

ARCHER

INT. HOSPITAL

MALLORY'S hand rests on ARCHER'S stomach. There's a twitch.  
ARCHER'S fingers twitch.

MALLORY  
Sterling?

OPENING CREDITS

INT. ISIS OFFICES, DAY

MALLORY sits behind desk. LANA, PAM, CAROL, CYRIL, RAY wait.

LANA  
So? When's he going to be here?  
What sort of condition is he in?

PAM  
Can he walk? Does he still have  
feeling in his... you know? Because  
like, that'd be game over for me.  
(Gratuitously mimes blowing her  
brains out)

CYRIL  
Pam!

CAROL  
Oh, yeah, me too.

RAY  
That's me out, too, yeah.

LANA  
Well...

MALLORY  
It certainly helps keep me going,  
even if it's certainly racked up a  
lot of good miles on the odometer.

LANA  
But what about Archer?

MALLORY  
Oh, yes, he certainly did a number  
on it, I assure you. You know, he's  
never once apologized for it,  
either.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

Wow. Okay, not what I meant, but-

The door opens. ARCHER, face slack and drooling, powers into the room on a motorized wheelchair. Collective gasps of shock and horror.

PAM

Jesus, Archer.

LANA

Oh my God, Sterling.

Krieger comes in behind him and flips him out of the chair in a huff. ALL but MALLORY shout in horror and outrage.

KRIEGER

Give me that! I need that back in obstetrics.

MALLORY

We have an obstetrics wing?

KRIEGER

We do now, yes.

ARCHER gets up off the floor, laughing hysterically.

ARCHER

Oh my god you should have seen the look on your faces

ALL react

LANA

ARCHER I swear to God-

ARCHER

Yours was all like (mimics). Haha!  
Ah.

ARCHER walks over to the liquor cabinet, downs an entire bottle of scotch, throws the glass to the floor and shouts "WOO" while everyone watches.

PAM

He seems... okay?

CYRIL

Let's go with "usual self" and leave it at that.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

What the hell happened. You've been in a coma for months! How are you...

ARCHER

Like, walking and shit?

LANA

I was going to say still this much of an asshole, but sure, let's go with that.

KRIEGER

I can answer that!

Krieger holds up a bundle of wires and shock paddles and stuff.

KRIEGER

I saw it on the home shopping network but it was like, 12 really not easy payments of \$19.99, and their science was bullshit. He's been working out constantly in his sleep, thanks to a handy dandy car battery every other week.

ARCHER

I think I actually feel stronger than I used to. And that's the best I've slept in years. Holy shit, I had the weirdest dream you guys.

KRIEGER

Oh! I also hooked one up to your brain. Had no idea what that one would do. Dreams you say?

ARCHER

Wait, what?

KRIEGER

This might be the first time any human being has said this and meant it, but I'm interested to hear you talk about your dreams.

MALLORY

If I may interrupt?

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

May you?

KRIEGER

Meet me in the obstetrics wing  
later.

MALLORY

It's... nice to have you back  
Sterling. We were worried.

RAY

Were, you big jackass.

ARCHER

You're just jealous I came out of  
this all man.

RAY

Asshole.

MALLORY

I had thought that given Sterling's  
condition, it might be beneficial  
to find some work... more suited to  
your competencies.

ARCHER

They have competencies now?

LANA

Excuse you?

ARCHER

Not you, *obviously*. But do you  
really trust these guys to cover  
your back totally when shit hits  
the fan? Without me?

LANA

Maybe with you not around, shit  
would hit the fan *less often*,  
because it's usually because you're  
the one throwing it everywhere!

ARCHER

I missed you so much. You know that  
right?

LANA

I- Oh. Uh, I missed you too,  
Archer.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

You know who wouldn't miss you though? These guys. With friendly fire.

CYRIL

Excuse you?

ARCHER

Oh, I'm sorry, you'd just lay suppressing fire and *maybe* forget to tell her to duck, because you have your *goddamn* eyes closed.

CYRIL

Hey!

PAM

Oh, he's got your number, buster.

CAROL

Looks like Archer just got back from the burn ward! Where he was, like, a doctor there I guess? Administering burns? That's malpractice. Cyril, you should sue.

MALLORY

I was going to say white collar crime, because as much as I'm certain you *jackasses* are otherwise unfit to guard a toll booth, somehow you've all shown an aptitude for larceny and embezzlement. Enough that it's our largest expense.

CYRIL

Wait. Really? Because I balance the books, and I can assure you-

MALLORY

Cyril, I'm not accusing your math. But you can only work with the numbers you're given. Look around this room and tell me if you trust a *single one* of these *cronies*.

ARCHER

Mom!

(CONTINUED)

CYRIL

(beat)

Well...

LANA

Cyril!

CYRIL

I'm sorry, but you put *tampons* as a business expense.

LANA

So?!

CYRIL

*Twelve grand* worth? You were hoping I'd be too grossed out to ask, weren't you?

LANA

... a little? Look, do you know how expensive it is to be a single mother--

MALLORY

Oh, he understands. He's just saying he doesn't trust you, because instead of just *asking* for... whatever you spent that money on, you found it far easier to lie to him. And me.

LANA

Okay. Point taken.

MALLORY

As if I have no idea how hard being a single mother is. Or care about the wellbeing of my grandson.

LANA

... well

ARCHER

Wait, holy shit, Abbiejean. How's our daughter.

ALL silent

PAM

Did you... did you honestly forget you had a daughter?

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

Look, blame Krieger, she wasn't born yet in my coma dream. I'm still trying to get over my World War 2 PTSD. I'm still having flashbacks to Omaha beach.

MALLORY

Yes. A nice relaxing stint of white collar crime should do you well then. It's good to have you back, Sterling.

LANA

Wait. Isn't this the FBI's job?

MALLORY

No, it's the SEC's, but they already investigated, congratulated themselves for investigating it, and promoted everyone involved. Some senators want to find out what they missed.

RAY

That's... why?

PAM

I thought they were all buddy-buddy with these rich shmucks.

MALLORY

If I were to guess, probably so they can show how ineffective regulation is, then pass a vote to get rid of it when they prove it doesn't work.

CYRIL

Hold on. So we're supposed to find out what they're doing that's illegal...

MALLORY

Yes?

CYRIL

Just so someone can get fired for not prosecuting it...

MALLORY

Go on.

(CONTINUED)

CYRIL

Just so even worse things can be  
made legalized?

MALLORY

Now you understand why we've been  
working with drug dealers and  
Hollywood producers this long.  
They're a better class of people.  
Your dossiers are on my desk, be  
sure to read them.

Good luck.

A stick of manilla folders is tossed onto the desk. On them  
a logo for Parapet Capital LLP

INT. PARAPET CAPITAL RECEPTION

The lobby is huge. Glass and steel walls, giant fountain,  
everyone is in awe. The men are in crisp black suits, the  
women in skimpy receptionist attire.

A man in a better suit, with a better watch, and better hair  
than ARCHER approaches and offers them all smiles and  
handshakes. He looks like Christian Bale. RAY blushes and  
squeaks when he makes eye contact during the handshake.

RICHARD

Lovely to meet you all, I'm Richard  
Bathurst.

RAY

L-lovely to meet you too.

RICHARD

Normally I'd try to have your names  
memorized, greet you all  
individually, but apparently a lot  
of space needed to be filled all at  
once.

RAY

ohmygoddddd

CYRIL

Cyril Figgis, accounting.

RICHARD

Should I call you Cyril, then, or  
Mr Figgis?

(CONTINUED)

CYRIL

Ah, Cyril is fine, thank you.  
That's... kind of you to ask.

RICHARD

You seem surprised? I find people who are coming out of hostile work environments tend to find basic professionalism surprising. Well, I assure you, you will enjoy working here.

CYRIL

I- wow. Thank you. Really.

LANA

Lana Kane. Executive assistant.

RICHARD

Pleasure to meet you...

LANA

Ms Kane?

RICHARD

Ms Kane, then. If you're treated with anything less than the utmost respect, you come right to me. This is a modern workplace.

LANA

I- wow?

PAM

Wait, there aren't going to be gym junkie rich-guys trying to play grab ass with me all day?

RICHARD

I'd certainly hope not.

PAM

Damn it!

CAROL

Yeah that'll last.

PAM

Please, I'd break them in first.

CAROL

Ah, excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

PAM

What? Come on, I'm a wild hog in the sack, you can see it in my eyes. You look like you'd superglue a guy's dick to his nuts. Nobody in their right mind's touching that.

CAROL

That was only four times! God!

RICHARD

Ahhh-?

PAM

Pamela, receptionist.

CAROL

I'm, like, an intern here, or whatever? My Dad's rich I guess and he thought it'd be good for me to... *euuuugh*, make connections?

RICHARD

Well. We certainly try to get the best and brightest. And if we can't find them, we make them here ourselves. Just try to keep the coffee fresh and make friends, and you should fit right in.

ARCHER

Sterling Archer. Just Archer. Sales.

RICHARD

Pleasure, Archer. You'll fit right in, I'm sure. That's a nice suit.

ARCHER

Hey, thanks. It's nice to meet a guy who can really appreciate a tailored suit.

RICHARD

Really makes the difference when you need to move quick.

ARCHER

Right? You try to do parkour in something off-the-rack, and you're in for a bad time.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Never get to choose when you're going to have to run. Pissed off the wrong bouncer or what. Worth every cent. Your shoulders are bunching, though. You must have gained muscle-mass since you got it. That's good, shows dedication to a regime even this late in life.

ARCHER

What do you mean late-

RICHARD

(Pulling out a business card)  
Here, try my guys this time. Hoxton and Gimble, they're not too far from here, they'll set you right. Probably breathe way more than you're used to as well.

ARCHER

Wait, why wouldn't I be used to it?

RICHARD looks ARCHER up and down and grimaces.

RICHARD

It's good. But it's not Parapet material yet. You'll want a better watch, too. Yours is a bit...

ARCHER

What? I got this for graduation. It was a gift from my mother.

RICHARD

Yeah. Exactly.

PAM

OoooOooOoo

RICHARD

What? Oh, sorry, was that unprofessional of me? I apologize, I'm just trying to have my employee's best interest in mind, and sales is all about the show. Have to keep these things in mind. I assure you, I meant no offense.

ARCHER

Ah... none taken, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Here, why don't you all go meet your new colleagues, and I'll see you around. Welcome to Parapet.

ALL but RAY head to elevators. RAY stays behind.

RICHARD

Ah, I'm sorry, I didn't get your name, did I? What do you do here?

RAY

I'm Ray, and whatever you ask, sir.

RICHARD

Ah, you're the new temp then. Here, come with me.

RAY

Please.

RICHARD

What was that?

RAY

Nothing!

INT. PARAPET ELEVATORS

Archer, Lana and Cyril have caught one elevator from the lobby, Pam and Carol are in another.

ARCHER

Oh my God can you believe that guy

CYRIL

Right? "Hostile work environment"... is that what we are?

LANA

I mean...

CYRIL

God. That was so... nice to feel like you have a boss that cares, right?

LANA

He actually gave a shit about my emotional wellbeing. I didn't know that was... possible?

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

What? You guys like him?

CYRIL

... I guess I do, yeah.

ARCHER

He has to be a serial killer. *Has* to be.

LANA

What the shit, Archer? Are you really that insecure?

CYRIL

It's really not even a good watch.

ARCHER

It's gold!

LANA

Plated. That thing's basically worthless.

ARCHER

What? No. What? How-

LANA

I absolutely would have stolen it from your comatose baby to help pay for that whole, you know, daughter.

ARCHER

Mother really cheaped out on me? She made such a huge deal about this.

CYRIL

... guys can we just... stay here now? Can this just be where we work now? I don't think I want to go back to Malory anymore.

ARCHER

No, Cyril.

Beat

LANA

Well, let's just see how this plays out.

CUT TO: Pam and Carol in the other elevator

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

No way.

PAM

Wanna bet?

CAROL

Duh. I love winning.

PAM

Screw you!

CAROL

That's kind of the point.

PAM

Fine. What do we bet on it?

CAROL

Ah, every time we score a point we get laid? So winner gets laid more?

PAM

Damn. That is a good prize.

CAROL

And the loser has to suck it!

PAM

Less than the winner though.

CAROL

What do you mean?

Beat

INT. PARAPET SALES FLOOR

ARCHER gets out of the elevator on the sales floor. Low cubicle walls, lots of guys talking on Motorola phones, people throwing paper balls at everyone's head.

The room is filled with the kind of people who bullied Archer in school, and it shows on his face.

ARCHER

Uh... I guess my desk is over here then.

Next to Archer's new desk, he eavesdrops on the guy next to him, talking on his phone, leaning back in his chair with his expensive leather shoes on his desk, next to a picture of his wife and mistress.

(CONTINUED)

SALES GUY

Alright Ma'am, so those are called 'blue chip' stocks. They're safe investments. Which means it's what everyone's doing, and they're suckers. Here's a company for you; Meson Chiropractics. Same amount of money in, but much better payout.

The stock market is *literally* gambling. What you got is a roulette table and everyone just assumes it's 50/50 red/black under there, but they're playing with a drop cloth over the table and I'm the only one that's had a peek under it and, ma'am, I can tell you straight, it's more like 90/10. And they're still giving you 50/50 odds, because they haven't figured out to look at the table either.

That's how you beat the market.

I'm telling you, it's where I put my money. It's the option I'll be putting my commission on, I assure you.

Yeah. Yeah I'll put you down for ten grand on Meson then. Thanks.

ARCHER

Was literally any of that true

SALES GUY

I didn't even use my real name. Learned that one the hard way.

ARCHER

All that shit about putting your commission on it?

SALES GUY

Blue chip stocks are just more heavily regulated. I get ten times commission and a finders' fee payout from Meson for shoveling their C-grade stock, and if anyone loses, I'll just tell 'em they were in today's unlucky 10%, could happen to anyone. All my savings are in treasury bonds, because I'm

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WHITE COLLAR

SALES GUY (cont'd)  
not a retard, and that commissions  
going straight to hookers and blow.

ARCHER  
Oh.

There's the sound of jingling keys. SALES GUY raises his hand and catches a set of car keys and smiles at them before putting them in his pocket.

ARCHER  
The hell was that about? You let  
valets in here?

SALES GUY  
What? Hell no! We just get bonuses  
in company cars. Tax loopholes.  
Have you... never worked sales  
before?

ARCHER  
I guess not. I'm just coming out of  
a career in... athletics.

SALES GUY  
You a sports guy?

ARCHER  
Yeah, lacrosse.

SALES GUY  
Didn't know you could have a career  
in a fake sport.

ARCHER  
Wha-

SALES GUY  
Kidding! I'm sure you did great.  
Here, let me show you the ropes.

INT. PARAPET ACCOUNTING

A wide corridor with individual offices on each side, expensive wooden doors with etched glass nameplates. Cyril's name's on one. He types on a computer with a stack of files.

CYRIL  
Lana, could you get... (types)  
files C4F3G1 from storage please?

(CONTINUED)

LANA

Excuse me?

CYRIL

You're my assistant, technically. And while both of us could look for them, only one of us understands these spreadsheets.

LANA

Oh, really?

CYRIL

Lana, do you even know what a complex financial instrument is?

LANA

Ahh-

CYRIL

Uh huh. And if I were to ask you about an over-the-counter LIBOR-backed interest rate derivative, what would you say?

LANA

I just need to ask what makes them over-the-counter, what's a LIBOR, and what's an interest rate derivative. But I understood the rest.

CYRIL

That's *350 trillion dollars* worth of information I know more than you then. And if Parapet really is doing something shady, we need to work fast, or else the multiplier effect of a destabilized market

LANA

(Leaving, embarrassed)  
I'll go get those files...

CYRIL

(Shouting out door)  
Thank you, Ms Kane!

Lana blushes, fanning herself a moment, leaning against the outside wall.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

What the *hell* was that?

CUT TO

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Pam is sitting at a receptionist's desk with a phone. Carol is leaning against the desk with sex-hair and bruises.

CAROL

What the hell was what?

PAM

We've been in the building *five minutes* and you already banged a dude.

CAROL

I know right? I was hoping he'd last longer. How are you going?

PAM

I- I just sat down.

CAROL

And no one patted your butt or called you sugar tits on your way to the desk?

PAM

Uhhhh-

CAROL

You gotta up your *game*.

PAM

Keep the phone busy. I'm going to go *work it*.

CAROL

Hey!

PAM

Hey yourself, you just got laid.

CAROL

Ha ha. Yeaaaah.

PAM storms from the desk to a large cubicle in the offices behind her reception area. Finds the first cubicle that doesn't have pictures of family in it.

(CONTINUED)

PAM

Heya, handsome. I'm trying to learn names around here. What's yours?

DAVID

It's David. Is that all you need?

PAM

I bet you're all I need.

David sighs and reaches into a draw for car keys.

DAVID

I'll give you a BMW to make this conversation end, alright?

PAM

Well, how about we take the backseat for a ride, huh?

DAVID jingles the keys at her. PAM sits up on his desk and slowly spreads her legs to him. He maintains eye contact and jiggles the keys more insistently. PAM snatches the keys and storms out as he gets back to typing.

PAM

Asshole!

INT. PARAPET ACCOUNTING

ARCHER comes out of the elevator next to LANA, who's holding a stack of files.

ARCHER

So you really just did what he asked?

LANA

Well, he seemed to know what he was doing.

ARCHER

For once.

LANA

One more than you.

ARCHER

Okay, first of all-

They enter CYRIL's office, who's crunching numbers hard.

(CONTINUED)

CYRIL

You got those files for me?

LANA

Right here, Mr Figgus.

ARCHER

Mr Figgus?

CYRIL

Good, because this might be bigger than I thought. I just need to check something in these files. Ms Kane, if you would?

LANA curtsies as she hands him the files. CYRIL doesn't notice but ARCHER is vaguely horrified.

CYRIL

Just as I thought. Parapet has been vacuuming up every pounds sterling, *not you Archer*, currency-based derivative it can in the last month, and taking highly leveraged positions on companies and assets whose value is highly contingent on the exchange rate. Interesting. Why? These are huge bets.

ARCHER

Speak English, poindexter

CYRIL

I am speaking English, you knuckle-dragging neanderthalic man-ape.

LANA

Sterling, be nice

ARCHER

"Sterling" be nice? Lana, did you not just... oh my god

LANA

What?

ARCHER

Your voice. This is turning you on, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

LANA

What? Nooooo.

ARCHER

Oh my god it so is. Holy shit. Holy shit Lana.

CYRIL

What's this?

ARCHER

Shut up Figgus

LANA

Shut up Cyril

CYRIL

If you're going to be like that then leave. I'm working here.

ARCHER and LANA leave his office. LANA turns to ARCHER, fiddling with her blouse buttons. Unbuttons one, unbuttons two, hesitates and looks back up.

LANA

Is two buttons too slutty?

ARCHER

Two buttons is 'I'm trying to recreate a porno scene with you'. One is 'I want to bang you, but I don't want you to think I'm a two-button girl'.

LANA

Yeeah. Doesn't really answer my question though?

ARCHER

Jesus Christ Lana you're not that desperate for the calcula-tard are you? Keep your shirt on. And have some self-respect. Cyril's a one button guy, and the button is his *dick*.

LANA

What were you up here for, anyway?

ARCHER

Oh my God. I just wanted to tell you guys that I think everyone here is a goddamn serial killer.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

Excuse me? How many people have you killed again?

ARCHER

I lost count when I was like, 19. But that's just it, Lana! They think *I'm* a goody-two-shoes!

LANA

Come on, these people aren't that bad.

ARCHER

I- are you jingling?

LANA

Hrrm? Oh, yeah, I cleaned up their files while I was down in storage, and I did such a good job they gave me a company car. I think these are Porsche keys?

ARCHER

Jesus Lana. These are *bad people*. I'm basically Oskar Schindler in there, and sweet old lady pensioners are my Jewish factory workers.

LANA

Okay, first of all-

A MANAGER runs around the corner.

MANAGER

We just intercepted a cable from the Chinese government! They're about to crack down on a union strike. Thousands of workers are about to die. We got thirty minutes to short sell as much Oriental stock as we can before this hits news and the market reacts.

ARCHER

Holy shit. Do the strikers know?

MANAGER

Who cares?

(CONTINUED)

LANA

Wow. Uh, off you go, Mr Schindler.

MANAGER

I thought his name was Archer.

LANA

Slip of the tongue.

MANAGER

Good. I don't want any kikes in my department. Had me worried.

The manager runs off. ARCHER sighs and follows him.

RICHARD walks past the leaving ARCHER and to CYRIL'S office, bowing his head respectfully to LANA as he passes. LANA walks away.

RICHARD

Cyril! I'm glad to see you already hard at work.

CYRIL

Oh, uh, hey, Mr Bathurst--

RICHARD

Richard, please.

CYRIL

Hey, Richard. I was just familiarizing myself with the company's accounts. We seem to have a lot of bets against the British banking system.

RICHARD

Oh, well, we certainly do. I have... a hunch.

CYRIL

You're putting a lot of money on a hunch. The only way this could possibly pay out is if...

RICHARD

If the entire British currency collapsed from a market panic?

CYRIL

... I was going to say they can't maintain their fixed exchange rate, but, yeah, actually.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

You're doing good work to pick up on that so fast. Observant. You're really going to go far here with skills like that. What kind of car do you want? If you had the money?

CYRIL

If I had the money? Ah, well... I've always liked Rolls Royce.

RICHARD reaches into his jacket and tosses Cyril some keys.

RICHARD

All yours, Cyril. Keep it up and we'll see if we can't get you an upgrade.

CYRIL

Oh. Wow, really, I couldn't-

RICHARD

You earned it. We want to keep skills like that close. We like to pay what we think loyalty's worth.

RICHARD nods and leaves the office. RAY runs past, stops for breath at CYRIL'S door.

RAY

Ah! Richard! Shine your shoes!

CYRIL

*That's* just low. I didn't know you had a... foot thing.

RAY

I don't! But have you seen his shoes? Ah! I wanna touch 'em. The man's taste is exquisite.

CYRIL

Please. You just wanna know what he tastes *like*.

RAY

That too. (Starts running off)  
Richard! Mr Bathurst?

INT. RECEPTION AREA

CAROL sits at her desk with *three* buttons undone. And no bra. She laughs maniacally, painting her nails.

PAM  
... really? Three buttons?

CAROL  
I know right? This is basically overkill. I think I gave the mailboy a nosebleed.

PAM  
What, Trevor?

CAROL  
He has a name?

PAM  
I was trying to get into his pants all morning!

CAROL  
Really?

PAM  
He was cute. I wanted to break him.

CAROL gestures at her generous chest.

CAROL  
Well... Beat you to it?

PAM  
Really, though?

CAROL  
I snapped that boy like a twig.

PAM  
His girlfriend's going to be pissed.

CAROL  
He told you he had a girlfriend?

PAM  
How are you not just a walking pile of condom wrappers right now.

(CONTINUED)

CAROL

God, PAM, these are *bankers*. The cleanest people in the world. I haven't used protection *once*.

PAM

I don't think that's-

CAROL

I mean, you could eat your dinner off their junk.

PAM

I *really* don't think-

CAROL

Hang on, I'm going to go find my supervisor and do exactly that.

CAROL runs off, calling a food place on a cell phone.

PAM

... three buttons, huh?

A man in a suit walks past. PAM puts on her best come-hither look.

PAM

Hey, sir, how's about you and me-

He tosses her a set of car keys. PAM sighs and puts it into a desk draw that jangles like a rich kid's piggy bank.

INT. PARAPET OFFICE SPACE

LANA is walking past the cubicles, looking through files, trying to search empty desks. Spywork. She finds one cubicle that's *just* filled wall-to-wall of filled keyhooks, labelled by car brand.

LANA

What the-

KEY GUY

Can I help you?

LANA

Oh, I was just admiring your collection. These all yours?

(CONTINUED)

KEY GUY

Yeah. Been working hard here for eight years now. They appreciate that kind of loyalty.

LANA

These are... these are *all* cars?

KEY GUY

Well, those two are for vacation homes, but I don't like getting out of the city.

LANA

Why don't you give some of them away? It's not like you can drive all of these.

KEY GUY

But... they're mine. I earned them.

A MANAGER walks by.

MANAGER

Hey, Steve, nice to see you're still such a good saver. Keep up the good work.

The manager tosses him some keys. KEY GUY gives them to LANA

KEY GUY

Here. Thanks for showing an interest. You're new right?

LANA takes the keys suspiciously.

LANA

Yeah?

KEY GUY

Keep making friends here, and you might have a collection like this of your own some day.

LANA stares at the key collection

CUT TO:

LANA

I was just looking into their worker retention policy.

(CONTINUED)

CYRIL

Yeah?

LANA

It's... really nice here.

CYRIL

The work here is... interesting,  
and challenging, and... rewarding?

LANA

Cyril can we just... quit the  
mission, and work here now?

CYRIL

We should investigate anyway. I  
want to know just how unethical  
these guys are first.

LANA

You think Richard could possibly be  
any worse than *Mallory*?

CYRIL

... maybe?

INT. EXECUTIVE BATHROOMS

RAY's at the urinal facing the wall. A dark figure comes up behind him, RAY tenses up. RICHARD's leather gloved hands start to wrap around his neck and RAY elbows RICHARD hard in the solar plexus.

RICHARD

I thought you wanted this!

RAY

Wait. You were coming onto me?

RICHARD

Well everyone else has gotten  
really big into choking lately! I  
thought it would be the best way  
to... you know. Show you I was  
interested.

Richard groans and falls against a wall for support.

RAY

Oh my God Carol. Wait- interested?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

I thought you'd like fowardness! I just can't 'be myself' in the office, not around these guys. But you were so... *open*. I couldn't help making a move! I'm sorry!

RAY

No, no, I just thought... hey, do you want to grab a stall?

Richard looks at Ray in disbelief. Beat.

Cut to stall and real hard gay sex sounds. Yeah!

INT. PARAPET SALES FLOOR

ARCHER is working the phones with a pencil on a notepad as everyone around him laughs, throws paper planes at his head, and makes far more money than him.

ARCHER

Hey, so, I'm going to be honest with you. I got no idea what this does, and neither does anyone else in this room, but I know some real smart guys put it together to bring you an almost risk-free 2% return on investment. It's your only safe option and- hello? Hello? Shit.

SALES GUY

What's the matter, haven't even gotten one set of keys?

ARCHER

I just feel... bad, doing what you guys do. It makes my guts feel all twisted, you know?

SALES GUY

Well, yeah. You gotta learn to stop being such a limp-dicked pussy.

ARCHER

I- what?

SALES GUY

Seriously, all those *feelings*? What are you, gay? Autistic?

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

Well I'm definitely not gay.

Beat

ARCHER

Wait-

SALES GUY

Yeah. Right, so. Me and the other guys hit our targets, so we're going to go do cocaine off a hooker's tits.

OTHER SALES GUY

Not a hooker! That crazy rich-girl they just brought on is throwing it!

SALES GUY

Oh, shit, that's even better. She is way into choking.

ARCHER

Yeah it's-

SALES GUY

Hot as hell, right? Just make sure Andy doesn't go too far this time.

OTHER SALES GUY

That was so hard to explain to the client.

SALES GUY

Remember when that highway patrol guy rocked up with us and the shovels?

OTHER SALES GUY

Man, yeah. Can you believe he just took the car and let us walk?

SALES GUY

Well, yeah, it was a good car.

OTHER SALES GUY

He definitely earned it. Great guy.

SALES GUY

Fantastic cop.

(CONTINUED)

OTHER SALES GUY

Don't let Andy alone with the new girl then, yeah?

SALES GUY

Yeah I only got so many cars to give, man.

ARCHER

(Whispering)

Oh my god they really are all serial killers.

OTHER SALES GUY

See you there?

SALES GUY

Oh yeah. So what I'm basically saying here, Archer, is could you be a lamb and clean up the place a bit before the janitors get here? They actually work hard.

The SALES GUY bounces a rubber band ball off the back of ARCHER's head. Everyone laughs. OTHER SALES GUY takes a bottle of scotch off ARCHER'S desk.

OTHER SALES GUY

Oh, man. This is actually good scotch. You have fine taste.

ARCHER

Oh, uh. Well, thank you. I was in Ireland for a bit, and I found this amazing local brewery--

OTHER SALES GUY

I was going to say, at least you can do literally one thing right, I didn't want to hear your whole life story. Jesus.

SALES GUY

Read the room.

OTHER SALES GUY

No wonder you can't make a sale.

SALES GUY

We out guys?

The sales floor pours out of the room cheering. They take his scotch with them. ARCHER sits alone, at his desk, trying not to cry, as the lights flick out. He sniffles.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER  
I wanna go home...

INT. RECEPTION AREA

PAM walks in with her shirt ripped open. She's wearing all the buttons like a necklace of teeth, a war trophy. This shirt shall never close again. No bra either, why not?

She strides through the office, growling like a predator at everyone she passes. They hide behind desks, behind cubicle walls.

The MANAGER calls her into his office. PAM fistpumps thinking this is finally her chance to get back at CAROL. Closes the door behind her. MANAGER sits behind his desk.

MANAGER  
PAM? I'm afraid we're going to have to send you home.

PAM  
What? Why?

MANAGER  
Indecent exposure.

PAM  
... what? Really?!

MANAGER  
I'm sorry, but that is obviously not professional attired for a workplace environment.

CAROL'S head pops up from underneath the MANAGER'S desk. She wipes some salad from her mouth.

CAROL  
Geeze, PAM, you always gotta take it too far don't you?

CAROL'S head goes back down beneath the desk. The MANAGER doesn't break eye contact with PAM. PAM storms out.

EXT. PARAPET CITY STREET, NIGHT

The streets are lit up with flashing blue and red lights. Partying noises can be heard for miles around. CAROL's voice -- namely her WOOS! -- can be heard over all of them.

A light flicks on in a window.

INT. TOP FLOOR PARAPET

ARCHER sneaks through the unlit offices in his black turtleneck.

ARCHER

Where are you hiding the bodies you sonofabitch.

The light flicks on. LANA and CYRIL are there.

CYRIL

Archer?

ARCHER

Oh my god! What are you assholes doing here.

CYRIL

Could as you the same question.

ARCHER

What, because I have two assholes?

CYRIL

I- what. Do you?

ARCHER

I got a stoma while I was in a coma, yeah. I thought you were being a dick about it.

CYRIL

God, no. I'm so sorry.

LANA

Don't be sorry. Sterling, what are you doing here.

ARCHER

Trying to find evidence.

ARCHER stalks into RICHARD'S office and starts towards the desk, rattling through it.

LANA

Evidence of what.

ARCHER

Murders, kidnappings. You know. Because everyone in this building is a goddamn serial killer, and I'm going to prove it.

(CONTINUED)

LANA

Someone hasn't earned themselves a company car.

ARCHER

I haven't, no. Why?

LANA

Sterling... we want to work here. We were going to explain the situation to Richard, and hope he could keep us on.

CYRIL

Oh, I wasn't.

LANA

What?

CYRIL starts rifling through the desk as well with ARCHER, from the other side, giving him a firm nod. ARCHER nods back. For once they're a *team*. They hold a file each, staring at it in horror and confusion

ARCHER

Where's the serial killer photos, the locations of the bodies? This is just... weird finance stuff.

CYRIL

Uh, here. I think I got your file. You probably have mine.

ARCHER

Wait, for real?

CYRIL holds up his folder and a bunch of serial killer dossier stuff falls out. ARCHER passes his over to CYRIL, and CYRIL is even more horrified.

RICHARD

Ah, I see you've found my secret shame. I'm disappointed in you, CYRIL.

ARCHER

I knew it! I knew you were a serial killer!

RICHARD

Everyone knows it. If anyone asks I just say yes. Then they laugh, think I'm joking, and buy me a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD (cont'd)  
drink. I've turned myself into the  
police three times now, and all I  
get for it is tickets to the  
policeman's ball. I'm a very  
respected donor.

CYRIL  
So it wasn't enough to kill *people*  
anymore.

RICHARD  
Not one at a time, no. Serial  
murder wasn't-

ARCHER  
Oh my GOD so you are a serial  
killer.

RICHARD  
Yes. Holy God, yes, finally.

ARCHER pulls a pistol on him. RICHARD pulls a pistol back.

RICHARD  
Can I finish with Cyril though?  
This is the fun part.

CYRIL ignores the guns and just reads through the files.

CYRIL  
All these short sales. You were  
going to cause a currency panic,  
which would set off a movement in  
the market...

RICHARD  
Go on.

CYRIL  
England's fixed exchange rate can't  
handle a fluctuation of more than  
6%-

RICHARD  
Which means...?

CYRIL  
England has to withdraw the pound  
from the European Exchange Rate  
Mechanism, the British government  
loses *billions*.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

I'm aiming for half a trillion, personally, but I'm *hoping* for three hundred billion. Every business in the UK loses foreign funding overnight.

LANA moans and leans against a wall for support.

ARCHER

Really?

LANA

I'm sorry! It's just... *it's really hot, okay?*

RICHARD

Go get yourself a drink from the water cooler or something. I can't have my employees fainting on me.

CYRIL

Wait... even knowing this, you still want me around?

RICHARD

More than ever! You're smart, you're curious, and you figured me out. Nothing I've done is even illegal, hell, I haven't even broken insider trading laws.

CYRIL

Because it's a flaw in the English market. You're just exploiting it.

RICHARD

Like a force of goddamn nature.

CYRIL

I'm in awe. That's... actually brilliant.

ARCHER swings his gun on CYRIL instead. RICHARD keeps his aimed at ARCHER.

ARCHER

Cyril!

RICHARD

No wonder your friend here hasn't earned himself some keys. He's not cut out for this.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER

Screw you, you murdering bastard!

CYRIL

... you really didn't get yourself a car in all your time here?

ARCHER

What? You did?

CYRIL

Yeah. A few actually.

LANA

I got four.

CYRIL

Wait, is that what it is. Lana being attracted to me, not getting any keys...

LANA

Holy shit, you're just jealous.

ARCHER

WHAT?!

LANA

We finally, *finally* find a good line of work for us...

CYRIL

I mean... it is challenging and rewarding...

ARCHER

He just said he's going to mess up England real bad?

CYRIL

Yeah, and it's brilliant. Did you even understand any of it?

ARCHER

Do I have to?

RICHARD

Look. Sterling. You seem nice. But besides the murders -- double jeopardy on that, I *insisted* on a trial, I was going half mad with the guilt, found not guilty on all counts, *nobody* believed me, said I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD (cont'd)  
was too charming -- I haven't  
really done anything you can turn  
me in for. I'm clean.

ARCHER  
Cyril how do we stop this?

CYRIL  
We can't! Not unless every single  
person in this company just...  
couldn't work this week, not even  
from home. You'd have to like,  
poison every single employee or  
something.

RICHARD  
Ambitious. But I don't see how  
you'd do it.

The phone rings. RICHARD walks to his desk to answer it.  
ARCHER points his pistol back on him. LANA is exasperated.

RICHARD  
Yes? Hello? What... all of them?  
*Which* hospital? Hospitals? How...  
Oh, you're- *God damn it.*

RICHARD slams the phone down

RICHARD  
That was the hospital. Every single  
male employees, and quite a few of  
the female, seem to have caught  
*super chlamydia*. And at least two  
kinds of syphilis.

LANA  
Jesus Christ. How.

RICHARD  
Apparently that new intern slept  
with-

PAM kicks the door in, holding a pillow case filled with  
jingling car keys.

PAM  
Everyone but *you*, Mr Bathurst.  
You're my big ticket item here. My  
one shot at redemption here. Now,  
you going to do me or what?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Ah, I'm sorry, I'm gay. Thank you  
for the... kind offer though.

PAM lowers her pillowcase in dejection.

PAM

Aw, shoot, really?

ARCHER

Oh, man, yeah, Ray's still passed  
out in the bathroom giggling to  
himself in his sleep. Man.

PAM screams incoherently and charges RICHARD, whose gun was  
still pointed at ARCHER, as he's beaten half-to-death by the  
pillow case full of pointy metal bits.

LANA

We're... not getting a job here,  
are we.

ARCHER

At least we saved England.

CYRIL

(Miserably)

Yaaaay...

CUT TO

KRIEGER pushes CAROL in a wheelchair to the new obstetretics  
wing, and she's giggling like a lunatic.

CAROL

Bankers are clean, I swear! It must  
have been, like, that mailboy.

KRIEGER

I still have no idea why you  
thought putting that many car keys  
up there was a good idea.

CAROL

I'm open to new experiences.

CAROL's hips make a bunch of car key beep noises as they  
pass through the flappy doors of Krieger's new surgery.

ROLL CREDITS