

DROPOUTS

1.02 | Staff Unwanted

Written & Created by

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MAIN CAST

DYLAN MAXWELL.....JOE DINICOL
RIFF CARTER.....JEREMY ALLEN WHITE
LEILA VARGAS.....INBAR LAVI

GUEST STARRING

PATTY.....KATHY NAJIBY
RONALD.....JASON ALEXANDER
SAMMY LEWIS.....GLYNN TURMAN

SPECIAL GUEST

TANYA.....TONI COLLETTE

EXT. MAXWELL HOME - MORNING

An old beat up, Volkswagen sits parked across from Dylan's childhood home. The red paint barely visible due to the scratches from its many adventures.

INT. RIFF'S CAR - MORNING

Silence fills the air.

Dylan sits shotgun, staring out of the window.

The pitter-patter of Riff's fingertips hitting the steering wheel become more prominent- until they suddenly stop.

RIFF

Are you sure you don't wanna talk
about what happened back there?

Dylan continues to stare into nothingness.

DYLAN

(beat)

There's nothing left to say... I blew
it.

RIFF

(slowly nodding; sympathetic)

Yeah you kind of did, didn't you?

Realizing the words that have escaped his mouth, Riff shakes his head. Dylan glares back at him.

RIFF

I'm Sorry.

(beat)

But beating yourself up about it isn't
gonna make it any better.

DYLAN

(shrugs)

It's helping a little.

Riff places a hand on his best friends shoulder and looks him dead in the eye.

RIFF

Look, It ain't about how hard you hit.
It's about how hard you can get hit

(MORE)

RIFF (CONT'D)
and keep moving forward.

They both keep their eyes lock on one another before a burst of laughter escapes their lips.

DYLAN
This really isn't the time to be
quoting Rocky.

RIFF
Hell yeah, it is. You might not have
beat Apollo Creed this time. But did
you see how many Rocky movies they
made? Believe me, there's plenty of
time.

DYLAN
Well thanks for the pep talk, I guess.
(sincere)
I appreciate it.

A slightly more upbeat Dylan exits the car after exchanging a first bump.

RIFF
Anytime Italian stallion.

EXT. MAXWELL HOME - SIDEWALK - MORNING

Dylan heads to the back of the car and grabs his suitcase from the trunk. He places it on the sidewalk before slamming the trunk shut. And just as he does --

"MAN, I LOVE COLLEGE" (song by Asher Roth) blasts from the car speakers.

INT. RIFF'S CAR - MORNING

"I WANNA GO TO COLLEGE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE..."

Panic struck, Riff begins to smack all of the buttons on his old car stereo.

RIFF
Shit. Shit. Shit.

After pressing almost every button, the stereo switches off and Riff lets out a sigh of relief.

RIFF
 (shouts out of the window)
 Oops... My bad!

EXT. MAXWELL HOME - SIDEWALK - MORNING

Dylan light-heartedly rolls his eyes as Riff drives off throwing a peace sign out of the window.

Suitcase by his side Dylan stares across at his old, classic, white picket fenced house; The porch swing swaying in the breeze.

He closes his eyes and inhales the fresh home air.

As he exhales we hear a quiver of discontent.

LEILA (O.S.)
 Dorky Dylan? Is that you?

Dylan instantly opens his eyes at the sound of a familiar voice.

He turns around to be greeted by **LEILA VARGAS**, confident, effortlessly beautiful; your typical girl next door. Her dark curls blow in the wind as she takes her final steps towards him.

He can't help but smile.

DYLAN
 Leila?
 (chuckles)
 It's been a while since anyone called me that.

LEILA
 (playful)
 I'm sorry. Old habits.

DYLAN
 When did you get back? I began to think we were never gonna see you again.

Leila's infectious smile somewhat fades.

LEILA
 Yeah me too.
 (beat)
 But I moved back home last month.

DYLAN
 With your parents?

LEILA
 God no! They retired to Florida.

Dylan rubs the back of his neck, his cheeks flushing red.

DYLAN
 Oh. Well, I'm... Just visiting mines.
 Yeah, just... taking a short break
 from college.

He nods. Selling his lie.

LEILA
 (impressed)
 Look at you. You finally made it out
 of Lexington.

Guilt slowly overcomes his face.

DYLAN
 Hey, It wasn't that long ago you
 managed to get out.

LEILA
 And just like everybody else that
 does, it pulled me right back.

Dylan nods, his current situation sounding familiar.

CRASH.

Dylan and Leila promptly divert their attention across the road to where **PATTY MAXWELL** and **RONALD** stumble from the front door of their house.

LEILA
 Awe look, it's your mom and stepdad.

Patty waves frantically as Ronald rummages through a box on the porch.

His cheeks now flushed, Dylan closes his eyes and groans.

DYLAN
Ignore them... please.

She waves.

LEILA
Hey Patty! Hey Ron!

Leila turns back to Dylan who's face is now fully in his palm.

LEILA
They must have missed you while you were away.

Dylan looks up from his palm to respond but instead notices Ronald holding up a banner on the porch.

He squints his eyes- It reads, "SORRY YOU LOST YOUR SCHOLARSHIP."

His eyes bulge from his head. He rapidly waves his hand, signalling to his parents to put the banner down.

DYLAN
NO!

Taken back, Leila knits her eyebrow. She begins to turn around.

Dylan urgently grabs her by the shoulders, turning her back to face him.

DYLAN
(rambling)
I mean, yes! They really did miss me.
Which is why... I should probably go.

He looks back at his parents, who still hold up the banner.

DYLAN
Y'know Across the road... To my house.

Leila stares at him, dumbfounded.

LEILA
Sure... I gotta head to work anyway.

He lets go of Leila's shoulders.

DYLAN
(rushed)
Okay, bye neighbour.

Dylan quickly picks up his suitcase and races across the road. He angrily mouths, "put that down" to which Ronald instantly drops the banner.

Leila turns around and watches as he Dylan walks over to his parents, no poster insight. She turns back around and we hold on her puzzled face before walking off.

INT. DINING ROOM - MAXWELL HOME - LATER

Dylan, Patty and Ronald sit around the dining table, digging into the food sat in front of them.

DYLAN
Wow. Mom this food is amazing.

PATTY
Well when I heard my baby was coming home, I just had to pull out all the stops.

RONALD
Yeah, thanks for saving me. Your mom's been having us eat organic free every night.

PATTY
It's gluten-free. And remember what the doc said? It's healthy alternatives from now on.
(beat)
I thought you enjoyed eating healthy and being more active?

Ronald smirks.

RONALD
I'm only in it for the more active part if you know what I mean.

He winks at Patty who responses with a giggle.

DYLAN
(grossed out)
Guys, come on. I'm eating here.

Patty looks up at her son who continues to shovel his dinner into his mouth. She gives him a supportive smile and leans over to take his hand.

Dylan puts his fork down and looks up at her.

PATTY
I'm sorry honey.
(beat)
About your scholarship-

DYLAN
(cuts her off)
Mom, I'd rather not talk about it

PATTY
And that's OK. I just wanted to say
that whatever happens next, you'll
figure it out.
(beat)
Maxwell's always do.

Dylan nods and shares a warm smile with his mother.

RONALD
Speaking of what's next, have you
thought about what you wanna do? A job
perhaps?

PATTY
Ronald!

Patty smacks him with a dishtowel.

PATTY
We just got him back. Let him settle
in first.

DYLAN
Mom its fine, Ron's right.
(beat)
And honestly, I haven't thought that
far ahead.

RONALD
I'm just saying. If college is out of
the picture. For now at least. It's
something you gotta start thinking
about.
(beat)
You're a man now. You can't be sitting
(MORE)

RONALD (CONT'D)
around all day reading comics like you
used to.

Dylan nods in agreement, taking in his stepfathers words.

RONALD
And if you're still trying to get with
young Leila next door you gotta show
her that too.

Ronald raises an eyebrow.

Dylan smirks as he shakes his head, dismissing Ronald's
comment.

The family continue to eat their dinner, converse and laugh.

INT. DYLAN'S ROOM - MAXWELL HOME - EVENING

NOW PLAYING: *Zac Saber - Soak Up the Sun*

Dylan walks into his childhood bedroom. He smiles as he looks
around, all nostalgic. His blue walls covered in movie
posters and stacks of comic books fill the shelves.

He walks over and takes a seat on the bed before turning on
the bedside lamp. Underneath the glowing light, we see a
framed photograph of a young Dylan and Riff.

Beside this, a worn photo of a young child on a man's
shoulder. Dylan picks up the photo and runs his finger down
the side of the frame, becoming lost in the memory.

DYLAN
I'm sorry dad.

Dylan lets out a quivering breath before returning to the
photo to its rightful place.

He falls down on to the bed, looking directly at the ceiling,
contemplating.

DYLAN
I can do better.

Dylan springs up, reaches under his bed and pulls out a
laptop.

Opening up the laptop he searches, "Jobs in Lexington, Idaho."

His eyes are focused on the results and determined.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON - DAY

The streets are filled with red brick buildings. The lack of colour causes many stores and offices to blend together.

Dylan walks down the semi-busy streets of downtown with r  m   in hand and a spring in his step.

He enters an office building. The sign above the door reads, "TJ'S HERBAL TEA."

INT. OFFICE - TJ'S HERBAL TEA - DAY

TANYA JANE, a well-dressed businesswoman in her forties, looks directly at the camera. Her smile so big you can almost see all 32 of her teeth.

TANYA

Hi, I'm Tanya Jane and this is TJ's herbal tea. All of our flavours have been perfected, down to a T.

She winks at the camera and pauses.

TANYA

What do you think?

Tanya looks across her desk to where Dylan sits, a little confused.

DYLAN

Uh...

TANYA

It's from my new TV commercial. Catchy right?

Dylan simply smiles and nods.

Tanya picks up his r  m   and begins to read through it.

TANYA

So, Dylan Maxwell. I have to say, you don't seem to have much experience in the herbal tea field.

DYLAN

(nervous laugh)
Does anyone?

She stares at him unamused, before looking back at his résumé

TANYA

(reading quietly)
Graduated from Lexington high. Team player, usual résumébullshit. Yadda, yadda, yadda.

Dylan gulps as she sits there silently judging him.

TANYA

So Dylan, can I ask what you've done for the past two years? After high school, it's all a bit blank.

DYLAN

Uh... I went to Columbia...

TANYA

University? Now that's a pretty big thing to leave out.

DYLAN

I... didn't think I needed to include that seeing as I've dropped out.

Tanya raises her eyebrow, unimpressed.

TANYA

Hmm... Shame.

DYLAN

The online ad didn't mention anything about needing a college degree. Is that an issue?

TANYA

The online ad also didn't say anything about hiring quitters. But maybe I should add that in.

Dylan's jaw drops, astounded.

Tanya's manages to force a smile from her deadpan face.

TANYA
We'll be in touch.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON - LATER

His tie undone, Dylan strolls along the sidewalk dragging his heels, defeated. In his hand, we see a folded up newspaper, the job section full of crossed-out circles along with one final r6umî

TANYA (O.S.)
Hi, I'm Tanya Jane and this is TJ's
herbal tea. Where all of our flavours
have been perfected, down to a T.

He looks in the window of a television store, where the TJ's Herbal Tea commercial plays.

Dylan scoffs in disbelief.

We continue to follow Dylan along the streets of Lexington until he reaches a quaint little diner, the sign reads-
"SAMMY'S SUBS, THE BEST SANDWICH IN IDAHO"

INT. SAMMY'S SUBS - AFTERNOON

Dylan walks into the diner and heads to the counter. He takes out the change from his pocket and looks up at the waitress.

DYLAN
(surprised)
Leila?

Dylan swiftly fixes his botched tie.

She flashes him a pleasantly surprised smile.

LEILA
Well, someone's all dressed up for a
coffee run.

DYLAN
I've actually been job hunting,
unsuccessful I might add.

LEILA
(confused)
I thought you were only in town
visiting?

GULP. Beads of sweat begin to form on Dylan's forehead.

DYLAN
Uh... About that... I've.
(beat; light bulb)
Decided to defer for a semester! Yeah,
I've missed my mom.

Word vomit causes the colour to flush back into his face.

Leila purses her lips, trying not to giggle.

LEILA
Cute. Now, what can I get for you?

DYLAN
(straight-faced)
Anything but herbal tea.

LEILA
Coffee it is. I'll bring it over.

DYLAN
Perfect. And could you let Riff know
I'm here?

Leila nods as she walks off.

Dylan walks over to a nearby table and takes a seat. He looks around the old fashion diner which only a few people occupy.

RIFF (O.S.)
Well if it isn't Mr Miami himself.

Riff exits from the kitchen wearing an apron and a hair net. His infectious giggle causing Dylan to reluctantly crack a smile.

He removes his hairnet as he sits directly across from Dylan.

DYLAN
(whispers)
Dude, you forgot to mention you worked
with Leila.

RIFF

Oh, don't tell me you still have a crush on her.

Dylan's mouth gapes-- offended.

DYLAN

I do not have a "crush" on her. What am I twelve?

Riff raises his eyebrow.

DYLAN

Okay, maybe there are some feelings still there.

RIFF

(rolls eyes)

Things never change.

(beat)

How's the job hunt going?

Dylan gives Riff a look of dread.

RIFF

That bad huh?

DYLAN

What is it with these companies needing prior experience? How am I suppose to get any if they won't offer me a god damn job!

RIFF

I don't know, maybe you gotta... lower your standards?

DYLAN

(jokingly)

What like this place?

He smiles, taunting.

RIFF

Hey! I'll have you know, that this place sells the best sandwich in Idaho.

DYLAN

I know. I read the sign.

(beat)

To be honest I'd take anything I could get. I just need a distraction from my disaster of a life.

RIFF

I wish I could help you out, but we just hired a new guy last week.

Dylan lets out a defeated sigh.

RIFF

Don't worry. We'll figure something out.

SUDDENLY.

A scruffy, bearded man comes running out from the kitchen, buttoning up his jeans, and heads for the door.

He is immediately followed by **SAMUEL "SAMMY" LEWIS**, mid-sixties, though still fit. He stops in his tracks and shouts.

SAMMY

(shouts)

I don't ever wanna see your face around here again. You here me!

Everyone in the diner stares at him in shock.

RIFF

Sammy, is everything okay?

SAMMY

Does it look okay? I just caught to new kid masturbating in the toilet!

Dylan's eyes burst from their sockets as Riff bursts into a fit of laughter.

SAMMY

(to Riff)

I don't know what you're laughing at, you're cleaning it up. Dammit, I got to pee.

He makes his way back to the kitchen.

RIFF
(shouts)
Hey, Sammy! Does that mean we're
hiring?

Sammy waves his hands dismissive.

SAMMY
Yeah, yeah. Tell your friend with the
rúmàhe starts tomorrow.

RIFF
Well, that was easy...

DYLAN
Did that just happen?

RIFF
Wait, I forgot to ask. Do you have any
waiting experience?

NOW PLAYING: *Day Wave - Something Here*

Riff purses his lips trying to keep a straight face before erupting into laughter.

DYLAN
(laughing)
You're an ass.

Leila walks over with a large cup of coffee and places it in front of Dylan.

LEILA
Welcome to the team.

She winks.

Dylan watches in awe as his "crush" makes her way back to counter. He blushes.

FADE TO BLACK.