

DROPOUTS

1.03 | I Did It High Way

Written & Created by

Jay Paterson

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

VIVIAN.....JUNE SQUIBB

INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - MAXWELL HOME - MORNING

Sunlight peers through the window, illuminating Dylan's face. His eyes slowly flutter open and a yawn escapes his lips.

MEOW.

Dylan scrunches his face at the unfamiliar sound and slowly lifts his head from his pillow. Letting out a SCREAM, Dylan jumps up, his eyeballs bursting from their sockets.

A fat, white and brown cat urgently scrams from Dylan's lap, escaping through the bedroom door as it bursts open.

Patty stumbles into the room pulling up her eye mask as she enters.

PATTY
(rattled)
Where is he?! Where's the
intruder?!

Dylan flails his arms, pointing to where the cat was perched.

DYLAN
There was a huge freaking cat, on
my bed.

PATTY
Oh, you met, Baby, our adopted cat.

DYLAN
You adopted a cat?! When were you
gonna tell me about this?

Ronald wanders into the room in only his boxer shorts. Dylan looks away in disgust.

RONALD
Yeah, she's a part of the family
now. I don't know how she'll feel
about sharing her bed though.

DYLAN
Her bed?! This is my-

PATTY
(cuts off Dylan)
Now Dylan, be nice to your sister.
It'll be like your back college,
bunking with your roomy.

Ronald smacks Patty's butt playfully. Dylan watches stunned as his parents leave the room, giggling like teenagers.

We hold on Dylan's dumbfounded expression for a beat.

EXT. SAMMY'S SUBS - DAY

Dylan stares directly into the camera, now calm and collected.

DYLAN

Hi, I'm Dylan and I'll be your server today.

(beat)

Hey there, what can I get ya?

We TRACK BACK to reveal him standing on the sidewalk outside of Sammy's Subs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

How hard can it be?

He exhales one last time before walking into the establishment.

INT. DINER - SAMMY'S SUBS - CONTINUOUS

Dylan walks through the front door of the diner, his once cool expression is now stiff with dread.

The HUSTLE and BUSTLE of the diner erupts. We hear the plates CLINK, the consistent DING of a bell signalling the orders ready to go and the overbearing sound of customers talking over one another.

Through all of the chaos, Dylan catches a glimpse of beauty and everything starts to slow down for a moment.

Leila pours a cup of coffee, smiling as she passes it to a customer.

RIFF (O.S.)

Look who decided to show up.

As if awoken from a dream, Dylan turns to be greeted by a rapidly approaching, Riff.

DYLAN

Am I late? No one told me what time so I just-

RIFF

It's fine. You're perfectly on time.

(beat)

Here, take this and follow me.

Riff throws an apron at Dylan who catches. He follows his friend through the diner whilst pulling the freshly out packet apron over his head.

RIFF (CONT'D)
 Ok, listen clearly cause I'm only
 gonna say this once.
 (beat)
 Dining to the left, take out on the
 right. Up here we have...

Riff's voice fades into the background.

Things begin to slow down again as Dylan glances over to the counter. Leila rings up the cash register before looking up. She runs her fingers through her hair and smiles at Dylan. He reciprocates with a soft smirk.

RIFF (CONT'D)
 Now did you get all that? Dylan?

Dylan instantly snaps out of it.

DYLAN
 What? No. I mean, yes.

RIFF
 C'mon man, I get to be boss for a
 day. At least pay attention.

DYLAN
 (playful)
 Yes, sir.

RIFF
 I'll show you the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - SAMMY'S SUBS - CONTINUOUS

Stacked on the walls are pots and pans, the boys enter a small and cluttered workspace.

RIFF
 Now, this is where yours truly gets
 down to business. Wanna taste what
 they call the best sub in Idaho?

Riff grabs a plate holding a sandwich, packed with the best ingredients.

Before Riff can hand it fully over, Dylan snatches the perfectly crafted snack and shovels it into his mouth.

RIFF (CONT'D)
 Wow, slow down. Did you skip
 breakfast or something?

DYLAN
 (mouthful)
 There was a cat. And Ronald was in
 his underwear.

Riff knits his brow.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
It was a whole thing. I had to get out.

RIFF
(shakes head)
Okay then...

Riff turns to the plating station, placing the finishing garnished on his most recent work of art. He picks up the serving tray and hands it to Dylan.

RIFF (CONT'D)
Orders up.

DYLAN
Order what?

RIFF
Take the tray to table 12.

DYLAN
Uhh, I thought maybe today I would be spectating? Or washing dishes? You know, something not out there...

Dylan snaps his head around to view the hectic diner from the kitchen window.

Riff laughs playfully before realising that Dylan isn't sharing the same reaction.

RIFF
Oh, you serious?
(beat)
I'm sorry bud.

He pats Dylan on the back, walking him to the kitchen door.

DYLAN
But what if I suck at this. I've never even had a job before.

RIFF
Dylan, there's no such thing as a bad student, only bad teacher.
(beat)
So get your ass out there.

A final pat nudges Dylan out of the kitchen and towards the anarchy.

DYLAN
Ok, Mr Miyagi.

INT. DINER - SAMMY'S SUBS - LATER

The table SQUEAKS as Dylan wipes it down.

He lets out a sigh of relief before slumping down on a chair. His new apron now covered in stains, as though he had it for years.

The diner is empty. Not a customer insight.

Leila collects leftover plates and takes them to the counter.

LEILA

So was it everything you dreamed of
and more?

DYLAN

I think my favourite part was
getting into a fight with the
coffee machine.

Leila looks across to the huge coffee stain on the chest of Dylan's apron and chuckles.

LEILA

She likes to give us a hard time
now and again.

(beat)

I bet its nothing compared to
Columbia.

DYLAN

(giggles nervously)

I mean, I've never had a professor
throw coffee beans at my head.

LEILA

(chuckles)

At least it'll only be for a
semester.

DYLAN

(clears throat)

Right. Yeah. I'll be back before I
know it.

LEILA

I'm sure you'll be sick of this
place in no time.

Supportive, she smiles. Dylan grabs his rag and gets back to work.

INT. KITCHEN - SAMMY'S SUBS - DAY**NOW PLAYING:** Hey Ya by Outkast

The radio plays in the background as Riff scrubs the dishes.

RIFF
 (singing)
*You think you've got it
 Oh, you think you've got it.
 But got it just don't get it when
 there's nothin' at all*

His cell phone rings, disrupting his enthusiastic performance.

Riff quickly shakes the excess water from his hands before answering.

RIFF (CONT'D)
 Hey Sammy, what's up?
 (beat; concerned)
 I'll be right there.

INT. DINER - SAMMY'S SUBS - CONTINUOUS

Riff scrambles from the kitchen.

RIFF
 I need you guys to hold down the fort. Sammy called, somethings come up.

LEILA
 Not again, Riff? This is one of our busiest days.

RIFF
 Just as well you know how to use the grill.

He flashes a sarcastic wink. Leila scoffs as she throws her rag down.

Dylan stands there, a deer in headlights.

RIFF (CONT'D)
 (to Dylan)
 Sorry to do this. Good luck.

Riff swiftly escapes out the front door.

DYLAN
 I don't get it, this place is dead.

Leila snickers as the comment.

LEILA

You thought this morning was bad?
Just wait until the old folks get
here.

A coach pulls up outside the diner. We see from the window that the side reads- "LEXINTON CARE HOME." One by one the never-ending line of pensioners exit the bus and head into the diner.

GULP. A familiar wave of dread overcomes Dylan's face.

EXT. FIDDLERS BAR - DAY

Constantly tapping his foot, Sammy, stares at his watch as he waits.

Riff approaches slightly out of breath

RIFF

(concerned)

I got here as soon as I could.
What's the emergency?

SAMMY

Good, your here. So you know my
buddy, Earl?

Riff nods eagerly.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Well he fell and broke his hip

RIFF

(confused)

I'm sorry to here-

SAMMY

(cuts him off)

Yeah, it's not about him. We were
supposed to go out on this double
date with two *fine* women, and now
he can't make it.

RIFF

Sammy, you said it was an
emergency? I left the shop to be
here.

SAMMY

I am 69 years old. And I'll be
damned if the lord decides to take
me tomorrow and I didn't get to go
on this date.

RIFF
 (rolls eyes)
 Are you really asking me to fill in
 for Earl with the broken hip, right
 now?

Sammy gives his best attempt at puppy dog eyes.

RIFF (CONT'D)

No!
 (beat)
 No...
 (beat; shakes his head)
 This is so not in my job
 description.

Riff nods his head suggestively to the entrance. Sammy turns gleefully as he enters the bar, Riff follows, his feet dragging ever so slightly.

INT. FIDDLERS BAR - DAY

Two women in their early 60's sit at a dim-lit table, waiting patiently. One BLONDE and one REDHEAD, each hair colour matching the colour of wine in their glass.

Sammy eagerly approaches the table whilst Riff hesitantly strolls behind.

SAMMY
 Sorry, we're late ladies.

Smooth Sammy takes the hand of the redhead before planting a kiss on her cheek.

Riff smiles at the blonde and gives a timid wave as he sits across from her.

RIFF
 (reluctant)
 Hi, I'm... Earl.

He drags his eyes over to Sammy, who gives a nod of approval and sports a grin inspired by the Cheshire Cat.

INT. DINER - SAMMY SUBS - DAY

The lunch rush is in full swing and the diner is as busy as it ever was. The booths are packed with pensioners from the local old folks home.

Dylan approaches a group of four elderly women. VIVIAN, (90) short, full of laughter and captures the attention of everyone at her table.

VIVIAN
Oh, look ladies. Fresh meat.

The table laughs as Dylan shares an awkward giggle.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
I'm just kidding. This your first day?

DYLAN
Is it that obvious?

VIVIAN
The older you get, you can sense these things. It's Intuition.
(beat)
That and we're in here every second Thursday.

The women uproar in laughter again, this time Dylan comfortable shares.

DYLAN
What is it I can get you, ladies?

VIVIAN
Tea's all-round kid. Oh, and seeing as you're new. I guess I should warn you about Greta.

Vivian nods her head across to the most glamorous looking senior in the diner.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
She's what they call a cougar.

Dylan looks over. Greta catches his eye and seductively sucks the milkshake through her straw.

He jolts his head back, almost spraining his neck as he does.

DYLAN
I'll keep that in mind.

Dylan walks off in a hurry and shudders before accidentally walking into a cart.

DELIVERY GUY
Hey, watch it.

Dylan looks down at the cart which carries boxes labelled "TJ's Herbal Tea." Holding the cart is a scruffy looking delivery man, who looks at Dylan unimpressed.

DELIVERY GUY (CONT'D)
Is Riff around?

DYLAN
He left early.

DELIVERY GUY
Can you sign for the delivery? Its
the usual.

DYLAN
Sure.

Dylan takes the clipboard and quickly signs as the delivery man unloads the boxes on to the counter.

Leila speedily passes with a tray in hand.

LEILA
Oh good, we've just run out of tea.
Could you fill-up the urn while I
take this to table 4.

Dylan nods and walks over to the boxes on the counter.

INT. FIDDLERS BAR - DAY

Sammy sits snuggled up to his date, whispering in her ear and she giggles.

Riff sits across from his date with his is hands clasped and avoiding eye contact.

BLONDE
So Earl, do you like music?

RIFF
Uh... Yeah, music's good.
(beat)
Do you like music?

BLONDE
Well, let me tell you. I am just in
love with Franks Sinatra. Don't you
just love him?

Riff picks up his beer and takes three large gulps.

RIFF
(gulping)
Mhm.

BLONDE
He was the last concert I ever been
to. It was Nevada, 1989.

He spits a little beer back into his pint glass.

RIFF
Oh, ten years before I was born...

BLONDE
 (giggles)
 You're funny.

Under the table, she slowly runs her foot up his calf.

Riff JOLTS back, banging the table as he does which captures the attention of other people in the bar.

RIFF
 (gulp)
 So you were saying, Franks Sinatra.

Riff tucks his legs under his chair as his date continues her story with such enthusiasm.

INT. SAMMY'S SUBS - LATER

Leila and Dylan stand behind the counter as they stare bewildered at the senior citizens that occupy the diner.

Their once busy but manageable diner has erupted in chaos. We move through the diner through the eyes of both Leila and Dylan, watching the odd behaviour.

A frail woman falls off her seat in a fit of giggles before bouncing back up, and the crowd echoes the laughter.

A Man blows profusely into his milkshake, the bubbles overflowing on to the table and his face becoming redder with each puff.

Greta the cougar stands alone in the corner licking the wallpaper as though it is her favourite flavour of ice cream.

LEILA
 Dylan, does this look right to you?

Dylan tilts his head and squints.

DYLAN
 They look...

LEILA
 Are they? They can't be. Can they?

DYLAN
 What the hell was in that tea.

They both continue to glare at the customers until Leila looks at Dylan wide-eyed and concerned.

LEILA
 Dylan, please tell you me you know the difference between pot and tea?

DYLAN
 (embarrassed)
 Pff, duh, of course I do.

His cheeks begin to flush red.

Leila walks over to the boxes of labelled "TJ's herbal tea" and looks inside.

She rummages through them before placing both hands on her head.

LEILA
 Maybe I should have told you that,
 our delivery guy... Is also Riff's
 pot dealer.

INT. FIDDLERS BAR - DAY

Sammy now sits alone at a table with both he and Riff's date.

Riff swiftly approaches.

RIFF
 Hey, Sammy, I got a call from
 Leila, we gotta get back to the
 diner.

SAMMY
 But we ain't even had dessert yet.

RIFF
 But this is an emergency. A *real*
 emergency.

Sammy tuts before standing and putting on his coat.

SAMMY
 I'm terribly sorry ladies but we're
 going to have to cut this short. A
 businessman like myself never stops
 working.

Sammy takes his date's hand and gently kisses it. She blushes.

Riff stands by and watches awkwardly. He looks over and catches his date's eye who doesn't take her eyes off of him. She flashes a smirk and waves.

He gives a nod and immediately turns and heads for the exit. Sammy follows, blowing his date a kiss as he leaves.

BLONDE
 (waving)
 Call me, Earl.

INT. DINER - SAMMY'S SUBS - DAY

Laughter, singing and dancing continue to take over the diner.

Leila and Dylan haven't moved from behind the counter.

DYLAN
What have I done?

LEILA
Relax, its only pot. We just need
to wait on it passing.

She laughs, seeing the funny side, and continues to watch the elderly in awe.

DYLAN
I am so fired.

A grey-haired man swings his hips as he approaches Leila and throws out his hand.

MAN
May I have this dance?

Leila lights up and she quickly removes her apron and makes her way out from behind the counter.

She takes the man's hand and they begin to waltz.

Dylan follows from behind the counter. He slumps down in an empty booth and watches Leila, her hair swinging back and forth as she dances.

Vivian approaches Dylan and takes a seat across from him.

VIVIAN
That's some *good* weed.

DYLAN
(flustered)
W-What?

VIVIAN
I've been stoned one too many times
to know when I'm baked, boy.

Dylan chuckles, relieved.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)
So, when are you gonna build up the
courage to ask her?

He looks at Vivian uncertain.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Leila. When are you going to ask her out?

DYLAN

Leila? No, I'm not... We're just old friends.

(beat)

I mean, we weren't even friends, we're just neighbours.

She looks him up and down with one eyebrow raised.

Dylan sighs in defeat.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Let me guess. Your intuition?

VIVIAN

I told you I got it.

(smirks)

Plus I've seen the way you've been looking at her.

(beat)

She is a beauty.

NOW PLAYING: My Way by Franks Sinatra

Dylan turns to look at Leila once more as she dances with the customers. As if in slow motion she twirls around.

Vivian watches him as he takes a breath as if trying to catch it.

INT. DINER - SAMMY'S SUBS - SAME TIME

Sammy rushes into the diner heavy-footed. Riff follows and looks around, holding in his laughter.

SAMMY

What the hell is going on?

Dylan approaches him cautiously.

DYLAN

Samuel, I am so sorry, I don't know what happened. One minute I was filling up the urn and the next minute, things got weird.

Sammy stares at Dylan dead in the eyes causing him to gulp. He holds it long enough until beads of sweat can be seen forming on Dylan's forehead.

Sammy then breaks into a fit of laughter which takes Dylan off guard.

SAMMY
I haven't seen this place this
happenin' since '86.

In unison the diner sing the last words of the song, "I did
it my way"

Riff rolls his eyes, at the sound of Frank Sinatra.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
I don't care how you did it, but
you did it, kid.

NOW PLAYING: Something Good by Day Wave

Sammy pats Dylan on the shoulder as he dances his way into
the crowd.

Riff walks over to his best friend who watches in disbelief.

RIFF
(playful)
I leave you for 2 hours.

Dylan wipes the beads of sweat from his forehead and sighs
with relief.

In SLOW MOTION the whole diner dances away to the music.

Leila comes over and grabs Dylan by the hand, dragging him
into the crowd. They join Sammy, Vivian and the others and
bust out some of their finest moves.

Riff throws his hands up in the air, giving in and joins the
gang.

We hold on the full diner in dance for a beat.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE