

NARPS PILOT

COLD OPEN

INT. TEXAS A&M POOL - DAY

The Texas A&M Natatorium, best described as dark, muggy, humid, loud, and saturated in ugly maroon. The air-cut with shouts, cheers, and whistles from onlooking spectators, coaches, and SWIMMERS—absolutely reeks of chlorine.

An oppressive environment, and yet, it is one that the athletes thrive in; they have been preparing all season for this championship meet.

An aerial view shows “absolute chaos” on deck, a sea of bodies pushing and jumping, arms waving, towels flailing. The warm-up pool is even worse, the water frothing with action.

And, at the center of it all, the serene blue rectangle of competition pool where eight bodies race back and forth. Lane 2 touches the wall and some garbled words of praise pipe in from the overhead speakers...

ANNOUNCER

Some outside smoke in lane 2! Up
next, heat five of six in event
eleven, women's 100 yard
butterfly.

Zoom in to behind the blocks, the only space where there seems to be some sense of calm... or perhaps unease. Nervousness. False confidence. The LADIES in heat five step up to the blocks, and heat six stands behind the timer's chairs.

Heat four crawls painfully out of the pool. There are excited fists in the air from some and tears from others, the range of human emotion displayed between the eight WOMEN.

We move behind KENZIE's (15) shoulder, following her line of sight to the score board where times and places flash. She is locked in, focused, deadly; she wants to win.

We move behind CALISSA's (15) shoulder, her line of sight in the crowd, searching desperately for her MOM (45). She fidgets with her goggles, shakes out her arms and legs, constantly moving. ALICE (16) steps beside her, big sister vibes.

ALICE

You ready?

CALISSA

Yes! Maybe? Dude I'm so nervous.

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Alice offers Calissa a half full honey-bear BOTTLE. Calissa shakes her head, Alice shrugs and takes a long squeeze of honey.

In a syrupy voice, as Alice hasn't swallowed all the honey yet...

ALICE
Did you see the coach from
Tennessee?

CALISSA
What?

In clear voice...

ALICE
Did you see the coach-

CALISSA
No, no, I got your question. There
are college coaches here?

Alice nods and points up to where Calissa was looking before, this time we see dozens of COLLEGE COACHES in the stands, with golf shirts and zip up jackets emblazoned with their college logos and folded meet programs in their hands. Some have ball caps and sunglasses on, the classic "Marvel Disguise".

Under her breath...

CALISSA
Oh.

ANNOUNCER
Up next, heat six of six for
women's 100 yard butterfly!

CALISSA
Oh!

Calissa scrambles up to the block, tugging at her goggles, her cap, the final adjustments of the shoulder straps on her tech suit.

One long whistle blow, and the girls do their final shake-outs on the deck.

COACH RUSTY
Let's go, Rays!

Three long blows, and they step onto the blocks.

STARTER
Take your marks...

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Beat. Buzzer sounds, and we cut to the side of the pool where the live stream is playing.

ANNOUNCER

In lane three, Jenny Rosa; lane four, Kenzie Collins; lane five, Alice Smith; lane six, Calissa Brooks—

Quick cuts between Calissa, Kenzie, and Alice racing behind the wall and back to the live stream.

ANNOUNCER

Coming up on the third wall, that's Kenzie in lane four touching first, followed closely by Alice in five and Calissa in six. But we've seen Calissa's consistent underwaters, so it's going to come down to this final lap!

Calissa, Kenzie, and Alice are neck and neck, coming to a nail biting finish. Two more strokes, one more, and BOOM Calissa hits the wall .01 seconds ahead of Kenzie, with Alice finishing third by .05. A roar from the crowd, and we hear Coach Ray's distinct voice cheering over the commotion.

COACH RUSTY

Huuuup! Yeah Rays!

Calissa pulls her goggles off, breathless and smiling, eyes glazing over the scoreboard and looking back to the stands, meeting her Mom's gaze briefly. And then looking on to the college coaches who are pointing at the board and nodding.

Off Calissa's excited reaction...

CALISSA (V.O.)

Dear NARPs, welcome to open season.

CUT TO TITLES:

NARPS, OPEN SEASON

END OF COLD OPEN

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ACT ONE**EXT. SUNFLOWER RIDGE POOL - DAY**

"Chun Li" by Nicki Minaj plays, as we're focused on the women's locker room door.

In SLOW MOTION, Calissa throws open the door and swings her goggles around on her finger, flipping her brown hair over a sun-kissed shoulder. Her swim suit is purposefully tight and sunscreen is minimal, just like the other girls around her.

("Ayo, looks like I'm going for a swim") The women strut toward the edge of the pool past a group of boys, turning heads and leaving slack jaws in their wake.

("Here go some haterade, get your thirst quenched") The girls laugh, stretch, and squirt water in their mouths, completely and confidently aware of their effect on their male teammates.

("But gang gang got the hammer and the wrench") Kenzie, chattering excitedly about a party on Friday while rummaging through her gear bag, and Alice, holding a wrench and batting mascara-d eyelashes at the boys, join Calissa at the end of lane 3. Alice puts on a show of getting down to tighten the lane line, drawing over a few boys.

Music continues and the team mingles as...

CALISSA (V.O.)

Dearest NARPs—that's short for non-athletic regular people—join me at afternoon practice with the Sun Rays. We are a year-round competitive club swim team, meaning we train 22 hours a week, fifty weeks a year. But it isn't all pretty girls in cute swim suits.

COACH RUSTY (50s) steps onto deck and the clowning around immediately ceases. Everyone stands at attention as he lumbers over, his hands full with a stop watch and diet Pepsi.

RUSTY

(In thick southern drawl)
Caps on ladies and gentlemen,
let's go. We've got a lot to get through, and only two hours to do it.

In a wave of white, the girls tuck their hair into egg-like swim caps and transform into fierce and tough. The boys with hair too. Everyone is ready to dive in.

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CALISSA
(Aside to Kenzie)
I swear, if it is aerobic free
today—

RUSTY
We've got a nice little aerobic
free set today... prepare to
suffer.

A groan ripples through his captive audience.

RUSTY
On the top, let's go 400 free, 400
I.M. swim, kick, drill, swim by
25, then grab your kick boards.
Let's go, let's go!

Goggles go on and Calissa turns to face the pool. Across the water, a big digital clock ticks 55, 56... She adjusts her cap... 57, 58... She pushes on her goggles... 59. Dive!

"Chun Li" continues over montage of the practice. An analog clock ticks quickly through two hours while...

CALISSA (V.O.)
You probably can't tell, but this
practice is special. I'll give you
a hint, it isn't the difficulty.
Or the fact that Coach Rusty has
apparently switched to Diet Coke.
Today is my last day before
college recruiting open season.
I've spent the past year laying
the groundwork.

CUT TO:

EXT. OAKVINE HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - FLASHBACK - DAY

Calissa stands in the middle of the chaos of "College Day" at Oakvine High, drinking it in; it is almost as crazy as a swim meet.

Taking a deep breath, Calissa confidently marches toward an open door where a college admissions officer is passing out PAMPHLETS. Just as she is about to enter, a hand grabs her shoulder.

CALISSA (V.O.)
It all started getting real last
Fall.

(MORE)

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CALISSA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Between getting a feel for what
schools I was interested in and
boosting my test scores... man it
was crazy!

The school is plastered with posters advertising different
university Q&As. Students and parents, and parents trying to
pass as students, walk through the college fair.

MS. MILLSY
Calissa! I thought that was you.
What are you doing here? A little
early to be caught up in the
college rush don't you think?

MS. MILLSY (30s), the Oakvine college advisor and math teacher.
Fresh out of grad school, and already stuck in her ways of how
the college search is supposed to go.

CALISSA
Ohh hey! I was just meandering,
you know, never too early to look
around!

MS. MILLSY
You don't need to think about
college for another year, maybe
even two.

CALISSA
Can't I just take a peek?

Calissa inches toward the doorway a little more and puts on her
best puppy dog eyes.

Ms. Millsy lets out a huff.

MS. MILLSY
I can't stop you with the
pamphlets, but don't even think
about signing up for the SAT. That
would be ridiculous.

Calissa laughs nervously and nods, twirling her hair, something
we will come to learn is a tell-tale sign she isn't being
completely honest. Fast forward to...

INT. CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - DAY

The Spring, all the college posters are gone and the room is
crowded with Juniors.

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Calissa stands out like a sore thumb, obviously much younger, and also in a weak disguise of hat and sunglasses.

JUNIOR #1

Yo, Calissa, why are you here?

CALISSA

Shhh. I don't want Ms. Millsy to kick me out!

JUNIOR #2

Classic try hard sophomore. What, are your parents making you take this as practice?

Calissa bites back a retort when Ms. Millsy walks in with a stack of SAT booklets. Calissa tries to shrink into her costume, but Ms. Millsy spots her quickly and shoots her an irritated look.

As Ms. Millsy passes out the booklets, she slams one on Calissa's desk.

MS. MILLSY (CONT'D)

Well, I guess you already paid for it... Alright everyone, good morning! Let's go over the rules-

Her voice fades as a short MONTAGE of test-taking begins.

CALISSA (V.O.)

Taking the SAT would stress anyone out. But for recruiting, your sophomore score is all you get, so I was, like, totally freaking out.

Calissa stands to turn in her booklet, the last one in the room. Ms. Millsy takes it and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. OAKVINE HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - FLASHBACK - DAY

SAT results are back and the Juniors and Seniors are buzzing with excitement and showing off their scores. Calissa sits by herself at one of the picnic tables, looking at her COMPUTER.

The score, an even 1500, stares back at her.

Calissa smiles and opens a DOCUMENT titled "Swim Resumé." She adds in the score to a very full page, then uploads the resumé to a college swim recruiting site.

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Still smiling, she shuts her computer.

BACK TO:

INT. BLUE-BARU - PRESENT - DAY

O Zittre Nicht, Mein Lieber Sohn from the opera "The Magic Flute" plays softly as California farmland skids past slowly with the late afternoon traffic.

Calissa, hair wet and annoyingly dripping onto her school clothes, looks out the window before hunching over her PHONE.

It seems like everyone and their mother is trying to leave Sunflower Ridge to get back to Oakvine Grove, this car ride is going to take for-ev-ah. Speaking of mothers...

Suzanne Brooks, aka MOM, clicks her nails along to the opera, a noise that annoys Calissa to no end. Mom's eyes flick from the road over to Calissa, as Calissa lets out a huff and slumps even further into her seat.

Mom opens her mouth as if to speak and closes it. She looks out onto the expanse of traffic, and pauses for an uncomfortable beat. Then...

MOM

Sooo, how was practice?

Calissa grunts affirmatively. Another uncomfortable beat.

MOM

Have you studied for your math te-

CALISSA

Mhm. Yup.

MOM

Okay! Okay. Great... And are you feeling good about tomorrow?

Calissa shrugs. The world pauses as she explains...

CALISSA (V.O.)

Tomorrow is everything. Starting at midnight, college coaches will be able to reach out to all the high school juniors who swim competitively. I've sent out a few letters of interest to a mix of Division 1, 2, and 3 schools, but honestly? I have no clue what I'm doing.

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Calissa looks out the passenger window again, and her Mom looks out ahead. It is like a wall is between the two, and Mom deflates. Calissa, on the other hand, suddenly looks down at her phone as it BUZZES with a notification. She brightens.

Angles her phone just right so even when Mom cranes her neck, she can't see.

MOM

Who are you texting?

CALISSA

Oh my goodness Mom! No one! Kenzie just sent me something. Do I have anything going on Friday?

MOM

Calissa, I'm not your calendar. I've told you to start writing your schedule down in your planner

—

CALISSA

(Thinking aloud)

I don't think I do, so technically...

(Rushing)

Kenzie asked if I was going to a—
a team dinner after practice,
Alice could drive us both!

Calissa twirls a strand of hair. A bold-faced lie.

Mom contemplates, staring out at the traffic as if she can see the entire road of Calissa's future. She may say she's not be Calissa's calendar, but she very nearly is. Classic mom-ager.

MOM

You have Saturday morning practice. And yesterday, you said you had a ton of work—

CALISSA

Yeah, yeah, don't worry. I'll get it done!

More hair twirling.

Traffic is letting up, and the road is clearing. The car picks up speed to 75mph—over the speed limit, but not enough to be a target for speed traps. A perfect reflection of Mom, living the life but avoiding consequences.

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MOM

Fine. Yes. But you need to be home
by 9 and you need to show me what
you've finished before you leave.

She is met with a little snore. We turn back to Calissa who is
fast asleep. A little drool dribbles from her mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. CALISSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Calissa is sitting in bed, binders and HOMEWORK sprawled across
the sheets. She is cuddled with a BUNNY and staring intently
into her phone.

We see two different conversations. One with Kenzie, talking
about how the team dinner was such a good cover for a massive
party.

The second is with ERIC HART (16): classmate, heart-throb, and
total NARP. He keeps saying how much he admires Calissa for
being a swimmer, how cute her tan lines must be...

Calissa turns off her phone, uncomfortable with the
compliments. Moving to her computer, she stalks the current
RANKINGS for high school juniors, staring admiringly at her
name at number 13.

CALISSA

Please be my lucky number.

From the doorway...

MOM

Your phone is out here, right?

Calissa nods, smiling, and pulls at a strand of hair. She
subtly puts her stuffed bunny over where her phone is hidden in
the covers of her bed.

MOM

Alright, time for bed then. Hand
over the computer!

CALISSA

Ugh. G'night.

Calissa begrudgingly shuts her laptop and hands it over to Mom,
then unceremoniously shuts the door in Mom's face. Getting back
in bed, she lays there for a second before turning to Bunny.

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CALISSA
What do you think I should do?
About Eric?

Bunny buzzes in response.

Calissa snatches her phone, pulls the covers over her head, and gets back to texting Eric in the dark. Calissa, a glutton for compliments... at least until they make her sick.

Outside her door, the floorboards creak as if Mom is hovering.

As Eric's messages stray again into the fluffy romantic, Calissa looks at the time. A minute away from midnight. She shoves the phone back under Bunny.

CALISSA
Ugh, I just want things to be
normal.

Bunny buzzes again in response, a flurry of MESSAGES. Calissa sighs, pulling her phone out, but it isn't Eric who's blowing up her phone.

Under the covers, Calissa is shocked by the myriad of college recruiting EMAILS starting to pour in. She starts reading the emails, excited.

She's been ignoring Eric for minutes now—something he isn't used to. Annoyed by the lack of attention, he calls, and "Under Cover of Darkness" by The Strokes, her ringtone, breaks the silence like an egg.

Mom throws open the door, a flash-bang of light.

MOM
No electronics in your room. Hand
it over. NOW!

Mom pulls off the voters, snatches her phone, and slams the door behind her. Off Calissa, frozen like a deer in headlights.

END OF ACT ONE