

ARCHER

"TO GET A LITTLE DICKEY"

Spec Script Written by

Derek Pietras

Derek Pietras  
540 E Palm Ave APT P  
Burbank, CA 91501  
774-280-4383

TEASER

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A typical office building in a busy Los Angeles Street.

ARCHER (O.S.)  
Mother, I think I'm old enough to  
get a physical on my own.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ARCHER wears a JOHNNY and nothing else, sits on the patient's table, crinkling the PAPER covering every time he moves. On a chair nearby sits MALORY with a BOTTLE OF SCOTCH on the table and a GLASS, full, in her hands.

MALORY  
With how many times you've been  
stitched together you're a doctor's  
wet dream! I'm here to make sure  
your rectal exam starts and ends  
with a single finger.

ARCHER  
That isn't--

The door swings open and DR. NUNIZ (50s, Mexican Descent, light accent) walks in.

DR. NUNIZ  
Sterling Archer?

MALORY  
Oh, hello. Just in time--this room  
is filthy. Fetch your mop and you  
can get started over--

ARCHER  
Mother, that's my doctor.

Malory looks at him blankly.

MALORY  
Is his license printed on a  
tortilla?

DR. NUNIZ  
(sighing)  
Ms. Archer, you cannot drink in  
here.

MALORY

It's the only sanitary thing in  
this office.

DR. NUNIZ

Ms. Archer, please.

Malory looks at the doctor like a lioness sizing up her prey. She very deliberately takes a drink from her glass, silently daring Dr. Nuniz to tell her to stop. He gives up.

DR. NUNIZ (CONT'D)

Okay then, as I was saying, I have  
the results of your liver test--Mr.  
Archer, do you mind?!

Archer reaches over to grab Malory's bottle of scotch, drinking directly from the bottle. He raises a finger in Dr. Nuniz's face, the room silent except for his gulps. When done, he burps loudly.

ARCHER

No. Do you?

DR. NUNIZ

The apple doesn't fall far from the  
tree, it seems. Mr. Archer, I'm  
going to be blunt. Your liver is--

ARCHER

A temple?

DR. NUNIZ

No.

ARCHER

A castle?

DR. NUNIZ

(annoyed)

No.

ARCHER

An example to men everywhere?

DR. NUNIZ

Your liver looks like the bottom of  
a porta potty on free taco day!

ARCHER

(disappointed)

Oh.

MALORY  
Again with the tacos.

DR. NUNIZ  
What?

ARCHER  
Wait a minute, no! My liver is  
fine.

DR. NUNIZ  
No, Mr. Archer. It most certainly  
is not. In fact, I am surprised you  
are still breathing.

ARCHER  
But, I've drunk everything.  
Liquors, liqueurs, wines, beers,  
germicide, White Russians, Pina  
Coladas, Live Minnows, Pizza Beers,  
Cement Snake Bile, Mexican Jizz--

DR. NUNIZ  
(offended)  
Wow.

ARCHER  
Let me finish.  
(pause)  
No. That probably covers the big  
ones.

DR. NUNIZ  
And they have taken their toll.  
Badly. You are in serious danger of  
total liver failure.

MALORY  
Always knew you were a lightweight.

ARCHER  
Shut up. So, doc, what can I do?

DR. NUNIZ  
You can start by giving up  
drinking.

MALORY  
Hah!

ARCHER  
I can't do that.

DR. NUNIZ  
Then you will die within the year.

ARCHER  
The year?!

DR. NUNIZ  
Yes. The year.

Archer processes this, while Malory finishes off her glass of scotch. Dr. Nuniz notices.

DR. NUNIZ (CONT'D)  
Ms. Archer, has your liver been checked recently? You seem to share similar habits--

MALORY  
No way Jose.

DR. NUNIZ  
...my name is Kevin.

A beat.

MALORY  
(shrug)  
Chile shitter.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. FIGGIS DETECTIVE AGENCY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Another day at the office...

ARCHER (O.S.)  
Carol, where's Krieger?

INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

CAROL sits behind her desk, doing her nails with RUBBER GLUE, as Archer approaches.

CAROL  
Probably in the kitchen stuffing  
her fat face, the fatass.

ARCHER  
That's Pam.

Carol looks at Archer blankly. Then, understanding.

CAROL  
Ohhhhhh. I keep mixing them up.

ARCHER  
How. They are literally polar  
opposites.

CAROL  
IT'S NOT MY FAULT I CAN'T  
DISTINGUISH FACES.

ARCHER  
You can though.

CAROL  
Oh. Right. Krieger's in the kitchen  
too.

Archer walks off while Carol tries to remove her fingertip from her nail. It's stuck with the glue. She sniffs and makes a sound of pleasure.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

PAM and KRIEGER wrestle, with Pam getting Krieger in a headlock. Krieger holds a SYRINGE and tries to jab it into Pam's arm.

KRIEGER  
 (struggling to breathe)  
 I...just need...a little fatty  
 tissue--

PAM  
 Get your own fatty tissue! I'm  
 still using mine!

ARCHER  
 Clearly.

PAM  
 Hey--

ARCHER  
 Krieger, I need your help.

KRIEGER  
 Whatcha need boss?

Pam drops him. Krieger stands up, neck RED, unbothered by the  
 near strangulation.

ARCHER  
 I don't want to talk about it here.

KRIEGER  
 Why not?

Archer looks pointedly at Pam.

PAM  
 Oh, come on! I can keep a secret.

Silence. Knowing looks.

PAM (CONT'D)  
 Ugh, fine.

She storms out.

ARCHER  
 Krieger, can you grow human livers  
 in your lab?

KRIEGER  
 Sure, and then some.

ARCHER  
 ...can you give me one?

KRIEGER  
 And then some!

ARCHER  
Just the liver will be fine.

KRIEGER  
You got it. And then some!

ARCHER  
Stop saying that!

KRIEGER  
Whatcha need it for?

Archer leans in.

ARCHER  
My liver is failing.

PAM (O.S.)  
ARCHER HAS LIVER FAILURE?!

Pam returns.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Holy shit snacks! I'm surprised it  
took you this long!

ARCHER  
Thanks, Pam, now the whole office  
knows.

LANA enters right behind.

LANA  
Hah! It's about time all those  
drinks caught up with ya.

ARCHER  
Shut up.

LANA  
So what, rather than just give up  
drinking, you're gonna let Krieger  
grow you a new liver--

KRIEGER  
And then some!

ARCHER  
Shut up.

LANA  
And let him play around in your  
insides?

ARCHER

I--

Archer pauses, in thought. He shudders.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Eugh...images...in my head...

LANA

Yuuup.

ARCHER

Krieger, rain check on the whole liver thing.

Krieger slumps.

KRIEGER

Awww.

LANA

Besides, maybe quitting drinking will be good for you.

ARCHER

How can it be good for me? I am seeing Pam for the first time without a filter!

PAM

Hey--

ARCHER

How is that good, Lana?

LANA

Well--

Carol pokes her head in.

CAROL

Got someone here to see you all!

LANA

Who?

CAROL

UGH! Do I have to do everything?!

INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Archer and co. walk to Carol's desk.

LANA  
Where is this "someone"?

CAROL  
Put him in the conference room.

LANA  
Alone?

CAROL  
With Cyril and Ray, duh! Jeez, is  
this "Pick On Carol" day?

Lana and Archer walk off.

PAM  
When is it NOT "Pick On Carol" day?

CAROL  
(thoughtful)  
I don't know actually.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CYRIL and RAY sit at the conference room table while Archer and Lana walk in. Across from them sits DICKY BLAKE (30s, handsome as hell, and even gayer than that).

DICKEY  
You know, with your face lace, you  
could really rock a--

ARCHER  
Who's this?

RAY  
Don't you watch like, every movie?

ARCHER  
No. Just the good ones.

Knowing looks from around the table.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
Smokey and the Bandit Part 3 is  
brilliant--

DICKEY  
Please, please. It's fine.

Dickey stands up to shake hands with Archer.

DICKEY (CONT'D)

Dickey Blake. Movie star, fashion designer, fabulous dresser and even better dancer.

RAY

(mumbling)

Hoo, I'll say.

DICKEY

You've probably heard of me.

Before Archer can respond, Cyril speaks up.

CYRIL

So, Mr. Blake--

DICKEY

Please, I'm sure you can wrap your mouth around Dickey.

RAY

I sure can.

CYRIL

Ugh. You were telling us--

Malory walks in with a GLASS of scotch, gets one look at Dickey, and WANTS him, like a dragon wants a princess.

MALORY

(flirty)

Helloooooo, who's this then?

DICKEY

Dickey Blake, and who might you be, young lady?

MALORY

(giggle)

Oh, not so young anymore.

DICKEY

Nonsense. You're as pretty as a new pair of stilettos.

MALORY

Oh, Dickey, you're too much.

ARCHER

Gross.

Malory pulls up a chair and scoots VERY close to Dickey.

CYRIL  
 ANYWAY, Dickey was just going to  
 tell us why he's here.

DICKEY  
 Yes. See, my poodle, Little Dickey,  
 is missing.

He places a PICTURE on the counter. It is the cutest little  
 dog you ever saw.

DICKEY (CONT'D)  
 I just adore my little Dickey--

ARCHER  
 Phrasing.

DICKEY  
 And now he's gone!

LANA  
 How long has--  
 (Sigh)  
 --Little Dickey been missing?

DICKEY  
 This morning!

LANA  
 Maybe he went on a walk.

DICKEY  
 No, Little Dickey would never do  
 that. He's always there when I need  
 him. In bed, in the shower, home  
 alone, always there for me to rub.

Dickey starts to CRY. Silence. Everyone looks at Archer.

ARCHER  
 What? A missing dog is not funny.

MALORY  
 I'll say!

DICKEY  
 (sobbing)  
 A-Anyway, I'd like you to f-find  
 him. You d-d-do specialize in pet  
 locating, right?

Dickey holds up the FIGGIS AGENCY FLYER, with the picture of  
 a sleuthing dog on it.

ARCHER  
Dammit Pam.

CYRIL  
It's not really-

MALORY  
Of course, we're always happy to help out our immensely handsome friends in Hollywood.

She puts her hand on his leg.

DICKEY  
Thank you. It means the world to me that my Little Dickey is found. And of course, I will make sure you're well paid. How does...30,000 sound?

Cyril is the only one not enticed.

CYRIL  
But what about the--

ARCHER  
Cyril, shut up. We would be happy to take the case.

CYRIL  
May we take a moment to speak privately?

He looks at Dickey.

MALORY  
Can't you see we have a hurting man here, Cyril? Take it outside.

CYRIL  
Fine.

Everyone except Malory and Dickey walk out of the room.

INT. RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Pam and Carol watch from the desk. Carol has glued all FIVE of her fingertips together.

CAROL  
Can you believe how she's all over him?

PAM  
She *does* know he's gay, right?

CAROL  
(shocked)  
Dickey Blake is gay!?

Ray walks over.

RAY  
As a purse full of glitter.

CAROL  
But Dickey's married. To a *woman*.

RAY  
Doesn't matter. It's Hollywood. My  
gaydar is going nuts with him.

Cyril, Archer, and Lana approach.

CYRIL  
Should we really be taking on  
another case?

ARCHER  
It's 30,000 dollars to find a lost  
puppy. It's easy money.

CYRIL  
But what about Veronica Deane?

LANA  
(hard)  
She can wait.

CYRIL  
Alright. Alright.

Through the glass walls of the conference room, they see  
Malory give Dickey a hug.

RAY  
She's wasting her time...

PAM  
You're just jealous she's getting  
further with him than you are.

RAY  
I could totally get further than  
Ms. Archer! Dickey's into me!

PAM  
Prove it!

RAY  
What's there to prove? He's into  
firehoses and she's a dripping  
faucet.

PAM  
Then get him yourself!

RAY  
Fine! I will!

Ray marches off back to the conference room, with Archer,  
Lana, and Cyril in tow.

CAROL  
My money's on Ms. Archer.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone walks back in. Dickey has recovered.

DICKEY  
I know a great restaurant on  
Sunset, we can--

RAY  
Going somewhere?

MALORY  
Dickey and I are going to meet for  
dinner tonight to discuss his case  
further. As a *lead investigator*, I  
feel that I should learn as much as  
possible.

DICKEY  
And I have to get going. I'll be  
here at 8 to pick you up.

RAY  
Then I should go too. I am *also* a  
lead investigator.

DICKEY  
It's a date. I'll bring the wife.

RAY  
No need to bring the wife.

MALORY  
She can stay at home.

Dickey walks out without hearing them. Malory glares daggers at Ray.

CYRIL

Did you tell him we took the case?

MALORY

Of course.

CYRIL

As the CEO of The Figgis Agency, shouldn't *I* be the one to decide what cases we take?

MALORY

Oh please. We all know who the real boss is around here.

Awkward silence.

MALORY (CONT'D)

(angry)

It's me, dammit. Honestly--

LANA

So, do we have a lead or anything?

MALORY

Yes, yes. I'm not incompetent.

LANA

But you are married.

MALORY

I fail to see your point.

LANA

Won't Ron be upset if you get some Dickey on the side?

ARCHER

Phrasing.

MALORY

Oh please, as if I'm going to let a little thing like marriage get between me and that tall, dar-- light, and handsome Dickey.

ARCHER

Phrasing! Again!

Archer laughs. No one else does.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

You know, it's not as funny when  
it's that easy.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

EXT. RATTY ALLEY ON SUNSET - EVENING

Archer drives, with Lana and Cyril, in a SPORTS CAR. On the street is a parking SPACE wedged between two CARS. He pulls up to the side of one, only to knock its mirror off. TING.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

LANA

Nice one.

ARCHER

Shut up, Lana.

LANA

How did you hit it? You're sober now!

ARCHER

Yes! That's the problem! I've never driven sober before. It's not as easy as it looks.

INT./EXT. RATTY ALLEY ON SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

Archer attempts to parallel park, but backs up into the CAR BEHIND, triggering the alarm.

CYRIL

Cheesy Petes Archer!

ARCHER

It's impossible to see in this thing!

LANA

Oh for the love o--Give me the wheel!

ARCHER

If you think you're gonna drive my car--

Lana and Archer fight for the wheel. The car lurches forward and hits the CAR in front of it, triggering a second alarm.

LANA

Great. Just great.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - EVENING

Malory walks to the reception area wearing a stunning SILVER DRESS. Pam sits with Carol, who's hands are now STUCK entirely together as if in prayer.

MALORY

Isn't it just? I only bring this dress out for special occasions.

PAM

Like going on a double date with the gayest man in Hollywood?

MALORY

Tch. Sexuality is a spectrum. Some say that no one is truly gay or straight, and that everyone exists in some range of bisexuality.

Ray walks in, wearing a nice SUIT.

RAY

I can't believe you said something I agree with.

MALORY

I merely intend to grab Dickey's spectrum by the balls and straighten it the hell out.

RAY

And there it goes.

MALORY

You better watch yourself tonight, Ms. Gillette, or the only way you'll be able to suck anyone off will be through a tube.

A horn beeps from outside.

MALORY (CONT'D)

Oh, there's my ride.

RAY

Our ride.

MALORY

(insincere)  
Of course.

Malory walks out.

PAM  
(to Ray)  
Why haven't you sued her for  
workplace harassment?

EXT. RUN-DOWN BUILDING - EVENING

Archer, Lana and Cyril walk down the alley and stop in front  
of one of the buildings.

ARCHER  
I don't know, Lana. Maybe it's  
because I haven't been sober in 35  
years?

LANA  
You were not born drunk.

CYRIL  
Actually, knowing Ms. Archer...

ARCHER  
Yeah. So, cut me some slack.

LANA  
Is this the place?

They look up at a CRAPPY BUILDING squashed between two larger  
ones, ready to crumble.

CYRIL  
This is the location Dickey gave  
us. So, how are we gonna get in?

They look to Archer.

ARCHER  
Uh...We knock?

LANA  
Just knock on the drug dealer's  
front door?

ARCHER  
Shut up, I'm not at my best today.

CYRIL  
Clearly.

ARCHER  
I don't see YOU coming up with  
anything be--

LANA  
Can we please just focus?

ARCHER  
Fine. I'll knock.

LANA  
Wai--

Archer walks up to the DOOR and knocks. The door opens and a huge man, JOSE (30s, high as a kite), fills the doorway.

JOSE  
Who are you?

ARCHER  
I'm Sterl--

JOSE  
You tryin' to take mah coke?!

ARCHER  
No, uh--

JOSE  
Get away from me!

Jose whips out a MACHINE GUN and opens FIRE.

ARCHER  
Oh shit!

Archer runs behind a DUMPSTER with Cyril and Lana.

LANA  
Well, this is about what I expected.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - EVENING

Malory and Ray sit at a table with Dickey and his wife, VIOLET (30s, all hips and lips). Dickey sobs into his hands while Malory rubs his shoulders.

VIOLET  
Really? I expected a high class place like this to have a decent chardonnay.

RAY  
I meant...that.

Ray gestures to Malory and Dickey across the table. Malory rubs Dickey's shoulders VERY inappropriately.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 (mumbling)  
 So very wrong.

VIOLET  
 Dickey will be like this for the next hour or so. Are you going to finish that?

She points to Ray's DRINK. He is about to answer but she snatches it away before he can and drains it.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 Once he starts, there's no shutting off the water works.

She sets the glass down, and snaps her fingers. A waiter refills it.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 Ray, right? I like your upper lipholstery.

She reaches over to stroke Ray's thin mustache. Ray squirms in his seat.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
 So soft...

RAY  
 Don't straighten out my spectrum, woman!

VIOLET  
 Oooh, a fighter. I like that...

She JUMPS into his lap, and throws her arms around him. She all but DUMPS drinks down his throat.

MALORY  
 No class at all.

INT. TABLE NEARBY - SAME

Pam and Carol sit at a nearby TABLE, dressed as if this was a gala and not an upscale restaurant. Carol has glued her FOREARMS together.

PAM  
Holy shit snacks. She is all over Ray.

CAROL  
Is Dickey still crying?

PAM  
Yup.

CAROL  
What good are all those muscles if they are stuck to such a weakling?

PAM  
(sarcastic)  
Nice.

CAROL  
I consider myself a philosopher on weekends.

She tugs at her arms, but they do not come apart. She makes a SOUND of pleasure.

PAM  
Seriously, what is wrong with you?

EXT. RUN DOWN BUILDING - EVENING

Bullets rain down on the dumpster. Lana and Archer return fire. Lana's shots are almost accurate, Archer's are nowhere near.

ARCHER  
I don't know! My hands keep shaking! I can't line up a shot! Why are my hands shaking?

LANA  
Oh god. You're afraid, aren't you?

ARCHER  
I don't know! I've never felt like this before!

They duck back behind the dumpster while more fire rains down. Cyril sees half a JOINT on the ground and picks it up.

CYRIL  
Here, use this!

Archer SLAPS it out of his hand.

ARCHER

Eww, no! That's how you get Herpes,  
Cyril.

LANA

You're worried about Herpes right  
now?!

ARCHER

...you're not?

CYRIL

Honestly.

Cyril sucks on the joint, and pulls out a SMALL MACHINE GUN.  
Steeling himself, he jumps out.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

SUPPRESSING FIRE!

Cyril sprays and prays as Lana and Archer look on,  
dumbfounded. Cyril completely empties the magazine, which  
takes an awkwardly long amount of time. He lowers his gun,  
breathing heavily. No return fire.

ARCHER

Damn, Cyril.

LANA

Where did you get that gun?

CYRIL

I wanted to be prepared.

ARCHER

I hope you're prepared for Herpes.

Archer and Lana step out from behind the dumpster and look at  
Cyril's handiwork. The building is loaded with gunshot holes,  
and Jose lays on the ground, BLEEDING from his stomach.

JOSE

I can't believe you gringos shot  
me.

Lana pointedly clears her throat.

JOSE (CONT'D)

And gringa.

LANA

Thank you.

JOSE  
Call 911. I need a hospital.

LANA  
Not until we get what we came here  
for.

JOSE  
I don't have any coke.

LANA  
Bullshit. But, we're not after  
coke. We're looking for Little  
Dickey.

Jose eyes her closely.

JOSE  
How dare you call me small?! My  
mast is so mighty not even your  
giant hands can--

LANA  
So not getting old.

CYRIL  
Little Dickey is a dog.

JOSE  
This is all for that homo's pooch!?  
Not cocaine?

ARCHER  
Well--

CYRIL  
No. Been there, done that. Just the  
dog. Really.

JOSE  
The dog is inside.

INT. JOSE'S "OFFICE" - A FEW MINUTES LATER

It's a hellhole, with papers on the floor and suspicious  
bloodstains on the wall. Jose hobbles to the desk where, in a  
DOG CARRIER, sits Little Dickey.

JOSE  
Why haven't you called 911 yet?!

ARCHER  
To make sure you give us the dog.

JOSE  
I am bleeding out!

Beat.

ARCHER  
Yup.

JOSE  
The dog is behind the desk! Damn  
bitch wasn't worth the money  
anyway.

ARCHER  
Pretty sure it's a boy.

Little Dickey HUMPS the side of his cage, while Archer picks  
it up.

CYRIL  
What money?

JOSE  
The money they paid me to kill him  
and make it look like an accident.

CYRIL  
Who paid you?

JOSE  
Dunno. I only have the account  
number. Can you please call-

CYRIL  
May we have this number?

JOSE  
Will you call an ambulance?

ARCHER  
Sure.

He scribbles down a number and hands it to Cyril.

JOSE  
Now take the dog and get out. Wait,  
don't--

They run out, Archer laughing.

ARCHER  
(piss poor accent)  
Idiota!

JOSE  
Your accent sucks!

ARCHER (O.S.)  
You're dying!

JOSE  
Gringos got me there. Ow...

EXT. CAR - EVENING

Cyril leads Lana and Archer back to their car, parked far from Jose's house. Archer carries Little Dickey in his carrier.

LANA  
So, you've seriously never been sober? Not once?

ARCHER  
No, Lana. This is weird for me too.

LANA  
Well, I'm proud of you for giving this a shot. Alcoholism is not easy to beat, but you--

Little Dickey BARKS. It's adorable.

ARCHER  
(nauseatingly sweet)  
Awww, who's a good boy? You are, yes you are, yes you are.

LANA  
And you're not listening. Alright, let's just get this to Dickey and be done with it.

CYRIL  
Can we go to the office first?

LANA  
Why?

CYRIL  
I want to check something.

INT. FIGGIS DETECTIVE AGENCY - NIGHT

Cyril types on a COMPUTER while Lana, annoyed, watches. Archer plays FETCH with Dickey, but Dickey just HUMPS his leg.

CYRIL

Got it!

LANA

Got what?

CYRIL

The address linked to the account!  
We can figure out who paid to have  
Little Dickey killed.

He types on the computer.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Well, this is awkward.

On the screen is a PICTURE of Dickey. Archer looks on.

ARCHER

Hold on, I had something for this.

LANA

Something about finishing off  
Little Dickey?

ARCHER

No!

(Beat)

That's way better.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

EXT. DICKEY'S FABULOUS MANSION - NIGHT

The house is 100% Hollywood, primarily GLASS, tucked away on a Beverly Hill. Malory continues to console a sobbing Dickey, while Violet and Ray stumble together, arm in arm, smashed.

RAY

So then I said, "girl, you ain't never getting those heels on those floppers."

Violet laughs. Too much.

DICKEY

(still crying)  
Th-thanks for tonight.

MALORY

Well, aren't you going to invite me in for coffee?

DICKEY

What's the point?! We don't have any coffee and Little Dickey won't be there!

MALORY

Oh, just give it a rest! Honestly, it takes less effort to sleep with the Pope.

DICKEY

What are you--

An adorable BARK breaks out.

DICKEY (CONT'D)

Is that--

LANA (O.S.)

You can cut the act now.

On the front steps, hidden in shadow until now, stand Cyril, Lana, Archer, and Little Dickey on a leash.

MALORY

Oh good! You found the little bitch.

DICKEY

Dickey!

Dickey runs to hug his dog, but Archer pulls a GUN on him.

ARCHER

Hold up.

DICKEY

What's going on?

CYRIL

We know you hired your dealer to kidnap and kill Little Dickey.

ARCHER

That's sick, man. It's a dog.

DICKEY

What? No, I would never! I love my Little Dickey.

ARCHER

Phrasing.

LANA

We have the bank statement to prove it.

Lana shoves a SLIP OF PAPER at Dickey.

DICKEY

This is my account but I didn't--

VIOLET

Guess there's no point in hiding it.

Suddenly, Violet whips out a GUN. She wraps her free hand around Ray and puts the gun to his temple.

RAY

Jesus, Jerry and Joseph, woman!

VIOLET

(to Ray)

Shut up.

(to the others)

I did it. I hired the dealer, I wanted the dog killed, I...

Violet trails off as we move to...

EXT. BUSHES NEARBY - NIGHT

Pam watches through BINOCULARS. Carol stands like a PLANK, legs glued together now.

PAM  
Holy shit snacks. The wife is packing some serious heat!

CAROL  
Explains why she was into Ray.

Pam looks at her blankly.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
You know. Heat.  
(pause)  
I'm saying she has a penis.

PAM  
Do you try to misunderstand everything I say?

CAROL  
It's more fun that way.

EXT. DICKEY'S FABULOUS MANSION - RESUME

MALORY  
But why?

VIOLET  
Because of him! He's asexual!

Gasps from everyone, largest from Malory.

RAY  
A fate worse than death.

MALORY  
Say it isn't so!

VIOLET  
Everyone thinks he's gay, which would be better because then he could cheat on me! But no, there ain't nothing getting Dickey's Dickey up!

ARCHER  
But why the dog?

VIOLET

Because the money! If Dickey and I divorced he would keep all his money! But if the dog was killed and traced back to us, I could blame him. Then, I could throw him in jail, get a divorce, and keep the money. It was perfect.

Silence.

ARCHER

That's...a bit much.

VIOLET

It's Hollywood. Everything is a bit much.

A RED DOT blinks on Archer's forehead. More red dots light up the rest of the group. Laser scopes.

ARCHER

Are you shitting me right now?!

VIOLET

Of course not. I'm just going to plan B. Kill you all and pin it on Dickey.

Violet releases Ray, now with a red dot on his forehead.

DICKEY

You hired a hitman?!

VIOLET

Hitmen, actually. Anyway. Good bye!

Archer and co. dive away as gunshots ring out, shattering the GLASS walls of the house. Everyone runs into the KITCHEN and takes cover.

EXT. BUSHES NEARBY - NIGHT

PAM

Those shots are coming from up there! Come on, we gotta help them!

CAROL

Do we really have to, though?

PAM

Do you wanna keep getting paid?

CAROL

Eh.

Pam SLINGS Carol over her shoulder and runs up the hill.

INT. DICKEY'S FABULOUS KITCHEN - SAME

Shots ring out. Archer and Lana hide behind a KITCHEN COUNTER.

LANA

Archer, when are they gonna reload?

ARCHER

What? How should I know?!

LANA

You always count the shots!

ARCHER

Yeah, well, I'm a little busy right now--

A GUNSHOT ricochets above them, shattering a COOKIE JAR. Instead of cookies, WHITE POWDER falls onto Lana's lap.

LANA

What is--Oh. Oh god. Cocaine.

ARCHER

Gross.

LANA

Wait, no, this is perfect! Archer, take some!

ARCHER

Are you serious? I'll end up like Pam, Lana! Do you want me to be like Pam?!

LANA

No, and this is gonna sound so wrong, since I'm gonna encourage some really bad behavior instead of helping you deal with your newfound sobriety and--

Another shot. TING.

ARCHER

Spit it out!

LANA

Fine! I want you to be like the old Archer! We need that one right now, not this...this...scared man!

ARCHER

Oh, that's nice! I try to quit drinking and you say I'm doing something wrong!

LANA

I just--

ARCHER

You know what? Screw this. Krieger can do his damn operation. He can open me up and do whatever he wants with my insides!

ZOOM IN on Archer's face.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

There's nothing more terrifying than Krieger's operating table. If I can face that, I can face anything.

Hero moment. Archer pulls out two PISTOLS and jumps from cover.

He is immediately SHOT in the shoulder and ducks back down.

LANA

Archer!

ARCHER

Fuck me!

EXT. BUSHES ON THE TOP OF A HILL - NIGHT

Pam jumps out of the bushes, tosses Carol into one of the SNIPERS and rips off her shirt, revealing her BRA. Like a bear, she dives onto another sniper, roaring.

Carol and the sniper she hit crash to the ground.

CAROL

Hey. You doing anything after--

Pam PUNCHES the sniper's helmet, CRUSHING it.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Yeah, me neither.

INT. DICKEY'S FABULOUS MANSION - SAME

Violet walks into the house, when a WALKIE-TALKIE in her hand goes off. Sounds of Pam ripping through the snipers echo through.

SNIPER 1 (O.S.)  
No, wait, stop--Ahhh!

SNIPER 2 (O.S.)  
It's a monster!

The line crackles out as the snipers' screams die down. Silence. Archer and co. slowly emerge from their hiding spots. No more red dots. They turn on Violet.

VIOLET  
Maybe we can--

Dickey PUNCHES her in the face. She crumples to the ground.

DICKEY  
Bitch.

MALORY  
Oh, Dickey, that was--

Dickey whirls on Malory, fists raised.

DICKEY  
You wanted me for sex, didn't you?

MALORY  
What?

DICKEY  
I should have known! The only one who really loves me is my Little Dickey.

MALORY  
I--

DICKEY  
OUT! All of you, just leave me and my dog along!

MALORY  
I--Those shoulders are wasted on you!

Carol's voice comes through Violet's walkie-talkie.

CAROL (O.S.)  
That's what I've been saying!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. RECEPTION - THE NEXT DAY

Back to normal. Carol sits behind her desk, RAMROD straight. Lana walks in.

LANA  
Where's Archer?

CAROL  
In the kitchen stuffing her fat face, like usual, the fatass.

LANA  
That's Pam.

CAROL  
Oh. Riiiiiiight.

Silence.

LANA  
Where is he?

CAROL  
I saw him go--

Carol tries to point, but her arm is GLUED to the chair. She RIPS skin, GRUNTING in pleasure, as she frees her arm.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Ahhh...oh yeah--that way.

LANA  
Are you glued to the chair?

CAROL  
(pleasured)  
Yes...

LANA  
Haven't you had enough?

Carol JUMPS from her chair, ripping glue and skin.

CAROL  
I'LL TELL YOU WHEN I'VE--Oh my god....

Her back is all BLOODY. She groans in bliss at the sight.

LANA  
You need help.

Lana walks off in search of Archer.

INT. KRIEGER'S LAB - DAY

Archer lays on a TABLE while Krieger looms over him, wearing a MASK and RUBBER GLOVES.

KRIEGER  
Ready for a new, definitely-organic  
liver? And then some?

ARCHER  
Dammit Krieger, no. Just the liver.

KRIEGER  
And then--

ARCHER  
Krieger, if I wake up with anything  
more than a new liver I will rip  
yours out and feed it to you.

KRIEGER  
Aww, I just wanted a little fatty  
tissue.

ARCHER  
Why, in god's name, do you need  
fatty tissue?

KRIEGER  
Uh...No reason.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Alle Juden müssen sterben!

ARCHER  
What was--

KRIEGER  
Definitely not a work-in-progress  
clone of my father! Nope, nope,  
nope!

Silence as they look at each other.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)  
Don't tell Ms. Archer.

SLAM TO CREDITS.