ON SITE - (PILOT)

Written by

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

Phil laughs again.

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.

You will.

You won’t.

Okay. One day.

Get in.

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

Great. I’m happy. Ecstatic.

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

Did we do the right thing?

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 notions 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 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 starring 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.
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

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 Massages.

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.