

ARCHER

"Heart of Archness: Part II"

Written by

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TEASER

1 EXT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS -- ESTABLISHING -- AFTERNOON

As we PUSH IN to the upper floors, we hear the voice of PAM.

PAM (O.S.)

Aw c'maaaahn!

2 INT. ISIS BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

Pam, with PURSE and COAT, stands by the desk of CHERYL/CAROL, who looks bored and exhausted (hair unkempt, baggy eyes, etc.)

PAM

Clock yer skinny ass out already,  
and let's go get outside some dranks!

CHERYL/CAROL

Ugh, I can't! I have to cover her  
stupid phone in case those stupid  
pirates call with a stupid ransom  
demand for Mr. Stupid Archer!

MALORY (O.S.)

Carol?!

CHERYL/CAROL

Y --

MALORY (O.S.)

Carol! Have they called?!

CHERYL/CAROL

No!

(oops, now sweetly)

Ma'am! But rest assured I'll let  
you know the minute they dooo!

MALORY (O.S.)

(to herself)

Rest? My God, who can rest...

CHERYL/CAROL

Not me, apparently.

CYRIL, also looking exhausted, comes in with a bunch of FILES.

CYRIL

Or me! I have to re-do the annual  
budget because she's blowing it all  
on this so-called rescue of Archer!

PAM

Well his plane did crash, and the distress signal was last heard coming from a known pirate fortress, so...

CYRIL

So?! That doesn't mean Ray and Lana have to bankrupt ISIS getting there!

3 EXT. OCEAN -- CONTINUOUS

WIDE on a 100' luxury motor yacht, skimming across the Pacific.

GILLETTE (O.S.)

Oh, would you relax?

4 EXT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT -- CONTINUOUS

On GILLETTE, dressed like Thurston Howell III, reclining in a swivel chair on the bridge, lazily holding a FRUITY DRINK.

GILLETTE

You rent a boat, that money's gone. This way, we can sell it when we're done. I bet it'll come out cheaper.

WIDER: LANA, in her tactical attire, stands at the steering wheel/dashboard, intently watching the ocean as she steers.

LANA

I wasn't talking about the boat.

REVEAL: a handsome, shirtless, and slender young Filipino guy, MANU, 18, kneels on the floor massaging Gillette's bare feet.

GILLETTE

Five grand for the week was a steal.

LANA

So a twink escort you rent, but --

GILLETTE

That's different! You can't -- I mean, they did ask if I wanted to actually buy him, but I thought...

LANA

What, that I'd be weird about it?

GILLETTE

I --

LANA

That I, perhaps due to my race, might have a problem with the concept of owning a human being?

Beat.

GILLETTE

I actually just thought I'd get tired of him.

LANA

You? Mr. Can't Even Commit To A Pet?

GILLETTE

Wh-? Yeah hi, two cats! One of whom I think has FIP, so... commit that.

5 INT. ISIS BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS -- BACK TO SCENE

CYRIL

You know how hard I worked on this budget?! Nights, weekends, canceled my vacation, and now it's all wasted!

PAM

Wasted, exactly, let's go be that! C'mon, happy hour at Pita Margarita's!

CHERYL/CAROL

Is... that what it sounds like?

PAM

Only if it sounds like a shitload of tequila and some A-rab hoagies.

MALORY (O.S.)

How dare you?!

MALORY, also looking exhausted, and sloshing a large HIGHBALL around, lurches out of her office and stands in the doorway.

PAM

Arab, sorry.

MALORY

Oh shut up, how can you even think about happy hour at a time like this?!  
(slugs drink)  
When probably as we speak, my poor Sterling is being tortured by pirates!

CYRIL  
(low, chuckling)  
I wish...

MALORY  
What?!

CYRIL  
Wish you wouldn't say that! Because  
I'm sure he's not being tortured...

6 EXT. PIRATE ISLAND -- ESTABLISHING -- MORNING -- CONTINUOUS

As we slowly PUSH IN to the pirate fortress, from deep within its damp stone walls we hear a bloodcurdling scream: ARCHER.

ARCHER (O.S.)  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagghhhhhhhhhh!

7 INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

As we PAN from the open balcony doors overlooking the Pacific ocean, across the things you'd expect to see in a pirate captain's quarters (old table covered with CHARTS, a TELESCOPE, RUM, a GLOBE, and quite possibly even a PARROT) we hear Archer.

ARCHER (O.S.)  
Ohhhh my God, stop, stop, stop,  
seriously I can't take anymore!

The PAN brings us to Archer, lying nude in a big old four-poster bed, holding a fifth of RUM and covered with two gorgeous nude NATIVE WOMEN (with sheets, etc. covering all the X-rated parts). There's fruit and goop smeared around, ping-pong paddle, etc.

ARCHER  
(laughing)  
Whew! That was insane, I never even  
heard of that position! Did the  
missionaries not swing by here, or...?

KNOCK KNOCK! We hear a knock and the heavy door creaks open.

NOAH (O.S.)  
Excuse me? Sorry, pirate-king Archer?

ARCHER  
What! Noah!

NOAH stands by the door with a CLIPBOARD, pushes up his GLASSES.

NOAH  
Ready for the uh, morning briefing?

ARCHER

Noah, I'm half drunk and slathered  
in... every bodily fluid there is.  
(swigs rum)  
So yeah, this is about as pirate-  
kingy as I'm gonna get. Brief away!

NOAH

Okay, item one! The --

ARCHER

Noah.

NOAH

Yes sir?

ARCHER

Good morning.

Archer flashes that shit-eating grin a beat, then we CUT TO the

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

ACT ONE

8 EXT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- MOMENTS LATER

Wide elevated-angle shot, looking down into the courtyard of the fort, where about twenty PIRATES mill about doing pirate things (coiling ROPE, sharpening MACHETES, cleaning ASSAULT WEAPONS) with most of them glaring sullenly up toward camera.

NOAH (O.S.)

Item one. The morale problem.

ARCHER (O.S.)

How do we have a morale problem?

9 INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

Archer, in chinos and open Aloha shirt, looks out the balcony doors, distractedly tossing/catching a COCONUT with a FISH NET (i.e., lacrosse style). Noah stands nearby with the CLIPBOARD.

NOAH

Well --

ARCHER

C'mon, karaoke night's a big hit...

10 FLASHBACK: KARAOKE NIGHT -- NIGHT

On a makeshift bamboo stage lit with TIKI TORCHES, a slightly bucktoothed pirate, BUCKY, croons a weird Malay song...

PIRATE

*Roti dan mentega, bakar dan selai!*

Until Archer staggers onstage with RUM, his arm thrown over a native girl, and shoves him offstage as he grabs the MICROPHONE.

ARCHER

Woooo!

11 FLASHBACK: FEAST -- NIGHT

Sullen pirates sit on log stumps and crappy chairs around a bonfire, attended by hot NATIVE GIRLS with big PLATTERS.

ARCHER (V.O.)

We have an awesome feast every night...

Archer staggers into the foreground with RUM, his arm over a native girl, and smacks the PLATE right out of a pirate's hands.

ARCHER

Woooo!

12 FLASHBACK: INTRAMURAL LACROSSE -- DAY

On a makeshift lacrosse field (bamboo goal with fishnet, COCONUT "ball" etc.), Archer totally pwns the other pirates (who use FISH NETS as sticks but somehow have sleeveless mesh JERSEYS)

ARCHER (V.O.)

Not to mention intramural lacrosse!

1) SWOOSH! WHUMP! Archer scores a goal and then cross-checks the GOALIE in the chest, knocking him down and out of frame.

ARCHER

Woooo!

2) KRUNCH! Archer decimates a (much smaller) pirate with a flying cross-body check as the other pirates look on sullenly.

ARCHER

Woooo!

3) Archer bobs up and down, his NET/STICK held over his head.

ARCHER

Woooo!

We PULL OUT to see he's "HALO-bagging" another pirate, whom (one assumes) he has just knocked both down and totally out.

ARCHER (V.O.)

So how can they have low morale?

13 INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS -- BACK TO SCENE

NOAH

Well um, besides all of those things, they haven't been paid.

ARCHER

So pay 'em, what do you need, new payroll software? Cyril always handled all that stuff. Payroll, budgets, he's a genius at that crap...

14 INT. CYRIL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS -- NIGHT

Cyril, tie loose, looking crazy, a half-empty bottle of BOURBON and a ROCKS GLASS on his desk, types furiously on his KEYBOARD.

CYRIL

(mocking Malory)

Just find the money, Cyril! You're an accounting genius, Cyril!

(MORE)

CYRIL (CONT'D)

(normal)

That's right you hawk-faced harpy...

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Crazy. Numbers scrolling up, down, sideways. All Matrix-y. The "how" TBD, but the upshot is Cyril is dumping money from ISIS into dozens of money-laundering accounts, then into Swiss accounts. We see his crazy-eyed reflection on the screen.

CYRIL

I am an accounting genius! So good  
luck finding all these Swiss accounts!  
(maniacal laughter)  
Mwah ha! Mwah ha ha ha ha haaaaaa!

PAM (O.S.)

Whatcha doin'?

CYRIL

Aagh!

Cyril's shocked reflection turns toward the door, and we CUT TO see Pam standing there drunk, coat on, holding a big 32-oz. GO-CUP and a carpet-dripping FALAFEL PITA from Pita Margarita's.

CYRIL

Hey, Pam...

15 INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS -- BACK TO SCENE

NOAH

No, we don't need --

ARCHER

Oh! And dealing with disgruntled  
employees, Pam's great at that...

16 INT. CYRIL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Pam moves unsteadily toward Cyril's desk, dripping yogurt sauce.

PAM

Izzat innernet porn?

CYRIL

Uh, yep! Just, um... just jackin it.

PAM

Can I watch?  
(slurps margarita)  
Or izzat weird?

CYRIL

It's... kinda weird.

PAM

Is it?

Beat.

CYRIL

Yes?

And as Pam takes another slurpy drag on her straw we CUT TO

17 INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS -- BACK TO SCENE

Archer is now distractedly feeding PEANUTS to the PARROT.

ARCHER

I think it's because she's such a good listener.

NOAH

And she sounds lovely. But you don't need an HR rep and payroll software --

ARCHER

Couldn't hurt...

NOAH

Sir! Please! Pirates work for shares, and since you became pirate-king there hasn't been any booty, so --

ARCHER

(chuckling)

Gonna have to go ahead and disagree with you there, buddy.

NOAH

From pirated ships.

ARCHER

Oh. I thought you meant from the --

NOAH

Native girls, no.

ARCHER

Sorry, I don't know all the pirate terms yet.

NOAH

Well --

ARCHER

I'm new! To all of this! Especially the actual, you know, piracy part...

18 FLASHBACK: FIRST BOARDING -- ESTABLISHING -- DAY

Wide shot of the pirate MOTHER SHIP alongside a TUNA BOAT.

ARCHER (V.O.)

It's not really what I expected.

19 FLASHBACK: FIRST BOARDING -- TUNA BOAT DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Waist up on Archer as he frog-marches a Malaysian guy on deck, one hand on the guys's collar, his COLT .45 in the guy's cheek.

ARCHER

Dammit, I said get over there!

Archer shoves him off-screen and we CUT WIDE to see the deck is stacked with big, freshly caught TUNA. Archer has shoved the guy (who turns out is a pirate) toward Noah and the rest of his (armed, sullen) pirate crew. He now stands between them and the CAPTAIN and CREW of the tuna boat, all with hands up.

ARCHER

For the jillionth time, nobody is raping anybody! Actually no, you know what?! Now nobody gets anything, because I'm letting him go!

PIRATES

[ad-libbed pissed-offness at this]

ARCHER

Shut up! He's a small business owner!  
If he loses his ship he'll be ruined!  
(to tuna captain)  
You can go. Ooh, but can we get  
about fifty pounds of tuna steaks?

20 INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS -- BACK TO SCENE

NOAH

Which you let him talk you down to  
twenty.

ARCHER

Well?! You know what kinda margins  
those guys work on?

NOAH

I actually don't...

ARCHER

Well nice Ph.D.!

NOAH

My field's anthropology. And I'm actually just a doctoral candidate? Or I was, until these guys captured my research vessel and enslaved me...

ARCHER

Ugh, not this again...

NOAH

So I was thinking, if you freed me...

ARCHER

You're my translator, I need you. That's why I made you first mate.

NOAH

Which also went over pretty badly.

ARCHER

Yeah, so let's just put a pin in the whole... manumission thing.

NOAH

But --

ARCHER

Noah! Morale's low enough as it is.  
(small gasp)  
And I bet I know who's to blame!

NOAH

(to himself)  
No kidding...

21 INT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- DUNGEON -- MOMENTS LATER

RILEY leans his forearms through the bars of his cell, talking to BUCKY, the HALO-bagged pirate, who sits outside the cell on a stool, lazily wiping his AK-47 with a RAG. The floor of Riley's cell is covered with dirty straw, and the only other items in it are a thin BLANKET and a crusty, fly-buzzing BUCKET.

RILEY

I'm not kidding, this Archer guy's gonna get you all killed. He --

ARCHER (O.S.)

Riley!

Archer storms up with Noah on his heels. Bucky glares malevolently at Archer as he wipes his AK-47 with the RAG.

RILEY

Archer, what a coincidence. I was just talking about you.

ARCHER

With who? Cause that bucktooth little shit doesn't even speak English!

BUCKY

I do little bit --

ARCHER

No you don't.

BUCKY

-- and correct syntax is "with whom!"

Bucky leaps up and flip-flops away, down the dank corridor.

NOAH

Man, that is not gonna help morale.

RILEY

Yeah, Bucky's an incorrigible gossip.

ARCHER

Who -- to whom you are forbidden to speak! I locked you down here so you couldn't contact my mother, not so you could, whatever, sow disharmony!

RILEY

You're sowing plenty all by yourself. Face it kid, you're a bust as a pirate-king.

ARCHER

King, exactly! And unless you want to spend the rest of the afternoon with a bunch of scorpions, don't forget it!

22 INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Malory leans (OTS, butt on) her desk with a HIGHBALL. On her monitor, a "DASH-CAM" SHOT of Lana steering the yacht is inset on a GFX MAP of Pacific, with a green DOT moving toward PANGU.

MALORY

And remember, this is a rescue mission.

LANA

I heard you.

MALORY

So don't charge in there all crazy,  
machine-gunning everything in sight.

LANA

When have I --

MALORY

I'm sure you'd love it if Sterling  
were killed in some huge crossfire --

LANA

Wh-? No I wouldn't!

MALORY

-- but just try to control all your  
jealousy and, ick, sexual frustration.

Lana stares at camera a long beat, then reaches toward it...

LANA

Oh no, you're breaking up.

ZZZRPT! Lana turns off her camera, the inset goes to STATIC.

MALORY

Lana.

23 INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT -- CONTINUOUS

Lana stands and steers as Ray leans (butt on) the console next  
her facing aft, stirring his FRUITY DRINK with a CRAZY STRAW.

LANA

I mean, am I jealous because Archer  
gets preferential treatment? Yes.  
But am I still attracted to him?

GILLETTE

Is a pig's ass pork?  
(off her glare)  
I'm sorry, did you wanna hear what I  
think, or just what you wanna hear?  
(slurps drink)  
He asked, pretty sarcastically.

A beat, then Gillette slurps his drink once more, and we

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

24 EXT. PIRATE ISLAND -- ESTABLISHING -- SUNDOWN

BUCKY (O.S.)  
*Raja lemah! Raja lemah!*

25 EXT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Bucky stands on a tree stump addressing the assembled pirates.

BUCKY (O.S.)  
*Kita memerlukan raja baru!*

Archer strides in, Noah hovering behind him with the CLIPBOARD.

ARCHER  
 Whoa whoa! Bucky! What is this?!

BUCKY  
 We hold erections for king!

ARCHER  
 Well, flattering, not really necessary...

NOAH  
 He means elections.

ARCHER  
 Okay, that makes more -- wait, what?!

BUCKY  
 Time for new king! *Raja baru!*

PIRATES  
 [assorted grumblings and murmurs]

ARCHER  
 Okay, pirates! Hey! Take a knee!  
 (beat)  
 Noah. You wanna...?

NOAH  
 That won't translate. It's like  
 last week when you said "lend me  
 your ears" and they were like "Apa?"

ARCHER  
 Damn it --

NOAH  
 I can't do idioms.

ARCHER  
 Shut up. Then unshut up, and tell  
 them I understand their frustration...

NOAH  
*Saya mendengar anda!*

ARCHER  
 But you don't change horses in mid --

NOAH  
 Idiom!

ARCHER  
 Now is not the time for a new king!

NOAH  
*Sekarang tidak ada raja baru!*

ARCHER  
 Because the king is strong!

NOAH  
*Raja yang kuat!*

BUCKY  
 If you so strong... *melawan raja!*

PIRATES  
*Yah! Melawan raja! Melawan raja!*

ARCHER  
 What's melawan raja?

NOAH  
 King-fight. If the king loses to a  
 challenger in one-on-one combat, he  
 has to step down. Or just be dead.

ARCHER  
 Since when?!

NOAH  
 Since always. Did you not read the  
 orientation materials?

26 FLASHBACK: PIRATE FEAST -- NIGHT

Pirates around a bonfire in background as Archer staggers into foreground, shirtless and wearing a crazy tropical STRAW HAT, a bottle of RUM in the hand that's slung over a native girl, a flaming BOOKLET ("Pirate King Orientation") in the other hand.

ARCHER  
 Wooooo!

27 EXT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- COURTYARD -- BACK TO SCENE

ARCHER  
Mmmmore skimmed it?

Bucky hops off the stump, raises his arms to the crowd.

BUCKY  
Enough talk! *Melawan raja!*

Archer takes off his shirt, exposing his muscular torso (NB: if we go OTS, make sure we still have the TATTOOS on him.)

ARCHER  
(chuckling)  
Okay Bucky, we'll melawan raja...

NOAH  
Oh, one thing --

ARCHER  
Noah shut up and translate.  
(to the room)  
I accept your challenge!

NOAH  
*Cabaran diterima!*

ARCHER  
Because your mouth's been writing  
checks your butt can't cash, so now  
I am gonna hand you your shit!

NOAH  
*Anda --*  
(annoyed sigh)  
Do you even know what an idiom is?

ARCHER  
Colloquial metaphor.

NOAH  
No, it's -- well actually yes, but I  
really think this is a bad idea --

ARCHER  
I'm not paying you to think, Noah!  
(thinks)  
Even if you weren't a slave. And  
your three-fifths of an opinion is  
noted, so -- oh sweet Jesus Jones!

REVERSE: before the wickedly grinning pirates stands a... well, not quite a man, but not quite a thing. But if you need a reference, The Thing will do. Only not made of orange rocks. Basically a Malaysian Hulk. In a loincloth. But not green.

HULK PIRATE

[animal-like growl]

CUT TO Noah and Archer, the latter slack-jawed in amazement.

NOAH

See, Bucky doesn't have to fight you himself. He can choose a stand-in.

ARCHER

Who is... huge!

NOAH

That's what I was --

ARCHER

Why didn't he come out for lacrosse?!

BUCKY

You lucky I don't let him!

ARCHER

Let him?

NOAH

He's Bucky's girlfriend.

HULK PIRATE

[animal-like roar]

ARCHER

Way to eschew traditional gender roles, pirates.

NOAH

Yeah, they're fascinating...

BUCKY

Now we *melawan raja!* And then we see who is bucktooth little shit!

ARCHER

It'll still be you. Listen --

HULK PIRATE

[animal-like roar]

BUCKY  
*Melawaaaaaaaaan rajaaaaa!*

PIRATES  
*Mela-wan, ra-ja! Mela-wan, ra-ja!*

As the pirates chant, Archer leans in toward Noah.

ARCHER  
Hey, maybe there's a way to make  
some money on this. Bet on me.

NOAH  
I would, but who'd bet on -- wait,  
don't you have that backwards?

LANA (O.S.)  
No.

28 EXT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT -- CONTINUOUS

3/4 on the yacht as it speeds toward, then past, camera.

LANA (O.S.)  
Because you know what I bet?

29 INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT -- CONTINUOUS

Gillette, now in tactical attire (and watch cap), stands nearby  
as Manu puts CAMO MAKE-UP on him using CAMO GREASEPAINT STICKS.

GILLETTE  
(bored)  
I bet I know you're gonna tell me...

CUT TO Lana, peering through BINOCULARS as she steers.

LANA  
I bet after we Zodiac in past the  
reef, take out at least one O.P.,  
make our way through a jungle full  
of Claymores, neutralize the fortress  
garrison, and finally extract that  
kidnapped-gettin ass sonuvabitch,  
he's gonna be all like --

30 EXT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

On Archer, a bit blood-spattered, in the Tiger Woods pose.

ARCHER  
Woooooo!

31 INT. LUXURY MOTOR YACHT -- CONTINUOUS

On Lana, still steering, briefly mocking Archer's Tiger pose.

LANA

(mocking Archer)

Wuhhhhh!

(normal)

Like this whole thing was all just part of some... dumbshit master plan.

GILLETTE (O.S.)

She said, trying to convince herself that she no longer ached for his --

RROWRR! Lana cranks the wheel, hard, and Gillette screams.

GILLETTE (O.S.)

Oww!

LANA

I'm sorry, what were you gonna say?

CUT TO Gillette, the PAINT STICK jammed into his eye. Beat.

GILLETTE

Cock.

32 EXT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

On Archer, blood-spattered, coming out of the Tiger pose...

ARCHER

Suck it! Cause I'm still the king!

... to reveal he's holding Riley's COLT .45 in the other hand.

HULK PIRATE (O.S.)

[wounded animal roar/cry]

REVEAL: the Hulk Pirate sits on the grass clutching bloody fingers over his ruined kneecap, as Bucky hugs his head/neck.

BUCKY

This no fair! You break the rules!

ARCHER

What rules?! We're pirates!

BUCKY

*Melawan raja* mean hand-hand combat!

ARCHER

Show me! Show me where it says that!

33 EXT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- COURTYARD -- MOMENTS LATER

New angle on Archer, arms crossed and smug, Noah at his side.

ARCHER

Take your time. I'm hourly.

CUT TO Bucky as he flips through Archer's half-burned BOOKLET.

BUCKY

I know it in here somewhere...

(flip flip flip)

Damn! Okay, maybe it don't say this exact words, but everybody know --

ARCHER

Nooop! Fair is -- well it wasn't exactly fair, but since it wasn't expressly forbidden... tough titties!

(thinks)

Wow, I never realized how much we rely idioms.

BUCKY

You win this round, Archer!

ARCHER

Duh.

BUCKY

But every dog has its day!

ARCHER

See?

BUCKY

And when that day come Bucky make you sorry! Bucky make you say --

RILEY (O.S.)

Mayday mayday mayday...

SCROOWNK! We hear Riley on the P.A., followed by feedback. Archer and Noah and all the rest look skyward, confused.

ARCHER

Um...

RILEY (O.S.)

This is Rip Riley calling ISIS, over.

ARCHER

Noah.

NOAH

That's not me.

ARCHER

I know that!

RILEY (O.S.)

Damn it, is that the P.A.?! Way to  
eschew traditional labeling, pirates.

ZZZRPT! Riley (we assume) hits a switch. The P.A. goes silent.

ARCHER

Fascinating. Because since when is  
there a radio in the damn dungeon?!

NOAH

Since never, God, you really shoulda  
read your orientation ma --

ARCHER

Noah!

NOAH

Radio room!

Archer sprints off, COLT .45 at the ready, followed by Noah.

34 INT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- RADIO ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Riley sits at a large (and pretty antiquated) SHORTWAVE RADIO  
and dials a KNOB while speaking into a desktop MICROPHONE.

RILEY

Mayday mayday mayday, this is Rip  
Riley calling ISIS. Mayday may --

MALORY (O.S.)

Rip?!

RILEY

Finally. Malory, listen to me very --

MALORY

How's Sterling, is he hurt or -- oh  
God, have the pirates tortured him?!

RILEY

Uh, no.

MALORY (O.S.)  
 Oh thank God, I was -- wait, are you  
 under duress?!

35 INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Malory, clutching a HIGHBALL, addresses the big monitor. The  
 "dash-cam" shot in the INSET has been replaced by a WAVEFORM.

MALORY  
 (stage whisper)  
 If you are, key your handset twice!

RILEY (O.S.)  
 (annoyed sigh)  
 I'm not under duress, I'm --

MALORY  
 Well, that's exactly what you'd say  
 if you were under duress, so --

RILEY (O.S.)  
 Malory! I don't have a lot of time,  
 so please listen very carefully...

MALORY  
 I'm listening!

RILEY (O.S.)  
 Your son, is --

ARCHER (O.S.)  
 Nooo!

BLAM! We hear a GUNSHOT and then the signal goes to STATIC.

MALORY  
 (huge gasp)  
 Oh my -- Carol! Somebody?!

Cheryl/Carol walks in, holding a gooey GLUE BOTTLE and pouting.

CHERYL/CAROL  
 What.

MALORY  
 Sterling... I think... he's been shot!

CHERYL/CAROL  
 Oh my God.  
 (thinks)  
 So then can I go home?

36 INT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- RADIO ROOM

On the SHORTWAVE, shot six times, now smoking and sparking.

ARCHER (O.S.)

I told you, I'm not going anywhere!

WIDE: Archer holds the COLT .45 on Riley, who stands by the radio desk with his hands up. Noah hovers next to Archer.

ARCHER

Especially not back to ISIS, and especially not now that I just shot --  
(to Noah)  
What I assume was the only radio?

NOAH

(checks clipboard)  
Yeah, "See about getting a back-up radio" was itemmmmmm five.

ARCHER

And item one, is Riley get your ass back in your cell!

NOAH

Item one's actually the morale problem.

ARCHER

Noah?

RILEY

More like potential mutiny.

NOAH

Yeah, right?  
(writing)  
Gonna go ahead and change "morale problem" to "potential mutiny"...

ARCHER

No! You're not! Because there is no mutiny, potential or otherwi --

BUCKY (O.S.)

*Pemberontakan!*

We hear Bucky yell, followed by a huge yell from the pirates.

PIRATES (O.S.)

*Pemberontakan!*

And as we hear that dreadful host spring into action - weapons clattering, calloused feet slapping - Archer turns to Noah.

ARCHER  
So, is that Malay for --

NOAH  
Mutiny, yes.  
(raises clipboard)  
So I guess I should upgrade it from  
"potential" to, what would be the...?

RILEY  
Incipient?

NOAH  
(starts writing)  
Ooh, nice...

ARCHER  
No! Do not upgrade that mutiny,  
Noah! I will tell you! When it's  
time! To upgrade the damn --

KLINK! A HAND GRENADE bounces off the side of the (unglassed, castle-like) window, hits the floor with a KLUNK, then rolls a foot or two and starts to smoke a little with a loud FZZZZZZ...

A beat as they all look at it, then Archer turns to the others.

ARCHER  
Mutiny, okay, so...

37 EXT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- CONTINUOUS

On the (unglassed, castle-like) windows of the radio room.

ARCHER (O.S.)  
What comes after incipient?

Beat.

RILEY (O.S.)  
In progress?

NOAH (O.S.)  
Nice!

KROOOM! The explosion blows smoke, debris, etc. out of the (unglassed, castle-like) windows of the radio room, and we

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

38 INT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- RADIO ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Under a low-volume, high-pitched WHINE, we find ourselves in

RILEY'S POV: a woozy, double-vision PAN of the grenade-blasted room: the upended radio desk and chair, papers strewn about... here's Noah against the wall, clutching his knees to his chest and screaming like Private Ryan... now here's Archer on his knees before Riley, holding a (lacrosse) FISH NET, yelling:

ARCHER

[unintelligible over the whine]

CUT TO Riley, squinting, trying to make sense of it. CUT TO Archer, still unintelligible, until a "Lost"-style WHOOSH SFX snaps everything, audio and visual, into clarity. Now we can hear Archer, over the crackle of SMALL ARMS FIRE and a pounding (of what sounds like a pirate mob) at the thick oaken door.

ARCHER

-- is what I was talking about, with the whole tinnitis thing! You hear that high-pitched whine? It's like --

NOAH

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

CUT TO Noah about halfway through this scream, still clutching his knees to his chest like Private Ryan, until Archer yells:

ARCHER

Noah!

NOAH

Aagh! What?!

ARCHER

I -- well for one thing, I'm kinda regretting making you first mate!

NOAH

Me too! Now I'm... management!

CUT TO Riley, looking out the (unglassed, castle-like) window and ducking as a few SLUGS ping into the room through it.

RILEY

Archer!

ARCHER

What?!

RILEY

Shut up! Noah!

NOAH

What?!

RILEY

What'd you say about a back-up radio?!

NOAH

I -- that we need one! It's itemmmm...  
 (checks clipboard)  
 Five!

RILEY

Oh well that's just --

KRUNCH! We hear the door get smashed by something like...

ARCHER

A battering ram?

39 INT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

Outside the radio room, Bucky directs four PIRATES who heave back, then slam a (LOG) BATTERING RAM into the door: KRUNCH!

BUCKY

Archer! *Kami membunuhmu!*

40 INT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- RADIO ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Riley still at one window, ducking the odd SLUG. Archer is at another, ducking the odd SLUG as he catches - and throws back - the occasional HAND GRENADE with the FISH NET. Noah, a deer in the headlights, shields himself with his CLIPBOARD.

ARCHER

What was that, what'd he say?

NOAH

"We're going to kill you."

ARCHER

Oh. Thought they were surrendering.

RILEY

Why?! Would you think that?!

ARCHER

They did before! For no good reason!

RILEY

At least then we had assault weapons!  
Now we've only got -- give me that!

Riley snatches his COLT .45 out of Archer's waistband.

ARCHER

Yeah go nuts, Sundance, it's empty.

Archer catches a GRENADE and throws it back out as we CUT TO

41 EXT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- CONTINUOUS

LOW ANGLE: several PIRATES scale a makeshift LADDER as the GRENADE flies past them and down to the next level and WHOOM! It explodes, flinging two PIRATES ass-over-teakettle, "A-Team" style, over the low parapets of whatever level they're on.

RILEY (O.S.)

It's empty! Because you emptied it!  
Into the only radio on the island!

42 INT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- RADIO ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

On the upended SHORTWAVE, to show the tight grouping of BULLET HOLES which are (one has to admit) pretty damn dead center.

ARCHER (O.S.)

All six, right in the ten ring...

WIDE: as we were, dodging SLUGS and tossing back GRENADES.

RILEY

Well, congratulations! We're trapped!

ARCHER

We're not --

KRUNCH! The thick oaken door gives inward a little, its rusty hinges straining, about to pop clean out of the damp stonework.

ARCHER

Trapped. Okay yeah, we're trapped.

NOAH (O.S.)

Uh, why don't we just use that?

They turn toward Noah, who points to a TRAP DOOR in the floor.

ARCHER

Well obviously we're gonna use that.

CUT TO the door as KRUNCH! KRUNCH! KRAAWNCH! The pirates smash it off its hinges, knocking it off-screen. Their eyes go wide and we CUT TO their POV: the door has fallen on top of the trap door, so it looks like Archer et al. just vanished.

PIRATES  
 (collective gasp, then)  
*Hantu!*

BUCKY  
 They not ghosts! They just white!

PIRATE  
 (low)  
*Rasis.*

BUCKY  
You're racist!

43 INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Malory wails into the crook of her arm on the desk, a DRINK in the other hand. Cheryl/Carol, in her coat, stands beside her.

MALORY  
 Those dirty pirate bastards! They killed my baby boy-hoy-hooyyy!

Cheryl/Carol starts to rub Malory's hair, very tentatively.

CHERYL/CAROL  
 Oh now, you don't know that for sure...

Malory jerks her head up. Cheryl/Carol yanks her hand away.

MALORY  
 (gasp)  
 You're right! That sound could've been anything! Like... a firecracker! Orientals are crazy for firecrackers!

CHERYL/CAROL  
 Oh my God, and rice?

MALORY  
 (wheels turning)  
 Or maybe Rip shot a pirate, and Sterling yelled "No" because he didn't want to give away their position!

CHERYL/CAROL  
 Pai Gow...

MALORY

Yes, you know, I bet they've escaped!

CHERYL/CAROL

Dragons...

MALORY

Because if anyone can escape from a pirate fortress, it's Sterling and Rip. Especially if they cooperate.

44 INT. PIRATE FORTRESS -- VERTICAL SHAFT -- CONTINUOUS

Archer (on top), Riley (middle) and Noah (bottom) climb down using the rusty iron ladder rungs embedded in the damp stone.

RILEY

Damn it, quit stepping on my hands!

ARCHER

Quit bossing me around! You're not my -- wait, tell me there's no chance you're my father.

RILEY

Not unless you're --  
(thinks)  
Fifteen.

ARCHER

Thank God.

RILEY

The feeling's mutual. Because if my son was as big a bonehead as you --

ARCHER

You have a son?

RILEY

Wh-? No.

ARCHER

Then shut up. Noah! Where the hell does this go?!

NOAH

I don't know, down!

ARCHER

Wow, and only a doctoral candidate...

NOAH  
My field's anthropology!

RILEY  
(chuckling)  
Good luck with the job hunt.

ARCHER  
(chuckling)  
Right?

Noah has climbed down away from them, and is now off-screen.

NOAH (O.S.)  
Not that it's any of your business,  
but I plan to teach?!

ARCHER  
Anthropology.

NOAH (O.S.)  
Wh-? Yes!

RILEY  
To anthropology majors.

NOAH (O.S.)  
Hey ya know what?

ARCHER  
(chuckling)  
Thus continuing the circle of why  
bother.

NOAH (O.S.)  
Anthropology is an important field  
of study!

ARCHER  
(laughing harder)  
I'm pretty sure somebody's already  
named all the different spiders!

NOAH (O.S.)  
Wh-? That's arachnology!

ARCHER  
(can barely talk)  
I know! Equally huge waste of time!

NOAH (O.S.)  
Hey speaking of, can we go back up?

ARCHER  
 (recovering)  
 Uh...

Archer looks up as we hear the TRAP DOOR open. CUT TO his POV to see two pirates looking down at him/us. KLINK! One of them pulls the pin on a GRENADE and holds it over the shaft.

ARCHER (O.S.)  
 (back to normal)  
 Not really. Why?

45 INT. DUNGEON -- CONTINUOUS

Noah hangs by his skinny arms from a large round hole in the ceiling of... Riley's cell.

NOAH  
 Just curious.

46 INT. SHAFT -- CONTINUOUS

Same (vertical) angle but much closer to the trap door as PING! The pirate lets the striker pop off the GRENADE and drops it.

ARCHER (O.S.)  
 Go go go go go!

RILEY (O.S.)  
 Waaaagh!

ARCHER (O.S.)  
 Waaaagh!

WHUMP! We hear them slam into each other, then the ground.

NOAH (O.S.)  
 Oww!

47 INT. DUNGEON -- CONTINUOUS

The trio lies in a heap, Noah squished on the bottom, as the GRENADE falls out of the shaft and hits the floor right in front of them with a KLUNK then FIZZES for a tiny beat, then

ARCHER  
 Oh, shi --

KROOOMP! A blinding flash, a deafening bang, and we CUT TO

48 INT. RADIO ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Where the two pirates give a "fist bump" over the shaft hole.

49 INT. DUNGEON -- CONTINUOUS

The same high-pitched WHINE from before, back in Riley's POV:

A woozy, double-vision PAN of the grenade-blasted cell: here's Noah on his knees, a finger in his ear, mouthing something... now here's Archer on his knees before Riley again, yelling:

ARCHER

[unintelligible over the whine]

CUT TO Riley, dazed. CUT TO Archer, still unintelligible, until that same WHOOSH SFX snaps everything back to normal.

ARCHER

-- just a flash-bang grenade! Still super-bad for your ears, though...

NOAH

Mawp! Mawp!

ARCHER

So when we get outta here, you should go see my ENT doctor, he's good.

RILEY

How the hell...!

NOAH

Mawp!

RILEY

Are we supposed to get out of here?!

ARCHER

Isn't this your cell?

RILEY

Yes!

ARCHER

So how'd you get out before?

RILEY

I bribed Bucky!

NOAH

Mawp!

ARCHER

Noah!

NOAH

Huh?

ARCHER

That is annoying as shit!

(to Riley)

And I doubt we can bribe Bucky again,  
since I crippled his girlfriend...

RILEY

So what're we supposed to do now?!

Beat.

ARCHER

I dunno.

50 INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS -- (DAWN?)

Malory - coat on, purse over her shoulder - stands beside her desk. Cheryl/Carol sits behind the desk, arms crossed, pouting. Behind her, in the monitor, Lana's GREEN DOT is now at Pangu.

MALORY

But I may as well go home and rest.  
If they haven't escaped already,  
Lana will be there any time now, and  
she'll get them out. And it's not  
like I can do anything from here...

CHERYL/CAROL

Exactly! So why do I have to stay?!

MALORY

(as she exits)

Because Lana may call. Or because I  
said so. Pick one.

51 INT. CYRIL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

On Cyril, snoring gently, face down at his desk, which is covered with printouts, spreadsheets, etc., the bottle of "OLD BUNCOMBE" BOURBON and GLASS. His open door is in background.

CYRIL

[snoring gently, maybe mumbling?]

Malory walks past Cyril's door, backs up a step, WHISTLES.

CYRIL

Waagh!

Cyril jerks bolt upright, maybe knocking over the bottle.

MALORY

And why the hell are you still here?

CYRIL

I, um, this is, uh, what was I doing?

MALORY

Whatever it was, you better pray it had about three coats of Scotch-Gard.

Malory gestures with her thumb and we CUT TO see Pam is passed out, face down and nude, on Cyril's sofa. If he has a coffee table it has TO-GO PITA and MARGARITA CUP on it (if not on the table, the floor). Pam gives a teeny, high, 1.5 second POOT.

CYRIL

And that it wasn't, ick, Pam...

MALORY

[sound of utter disgust]

Malory makes that sound and exits. Pam POOTS again, shorter.

CYRIL

Ugh...

52 EXT. OCEAN -- NIGHT

The luxury motor yacht sits at anchor offshore, under a sky brilliant with stars and just a thumbnail sliver of moon.

LANA (O.S.)

(loud-ish)

His narrow twinkly ass better not steal the boat, is all I'm saying...

53 EXT. BEACH -- CONTINUOUS

On (what one assumes is) the side of the island opposite the lagoon, Lana (from knees up), with a black DUFFEL BAG slung over her shoulder, pulls a ZODIAC onto the beach by its bow handle and then drops it with a wet THUMP onto the sand.

LANA

Oh! And just, before we get in there, I am not still attracted to Archer! I'm sure he's still attracted to me, though, I mean, he'd have to be --

Gillette, a DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder, walks into the shot. He has a PATCH/BANDAGE over his injured eye. He says nothing.

LANA

Uh, blind... not to, um... I am so  
sorry about that. Does it hurt?

(no response)

Ray, seriously, I'm sorry.

(no response)

Oh, now you're giving me the silent  
treatment?! What're you, six?!

SHUNK! Suddenly they are illuminated by blinding FLOODLIGHTS.

GILLETTE

No...

REVERSE: a half dozen PIRATES are silhouetted in front of some  
huge FLOODLIGHTS, ASSAULT WEAPONS aimed Lana and Gillette-ward.

GILLETTE (O.S.)

Just professional.

CUT TO Lana and Gillette, their hands raised in surrender.

GILLETTE

Hey, guys...

ARCHER (O.S.)

Okay, then how bout this?

54 INT. DUNGEON -- CONTINUOUS

Archer leans his forearms through the bars. Riley pulls vainly  
on the bars (on the other side of the door from where Archer  
is leaning, keeping door free). Noah jumps up, repeatedly,  
trying to reach the hole in the ceiling (missing by three feet).

ARCHER

We set Noah on fire --

NOAH

What?

ARCHER

-- and when they come to put him  
out, we overpower them.

RILEY

Don't have a lighter.

ARCHER

Well then I'm out of ideas.

BUCKY (O.S.)

And also out of luck!

Bucky strolls in smugly, flanked by two pirates with AK-47's, and sets about unlocking the door with some big old-timey KEYS.

BUCKY

Because no rescue for you, Archer!  
We catch your friends on beach!

Gillette walks into the shot, HANDCUFFED behind his back. He walks past Archer, and into the now open cell, without a word.

ARCHER

My -- Ray?! Holy shit, where'd you --  
(starts laughing)  
-- get that eyepatch?! What're you,  
in pirate disguise?! Good job, buddy!

Now Lana walks into the shot, HANDCUFFED behind her back.

Riley's eyebrow slides up ("She's hot!") when he sees her, but we quickly CUT TO Archer, very nearly spluttering with relief, his mocking tone now gone, replaced by (actual) genuine feeling.

ARCHER

Lana?! You, you came all this way?!  
To rescue me? Oh my God...

LANA

[takes a breath, about to speak]

ARCHER

(a shithead again)  
Still got it pretty bad for me, huh?

Lana exhales, walks into the cell. KLANG! Bucky slams the door closed behind her. Archer grins, starts to chuckle.

ARCHER

[starts to chuckle]

LANA

Archer, don't you --

ARCHER

Woooooo!

And as he flashes Lana that shit-eating grin (yet again), we

SLAM TO CREDITS