

TWINNING

SAMPLE #3 A SHARK'S SMILE

PILOT - EP 1 OF 7

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Donna & Dylan are bound by blood...and killer imaginations.

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INT. Lobby

The end of a hot yoga class.

RUBY

Excuse me, hi, yea I ran the card
you gave me while you were in
class, but it was declined. Do you
have another one we can try?

The Evil Twins SMIRK.

Dylan steps to Ruby the Receptionist.

Donna's attention is caught by...Tim! Yes! Finally! He comes
out of the classroom, glistening.

Tim reaches between the sets of twins to grab his shoes from
the lobby shoe rack. He notices Donna. She's made first
contact!

The evil twins fade back in anger.

TIM

Donna! Hey! How are you, you look
incredible!
(He means it, he's so
genuine)

Donna feeling disgusting, covered in sweat, piss, milk, and
meatballs - smiles, licks her lips in an attempt to flirt.
Her tongue catches a last bit of...marinara - hanging in the
corner of her mouth.

Her eyes close. She fucking loves meatballs. A big swallow;
gulp, time stops for a moment as she floats.

Oh yeah. Eyes open.

DONNA

Hey doood, great to see you! You
cum here?
(she does a jerk off
motion with one hand)

Tim smiles and this goes over his head.

TIM

Yeah, going on 5 years now, they
even retired my number.
(His eyes dodge up to the
ceiling)

Donna looks up to see a - yoga-jersey? - hanging from the rafters that reads simply, "Tim". (Tim made a sizable donation to buy a 10 person sauna for Kingshit Yoga earlier this year).

DONNA

Wow, its up there so high! Its even taller than you, ha! Whats new witchu?

TIM

Im good you know I feel cleansed. Just finished a rehabilitation program. Blessed to be breathing.

DONNA

O my god Tim thats incredible I didn't know you struggled with drugs...? liquor? Gerbeling? Congrats on getting clean!

TIM

O no, Ive been sober for life. It was redpill media addiction. I fell into one of those Q-anon-ish Alpha male holes.

DONNA

Alpha Male Holes?! Can I take your spot?

Im joshin ya.

TIM

I fell, like, deep. You know right wing conservative media is a real life sucker for kids our age (He's 30). I was so brainwashed I woke up one morning with this tattoo.

Tim pulls down his waistband to reveal his left butt cheek.

Donna eyes a messy tattoo of an elephant fucking a donkey.

TIM

Absolutely no recollection of getting it...

DONNA

O my god.
(On second thought...)
Thats kinda badass.

TIM

NO! How crude! Im getting it removed tomorrow with this new pico laser that swipes it in one session for just 8 grand, thank god! But yikes its gunna hurt. Im just glad to be *almost* out of it all...

Donna grimaces at his lackadaisical "\$8 Grand".

She points at his tat.

DONNA

See *this* is why we need a three party system!

TIM

Exactly! Down with the patriar-

DONNA

Cuz who's gunna make that *donkey* cum!?

(an awkward beat)

Monkey Party 2032, woooh!

Tim is confused.

They continue to banter. Our focus shifts to Dylan - standing anxiously behind them at the front desk.

He's now pale, stomach grumbling, mushrooms fully peaking. About to barf, he stands alone watching his sister flirt with Tim.

The receptionist, Ruby, stares at him in confusion...

RUBY

So do you have another credit card or what?

DYLAN

Yes!

His sister distracted; Dylan sneakily reaches into her purse as it hangs from her arm. He grabs her "Cat's Playing Poker Wallet" - and removes a mastercard, handing it to Ruby.

RUBY

Also declined.

DYLAN

You take cash?

RUBY

Sure

DYLAN

Swell, how much?

RUBY

Its 50

DYLAN

50, no prob bob.

RUBY

Each.

DYLAN

(Smiling)

Yay!

(He searches his pockets
and pulls out a colorful
foreign bill)

You take shekels?

RUBY

(skeptical)

You were in Israel?

DYLAN

Kinda.

Dylan, uncomfortable - looks over both of his shoulders and leans closer. Through gritted teeth, afraid to be overheard:

DYLAN

I mean I was *in* Palestine but you gotta go through TelAviv to get in and out. So im stuck with hella *shecks*.

RUBY

Wow, I was born in Haifa, north of Tel Aviv!

Dylan, surprised, shifts comfortably in demeanor...phew.

DYLAN

No way! Well, shalom ahot! Peace to you my sister!

RUBY

Im not your sister and i'm not a she.

DYLAN
 Yes ofcourse im so sorry!
 Umm,
 Shalom Ache! My brother!

RUBY
 Im not your brother. Im fluid.

DYLAN
 I see. Pardon my Hebrew but how
 would you suggest I...

RUBY
 You can just say shalom acho.
 Acho is pretty neutral.

DYLAN
 Acccchooo

RUBY
 No - ACCCH-ooooo

DYLAN
 (Loud and flemmy now...)
 ACHHHHH-HOOOOOO, ACHHH-HOOOOOO

RUBY
 Stop IT. Just stop. Its fine. Thank
 God I got out of there. Im a proud
 jew and anti-zionist - a liberator
 of all indigenous peoples.
 LAND BACK!

DYLAN
 Ah! Heard!

He raises a fist in solidarity.

RUBY
 So NO we wont accept your BLOOD
 money.

DYLAN
 Oo.

Dylan, surprised again, and confused, changes tactics...

DYLAN
 Well Alhamdulillah Habibi! BRB!

Dylan crouches down to the shoe rack and pantomimes looking
 for his bag.

Donna and Tim continue to chat.

CAMERA IS NOW AT DYLAN'S LEVEL, ON GROUND

Dylan on all fours; pairs of legs walk around him, as students exit the studio. He crawls, slowly, sneakily past the front desk, and over the feet of Donna and Tim. An escape.

We see him from behind; his butt is wet. (Clearly having pissed his pants during his "vision").

OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT

Ruby watches the lobby door open, and close, with nobody visibly coming or going. She shrugs it off.

TIM

Yeah, so whats new with you? Hows your show...whats it called again?
(He snaps twice and thinks)
Win a *something* - with *someone*?

Donna blushes.

DONNA

Win a date with Donna! Thats me.

TIM

Thats it! Hows it coming?

DONNA

Well o em gee so funny you should ask cuz its going...
(she does tony the tiger voice)
...GRRRRREAT!
Buuuut, we hit a lil roadbumpie, cuz *someone*...
(looking around for her absent brother)
...*Fudged* up our kickstarter campaign and entered the wrong bank routing number...So the \$10,000 we raised for production got sent to ANOTHER Donna O'Connell!

TIM

Thats insane oh my god. Another Donna O'Connell? Where? Cant you get that money back?

DONNA

No! She in...
 (thinking)
 Uhh, Mumbai

TIM

There's a Donna O'Connel in Mumbai?

DONNA

The travesty of white colonialism
 amirite?

TIM

True

DONNA

But hey since you asked - what are
 you doing this Thursday? Maybe we
 could meet for a drinky and a chat
 about getting this show off the
 ground...and...
 (flirtatiously)

TIM

Yeah, I mean, sure, you're
 passionate, and hardworking - I
 mean - I don't really finance
 reality shows, im more into queer
 liberation and cultural commentary
 type stuff - but Im always looking
 to support marginalized women in
 America. That in itself is a blow
 to the patriarchy.

DONNA

A blow to the, yes! See...thats
 what im talkin' bout!
 (she pokes his chest)
**And I am that marginalized woman in
 America...blowing the patriarchy!**

She hears herself, and presses on.

DONNA

In fact - yup - Im calling it now!
 2028 is the year of the *Matriarchy*.
 Watch out boys.

TIM

Yes! Ahhh, but one thing thats top
 of mind these days is *fiscal*
responsibility.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

I do need to make sure that the projects I invest in have producers who can manage a budget. I mean I love funding passion projects but everyone seems to be so carless whenever I write them a blank check.

DONNA

Pffff! My Irish great grandma used to knit us little winter hats out of her pubic hairs.

We are true penny pinchers!

(In her native Irish accent now)

Not a farthing to waste sire. May I have another thimble of *RAT* stew my liege?

Donna is interrupted by front desk girl Ruby.

RUBY

Excuse me, hi, you guys really need to pay us.

DONNA

Oh yeah no worries here.

She hands over the CC that Dylan snuck back into her purse.

RUBY

No I tried this card already it was declined twice, I told your brother and he said he would be back with cash - but he's MIA.

Tim grows concerned.

DONNA

You know what. Im sorry sweetie I didn't catch your name?

RUBY

(unenthusiastically)

Isabella

DONNA

You know what Eeeeettthabella, Im not quite done here, im gunna hit the cold plunge wit da boys.

(she does a curtsie)

...And we can settle up on my way out in about 20. K?

Donna spits in her own hand and extends it for a handshake.

Ruby frowns suspiciously. Donna looks at her spitty hand and wipes it on her leg.

DONNA

What a waste.

TIM

(unimpressed)

Donna, I gotta run but maybe Ill
catch you in another class.

DONNA

Wait but...

TIM

Good luck Donna.
(He leaves quickly)

Donna standing alone, angry, but undefeated.

DONNA

(Shouting to Shark
offscreen)

Hey Sharky. You wanna see these
nipples cut glass? Show me how to
heat up the cold plunge.

Shark grins like the animal he is.

Donna and Shark walk down a long hallway past multiple rooms
of classes in session.

SLOW MOTION

We get a glimpse into each classroom. Followed by a match
shot of Donna's reaction - her faced drenched in the colored
light from each room. She sees what she wants to see.

A blue room with with people doing cat yoga; she smiles.

A red room with people eating meatballs; her draw drops.

A green room with men hanging upside down shirtless; femmes
walk between them putting out cigarettes in their belly
buttons. Donna, at first confused, then not at all...smiles and
understands.

EXT - BACK DECK

They reach the end of the hallway and Donna speeds up. This
is a getaway.

Shark watches her lustfully. She hustles towards the two tubs, hot and cold. Without taking her shoes off, she steps down and into the hot tub, just to step through it - out and on to the other side to grab the back fence. She starts to climb.

SHARK

Wait, you're leaving, w-whaat about the nipples?

She cant believe the nerve. Furious, but collected, she takes a deep breath half way up the fence, slowly climbs back down - and turns around with a dark smile.

DONNA

You know what Shark you're right. I'm sorry. I never give you the time of day and you're such a gentleman. I really OWE you one. Ill make you a deal. Give me back my favorite shirt...and Ill give you my number.

SHARK

Your what?

DONNA

Aw sharky, why waste our time? It's 2025! The boys are back from Caracas - And before their sent off to die in Greenland...its free love baby!

She steps back down, into the jacuzzi, it steams - she bites a lip, looking up at him in tease. Irresistible.

Shark steps closer.

From a new POV, we now see the two standing in the hot tub together. They are being watched. Eyes from the alley, peep between two fence boards. The POV is in motion, gliding down the fence, stopping occasionally to get a better view. We hear this mysterious character breathing heavily, anxiously. Still in his POV, we see his right hand pull a blade from his back pocket. He watches the duo, and waits.