

DROPOUTS

1.01 | F My Life

Written & Created by

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MAIN CAST

DYLAN MAXWELL.....JOE DINICOL
RIFF CARTER.....JEREMY ALLEN WHITE

SPECIAL GUEST

DEAN.....DON CHEADLE

INT. DEANS OFFICE - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

Brown and beige fill the interior of a typical dean's office. An outraged dean screams profusely at a male student who is slouched on the chair in front of him.

DEAN

I have never been so humiliated in all
in my life!

He slams a hand full of surprisingly convincing photoshopped pictures on the table. On them we see the dean wearing various short, sexy and revealing women's lingerie.

DEAN

I've had countless parents calling my
office complaining about my evening
activities.

He air quotes.

DEAN

And don't get me started on this
Craigslist ad!

The dean spins his laptop around revealing the ad titled -- "NAUGHTY DEAN SWAPS FRILLS" in which it asks for young women to enjoy a "sensual experience of swapping underwear" in exchange for cash. Alongside this, we see another fake photograph of the dean wearing My Little Pony panties.

The continued yelling begins to drown out, now muffled in the background.

DYLAN MAXWELL, (20) tall, dark and... nerdishly handsome, sits across from the dean, his drained face showing no emotion.

DYLAN (V.O.)

This right here is probably the lowest
point in my life.

(beat)

You may be thinking, who is this
mysterious bad boy causing all this
trouble? But let me stop you right
there because you've got it all wrong.
This story? Isn't quite as exciting.

(beat)

Instead, it's about an incredibly
stupid college sophomore who hasn't
quite mastered the art of handling his

(MORE)

DYLAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
liquor... Man, I can still feel my
head pounding.

Dylan closes his eyes and rubs his temples.

DYLAN (V.O.)
It all began two weeks ago. Spring
break.

EXT. QUAD - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

The front doors of the Columbia University burst open.
Students come flooding out and descend down the front steps.

ON SCREEN: 2 WEEKS AGO

Dylan is spotted amongst the crowd. His cellphone glued to
his ear.

DYLAN
I told you, pre-law is kicking my ass.
I gotta study.

INT. KITCHEN - CARTER HOME - MORNING

RIFF CARTER, (19) fair curly locks fall over his piercing
blue, stoner eyes as he stands in his boxer briefs. He pours
a bowl of fruit loops; his cellphone wedged between his
shoulder and ear.

RIFF
Dylan, come on, we both know that you
could ace any test with your eyes
closed.

EXT. QUAD - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

BACK TO DYLAN.

RIFF (O.S.)
Do you really want to graduate college
a couple of years from now wishing you
spent less time with your head in the
books and more time enjoying the
college experience?

Dylan looks around the quad. Students celebrate as they greet
their friends ready to head off on their spring break
adventure.

DYLAN

Shouldn't the college experience be
getting an education?

RIFF (O.S.)

(scoffs)

You have much to learn my friend and
its not something you can read from a
book.

INT. KITCHEN - CARTER HOME - MORNING

Riff walks over to the fridge, pulls out a can of whipped cream and covers his cereal before squirting some in his mouth.

RIFF

(mouth full)

Look, I didn't wanna make a big deal
about it but I entered a radio
competition and won two tickets to a
Spring Break Party down in Miami. It
would be a shame to let them go to
waste.

EXT. QUAD - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

Dylan glances around the quad once more. Across the street, students can be seen packing rucksacks and cases of beers into crowded cars.

RIFF (O.S.)

Please? For old times sake?

He lets out a sigh of defeat.

DYLAN (V.O.)

And thus began the start of many bad
decisions.

From his optimistic face we.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - DAY

NOW PLAYING: Axwell & Ingrosso - More Than You Know

The blinding sun sits high in the blue, cloudless sky.

We TRACK through the white sand beach where a DJ stands

centre stage, surrounded by a sea of drunk college students who bounce to the beat.

As the beat drops, we ZOOM IN to the crowd until we're met with a heavily intoxicated, Dylan. His Columbia University shirt is covered in spillages.

DYLAN

Dude, you need to enter more competitions cause I could get used to this.

(shouts)

I never wanna leave!

He says spraying almost every word.

RIFF

We don't have to.

Riff turns to his friend and burps.

RIFF

Leave, that is. You could just quit college and we just move out here. I mean who needs a degree, am I right?

Eye locked on one another, serious contemplation. They both burst into a fit of laughter at the ridiculous idea.

DYLAN

Yeah right! Could you imagine?

SHOT GIRL (O.S.)

You boys want some drinks?

The boys turn to be greeted by a shot girl wearing a bikini, looking like she has just walked out the pages of a Victoria's Secret catalogue. Both jaws dropped, they can't help but stare.

DYLAN

Then again...

She hands them both a shot. They clink their glasses and throw it back, disgusted as they swallow the hard liquor.

We TIME-LAPSE as the crowd continue to dance and the sun goes down.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT - MONTAGE BEGINS

NOW PLAYING: Sammy Adams - All Night Longer (Chorus)

SLOW MOTION. Riff motorboats the shot girl from earlier before fist-pumping the air and letting out a roar.

Dylan stares in disbelief. His mouth gaping.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - LATER

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES

SLOW MOTION. Dylan sits on top of Riff's shoulders; singing to the music, drink in hand. He takes a sip, spilling most of it down his T-shirt and on Riff's head.

Riff laughs and tried to catch the spillages with his mouth.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - LATER

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES

The best friends stand with their arms around one another, shouting over the music.

RIFF
(mid-conversation)
Think about it, we could get our own
place on the beach, meet hot girls and
get wasted whenever we want... Plus
this weather is perfect for growing
pot.

He grins and continues to list reasons why they should move. Dylan enthusiastically nods along with the list.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - LATER

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES

Formed in the middle of the crowd is a dance circle. People come and go, busting a move or two.

With the circle now empty, Dylan runs towards the middle with both hands in the air.

DYLAN
I'M IN MIAMI BIT-

FACE PLANT.

The music immediately cuts off as the crowd reacts in "Oh's" and "Ah's"

Everything is silent.

UNTIL- Dylan jumps up with two hands fist-pumping the air.

DYLAN
(screaming)
YEAHHHH!

The crowd erupts in applause and the music kicks back in.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - LATER

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES

SLOW MOTION. The boys continue to dance the night away with their unique and undesirable dance moves.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - LATER - END OF MONTAGE

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES

Dylan bursts into a cubical and falls to his knees, heaving. He slowly rests his drowsy head on the side of the stall and closes his eyes.

The music slowly drowns out as our screen FADES TO BLACK.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - NEXT DAY

COMPLETE DARKNESS.

RIFF (O.S.)
Dylan... Yo, Dylan wake up!

A blurred outline of Riff slowly fades in.

Dylan lies curled around the toilet in a bathroom stall.

RIFF
Jeez, you look like shit.

Dylan slowly sits up rubbing his aching head.

Riff slides down the wall to sit next to him. He holds out a beer to which Dylan declines in disgust. Riff shrugs his shoulders and takes a swig himself.

DYLAN
(strained)
What the hell happened last night?

RIFF
(laughing)
Where do I begin? There was a lot of alcohol, a little bit of motor boating and a lot of sand in places it really shouldn't be.

Riff cups two hands in front of his face, sticks his tongue out and motorboats thin air.

DYLAN
Can you and your invisible pair of boobs get a room?

Dylan groans as he sits up and massages his temples.

Dramatic gasp! Riff reassures the thin air cupped in his hands.

RIFF
He didn't mean that honey.

DYLAN
What time is it anyway? I gotta head back to today.

He says slowly coming to a stand.

Riff looks up at him puzzled.

RIFF
Uh, are you sure that's a good idea after what happened?

DYLAN
(confused)
What are you talking about?

Riff lets out his signature chuckle. Dylan stares at him, deadpan.

DYLAN
What?!
What?!

RIFF
(wide-eyed)
Holy Shit! You really don't remember,
do you?

DYLAN
(seriously concerned)
Riff, what the hell happened?

Riff bites his bottom lip.

RIFF
I think your gonna need to sit back
down for this...

Riff's voice fades into the background. We slowly TRACK towards Dylan, his face turning chalk-white as the horror takes over.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

At a much quieter part of the beach, a heavily intoxicated Dylan and Riff stagger along slurring their words as they speak.

DYLAN
Man, I really could stay here forever.

HICCUP. He looks to the sky, arms stretched out wide.

Riff follows along, barely listening as he devours a cheeseburger, salad dripping from his chin.

Dylan drops both arms and continues to look at the stars. He sighs.

DYLAN
When did I become like this? Y'know I work so hard... I don't go out, I barely have a social life. My life is just a series of books and papers.

Dylan turns around to Riff who is still fully invested in his burger.

DYLAN
(irritated)
And what's the thanks I get? A B- in Psychology!

He flails his arms in disbelief.

DYLAN

I haven't had a B- since kindergarten.

Confused, Riff takes a moment to look up at Dylan, ketchup covering his face.

DYLAN

Yeah, I was never really good at napping.

(beat)

I'm sick and tired of playing by these rules. Constantly trying to prove myself to my professors. It's like they think I don't deserve to be there... I worked my ass off for that scholarship.

(beat)

And don't get me started on that asshole of a dean. You know he never once replied to my-

Swallowing the last bite of his burger, Riff interrupts.

RIFF

Look, I would happily listen to you rant all night

(beat)

Scratch that, I wouldn't. But do you think shouting about it in the middle of a beach is really gonna solve any of your problems?

Dylan looks to the sand at his feet, his mind contemplating. A small grin forms on his face, as if a light bulb has gone off in his head.

DYLAN

Yeah, your right. I've got some things I need to get off my chest.

Dylan takes out his cell phone. He strains his eyes trying to focus on the screen whilst typing with one finger incredibly slow.

Riff knits his brow.

RIFF

Well, I was thinking more beer? But I
can already tell this will be more
entertaining.

Riff pulls out another squashed cheeseburger from his pants pocket, unwraps it and takes a huge bite.

Dylan brings the cell phone to his ear and begins to pace back and forth.

RIFF

That's Right! You stick it to the man!
Tell'em the only B's Dylan Maxwell
needs life are booties, bongs and
burgers.

(beat; takes another bite)
Yeah, we're definitely gonna need more
burgers.

DYLAN

Shh! I got his answer machine.

He comes to a halt and composes himself.

BEEP.

DYLAN

Hi, this is a message for Dean Massey.
This is Dylan. You know, Maxwell and
I'm just calling to say how great..ly
I would take pleasure in taking a big,
fat, steaming dump on your
overcompensating desk.

Hiccup. He looks over to Riff for approval who stares back shocked, static and slightly put off his food.

Dylan shakes his head realizing he's gone off-topic.

DYLAN

Sorry, that's besides the point. I am
thee hardest working student to walk
through those doors. But no matter how
hard I work, How many weekends I lock
myself away in my dorm room, it still
isn't good enough.

Riff supports him with a thumbs up.

DYLAN

I am so done with your shitty,
superficial college.

(beat)

Oh, and you can tell Professor Khan to
shove that B- up his a-

INT. DEANS HOME - EVENING

Dial tone plays.

Dean Massey sits around the dining table with his wife and kids. Every one of them stares at the answering machine, mouths gaping.

EXT. MIAMI BEACH - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Dylan hangs up the phone, proudly smiling. Riff shrugs his shoulders satisfied and applauds.

DYLAN

Man, that felt good!

RIFF

(laughing)

I didn't think you had it in you. Big.
Fat. Steaming dump.

Riff rolls back onto the sand laughing hysterically.

Dylan chuckles as he puts the phone back into his pocket, his mind still wandering, contemplating his next move.

DYLAN

Hey Riff, do you still know your way
around photoshop?

He looks over to, Riff who lays on the sand staring up at the sky.

RIFF

Why is everything spinning so fast...

INT. DEANS OFFICE - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

Dylan still sits in front of the dean. A recipient of his furious tongue.

DEAN

I mean, even the faculty won't look at
me the same.

DYLAN (V.O.)
Which brings us to now.
(beat)
I know, right. Lame! And I'm supposed
to be the smart one.

DEAN
You have managed to tarnish the
prestige reputation myself and
Columbia work hard to uphold.

The dean continues to stare at Dylan intensely before
slamming both of his hands on the table.

DEAN
And for that, I have no choice but to
revoke your scholarship.
(vindictively whispers)
And will make it my mission that no
other college in the country will even
look at you.

INT. HALLWAY - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

NOW PLAYING: Day Wave - *Something Here*

SLOW MOTION. A pale-skinned Dylan exits the deans' office and walks down the hallway with the same lifeless expression.

DYLAN (V.O.)
It's funny, Y'know. I did everything
right. I played by the books, no
distractions.

SLOW MOTION. Students stare at him as he walks past. Some laugh, some shake their heads and some even clap.

DYLAN (V.O.)
And this one time I mess up?

SLOW MOTION. The dean exits his office and is met with a blown-up picture of him wearing skimpy lace lingerie on the wall.

DYLAN (V.O.)
It comes back to bite me on the ass.

SLOW MOTION. He chases the students away before ripping it down. His face enraged.

EXT. QUAD - COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES

SLOW MOTION. Dylan exits the front door of the campus and heads down the steps. Across the road, Riff sits on the bonnet of his car eating potato chips.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Now I'm back at square one, and all I
can think is... what the hell am I
gonna do with my life-

SLOW MOTION. Riff looks up at Dylan with a hopeful smile. Dylan just shakes his head in response.

SLOW MOTION. Riff hops off the bonnet and jumps into the car. We focus on Dylan's face as he steps down the last few steps.

DYLAN (V.O.)

As a college drop out.

We hold on his defeated face. He blinks and we-

FADE TO BLACK.