

ARCHER

Episode 203: "Movie Star"

Written by

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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?! Nippletoooown!

RONA (O.S.)

Ohmigod that river was so. 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, HIGBALL 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 (butt on) the credenza, arms crossed, irked.

LANA

Nooooope.

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 have to help me.

LANA

No I don't 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 amaaazing!

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!

9 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.

10 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.

PAM
(bored)
Wild Bill Donovan --

CHERYL/CAROL
(bored)
Wild Bill Donovan --

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 ohmigod seriously, I am so 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...

12 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 --
damn, 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

Sploosh.

GILLETTE

Jinx.

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?

17 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.

18 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 --

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?!

Yes. PAM GILLETTE 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 dontcha 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

Noooope.

RONA

Ohmigod strong and sexy, amaazing!

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-? Nooope!

RONA

Lana, please this is perfect for my role! You 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 exciiiiting!

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

Waaaaaagh!

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?!

38 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)

Whooooo 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:

39 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 tetrodoxin, 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 Ahiud 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.

42 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 scnhozz and the combover yer a dead ringer for Karl Malden! Never made a bad picture!

(back to normal)

C'mon, buddy...

43 EXT. LANA'S ROOFTOP -- 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 ROOFTOP 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

Ammit!

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 draaaags!

(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 premmmy 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

ARCHER

Eh.

Eh.

RONA

In gift bags.

LANA

ARCHER

Oh.

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

ARCHER

Ess!

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 reeally 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, lookit 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

Amaaaazing! 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?

SLAM TO CREDITS