

Gold Rinks  
"Pilot"  
by  
Jillian Bevilacqua

Jillian.a.bevilacqua@gmail.com  
203-802-8938  
5 Usher Street, Milford,  
CT, USA, 06460

ACT 1

INT. BOSTON BRUINS HQ WAITING ROOM - DAY

OLIVER GOLD (23, small in stature but large in presence, dry humored) sits in a small waiting room chair. DUKE (large, intimidating, missing teeth) and GEORGE (large, intimidating, nice formal hat) sit in the seats next to him.

Both men check their phones. Look down at Oliver. Oliver sighs.

OLIVER  
Is there a problem?

The men snap their heads down to look at Oliver. He continues to stare forward.

GEORGE  
What's your name?

OLIVER  
My name? Why do you care?

DUKE  
You look just like this guy on the news, but 20 years younger.

OLIVER  
What guy?

GEORGE  
His name's-

ALICE  
Oliver Gold?

ALICE (late 40s, recruiting officer) opens the office door. She waves Oliver in. Oliver stands and follows. Alice shuts the door behind them. The men check their phones again.

GEORGE  
Gold.

DUKE  
Gold.

INT. BOSTON BRUINS HQ HIRING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Oliver walks into the office. Sits in a comfortable chair at a large, wooden desk.

Alice opens a folder. Studies a paper. Looks up at Oliver.

ALICE  
So, you're Mr. Gold.

OLIVER  
Call me Oliver.

Alice flips through her folder. She takes out her phone.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
You probably have questions about my qualifications on my resume. Yes, I did graduate top of my class from Boston University. Double majored, actually. Athletic training and health science. I helped train our hockey team all three seasons they won the national championship, got my certification from the National Athletic Trainer's Assoc-

ALICE  
Are you related to Richard Gold?

OLIVER  
What?

ALICE  
Richard Gold, the disgraced athletic trainer?

She hands Oliver her phone. Oliver studies it and sighs.

INT. RHODE ISLAND COMMUNITY COLLEGE HIRING OFFICE - DAY

Oliver Gold sits at an IKEA desk with IKEA chairs. GREG (late 50s, recruiting officer) studies Oliver.

OLIVER  
So, I graduated from Boston University with a major in-

GREG  
Yeah, yeah, that's great kid. Say, do you know a man named Richard Gold?

INT. WOONSOCKET HIGH SCHOOL STORAGE CLOSET - DAY

Oliver Gold sits at a high school desk with folding chairs. DONNY (late 70s, high school gym teacher) checks his clipboard. Stares at Oliver.

DONNY

You know, you look just like that  
guy. What's his name, uh-

OLIVER

Richard Gold? Yeah, I've heard.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

AMANDA BARNES (early 30s, a news anchor) gives a report.

AMANDA

Richard Gold, the former coach of  
the synchronized swimming team, the  
Fighting Lionfish, has issued a  
statement tonight. Gold was  
disgraced last month after his team  
failed to qualify for the summer  
Olympic games, news that he didn't  
take well.

A clip begins to play. RICHARD GOLD (late 40s, wearing a  
velvet tracksuit, ambitious and stubborn) stands poolside  
with his synchronized swimming team. His team's score comes  
up on the scoreboard. They didn't win.

Richard throws a chair. Flips a desk. Yells in the faces of  
his swimmers. Runs out of air. Gasps and chokes. Falls into  
the pool. He can't swim. His team watches him flounder.

A lifeguard dives in. Richard struggles. The lifeguard hauls  
him out of the water. Richard lies on the side of the pool  
like a beached whale. Sits up. Starts to cry.

The broadcast goes back to the anchor.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Gold then cried for another five  
minutes before leaving the  
building. In his statement, Gold  
said he was, quote, "super sorry"  
and hopes no one thinks he's,  
quote, "any less of a man" for  
crying at a women's synchronized  
swimming champion. He also  
apologized for calling his team,  
quote, "worse than the people who  
died on the Titanic".

INT. GOLD HOUSEHOLD LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Richard and Oliver Gold watch the news broadcast on TV from  
their reclining chairs. They eat TV dinners off of tray  
tables. The news goes to commercial.

OLIVER

No one even tried to save you, Dad.  
Kinda sad actually.

RICHARD

(under his breath)

At least the Titanic people had  
some form.

The newscaster goes to a brief commercial. It's a commercial for Snuggles. Richard ties his bathrobe self consciously.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Did you think the tracksuit was  
flattering?

OLIVER

I would have gone with something  
more waterproof than velvet.

RICHARD

I wasn't planning on falling in.

OLIVER

So, you mean you didn't start the  
day thinking "Oh wow, I can't wait  
to throw a tantrum and almost drown  
like a toddler!"

A commercial comes on for an irritable bowel medication. Oliver turns it off.

RICHARD

I was watching that!

OLIVER

Why did you blow up on them anyway?

RICHARD

I thought they were better than  
that. I thought they were Olympic  
level.

OLIVER

No pressure, right?

RICHARD

I just saw more in them than they  
did.

OLIVER

Those expectations never helped me.

RICHARD

They helped you graduate top of your class.

OLIVER

I helped me graduate top of my class.

Richard takes the remote from Oliver. Oliver takes a bite of his food.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

So, what's next for you, Dad? Now that you've burned all of your swimming bridges. Or, drowned them actually.

RICHARD

I'm not sure. I was looking to get back into coaching-

OLIVER

Too late for that.

RICHARD

-I miss the roar of the crowd. The glory of winning.

OLIVER

Like I said, I think that ship has sailed. Or sunk.

Richard takes a bite of food.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I have an interview in the morning.

RICHARD

What kind of interview?

OLIVER

It's at this popular sports destination. Very profitable, high exposure, really a great-

RICHARD

It's the recreational center, isn't it?

OLIVER

The rec center, yeah.

Richard shakes his head and turns the TV back on.

AMANDA

Now for our next story tonight. A local teen has been arrested at the Woonsocket Recreational Center for suspected drug use. The manager had "no comment" on the matter.

Richard looks at Oliver. Oliver pushes his tray back and stands. He takes the remote from Richard. Turns off the TV. Exits.

EXT. FIDO'S HOT DOGS - DAY

Oliver sits at a picnic table for a stationary hot dog food truck. The rec center is across the parking lot.

DARRELL TREMBLY (late 40's, manager of the rec center, wound very tightly) approaches. Oliver stands to shake his hand. Darrell sits down. Oliver sits back down awkwardly.

DARRELL

Oliver Gold, is it? Darrell Trembly, I'm the manager here.

OLIVER

Nice to meet you. Yes, I'm Oliver Gold. And yes, my father is-

DARRELL

I don't care.

OLIVER

What?

DARRELL

I don't care who you're related to, it's not going to make getting this job any easier. Now, where did you go to school?

OLIVER

Oh, well, I went to Boston University-

DARRELL

University?

OLIVER

Yeah, you know, the one in Boston.

DARRELL

I meant high school. No one working here went to college.

OLIVER

Oh, well-

DARRELL

Actually, the guy you'd be replacing was a high school dropout-

OLIVER

I graduated-

DARRELL

We had to fire him, though. He was selling oregano to middle schoolers.

OLIVER

Oregano?

DARRELL

They thought it was weed. Maybe it was weed. Smelled like Sunday dinner at my Mom's, though.

OLIVER

I-

DARRELL

The cops said it was weed. I wonder what that says about my Mom.

OLIVER

It's Darrell, right?

DARRELL

Well, my Mom's name is Judy-

OLIVER

This is an interview for the rec center position, correct?

DARRELL

It is.

OLIVER

I graduated from Woonsocket High School and then Boston University. I have all the necessary skills and education to-

DARRELL

Do you really care about sports?

OLIVER

What?

DARRELL

Do you really care about sports? Do you really care about giving kids a space for exercise and enjoyment?

OLIVER

Yes, I-

DARRELL

Or do you care more about having an easy space for parties and oregano sales? Are you gonna give preteens gateway drugs and leave me to answer their questions about drug use-

OLIVER

No-

DARRELL

I don't even really know about drugs. I mean, I smoked once back in college, but that doesn't make me an addict.

OLIVER

Darrell-

DARRELL

I also experimented back in college, but does that make me gay? No! Just because I'm single doesn't mean anything-

OLIVER

Darrell, I just want to help people enjoy sports. If that's what this job is, I'm ready for whatever it can throw at me.

Darrell pauses. Sizes up Oliver. Nods.

DARRELL

You're hired. Now, the job would include overseeing the mini golf area, the laser tag area, that sort of stuff. The bigger kids love to use the smaller kids as human shields, so watch out for that.

OLIVER

Thank you!

DARRELL

I'll draw up the paperwork for your first day. We'll be in touch.

The two stand, shake hands. Darrell walks away. Stops. He yells over his shoulder.

DARRELL (CONT'D)

You're also going to coach and participate in the recreational curling team, thank you! Congrats on the job!

Darrell runs away. Oliver blinks. Yells to Darrell.

OLIVER

What the f@#& is curling?

**FADE OUT**

ACT 2

INT. GOLD HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Oliver sits on the floor in the living room. It's a conspiracy theorist's setup but for understanding curling with papers all around him. The TV is on.

He watches a curling clip. Pauses it. Rewinds it. Plays it again.

Richard enters wearing velvet pajamas. He yawns.

RICHARD  
What are you doing?

Oliver jumps.

OLIVER  
Dad! I got the job!

RICHARD  
The part time stoner's job?

OLIVER  
The job at the rec center, yes.  
They told me I have to be a part of  
the curling team. Something called  
the skip? I don't really know, but  
it's my job now.

RICHARD  
What's curling?

OLIVER  
I don't know! I've been up all  
night researching it, and I still  
don't know.

Oliver picks up a paper on the physics of curling.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Scientists can't even explain it!  
The ice makes the circle thing spin  
the wrong way, apparently.

RICHARD  
Ice? Seems like a weak man's sport.

OLIVER  
How am I supposed to understand a  
sport that even scientists can't  
explain?

RICHARD

Ice sports are for people who can't take the intensity of water sports.

OLIVER

I can't even stand on the ice! How am I supposed to skate?

RICHARD

I don't need to know how to swim to coach synchronized swimming, they don't require it.

OLIVER

Apparently, curling doesn't even use skates?

On TV, the crowd cheers. Oliver and Richard turn to watch.

RICHARD

I do miss the adoring crowd.

OLIVER

Adoring? They hated you.

RICHARD

They loved to hate me.

OLIVER

You know, I never got to experience the cheers of an adoring crowd. Your outburst ended my career before it started.

The crowd dies down. Oliver glances at Richard. Richard watches the screen. He gestures to the floor.

RICHARD

Clean all this up. It's an unprofessional work environment.

OLIVER

You'd know all about unprofessional.

Richard leaves. Oliver watches him go. Turns back to the TV. Rewinds. Replays the crowd's cheers. Over. And over. And over.

EXT. WOONSOCKET RECREATIONAL CENTER ICE RINK - DAY

Oliver sits in his car in the parking lot with a coffee.

He opens a binder of notes about curling. Flips a page. Flips another page. Takes a sip of coffee.

He checks himself in the rearview mirror. He looks like he hasn't slept. Closes the binder. Throws it in the backseat. Opens the door to his car.

He gets out. Downs the rest of the coffee. Crushes the cup. Tosses it in his car. Slams the door. Walks to the entrance.

INT. WOONSOCKET RECREATIONAL CENTER ICE RINK - CONTINUOUS

Oliver enters the ice rink.

SEAN GREY (20s, wearing a Boston Bruins jersey, African American, would trade his lungs for a penny if someone needed it, might just do it as a dare though) and LEAH CHERNEY (8, Asian American, treats every problem like her life depends on it) pebble the ice for curling.

BETTY ASTOR (late 30s, enthusiastic, the epitome of soccer Mom) and DOT JONES (70s, small and unassuming, quick as a whip) stand to the side of the rink with a cooler. Oliver approaches them.

OLIVER

Hi, I'm Oliver. This is the curling team, right?

BETTY

Sure is! Are you the new skip?

Oliver stares at her.

DOT

The skip is the coach and team captain.

OLIVER

Oh, right. Yes, I am.

BETTY

You look tired. Do you want some orange slices? They'll give you the energy you need to start your day!

Betty pulls a bag of orange slices out of the cooler.

OLIVER

No thanks, it was just a long night. I had a coffee on the way in.

BETTY

Oh, that's fine! My kids never want any either.

Oliver stares at Betty. She puts the orange slices away. She holds out her hand. Oliver shakes it. Betty holds Oliver's hand.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Anyway, my name is Betty and this is Dot. We're so glad you're here! The team is like my family, but this family doesn't throw toys and helps with the cleanup after dinner is over and doesn't tell me that I'm not desirable since our last child was born.

Oliver pulls his hand away from Betty. Betty clasps her hands together.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I might be an alternate, but I'm so happy just to be involved!

Oliver glances at Dot. She smiles.

DOT

I'm glad they didn't cancel the team after the old skip left. These practices are the only time they let me out of the retirement home.

Sean and Leah approach the side of the rink with pebbling equipment.

LEAH

The ice is ready for us to play.

OLIVER

Oh, cool.

Oliver sees the equipment. He pulls a set of keys out of his pocket.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

How did you get the equipment from the closet? I thought I had the only key.

DOT  
We have our ways.

Dot winks at Oliver. He turns to Sean, who smiles at him.

SEAN  
I'm Sean. I'm the guy of the group.

DOT  
He means he's the gay of the group.

Sean rolls his eyes. Oliver meets his eye. Smiles and looks down. Notices Sean's shirt.

OLIVER  
Oliver. Are you a fan?

SEAN  
Of you? I mean, I'm a fan of having  
a new skip-

OLIVER  
I mean of the Bruins. You're  
wearing one of their jerseys.

SEAN  
Oh, right. Yeah, I love hockey. I  
played in high school and briefly  
in college, and this team was the  
closest I could find.

OLIVER  
What school did you go to? I was  
the trainer for BU.

SEAN  
What's BU?

OLIVER  
Boston University.

SEAN  
Boston has a university?

OLIVER  
A university and a college,  
actually.

SEAN  
Huh. Who knew.

OLIVER  
Most hockey fans-

LEAH

I'm Leah.

Leah shakes Oliver's hand firmly.

OLIVER

Hi. How old are you?

LEAH

Old enough to know how important this game is.

OLIVER

We have a game?

LEAH

Of course we have a game! It's today! You better take this seriously because there's a lot riding on it.

OLIVER

How? I thought this was a rec team?

LEAH

The competitive team uses this rink.

BETTY

They use us to practice against, and in return, we get to use the rink when they aren't here.

SEAN

They called it a quick pro know.

LEAH

Quid pro quo.

OLIVER

If we have a game, we should get to practicing.

The team begins to practice.

A bad sweep by Betty. They laugh it off.

Sean throws a stone. Falls on his face. The team laughs and helps him up.

Leah takes Sean's broom and uses both of them to curl the stone. She collides with Dot. Oliver sighs.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
We are so screwed.

Time passes.

The team is set in the correct positions. Leah throws the stone. Dot and Sean sweep it, but it misses the target completely.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
That was better! This time, let's  
do it a little more to the left.

Leah throws another stone. Dot and Sean sweep. This time, it hooks far left. Oliver takes a deep breath. Forces a smile.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Okay! Split the difference this  
time!

SLAM!

The doors to the rink fly open.

FRANK (30s, thinks he's really cool, he's not) and his curling team are silhouetted against the outside light. They all wear sunglasses. One of them carries a boombox.

They saunter in. A small crowd follows behind them. Darrell is among them.

Oliver's team stops to watch. He whispers to Sean.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
Why do they have a crowd?

SEAN  
Why don't we?

Frank walks out on the ice. Stops in front of Oliver.

He holds his hand up. The boombox is turned off. He lowers his sunglasses to look at Oliver.

FRANK  
You're the new skip?

OLIVER  
Yeah. Who are you?

Frank laughs.

FRANK

I'm the one who's going to show you how curling is really done.

CURLING PLAYER #1

Frank, can we take our sunglasses off? It's dark in here and we can't really see.

Frank whirls around to glare at his teammate.

FRANK

You're ruining the moment.

CURLING PLAYER #1

Oh, sorry. Should I go-

FRANK

It doesn't matter, the moment's passed.

CURLING PLAYER #1

So, can we?

FRANK

I don't care!

Frank takes a deep breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let's just play.

Betty and the other team's alternate exit the ice. The game starts. It's like magic.

Sean throws a perfect stone.

Leah curls a stone to the bullseye.

Dot curls a stone into the other teams stones. It knocks them away.

Oliver throws the last stone.

The crowd is silent. Nothing but the sound of sweeping.

It knocks Frank's stone out of the area of play. A knockout victory.

A moment of silence. Then the crowd erupts into cheers.

Oliver is surrounded by his team. They all hug and cheer. They're in disbelief.

Frank throws his broom to the ground. Stomps over to Oliver.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
This isn't over. Rematch. This  
Friday. 6PM. Be there.

OLIVER  
We don't need a rematch.

FRANK  
You do if you want to keep using  
this rink.

OLIVER  
You don't work here.

FRANK  
We rent the space. We can make it  
so you're never welcome back here.

Oliver's face hardens. He shakes Frank's hand.

OLIVER  
Guess you aren't the only  
competitive team anymore.

Frank spins around. He and his team storm out the door.

Sean turns to his team.

SEAN  
That was amazing!

OLIVER  
I know!

LEAH  
We've never beat them before.

OLIVER  
I know!

DOT  
And we've cheated in the past.

OLIVER  
Wait, you've cheated?

Dot winks. Betty takes Oliver by the shoulders.

BETTY  
That was like nothing I've ever  
seen before.

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

It was like the universe saw our struggles and decided to reward us. Like a 30 year drought before one final rainstorm. A lottery win for someone in debt to the mafia. Daniel being saved from the lions den.

Betty holds her hands over her heart. Oliver glances at Dot. She shrugs.

LEAH

Anyway, do you want to come to Fido's with us?

OLIVER

The hot dog shop outside?

SEAN

We go after every game or practice. It's a tradition. You're welcome to join us.

OLIVER

It's been a long day. I should be getting home. Maybe next time.

Oliver spins and walks off.

EXT. WOONSOCKET RECREATIONAL CENTER ICE RINK - NIGHT

Oliver walks towards his car. Pulls out his keys. Looks around.

Across the parking lot, a figure stands under a streetlight. Oliver spots them. Shivers. It's Darrell, but Oliver can't see that yet.

DARRELL

Oliver, come over here.

OLIVER

How do you know my name?

Darrell steps closer to Oliver. Oliver hurries to open the door to his car. The door is stuck.

Darrell gets closer. Oliver finally gets the key to work.

Closer. Oliver opens the door.

Closer. The coffee cup he had that morning falls out of the car. Oliver trips on it. Falls onto the ground.

Closer. Darrell stands over Oliver. His body is silhouetted in the streetlights and neon of the rec center. Oliver shrieks. Throws his hands up in front of his face.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

I don't want any oregano weed!

DARRELL

What?

Darrell steps back. Oliver recognizes him.

OLIVER

Darrell?? What the hell?

Darrell helps Oliver to his feet.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What do you want?

DARRELL

I saw your game. You're good. I mean, you're no John Shuster, but you're not horrible.

OLIVER

... Thank you?

DARRELL

I mean it. You're better than I thought. Less weed sales and more tight shirts than I'd imagined.

OLIVER

I just learned the rules this morning-

DARRELL

I looked you up, you know. Oliver Gold. You made quite a name for yourself at BU. Training and leading and winning.

OLIVER

Oh, well, yeah-

DARRELL

I looked up your father too. Richard Gold.

Oliver winces at the name.

DARRELL (CONT'D)

He was a hotshot coach, right?

OLIVER

Yeah-

DARRELL

What's the son of a hotshot coach doing working at a recreational center in the middle of Rhode Island?

Oliver blinks. Looks up at the neon lights of the rec center sign. Sighs.

OLIVER

Darrell, I'm gonna let you in on a little secret.

Oliver leans against his car.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

My father is an asshole. He doesn't care about anyone but himself.

DARRELL

Oh, well-

OLIVER

He was never around growing up. He was never around once I was done with the growing up. I think the first time he came to a game of mine was when my hockey team won the National Championships my senior year of college. He even smiled.

DARRELL

That's-

OLIVER

Although, now that I think of it, maybe the smile was just him passing gas? You know, like babies do?

DARRELL

I don't know any babies-

OLIVER

My dad is kind of a big baby himself. He almost drowned himself having a hissy fit over losing. Not exactly the best role model.

DARRELL

Oliver-

OLIVER

I mean, can you imagine, Darrell?  
My father can't even swim and he's  
judging ME for working at a rec  
center?

DARRELL

The rec center is a fine job.

Oliver looks at Darrell.

OLIVER

Sorry.

Darrell shrugs.

DARRELL

I've heard worse. Mostly from my  
Mom.

Oliver sighs.

DARRELL (CONT'D)

Invite him to the game Friday.  
Maybe he'll surprise you.

OLIVER

I doubt it.

DARRELL

Then doubt. Doesn't seem to be  
doing you much good though.

Darrell picks up the coffee cup and heads back towards the  
rec center. Oliver gets in his car and sighs. Turns on his  
car. A country song about honoring one's father. He quickly  
shuts it off. Pulls out of the parking lot.

**FADE OUT**

ACT 3

INT. GOLD HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Oliver throws open the front door. Puts down his sports bag. Hangs up his keys. The door shuts behind him. He locks it.

He walks into the living room. Richard is sitting in a recliner. A recording of Amanda Barnes' news broadcast plays.

AMANDA

Richard Gold, the former coach of the synchronized swimming team-

Richard pauses it. Rewinds.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Richard Gold, the former coach-

Richard pauses it again.

OLIVER

What are you watching?

Richard doesn't answer.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Dad, this isn't healthy.

Richard doesn't answer.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

You can't stay hung up on this for the rest of your life. You should find a hobby or something.

RICHARD

A hobby?

OLIVER

A hobby. Like I found curling.

RICHARD

Isn't that the sport that science can't explain?

OLIVER

My team had a match today. We won. It was amazing! The crowd went wild. We crushed the other team.

Richard turns to study Oliver. Turns back around to face the TV.

RICHARD

Beginners luck, I bet. It takes months of intense training to get anywhere with a team.

OLIVER

I don't know, we-

RICHARD

You're getting excited over nothing.

OLIVER

I am excited. Proud, even. Being a part of something, having people. It's nice.

RICHARD

If you're really that good, you're wasting your talents on a rec team.

OLIVER

You're missing the point. It's not just me.

Richard presses play again. Oliver ejects the CD.

RICHARD

Hey!

OLIVER

Come to our game this Friday. 6PM.

RICHARD

I don't have time for amateur events.

Richard turns the TV on. It's back to cable. A commercial comes on.

COMMERCIAL

Do you worry about your parents and their ability to live independently? It can be hard to convince them that they're better off in assisted living, but at A Home for Pop, we do our best to make sure that Dad is happy and comfortable for the rest of his days.

Oliver eyes his father. Pulls out his phone. Types in the number on the screen. Hovers his finger over the call button.

Oliver sighs and shakes his head. He puts his phone in his pocket. Leaves.

Richard waits for him to leave. Pulls out his phone. Marks the date of Oliver's game in his phone calendar. He turns off the TV.

INT. WOONSOCKET RECREATIONAL CENTER ICE RINK - DAY

Oliver and the team are practicing.

Leah throws a stone. It falls short of the bullseye.

OLIVER

Close!

The team resets. Dot throws a stone. It sails over the bullseye.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Not quite.

The team resets.

SEAN

I call this one "the grandma".

Sean throws a stone with both hands like a grandma throwing a bowling ball. It doesn't go very far.

Dot smacks him in the arm.

DOT

Be kind to your elders.

Sean laughs.

OLIVER

Can we take this seriously? Please?

BETTY

Oliver, honey, calm down. Have some orange slices.

OLIVER

I don't want any orange slices, Betty!

Everyone stops and stares of Oliver. Betty takes a step back. Leah takes her hand. Oliver puts his hands on his knees. He's panicking.

OLIVER

Oh my God, my father was right. Our win was a fluke. We're going to lose and I'm going to be stuck as a low level manager for the rest of my life. I'm never going to make a name for myself. I'm going to turn out just like Darrell.

Oliver loses his balance. He falls onto the ice. Everyone watches him. He closes his eyes.

BETTY

Are we really going to lose?

OLIVER

Probably.

BETTY

Well, if we lose, we might as well have fun doing it.

Leah tries to help Oliver up. She falls over due to his weight. She lies on the ice. Sean lies down next to him. He takes Oliver's hand.

Betty and Dot sit down next to them. They look at the ceiling. The lights flicker.

SEAN

What are we looking at?

OLIVER

I'm not sure.

DOT

Well, I'm not sure I can stand back up.

Oliver laughs.

OLIVER

We can fail together.

BETTY

Maybe we won't fail.

OLIVER

No, we're definitely going to fail. But maybe that's okay.

SLAM!

Frank and his team throw open the doors to the rink.

Oliver stands up. He pulls Sean up. Sean helps up Betty. Oliver tries to help Leah, but he slips on the ice again.

BETTY

Be careful!

DOT

You can't live life carefully,  
Betty.

Betty rolls her eyes and pulls Dot to her feet.

Eventually, they all make it to their feet. Their uniforms are all soaked from the ice.

A crowd enters the rink. Everyone's families, Darrell, even Amanda and her camera crew. Richard enters. He hangs by the exit.

Frank glares at Oliver. Betty and the other alternate leave the ice.

The game starts. The tension in the arena is high.

LEAH

Oliver!

Leah throws a perfect stone. Oliver points left.

Dot and Sean curl it left. It slows and lands within the bullseye.

Time passes.

DOT

Oliver!

Dot sweeps a stone. Oliver points to their rival's stone. Gestures for her to come towards him.

Dot guides it to knock Frank's out of play.

It picks up speed. Hits the opponent's stone with a smack.

Frank's stone flies across the rink.

Time passes.

SEAN

Oliver!

Oliver throws a stone.

It is silent.

Sean sweeps it right into the center of the bullseye.

It clinks against the other team's stone. The sound echoes.

The crowd erupts into cheers. It's deafening. Families hug.

Frank snaps a broom. He storms out of the rink. His team follows.

The news crew begins rolling.

AMANDA

Oliver Gold and his team have won  
in another upset against the local  
competitive team.

Oliver basks in the cheers of the crowd. His team swarms him. They laugh, hug, and celebrate.

Oliver meets Richard's eye. Richard nods. He leaves. Oliver smiles.

EXT. FIDO'S HOT DOGS - NIGHT

Oliver and the team eat hot dogs to celebrate their win. Richard watches unseen from across the lot.

Sean takes Leah's hot dog. She punches him in the arm. He ruffles her hair.

SEAN

I'll buy you a new one, kid.

Betty pulls a bottle of relish out of her cooler.

BETTY

Anyone need relish?

DOT

Back in my day, no one put anything  
on hot dogs but ketchup and salt.

OLIVER

Why salt?

DOT

To keep away the Devil's spirit.

Oliver glances at Leah. She shrugs.

Sean returns with another hot dog. He grabs a salt shaker and tosses it to Dot.

OLIVER

So, what's next? Frank's team  
refuses to play us anymore.

DOT

I guess they couldn't handle being  
beaten so badly.

BETTY

I'd like to keep playing. It's nice  
to have people care about you.

SEAN

Yeah, I'd miss getting to play if  
we had to stop.

OLIVER

We don't have anyone to play  
against.

Richard watches his son smile and laugh with his team. Sets  
his jaw. Turns and leaves.

DOT

We'll figure something out. The  
retirement home will keep me on  
house arrest if not.

LEAH

My mom would kill me for losing an  
activity. She'd make me play the  
violin or something, and I really  
don't like the violin.

BETTY

Oh, I love the violin.

LEAH

It's a lamer guitar.

DOT

It's classic!

SEAN

No, Leah's right. The violin is a  
lamer guitar. If you're gonna play  
something with strings, it might as  
well be electric.

DOT

They have electric violins.

LEAH

Really?

BETTY

I don't think they do.

DOT

Betty, you haven't lived through everything I have.

Oliver looks at his team bickering. He smiles.

OLIVER

If this doesn't work, we can be an electric string group.

They all turn to him.

SEAN

Is it not going to work?

OLIVER

No, it will. We'll make it work. I'll figure something out, I promise.

INT. GOLD HOUSEHOLD - NIGHT

Oliver walks into the house. Locks the door. Walks to the living room.

Richard is sitting in a recliner. A recording of a news broadcast plays on the TV.

AMANDA

Oliver Gold and his team have won-

Richard pauses. Rewinds.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oliver Gold-

Richard pauses the TV.

RICHARD

You were right.

OLIVER

What?

RICHARD

I do need a hobby.

OLIVER  
Oh. I'm glad you've decided-

RICHARD  
I'm going to be your team's manager.

OLIVER  
What?

RICHARD  
Your team doesn't have any opponents. You aren't part of a league. You have nowhere to go.

OLIVER  
So?

RICHARD  
So, you can't be a team without anything to unite against.

OLIVER  
I mean-

RICHARD  
Oliver.

Richard turns to look at Oliver. He meets his eye.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You can't have the crowd, the cheers, the feeling of winning without a league.

OLIVER  
I guess.

RICHARD  
You can't get a league without a manager.

OLIVER  
Why? What do you want out of this?

RICHARD  
I want to go to the Olympics.

OLIVER  
The Olympics? We're a rec league!

Oliver turns to leave. Richard stands up and grabs Oliver's shoulder. Oliver turns to face him.

They stare at each other for a moment.

RICHARD

I saw you today. You're much better than just a rec team. You can go Olympic.

OLIVER

Do you really think we can go Olympic?

RICHARD

I think you could go gold.

The two stare at each other. Oliver looks at the TV.

His team is in the background of the news broadcast. They are all embracing, frozen in a moment of happiness.

Oliver sighs. He sticks out his hand to his father. Richard shakes it.

OLIVER

I'll never be Gold without you.

Richard stands up. The two embrace. They both sit down in recliners and watch the clip over and over.

AMANDA

Oliver Gold and his team-

Rewind.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oliver Gold-

Rewind.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

- Gold.

END OF PILOT