

DISPLACED ONES

PILOT

Written by

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EXT. BEST HOUSE - MORNING

It's early spring, a 1998 Ford Fiesta in a ghastly yellow colour, covered in dings, sits on the driveway of a two-storey semi-detached home on a new-build estate. The car next to it is much more sensible, a silver hatchback polished within an inch of its life.

We hear FOOTSTEPS. A close up on the driver's door handle to the Fiesta. A hand SHOTS into frame and GRABS the handle.

CLUNK. A figure climbs in, we can't make out much but it's clear it's the owner. A young adult with a rebellious side. He SLAMS the door closed.

An aftermarket radio set, crammed into the dashboard at an ill-fitting angle and secured in place by epoxy, is switched on and the volume is TURNED UP TO THE MAX.

AMERICAN IDIOT by GREEN DAY proceeds to BLAST out of the tinny speakers. The window rolls down on the drivers side with a SCREECH. Cigarette ash FALLS to the ground through it.

We follow the hand and cigarette back as it goes to the lips of RYAN BEST (19). His bored expression is almost a trademark that he treats as a personality. His worn Vans, skin-tight grey jeans, oversized hoodie, and bleached blonde hair all add to his angsty persona.

He takes a LONG drag and PUFFS out the smoke slowly. Someone is SHOUTING but they are drowned out by the noise of the music.

INT. BEST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

HAYLEY BEST (38) is soaking wet and wrapped in a dark blue bath towel. Her damp red hair clings to her face and back. She's leaning out of the window of the bathroom, a monochrome space, impossibly clean for a house with two teen sons.

A row of products line the glass shelf below the mirror. Dozens of different creams, sprays, and beauty sachets.

HAYLEY
Ryan? Ryan! RYAN!

Hayley SLAMS the window shut which knocks a lot of the aforementioned lotions and potions onto the floor.

HAYLEY (CONT'D)
Bloody kids.

EXT. BEST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ryan takes another DRAG before noticing Hayley, his mother, leaving the house in just a towel in his car's rear view mirror. She's storming towards him.

RYAN

Shit.

He fumbles the cigarette which DROPS onto the car mat and catches light. He STOMPS it out with panic and SMASHES the cigarette packet into his glove box just as Hayley reaches the passenger side.

She BANGS on the window with the palm of her hand in a pissed off manner. The window LOWERS with a SCREECH.

HAYLEY

Turn that down. We have neighbours.

RYAN

I've noticed.

Ryan LOOKS over his shoulder to next door, an almost identical house, not connected to his own. Peeking through the blinds is an old man in a dressing gown, parting them with his fingers with a scowl on his face.

Ryan FLIPS him off and the blinds CLOSE.

HAYLEY

RYAN!

RYAN

Fine.

Ryan TWISTS the knob all the way down so the music barely registers as noise. He SLUMPS back in his chair with a HUFF.

HAYLEY

Your brother will be out in a minute.

Hayley begins to WALK away and Ryan checks his phone for the time. It's 8:12. They're cutting it close.

RYAN

Where's that little shit?

He SLAPS the steering wheel and as soon as the blow comes...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEST HOUSE - SAME TIME

NOAH BEST (16), fresh faced teen with brown hair and green eyes, SMACKS his elbow into his bedroom door as he rushes around. Trying his best to multitask, getting dressed as he packs his backpack.

It tumbles to the ground with a THUD, spilling his packed lunch of cheese sandwiches (cut triangular), a bottle of Coke, and a banana on to the floor.

NOAH
(to himself)
Really?

He SIGHS and tries to scrape them back into the bag, his blue polo shirt still only half on.

Hayley comes up the stairs on her way back to the bathroom.

HAYLEY
Your brother's waiting for you.

NOAH
I know, Mum.

HAYLEY
You need to start going to bed on time. Maybe then you'll stop sleeping through your alarm.

NOAH
It didn't go off!

Noah throws his bag over his shoulder and starts to rush down the stairs, taking them two at a time.

HAYLEY
Don't I even get a goodbye?

Noah turns, jarring himself to a stop, almost spraining his ankle at the same time.

NOAH
Yeah. Sorry. Bye Mum.

He turns to go.

HAYLEY
Aren't you supposed to wear your name badge?

CUT TO:

INT. BEST HOUSE. NOAH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Noah's room is a testament to nerd culture. He has Blade Runner and Star Wars posters on the wall, an Xbox 360 occupies his desk with action figures from a number of games dotting the shelves.

The book case is half filled with books and half filled with DVDs and there's a foldout table with Warhammer 40K models perched in the corner.

On his desk, next to his laptop, is a name badge. WESTGATE GARAGES: NOAH BEST. A hand comes into frame, it's Noah's, and snatches the name badge.

EXT. BEST HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Logan FIDDLES with the badge, trying to get it to sit right without pricking himself with the pin. He places his bag in the boot, very aware he is being waited on, and SLIDES into the passenger seat.

NOAH

Sorry about-

RYAN

(holds up a hand)

Save it. We're gonna be late.
AGAIN.

The engine REVS LOUDLY. The car SCREECHES off of the driveway and out onto the road. The blinds of the neighbour TWITCH open. The old man can be seen, still scowling at the world.

INT./EXT. RYAN'S CAR - MORNING

The bright yellow fiesta BLASTS down a nondescript 'A' road, flanked on either side by corn fields and cattle. It tailgates a people carrier on the school run. There isn't enough room to sensibly overtake, with an oncoming car on the other side closing the gap. That doesn't stop Ryan.

The tyres SCREECH and the engine GROWLS (pathetically) as Ryan goes for the overtake. Noah grips the seat silently. It's close. There isn't enough room. They're on the wrong side of the road with a car FLASHING its lights and BEEPING its horn. Just a few metres in it.

More HORNS. From all the cars involved.

Ryan SHOOTs into the space at the last minute, missing the front bumper of the overtaken car by millimetres.

The car behind can be seen in the rear view mirror. It's a middle aged Dad with his young daughter who is wearing a smart school uniform. Private school. Blazer, tie, the lot. She looks terrified. The father looks furious as he hammers the HORN. AGAIN. And AGAIN.

Ryan LOOKS across to Noah who has turned a little white.

RYAN
What's wrong with you?

NOAH
N-nothing.

RYAN
(not looking at the road)
What took you so long this morning?

NOAH
Slept in.

RYAN
(still not looking)
Again? Daz is gonna kick the shit
out of you if you keep it up.
(points at glove box)
Pass us a smoke will you.

Noah reaches for the glove box and PULLS out the partially crushed box. He removes one from the pack.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Light it for us.

Ryan tosses Noah a lighter from the driver's door pocket which he of course fumbles and drops. He tries to light it but he can't get it to spark. And again. NOTHING. Again.

NOAH
Ouch.

Noah looks at his thumb which has the ignition wheel imprint on it.

RYAN
For god's sake. I'll do it.

Ryan reaches over and takes the cigarette and lighter.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Hold the wheel.

Noah reaches over and does his best to hold the wheel as Ryan lights the cigarette.

Noah winces away from the sparks as it is lit. Does his best to turn away from the smoke BLOWN in his general direction.

Ryan takes back control of the steering wheel. They sit in SILENCE.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm so glad they took you on. Now they don't have me doing all the crappy jobs.

NOAH

(he does mind)
I don't mind it.

RYAN

What's it like working under Captain Slow?

NOAH

John's not so bad.

RYAN

Messiest bloke I've ever met. Did I tell you about the blue sandwich?

NOAH

Blue sandwich?

RYAN

What are you, a parrot? Yeah. Back when I was an apprentice. They had me clean his bay. Found all sorts. A packed lunch so old the bread had gone blue.

NOAH

That's gross. Does that happen?

RYAN

Calling me a liar? Be careful you don't catch anything working with him.

EXT. WESTGATE GARAGES. CARPARK - MORNING

The carpark is FULL of cars, all shapes and sizes. Some brand new and some that raise questions as to how the owners got them to the garage in the first place. The garage is part of a chain. A well kept glass walled showroom sits on the front of a huge corrugated workshop to the back.

The fiesta TEARS into the carpark, cutting up another car trying to leave and disturbing a SALESMAN going through his sales pitch with an older couple on the forecourt. They look on in disgust.

Ryan PULLS into a space at the very back, blocking a door that says STRICTLY NO PARKING on a neighbouring business. Noah gets out first and nearly breaks into a sprint as he heads towards work.

RYAN

Moron?

Noah TURNS with his mouth agape.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Bag?

NOAH

Oh.

Noah DASHES back, GRABS his backpack from the boot and takes off towards the roller shutter door of the garage. Ryan watches him leave and shakes his head slowly.

RYAN

They're gonna eat him alive.

INT. WESTGATE GARAGES - MORNING

The garage is a long square space with sunlight filtering in through dirty plastic slits in the roof. Eight two-poster ramps, four along each side, fill the room. A large steel scrap bin and portable dumpster occupy the area immediately to the left of the roller shutter door.

An oil drainer has overflowed and has been pushed into the corner next to the door, just conveniently out of sight. A job for the apprentice when he bothers to come in.

Noah quick walks across the workshop. He passes very expensive looking toolboxes. Snap-On and Blue Point special editions with Formulae 1 and Mustang murals and side cabinets. The kind of toolbox that are purchased on finance and cost more than most people's first car.

Noah reaches his. It fits neatly on top of a desk and has a few dings here and there. It's unbranded and covered in stickers. All combined, his cheap tools probably cost about as much as a pub lunch. He hangs his backpack on the nail stuck out of the wall and grabs his overalls from the one next to it.

As he tries to climb into them, he wobbles on one leg, and a hand pushes him over. He hits the ground but manages to shield his head. There's laughter. The kind that's weaponised and aimed at people.

Noah LOOKS up. It's DAZ (36). He's thick set, lives on protein shakes and gym supplements. Biceps that are almost comically disproportioned to the rest of his body. He stands a good head higher than anyone else at the business.

DAZ

What time do you call this?

Noah sees a group of other older mechanics behind him, some nursing coffee cups, struggling to keep a straight face. All of them are looking his way.

DAZ (CONT'D)

Shit load for you to catch up on.

Noah gets to his feet. He tries not to make eye contact with Daz. It won't help. Daz forces a mug into his hand. The inside of it is stained brown.

DAZ (CONT'D)

You can start by cleaning out *that* and making me a drink.

INT. WESTGATE GARAGES. CANTEEN - MOMENTS LATER

The canteen is a dark space with only one small external window that allows in the light. Two tables have been pushed up against each other to create one long seating area, like a poor excuse for a banquet table. Cheap plastic chairs flank both sides. Wooden tribal masks hang on the feature wall.

We see Noah walk passed the glass window that looks out into the workshop and ease through the door. He closes it and pushes his back flat against it as he rocks his head back, banging it against the wood. Tears are welling in his eyes.

He takes a DEEP BREATH, does his best to collect himself, and looks up. His face drops. John (57) is stood at the fridge with the door open and a small one litre of milk in his hand. He pushes his glasses up his hooked nose and squints at Noah.

JOHN

Are you alright?

NOAH

Yeah, fine.

Noah walks to the sink and begins to fill it up with hot water and soap from a mostly empty washing up bottle. He flicks on the power switch on the sun bleached kettle.

JOHN
Are you sure?

NOAH
I'm fine.

JOHN
Is it Daz, again? I'll say something.

NOAH
No. Don't. I'm just tired.

JOHN
Then don't stop up until the early hours on your Nintendo.

NOAH
I don't have a-
(reconsiders)
You alright this morning, John?

JOHN
Arms ache a bit.

NOAH
Archery club again?

JOHN
Got the county championships coming up. It'll be close this year. You should think about joining up.

NOAH
I don't think so.

JOHN
Not cool enough for you?

NOAH
My Mum would freak out.

JOHN
(pulls a face)
Why? It's not dangerous. Just don't stand on the range. Now, my old shooting club. *That* was dangerous.

There's a BANG, BANG, BANG on the window that leads into the workshop. Daz is stood on the other side.

He TAPS his wrist violently. What's taking Noah so long? Daz SULKS off with a final glare.

INT. WESTGATE GARAGES - LATER

Noah lines up behind the other mechanics, he is third in the queue for the hole in the wall where the Controller hands out jobs as they come in. The space is not designed for queuing and the parts man keeps having to excuse himself as he cuts through the queue to the parts shelf with exhausts, oil filters, screen wash, and all other kinds of paraphernalia.

As Daz collects his plastic wallet with his next job in he walks back down the line, purposefully clipping Noah as he walks passed with his arm.

Noah gets to the front and is face to face with the controller. PHIL (48) is like an egg. Bald and mostly round. He has no facial hair, other than bushy eyebrows which always come to an angry point. He looks at Noah, who appears much smaller than he truly is in the frame of the window, and shakes his head.

PHIL

What time was it this morning?

NOAH

Quarter to nine.

PHIL

Is that what time you start?
(Over his shoulder)
Porter?

The office Phil is sat in backs onto another office. That of the Service Manager. DANIEL PORTER (33) is a tall scrawny man who was no good as a mechanic so was promoted into a management role. The irony of that is lost on no one.

Daniel pokes his head out of his office, breakfast bar in hand.

DANIEL

(mouth full)
What?

PHIL

Has Noah got a later start time
than the rest of us?

DANIEL

(confused)
No. Why?