

EXT. SAMUEL JOHN HIGH SCHOOL SWIMMING POOL - MORNING

From a distance under a lap pool a long slender female body pierces the water like a hurled spear, arms extended and hands tight and pointed.

Time and sound stop for seconds as the perfect body glides gracefully through the liquid.

Without warning, like an electrified machine, her entire form comes to life pulsating like a dolphin evading danger.

She explodes to the surface with arms extended as her legs, glued at the calf, deliver thunderous kicks.

From behind chain links SUMMER SOSSON, a poised girl-next-door with everything to prove, powers through the water.

It is a race and the other swimmers struggle with the difficult butterfly stroke as Summer reaches the end of the touches with two hands and powers towards the other side.

She builds an embarrassing lead as her fit, forty-year-old, ex-collegiate COACH CONNER creeps the length of the pool like a pimp eyeing virgin potential.

His signature collegiate visor and mirrored wrap-around glasses hide eyes searching for a flaw.

Summer reaches the edge several seconds before her teammates.

Coach Connor blows his whistle.

COACH CONNOR (O.C.)

Much better, but you can push the last length more Summer. You let up on the final touch.

Summer nods obediently.

COACH CONNOR (CONT'D)

Good session. I'll see you all at three thirty.

The swimmers exit the pool, dry off and head to the locker room. Summer, takes off her swim cap, goggles and grabs a towel near her cell phone. She sees she was tagged in a new Facebook message. She opens it to see a message from her mom.

INSERT: Sending good vibes for a perfect practice with your new team! Love mom!

COACH CONNOR (CONT'D)

Summer, you have a second?

She quickly hides the phone, and walks to coach.

COACH CONNOR (CONT'D)

You seem to be adjusting well to
the new team and school.

SUMMER

I feel good.

COACH CONNOR

You have the technique, the work
ethic . . . you just need the body.

Summer fidgets as she processes the information.

COACH CONNOR (CONT'D)

I don't know what your old coach
told you but you need ten pounds
less on your frame to be a
scholarship athlete. It will be
easy for you. I want you to be the
best because I know you can be.

COACH CONNOR (CONT'D)

Perfect. Great practice. See you
this afternoon. And next time
leave the phone in the locker.

Coach Connor creeps away leaving her alone in front of the
dying waves in the pool reflecting her distorted body image.

WE HEAR WATER SPILLING INTO A DISH.