

Archer, Reed and the two MACO's are transfixed by the women.

REED
I can't think...

Harrad-Sar laughs, looks at Archer, who can't take his eyes off the lead dancer.

Captain? HARRAD-SAR

ARCHER
I have to agree with my tactical officer.

Harrad-Sar is delighted. As the dance continues, a connection between the lead dancer and Archer becomes evident. Her attention is primarily focused on him, and vice-versa.

HARRAD-SAR
I think she likes you.
(beat)
Her name is Navaar... she's the most experienced of the three.

Navaar moves close to Archer, runs her hands along his shoulders. The others move to Reed and the MACO's.

HARRAD-SAR
They're sisters. I purchased them at the same trading post you once visited.

Archer watches Navaar's every move... Harrad-Sar studies Archer.

HARRAD-SAR
Incredible, aren't they? They make you forget your troubles.

The Women work their way back toward the front of the room.

HARRAD-SAR
Of course, such creatures come with troubles of their own... women are the same throughout the galaxy, are they not?

The music slowly CRESCENDOES and the dance ends. Archer, Reed and the MACO's applaud as the women exit. Navaar tosses Archer a final seductive glance as she heads out the door.

HARRAD-SAR

Now, we can talk business...

Off Archer, still recovering from the performance...

CUT TO: