

TWO-TIMING

Animated Pilot

written by

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EXT. CLEOPATRA'S PALACE - EARLY MORNING

Open on a clump of palm trees in Ancient Egypt.

The intro to The Bangles' 'Walk Like an Egyptian' plays.

KIKI ROMBAUM, a curvy 28-year-old brunette, rustles out of the palms. She adjusts her Egyptian dress. The music picks up as she strides through the bazaar towards a palace ahead.

*All the old paintings on the tombs
They do the sand dance dontcha know
If they move too quick oh whey oh,
They're falling down like a domino*

In front of the palace, a SNAKE CHARMER performs for the crowd to the tune of the song.

Kiki nicks a serving platter from a stall and sneaks past the distracted, ornately-dressed PALACE GUARDS. Over the music:

PALACE GUARD 1
Hey man, your eyeliner's running.

PALACE GUARD 2
(makeup streaming)
A cobra ate my dad.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Music continues as Kiki glides through the open-air passageways. She adds a jug of wine and cups to her tray, taking a swig of the wine.

*Foreign types with hookah pipes say
Ay oh whey oh, ay oh whey oh*

She slows her approach as she nears Cleopatra's chambers. She listens outside the door and peers through a keyhole.

Walk like an Egyptian

Tambourine shakes as we see through the keyhole:

CLEOPATRA and MARK ANTONY, her hunky Roman lover, make out.

KIKI
(to herself)
Jesus, Mary, and Osiris. Thank you.

INT. CLEOPATRA'S BOUDOIR - CONTINUOUS

Kiki enters as Cleopatra dramatically pulls herself away.

CLEOPATRA
 (to Mark Antony)
 My brother-husband would kill you
 if he saw us together.

MARK
 My cousin-wife and daughter-nieces
 would be heartbroken.

CLEOPATRA
 Your daughter-nieces are my
 sisters-in-law.

MARK
 Am I your daddy?

CLEOPATRA
 That turns me on.

MARK
 Do you know what would turn me on?

Kiki's stares, open-mouthed, but shakes herself back into
 action and pours the wine.

CLEOPATRA
 (seductively)
 The cats? Purrrrrr.

MARK
 (panicked)
 No! No more cats!
 (suggestively)
 I'm talking about a new position
 all the legionnaires are trying.

CLEOPATRA
 Oh?

MARK
 Lighthousing at Alexandria.

Think Eiffel Towering.

MARK (CONT'D)
 We just need a third.

Cleopatra and Mark slowly turn towards Kiki. She gives a
 flirtatious "Who, me?" look.

INT. NYC APARTMENT - THREE WILD HOURS LATER

A human-sized, rocket-shaped TIME MACHINE covered in palm fronds lands with a thud in an East Village living room. The machine looks amateur, made of recycled scraps from old household products like beer cans and aluminum siding.

The apartment is a mix of 1970's decor and modern girl stuff. In one half of the room: snakeskin ankle booties and a half-drunk bottle of red wine. On the other side: blue composition notebooks and five reusable water bottles neatly lined up. A thick yellow line divides the room in half.

The person inside the machine BANGS, BANGS, and finally KICKS free with too much power. The door flies off.

Kiki bursts out of the time machine. Her Egyptian outfit has transformed into a skimpy sundress.

KIKI

Shit.

Kiki scrambles to fit the broken-off door back onto the time machine. The machine plays a pre-programmed message.

TIME MACHINE

Fatal error. This concludes our final journey together. Enjoy the present, for it is a gift.

Kiki struggles with the door as her phone rings. She answers a call from SHELLY PIM.

SHELLY O.C.

Kiki, it's me? Shelly? Your best friend slash lit agent? Anywho... I'm at the bookstore. And yeah, your reading is set to begin in 5 so understandably I'm freaking--

KIKI

--just walking in now!

Kiki throws the broken-off door aside, grabs a pile of books from her half of the coffee table, and rushes out the door.