

**ON SITE - (PILOT)**

Written by

Dale Trett

Copyright © 2012  
Dale Trett  
All rights reserved.

[Daletrett@gmail.com](mailto:Daletrett@gmail.com)

FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A family eat at the table.

DEAN, (22), tall, attractive. Dean's mom SARA, (37), slim, attractive.

Sara's boyfriend PHIL, (40), slightly overweight, rugged.

PHIL  
(To Dean)  
I found you a job today.

Dean acknowledges Phil.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
A labouring job, on that new  
building site.

Dean takes a deep breath.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Don't start crying like a little  
bitch. I've heard great things  
about the place.

DEAN  
Name them?

PHIL  
What?

DEAN  
Name the people told you about it.

PHIL  
Dave said it.

DEAN  
You don't know a Dave.

PHIL  
Everybody knows a Dave.

DEAN  
I don't.

PHIL  
Well, John said it, too.

Dean puts his cutlery down and is about to leave.

SARA  
Dean, it's nearly a year since your  
last job and you--

DEAN  
Haven't found a career, I know.  
Already this sounds like something  
I wouldn't be happy doing.

PHIL  
We're not talking a fucking life-  
time career here, just a job.  
Until you know what you want to do.

DEAN  
I know what I want to do.

Phil laughs.

PHIL  
To be a writer, we know.

DEAN  
Why is that funny?

SARA  
We know how hard you're trying, but  
you need to get a job.

PHIL  
Listen to your mother.

DEAN  
How is sweeping floors going to  
help me become a writer?

PHIL  
You do time-sheets each week.

SARA  
It could give you inspiration, a  
different perspective of things.

DEAN  
I can't see it.

PHIL  
Just take the job.

DEAN  
I don't know--

PHIL  
You're taking it.

DEAN  
You can't make me.

PHIL  
You wanna bet on that? Because  
I'll win, odds are on me. I'm the  
favorite--

Phil. SARA

Sara-- PHIL

Phil-- DEAN

Dean-- PHIL

Phil-- SARA

DEAN  
Mum. I don't want to start on this path, get stuck, and give up on my dream.

Phil laughs again.

SARA  
You'll find time to write. Go for one day, for me. If you don't like it, you won't have to go back.

PHIL  
You will.

SARA  
You won't.

DEAN  
Okay. One day.

PHIL  
Get in.

DEAN  
But if I see one stereotype builder, I won't go back.

PHIL  
Great. I'm happy. Ecstatic.

Dean leaves the table, kisses his mother and leaves the room.

SARA  
Did we do the right thing?

PHIL  
Hey, let's celebrate. Dean's got a job.

Sara frowns at Phil.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - MORNING

Dean approaches a temporary-office-container outside a building that's undertaking maintenance.

He's wearing pristine P.P.E. Gloves, glasses, hard-hat, boots and high-viz vest.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

It's small and cluttered with paper. Multiple electric heaters are turned to the max.

Andy, (50), dangerously overweight, he sweats while he sleeps in a chair.

Dean enters.

DEAN  
Hello, I'm--

Dean's knocked back by the heat.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

Dean sees Andy and the heaters.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Andy?

Andy SNORES gently.

Dean grabs a time-card, signs his name and punches it into the machine.

It reads: **7.30 Scottsdale Site.**

EXT. BUILDING SITE - MORNING

Dean has removed his protective glasses and gloves.

He searches the yard for anybody.

He heads into the building.

INT. BUILDING SITE ENTRANCE - MORNING

Dean enters into a large foyer. He removes his hard hat and places it on a box.

DEAN  
Hello? Hello?

Tim, (26), a tall, timid, skinny electrician walks into the room. He carries a toolbox.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

Tim acknowledges Dean and picks up speed.

Dean follows, trying to match his pace.

DEAN (CONT'D)

You alright, mate? I'm Dean.

Dean holds his hand out to Tim.

Tim ignores Dean and runs toward an elevator door.

Dean's confused, he keeps up with him.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay, man?

Tim rushes into the elevator and bashes the up button. The door closes.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

Dean heads for the exit.

Dean grabs his hat, and opens the door.

PAUL (O.S.)

Hold on there, my boy.

PAUL, (60), small, sweet and frail. He walks toward Dean.

Dean meets Paul half way.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Don't mind Tim, he has a difficult time talking to new people.

DEAN

Okay.

PAUL

Come to think of it, he's never said a word to me. A man of no words.

Paul shakes Dean's hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm Paul, the tiler. You must be the new labourer.

DEAN  
Yeah, I'm Dean.

PAUL  
Welcome to Scottsdale.

DEAN  
Thanks. You're the first person  
who's actually communicated with  
me.

PAUL  
It's better that way. Nice to meet  
you.

DEAN  
You too, Paul.

PAUL  
Come this way.

They head for some stairs.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I guess you were referring to Andy?

DEAN  
I was.

Paul laughs.

PAUL  
Don't worry, he'll make an  
appearance later.

DEAN  
So is it just you three?

PAUL  
At the minute, the others won't  
arrive for another hour.

Paul spots something on the stairs.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I forgot. There's also  
Ben.

An extremely SEXY GIRL, not fully dressed, creeps down the  
stairs. She's embarrassed.

SEXY GIRL  
Excuse me. Thank you.

Dean and Paul move aside, she rushes past.

DEAN  
That's Ben?

PAUL

No. It's another one of his many suitors. He's Andy's nephew, he lives on the site, if you'd believe that.

DEAN

I do.

PAUL

Try not to spend too much time with him. We had a labourer a few years back, the nicest guy you'd ever meet, he got friendly with Ben, he was never the same.

DEAN

Thanks for the heads-up.

PAUL

Strictly between you and me, Ben's a bit of a lost cause.

DEAN

I won't tell.

PAUL

Come on, you can come with me until break.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Dean and Paul head toward a red container emitting CHATTER and LAUGHTER.

Dean is only wearing his high-viz vest.

PAUL

You ready for this? They're a pretty heavy bunch.

DEAN

Ready as I'll ever be.

INT. CONTAINER - DAY

Tables and chairs stagger the room. There's a small kitchen area to one end. It's littered and dirty.

Tim sits quietly, separated from the rest.

DAVE, (30), tall and handsome reads a newspaper.

BEN, (21), good looking and very confident. He sits with SPIKE (20), Overweight, hairy faced.

They huddle around a mobile phone.

BRYAN, (40), Big and round, perpetually angry. Sits in silence.

Dean and Paul enter.

The CHATTER ceases.

PAUL  
Morning.

BRYAN  
Is it?

DAVE  
Good to see ya, Paul.

Paul goes to the kitchen area and makes a coffee.

Dave stands up and shakes Dean's hand.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Hey. I'm Dave.

DEAN  
Dean.

DAVE  
Nice.

Dave motions to the people he introduces.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
That devil's reject there is Ben  
and his slim boyfriend Spike.

DEAN  
How's it going guys?

They snigger at the phone.

DAVE  
Yeah, that's them.

DEAN  
Awesome.

DAVE  
That's Tim, descendent of Charlie  
Chaplin.

DEAN  
Yes. We've already met.

DAVE  
If you can call it that.

Dean smiles.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
And that's the Incredible Hulk.  
Anger issues Bryan.

Bryan MUMBLES.

DEAN  
Glad that's over.

DAVE  
Yeah, me too. Take a seat.

DEAN  
Thanks.

They both sit at a table. Dave continues with his newspaper.

PAUL  
You want a tea, Dean?

DEAN  
No thanks. I'm good.

PAUL  
Bryan?

BRYAN  
No.

PAUL  
Okay.

SPIKE  
We don't need a shitty-ass labourer  
here.

Dean's confused.

DEAN  
I'm sorry. You talking to me?

BEN  
Obviously.

DEAN  
Andy seems to think you do.

SPIKE  
New guys make the rest of us look  
bad.

DEAN  
I don't mean to upset the apple  
cart or anything.

SPIKE  
Please, we're not farmers.

DAVE  
Shut up, Spike.

DEAN  
Spike?

BRYAN  
Don't listen to the fat pig, Dean.  
He barely moves.

SPIKE  
You're bigger than I am.

Bryan makes eyes contact with Spike.

SPIKE (CONT'D)  
Or not.

Bryan gets worked up.

BRYAN  
Come to think of it, you don't do  
anything, and neither do the rest  
of freeloaders.

Bryan's angry, he stands.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sick of doing all the heavy  
lifting and not getting the Goddamn  
recognition I Goddamn fucking  
deserve. You can all go--

DAVE  
Bryan. Bryan. Remember your  
breathing. Smooth it out.

Bryan massages his cheeks. He sits down.

SPIKE  
I always pulled my weight here.

DAVE  
Your back okay?

Dean laughs. Spike isn't impressed.

BEN  
Don't laugh at his weight, Square.  
He may be the size of a jet, but  
he's sensitive.

Spike's insulted.

DEAN  
Did you just call me a Square?

BEN  
What are you going to do about it,  
Square?

SPIKE  
He'll turn you to stone. Like  
medusa, because he's ugly.

Spike and Ben laugh and high-five each other.  
Spike tries to high-five Tim, who ignores him.

DAVE  
That was embarrassing for  
everybody.

Andy comes to the door.

ANDY  
Dean, could you come to the office  
for a sec.

DEAN  
Sure.

Dean leaves the container.

ANDY  
Come on guys, time at the bar.

Andy closes the door.

A chair SLAMS against the door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Andy takes a seat. He shifts until comfortable.

ANDY  
Close the door. Don't want to let  
the heat out.

DEAN  
It's like twenty degrees today.

ANDY  
I like the heat. Helps me relax.

Andy's eyes show signs of heaviness.

DAVE  
I can see.

Dean closes the door.

ANDY

Welcome to Scottsdale. I'm the king and, well you've met the peasants.

DEAN

Yes.

Andy searches his heap of papers. He places a sheet on the table.

ANDY

We're not the strictest site around, our main rule is simple, don't kill yourself or anybody else.

DEAN

I'll put my machete in it's case then.

Andy stares with a blank face.

DEAN (CONT'D)

It was a joke.

ANDY

Yes, well, just sign here please.

Dean signs the sheet of paper and heads for the exit.

DEAN

So what do I actually do?

ANDY

Sweep up, move boxes that need moving, hold things that need holding.

Dean laughs.

DEAN

Okay.

ANDY

Spend some time with everybody, get to know the people and their trades.

DEAN

Okay then, I'll do that.

ANDY

Any other questions?

DEAN

No, I think I'm good.

Dean steps outside, he gets a question and turns back to Andy.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
Actually.

Andy sleeps in his chair.

Dean leaves.

INT. SITE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Spike is covered in paint, he sits on a paint tin starrng at his phone.

Dean stands, watching.

DEAN  
Shouldn't we do something?

SPIKE  
What do you want from me? I'm sitting here, on my phone.

DEAN  
I can see that.

Spike laughs at his phone.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
So, you do much this weekend?

Spike sighs, puts his phone away and gives Dean his attention.

SPIKE  
You really wanna know what I did, or are you trying to make annoying small talk?

DEAN  
Mostly just small talk.

SPIKE  
Me and Ben went to a few bars, got pretty hammered. Oh shit--

Dean panics.

DEAN  
What? Are you okay?

SPIKE  
I just remembered. There were these girls. It started with a round of shots then-- I can't believe I forgot. Oh fuck.

Spike laughs.

DEAN  
Will you shut up and tell me what happened?

SPIKE  
Try to picture this, me and Ben at the bar, we've just ordered a shot each minding our own business. When two smoking hot dames--

DEAN  
Dames?

SPIKE  
Came up to us and gave us another shot each.

Dean's getting intrigued.

DEAN  
Right, then what happened?

SPIKE  
Well that was it. They gave us a shot each, so we had to do our shot and then theirs. I tell ya, never again.

Dean stares in disbelief.

INT. SITE BATHROOM - DAY

DEAN  
Ben, you in here?

Dean opens the bathroom door.

Ben is hunched over the toilet, humping the seat.

Dean looks away. Ben just continues.

BEN  
Get the hell out.

DEAN  
Oh shit, I'm so sorry. I'll, uh, I'll come back.

Dean leaves and SLAMS the door.

INT. SITE KITCHEN - DAY

Dave is fitting a kitchen. Dean watches.

DAVE

Have you always wanted to be in the building trade?

DEAN

No. I've been out of work for 10 months so my step dad pretty much forced me to come here.

DAVE

It ain't as bad as it seems, you meet a lot of interesting characters on building sites.

DEAN

Yeah, I've noticed.

DAVE

The work can be hard, other times it's not. You need to learn to have fun while doing it.

DEAN

Yeah, I guess. Not really what I planned, though.

DAVE

Things don't always go the way you want them to. When I was twenty, I wanted to be an actor.

DEAN

Really?

DAVE

I was young, full of hopes and dreams.

DEAN

What happened?

DAVE

I got a temporary job, and I've been here ever since.

DEAN

Shit.

DAVE

I know. It sucks. What about you?

DEAN

I want to be a writer. A novelist, screenwriter, journalist, anything as long as I'm writing.

DAVE  
It might not be tomorrow, it might  
not be in five years, but don't  
give up. I did, and now I'm  
fitting kitchens.

DEAN  
But you're happy, right?

Dave pauses.

DAVE  
Just don't give up.

DEAN  
I'm glad you're here, Dave. You  
and Paul are the only normal people  
I've met today. I just caught Ben  
trying to have sex with a damn  
toilet.

Dave flips out.

DAVE  
That little shit's an idiot. He  
wouldn't know what sex is if it  
penetrated his face.

Dean looks confused.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you something about sex.

Dave's very overzealous with his gestures.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Me and my wife do all this wild,  
crazy shit. Oh man, you have no  
idea. Just last night.

Dean's disappointed.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
She brought this leather dildo type  
thing, she tied me up like this--

Dave holds onto his ankles. Dean heads for the exit.

DEAN  
I just remembered, I've got to help  
somebody.

DAVE  
Okay, cool. I'll tell ya later.

Dean leaves.

INT. SITE BATHROOM - DAY

Dean knocks on the door before entering.

DEAN (O.S.)  
Is it safe?

BEN  
Come in, Square.

Dean enters.

Ben lies in the bath tub, smoking a cigarette.

DEAN  
Makes sense.

BEN  
I train one labourer and they send me another.

DEAN  
Don't flatter yourself. I have to spend time with everybody.

BEN  
Sure, whatever. You've done your time, now go.

DEAN  
What's your problem?

BEN  
Look, I've got a good thing going here. I live rent free, I can bring as many girls back as I want, and I use a different toilet every fucking day. And all I have to do is plumb a few pipes. So I don't need you blowing your whistle.

DEAN  
But you haven't put any pipes in.

BEN  
Fuck off.

Dean heads for the exit.

DEAN  
The toilet's not plumbed in.  
Idiot.

Dean leaves the room.

Ben rushes to the toilet.

BEN

Shit.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Dean stands with Bryan. Bryan builds a small wall.

An awkward silence.

BRYAN

What the fuck are you doing?

DEAN

What?

BRYAN

You come out here, stand right behind me and fucking stare. I can't stand it when people fucking stare.

DEAN

Sorry, I wasn't staring.

BRYAN

Just back off a little. Making me feel uncomfortable.

Dean steps back a few. Bryan returns to his wall.

Dean is about to speak.

BRYAN (CONT'D)

And don't make small talk. Nothing I hate more.

Another awkward silence.

DEAN

So, how long have you worked here?

Bryan flinches, he drops a brick on his foot and EXPLODES.

BRYAN

Jesus fucking Mary. You mother fucking, son of a bitch.

Bryan vents his anger by kicking down the wall he just built.

Dean backs away slowly.

INT. SITE BEDROOM - DAY

Tim cuts some cables up some steps. Dean watches from the ground.

Complete silence.

DEAN  
This is nice. Thank you.

Silence

Tim cowardly checks if Dean is still there.

EXT. CONTAINER - DAY

Dean slumps in a chair outside the noisy container.

Paul joins Dean.

PAUL  
Dean.

DEAN  
Alright, Paul.

PAUL  
Are you?

DEAN  
Yeah, I'm fine.

PAUL  
The trick is to give them better  
than they give you.

DEAN  
Thanks.

Dean gives Paul an appreciative smile.

INT. SITE HALLWAY - DAY

Dean sweeps the floor.

Ben and Spike walk by, they stop to talk to Dean.

SPIKE  
Alright, Square?

DEAN  
Ladies.

BEN  
We've been told you're not enjoying  
your time here.

DEAN  
You needed telling to get that?

BEN

You need to hang with us if you really wanna have fun.

DEAN

I know, I heard about your wild night of two shots at once. Close to the edge.

BEN

Holy shit. Spike, you told him about that? I totally forgot.

SPIKE

I know, man, so did I. That night was awesome.

BEN

So awesome.

DEAN

You two are made for each other.

SPIKE

What's that supposed to mean?

DEAN

Haven't you got some work to be doing?

BEN

Haven't you got a boyfriend to be gay with?

Ben and Spike high-five.

DEAN

You jumped right into sexuality there, are you hiding something?

Ben looks away.

BEN

Shut up.

SPIKE

Yeah, you homosexually, erm--

DEAN

I'm going to go. You two need to share your feelings.

Dean walks away.

SPIKE

Go be gay somewhere else.

Spike tries to high-five Ben. Ben walks away.

BEN  
That was stupid, you always go too far.

SPIKE  
I don't go far enough.

INT. SITE KITCHEN - DAY

Tim, Paul, Bryan and Andy stand in the room.

Dean enters.

PAUL  
I'm sorry, Andy. I don't know anything.

ANDY  
Bryan, what about you?

Bryan's insulted. He jumps the gun.

BRYAN  
You little insignificant--

PAUL  
Bryan.

ANDY  
I'm not saying you did it. I've been informed of whom it may be, but I'm not going to name the accused without any proof.

DEAN  
What's going on?

ANDY  
My wallet has been stolen from my office. With quite a substantial amount of money inside.

DEAN  
Who took it?

PAUL  
He won't say.

DEAN  
I could probably guess.

BRYAN  
I said, I had nothing to do with it.

Tim stands innocently.

DEAN  
No, I wasn't referring to you.

BRYAN  
I'm sick to shit of this.

Bryan shouts in Tim's face.

BRYAN (CONT'D)  
Shut up.

Bryan leaves.

DEAN  
Was it me?

ANDY  
You're in the running, yes.

PAUL  
What?

DEAN  
And Ben or Spike tipped you off.

ANDY  
Possibly.

PAUL  
Dean wouldn't steal your money.

ANDY  
I'm calling a staff meeting at  
three. If the culprit doesn't step  
forward then I have no choice but  
to call the fuss.

Andy leaves.

Dean and Paul share concerned looks.

Dean turns to leave. Tim stands right behind him, Dean jumps.

DEAN  
Jesus. We gotta put a bell on him.

Dean leaves.

INT. CONTAINER - DAY

Paul, Dean, Bryan, Tim and Dave are in their usual places watching Andy.

Andy paces the room in silence.

BRYAN

Andy--

Ben and Spike enter, interrupting Bryan.

Bryan's annoyed

Dean sees Ben drops something in the bin as he sits down.

ANDY

Now we're all here, let's get this over with. All I want to know is, who took he wallet?

Nobody confesses.

ANDY (CONT'D)

The sooner the villain confesses, the sooner you can all go back to whatever it is you all do

DAVE

I had nothing to do with it.

DEAN

I think we all know who took it.

BEN

Yeah, Square. Tell him how you did it.

DEAN

Ben, I know it was you.

BEN

Prove it, Square.

DAVE

If you took it Ben, just give it back, I've got shit to do.

BEN

Let's think for a moment. This is the first ever time something has been stolen, and it coincides with Square's first day.

DEAN

Such a dick.

SPIKE

Don't you talk to him like that--

BRYAN

I'll knock all you fat pigs out if nobody steps the fuck up--

DAVE  
Bryan, calm down, Remember your  
Messages.

Bryan throws a tool catalog at Dave's head.

ANDY  
Dave, shut up.

DAVE  
I was trying to--

PAUL  
Dave, that's enough.

Dave goes quiet.

ANDY  
Then I have no choice. I must call  
the authorities. I don't really  
want to do that, but I will.

Ben and Spike laugh at Ben's phone.

DAVE  
When did it go missing?

ANDY  
Must have been around one o'clock.

BEN  
So diner time?

ANDY  
Yes.

SPIKE  
Well, we were all in here during  
dinner.

BEN  
Everybody except Square.

DEAN  
Oh come on.

SPIKE  
Yeah, he had more than enough time  
to steal the money. And he has the  
motive.

DEAN  
And what is that, Sherlock?

SPIKE  
Being ugly.

Spike and Ben high-five.

DAVE

I don't want to say it, Dean. But they're right. About the time, not the motive.

DEAN

I was sitting outside, Paul was with me.

ANDY

Paul?

PAUL

He's telling the truth.

Tim is getting agitated, he watches what Ben and Spike are laughing at.

SPIKE

You didn't come out until late. He was out there the whole of dinner.

BEN

More than enough time to break a commandment.

ANDY

Paul?

Paul pauses.

PAUL

They're right, I didn't. But Dean wouldn't steal. I know him.

SPIKE

For a day.

BEN

That's right.

SPIKE

That is right.

PAUL

And I already know he's not a criminal.

DAVE

I'll second that.

BRYAN

Third it.

ANDY

Sorry, Bryan?

BRYAN  
What are you fucking deaf?

ANDY  
Then I have no choice but to  
involve the police.

Andy opens the door.

BEN  
Call the police.

SPIKE  
Yeah.

PAUL  
Andy.

DAVE  
Andy.

DEAN  
Paul, I didn't--

SPIKE  
He did.

PAUL  
Andy.

BRYAN  
Everybody shut the fuck up.

Silence.

Tim grabs Ben's phone and tosses it to Dave.

BEN  
That's mine, asshole.

SPIKE  
Tim, you're one weird mother  
fucker.

Dave checks the phone.

DAVE  
Andy. Andy.

Andy turns back, Dave hands him the phone.

It's a picture of Andy asleep in his chair. Ben and Spike  
posing beside him. Ben holds his wallet.

DEAN  
What is it?

ANDY  
Ben, have you got my wallet?

BEN  
No, I have not.

ANDY  
The proofs right here, Ben.

BEN  
Search me. I haven't got it.

Dean remembers.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I never touched your wallet.

SPIKE  
He hasn't got it.

DEAN  
Wait.

Dean goes to the bin and pulls out a wallet.

ANDY  
That's my wallet. How did you--

DEAN  
Ben dropped it when he came in.

DAVE  
Open it.

Dean opens the wallet, it's empty apart from a few coins.

DEAN  
No, I'm sorry, Andy. It's gone.

Dean hands Andy the wallet, he checks inside.

ANDY  
No no, it's there.

Dean's dumbfounded.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I want to see you both in my  
office. Now.

Andy leaves.

Ben charges Dean.

BEN  
You little prick.

Bryan steps between them.

BRYAN  
You got something to say to one of  
us, you say it to all of us.

Ben pauses.

BEN  
I was just leaving.

Ben steps around Bryan.

Everybody looks to Spike.

SPIKE  
And so was I.

BEN  
We'll get you for this, Square.

Ben and Spike leave.

DEAN  
Thanks guys. You didn't have to do  
that.

BRYAN  
No problem.

DAVE  
I'm glad you didn't do it.

DEAN  
Thanks for the help, Tim.

Tim looks up to the group. The anticipation builds.

Tim puts his head down.

BRYAN  
Fuck.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

The site is quiet. Dean heads for the office.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Andy is asleep in the chair.

Dean enters, he punches his time card.

It reads: **4.30 Scottsdale**

EXT. BUILDING SITE - DAY

Dean closes the site gate behind him.

Paul stands outside the gate.

PAUL

So, Dean. Will we be seeing you  
tomorrow?

Dean pauses.

DEAN

It was nice meeting you, Paul.

They shake hands and share friendly looks. Dean walks away.

EXT. BUILDING SITE - MORNING

Paul down the site, he looks for somebody. He enters the  
building.

INT. BUILDING SITE - MORNING

Paul smiles. Dean sweeps the foyer floor.

FADE OUT.