

ARCHER

Episode 107: "Skytanic"

Written by

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Excerpt to show dialogue pre-lap in scenes 22 and 23.

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~~CYRIL~~

~~I can explain this --~~

~~ARCHER~~

~~I don't think I want you to --~~

~~CYRIL~~

~~See, it all started when you and Lana
went gallivanting off to the Riviera --~~

~~ARCHER~~

~~Cyril! You should tell her this!~~

~~CYRIL~~

~~I tried! But then you were naked,
and it was all vulva this, and --~~

~~ARCHER~~

~~And as you stand here, dick and/or
balls caressed by my mother's robe --
bleek! -- Lana is waiting for you!~~

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*
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~~CYRIL~~

~~Wh-?! Really?! Where?!~~

~~ARCHER~~

~~Led Zeppelin suite!~~

~~CYRIL~~

~~There's a von Zeppelin suite...~~

~~ARCHER~~

~~Which I'm sure is what I meant! Go!~~

*
*

~~CYRIL~~

~~Thanks, Archer! You're the best!~~

~~Cyril sprints off, robe flapping, Malory's SLIPPERS slapping.~~

~~ARCHER~~

~~Well see, ya say that...~~

~~Archer opens the door to the cargo hold and slips inside...~~

22 EXT. VON ZEPPELIN SUITE -- MOMENTS LATER

On Cyril. He's pretty choked up, but he plows straight ahead:

~~CYRIL~~

~~And so yes, the bottom line is that
I was unfaithful to you, two -- well,
three times, I guess, if a dry-humpy
choker counts, and if you can't see
it in your heart to forgive me...~~

*
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*
*
*

CYRIL

I will forgive you. Because that's
what love is, Lana: it's... forgivey.

*
*

REVERSE: Cyril stands in front the door. It's still closed.

CYRIL

Which is not a word. C'mon, Figgis!
(shakes it out)
You can do this. Ahem. Here we go.

He KNOCKS. The door opens. And there is Lana, stripped back
down to her bra/panties/stockings, with Singh in the background,
stripped down to his Spreefs, rubbing scented OIL on his belly.

LANA

[mortified gasp]

SINGH

Very eager to know why you're here!

*
*

CYRIL

So that's your idea of a break, huh?!

Cyril turns and runs away, sobbing. Lana runs after him.

LANA

Cyril! It's not what it looks like!

MALORY (O.S.)

Well then what is it?!

23 INT. MALORY'S STATEROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Malory, arms akimbo, surveys the room. Signs of a struggle.
Pam stands nervously over by the bed, wringing her hands.
Cheryl/Carol lies face down on the bed, nude and lifeless.

PAM

Okay so, Cyril got in over his head --

MALORY

Jesus God, did he kill her?!

PAM

No no no, he ran from her! To go
confess to Lana and whatever -- he
really does love her -- but so then
this one starts freaking out, and
long story short... I kinda had to
drown her in the tub a little bit.

MALORY
So you killed her?!

CHERYL/CAROL
[retching and coughing sounds]

PAM
Apparently not, so... good news.

~~LANA (O.S.)
Shut up, Pam.~~

~~Lana stands in the doorway, gripping the jambs, half-naked.~~

~~LANA
And did Cyril run by here crying in
a woman's bathrobe?~~

~~MALORY
Well, it wouldn't surprise me! You're
driving him stark raving mad!~~

~~LANA
What'd I do?!~~

~~MALORY
What'd you do, running around all up
and down this stupid blimp --~~

~~PAM
Which is against the rules --~~

~~MALORY
-- half-naked, tits bouncing around
like you're at a rodeo, then going
back to some billionaire's suite?!~~

~~LANA
I was trying to stop a bomb plot!~~

~~MALORY
Oh my God there is no bommmmb!~~

~~PAM
More good news --~~

~~LANA
And just how do you know that?!~~

~~MALORY
Ugh. Because I made the bomb threat!
Trudy Beckman booked the very last
ticket on this flight, so it was all --
(MORE)~~