

FLOATIES

"Pilot"

written by

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DRAFT DATE

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COLD OPEN

INT. RANDY'S BATHROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON: a soap dish, covered with cruddy mold.

After a moment, a CELL PHONE chirps. Over and over. Then:

RANDY CORBIN, early 30's, the former shell of the athlete he once was in his youth, springs up, soaking wet.

He answers the phone.

RANDY

Please put me on your do not call list
in when I'm rotting away in hell!

The timid, female voice on the other sparks something familiar and unexpected in Randy.

JUDE (V.O.)

Randy? It's me. Your sister.

RANDY

Hey...

JUDE (V.O.)

Catch you at an okay moment?

REVEAL: Randy, fully clothed, in the bath tub, trying to kill himself. His suicide note rests on the side of the tub in the bathroom that looks like it has never been cleaned.

RANDY

Just killing time.

END OF COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. RANDY'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

TITLE CARD: Earlier that day.

Randy, wide awake, combs over old photos of him as a younger man, most of him swimming and training in the pool.

He's lean and trim compared to now, accepting a trophy in a Speedo with his mom and sister next to him. Randy looks down at his beer gut. He rubs his greying whiskers. Time has done a number on him.

His cell phone comes alive with a WHISTLE BLOWING ring tone. Randy answers the call, aware it is an unlisted TELEMARKETER.

RANDY

It's four-thirty in the morning.

An overly pleasant female voice beams in through the phone.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

And what a good morning it is. How are you today, sir?

RANDY

Not interested.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Wonderful. Would you be willing to help a child in need today?

RANDY

So they can become an adult in crisis?

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Yes, of course. For only a small payment of --

RANDY

Put me on your do not call list.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

-- you, that's right you can change a child's life.

Randy hangs up and drops the phone to the other discarded items on the floor of his bedroom.

Going back to the photo of him with his family, Randy turns the picture over. In faded ink, a note reads: "Next stop, Olympic Trials."

Like the phone, Randy tosses the photo to the floor and falls back on his bed.

INT. JUDE'S BEDROOM - DAY

JUDE CORBIN, late 20's, trying-too-hard to be Bohemian type, scrolls through e-mails on her phone, each with subjects like "**Overdrawn**" or "**Past Due.**" Suddenly, her alarm clock rings.

JUDE
Shit, shit, shit, shit...

She pounces out of bed towards the bathroom.

INT. JUDE'S BATHROOM - DAY

Jude, bouncing up and down nervously, contemplates getting into the stream of water coming out of the shower.

JUDE
SHIT. SHIT. SHIT. SHIT.

Finally, she disrobes and jumps into the shower.

JUDE (CONT'D)
SHIT -- !

EXT. GREENBAUM JEWISH HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

A car races through the small lot, speeding into a parking space. Jude hops out of the car, dressed haphazardly and hair all over the place.

She's in a wild frenzy of carrying her messenger bag over her shoulder, huge cup of spilling coffee in one hand, keys in the other, and a breakfast sandwich in her mouth.

JUDE
(mouthful)
SHITSHITSHITSHITSHITSHIT -- !

INT. GREENBAUM JEWISH HIGH SCHOOL - HEAD OFFICE - DAY

The head of school, RABBI SCHMULY, mid 40's, clean cut, yarmulke but no other religious garb, waits behind his desk for Jude, who enters in a whirlwind fashion, but instantly turns bright and plucky upon her arrival.

She removes the breakfast sandwich from her teeth.

JUDE
Schmuly! Hi. Shabbat Shalom.

SCHMULY

It's Tuesday. And you're late.

JUDE

Tardy is what we say around here.

Jude takes a seat across from Schmuly, letting all of her things melt onto his desk. Schmuly takes note, clears his throat.

SCHMULY

Jude, this meeting was scheduled to be on the books days ago.

JUDE

Feels like just yesterday.

SCHMULY

Calendar reminders sent every day up to now.

JUDE

I can never remember to check my calendar reminders.

SCHMULY

And here you are. Just before lunch. Running in almost an hour late --

JUDE

-- tardy --

SCHMULY

-- for a disciplinary meeting regarding your behavior at school. It's almost unbelievable.

JUDE

But I'm here now. Ready to meet!

Jude rips off a bite of her breakfast sandwich.

SCHMULY

Did you bring something with bacon onto a kosher campus?

Knowing she's caught, Jude shoves the rest of the sandwich into her mouth and pushes it down her throat.

JUDE

Nope. Totally did not bring a sausage up in here.

SCHMULY

I said bacon.

JUDE

Oh, Jesus. I was worried there for a second.

Schmuly adjust his glasses as he looks over a piece of paper.

SCHMULY

How is swim team going?

Jude freezes at this.

JUDE

Swimming...ly.

SCHMULY

Lots of good practices?

JUDE

Best practices this side of Reno.

SCHMULY

You have one today, don't you?

JUDE

Uh...sure...do.

SCHMULY

I only ask because...I've heard from the students and the parents of the students on the swim team that you haven't been showing up. At all. Care to comment on this?

Trying to bide her time, Jude chugs the giant cup of coffee and holds up a finger. Schmuly waits, growing impatient.

INT. DINER - DAY

Still dressed in ratty sweats, Randy orders with an overworked WAITRESS at the bar, not even looking at a menu.

RANDY

I want the Funky Town Scramble Down. Four eggs instead of three. Cheddar. Ham. Chives. Guac. Not avocado, but guac. Gravy. English muffin. Extra butter. Extra jam. Gravy. Large Bean-O Mocha-chino with whip cream and chocolate syrup. Bloody Mary in a to-go carafe. Plus a side of gravy.

WAITRESS

Anything else?

RANDY

Pepto Bismol if you got it in a bottle. If it's tablets, crushed up and sprinkled evenly throughout my meal. Thanks.

The waitress leaves to place his order. Randy's phone rings. He checks the number, shakes his head, and answers it.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What happened to do not call me this morning?

The same chipper voice from earlier comes on other end.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Technically, it's almost the afternoon.

RANDY

Still not interested.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

No? Not interested in saving a child's life? Why should you have so much and they have so little.

RANDY

Y'know what? Changed my mind. I'll give right now.

Randy leans the phone down towards his butt that hangs over the stool. He lets out a long, wet fart into the receiver.

RANDY (CONT'D)

So there you go. You get part of me and I most likely get pink eye. Thanks for playing "Put Me On Your Do Not Call List."

He hangs up. The entire diner stares at him in disgust. Randy cues a Shaggy's "It Wasn't Me" on his phone and plays it loudly for everyone to hear.

INT. GREENBAUM JEWISH HIGH SCHOOL - HEAD OFFICE - DAY

Furious, Rabbi Schmuly paces behind his desk. Buzzed with caffeine, Jude nervously jitters her legs and twitches her hand in an attempt to stay calm.

SCHMULY

You haven't been there, meaning our students...have just been...what? Going to "swim team" unsupervised now for three weeks --

JUDE

-- four, actually --

SCHMULY

-- that's not helping your case, Jude!

JUDE

Look...I'm not a swim coach. I know we are required as faculty to oversee a team or club, but look at me. I'm not tough. The kids don't respect me. Can you imagine me trying to inspire them with a speech about swimming and how it relates to their life. C'mon. I'm not coach. I'm barely a teacher.

SCHMULY

So then what, exactly, are you?

JUDE

An artist!

Schmuly stops pacing.

SCHMULY

I get that. Believe it or not, back in the day I was part of The Strokes when they were just the Aneurysms. Changed the name. Kicked me out. Rest is hipster history.

He goes over to an electric guitar in the corner of his office, picking it up, and plucking a few chords wistfully.

JUDE

Free Bird!

Schmuly shoots her a glare. Jude gulps.

JUDE (CONT'D)

So...am I...like, fired?

SCHMULY

Dear lord no! Can you imagine the lawsuit we could be slapped with if that information ever came out? No, what we are going to do is make sure you show up. To every practice.

(MORE)

SCHMULY (CONT'D)

And every meet. And teach these kids
how to not drown. Okay?

JUDE

Guess so...

SCHMULY

What's the problem?

JUDE

I can't swim.

INT. RANDY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy lies spread out on his couch. Beer in one hand. Chip bag in the other. Neon colored snack dust around his mouth.

On the television, a program goes to commercial.

TV MONTAGE:

- *Athletes, in top form, competing fiercely at events.*
- *Swelling music. Flags. Gold medals. National pride.*
- *The Olympic logo appears and a start date for the games.*

Randy shovels a handful of chips into his mouth and washes them down with the rest of the beer in his bottle. He closes his eyes, trying to shut out the memories flooding in.

INT. MARSHALL POOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG RANDY, 18, in the pool, kick flips to swim his final lap. There is another SWIMMER in the lead with Young Randy in second, coming up from behind. He's in peak condition.

From the stands, YOUNG JUDE, 15, looks bored, sketching in a pad while their mom, LINDA CORBIN, cheers with gusto from the crowd.

LINDA

Get 'em, Randy! Kick that little
turd's ass. Make his mother wish she
had a miscarriage instead of giving
birth to that loser.

Another SWIM MOM in the crowd turns to Linda in shock.

SWIM MOM

That's my son!

LINDA

And now he's my son's bitch. Go Randy!

Randy picks up the speed, gaining on the first place swimmer.
Somewhere in the distance, a phone rings.

INT. RANDY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back to reality. Randy opens his eyes. It's his cell phone. Another unlisted number appears on the screen. Gritting his teeth, Randy takes the call.

RANDY

WHAT?!

The same female voice as before, only this time, not so happy-go-lucky. In fact, it's distinctly sadder.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Are you happy?

RANDY

Did you just ask am I happy?

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Yeah. Are you...happy?

RANDY

No. As a matter of fact, I'm not. This is not how my life was supposed to turn out. Here. Today. This moment. Living like this. I'm anything but happy.

(beat, curious)

Why do you ask?

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Well...because of you...and what you did...it made me miss the deadline for my quota.

RANDY

Hang on, are you calling from a personal phone?

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

And you made it seem like I couldn't do my job. And because of that, I no longer have a job. So...I'm calling to ask: are you happy?

Randy's jaw quivers.

RANDY

I'm...I've got depression.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Well I've got a kid! So now you have more to be depressed about, you piece of shit.

RANDY

Look...I'm sorry.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Sorry doesn't put food in my kid's pie hole, does it?

RANDY

I can give you some money. I don't have a lot, but I can help. I couldn't save a kid with your organization, but maybe I can save yours.

There's a long pause on the other line.

TELEMARKETER (V.O.)

Go kill yourself.

Click. She's gone. Randy lowers the phone, tears swelling up in his eyes.

INT. GREENBAUM JEWISH HIGH SCHOOL - STAFF LOUNGE - DAY

Jude slumps over a table. Her coworkers, KRISTY, early 30's, science teacher, and MICHELLE, early 40's, history teacher eat their lunch as they stare at Jude.

KRISTY

It's falafel day. You should be happy.

JUDE

Every day is falafel day here.

MICHELLE

Schmuly isn't a tyrant. He wouldn't kick you out unless you came to work stoned.

Jude lifts herself up to show her bloodshot pupils.

JUDE

What if, say, I didn't come to work stoned, but then I took a ride around the block and just happened to pack a bowl and then finish said bowl before coming back in time to catch the tail end of lunch? That'd be bad, yeah?

KRISTY

Agreed. Bad.

Jude moans.

JUDE

Oh brother...

Michelle takes a bite and has an idea.

MICHELLE

Hey, what about your brother?

JUDE

What about my brother?

KRISTY

Yeah! Wasn't he an Olympic swimmer or something? Maybe he could coach the team.

JUDE

Oh my god, Kristy. You're right!

KRISTY

Also, speaking of your family, I heard that your mom went crazy. Is that right? Or something along those lines? Ended up in a --

Michelle puts one finger over Kristy's mouth and wags a another finger of disapproval with her other hand.

MICHELLE

Remember our talk about boundaries?

KRISTY

But Michelle, you were the one who told me all about how --

Michelle spreads her entire palm over Kristy's mouth in an effort to silence her. Kristy muffles a plea.

MICHELLE

Call him and see what he says.

JUDE

Good idea!

She picks a falafel off Kristy's plate and leaves. Michelle slowly removes her hand from Kristy's lips.

INT. RANDY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Back to the start. Randy on the phone in the bath tub.

JUDE (V.O.)
Catch you at an okay moment?

RANDY
Just killing time.

EXT. JUDE'S CAR - DAY

Jude, dabbing her eyes with drops, has her speaker phone on. She guzzles water whenever she has chance.

JUDE
Cool, cool. Hey, I know it's been a long time.

INTERCUT BETWEEN RANDY AND JUDE

RANDY
Few years. How is life?

JUDE
Good. Real good. You?

RANDY
Same. Living the best one.

JUDE
That's so cool.

RANDY
Yeah...you too...

JUDE
Okay...

RANDY
So...anything I can do for you?

Jude glances around her car, stuffing her pipe and weed back into the glove box.

JUDE
Nope. How about me?

RANDY
What about you?

JUDE
I mean, can I do anything for you?

Randy opens the suicide note: "Sorry for the mess."

RANDY

Nah, I'm all set. Living my best life.

JUDE

You said that.

RANDY

I know I did.

JUDE

Do you?

RANDY

Hey, this has been great. I'm hanging up now.

JUDE

Wait. Actually. I do need something.

RANDY

And what's that?

JUDE

You.

RANDY

Me?

JUDE

Long story, but my school hired me as the swim coach...

Randy sniggers. Then giggles. Then cackles with laughter.

RANDY

You!

JUDE

Laugh it up, Chuckles.

RANDY

You don't know how to swim!

JUDE

I do know how, I just am afraid of water.

RANDY

How is that any better?

JUDE

It's not! But I am swimming in debt. Like, a lot of debt. Credit cards, car dealership, and my stupid, overly priced art school. So yeah, in a manner of speaking, I'm in over my head and I need something stable while I find my way out. Can you help me?

Randy thinks about this. Jude waits.

RANDY

This job...it pays?

JUDE

Jewish private school money, but it is more than either you or I got for our bat mitzvahs.

RANDY

Bar for me.

JUDE

Me too, but afterwards.

RANDY

Good call.

JUDE

To be honest, I toked up out of nerves and we just finished up lunch. Which, bee tee dubs, you'd get that for free on the days you coached.

Without a second thought, Randy smiles.

RANDY

Can I stop by and check it out before agreeing?

Jude pumps a silent, celebratory fist.

JUDE

Sure can! The pool at the Jewish Community Center. Does 4:00 today work?

Randy picks his nose in the mirror.

RANDY

Let me check my calendar.
(beat)
Yeah, all clear.

JUDE

Oh my god, thank you.

RANDY

Don't thank me just yet, I haven't --

Jude hangs up the phone and rushes back into school.

END INTERCUTTING

Randy sighs. Opens a drawer in the bathroom and pulls out his old swimsuit.

EXT. JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER - POOL - DAY

Randy wades in the shallow end of the sleek and upscale pool. He watches the other swimmers in the adjacent lanes before dunking himself under the surface.

Upon coming up, he sees his sister having just entered the pool area carrying a binder and first aid kit. Randy pulls himself out via the ladder and goes to greet her.

Jude smiles at him and then recoils a bit when she see his outfit: tight fitting Speedo and an old, sopping wet t-shirt.

JUDE

Oh boy...

RANDY

What?

JUDE

Look at what you are wearing!

RANDY

Nice to see you too.

JUDE

Sorry. Hi. Good to see you. And your balls, I guess.

RANDY

Should I change before the team gets here?

JUDE

Too late. They are already here.

Jude claps her hands and then cups them around her mouth.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Greenberg Icebergs! Bring it in!

RANDY

They're here?

OLIVE, 16, massively built, high functioning autistic girl, wades over from the shallow end of the pool to where Randy and Jude stand.

JUDE

Olive! Hi.

OLIVE

Who are you? Do we know you?

RANDY

Doubtful.

JUDE

This is my brother, Randy. He's going to be our new coach.

RANDY

Well, maybe...

OLIVE

He's weird.

Running over from the kiddie play area is DARNELL, 12, very young, has water wings and an inner tube on for safety. He trips at Randy's feet.

DARNELL

Did you say new coach?

RANDY

How is this kid in high school? He's so little.

DARNELL

I'm super smart and skipped a few grades, even though I'm only twelve.

RANDY

Seems right. Do you like swimming?

DARNELL

Yeah, except I don't know how!

Randy shakes his head in disbelief.

JUDE

And over there is Chantal.

Jude points to CHANTAL, fully dressed in her regular clothes, hanging out on a lounge chair and playing with a cell phone.

JUDE (CONT'D)

Chantal, can you come over here?

Chantal gives Jude the finger without looking up from her phone.

RANDY

Great. Who else?

JUDE

Uh, that's it.

RANDY

For real?

JUDE

Yeah...we're a small school.

RANDY

THIS IS THE WHOLE TEAM?

Jude attempts to smile and shrugs. Randy storms off, forcing his sister to chance after him.

JUDE

No, wait. Randy. Please!

RANDY

This isn't a team. This is a joke.

JUDE

It's not a joke!

RANDY

On me! Hahaha. Very funny. Bye.

JUDE

My boss, the Head of School is coming over to check on me and I need you here showing the kids how to beast stroke or whatever.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

NO RUNNING! AGAIN. STILL. PLEASE...

Randy stops in his tracks and turns his attention to the sound of voice. CAROLINE, 30's, the JCC's lead Lifeguard, dressed in red and white, sunglasses, perches on a chair five feet up in the air.

RANDY

Who is that?

JUDE

I don't know. Some Lifeguard. I think she runs the place.

Randy cannot stop staring.

RANDY

Wow. She's here a lot?

JUDE

Slow your roll, bro. That Speedo barely covers what it needs to right now.

From her perch, Caroline dips her sunglasses to get a better look at Randy, who does not move.

Rabbi Schmuly walks up behind Jude, surveying the scene.

SCHMULY

Well, I see a pool, but I see no students swimming in it.

Randy and Jude turn to face Schmuly.

JUDE

Rabbi Schmuly. Hey there. We were just about to get started. With some starters. Oh, this is my brother.

Stone-faced, Schmuly offers his hand. Randy shakes it.

RANDY

Shabbat Shalom.

SCHMULY

You don't look like siblings.

Jude and Randy hastily talk over each other to explain.

RANDY

Oh, well, her dad isn't my dad --

JUDE

-- who's not even married to --

RANDY

-- our mom, who had a habit of --

JUDE

-- finding this random...guys.

(beat)

All the time.

RANDY
Like...in and out...

JUDE
...of our life...

RANDY
Which is why...

JUDE
...we look like...this...?

Schmuly looks Randy up and down skeptically.

SCHMULY
Can I ask what you are doing here,
Randy?

RANDY
Well, I'm, uh...

Caroline, who has come over from her post, taps Randy on the shoulder. He turns around, shocked to see her up close.

CAROLINE
I'm so sorry to bother you. To bother
all of you. Just, to be a bother.

RANDY
No bother.

CAROLINE
You're Randy Corbin, aren't you? The
Olympic swimmer?

Randy's cheeks flush. Jude shoots Schmuly a knowing glance.

RANDY
I mean, I did go to the Olympics.

CAROLINE
I knew I recognized you.

RANDY
Thanks. And you are?

CAROLINE
Caroline. Lifeguard. Big fan.

RANDY
Aw, shucks. You're making me blush.

CAROLINE
What are you doing here? At our pool?

JUDE

Randy's my brother and Greenberg's newest swim coach. That is, if you, Rabbi, have no objections to hiring on an Olympic swimmer to coach our students.

Schmuly looks Randy up and down, sizing him up.

SCHMULY

Is that true?

CAROLINE

Oh, it's more than true. He was one of the best American swimmers before....well, I can't exactly remember what happened to you.

INT. MARSHALL POOL/STANDS/LOCKER ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

MEMORY MONTAGE:

- Randy, 18, swimming in the race, pulling ahead.
- Randy, 22, receiving a trophy as confetti flies.
- Randy, 25, sitting on a bench, shaking uncontrollably.

LINDA (V.O.)

Goddamnit, Randy!

EXT. JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER - POOL - SAME

Randy looks to Jude. She bites her lip.

RANDY

Neither can I, frankly.

SCHMULY

You ever work with kids?

RANDY

Only when I was one.

SCHMULY

Ever coached a team?

Randy looks to Jude for a clue. Jude silently nods and mouths the words "All the time."

RANDY

All the time.

SCHMULY

All right then. We need to do some paperwork to make it all official. But for now...just get them in the water.

JUDE

He'll do just that, Rabbi Schmuly.

SCHMULY

And you. You're his assistant coach. He's not a faculty member and there needs to be one present at all times, so don't think you're off the hook.

JUDE

Mazel tov.

SCHMULY

Whatever.

Schmuly leaves the pool area.

Caroline smiles at Randy. He smiles back.

CAROLINE

Let me know if you need anything.

RANDY

Just a line. A lane. You're a line. Caro...line.

CAROLINE

You got it.

She blows a whistle and calls out to some swimmers in a lane on the far side of the pool.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

EVERYONE. OUT OF THE POOL. SWIM TEAM FOR GREENBERG HIGH SCHOOL WITH COACH RANDY CORBIN NEEDS THIS LANE. PLEASE. AND THANK YOU.

Caroline winks at Randy and then heads back to her post. He turns to Jude.

RANDY

Can you...I don't know...get them in the pool or something.

JUDE

You got it. Coach.

EXT. JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTER - POOL - AFTERNOON

SWIM PRACTICE MONTAGE:

- *Jude encourages the students to get into the pool.*
- *Chantal closes her eyes and puts her headphones in.*
- *Olive cannon ball dives into the water.*
- *Randy demonstrates how to swim to Olive.*
- *Darnell dips a toe in the pool.*
- *Olive chugs along, moving thru the water, but not swimming.*
- *Darnell coaxing a frightened Jude towards the water.*
- *Randy daydreaming in Caroline's direction until:*

OLIVE

Ah! Mister Coach Man. There's a bee in the water. I think it's dead!

Randy, shaken from his reverie, looks at Olive, who is standing in the pool, pointing to something floating on the surface.

RANDY

Swim around it. It's okay.

OLIVE

I have a cramp.

RANDY

You need a break?

OLIVE

Are you offering a break.

RANDY

Yes. Let's take a break.

OLIVE

Then why didn't you just say so?

Jude comes over to Randy, rubs his back.

JUDE

Patience, patience...

RANDY

Jude, what is this school you teach at?

Olive splashes the dead bee away from her.

JUDE

It's a school for...special learners.

RANDY

And that's Silicon Valley mumbo-jumbo for what exactly...?

JUDE

They're good kids. Darnell is obviously very smart. Olive is on the spectrum, but high functioning. And Chantal is just...I don't know, but there's a reason she's at this school.

Olive finally scoops the bee, along with a lot of water, and dumps it on the concert surface next to the pool.

RANDY

You care about these kids, huh?

JUDE

I do. They're strange. And unique. And they remind me of me.

(beat)

I'm not a good teacher though. I feel so lost in my own life I don't know what to say to them. I mean, what do you tell a kid when you feel like you are still one?

Pulling herself out of the pool, Olive waddles over to Jude and Randy.

OLIVE

I need my towel. And a snack.

JUDE

Salty or sweet this time?

OLIVE

Both.

From the kid's water playground, Darnell comes running back to the group --

DARNELL

Guys! Are you having a snack? I want one too.

-- and steps on the dead bee with his barefoot. Darnell lets out a welp of pain, trips, and falls in the pool.

Randy turns around in time just to see Darnell slip below the surface of the water.

RANDY

Oh shit.

Caroline, taking in the whole scene, jumps off her post and runs over to the far lane where Darnell went under. Randy comes up the other end to meet her.

CAROLINE

Did he have his water wings on?

RANDY

I don't know. I don't think so!

Before either of them can make another move, someone launches into the pool with sharp precision. They submerge themselves below the water then rise like a torpedo, swimming full speed ahead in the lane.

Jude races over to Caroline and Randy.

JUDE

Was that Darnell?

RANDY

I think so. But who was that?

They wait. Longer than it feels necessary until finally --

-- Chantal emerges, pulling up Darnell, who coughs up water and chokes down fresh air. She manages to expertly pull him over to the side of the pool where Caroline hoists Darnell out of the water.

Randy bends down to offer Chantal a hand. She ignores it and pulls herself out of the water, clothes dripping everywhere.

JUDE

Chantal! You saved Darnell's life.

CHANTAL

You weren't doing anything so I figured I had to.

RANDY

Who taught you how to swim like that?

CHANTAL

My mom.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out her water-logged cell phone.

CHANTAL (CONT'D)

She's going to kill me for ruining my phone.

RANDY

Can you swim like that again? Like at a meet?

Chantal shrugs, not taking her attention off her phone.

JUDE

She's good.

RANDY

She's real good.

JUDE

We're not going to say anything about this to Rabbi Schmuly...

RANDY

...no...

JUDE

...because I would definitely lose my job...

RANDY

...for sure...

JUDE

...and you could get the school sued...

RANDY

...oh, big time...

JUDE

...so we'll just...

RANDY

...zip our lips.

Jude motions pulling a zipper over her mouth and throwing away the key.

Randy walks over to Caroline, who is examining Darnell. Olive breaks off a piece of her snack and shares it with him.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Pretty crazy stuff on the first day.

CAROLINE

You good, Darnell?

DARNELL

I swam! Sort of.

Caroline shoots daggers at Randy.

CAROLINE

What happened to you?

RANDY

Sorry, what?

CAROLINE

Just now. You just stood there while Darnell almost drown.

RANDY

Me? What about you? Aren't you the lifeguard around here.

CAROLINE

And aren't you the coach!?

Randy hangs his head.

RANDY

Guess it was just nerves.

CAROLINE

That's right. I remember now. Nerves.

Caroline shakes her head and walks away. Jude checks her phone.

JUDE

We need to get them changed and back at school. Parents will be coming to get them.

Randy nods, not really hearing her.

EXT. GREENBAUM JEWISH HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Randy stands next to Chantal as they wait for her mom.

RANDY

Can I tell you something?

(no answer)

It's a secret. So don't tell any one else. Today...you did what I should've done and you did it better than I ever could've. So at the next practice, you are going to suit up and you are going to swim and you are going to show Olive and Darnell how it is done.

Chantal stares straight ahead.

 CHANTAL
Says who?

 RANDY
Your coach.

 CHANTAL
You going to give up on us?

 RANDY
No. Why do you think that?

 CHANTAL
Everyone does. Eventually.

A car pulls up to the curb. Chantal goes around to the passenger side. The window rolls down and THERESA, 30's, single mom, tired and stressed, pops her head out.

 THERESA
 (to Chantal)
Why aren't you answering your phone?
 (to Randy)
And you are...?

 CHANTAL
That's Coach Corbin.

 RANDY
Nice to meet you.

 THERESA
You coaching the floaties?

 CHANTAL
Mom! Don't call us that.

 RANDY
You're daughter is really something.

 CHANTAL
 (nonchalantly)
Saved someone's life today.

 THERESA
Who?

 CHANTAL
Darnell. He fell in the pool.

RANDY

And she jumped in, swam right over and saved him. Kind of amazing.

THERESA

Your voice sounds familiar...

RANDY

Yeah, yours does too...why is that?

THERESA

Not sure. Just glad to hear my daughter saved a child's life today.

That phrase clicks something in Randy's memory and his eyes fill up with recognition. Theresa is the telemarketer.

RANDY

Sure...did.

THERESA

At least one of us had a good day.

CHANTAL

Did you get fired? Again?

THERESA

(to Randy)

Pleasure to meet you, Coach.

She rolls up the window and drives away, leaving Randy dazed.

Jude exits the school, carrying all of her stuff with her.

JUDE

Want a ride home?

RANDY

Sure. Want a beer when we get there?

JUDE

Absolutely.

INT. RANDY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Randy opens the door, letting Jude enter first. She surveys the mess that is her brother's home.

JUDE

What a dump...

RANDY

Gee, thanks.

JUDE

Sorry. I meant. No. I need to take a dump.

Randy points down the hallway.

RANDY

Last door on the left.

Jude nods and makes her way towards the bathroom as Randy heads into the kitchen to grab the beers.

INT. RANDY'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jude maneuvers her way through the mess and plops down on the toilet, waiting out the time it takes to do her business.

She looks around the bathroom and sees a piece of paper near the bathtub. Jude picks it up, opens it, and reads it.

INT. RANDY'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Randy, already through his first bottle of beer, and popping open a second sprawls out on the couch. Jude enter, lingering in the hallway.

JUDE

What's this?

She holds up the note reading "Sorry For The Mess." Randy takes a big swig and gulps down the brew. He sighs.

RANDY

Didn't have time to clean.

Jude stares at him, but finally cracks up and howls.

JUDE

Oh my god. You are so funny!

RANDY

Yeah, I knew I kind of wanted to invite you over later for some brews. Didn't have time to clean after getting your call.

He hands his sister a beer as she joins in on the couch.

JUDE

God, I feel like my whole life is a mess sometimes.

RANDY

You and me both. I'm just glad you called so we could make a mess together.

JUDE

Glad you picked up.

RANDY

Met Chantal's mom.

JUDE

What a piece of work she is.

Jude tosses back her beer.

RANDY

I think she's the telemarketer I got fired today.

Jude slowly reset her beer upright. An old family picture of her, Randy, and their mother catches her eye.

JUDE

Hey...do you still blame me...for mom?

RANDY

Jude...I don't know...

(beat)

Why? You ever see her these days?

JUDE

No. But maybe we can go sometime. Together. Like, as a family.

Randy raises his beer. Jude does the same.

RANDY

More than that. We're teammates.

Randy nods. They toast, knocking their bottles by the necks.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Let's just do our best to try and not kill a kid next time.

JUDE

Fully agreed on that point.

Jude and Randy, sibling reunited, drink together.

END OF PILOT.