DAVONTE WILLIAMS

Alright, enough bullshit. Let's get
our bake on.

Julio holds out an apron towards Luis and smiles, not hiding
his enjoyment. Luis snatches the apron out of his hand. Julio
leaves.

MONTAGE

In a series of quick cuts (mirroring how Julio makes coffee),
we see Luis haphazardly chucking ingredients into the bowl,
cracking eggs too hard so flecks of the shell get in the
batter, messily pouring the batter into the pan, and finally
tossing it in the oven.

As the Huggers wait for their cupcakes to bake, Chef Davonte
walks through the room, breathing in the air.

CHEF DAVONTE WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Man, it's starting to smell
delicious up in this motherfucker.
Fucking amps me UP!

Luis notices a cheesy illustration on the side of a bag of
flour. It's of a woman holding a tray of cookies, with the
tag line, "Baking is an act of love."

Thinking this shit is lame, he shakes his head, takes off his
apron, and leaves.

EXT. HUGS NOT THUGS - DAY

Luis smokes in front of a mural of gang members hugging with a pair of doves holding a banner that says "*Forgiveness*".

He tosses his finished cigarette butt next to a few others at his feet. He pulls out another cigarette and is about to light up when he sees Julio walking towards him wearing an oven mitt and carrying a tray of burnt cupcakes.

JULIO

Why'd you bail on your cupcakes?

LUIS

Just the smell of that place is turning me gay.

JULIO

That all you got to say? You need to start taking this shit seriously.

LUIS

You're not my P.O.

Julio pulls a burnt cupcake out of the pan and holds it up.

JULIO

No, but I'm your case worker. And if you can't even bake a cupcake, I'm gonna have to cut you loose, then you'd have to move out of my house. Tough love, playboy.

Julio puts the cupcake down on a ledge next to Luis and turns to leave. Luis stares down Julio as he walks away, and then looks down at the burnt cupcake. He raises his fist and slams it down onto the cupcake.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ESPERANZA'S ROOF - DUSK

Luis slams a hammer down onto a nail, letting out his rage.

Julio walks out carrying a full recycling bin. Esperanza passes by him on her way in, with a basket of clothes.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

Thank god we finally have a man around to fix things!

LUIS

Not a problem! This shit's easy for me. It's already done.

Luis, shirtless and wearing a utility belt, stands up on the roof and looks down at Julio sorting the recycling.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Ay fool! Once you're done with your gay Captain Planet shit, I can teach you how to do some man shit.

JULIO

How is recycling gay?

LUIS

Don't play stupid. You know why.

Luis climbs down off the roof with a ladder.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Damn, now I'm feeling all energized and shit. Where do you keep your weights? I wanna work out.

JULIO

I don't have any weights. I mostly just run for exercise.

LUIS

Get me some trash bags and a garden hose. I'm gonna teach you about prison weights. I need to toughen you up, mija.

EXT. ESPERANZA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Luis holds a trash bag filled with water on Julio's back as Julio struggles to do push ups. In his other arm, Luis easily curls another trash bag filled even heavier with water. Luis looks like he's in the zone.

LUIS

Pick up the pace! You don't get swole from making cupcakes. Ha-ha!

JULIO

It's fucking heavy!

LUIS

It's just water! Liquids ain't heavy! Damn, you got a lot to learn from me.

(MORE)

LUIS (CONT'D)

You're still like a little kid.
Maybe I should be *your* case worker.
Ha-ha!

Julio, exhausted, drops to the ground. The trash bag filled with water is still on top of him.

JULIO

Fuck this. I'm done.

LUIS

You just need to cool off. Here.

Luis reaches into his utility belt, pulls out a screwdriver, and gashes a hole in the trash bag. The water soaks Julio.

We see on Julio's defeated face that he has reached his breaking point.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. ESPERANZA'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Esperanza and Julio stand by the front door. Julio holds his thermos of coffee and looks impatient.

JULIO

Luis! C'mon! Stop bullshitting!
We're gonna be late.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

Julio, you need to get your car
back from Maggie. I'm not Uber.

In the dining room, Luis reluctantly buttons up his shirt. The photo of his mom catches his eye again.

MARIA (O.S.)

(Spanish, ominous)

I talked to her last night.

Luis turns around to see Maria sitting in the corner.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

She worries about you.

Luis takes this in. Unsettled, he leaves without saying anything.

INT. HUGS NOT THUGS KITCHEN - MORNING

Luis finds himself staring at the illustration of the woman baking on the side of the bag of flour. The drawing that seemed stupid before, has now taken on a deeply personal meaning. It reminds him of his mother. Tears well up in his eyes.

MONTAGE:

In a series of quick cuts, we see Luis now giving a fuck and carefully measuring ingredients, cracking eggs then removing the flecks of egg shell, evenly pouring the batter into the pan, and delicately placing it in the oven.

Chef Davonte paces around the kitchen.

CHEF DAVONTE WILLIAMS

You're all disgusting wet batter.
But out of that disgusting wet
batter can rise a beautiful
cupcake. Think of this like a
Mister Miyagi wax on, wax off
situation. I'm like if Mister
Miyagi drank protein shakes and
actually hit the gym once in a
while instead of just waxing all
the time! You don't get swole from
waxing!

END MONTAGE

Luis, covered in flour and sweat, finishes frosting the
pristine cupcakes, and looks on them with pride.

LUIS

Ay Chef, I'm done over here.

Julio walks in and interjects.

JULIO

Don't worry Chef, I got this. I'll
taste test it.

Julio and Luis stare at each other as Julio picks up a
cupcake.

LUIS

This shit's bomb. Trust me.

Julio takes a bite of a cupcake.

JULIO

Hmm, I don't know. I taste a lot of
thug in this, but not a lot of hug.
Also too much sugar. Better try
again.

LUIS

You fucking liar.

JULIO

We just have a really high standard
for cupcakes here. You gotta put in
that work. Making cupcakes ain't no
cakewalk.

LUIS

Fuck you puto. You're lucky I don't
stab you! I'm done with this stupid
ass program.

Luis takes off his apron, throws it in Julio's face, and leaves.

INT. HUGS NOT THUGS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Julio follows Luis out into the hallway.

JULIO

Hey fool, what's wrong, you scared of cupcakes?

LUIS

Fuck you and your gay ass cupcakes, gay boy.

JULIO

Gay boy? Are you for real? You're almost 40. You gotta stop calling me gay. Because you're calling me gay as an insult and that's not cool cuz I got gay homies and you probably got gay homies and you don't even know it because those fools don't want to tell you that they're gay because you're gonna clown them.

Luis takes it in.

LUIS

Damn I want to apologize because you're right, I have been calling you gay this whole time as an insult. But hearing everything you just said right now taught me a lesson, because I now realize that... you actually are gay because that's the gayest shit I've ever heard in my life.

Julio is fed up. He's had enough.

JULIO

You know what? Fuck you. This is what I get for being nice and trying to help your ass.

LUIS

I can smell that nice guy bullshit a mile away. You don't give a fuck about me. Why don't you drop this fake shit and swing on me? I know you want to.

Luis squares up against Julio and starts pressing him.

LUIS (CONT'D)

C'mon bitch! You ain't down! Hit me
with your best shot, pussy!

JULIO

OK fine. When your mom got sick,
you weren't there for her because
you were in prison for doing dumb
shit.

Boom. Luis drops his fists and his face falls.

Luis leaves in a huff. Minister Payne steps out of his
office. It's clear he heard the whole thing.

MINISTER PAYNE

Julio, we need to talk.

INT. MINISTER PAYNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Minister Payne's office is decorated with eclectic works of
tribal art and knick-knacks, alongside photos of himself
doing charity work around the world. There's also a pair of
nunchucks.

Julio watches silently as Minister Payne examines and then
tastes one of Luis' cupcakes.

MINISTER PAYNE

Mmm. Now that is one delicious
cupcake. Why did you lie to your
poor cousin?

JULIO

I just want to push him to be
better. But he won't listen to me.
He still sees me as some little
kid.

Minister Payne eyeballs Julio as he washes down the cupcake
with a glass of milk.

MINISTER PAYNE

I see. You want his respect and
he's not giving it to you. So you
lashed out.

JULIO

I'm just trying to help him.

Minister Payne picks up another cupcake.

MINISTER PAYNE

(while eating)

You know, before I became a minister I worked at a bank foreclosing on people's homes. But I felt so guilty about what I was doing that I, story-for-another-time, had a bit of a mental breakdown. So I gave up my lucrative job and traveled to a remote village in Venezuela that had been devastated by mudslides. I spent six months rebuilding houses on my own. My hands were covered in blisters, but I'd never felt so fulfilled. Then... all the houses fell down. Because I had no idea how to build houses. So I spent the next six months learning how to build houses. And then I came back.

(beat)

But by then, they'd already rebuilt their own houses.

JULIO

(commiserating)

So you never got to help them.

MINISTER PAYNE

No. But I learned something important: I have a bad habit of focusing on other people's problems so I don't have to deal with my own.

Julio takes this in. Minister Payne, having finished a second cupcake, picks up a third. He's about to take a bite but stops.

MINISTER PAYNE (CONT'D)

Like right now. Here I am talking to you about your problems, while I swallow cupcakes like a disgusting pelican. Take Luis' cupcakes away from me. They're too good.

He puts the cupcake back in the tray and pushes it towards Julio.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Julio is in the passenger seat of his own car, as Maggie gives him a ride home.

MAGGIE

You're welcome, by the way.

JULIO

I'm welcome? You're the one who should be fucking welcome! This is my car. I'm gonna do a GoFundMe to buy you a new Nissan Altima. I want my spare key back.

MAGGIE

Okay, jeez. I'm sorry. But maybe the reason I borrowed your car--

JULIO

Stole my car. Committed a felony.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

--was that I wanted an excuse to hang out with you.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(hits Julio on shoulder)

You never hang out with me anymore!

JULIO

We broke up!

MAGGIE

Yeah like months ago. Get over it.

JULIO

You only want to hang out when you want something from me.

MAGGIE

Oh like how you only want to hang out when you want to smash?

JULIO

Yes, exactly like that.

Maggie smiles.

JULIO (CONT'D)

But for real, if you pull this shit again I'm not letting you come over for Christmas.

MAGGIE

(dead serious)

If you take Christmas with your family away from me and make me go back to mine, I'll beat your ass. I'll come down your chimney and choke you out with tinsel.

Julio laughs.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I gotta make a stop. You need gas.
Give me some money.

She reaches out her hand for money.

EXT. GAS STATION - DUSK

Annoyed, Julio pumps gas while Maggie sits in the driver's seat looking at her phone. He looks across the street and spots Luis smoking a cigarette in an alley, sitting by a dumpster on a discarded seat from a van.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Julio cautiously walks up to Luis.

LUIS

So now you're stalking me?

JULIO

You know it. Give me some chon-
chon. What are you doing here?

LUIS

(wistfully)

I was giving myself a tour of my
old spots. Back in the day, me and
my homies robbed these nerdy ass
rocker fools right here.

JULIO

That was me and my friends.

LUIS

Those were good times.

Julio sits down next to Luis. As a joke, he buckles his seat belt. Luis kinda smiles.

JULIO

I was lying about your cupcakes.
(deeply sincere)
They were bomb.

LUIS

I know they were.

JULIO

I guess I've just been kinda pissed at you because you gotta realize that I'm not a little kid anymore. I got dental insurance. All you've done since you've been back is clown me.

LUIS

Fuck okay I'm sorry it's just, calling you gay is all I got. Makes me feel like old times.

(then)

I know who the fuck I am in prison. I don't know who I am out here.

Julio takes this in. Luis tosses his cigarette away.

JULIO

Man, I've worked with a lot of fools who said that exact same thing. But you just have to start over. You're good at baking. You're probably good at other shit you don't even know about yet.

LUIS

Baking those cupcakes reminded me of my moms.

JULIO

She was a great cook. I shouldn't have said what I said.

LUIS

Nah, it's cool. We were throwing down. And damn, you knocked me out with that shit. I been shot three times and it hurt less than what you said. You throw punches with your sick ass mind. It's like your superpower. You should stand up for yourself more often... just do it to other people. Don't ever pull that shit with me again.

They hear a honk as Maggie pulls up with the car.

MAGGIE

Get in the car, losers! I need to get home.

LUIS
 (to Julio)
 Damn she's not a torta. Ay hook me
 up.

MAGGIE
 (to Luis)
 Hey shut up before I fuck you up.
 I'm not Julio. You ain't my family.

JULIO
 She'll do it. I've seen it.

Luis stands up. Julio tries to stand up but is still buckled into the car seat, so he's dragged back down.

EXT. ESPERANZA'S HOUSE / INT. CAR - NIGHT

Julio drives, with Luis in the passenger seat. They pull up to their house and see the same Tough Guys from the cold open once again blocking the driveway. They're racing cars again. Julio parks the car but doesn't turn off the engine.

JULIO
 God dammit.

LUIS
 You want me to talk to these
 busters?

JULIO
 No, I got this.

LUIS
 Okay fool. I'll wait in the car. I
 wish I had popcorn. This is gonna
 be like a Foos Gone Wild video.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Julio gets out of his car and walks up to the guys. He takes a deep breath.

JULIO
 Ay I'm gonna need you fellas to
 move your car.

One of them turns to talk to him, but with his eyes still on the race.

TOUGH GUY 1

Damn my boy, we'd love to, but
we're kinda racing right now.

TOUGH GUY 2

Last time it was Blacks vs.
Mexicans. This time it's Mexicans
vs. Blacks.

JULIO

Move your fucking car!

The toy cars screech to a halt. Julio has their attention.

TOUGH GUY 2

Whoa, bro, watch your tone. We
don't play like that.

TOUGH GUY 3

You wanna die, homie?

TOUGH GUY 4

Man let's choke this motherfucker
out.

JULIO

Yeah choke me, bitch! I don't live
to live!

TOUGH GUY 4

(confused)
What?

JULIO

(screaming)
Kill me, bitch! I'd rather die than
let you fools walk all over me!
Because that's my thing! I just
learned I focus on other people's
problems to avoid dealing with my
own! I definitely got some
codependency issues going on with
my ex-lady! Do you fools even know
what codependency is?! I just read
about that shit! It sucks! But I
can't afford the therapy it would
take to find the root causes!

The Tough Guys are freaked out by Julio. Nothing scares a
gangster more than introspection.

Julio starts walking towards them with his chest and chin up.

JULIO (CONT'D)
 I've got a lot of work to do on
 myself and I don't wanna do it, so
 just kill me! Please!

TOUGH GUY 1
 Damn, fool, chill out, we don't
 even have guns.

JULIO
 Then strangle me! I hope you don't
 have lawyer hands because I got a
 fat neck, which is something else
 I'm insecure about!

INT. CAR - SAME

Luis listens to music and looks out the windshield at Julio waving his arms around. He sees Julio grab one of the Tough Guys' hands and try to put them around his own throat.

LUIS
 What the fuck is this fool doing?

He steps out of the car to go help Julio.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

LUIS
 HEY!

All of the guys stop and turn to look at Luis.

A rain drop falls on Julio's head. Then a rain drop falls on Luis, and then on the Tough Guys. In a magical moment like the frogs raining in Magnolia, it starts pouring torrential rain.

The Tough Guys run to their cars and take off.

JULIO
 Next time you fools better kill me!

INT. ESPERANZA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maria watches it pour rain through a window. She smiles.

Jose and Luis walk in, sopping wet.

JULIO

You saw how I fooled those fools
with my sick ass mind?

LUIS

More like they saw me getting out
of the car and knew I'd beat their
asses.

(Spanish)

Abuela, were you watching? They
were gonna beat Julio's ass right?

Before she can reply, a drop of water hits Maria's head. They
all look up and see the water leaking into the house through
the ceiling.

EXT. ESPERANZA'S ROOF - NIGHT

It pours on Julio and Luis as they try to lay out a blue tarp
over the roof. Esperanza and Maria watch from the ground,
under an umbrella.

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

Faster! There's two of you. It
should take half the time.

LUIS

It's slippery!

ESPERANZA

(Spanish)

What happened? I thought you were
such a man?

Julio laughs. Luis looks pissed.

ESPERANZA (CONT'D)

(Spanish)

Stop laughing! All you know how to
do is look on Yelp for repairmen.
Good with the computer but nothing
else.

Luis laughs and punches Julio on the shoulder, then slips. As
Luis falls, he grabs onto Julio, causing them both to slide
off the edge of the roof. We cut to credits.

END OF EPISODE