

Porpoise Pool Service

written by

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EXT. CLASSY, OCEANSIDE COMMUNITY IN SOUTH FLORIDA-DAY

ESTABLISHING:

We see a beautiful gated community in South Florida. The houses are backed onto tributaries leading to the bay and there's a marina packed with nice boats. Almost every yard has a pool. This place is the real deal

FROM ABOVE: We follow a van as it navigates the tree lined streets. It stops in front of a house.

EXT. THE STREET-DAY

The van comes to a stop. It's old, beat up and needs a new paint job. On the side is a picture of a pink dolphin, above which reads "Porpoise Pool Service".

INT. THE VAN-SAME

Inside the van, JIM (wrong side of 30, the "never grow up" type of person who lives where other people vacation) takes a sip of water and surveys the neighborhood. He, his van and equipment seem to be stuck in the 80's.

EXT. THE VAN-SAME

Jim opens the back doors of the van and unloads his pool cleaning gear. He throws hoses around his neck and grabs the vacuum, nets, and poles. He wheels the motor/filter for the vacuum on a dollie. As he heads to the backyard, it's obvious he's a seasoned pool cleaning vet

EXT. BACKYARD POOL AREA-SAME

Jim enters the beautiful, serene backyard. He sets up his gear and gets to work.

1

EXT. BACKYARD POOL AREA-DAY

1

Jim's in the middle of vacuuming the pool and appears to be in a sort of meditative state, humming along to an unknown tune. He's taken his Porpoise Pool Service shirt, dipped it in the water and wrapped it around his head to fight the heat.

COLLEGE GIRL

(O.C.)

Yea, I wanna get fake tits.

Jim looks over and COLLEGE GIRL (20's) is laying out tanning in another area of the yard. She's the daughter of the homeowner and is on the phone with one of her friends. Jim hadn't noticed her

(CONTINUED)

COLLEGE GIRL (CONT'D)

But not like big gross ones. Just like..
regular ones. Regular ones that are
like, big and fake, you know?

Jim waves at her and forces a smile. She doesn't reciprocate.
Jim gets back to work on the pool

INT. THE VAN-DAY

Jim's back in the van. He's parked outside his next house for
the day and is enjoying a tuna sandwich while listening to
the sports talk radio.

RADIO MAN

And we've got St. Louis playing in
Chicago against a red hot Cubs team...

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Jim, with a mouthful of tuna sandwich, enters the new
backyard, lugging his gear as always. It's another beautiful
backyard and pool. MRS. DUFFY (Suburban Yoga Mom, 40's) is
laying under a cabana with a big summer hat on. She's got
headphones in. Jim walks into her eyeline

MRS. DUFFY

Oh, hey Jim! Didn't see you there

JIM

No worries..

MRS. DUFFY

(cutting him off)

I'm listening to an audio book. It's my
form of meditation.

JIM

Nice...

Jim motions towards the pool

Mind if I vacuum now?

MRS. DUFFY

(RE: Meditation. Ignoring
the question)

Yeah, you know I try and do it every
day. Do you meditate?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

No, I usually just clean the pools.
Better get started...

Jim makes another motion towards the pool

MRS. DUFFY

(quoting the Buddha)

Oh, you really should start. Meditation
brings wisdom; lack of meditation leaves
ignorance.

JIM

(unconvincingly)

For sure! I'll give it a shot this
weekend.

(RE: pool)

I'm on a pretty tight schedule today.
Let me know if you want it brushed, too

MRS. DUFFY

Ok, sure.

Jim turns away and is heading towards the pool.

MRS. DUFFY (CONT'D)

(calling after him)

Oh, Jim. Can you watch Travis if he
comes out here while you're cleaning?
I'm not done meditating...

(RE: Buddha)

We alone must walk the path, you know?

JIM

I don't think the buddha was talking
about ignoring your kid when he said
that....

MRS. DUFFY

(sarcastically)

Oh, so NOW you know what the buddha was
talking about?

JIM

(RE: Travis)

I guess I can keep an eye on him.

MRS. DUFFY

Thanks...

She stares at Jim like she's trying to read his soul. Jim
nods and gets to work on the pool.

2

EXT. POOL-DAY

2

It's some time later and Jim's in the zone cleaning the pool. He snaps out of focus because Travis (10, energizer bunny) is standing directly behind him, watching him clean

JIM

Hey, buddy. What's up?

TRAVIS

Wanna see my underwear?

JIM

I don't.

Travis turns and pulls out the back of his Miami Dolphins underwear.

JIM (CONT'D)

Dolphins, nice. You think they'll cover this week?

TRAVIS

Are you done? I want to swim.

Jim looks at the pool (which is clearly not done) and his vacuum

JIM

No, I'm not done. I'll let you know though

Jim turns to Travis but he's gone. He looks around the backyard and see's Travis sprinting from the opposite end of the yard towards the pool. He comes in hot and flies into the pool. Loud noise and huge splash that hits Mrs Duffy.

MRS. DUFFY

God dammit, Travis!! I just missed Dumbledore telling Harry about the horcrux. You're fuckin killing me!!

Jim laughs at the Harry Potter reference and helps pull Travis out of the pool.

JIM

(jokingly)

You know, Mrs. Duffy. Anger only dwells in the bosom of fools

MRS. DUFFY

(confused)

Did Buddha say that?

(CONTINUED)

JIM
Albert Einstein I think

MRS. DUFFY
(annoyed)
Please don't talk about my bosom...

3 INT. THE VAN-DAY 3

Back in the van, Jim's outside his next house for the day, THE BECKERS HOUSE. He's chugging water again.

4 EXT. VAN-SAME 4

Jim's pulling out his equipment from the van. Before he shuts the door, he grabs a notebook and checks something. He does some math on his fingers, then shuts the doors.

5 EXT. BACKYARD OF THE BECKERS-DAY 5

Jim's finishing up vacuuming at the Beckers. This is the nicest house/pool setup yet.

Jim finishes and packs up his stuff. He walks to the back door and knocks. MR BECKER (50's, preppy) answers

MR. BECKER
Jimbo, how are we!?

JIM
Good Mr. Becker.

Jim's flipping through the notebook from the van

I shocked it with some chlorine, so
don't let anyone swim for a couple of
hours.

He finds the page in the notebook he's looking for. He looks up at Mr. Becker

MR. BECKER
Right-O, thanks my man.

Jim stands there looking at him. He gives Mr. Becker a knowing look

JIM
With some CHLORINE, Mr. B.
(enunciating)
CHLORINE.

Mr. Becker looks confused. Then realizes

(CONTINUED)

MR. BECKER

Right, your tip

Mr Becker reaches somewhere inside, grabs an envelope and hands it to Jim

JIM

Thanks, Mr. Becker. I'll be back next week. And if you forgot the code words, I can go over them with you again, no big deal.

MR. BECKER

(defensive)

I didn't forget the code words. I know the code words.

Jim starts walking to his van

JIM

Right, ok. Well, it just seemed like you forgot....

MR. BECKER

(more defensive. Now calling after Jim)

I have Da Vinci Code on Blue Ray, I know the code! Your delivery was all wrong!

JIM

(amused)

See ya next week!

As he approaches the van, Jim opens the envelope and see's stacks of money. Mr Becker calls after him one last time

MR. BECKER

Those fucking Jets betrayed me! I could play quarterback for them!

(beat, then)

And I know the code!

INT. VAN-SAME

In the drivers seat Jim finishes counting the money. He nods approvingly then reaches behind him, opens a bucket that should be for pool chemicals and throws the envelope inside.

JIM

God bless the jets!

Jim takes a look at his schedule for the day. There's a few houses remaining. He thinks for a second then crumbles up the itinerary and throws it in the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7.

Jim cranks up the music on the radio and happily drives away

FROM ABOVE: We watch the van navigate out of the gated community to the marina it's attached to. Jim pulls into a parking spot near a shed

6 EXT. PORPOISE POOL SERVICE-NIGHT 6

The office for Porpoise Pool Service is a glorified shack at the Marina. Jim unloads his gear and puts it in the attached garage. He takes the "tips" bucket inside

7 INT. PORPOISE POOL SERVICE-NIGHT 7

The inside of the office is as crappy as the outside. Like Jim and the van, it's stuck in the 80's. There's shelves full of outdated pool supplies and a messy desk. Jim opens up the drawer of the desk and it's filled with ice/beer. He grabs one and unlocks a door behind the counter

8 INT. BOOKIE LAYER-NIGHT 8

Jim enters the private back office. There's a wall of TV's, all showing different sports games and one of those stock market tickers displaying scores. There's big boards with names, numbers, and betting lines covering another wall. It's a classic small time bookmaker operation.

Jim opens a safe and throws in a couple of the "tips" envelopes. He pockets one of the envelopes, checks the scores and his gambling board, then exits.

9 EXT. PORPOISE POOL SERVICE-NIGHT 9

Jim locks the door of the office and walks straight past his van to the marina. There's a beautiful yacht next to a really crappy house boat. He climbs onto the yacht.

10 EXT. YACHT-NIGHT 10

Jim has showered and is sitting on the deck of the yacht in a plush robe, drinking an expensive bottle of champagne. He couldn't look less like a pool boy. His peacefulness is interrupted by the sound of a shitty fishing boat approaching. The engine's pattering. He smiles and gets up.

TERRY (Male 40's, gruff fisherman. Holds the record for number of times failing BUDS Navy Seal training) is excitedly driving the boat. He notices Jim and holds up a massive tuna

TERRY

Great day to have a day baby!

(CONTINUED)

Jim see's a big pile of fish in the boat

JIM
What a haul!

TERRY
I think i was in flow state today. All..

Terry mimics casting, reeling in and displaying a big fish.

JIM
I told you! Fishing is your calling.
Forget about the Seals

Terry pulls up to the houseboat next to the yacht.

TERRY
(RE: SEALS)
Dude, too soon.
(RE: Yacht)
How's Mr. Roth's boat?

JIM
Eh, it's ok. Just the one tv...

Jim's watching a baseball game on the TV he motions towards.

TERRY
(excitedly)
Does that mean you'll come home?

Terry has parked the fishing boat and is climbing onto the shitty houseboat next to the yacht. They're just feet apart, but in different worlds.

JIM
Eagles won yesterday so I'm supposed to
leave tomorrow anyway. But I'll come
tonight if I can have one of those tuna!

TERRY
Deal!

Terry grabs a tuna, spins around and launches it onto Mr. Roth's yacht, discus style. It makes a bloody mess

JIM
What the fuck!!!

TERRY
What? It's gonna rain tonight!!

(CONTINUED)

Jim nods, satisfied with that answer. He grabs all his stuff and launches it onto the houseboat just like Terry did. Then jumps over himself

11 INT. HOUSEBOAT-NIGHT

11

The boys have settled into their shared houseboat. It's cramped and a little rundown, but it looks cozy. There's a tiny kitchen area with a stove, one old couch facing a wall of tv's, each with a different game on. Fridge next to the couch is full of beer. Bunkbeds built into one wall where they sleep.

Terry is cutting up the Tuna, sashimi style. Jim's watching all the games intently.

TERRY

Yeah but dude, they don't do a combine like the NFL

Terry eats some of the fresh tuna.

JIM

Ok, well what do you think Cristiano Ronaldo would run in the 40 yard dash, then?

Terry thinks intently.

TERRY

On grass or turf?

JIM (CONT'D)

Grass

TERRY (CONT'D)

Did he stretch?

JIM (CONT'D)

Yes. Dynamic warmup and activation work

TERRY (CONT'D)

Did he fly here from Spain? Is he jet lagged?

JIM (CONT'D)

He got here two days ago and got 9 hours of sleep last night

TERRY (CONT'D)

What did he have for breakfast?

JIM (CONT'D)

Egg whites, toast and a fruit bowl

TERRY (CONT'D)

Is that typical for him?

JIM (CONT'D)

Yes

TERRY (CONT'D)

(beat, then)
How's his relationship with his mom?

JIM (CONT'D)

Come on!

(CONTINUED)

TERRY (CONT'D)
I still this Messi is better

Jim laughs and turns to Terry

JIM
(RE: TUNA)
Ball me some!

Jim opens his mouth and Terry throws in a piece of Tuna. Jim savors the tuna and looks at the fish clock on the wall.

Oh shit, Jeopardy is starting, get the stacks!

We cut to them playing their version of "Jeopardy". Both have a stack of dollar bills and when someone gets a question right, they take a dollar from the other persons stack.

TERRY
What is...
(reaching, unsure)
The Liberty Bell!

Jim laughs

JIM
Dude, stop guessing!! It's the Louisiana Purchase

Jim grabs another one of Terry's dollars and adds it to his own stack

BEGIN MONTAGE OF JIM BEATING TERRY IN JEOPARDY:

Jim answers a question correctly:

JIM (CONT'D)
"What is Mesopotamia"

Jim grabs another one of Terry's dollars.

Terry's deep in thought trying to figure out an answer. Jim happily answers

JIM (CONT'D)
"Who is Katy Perry."

Another dollar for Jim. He's relishing the domination

JIM (CONT'D)
"What is sweet potato casserole"

Jim grabs another dollar and waves it in Terry's direction

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

I quit! This is bullshit you're always reading books. You have an unfair advantage!

Terry shuts off the tv and grabs the single bill left in his stack

JIM

That's ten quits in a row!! Dude, you're allowed to read books too!

Terry shakes his head and makes a "that's completely unrealistic" face. Jim looks at his stack of money, then refocuses on one of them baseball games on the tv.

END JEOPARDY MONTAGE

It's bedtime. Jim and Terry are both laying in their bunkbeds staring straight up. The beds are barely as wide as their bodies.

TERRY

Hey, if you could only eat tuna one way for the rest of your life. What would you choose?

JIM

(deep exhale, then)

Dude, good question. Maybe you really are in flow state today. That's tough. It's the beauty of tuna, the versatility

TERRY

I think tuna melt

JIM

Eh, I'm not sure about that.

TERRY

(beat, then)

I can't sleep. What else do you want to talk about?

JIM

Yeah, I noticed. Nothing. Goodnight

TERRY

Night.

(beat, then)

So, if the Louisiana Purchase didn't happen, Kansas would be part of France?

(CONTINUED)

Jim sighs. He's used to these late night convos.

JIM

Eh, not really. We mostly were just buying the rights to the native american's land.

TERRY

So we bought the Indian's land from France? That seems weird

JIM

Yeah, there's a lot more to it if you want to learn more.

TERRY

Yeah...

(thinks, then)

How do you think Native American's like their tuna?

JIM

Goodnight!

Jim hears Terry roll over and face the wall. Quietly, Jim reaches under the bed and pulls out a jar labeled "Molly's College Fund". He puts the envelope from earlier in the jar, hides it under the bed and gets to sleep

INT. VAN. DAY

It's the following morning and Jim's pulling out of the Porpoise Pool Service shop in his van. He checks the itinerary for the day and sips his coffee

EXT. THE D'ALLESSANDRO HOUSE-DAY

Jim's lugging his pool cleaning gear into another beautiful backyard at the D'ALLESANDRO house

Jim enters the yard to see MR. D'ALLESSANDRO (60's, poster boy for the NJ to Florida retirement) standing at his grill

MR. D'ALLESANDRO

Jimmy egg and cheese! How ya been kid!?

JIM

I'm alright, Mr. D. What's going on?

MR. D'ALLESANDRO

(eyes Jim, then)

You're looking frail bro. We need to get you a bowflex or something

(CONTINUED)

Jim's sets his stuff down beside the pool. He grabs a notebook out of one of the buckets. He hands Mr. D the lines for the week

JIM

Hey, you wanna wet the beak this week?

MR. D'ALLESANDRO

Of course!

He checks the spreads

I want Giants money line and giants with the points.

Jim jots this down.

JIM

I love how you bet with your heart. Do you miss New Jersey?

MR. D'ALLESANDRO

I'm not betting with my heart bro. I'm betting with Eli's heart.

(getting emotional)

That kid saved my marriage

JIM

Great, how much you want to put down?

MR. D'ALLESANDRO

Tell you what, I got a little extra dough.

(whispers behind his hand)

Sold a rare anaconda to some bozo down the block. I want

(whispers a large number

we can't hear)

JIM

Aw, you know I can't take that kind of action. I don't have the bank roll for that.

MR. D'ALLESANDRO

(jokingly)

Ah, you're so soft, bro. Fine put me down for the usual

Jim logs the bet.

JIM

Alright, all set.

(CONTINUED)

Jim shakes Mr. D's hand, smiles and goes back to setting up his pool gear.

CUT TO:

As Mr. D watches him from the grill, Jim starts to take his shirt off to get some sun while he vacuums.

JIM (CONT'D)

You mind?

MR. D'ALLESANDRO

No. I mean, I wish you had a better rig, but sure.

Jim pops the top.

MR. D'ALLESANDRO (CONT'D)

That's a beautiful tan, bro.

JIM

Thanks!

Mr. D takes a too long a look at the tan. Analyzing it.

MR. D'ALLESANDRO

Hey, I'm grilling up some brajooles. You want?

JIM

I've never had one

MR. D'ALLESSANDRO

You poor shmuck! Here, take one of these

Mr. D hands him a giant sausage. Jim tries it

JIM

That's really good, thanks

Mr. D hands him a handful of sausages

MR. D'ALLESANDRO

Here, get these down, kid. You need the protein.

Jim's finished up at Mr. D's. The pool looks great, as always.

(CONTINUED)

JIM
(towards the house)
See you later Mr. D.

Holds up the sausages

Thanks for the meat!

16 INT. VAN-DAY 16

Jim's in the van, refueling after Mr. D's pool. Tuna sandwich with a couple of the sausages thrown in there. He check his itinerary. When he see's the next house he takes a big deep breathe.

17 EXT. VAN-DAY 17

Jim's taking his gear out of the van at NIKKI'S HOUSE

18 EXT. NIKKI'S HOUSE 18

As Jim makes his way to the backyard, he peers into a side window and see's a woman, NIKKI (30's, Great White Buffalo) doing work on a computer. He triple takes, then drops down and does pushups before entering the backyard

19 EXT. NIKKI'S POOL-DAY 19

Jim finishes up the pool and admires his work. He takes one more longing look at the house and starts walking back to the van. As he leaves, he hears NIKKI call after him

NIKKI
Hey! Were those pushups earlier? Geeeee,
I think you forgot your chest at home
today

Jim smiles and turns around

JIM
(RE: Pool)
I need all the strength i can get to
clean that thing. Does she just scoop
the mud directly into the pool or?

Nikki smiles. They have chemistry. Jim approaches and see's a shift in her expression

JIM (CONT'D)
What's up?

NIKKI
I need to tell you something...

(CONTINUED)

She can't find the words

JIM
Spit it out!

NIKKI
My boyfriend is moving in this week

JIM
What!? What boyfriend!?

NIKKI
I've told you about him 1000 times. The one from Atlanta. We met online!

JIM
(angry)
I thought the Atlanta guy was imaginary!

She looks at him like WTF

JIM (CONT'D)
You know, to keep me honest until, and these are your words not mine, "I stop being a fucking idiot"

NIKKI
Exactly! It's been years and you're (she starts counting on her fingers)
1. still cleaning pools.
2. Doing
(whispers)
Illegal gambling. And
(ramping volume back up)
3.
you still dress like you're about to skip class and go to the bar!!

JIM
This is athleisure wear!

She stares him down. Jim thinks hard, he wants to defend himself but

JIM (CONT'D)
(accepting)
Ok, so maybe I've been cruising a little bit, I'll give you that. But you don't have to do this!

NIKKI
Yes, I do.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

What about Molly? I'm her dad!

NIKKI

Yeah, and you're also a complete mess!!

JIM

Fine! I can change! LOOK

Jim starts to rip off the clothes Nikki deemed college-esque

NIKKI

(disappointed)

Stop! you're a fucking idiot!!

She shakes her head, she's seen this little act too many times

I'll see you later

Nikki walks inside. Jim, who's head is stuck inside his t-shirt as he tried to rip it off, peeks out from the head hole, realizes she's gone inside, closes his eyes and puts the shirt back on dejectedly.

INT. VAN-DAY

Jim's driving back to the shop trying to wrap his head around the conversation with Nikki. He passes an advertising front lawn sign for a new pool company, but it doesn't register since he's so angry

INT. PORPOISE POOL SERVICE-NIGHT

Jim unloads his gear angrily and grabs beers from the desk drawer turned cooler. He exits the shop and beelines for the marina bar.

EXT. THE BAR-NIGHT

Jim sits down at the outdoor bar. View of the marina, nice place to have a drink. The bartender (Cassie, 20's. High energy, minimal focus) greets him warmly. She has a bonnet on (a la Little House on the Prairie)

CASSIE

Hey, dude!

JIM

Hey Cass, I need all the beers

CASSIE

Bad day?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

I don't want to talk about it. What's up with you?

He now notices the bonnet

JIM (CONT'D)

What's with the lid?

CASSIE

Oh, it's for my blog!

JIM

Oh, right. But why the hat? Don't you just film your life?

He chugs a beer easily and motions for another.

CASSIE

(handing him beer)

Yeah, but mine's different! I vlog as a person from history. I'm creating a niche!

Jim eyes her questioningly

CASSIE (CONT'D)

It's informative! And fun! I'm gonna be like a hot, millennial Billy Nye type but for history!

She poses in the hat trying to look good.

JIM

Ok.....

CASSIE

(handing him another beer, explaining)

Like, for this one I'm doing a video for old western times.

Jim still doesn't get it.

Think Little House on the Prairie meets Only Fans! I'm gonna do a full day of eating showing what they would eat back then

JIM

Hmm. How's that going?

We cut to a quick flash of Cassie making the vlog in her apartment. 3 quick cuts of her preparing the meals/describing the life

20

INT. CASSIE'S APARTMENT

20

We see Cassie in vlog form, holding out the camera in the standard vlog selfie position, dressed in little house on the prairie attire

CASSIE

(animated, vloggy)

Ok, it's 8:30, I just fed the horse, now it's time for meal number one! Here it is

She turns the camera to show an unappetizing plate of cornmeal

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Cornmeal!

Turns camera back to herself with a huge smile on. Takes a big bite

Next Vlog sequence: Cassie again, in a different spot of her kitchen so we can tell it's later

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Ok, just churned some butter. My forearms are on fire! Time to refuel. Here's meal #2

She shows meal 2, which is cornmeal again

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Cornmeal! It's important to carbo-load for these long days on the farm!

Last Vlog Sequence: Cassie, again in vlog style holds up something she tried to knit. It's impossible to tell if it's supposed to be a sock or a hat

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Well, it was another productive day on the farm here in the American Midwest! Time for supper!

She shows her last meal of the day. It's the same bland plate of cornmeal

END CASSIE FLASHBACK

(CONTINUED)

Cassie snaps out of her flashback and realizes that might not have been the most interesting vlog. At that moment, a plane flies over. It's one of those planes that carries an advertisement. Cassie seizes the chance to change the convo

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oh look a plane!!

The ad is for a new pool company and has a man's beaming face on it, presenting a spotless pool. Jim looks and sees.

JIM

The fuck? That guy looks like a fucking..

NPG

(O.C.)

A real nice guy!?

A man, NPG at the end of the bar stands up. It's the guy from the ad. He strolls over excitedly.

NPG (CONT'D)

(RE: Ad)

Oh, that's nothin. Just introducing myself to the community

He sticks out his hand to Jim.

NPG (CONT'D)

Name's NPG. The best pool man in the Southeast. You're Jim, right? Porpoise Pool Service

JIM

Uh, yeah. What's up?

NPG

Nice to meet you, brother! Looks like we're gonna be neighbors.

Jim's looking at him suspiciously

NPG (CONT'D)

I came down here to expand! No worries though, I won't step on your toes. I'm gonna focus on some other neighborhoods. Plenty of pools for the both of us, right guy!?

JIM

Alright, sure.

(RE: Ad)

You look like a dickhead in that ad

(CONTINUED)

Jim turns back to Cassie. NPG stands there awkwardly for a second.

NPG
(not discouraged)
Look at us pool guys . Just shootin' the
shit down at the local watering hole.

Jim looks up at him like "wtf get outta here"

NPG (CONT'D)
Hey, let's take a picture!

JIM
Ok, as long as you leave after.

NPG
Classic pool guy banter!

(looking around at other guests, then RE:Jim)

NPG (CONT'D)
I love this guy!

NPG pulls out his phone and is struggling to get into selfie position. He's awkwardly leaning down close to Jim

NPG (CONT'D)
Hey, can you hold my beer. Need two
hands on the phone.

He hands his beer to Jim, so Jim's now double fisting. NPG has both hands on the phone. Looks in control now.

NPG (CONT'D)
There we go!

He gets into selfie position

It's like I tell the kids I coach. Two
hands on the stick. This isn't
Hollywood, this is the South Counties
12-13 Junior Lacrosse league!

NPG takes the picture, pats Jim on the back and starts to leave

NPG (CONT'D)
Well, see ya later guys!

He's walking out, looking down at his phone/ the picture he just took

Classic!

(CONTINUED)

Cassie smiles and Jim looks at her annoyed. She quickly wipes the smile off her face. She grabs Jim another beer as a token of solidarity

JIM

Thanks.... Weird fucking day...

EXT. HOUSEBOAT DECK-NIGHT

Terry is working on a fish, getting their dinner ready.

JIM

(O.C. RE: Nikki
conversation)

Can you believe that?

TERRY

Yeah, those are like my three favorite things about you.

We see Jim attempting to chip plastic golf balls into a huge mug full of beer. He's wearing a crop-top T-Shirt from his alma mater and sweatpants he cut into shorts. He misses a shot and grimaces.

TERRY (CONT'D)

She really doesn't like how you dress?

JIM

Right!? It's like I don't even know what she wants anymore.

He misses another chip. We can tell his mojo is off

TERRY

So, what are you gonna do?

Another chip, another miss

JIM

I guess I need to focus on the pool business a little more. I can't lose her and Mol.

Another chip, another miss

TERRY

So you're gonna stop taking bets?

JIM

Don't be crazy. I can't go cold turkey, people die doing that. I'll dial back the gambling, focus on growing the pool business and we'll be gravy.

(CONTINUED)

He's talking himself into the potential of this idea.
Excitement is growing. Chips at the mug, getting closer now.

TERRY

But what about this new pool guy?

Jim barely misses another shot

JIM

Not worried, that guy was a fucking
clown.

Jim takes a breath and really focuses on the shot.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna take this business to the moon

He chips and finally makes it in the mug. He runs over, grabs
the beer and starts chugging. In between gulps, basically out
of breath he tells Terry:

JIM (CONT'D)

All i need is a new van

Drinking, big breathe

JIM (CONT'D)

Better equipment

Drinking, big breathe

JIM (CONT'D)

More clients

Finishing the beer. Exhale/finishing beer noise

JIM (CONT'D)

Maybe some employees.....

He holds up the empty mug in celebration

JIM (CONT'D)

And another beer!

Terry grabs a beer from the cooler, tries to toss it to Jim
but misses by a mile and it foies into the water.

It's the next morning and Jim's drinking coffee in the shop
and searching for something. On top of a counter is a sheet
listing this weeks NFL games/lines. He takes a longing look
at it and throws it in the trash.

(CONTINUED)

He digs through a pile of old shit underneath it and finds the pool supply book he was looking for. He scrolls through it, looking at how much it would cost to upgrade all his equipment. Crazy expensive.

JIM
You gotta be kidding me!

He looks out the window at his van, loaded with all his crappy equipment, and throws the book aside.

JIM (CONT'D)
I'll be fine. It's a poor carpenter who blames his tools

Jim's en route to his first house for the day, positive that his new attitude/outlook will work out. As he enters the neighborhood he see's a sign for the new company.

JIM
What the fuck?

The next lawn has one too. Then another and another until he see's one on every lawn of the neighborhood.

JIM (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!

Jim pulls up to the Duffy's house and see's the new companies huge, lifted and branded pool truck outside.

He quickly jumps out and inspects. The truck is full of state of the art equipment, chemicals, etc. Yikes.

Jim walks into the backyard. There's nobody cleaning the pool, but there's a young, handsome pool boy TYLER (20, s looks like an Abercrombie model) rubbing Mrs. Duffy with oil

JIM
Mrs. Duffy, what the fuck is going on here? This is my contract

MRS. DUFFY
Oh, hello Jim

TYLER
What's up? I'm Tyler

He extends his fist for a pound. Jim declines

(CONTINUED)

JIM
Shut up Tyler.

MRS. DUFFY
Jim, I'm sorry. They offer a better
service. I'm going to have to let you go

JIM
But he isn't even cleaning the pool!

Jim looks over and theres a motorized pool cleaner doing a
great job vacuuming the pool

JIM (CONT'D)
(to Tyler)
A motorized cleaner?

Shakes his head. This is treason in the industry

You're a disgrace to every kid to ever
pull on the uniform....

Dramatic Pause

A disgrace to every kid who's then
popped the top on that uniform and
skimmed a pool.

He's pacing back and forth giving the speech

Hoping, praying that some beautiful,
busty cougar will walk out the back door
and ask you inside for a "glass of
water".

Jim's staring into the distance, really feeling the moment

Well, guess what? they'll never ask you
inside, cause you don't have what it
takes!

Jim looks back over and Tyler is furiously making out with
Mrs. Duffy.

JIM (CONT'D)
Jesus christ!

(trying to salvage)
Well, what about Travis? He loves me!

Jim turns to the yard and we see Travis and TREVOR (identical
twin to Tyler) doing jujitsu together in another area of the
yard

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)
Not you too, Travis! Not you!!

25 EXT. DUFFY DRIVEWAY-SAME

25

Jim is angrily packing up his van, which looks even crappier next to the other companies beautiful truck/equipment. He gets in the drivers seat to leave when

NPG
(O.C.)
Nice van, loser!

Jim turns to see NPG has pulled along side him in another beautiful truck with his logo on it

NPG (CONT'D)
You like mine?

Motions to his and the others parked there

NPG (CONT'D)
And how about those two clydesdales I hired? The ladies of the neighborhood are gonna love them

JIM
Ew, dude. Thats the creepiest thing anyone has ever called their employees

NPG
(thinks, then assuredly)
No, it's cool.

He pats the side of his truck

Hey, I tricked you with the whole nice guy act yesterday, huh? I'm totally in your head now.

JIM
You're not in my head, you're in my way. Move your car, bozo

NPG
(getting fired up)
I'm not a bozo. I'm a shark! A pool shark! And you're a bleeding seal with a bum knee and a lazy attitude!

NPG doesn't move his car.

JIM
Alright, fine. I'm not in a hurry

(CONTINUED)

Jim defiantly grabs a bag of potato chips and starts aggressively eating them in NPG's face. They sit there awkwardly for a beat.

NPG
(RE: Chips, sounding sincere)
Hey, can I actually try one of those?
Never had one..

JIM
Uh, I guess...

Jim throws NPG a chip. He quickly eats it triumphantly

NPG
HAHA! I've had a chip before you idiot.
Told you I'm in your head!!!

He screeches away in his truck excitedly

JIM
Damn!

Jim slams the steering wheel then checks his itinerary for the day. The Duffy's was his only house.

JIM (CONT'D)
Eh, guess i'll take an early lunch

Jim drives off

Jim sits at the bar eating a sandwich and mulling things over with Cassie

JIM
(RE: NPG)
Yeah, what a moron, right?

CASSIE
It sounds like he's got serious resources though. What if he steals all your clients?

JIM
Yeah, i really can't lose this job right now. My credibility with Nikki's at an all-time low.

CASSIE
So what's the plan stan?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

I'll figure it out. The Duffy's is just one client. I'm still a trusted, respected staple of this community. You don't just lose that overnight.

They hear the sound of another plane flying over. This one also has an ad. It's the picture of Jim NPG took the other night with the two beers. NPG has photoshopped a stripper where he was and it reads "Do you want THIS GUY cleaning your pool. The one YOUR KIDS swim in?"

CASSIE

(big exasperated inhale,
then)
yiiiiiikess

Jim looks around and the other patrons at the bar give him disgusted looks and shake their heads.

JIM

(to Cassie)
Maybe I'm gonna need some help...

INT. SHOP. DAY

Jim's in the shop, which he's set up to interview candidates. We start the INTERVIEW MONTAGE where Jim interviews people to join his team. First up is JOHN (college freshman, quirky loner)

JIM

Thanks for coming on such short notice.
Have you ever cleaned pools before?

JOHN

No.

JIM

What made you apply?

JOHN

My mom said i need to get a job for the summer so I learn to socialize.

JIM

Ok, good start...
(looks at his paper)
I'm gonna ask you a hypothetical. Tell me how you'd handle the situation

John nods.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)

you've just shocked the pool with some chemicals: chlorine, bromine, etcetera. The homeowner comes out and says one of her kids toys is at the bottom of the pool. She wants you to grab it. What do you do?

JOHN

I dive in and grab the toy.

(beat)

I'd need to learn how to swim first though. Is that part of the training?

JIM

It's not. And you would probably die if you did that. These chemicals are no joke

JOHN

Hey, at least I died doing what I loved.

JIM

Wow....

Jim calls for the next person.

JIM (CONT'D)

NEXT!

Terry walks in. He's attempted to dress up and has his hair slicked into place.

JIM (CONT'D)

Dude, come on, I'd never hire you. You're too old and Failing BUDS 5 times doesn't prepare you to clean pools. What could you possibly offer?

TERRY

(was ready for this question)

I have a boat. We can use it to get to the houses on the tributary faster. It'll cut down commute time.

JIM

That's actually smart. But I bought that boat..

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

Yeah, but whats a boat without it's captain

JIM

A boat.... Next!

Cassie walks in

JIM (CONT'D)

Come on! Is there nobody else in this town?

Jim tries to peer around Cassie to see if anyone else has applied

CASSIE

There's nobody else out there!

JIM

I thought you liked working at the bar. Why would you wanna work here?

CASSIE

The hours over there are the worst. I need more time to film my videos

JIM

ok

He looks at her resume

JIM (CONT'D)

(amused)

So you efficiently distribute sustenance while cultivating an atmosphere of kinship and romance

Cassie sits up straight and tries to look professional

CASSIE

Exactly

JIM

I know you're a bartender.

CASSIE

Yeah but I clean the shit out of that place! And I also graduated top of my class at The U! Come on, you know I'll be great!

End of Interviews

28

INT. SHOP. NIGHT

28

Jim is addressing a group of people we can't see.

JIM

Ok, you 3 have been chosen from a pool of great candidates. You should be proud of yourselves.

Terry, Cassie and John sit in 3 chairs in the shop. They're psyched. Jim throws them each a Porpoise Pool Service t-shirt (his old ones)

JIM (CONT'D)

Now, since you have a collective 0 years of pool experience, we're gonna need to do some training today.

Jim wheels over an old white-board and looks at the group.

JIM (CONT'D)

OK..

He's not sure what to say, so he draws the outline of a pool on the board

JIM (CONT'D)

Ok, that's the pool. Let's go through the procedures

CASSIE

(RE: Charades)

Oh, it's movie!

She does a motion like "give us more clues". Jim looks at her confused

JOHN

It's a trick question! A square is a rectangle but a rectangle isn't a square!

JIM

What? No.

He erases the drawing. Puts a #1 on the board

Ok, let's start with the basics. Here are the hard and fast rules of pool cleaning.

He's pacing awkwardly. Still not sure what to say. He's picking up/inspecting random things in the office

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)
What's absolutely pivotal here is..

Still not sure. Then the phone rings.

JIM (CONT'D)
(relieved)
Sorry gotta take this!
(on phone)
Porpoise Pool Service, Jim speaking

He looks at the group like "that's how you answer the phone"

JIM (CONT'D)
You're kidding!
(beat while he listens to
person on the phone)
We'll come fish that out right away.
Mhm. Mhm. Yeah we'll put the diving
board in too

Jim slams the phone down and shakes his head

TERRY
Who was that?

JIM
That was Mrs. Leiter. Someone chucked a
dead raccoon in the pool. Those fuckers
must be sabotaging us

TERRY
What are we gonna do?

JIM
We need to figure out what we're dealing
with.

Jim starts grabbing supplies and getting ready to leave

Terry and I will go take care of the
Leiters.
(RE: Cassie, John)
You two do some surveillance on the new
guys.

They nod their heads in agreement.

You guys take the van, we'll take
Terry's boat

BEGIN INTERCUT SCENES OF JIM/TERRY AT THE LEITERS AND
CASSIE/JOHN IN THE VAN DOING SURVEILLANCE

(CONTINUED)

Jim and Terry stroll into the Leiter's backyard from the tributary.

JIM (CONT'D)
(to Terry, RE:Diving
Board)

So the tricky part is setting it up with the right amount of springiness so the kids can do fun dives but not get hurt

TERRY
Yeah, I know a thing or two about diving. You should see the pencil dive I learned at BUDS.

JIM
Anyone can pencil, it's the easiest dive.

TERRY
(getting serious)
Nobody pencils like the SEALS.

CUT TO:

Cassie and John are driving through the neighborhood. They're doing video surveillance with Cassie's selfie stick from her vlog. Not being discreet

JOHN
Look, there they are!

John motions and they see the Truck parked outside a house. They stop and observe, reaching the selfie stick out the window to try and get footage.

CASSIE
These guys are good

We see through the video that the clydesdales are cleaning the shit out of the pool, it's sparkling. We can tell they're arguing but we can't hear them. Then, they take off their shirts and start flexing, Mr. Olympia style comparing their bods.

Vlog camera pans to the neighboring house and MR. D is watching them from his yard, nodding approvingly at the physiques.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

Jim's walking towards the pool with the diving board. He checks on Terry, who is prodding the Raccoon with the net, staring into space.

CUT TO:

The Clydesdales are cleaning their trucks/showing off their equipment in the cul-de-sac. As a group of women of the neighborhood watch, they spray each other with the hose they're using to clean the trucks

CASSIE (CONT'D)

That's bush league....

She's looking through the vlog camera as she says this, but also reaches into her pocket and, without looking, takes some pics for herself.

CUT TO:

With Terry still staring off into space, Jim sets down the diving board carefully, picks up the hose that's been filling up the pool and sprays Terry in the face

CUT TO:

Cassie and John are now parked on the street watching the Clydesdales give flyers to homeowners house to house, trying to get business. As they clydsdlaes walk to the next house, Cassie's teaching John how to vlog

CASSIE (CONT'D)

(RE: Selfie stick video)

The trick is to keep your chin up. And stick your tits out.

John tries to do so.

JOHN

Like this?

Cassie makes a "ehhh not really" face. Something grabs her attention

CASSIE

(RE: Clydesdales)

There they go again!

They film as the clysdlaes knock on a door with their pamphlets ready. Mr. Becker answers. He's reading a book on learning codes for dummies. They hand him a flyer

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

We see Terry with the raccoon in the net. He checks to see if anyone's watching, then absolutely launches the raccoon as far as he can into the tributary

JIM
(annoyed)
Dude!

Jim, who's started setting up the diving board, walks towards the tributary to see where the raccoon landed

CUT TO:

Cassie and John are still cruising around. They spot NPG giving a fruit basket to a house

CASSIE
Credit where credit is due. That's a nice touch

They call Jim

CUT TO:

Jim answers the call from Cassie and turns back towards the pool from the tributary

JIM
They're going after all my accounts, god dammit...
(pause while he gets response on phone)
Fruit baskets!?
(thinks, tip of the cap)
Nice touch

Jim's walking back towards the diving board. Terry's standing near

TERRY
Dude, this job is boring. Can we swim?

JIM
(to Terry)
No, shutup
(to Cassie, on phone)
I knew that fucker didn't know the code

Jim's still walking towards the pool, thinking about next steps

(CONTINUED)

TERRY

So, I've been thinking about the tuna thing. I want to change my answer from tuna melt to tuna salad sandwich.

Jim, still on the phone, quickly looks over to Terry

JIM

That's egregious

Jim then points towards the phone like telling Terry to shut up

TERRY

(under his breathe)

I guess this is why they say don't work with your friends...

Jim hears him and waves him off

TERRY (CONT'D)

Tuna melt's such an ordeal. And tuna salad is better hungover

JIM

(has had enough)

Hey, why don't you show me that pencil?

TERRY

I thought you'd never ask!

Terry does a really legit walk up to the diving board, like an olympic high diver. He jumps onto the board, which Jim never screwed. The board nosedives into the pool and Terry smacks his face on the water. Jim smiles

JIM

(to Cassie on phone still)

Alright, that's enough for today. Come scoop me up. We'll go figure this out!

Jim's walking out of the backyard.

TERRY

(from the pool)

Where you going?

JIM

To the shop. You take the boat back. And pick us up some dinner and beers on the way home, rookie!

29

INT. SHOP. NIGHT

29

Jim, Cassie and John are trying to figure out how to get the money.

JIM

John, you'd sell your body for money
right?

Jim looks at Cassie for approval. She shakes her head "no".

JOHN

I'm not sure, I've never done it before

JIM

Well, then I'm gonna have to let you go

John stands up and sticks out his hand to shake

JOHN

It was an honor to serve. This was the
best day of my life

JIM

Dude, I'm kidding. We'll figure out
another way to get some money for this
shit

Jim motions towards pages he's ripped out of the pool supply book and pinned to the board. Then they hear Terry's boat approaching.

CASSIE

Yes!

Jim starts walking out the door and yelling to Terry

JIM

What took so fucking long? Dude, John
said he'd suck some dude's weiner to
raise money for new equipment!

JOHN

(calling after him)
Did not! I hadn't decided yet!

No answer from Terry. Jim looks up and see's the boat pulling up. His daughter (Molly, 8) is standing on the boat with Terry, who's making a "you messed up face" at Jim for cursing

MOLLY

Daddy!!

Jim gives Terry a look

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Hey, baby! I was just quoting a movie there, don't worry about that

Giving Terry a look

JIM (CONT'D)

Terry, what are you doing with my kid?

TERRY

Oh, i was grabbing our food and she was looking for you at the bar?

MOLLY

(guilty)

Sorry, daddy. I road my bike there to see you.

JIM

That's ok. Come here!

Terry parks the boat and Jim pulls Molly out, giving her a hug.

JIM (CONT'D)

Just promise me you'll never get in a moving object with this idiot again

TERRY

I'm not an idiot!

MOLLY

Yeah, you are!

Molly laughs and hugs her dad tighter.

TERRY

Am not! Remember last week when we helped you study for math? I beat you in times tables

MOLLY

That's just memorization! It doesn't mean you're actually smart!

Terry looks to Jim for backup.

JIM

She's right!

(to Molly)

Come on, we gotta get you home

30

INT. VAN. NIGHT

30

Jim is driving Molly home in the Porpoise Pool Van.

MOLLY

So I told him, if you initiate contact in a non-basketball manner, then it's a charge!

JIM

That's my girl! What he say to that?

MOLLY

He said I need to stop watching so much "First take" and that he needed to focus on driving the bus. So I had to go back to my seat

Jim laughs. Then turns to Molly

JIM

But that's not what you wanted to talk to me about, right?

Molly squirms a little in her seat

MOLLY

Am I still gonna see you now that mom's new friend moved in?

JIM

Of course! You'll still come over all the time. And I'll still see you when I come clean mom's pool.

MOLLY

But I want YOU to live with us

JIM

I'm working on it, baby. I'm working on it

Jim gives her a reassuring shoulder squeeze, then cranks up the radio and they both start to sing

31

EXT. NIKKI'S HOUSE-DAY

31

They arrive at Nikki's and see the NPG company truck parked outside

JIM

No way, not here too!
 (now to Molly)
 Hey baby you run inside.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go tell the pool man that this is one of my houses

MOLLY

Ok!

Jim gives Molly a pat on the back and heads into the backyard. Backyard is empty. Jim walks over to check the pool when NPG burst out of the pool.

NPG

Time!

NPG hits a stopwatch he had next to the pool

JIM

What the fuck are you doing?

NPG

(casually)

Some breathe work.

JIM

She's not paying you to do breathe work.

(thinks, then)

Wait, don't you think somebody should be watching you? In case you pass out

NPG

I always have someone watching me

He looks up at the sky and acknowledges god

NPG (CONT'D)

(RE: Jesus)

JC

JIM

Whatever. Either way, this is my contract, so get outta here. I'll talk to the homeowner

NPG

What, no? I gotta train. Got a race this weekend. 200 free, just like Phelps. They say I remind them of him, you know?

JIM

Really? The best swimmer ever? Who's they?

NPG moves to speak when

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)
 (quickly)
 And Jesus doesn't count!

NPG
 (thinks, then)
 Actually, he's the only one who counts.

NPG is proud of himself and Jim's not sure what to say. At that moment Nikki opens the sliding glass door and enters the backyard.

JIM
 (to Nikki)
 Hey, what the fuck? You really hired a different service?

NIKKI
 What are you talking about?

JIM
 (in an "isn't it obvious" way)
 The truck outside,
 (pointing to NPG)
 this idiot. These fuckers are stealing all my clients.

NIKKI
 Oh no, I haven't hired a new service...

JIM
 Well why is....

NPG has exited the pool and walks over to Nikki, wrapping his arm around her

NIKKI
 Jim, this is NPG. My new boyfriend.

Jim's head is exploding. He can't believe it.

JIM
 No, no, no....no, no, no

NIKKI
 Uh, what?

Nikki's looking back and forth between Jim and NPG. Jim looks like he's seen a ghost. NPG looks thrilled

JIM
 NO!

(CONTINUED)

NIKKI

Jim, you're embarrassing me..

JIM

This guy's trying to ruin my life. Ruin my business! He's my enemy!

NIKKI

Oh, don't be dramatic. There can be more than one pool cleaner in a place like this. Especially when one of them doesn't even care about cleaning pools!

JIM

Don't be dramatic!? I do care now!! I hired people, I'm getting new shit, I haven't had a bet in like 40 hours! Do you know how boring it is watching Criminal Minds with Terry at night! I did that for you!

NIKKI

(getting angry, animated)

This is your problem! You think the world revolves around you! It's like your starring in some shitty movie about yourself where you can do whatever you want!

JIM

Well, if that's the case you just made the movie horribly, horribly sad!

Jim angrily turns his back on them and walks to the van.

NPG

(calling after him)

Hey can we go with "Rivals"? Enemies doesn't sound as fun!

It's later in the night and Jim's back in the shop with the squad. He's sitting in the chair as the others try to console him. Cassie hands him a beer

CASSIE

Here, take this

Jim bites off the top and takes a big sip. John puts his hand on Jim's shoulder

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Just say the word and I'll make him disappear.

Terry has been pacing back and forth, thinking.

TERRY

I think this is a good thing

Jim looks up at him suspiciously

TERRY (CONT'D)

Look-before we thought there were two threats. The new pool company AND this new guy banging your ex girlfriend

The room is unsure where he's going with this. Tension in the air

TERRY (CONT'D)

But NOW it's the same person. The pool guy and the guy banging the love of your life. The mother to your child-it's the same guy!It's way easier to fight one guy than two

Jim thinks for a second, then gets up

JIM

I need a minute

He walks into his back office. Cassie shoots Terry a look like "look what you've done"

INT. BOOKIE LAYER-NIGHT

Jim solemnly walks into the bookie layer and shuts the door. He sits at the desk, surrounded by his TV's and gambling stuff. He's been avoiding coming in here because it's triggering.

He can't focus, so he gets up and starts throwing his gambling stuff in the trash. He goes to shut off the last tv when a commercial comes on for the Giants game tomorrow. It grabs his attention. Immediately the juices start flowing.

INT. SHOP-SAME

Jim shoots out of the back office and beelines for the door.

JIM

(to the group)
Order all that shit

(CONTINUED)

He motions towards the board where they pinned all the equipment and stuff they need. We also see that Cassie decorated the board with pictures of all of them from today, along with motivational phrases.

And everyone be here for the 4:05
kickoffs tomorrow...We've got a game to
watch

The group is confused. As Jim exits the shop, he pulls out his phone and dials

As Jim makes the quick walk from the shop to his boat we hear

JIM
(on phone)
Hey, Mr. D. You still want to put all
that cash on the Giants?

Beat while Mr. D responds

JIM (CONT'D)
Yeah, I got the bank for it now
(response from Mr. D)
...sounds good. Good luck

Jim hangs up the phone, reaches under his bed and pulls out the Molly College Fund from earlier. He looks at it while mulling over what he just did.

END PILOT