

# DROPOUTS

1.04 | There's Something About Leila

Written & Created by

**Jay Paterson**

CAST

DYLAN MAXWELL.....JOE DINICOL  
RIFF CARTER.....JEREMY ALLEN WHITE  
LEILA VARGAS.....INBAR LAVI  
COURTNEY SWANSON....AMBER STEVENS WEST

GUEST STARRING

PATTY.....KATHY NAJIBY  
RILEY PETERS.....REBECCA RITTENHOUSE  
BOBBY KLIEN.....DAVID WALTON

**EXT. STREET - EVENING**

**NOW PLAYING:** Place We Were Made by Maisie Peters

The street is illuminated in gold from the setting sun.

Leila and Dylan walk side by side, they're clothing beat from a hard day's work. Laughter fills the air.

DYLAN

And do you remember when David  
Parks was sick all over Miss  
Susan's new cardigan and she ran  
off the stage crying?

Teary-eyed, they both continue to laugh.

LEILA

How could I forget? I had to  
console Riley the whole night as he  
ruined their prom king and queen  
dance.

DYLAN

Do you ever miss it?

LEILA

What Highschool? I kind of do.

(beat)

I sometimes miss the person I was  
back then. Things are so different  
now.

DYLAN

You still look the same to me. The  
girl next door that *everyone*  
adored. The popular girl with a  
heart.

Leila looks up and catches Dylan's gaze who immediately looks away.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

And then there was Riley Peters...  
Yikes.

LEILA

(chuckles)

Come on. She wasn't that bad.

Dylan stares at Leila deadpan and she dismisses with the shake of her head.

DYLAN

Well I was glad to see the back of high school. That was rough.

LEILA

Because of your dad?

DYLAN

(nods)

Summer before freshman year. The dreaded cancer

(beat)

After that, I was determined to get out of here.

LEILA

And look at you now. You'll be heading back to Columbia soon.

(beat)

He'd be proud.

Dylan tries to force a smile but is riddled with guilt.

LEILA (CONT'D)

If its any consolation, the Dylan standing in front of *me* right now, is *not* the same Dylan I knew back then.

(beat)

He's confident, mature and I think we can drop the dorky for kinda charming.

DYLAN

Kinda Charming Dylan. That has a nice ring to it.

His cheeks flush red as he looks to the ground.

They both approach Leila's front yard.

LEILA

Well, this is me. I'll see you tomorrow?

Dylan nods and Leila makes her way to the front door.

DYLAN

Leila?

She turns back around.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Good talk.

Leila smiles and goes to walk-

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 I mean, we should talk more right?  
 (beat)  
 We've probably spoken more these  
 past few days than we have our  
 whole lives. But I was thinking  
 maybe we could continue our  
 talks... outside of work?

Dylan grabs the back of his neck with one hand as he lets out a nervous chuckle, he's rambling.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 I have one friend in this town. I'd  
 like to make it two.

LEILA  
 I think I could handle socialising  
 outside of work. Just not tonight  
 though, I'm working at a bar  
 downtown. Rain check?

DYLAN  
 Totally.

LEILA  
 I can bring my friend Courtney.  
 You'll love her.

Leila enters her house leaving Dylan pondering.

**INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - MAXWELL HOME - EVENING**

Dylan enters his dark room and begins undresses down to his underwear.

His face is immediately lit from a light peering through his bedroom window. He slowly walks across the room and peers out of it.

Through the blinds, we see the window of a neighbouring house where the light is coming from. Its Leila's room.

We see Leila rummaging through her wardrobe before deciding on an outfit. She begins unbuttoning her shirt.

Dylan gulps. She unbuttons lower and lower. As she reaches the bottom button Dylan looks away, beads of sweat forming on his upper lip.

SUDDENLY the bedroom light turns on.

THE MUSIC SOUNDTRACK CRASHES

PATTY

Dylan, honey, why is it so dark in here.

Dylan instantly covers his half-naked body.

DYLAN

Mom, could you knock first

Patty walks around picking up dirty laundry from the bedroom floor. She ignores Dylan's command.

PATTY

(notices him by the window)

Oh, remember when you were a boy and used to peak across the way into Leila's room. You would practice talking to her whilst she played with her dolls. So precious.

DYLAN

(stunned)

Uh, that's not what I was doing...

PATTY

Mkay sweetie.

She grabs the last of the laundry and exits his room leaving the door open.

PATTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(shouting to Ron)

Ron. I think we need to sit down and have a chat with Dylan about boundaries.

Dylan glances back over to Leila's window which is now in darkness.

He picks his phone and dials Riff.

RIFF (V.O.)

What's up dildo.

DYLAN

Hey, can I come over to yours tonight, I can't take this house much longer.

RIFF (V.O.)

Patty and Ron huh? Dude, remember that time she walked in on you-

DYLAN

Okay, I get it. Can I come over or what?

RIFF (V.O.)

Sure. I'm just getting take out. You want me to pick you up some tacos?

The sound of a door closing catches Dylan's attention. He looks out of his window and across to Leila's front lawn. She exits her house and makes her way into a car.

Dylan squints his eyes to get a better look but the sun has set and the darkness impairs his vision. He can make out its a male in the front seat.

RIFF (V.O.)

Hello?

DYLAN

Do you know if Leila has a boyfriend?

RIFF (V.O.)

Not this again. Leila moved back about 2 months ago. Its possible?

DYLAN

It's just, I asked her if maybe she'd like to go out sometime.

RIFF (V.O.)

Wait! You asked her out? You finally asked the girl you've been crushing on since middle school out on a date?

DYLAN

Not in so many words. I said I liked talking to her and we should take more. And then she said she'll invite her friend Courtney.

RIFF (V.O.)

Smooth... You are well and truly in the friend zone.

DYLAN

She said she was working tonight  
but now she's getting into some  
guys car.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN, LEXINGTON - NIGHT**

Riff exits a restaurant with a take out bag in one hand and  
his phone in another.

RIFF

At Fiddler's? I'm across the  
street.

Across the street we see a neon green saying that reads,  
"FIDDLER'S BAR" as Riff enters his car.

**INT. RIFFS CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Riff opens the car and gets in the drivers seating placing  
his take out shotgun.

RIFF

It was probably an uber. If she's  
heading here she should be here any  
minute. I'll just wait here until  
she comes.

DYLAN (V.O.)

You can't just stalk her?

RIFF

It's not stalking if I'm already  
here?!

(beat)

The last thing I need is you coming  
over and talking about this the  
whole night.

(beat)

I'll wait around for a couple of  
minutes, see her get dropped off in  
an Uber, what's the worst that  
could happen?

Riff disconnects the call.

He looks over at his takeout on the seat next to him.

RIFF (CONT'D)

From take out to stake out.

**NOW PLAYING:** We Used To Be Friends by The Dandy Warhols

He grabs a taco from the bag and takes a monstrous bite. Guacamole dripping on to his top.

Grabbing a napkin he chaotically wipes before a car pulling up outside the bar catches his attention.

Across the street, Leila exits the vehicle. She begins to make her way towards the bar but stops and turns and walks back to the car.

Riff slowly leans forward for a closer look.

BEEP! His chest pressed against the horn.

RIFF (CONT'D)

Shit!

Riff scrambles before sliding down his seat and out of view.

His heavy breaths begin to settle before he slides back upright.

The car is pulling away and Leila is nowhere to be seen.

**INT. DYLAN'S BEDROOM - MAXWELL HOME - NIGHT**

Dylan sits on his floor having an intense stare-off with BABY, the cat, who lays on his bed.

DYLAN

(western accent)

This room ain't big enough for the both, pal.

His phone rings breaking the stare-off. Dylan picks up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

So, did she make it to work?

RIFF (V.O.)

I think so.

DYLAN

What do you mean you *think* so?

**INT. RIFFS CAR - NIGHT**

Riff is now driving, paying close attention to the road.

RIFF

I saw her get out of the car. But then she turned back and I...

(MORE)

RIFF (CONT'D)

Well the point is I don't know  
actually know if she went in or  
not.

DYLAN (V.O.)

What a spectacular lookout you are.

RIFF

I got it covered. I'm in pursuit of  
the vehicle.

We now see that Riff's attention is on the car in front of  
him. The same car which Leila was in.

DYLAN (V.O.)

You're following the car?! You said  
this wouldn't be stalking.

RIFF

Call me Magnum because I've gone  
full P.I.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Couldn't you have just checked  
inside the bar?!

Silence. Riff stutters.

DYLAN (V.O.)

Hello?

RIFF

You know what, Dylan. I didn't have  
time to think far ahead. When  
you're a private investigator, you  
sometimes gotta make a snap  
decision.

**INT. DYLAN'S ROOM - MAXWELL HOME - NIGHT**

Dylan now paces back and forth. His phone glued to his ear.

DYLAN

You're not a... I give up.

Dylan stops pacing and diverts his attention to the bedroom  
window.

He makes his way over and looks out. There's a light on in  
Leila's house.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 Someone just turned Leila's light  
 on. Maybe she came home?

RIFF (V.O.)  
 There no way she would have made it  
 home that fast. It could be her  
 parents?

DYLAN  
 No. They live in Florida.

SMASH.

The sound of breaking glass comes from Leila's.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 I think she might be getting  
 burgled... Should I call the cops?

RIFF (V.O.)  
 Whoever it is will be gone by the  
 time the lousy cops in this town  
 make it.

(Beat)  
 This is your shot.

DYLAN  
 What do you mean?

RIFF (V.O.)  
 To impress Leila. You see, girls  
 like her love the idea of a knight  
 in shining armour coming to the  
 rescue. So stopping some nut job  
 from stealing her prized  
 possessions is bound to score you  
 some brownie points.

(beat)  
 Be the Superman to her Lois Lane.  
 Be the hero.

His eye's still fixated on Leila's window, Dylan, clenches  
 his jaw.

**INT. FIDDLER'S BAR - EVENING**

An old rustic bar in need of a good makeover.

Half of the seats are filled with regulars who drink, be  
 merry and tap their feet to the Kenny Rodgers soundtrack  
 which plays softly in the background.

Leila pours a pint from the tap. She catches the attention of another customer as they approach the bar.

LEILA  
What can I get you?

The peaceful music is overtaken by a roar of giggles entering the bar.

A group of eight women enter wearing bachelorette attire. One stands out wearing a tiara and her sash reads, "bride to be."

She makes her way to the bar, her long blonde hair flicks with each step. This is **RILEY PETERS**, bubbly, extra, the girl most likely to be voted prom queen.

RILEY  
O. M. F. G. Leila? Is that you?

Leila looks up from ringing the cash register.

LEILA  
Riley! Hey. What are you-

RILEY  
Doing here? I could ask you the same thing?

LEILA  
And you're getting married? Do I know the lucky guy?

RILEY  
Its David. He may have ruined junior prom but he's made it up to me since.

She whips up her hand to show off the ring.

LEILA  
Would you look at that.

RILEY  
I heard a rumour you were back in town. But I said, it can't be true. I'm sure she would call up her girl and let her know? Especially after ghosting 4 years ago.

LEILA  
I'm sorry, Riley. I've just had a lot going on. With the move back, finding jobs. Its been a hectic couple of months.

RILEY

It was like an episode of Unsolved Mysteries when you left. Where is Leila Vargas? And of course, everyone came to me, your best friend. But I couldn't help solve the case.

LEILA

I wish I could tell you I was abducted by aliens or that I was adopted by Jay-Z and Beyoncé.

RILEY

So why did you flee without a single word?

LEILA

It's complicated. Can we just... Go back to you getting married and why you ladies don't have a drink yet. Round of shots on the house!

The girls erupt in cheers.

Leila turns to the bar back and leans on it with both hands. She lets out a heavy sigh, the grilling averted.

**INT. RIFFS CAR - NIGHT**

Riff pays close attention as he continues to tail the car in front of him.

The car takes a sharp left.

RIFF

Where are you going...?  
(beat)  
Screw this.

Riff reaches behind the passenger seat. The back of the car is overflowing with trash. He continues rummaging until he grabs a hold of something.

Riff pulls out a megaphone.

RIFF (CONT'D)

I've missed you, old buddy.

He rolls down the window and sticks the head of the megaphone out

RIFF (CONT'D)  
 (into the megaphone)  
 BEEP! BOOP!  
 (clears throat)  
 This is Lexington Police  
 Department. Please can you pull  
 over. I repeat, please pull over.

The car in front pulls in and comes to a halt.

RIFF (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Well that was easy.

Riff puts the vehicle in park.

He sits tapping the steering wheel.

RIFF (CONT'D)  
 I didn't think this through.

**EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Riff gradually exits his car.

He takes baby steps towards the vehicle and the unknown passenger. Biding his time.

RIFF  
 (Whispering to himself)  
 What the hell am I doing... Time to  
 channel, Veronica Mars.

Riff reaches the vehicle and the passenger rolls down their window, revealing themselves to be **BOBBY KLIEN**, mid 30's, scruffy but handsome. Used to getting what he wants.

BOBBY  
 I'm sorry officer but did I do  
 something wrong.

RIFF  
 That's Detective to you. Can I see  
 your license and registration,  
 please?

Bobby looks at Riff puzzled before reluctantly leaning over to the glove box.

Riff looks inside the vehicle.

RIFF (CONT'D)  
 So you're alone?

BOBBY  
 (confused)  
 Yeah...

Bobby hands over his license. Riff gives it a once over.

RIFF  
 So, Bobby. Did you drop a girl off  
 at Fiddler's bar tonight?

BOBBY  
 Excuse me?

RIFF  
 I thought you might have been an  
 Uber but on closer inspection, I  
 see you *don't* work for Uber?

BOBBY  
 What? No.  
 (beat)  
 Can I ask what this is about?

RIFF  
 (in character)  
 Stick to answering, I'm the one  
 doing the questioning.

BOBBY  
 (suspiciously)  
 Detective, could I see a badge?

RIFF  
 (caught off guard)  
 Uh. You know I would, but I left it  
 in the car.

An even more puzzled Bobby glares up at Riff. He screws his eyes in thought.

BOBBY  
 Do I know you?

The constant questioning causes Riff to freeze. Like a deer in headlights.

RUN. Riff throws the license back at Bobby which hits him on the face before landing on his lap and begins legging it back to his car.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 What the fuck...

Sprinting. Riff has almost reached the car door when all of a sudden blue and red lights simultaneously flash in front of him.

He stops in his tracks.

Riff slumps his shoulders. There's nowhere to run.

RIFF  
(sighs)  
Just another day in Neptune.

**INT. FIDDLER'S BAR - NIGHT**

The bar is almost empty.

Leila goes from table to table collecting glasses.

The bachelorette party take up a table. They shout over one another in conversation. Heavily Intoxicated.

RILEY  
(Shouts)  
Leila. Come here.

She gestures to Leila who swiftly approaches.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
I was just telling the girls how we were the baddest bitches in high school.

Her group of friends giggle. Leila joins in the laughter, a little awkwardly.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
I always worried about what came next. If high school was my peak. But now I really have it all. The perfect job, a fiancé. We really made it huh?

Leila's gentle smile begins to fade. She nods.

LEILA  
(Unconvincingly)  
Yeah we did.

RILEY  
So tell me about your life, did you go to college? Have any illegitimate babies?

LEILA  
(pleadingly)  
Can we save this conversation for  
some other time? These glasses wont  
collect themselves.

RILEY  
Ok. But you have to come to the  
wedding? We really do need to catch  
up.

LEILA  
You know what. I'd really like  
that.

The girls exchange a sincere smile before Leila makes a swift  
exit.

**EXT. BACK YARD - LEILA'S HOME - EVENING**

Dylan treads stealthily through the back yard.

Through the bushes, he peers through the downstairs window  
for a closer look. The living room is lit but no one in  
sight.

A dark figure is seen crossing the hallway.

Dylan ducks. He begins panting and takes out his phone.

DIALS: 911

He hovers his thumb over the call button but instead puts his  
phone back into his pocket.

DYLAN  
Be the hero.

Crouched. Dylan makes his way to the back door. He tries the  
handle and its opens.

He releases a long breath before entering.

**INT. LEILA'S HOME - NIGHT**

Dylan remains stealthy as he enters the house.

His eyes whip back and forth scanning the room as he edges  
further into the home.

BANG. Something falls in the other room.

Dylan jumps of out his skin.

DYLAN  
Whoever's in there better leave  
immediately. The cops are on their  
way!

We hear rummaging in the next room.

Dylan now upright. RUNS into the next room, letting out a  
roar of courage.

TSSST.

A girl screams as she pepper sprays Dylan in the face. This  
is **COURTNEY SWANSON** (30), an adventurous free spirit. She  
looks terrified.

Dylan grabs his eyes with both hands and stumbles back.

They both scream in unison.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Who are you?!

COURTNEY  
Who am I? What are you doing in my  
house?

DYLAN  
*Your* house? This is Leila's house.

Dylan is crouched down in pain. He slowly flutters his eyes  
open and takes a look at the beautiful girl who stands before  
him.

COURTNEY  
You know Leila?

DYLAN  
Yeah I live next door. I thought  
someone had broken in.

COURTNEY  
(awkward)  
Oh. I'm so sorry about the pepper  
spray.

Dylan rubs his red and teary eyes.

COURTNEY (CONT'D)  
I'm Courtney, Leila's roommate.

She extends a hand.

DYLAN  
Ah, the friend.

Dylan with one eye open extends his, but completely misses her hand. She grabs his and shakes.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
(winces)  
Could you get me some ice?

COURTNEY  
Oh. Right.

Courtney heads for the kitchen.

**EXT. LEILA'S HOME - EVENING**

Dylan is escorted out by a police officer. His eyes still bright red.

COURTNEY  
Is this really necessary? I called as soon as I heard a noise. I didn't know he was a neighbour.

POLICE OFFICER  
I need Mr Maxwell to come down to the station.

COURTNEY  
It was nice meeting you, Dylan.

She smiles as she watches him being put into the back seat of the car.

Dylan manages a soft smile from the window.

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Dylan walks into the station followed by the officer.

DYLAN  
I really don't see why you've had to drag me in here.

POLICE OFFICER  
You're not being arrested. Just wait here.

The officer walks around a corner.

A moment later, Riff appears from the corner.

Dylan is taken back.

DYLAN  
What are you doing here?

RIFF  
I got picked for impersonating a  
police officer.

**NOW PLAYING:** Something Good by Day Wave

Dylan's eyes bulge from their sockets. Riff remains nonchalant.

RIFF (CONT'D)  
Its no biggie. I got off with a  
warning. Although they confiscated  
my megaphone. That sucks.

DYLAN  
I guess you weren't cut out for  
this investigative crap.

RIFF  
(smirks)  
Does the name Bobby Klein mean  
anything to you?

We hold on Dylan and Riff's pondering faces as they head out of the police station.

**END OF EPISODE**