

THE DRUG TOAST

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INT. GENERIC DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

The store is closed to the public. Fluorescent lights hum overhead. STOCKERS move through aisles, quietly working.

Two TEENAGERS stock shelves in the same aisle.

DEVON (16-17) wears a yellow sash indicating he's a new employee. His name tag reads "Devon." He's a typical high school stoner type. Slightly chunky, not athletic, accidentally charming. Dopey.

STEVE (18-20) is slightly older. Fresh out of high school, low energy, hometown guy. He's training Devon.

Steve grabs a can from the shelf.

STEVE

Devon, these are pinto beans. You put them with the baked beans.

DEVON

Oh, sorry, man. I got it.

Devon takes the can and places it somewhere else.

STEVE

Those are black beans.

DEVON

God damn, too many beans.

Devon shuffles around, trying to match can colors.

DEVON

I'm not really good at this.

STEVE

You're fine, man. (takes the can and puts it in the right spot) You just working here for summer break?

DEVON

Yeah, my mom made me.

STEVE

First job?

DEVON

Yeah.

They keep working. Steve nonchalantly.

STEVE

You, uh, smoke?

Devon hesitates, blushing, he clearly does.

DEVON

Um...

STEVE

It's cool, dude. Just seeing if you wanted to smoke a bowl after our shift wraps.

DEVON

Awesome. Dope.

STEVE

Keep it on the down-

The INTERCOM crackles.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Floor team to the break room. Floor team to the break room, please.

Steve turns and starts to head down the aisle, frustrated. Stops.

STEVE

It's the drug toast. Don't do anything stupid.

He walks off quickly. Devon scrambles to follow.

DEVON

Drug what? Drug test?

STEVE (walking)

Just be cool. Be cool.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

A spacious, generic break room. Policy papers line the walls. An "Employee of the Month" board hangs crooked.

About eight EMPLOYEES of very varying backgrounds stand around awkwardly. Like these people could not be any more different. They're also completely devoid of energy aside from Devon. No one talks.

Devon bumps into an OLDER WOMAN.

DEVON

Sorry.

A high-energy, abrasive MANAGER enters. GABE (40s-50s), unlikeable, loud leader. Sales manager type. You know the guy. You also know that you don't like the guy.

GABE

Alright, gather around night team. Gather around. Bob.

He gestures to BOB (60s), a short assistant manager with a Danny DeVito vibe.

Bob wheels in a cart with champagne flutes and a bottle. The group reluctantly forms a circle.

Steve catches Devon's eye and not so subtly signals: keep your mouth shut.

GABE (continuing)

As most of you know, I'm Gabe Harrison, the general manager of Ricardo's. I do see a couple new faces. Welcome aboard.

POP!

Devon jumps.

Bob struggles with the overflowing bottle.

BOB

Whoa, nelly.

He pours champagne into the flutes.

GABE

Looks like Bob is ready to get this party started.

Sarcastically. Trying to get a laugh. Nothing from the listless group.

Pass these around, folks.

Bob begins passing around the half-filled champagne flutes.

Devon leans toward the older woman.

DEVON

Is this even legal? I'm only 17.

She shushes him.

Gabe raises a flute to chest level.

GABE

Now this is just a formality. You'll all do fine.

He lifts his glass higher.

GABE

To drugs.

The camera slowly circles the group.

No one moves.

Camera lands on Devon.

Devon enthusiastically raises his glass.

DEVON

TO DRUGS!

Quick cut to Gabe.

GABE

You're fired.

Devon freezes—stunned. Duck lips. Looks down.

CUT TO BLACK.

END SCENE

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