

ARCHER

"TO GET A LITTLE DICKEY"

Spec Script Written by

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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

ARCHER wears a JOHNNY, sits on the patient's table, crinkling the PAPER covering. On a chair 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 grabs 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
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
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

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

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

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).

DICKY
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--

DICKY
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
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

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 is 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 leaves without hearing. 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 thinglike 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

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

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
Gringo's 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 the 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 attempts to play FETCH with Little Dickey, but Little 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 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 - SAME

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 MANSION - RESUME

MALORY
But why?

VIOLET
Because of him! He's asexual!

Gasps from everyone, largest from Malory.

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!

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

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 - SAME

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 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 - SAME

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 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, leaning heavily on her chair. 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.