ARCHER

Episode 203: "Movie Star"

Written by

Adam Reed
TEASER

1  COLD OPEN: "HOLLYWOOD SCENE" GFX/MUSIC PACKAGE

A quick "Entertainment Tonight"-style package brings us to:

2  INT. "HOLLYWOOD SCENE" SET -- CONTINUOUS

A pretty female ANCHOR on standard tabloid show set (standing or in director's chair?) framed with room for an OTS FILL. In the fill will be corresponding posters from the films of movie megastar RONA THORNE: she's mid-30's, movie megastar gorgeous.

ANCHOR
She's battled ivory poachers, raging rivers, even tuberculosis... and now Oscar-winner Rona Thorne takes on the CIA and the KGB in Dietrich Viener's new thriller "Disavowed!"

OTS FILL: Rona, in a sparkly couture gown, gushes to an O.S. reporter at some red carpet event, as FLASH BULBS pop all over.

RONA
Ohmigod it's going to be amazing, lookit me, amazing, I play a spy accused of being a double-agent so she has to clear her name and I swore I'd never do action again but I read Dietrich's script and I was like, lookit me, I was like "waaaaagh!" so it's just going to be amazing.

PAM (O.S.)
Oh my God, she's amazing!

3  INT. ISIS BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

PAM and GILLETTE both lean over CHERYL/CAROL to peer at her computer, in which the "Hollywood Scene" show is playing (additional dialogue from Anchor will play under the following).

CHERYL/CAROL
Eh, I dunno...

PAM
That's because you're an idiot --

GILLETTE
Who obviously never saw "River's Rage."
CHERYL/CAROL
I saw it, but I was just like "ehh."

PAM
Wh-?! Are you nuts?! That scene when her baby gets swept away?!

GILLETTE
Bawled so hard they made me leave the theater, never saw the ending.

CHERYL/CAROL
Well, they find the baby --

GILLETTE
Aaah! Don't tell me!

Beat.

CHERYL/CAROL
Dead.

GILLETTE
Dammit!

PAM
Yeah, jammed up under a log...
(brightly)
Oh and that wet clingy shirt she wears the whole time?! Nippletooown!

RONA (O.S.)
Ohmigod that river was go. Cold!

REVEAL: Rona stands in front of Cheryl/Carol's desk, in big shades, some cool coat, holding the very tiniest toy Chihuahua.

EVERYBODY
Waaaaagh!

RONA
Waaaaagh! Why?! Are we screaming?!

PAM
I -- you -- do you know who you are?!

RONA
I dooo! I do I do I do and I'm also supposed to be meeting Malory Archer?

MALORY (O.S.)
Come in dear, come in...
MALORY stands in the door to her office, HIGHBALL in hand.

MALORY
And the rest of you, don't you have
something better to do than stand
around all day and... shriek?

GILLETTE
No.

4   INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER
On Lana, leaning (but on) the credenza, arms crossed, irked.

LANA
Noooope.

WIDE: Rona (with dog) in guest chair, Malory behind her desk.

RONA
I -- wait, what?

MALORY
Lana, she has to research her role --

LANA
This isn't, whatever, the sheriff's
department where you get to wear a
windbreaker and go on a ride-along.
This is highly-classified covert ops --

RONA
Yes! Covert ops! That's exactly the
kind of spy lingo I want to soak up!

LANA
What part of "highly-classified" do
you not understand?

RONA
All of it! That's why I'm here doing
research, so you can teach me!

MALORY
Which she will be happy to do.

LANA
I -- wait a minute. What're you
getting out of this?

MALORY
Wh-? Nothing! Well, apart from a
small consideration from the studio...
LANA
Uh-huh.

MALORY
Which we're still negotiating, but --
(to Rona)
Who's your agent, by the way?

RONA
He's not interested, and Lana please,
you have to have to help me.

LANA
No I don't don't, and I'm not --

ARCHER (O.S.)
Not really qualified.

REVEAL: ARCHER stands in the doorway, HIGHBALL in hand.

LANA
I'm sorry?

ARCHER
It's not your fault, I on the other hand, am qualified, since I happen to be the world's greatest secret agent.

RONA
But... you're a man.

ARCHER
And then some.

LANA
So obviously he can't give you a woman's perspective like I can, so yes, I will be happy to help you.

ARCHER
Wh-?!

RONA
Ohmigod this is gonna be amaaaazing!

ARCHER
You're just doing this to spite me!

Beat.

LANA
And?

TITLE SEQUENCE (:35)
ACT ONE

5 EXT. ARCHER'S BUILDING -- MORNING
We PUSH IN on Archer's terrace, hear him addressing WOODHOUSE.

ARCHER (O.S.)
I should be teaching Rona Thorne how
to be a secret agent. Not Lana.

6 INT. ARCHER'S TERRACE -- CONTINUOUS
Archer, in a ROBE, sips an IRISH COFFEE as Woodhouse hovers.

ARCHER
"Woman's perspective." I mean, I'm
obviously the best agent, duh, so
how could Rona pick Lana over me?!

WOODHOUSE
The mind fairly boggles.

ARCHER
Exactly! So -- wait, was that sarcasm?

WOODHOUSE
No, sir.

ARCHER
Oh good. Because your opinion matters.
And since you seem unclear on the
concept, Woodhouse, that was sarcasm.

WOODHOUSE
Well played, sir.

ARCHER
Thank you.

7 EXT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS -- ESTABLISHING -- LATER

LANA (O.S.)
But the minute this interferes with
my real assignments, we're finished.

8 INT. ISIS BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS
Lana and Rona (with a small NOTEPAD) walk through the bullpen.

RONA
Ohmigod totally yes, I mean I'm just
acting but your work is so, so vital!

LANA
Well... I mean no, it is, but --
RONA
No! Don't do that, I am so, lookit me, I am so. Inspired by you!

LANA
I -- really?

RONA
Ohmigod, you are like, the epitome of an empowered woman, and if I can bring even a tenth of your strength and sexiness to my character? Oh my God!

CLOSE-UP: YOUNG MALORY'S HEADSHOT -- CONTINUOUS

A black-and-white HEADSHOT of a young Malory, with a circa 1940 hairdo, hand on her chin, etc. (very Rita Hayworth)

PAM (O.S.)
(chuckling)
Yer kidding.

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Malory with a HIGHBALL at her desk ("DISAVOWED" SCRIPT on it). Pam holds the HEADSHOT and Cheryl/Carol looks over her shoulder.

MALORY
And just exactly what is so funny?

PAM
I -- no, it's just --

CHERYL/ CAROL
It's just kinda hard to picture you as a young actress --

MALORY
For your information --

PAM
A young anything --

MALORY
My acting career, shut up, was really taking off. In fact, I was on my way to a callback for a TV commercial, doing the crossword on the 41 bus, and a man leans over and says "If you like puzzles, I may have a job for you," and guess who he was.
MALORY
Wild Bill Donovan, head of the OSS!
(sips drink)
Three weeks later I was in Tunisia,
killing a man.
(holds up script)
But I always wondered, what if I had
gotten that commercial...?

CHERYL/CAROL
Guess that Tunisian guy'd still be alive...

Malory opens the SCRIPT, starts circling things with a PENCIL.

MALORY
He was German, and this character,
Gerald Martin, the CIA director, why
couldn't that be Geraldine Martin?
(scribbling)
No, that's awful, um... ooh, Malory!
But not Martin, something like Steele,
because she's a very strong woman who --

Malory looks up: Pam and Cheryl/Carol are both long gone.

MALORY
Who will remember that at bonus time!
(scribbling)
And she's also having a torrid affair
with one of the sexy young agents...
(gasps, whispers)
Who's black.

BRRRRRRRRRPT! We hear a TEC-9 machine pistol fire a full clip.

11 INT. ISIS GUN RANGE -- CONTINUOUS

Lana and Rona stand at the firing counter in big orange EAR
PROTECTORS. Rona gleefully holds up a smoking TEC-9.

RONA
Waaaagh! Ohmigod that is amaaazing!
I mean lookit me, did you see that?!

LANA
I did, and that was a lot better...
DOWNRANGE: a "bad guy" PAPER TARGET (similar to, but legally distinct from, a Kleen-Bore target) is untouched, while a "lady with groceries" TARGET next to it is riddled with bullet holes.

LANA
She's gonna need new celery, but at least that time you fired downrange.

RONA
(turning)
And omigod seriously, I am go like, like, really super sorry about that.

REVEAL: the oft-shot BRETT leans on his CANE in the doorway, (which has bullet holes around it) clutching his bleeding arm.

BRETT
Totally my fault.

RONA
Please go buy a new suit at Bergdorf's and send the bill to my manager.

BRETT
Thanks, I will take you up on that...
(shuffling off)
Right after I go to the hospital.

RONA
Ohmigod if I like, possessed the capacity to be embarrassed?

LANA
Eh. I shouldn't have started you off with a fully-auto. Let's see what we have in a semi-automatic...

Lana takes the TEC-9, exits. Rona makes a two-handed "finger gun" and points it downrange, making childlike gun noises.

RONA
[childlike gun noises]

ARCHER (O.S.)
Well, that's no good...

Archer enters with a HIGHBALL, leans one elbow on the counter (like he's at a bar) facing Rona, who lowers her "finger gun."

RONA
I -- what's not?

ARCHER
Your stance, you're fighting yourself.
RONA
I'm -- excuse me?

ARCHER
You're all rigid and stiff. Which
I'm all for, rimshot, but not on the
range. You have to relax, let the
weapon be an extension of your body...

His drink-hand elbow still on the counter, Archer deftly pulls
his WALTHER from inside his jacket and empties the entire clip
downrange without looking: BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!

RONA
Oh my God...

DOWNRANGE: the "bad guy" now has a SMILEY FACE of bullet holes.

ARCHER (O.S.)
Aw, I meant to make a frowny face...

AT THE COUNTER

Archer slips his WALTHER back into his jacket as he leans in a
little closer to Rona and puts a flirty hand on her upper arm.

ARCHER
But hey, speaking of your body, and
mine, and rigidity, and stiffness --

A DESERT EAGLE .50 slowly enters frame, pointing downrange but
right next to Archer's ear and: BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM!

ARCHER
Garrgh!

Archer's hands fly to his ears, he jerks away from the DESERT
EAGLE, and we CUT WIDE to see Lana holding it, grinning slyly.

ARCHER
What the hell, Lana?!

His POV: Lana's mouth and hands move, but all we hear is the
faintest speech under a not loud, but very high-pitched TONE.

LANA
[indiscernible]

ARCHER
What?
Lana and Rona talk to him and each other: all we hear is TONE.

RONA
[indiscernible]

LANA
[indiscernible]

ARCHER
Yeah ha ha ha, grown-ups, keep moving
your lips without making any... any...
("popping ears" sounds)
Maahp. Mah mah mahp. Maaaahp!
(sighs)
Excuse me.

Archer stalks off, highball tinkling, "maahping" as he goes.

LANA
Can you believe I used to date him?

RONA
Yes.

LANA
And -- wait, what?

RONA
And I bet he cheated on you --

LANA
He, um --

RONA
-- just like I bet every one of your
boyfriends has, going all the way
back to -- sorry, but I assume you
were just an insanely gawky teenager?

Beat.

LANA
There was some mild gawkiness, but --

RONA
Which you've never gotten over, which
is why, please don't hate me, you're
like, teeming with insecurities --

LANA
Wh-?! No I'm not!
RONA
-- when you totally shouldn't be!
You're gorgeous and smart and --
ohmigod, have you read "Unleashing
the Me"?! By Reinhart Schmoll?!

LANA
Uh, no, not --

RONA
(pulls up handbag)
You have to have to have to! Take
my copy, it'll change your life and --
(looking in bag)
Oh! And you have to start keeping a
journal of -- hey, where's my journal?

PAM (O.S.)
Umm...

INT. ISIS BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

Cheryl/Carol sits at her computer as Gillette stands by her
desk next to Pam, who holds a tasteful leather-bound JOURNAL.

PAM
I maybe kinda slightly... took it.

GILLETTE
Why why why, would you do that?!

CHERYL/CAROL
Didja think it was meat?

PAM
I -- shut up -- I just wanted, ya
know, to see what she's really like.

GILLETTE
(snatches journal)
Give me that! Little Miss... Invasion
of the Privacy Snatchers!

PAM
Oh, come on! Haven't you ever snooped
on somebody you thought was dreamy?

GILLETTE
No!
(beat)
Except Randy Trexler, who turns out
was just leading me on to get out
(MORE)
GILLETTE (CONT'D)
of the draft, and then one night he
and his buddies beat me up behind
the Dairy Queen, so I made a phone
call to the draft board, and now
who's laughing, Mr. Hooks for Hands?!

A long beat as Pam and Cheryl/Carol just gape at Gillette.

GILLETTE
Booby trap blew both his arms off.
(tearing up)
They said it was in a shoeshine box!

ARCHER (O.S.)
Mahp!

They turn to watch Archer walk past, "maahping" with his mouth
and thumping one of his ears with the heel of his hand.

ARCHER
Mmahp. Mmahp. Hi, yeah, please!
Keep gawking at the deaf person!

CHERYL/CAROL
Deaf people are gross.

PAM
Not as gross the hook-hand ones.

Beat.

CHERYL/CAROL
Eh.

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO

13  EXT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS -- ESTABLISHING -- LATER
    ARCHER (O.S.)
       Mmahp.  Mmmahp!

14  INT. KRIEGER'S LAB -- CONTINUOUS
    Archer sits on a stool, "maahping" into a hand-held MIRROR as
    KRIEGER stands, bent over a bit, shining a PENLIGHT in his ear.
    A "KRIEGER-BOT" assists him in this (hands him something, etc.)

       ARCHER
          Mahp.  Maaahp.

       KRIEGER
          Yeah, quit doing that?

       ARCHER
          Mahp, what?

       KRIEGER
          Stop?  Not helping?

       ARCHER
          Is that helping?  Mahp!  Frickin Lana, even for her, this is over the line.
          She is gonna wish I was never born.

          Beat.

       KRIEGER
          Just gonna softball it in like that?

       ARCHER
          Mahp, what?

       CYRIL (O.S.)
          I'm sorry?

15  INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS
    Cyril leans in the door as Malory, loose SCRIPT PAGES in each
    hand, stands at her desk, which is a complete and total mess:
    SCRIPT PAGES, TAKE-OUT, COFFEE MUGS, some LIQUOR BOTTLES, etc.

       MALORY
          I said come in here, I need your help.

       CYRIL
          But I'm on my way to a SexAnon meeting.

       MALORY
          Which is exactly why I need you!
CYRIL
You -- oh no, please Ms. Archer, I --

MALORY
Don't flatter yourself! I'm talking about this, the script for "Disavowed"!

Cyril (who has crossed to the desk) picks up a PAGE, reads.

CYRIL
"Cut to Malory Steele, the fiftyish and incredibly sexy CIA director..."
(looks up)
So... spy comedy?

MALORY
Wh-? No! It's --

CYRIL
Because that has been done.

MALORY
It's a taut, sexy thriller! Or it will be, if I can just get all the taut, sexy bits in the right order.

CYRIL
(reading)
Yikes yeah, you can't have a flashback with a flash-forward in it, that's --

MALORY
That's where you come in --

CYRIL
-- bad writing.

MALORY
-- because I wangled a call with the studio execs, and I think I can sell them on a rewrite, if you... fix it.

Cyril picks up a PENCIL from the desk, makes a circle on PAGE.

CYRIL
Well for starters, I don't think you wanna say this guy is "as coal black and thick-muscled as a field hand."

MALORY
I -- that's -- I don't need you for content, just for plot structure!
CYRIL
But racist overtones aside, it really
kinda limits your casting options.
(to himself, jotting)
Only two, three guys could play that.

LANA (O.S.)
Shut up...

16 INT. ISIS BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Lana and Rona giggle, walking very schoolgirlishly arm in arm.

RONA
You shut up, lookit me, I'm serious!

LANA
Yeah, right. Even if I wanted to, *
like I could work in movies... *

RONA
Ohmigod, hello?! Lana, have you *
seen you?! Do you own a mirror?! *

LANA
Well duh, but -- *

RONA
They're always looking for grips or *
whatever, and with those meathooks?!

LANA [mortified gasp]

RONA
(laughing)
I'm kidding! Look, lookit me, that's *
the gawky six-foot teenager everybody *
cheats on, not the embodiment of sexy *
empowered womanhood that you've become!

LANA
Ya really think I'm sexy and empowered? *

They approach and pass by Pam, Gillette and Cheryl/Carol.

RONA
Wh-? You're like a... brown Boudicca!
Who I wrote an amazing poem about, in -- *
darn, I wish I could find my journal!

PAM
So then it's settled, we're a go on *
Operation... what should we call it?
CHERYL/CAROL
Dick Sledge.

Pam and Gillette both look at Cheryl/Carol for a long beat.

GILLETTE
You wanna...?

PAM
No, but it's like sour milk, ya just gotta take a whiff before ya chuck it. What's the story, neckbones?

CHERYL/CAROL
Sophomore year at my stupid college
I had a huge crush on the quarterback,
this super-hot guy named Dick Sledge --

PAM

GILLETTE
Jinx.

Sploosh.

CHERYL/CAROL
-- but it was like I was invisible,
he wouldn't even sign my cast when I broke my own arm. But I thought if I knew what he liked I'd have an in,
so one Saturday when he had a game I broke into his house to see what kinda music he was into, or turtles,
or read his diary or whatever, but --

PAM
But you were so busy sniffin his jock you didn't hear him come in --

CHERYL/CAROL
Because he totally snuck up on me!
Then I guess I blacked out because I don't remember stabbing him at all.

PAM
Wh-?! Why'd you have a knife?!

CHERYL/CAROL
I didn't! It was his stupid letter opener, and it was his fault for grabbing me with his throwing hand!
(off their looks)
That's how the tendon got severed!
PAM
Holy shitsnacks.

CHERYL/ CAROL
Yeah, they said he could've gone pro.

GILLETTE
So, glossing over why you broke your own arm --

CHERYL/ CAROL
So he'd sign my cast.

GILLETTE
Glossing! What exactly is your point?

CHERYL/ CAROL
Duh. Just break into Rona's apartment and put her stupid journal somewhere.

PAM
Hey yeah!

GILLETTE
Nooope!

MALORY (O.S.)
Why not?

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Writer hell. The already messy desk now has STACKS of pages on it. Cyril - sleeves up, tie undone, pencil behind his ear - types on the computer as Malory stands over his shoulder, a HIGHBALL in one hand and a thick, ROLLED-UP SCRIPT in the other.

CYRIL
I -- because it's just not believable that this guy -- who, also, can not be named Cassius -- would risk his career for a woman twice his age!

MALORY
Oh, you don't -- so make her forty!

CYRIL
Yeah, and who's gonna play her?!

MALORY
Wh-? Me! That's the whole point!
CYRIL
You do realize there's a finite supply
of Vaseline in the univ -- owww!

THWACK! Malory bitch-thwacks him with the ROLLED-UP SCRIPT.

MALORY
Type!  Nerd.

INT. ISIS SIGINT CONTROL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The drones do various drone-stuff as Archer talks to Bilbo.

ARCHER
I'm sorry, I shouldn't have said that,
mahp, but I'm under a lot of stress.

BILBO
Oh oh, and we're not?! Ya got any
idea how much I got on my plate?!

ARCHER
[chuckles]

BILBO
Ya know...

ARCHER
What, I coulda crushed that! Now
c'mon, let me help. Whatcha got?

DRONE
Well, we're picking up chatter about
a bomb threat in the Middle East...

ARCHER
When are you not, and when you are,
who cares?! I'm talking local, guys!

Bilbo heaves a sigh and presses a KEY which spits a COMPUTER
PRINTOUT out of his COMPUTER CONSOLE. Archer snatches it up.

ARCHER
Mahp, yes! See, this is -- wow, single-
spaced, wanna broad-stroke it for me?

BILBO
Kolchenko, the new Soviet premier, is
scheduled to give a speech at the UN
in favor of strategic arms limitations
talks, but the hardliners in the KGB --
ARCHER
Who am I, Kissinger?! Broad strokes!

BILBO
I -- the KGB is gonna shoot this guy
as he walks into the UN.

ARCHER
And?

BILBO
And what?

ARCHER
Was that so hard? Count Snackula?

19  INT. ISIS ARMORY -- MOMENTS LATER
Gillette puts various ITEMS (TBD) from a shelf into a TACTICAL
BACKPACK that is being held open by Cheryl/Carol.

GILLETTE
No, shut up, we go in, drop the
journal, and get out. No snooping.

WIDER: Pam stands by them, in a pair of NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

PAM
Aw c'mon, I just wanna see if me and
her have any stuff in common, like --

CHERYL/CAROL
Tons of cockporn laying around?

PAM
I don't have cockporn just layin
around! But sometimes, ya know, you
forget it's in the VCR!

GILLETTE
So, glossing over --

PAM
Ya rub one out, flip back to regular
TV, "Superstars" is on, and all of a
sudden here's Joe Frazier's dumb ass
drowning, and ya forget it's in there!
(beat, sad)
Until mom and dad come to visit. To
tell ya she's got Lou Gehrig's disease.

Beat.
GILLETTE

Why --

Archer, in TACTICAL GEAR, walks in with a .50-CAL SNIPER RIFLE.

ARCHER
Why are you idiots in the armory?
(takes Pam's goggles)
And gimme those!

PAM
Hey, we're using those!

ARCHER
No you're not! All this equipment
is for field operatives only.

GILLETTE
For -- and what am I, exactly?!

Beat.

ARCHER
Dammit, wide open net and I freeze.
(looking on shelves)
Now beat it, ladies, I'm on a mission.

CHERYL/ CAROL
You're not our supervisor!

PAM
And, shut up, we're on a mission too!

GILLETTE
Ah da da da da da --

CHERYL/ CAROL
Breaking into Rona's apartment to
hide the stupid journal Pam stole.

GILLETTE
Daah.

ARCHER
You're kidding.

PAM GILLETTE
No. Yes.

ARCHER
There's a sniper out there, whose
bullet could spark World War Three,
and you idiots are tying up ISIS
resources on high school bullshit?!
PAM                 GILLETTE
Yes.                No.

ARCHER
Because I don't really see a downside
to that, Archer-wise. Here, load up.
(handing them gear)
Take whatever, should be a big box
of grenades around here somewhere.

20    INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Worse. Malory now lies supine on the desk, arm crooked over
her face and one shoe dangling. Cyril, down to a wifebeater,
stands behind the desk scribbling furiously on SCRIPT PAGES.

CYRIL
Where?! Tell me where Pinch Two is
supposed to go, and I'll --

MALORY
Act Two! Just find some room for it!

CYRIL
There is no room, because Act Two is
wall-to-wall with this love story
you're making me shoehorn into --

MALORY
The forbidden love between Malory
and Cassius is central to the plot!

CYRIL
Oh for the -- why don'tcha just make
it a shot-for-shot remake of Mandingo!

ARCHER (O.S.)
Um...

REVEAL: Archer by the door, all geared up with the SNIPER RIFLE.

ARCHER
Hate to interrupt... this, but --
(overly loud)
I'm off on a dangerous mission!

CYRIL
See?! That's what people wanna see!
(low)
Not "Granny Gets Jungle Fever."

MALORY
(gasps)
Get out!
ARCHER
(still loud)
But even though it's super-dangerous,
I'm preventing World War Three, so --

LANA (O.S.)
Wait, what?!

Lana appears in the doorway, with Rona right behind her (Neal: what do you think about having them both in judo/karate gis?)

ARCHER
[low chuckle, just for him]

LANA
What're you doing?

ARCHER
Hm? Nothing, no big deal, excuse --

Archer tries to slide past Lana, but she plants one big paw in his chest and not-so-gently pushes him against the doorframe.

ARCHER
Excuse me!

LANA
Nooope.

RONA
Ohmigod strong and sexy, amaaazing!

ARCHER
Will you shut up?! For five seconds? (to Lana)
And if you don't mind, I have to stop KGB snipers from assassinating the Soviet premier as he enters the UN.

MALORY
Now there's a Pinch Two!

CYRIL
(scribbling)
Yeah, that's pretty good...

LANA
You're not taking this mission. You never qualified as a countersniper!

ARCHER
I -- would have!
21 FLASHBACK: ARCHER'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Archer snores, in full tactical gear, atop the covers. LIQUOR BOTTLES and women's CLOTHES are all about, his SNIPER RIFLE is propped up against the bed, his arm is draped over the breasts of a sleeping, panty-clad WOMAN. The ALARM CLOCK beeps loudly.

ARCHER
[snoring]

BACK TO SCENE

ARCHER
Ya know, if I'd gone to the... thing.

LANA
Yeah, well, if your aunt had balls she'd be your uncle.

ARCHER
What?

CYRIL
There's your Pinch Two!

Lana takes his SNIPER RIFLE and a BANDOLIER of .50 CAL AMMO.

LANA
So I'll just be taking these...

RONA
And me!

LANA
Wh-? Noooope!

RONA
Lana, please this is perfect for my role! You have to have to have to have to!

LANA
No, this is the real thing, Rona --

Archer tries to pull the RIFLE and BANDOLIER from Lana's hands.

ARCHER
Which is why it's a job for a man.

Lana wrenches the RIFLE and BANDOLIER out of Archer's grasp.

LANA
Which is why shut up because I, and Rona, am and are taking the mission!
RONA
Ohmigod, lookit me, this is gonna be --

ARCHER
Don't! Say it! I swear to God!

Beat.

RONA
(whisper)
Amaaazing.

END ACT TWO
ACT THREE

22 EXT. UNITED NATIONS HEADQUARTERS -- ESTABLISHING -- EVENING

RIFLE SCOPE POV: the United Nations building and its environs, a few limousines and cop cars, a few tiny people in various attire: cops, normal suits, African robes, Arab dress, etc.

RONA (O.S.)
Isn't this amazing?

LANA (O.S.)
Not really, no. Actually kinda wish
I'd let Archer take this one...

23 EXT. ROOFTOP, 48TH STREET (LANA'S) -- CONTINUOUS

Lana, in her sexy TACTICAL GEAR, peers down the scope of the RIFLE, which is mounted on the low parapet. Rona, also in TACTICAL GEAR, drinks water from a plastic BOTTLE, kinda bops up and down on the balls of her feet, jittery with adrenaline.

RONA
But we're like, keeping the world
free for democracy or whatever!

LANA
Not if I can't take out the KGB sniper
team, who God knows where they are...

24 EXT. ROOFTOP, 48TH AND FIRST (ARCHER'S) -- CONTINUOUS

Archer, wearing an EARPIECE, stands by a large tripod-mounted TELESCOPE with a large REMOTE CONTROL (like for R/C planes). We hear (and will continue to hear) Lana/Rona over the radio.

LANA (O.S.)
There's about a bajillion hide-sites
around here...

ARCHER
And a hidden transmitter in your
rifle scope. So now who's an idiot?

MALORY (O.S.)
I'm sorry?

25 INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Malory, with a DRINK, leans toward the speakerphone on her desk as Cyril stands beside her, clutching PAGES in his fist. We hear an irate STUDIO EXEC (Dave Roberts) on the other end.
STUDIO EXEC (O.S.)
You should be! Look, I took this
call as a courtesy to Rona, okay?
Which now I'm regretting, because
what kinda facacta bullshit is this?!

MALORY
I beg your --

STUDIO EXEC
"Disavowed" is a spy thriller!

MALORY
Well, which is why we want to change
the title, to --

STUDIO EXEC
To what, "Mandingo Two"?!
(beat)
Wait, hang on.

MALORY
What?

STUDIO EXEC
Shut up hang on, Jeannie?! Anybody
doing a "Mandingo" sequel?!
(back to Malory)
When can you get me a treatment?

MALORY
I, I -- well, I don't know, I --

STUDIO EXEC
Ya got a week, we're calling it
"Mandingo Two, The Enslavening!"

He hangs up. Malory looks over her raised DRINK at Cyril.

MALORY
Well, Cyril? We did it.

CYRIL
Yeah we kinda did, didn't we?

MALORY
A taut, sexy thriller...

A beat. Their eyes meet. And then Malory takes him. They
crash into each other, kissing as they fall behind the desk.

MALORY (O.S.)
Oh yes, take me! Take me, Cassius!
26   EXT. ARCHER'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Archer is bent over slightly, peering into the TELESCOPE.

    RONA (O.S.)
    Ohmigod Lana, you seem really tense.
    You know what I do when I'm tense?

    ARCHER
    No, but I bet you're gonna tell us...

27   EXT. LANA'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Lana still peering down the scope, Rona still bouncing mildly.

    RONA
    Kelp tape! It's amazing, these like, kung-fu monks make this fifty-foot tape, like a cloth measuring tape but it's kelp, and you swallow it over like three days then you start to, ya know, pass it or whatever, then you just slowly slowly pull it out of you over three more days --

    LANA
    Wait, what?

    RONA
    And it pulls all the toxins out of your body and you just feel so clean!

28   EXT. ARCHER'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

    ARCHER
    (laughing)
    Yeah? While you're tangled up in a half-mile of shit-covered tape?
    (raises remote)
    Frickin actresses. Okay, time for a little tension-relief of my own...

    ZZZRRPT! Archer pushes a stick on the REMOTE and we CUT TO:

29   EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

    SHWSSSH! A tenth-floor WINDOW raises, untouched by human hands.

30   EXT. LANA'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Lana still peering down the scope, Rona still bouncing mildly.
RONA
Ohmigod and colonics are the --

LANA
Shh, shut up, I gotta window opening
up at -- dammit, there's another one!

Lana swings the RIFLE muzzle slightly as things catch her eye.

RONA
(screamy whisper)
Waaaagh! This is so exciiiiiting!

31 EXT. ARCHER'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

LANA (O.S.)
And another one, shit, and another!

ZZRPT ZZRPT ZZRPT ZZRPT! Archer works the sticks on the REMOTE.

ARCHER
(chuckling)
But that's not all! If you order
now, you'll also receive...

32 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

ZZRPT! A decidedly snipery-looking FIGURE leans just a tiny
bit out of a window, a RIFLE held out in the firing position.

33 EXT. LANA'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Lana gasps, pulls just the tiniest bit away from the scope,
then instantly leans back into position and... PHUT PHUT PHUT!

Beat.

RONA
Nuh! Uhhhh!

LANA
Yeah. I think he's down...

34 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Inside that apartment, the "sniper" is on the floor, head blown
apart, but it's actually just one of Krieger's "KRIEGER-BOTS."

35 EXT. ARCHER'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

ARCHER
But not forgotten. Come, Kreigerbots!
Avenge your fallen comrade!
ZZRPT ZZRPT ZZRPT! Archer works the sticks on the REMOTE.

36  EXT. VARIOUS WINDOWS -- CONTINUOUS

ZZRPT ZZRPT ZZRPT ZZRPT! Several "snipers" lean out of windows.

37  EXT. LANA'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Lana gasps, swings the RIFLE muzzle a bit and PHUT PHUT PHUT!

LANA
Dammit, they're everywhere!

PHUT PHUT PHUT!

RONA
Waaaaaaagh!

LANA
There's too many, I can't --

RONA
Lemme help, tell me how to help!

LANA
I -- shut up and grab that spotter scope, and tell me where they are!

Rona reaches for the SPOTTER SCOPE on the parapet, then pauses.

RONA
There's a nice way to do that.

LANA
Will you...?!

RONA
(looking through scope)
Uh, okay, there's a, wait, no that's a -- ohmigod I can see my penthouse!

LANA
Well unless there's a sniper in it --

RONA
(gasp)
Well somebody's in it!

SPOTTER SCOPE POV: we can just make out three tiny figures, their backs to the large window, two with their hands raised.

RONA
Who the [BEEP] is in my mother[BEEP] penthouse?!
INT. RONA'S PENTHOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Pam and Gillette (their hands raised) and Cheryl/Carol (hands behind her), in various (and thoroughly half-assed) articles of TACTICAL GEAR, stand with their backs to the large windows.

GILLETTE
We are! We're complying, we're --

REVERSE: two NYPD cops have their PISTOLS aimed at them.

COP
You! Get yer frickin hands up!

CHERYL/CAROL
You're not my supervisor!

PAM
(low, fierce)
Shut up, we're gonna go to prison!

CHERYL/CAROL
No we're not, just say the right stuff and they just send you to a mental hospital for ten months.

GILLETTE
I -- just this second realized why you do macramé instead of knitting.

CHERYL/CAROL
Yeah, no sharp objects on the ward. They were super strict about that.

Cheryl/Carol raises her hands. And a nicely-done MACRAMÉ OWL.

CHERYL/CAROL
(fun, high, owlish)
Whoaaaa was?

COP
What is that, drop it, drop it!

CHERYL/CAROL
You're not my supervisor!!

PAM
God --

As a volley of GUNSHOTS roars in the penthouse, we CUT TO:

EXT. LANA'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

SPOTTER SCOPE POV: muzzle flashes light up the penthouse window.
RONA
Damn him! I told him no parties!
(grabs for rifle)
Gimme it, gimme! Gimme! Gimme it!

LANA
What're you -- what the shit?! Rona,
stop! This is a serious -- ow!

SHUNK. A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE plunges into Lana's lovely neck.

LANA
-- situation.

WIDER: Rona pulls the HYPODERMIC from Lana's neck, as Lana
teeters backward, suddenly very stiff and going lock-jawed.

RONA
I know and ohmigod I am so sorry!
Please please please don't hate me!

LANA
Unghh... wha's ong ith me...?

40 EXT. ARCHER'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Archer, not looking through the TELESCOPE, works the REMOTE
with one hand while sipping a HIGHBALL with the other.

ARCHER
You obviously can't hold your liquor,
because you're a woman, which is why --

RONA (O.S.)
It's tetrodotoxin, from the fugu fish.

LANA (O.S.)
Whuh?!

Archer drops the REMOTE and HIGHBALL, peers into the TELESCOPE.

ARCHER
Yeah, what?!

RONA (O.S.)
I'm a Russian sleeper, silly!

ARCHER
Jesus Lana, how did you not see that?!

Archer draws his WALThER PPK and sprints out of frame.

41 EXT. LANA'S ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Lana, limbs going rigor mortis-y, teeters back toward a CHAIR.
LANA
But -- oo un a ickin Ahker!

CLUNK. She falls into the CHAIR, arms and legs like stone.

RONA
I know! But really, if it hadn't been for Tyler's amazing script I --

LANA
Oh! Er a amos Ahiu d akris er ike, enny ears! Owzad ossibul?!

RONA
Well, my parents were sleepers in L.A. - still are, love them - and we were encouraged to, ya know, blend, and so I ended up being an actress.

LANA
Buh iss so... unuhariwy ehaborit.

RONA
Ohmigod I know, but the lengths they go to, lookit me, you have no idea.

INT. KGB HEADQUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

JAKOV stands, holding a BRANDY and glaring fiercely at BORIS, who sits at Jakov's desk in front of an elaborate (and 60's-ish) VOICE MODULATOR thing, connected to the TELEPHONE. (When he holds it to his mouth, we hear the exact same STUDIO EXEC.)

BORIS
Is my new favorite device of ever.
(as studio exec)
I mean it, with the scnozz and the combover yer a dead ringer for Karl Malden! Never made a bad picture!
(back to normal)
C'mon, buddy...

EXT. LANA'S ROOPTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Lana tries to struggle, but all she manages is some quivering.

LANA
Oo itch! Ig I eg ow ear...

Rona crosses toward Lana and the ROOPTOP DOOR (oh, which there is one of), flicking the tip of the half-full HYPODERMIC NEEDLE.
RONA
Shh shh shhhh, lookit me, shh! If you sit quietly, the poison should wear off in like, four hours...

LANA
...?!

Rona positions herself right by where the door will open.

RONA
But if you struggle, your heart could --

KROOM! Archer bursts out of the door, PISTOL drawn.

ARCHER
Freeze! Wait, where'd she -- oww!

SHUNK. Rona plunges the HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into Archer's neck.

RONA
And we wouldn't want that.

SHLIRP. Rona pulls the NEEDLE from Archer's neck. He totters.

ARCHER
Ammii!

LANA
Arher oog ow.

ARCHER
Eh. Ice ornig, oopid.

CLUNK. Archer, wooden-limbed, topples over forward, so that he lands with his face buried right smack dab in Lana's crotch.

LANA
[weary sigh]

Rona has crossed to the SNIPER RIFLE, looks through the SCOPE.

RONA
Ohmigod there's Kolchenko's motorcade! This'd be such an amazing finish for "Disavowed!" I mean I love Dietrich, I do, but that third act draaags! (beat)
So so bummed I won't be able to work on it now... ohmigod, on anything! (raises up from scope)
Ohmigod, I won't be famous anymore!
ARCHER
Iunoh... Ozwalls premmy famuh.

RONA
Not in the good way! Do you know how great being famous is? Everybody loves me, I date the hottest guys, and the money?! Ohmigod, last year I took home almost two hundred grand --

LANA
Eh. ARCHER
Eh.

RONA
In gift bags.

LANA
Oh. ARCHER
Oh.

RONA
"Oh." Ya think?! Now some old guys in some country I've never even been to expect me to throw all that away for some lame, whatever, ideology?!

LANA
So on't oo it!

RONA
I -- I know, right? Is that crazy?!

LANA
Ohly!

RONA
(looks through scope)
But if I do... there's some amazing stuff happening in Soviet cinema...
(ready to fire)
And they promised me I could direct.

PHUT PHUT PHUT!

LANA
Uh-uhhh...

RONA
Yeah. Kolchenko's down and -- ohmigod that is, lookit me, that is so gross!

ARCHER
Iss um umbuddy oo oozes shit-tape...
Rona enters the frame with Archer sprawled into Lana's crotch.

**RONA**

_Kelp_ tape! And Lana, promise me you'll try it, especially after this. It really pulls the toxins out. Oh, and please read "The Unleashing Of Me" and please please please don't beat yourself up over this! You are a, look at me, a sexy, empowered woman!

**LANA**

Mm.

**RONA**

And speaking of, wish me luck on my directing career! Which is gonna be --

**LANA**

M-mm!

**ARCHER**

Own say it!

**RONA**

Amaaaaazing! Ciao!

Rona flounces out of the rooftop door, dialing her CELLPHONE.

**LANA**

[weary sigh]

A beat, then Archer manages to ask, right into Lana's crotch:

**ARCHER**

Ow long ee say iss suff lass?

**LANA**

Or ours.

**ARCHER**

[chuckling]

**LANA**

Oh muh -- er gehing _off_ on iss!

Beat.

**ARCHER**

Ann?

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SLAM TO CREDITS