

ARCHER

TEASER

EXT. THE FIGGIS AGENCY -- EST.

CAROL/CHERYL (O.S.)
Archer's going to die!?

A glass SHATTERS.

INT. THE FIGGIS AGENCY SITTING ROOM -- MORNING

A typical day in the office. Everyone is gathered in a circle to discuss the newest case, and MALORY ARCHER has just thrown her martini glass against the wall between CAROL/CHERYL'S and LANA's faces.

Carol/Cheryl giggles.

LANA
What the shit Malory!

MALORY
Shit yourself.

RAY
Ew.

Malory pours herself another drink.

MALORY
And don't think for a second that I missed by accident. I've killed a man with a toothpick from across a crowded room and by god I'll do it again.

She drops a toothpick--with olive--into her new drink.

PAM
(to Ray)
Sploosh?

Ray shakes his head disappointingly.

MALORY
Now as I was saying, this intel comes from a friend who--unlike you bunch of imbeciles--hasn't been blacklisted by the CIA. We need to act fast if we're going to stop this hit-man from killing Sterling.

ARCHER (O.S.)
I'm going to die?

Malory throws her new martini glass. It shatters against the door frame as Archer enters.

ARCHER
What the shit mother?

PAM
Shit yourself!

ARCHER
Okay first thing, ew. Second, why wasn't I invited to this meeting--

Malory already has her new drink in hand.

MALORY
Well--

ARCHER
--especially since--and this is just an educated guess--it seems to be exclusively and immediately relevant to me!

CYRIL
We just thought--

ARCHER
What!?

CYRIL
Malory just thought, this whole thing might go smoother if you didn't, you know, know, anything. About it.

ARCHER
About what!?

CYRIL
About who, actually.

ARCHER
Uh, about whom, actually.

CAROL/CHERYL
The assassin! Duh!

ARCHER
Thank you Cheryl. That is literally the most helpful you've ever been.

CAROL/CHERYL

Dammit!

ARCHER

Wait, there's an assassin trying
to kill me?

LANA

Archer, don't--

ARCHER

Like, just one?

A beat.

LANA

What?

ARCHER

I mean, I just assume there are
always like, three assassins after
me at all times.

LANA

You--

ARCHER

At least.

LANA

You--

ARCHER

Maybe even five.

MALORY

Narcissism aside--

RAY

--says the pot--

MALORY

--we're taking this seriously.
You're not to go on any missions
until this is resolved.

ARCHER

What? You're grounding me?

MALORY

You're damn right I am, mister.
I'm not having my son embarrass me
by dying to some two-bit
Lee-Harvey wannabe.

LANA

Wow.

ARCHER

Great. This is great. Next you're going to tell me I have a baby-sitter.

Malory stirs her drink.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Mother...

MALORY

Sterling, you listen to me. You're getting a bodyguard, and they are going to be on top of you for as long as it takes.

Beat.

ARCHER

...no one?

INGRID (O.S.)

Phrasing.

INGRID enters, a gorgeous bodyguard resembling her namesake--Ingrid Bergman. Her beauty stuns the entire room.

INGRID

Now tell me, darling. Which of these beautiful bodies am I getting on top of?

Archer takes a deep breath, preparing to yell.

TAG END

ACT ONE

INT. FIGGIS AGENCY SITTING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Continuing to Archer's yell--

ARCHER

Mine!

MALORY

Idiots, meet Ingrid.

INGRID

It's a pleasure to meet everyone.
And, ah. You must be Sterling. You
needn't worry, darling, I won't
let anything happen to you.

ARCHER

Well. I mean, it wouldn't be so
bad if some things happened to me.

LANA

Archer!

ARCHER

What!? Oh, right. This is my, um,
girlfriend?

LANA

Mother of his child. Hi.

INGRID

Well then you must be Lana. Malory
has told me many things about each
of you.

PAM

What has she told you about me?

Beat.

INGRID

As Malory was explaining....

MALORY

Of course. Ingrid is one of the
best counter-intelligence
operatives in the world.

(MORE)

MALORY (CONT'D)

She speaks six languages, is proficient in small arms and hand-to-hand combat, and has protected assets ranging from foreign dignitaries to presidents. Any questions?

CAROL/CHERYL

(to Ingrid)

Um. What's that gross thing on your leg?

INGRID

That's my son.

A TODDLER peaks out from behind Ingrid's legs.

CAROL/CHERYL

Ugh.

INGRID

I'm sorry, but it couldn't be helped. You see, it's "Bring Your Child To Work" day.

LANA

Don't you think it's a little irresponsible to bring a kid on a bodyguard mission?

INGRID

It's the price of being a mother, I'm afraid. Surely you understand.

(to Malory)

Malory, haven't you ever had to take Sterling with you when you were working?

MALORY

Well...

FLASHBACK.

A hotel room. A young Malory Archer, escorted by a handsome foreign diplomat. Baby Archer sits in the center of the floor.

Malory hands Archer her pistol.

MALORY (CONT'D)

Here Sterling, play with this.

(sexily to diplomat)

Mommy has to work.

PRESENT.

MALORY (CONT'D)
I...might have.

Archer pulls out his gun and begins playing with it idly.

ARCHER
Yeah Lana, and I turned out fine.

The gun goes off, the bullet firing near the Toddler's head, exiting the room, and hitting something off camera. Everyone waits, but no other sound comes from the other room.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Wow, it's just not the same without Brett around.

LANA
Speaking of collateral damage, what are the rest of us supposed to be doing while Archer relives his babysitter fantasies?

ARCHER
She's not a babysitter, Lana, didn't you hear mother? She's one of the best counter-intelligent operatives. In the world.

MALORY
(to Lana)
But speaking of babysitters....

LANA
Nooooooooope.

RAY
Uh-uh.

PAM
No way.

CAROL/CHERYL
Kids give you AIDS.

MALORY
You'll look after the kid and that's final.
(moving closer)
(MORE)

MALORY (CONT'D)

And if anything happens to that little shit while his mother is guarding Sterling, I will buy a farm in Iowa, raise a herd of pigs, and feed you to them!

PAM

Aw. That's how my dog died. ...And my grandpa.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Well that's just sad.

EXT. INGRID'S CAR -- LATER

Archer rides shotgun in Ingrid's Aston Martin.

ARCHER (CON'T)

I mean how can there only be one assassin? I'm a leading class secret agent.

INGRID

I thought the point of being a secret agent was that no one knew who you were?

ARCHER

No, you're thinking of super heroes. I mean, sure, we had a secret elevator in a laundry mat for a while, but it's not like we used our code names. Which, now that I think about it, is probably how that assassin knows where to find me. Which brings me back to, how can there only be one assassin? Also where are we going?

INGRID

To your apartment.

ARCHER

Isn't that literally the first place the assassin will look?

INGRID

Sterling, please. Which of us is trying to save your life?

Archer pulls a flask out of the glove compartment and drinks.

ARCHER

Well it's certainly not me.
Self-destruction is part of
self-discovery. Or whatever. Want
some?

INGRID

Sterling! I'm driving!

ARCHER

Oh, right. Sorry. I'll pour for
you.

He pulls a pair of low-ball glasses from under the seat.

INT. FIGGIS AGENCY SITTING ROOM -- LATER

Pam, Ray, Cyril, and Carol/Cheryl are seated, staring at
the Toddler, who sits on the coffee table in front of them.
Lana is missing.

PAM

This is bullshit. How come Archer
gets to run off with
Sexy-Mc-Nice-Ass and we get stuck
with--

RAY

Snotty Pippin?

Pam laughs.

RAY (CONT'D)

Probably because Lana's the only
one with any mothering experience.

PAM

Says you.

RAY

Human mothering experience.

PAM

Oh.

CYRIL

Hey where is Lana anyway?

PAM

What, you weren't watching her
like a creep like you usually do?

CYRIL

I do not--I'm not--I don't

CAROL/CHERYL
Jesus she's probably just off
having a threesome with Archer and
what's her name.

RAY
What?

PAM
You think?

CYRIL
I--Uh--That--You.

PAM
Easy Cyril or you're gonna give us
all strokes.

CAROL/CHERYL
Speaking of strokes--

CYRIL
Don't--

RAY
How about we speak about the damn
toddler.

Everyone looks back to the Toddler.

CAROL/CHERYL
So what should we name him?

RAY
Pretty sure he already has a name.

CAROL/CHERYL
Well then what is it?

Beat.

RAY
Shit we forgot to ask what his
name is. What should we name him?

PAM
Something cute. And playful. For a
boy.

KRIEGER (O.S.)
Like Adolf!

CAROL/CHERYL
He's not German! He's white!

PAM
How about, Playboy.

RAY
We're not calling a toddler
Playboy.

PAM
Well why not?

RAY
Aside from the obvious, we
probably need a name he can say.

TODDLER
Playboy!

RAY
Goddammit.

INT. ARCHER'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Archer enters, followed by Ingrid.

ARCHER
So yeah, this is me. Feels kind of
weird bringing a girl back here.
That hasn't happened since--

Archer closes the door, revealing Lana hiding behind it
with her arms crossed.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
--LANA!

LANA
Yeeeeep.

Lana marches towards him, driving both of them towards the
large windows.

ARCHER
Wha- What are you doing here?

LANA
What are you doing here?

ARCHER
This is the first place the
assassin will look. Obviously.

LANA
Right. So what are you doing here?

ARCHER

Uh.

Beat.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(to Ingrid)

What are we doing here?

INGRID

Sterling watch out!

Ingrid dives onto Sterling, tackling him just as the window explodes. Lana dives a second later and draws her gun.

LANA

What the shit.

INGRID

Sterling, are you alright?

Reveal: Ingrid is on top of Archer.

ARCHER

No, yeah, I'm great.

Ingrid smiles. Lana scowls.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

INT. FIGGIS AGENCY SITTING ROOM -- LATER

The room is a mess, covered in items that the gang has tried using as toys for the Toddler Playboy. Included are-- a bottle of cheap beer; a box-cutter; an ancient board game; a gun; some party supplies for an office Christmas party; a stapler; an open container of rubber cement; a flier for the Figgis Agency; Pam's HR dolphin.

Pam and Ray are exhausted and defeated. Carol/Cheryl is on her phone, bored. Cyril is in front of Playboy, trying with mock excitement to be humorous.

Playboy stares at him blankly.

CYRIL

I give up. This kid is impossible.

RAY

Told you.

CAROL/CHERYL

Oh my god why do you even care?
Ms. Archer said to take care of
him, not entertain him. He's just
a dumb baby.

CYRIL

He's a toddler! They need mental
stimulation.

PAM

And?

CYRIL

And...maybe if Lana saw how good I
was with kids--

PAM

Called it!

RAY

Dammit Cyril.

Ray hands \$20 to Pam.

CYRIL

Guys! You're taking bets on my
love life?

CAROL/CHERYL

What love life?

PAM

Damn.

RAY

Shit.

CAROL/CHERYL

What? Don't look at me. I didn't
bet on your icky sex whatever.

CYRIL

Then what's that pile of money on
the table?

Reveal--nearly \$1000 in twenties piled onto the table.

CAROL/CHERYL

Oh, that's a side bet I made with
myself.

A ROBOT rushes in, half-covered in a tablecloth. It bumps
into furniture and makes quiet, high-pitched, mechanical
cries. KRIEGER jumps into frame, tackling it.

Rising up, he resembles a warrior at the end of a long
fight. He's covered in scrapes and oil, and his shirt is
shredded. He stabs downward with a large, sharp rock,
killing the robot.

A beat as he breathes, then begins to sob.

CAROL/CHERYL (CONT'D)

Yes!

Carol/Cheryl takes the pile of money. Krieger hoists the
dead robot unceremoniously into a wheeled trashcan, wipes
his eyes, and joins the others.

KRIEGER

So what are you guys up to?

PAM

Watching this kid for Archer's
sexy bodyguard.

Krieger snaps back to his typical, upbeat self.

KRIEGER

Ah, *ein kind!*

CAROL/CHERYL

Oh my god we get it, you're
Russian or whatever.

Krieger pulls out a tape measure and begins measuring Playboy.

PAM
His name's Playboy!

PLAYBOY
Playboy!

KRIEGER
Adorable. Can you lift your arms
up for me? Thank you.

Krieger measures Playboy's arm length.

RAY
I know I should ask, but at this
point, I don't even want to know--

KRIEGER
I've been working on a Mech suit.

RAY
--Dammit.

KRIEGER
For children!

PAM
That's awesome!

CYRIL
Why, Krieger, are you building a
mech for children.

KRIEGER
Mech suit. State of the art
brushed-steel exoskeleton,
gyroscopic balancing compensators,
automated waste disposal--

RAY
--And how many guns?

KRIEGER
Fourteen!

CAROL/CHERYL
(screaming)
Give me one!

KRIEGER
Not yet. It's still in its testing
phase.

(MORE)

KRIEGER (CONT'D)

Though I could speed things up
since we have a human candidate. A
live one, this time.

CYRIL

Krieger, you can't put a toddler
in a mech suit.

KRIEGER

I assure you I can.

CYRIL

Guys, you all heard what Malory
said. I don't want to go to Iowa.

PAM

To be fair, the inside of a mech
is probably the safest place for
the little guy. It'll be like a
walking tank.

KRIEGER

Yes. Like a walking tank....

ARCHER (O.S.)

What is wrong with you?

INT. ARCHER'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Archer and Lana whisper/argue while Ingrid (out of earshot)
studies the window debris and looks out the window.

LANA

What's wrong with me? Are you
serious?

ARCHER

Well yeah, I wasn't referring to
the high-class
counter-intelligence--

LANA

Babysitter?

ARCHER

--officer who just saved my life.

LANA

Which she endangered in the first
place, by bringing an
assassination target to their god
damn apartment!

Archer starts to respond, but has nothing to say. Ingrid joins them.

INGRID
Sterling, forgive me, but I don't believe this place is safe anymore.

LANA
Um, you think?

ARCHER
Lana, please. She's a professional. If she says it's unsafe, it's probably unsafe.

Lana scowls at him.

INGRID
We need to get ahead of the assassin. Where else would you be going today?

ARCHER
Well I got whiskey on Saturday, and now it's Monday, so probably to get more more whiskey.

LANA
Wow.

ARCHER
Well I can't send Woodhouse, because he'll just spend the money on heroin again.

INGRID
Then that's where we should go.

ARCHER
To get heroin?

INGRID
To the whiskey store.

LANA
Are you! Kidding me!

INGRID
He won't be safe until the assassin is captured.

ARCHER
Yeah Lana, don't you want me to be safe?

KRIEGER (O.S.)
Define "safe".

INT. KRIEGER'S LAB -- CONTINUOUS

The group is gathered around a table, where Playboy is standing inside a small mech robot, covered in guns.

RAY
I mean is the thing gonna crush
his tiny toddler bones?

PAM
Or cook him like a turkey?

CAROL/CHERYL
(darkly)
Or burst into a vicious, fuel-fed
explosion of shrapnel and baby
flesh that paints the walls in
burning oil and blood like that
picture you drew in your notebook
in middle school after your
brother was born?

Beat.

RAY
Damn bitch.

CAROL/CHERYL
What did I say!?

KRIEGER
No, it won't do any of those
things. I've tested this model on
mice, rabbits, and even a
hyper-intelligent robot! Still
don't know where that last one ran
off to....

CYRIL
Nope, not gonna ask.

KRIEGER
And you shouldn't! It gets very
angry when it's questioned. But
enough about Killtron. This here
toddler mech will protect little
Playboy from fire, sharp objects,
small-arms rounds, and falling
debris.

PLAYBOY

Playboy!

CYRIL

Aw, he likes it.

An electronic "ding" emanates from the mech.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Um, what does that mean?

KRIEGER

Well. Either Playboy just went number two--

PLAYBOY

Playboy!

CYRIL

Or?

KRIEGER

Or he found out how to disable the child safety lock.

The mech cocks its guns. Playboy laughs.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Well that's not good.

INT. LIQUOR STORE -- LATER

Archer is browsing the top shelf drinks. Lana is leaning against the wall, arms crossed. Ingrid is by Archer's side, closer than professionally appropriate.

ARCHER

They're out of Glengoolie.

INGRID

Oh darling, this day just keeps getting worse and worse for you.

ARCHER

Right? You'd think getting shot at would be the worst part of my day.

LANA

Wanna know what the worst part of my day is?

ARCHER

Not really.

LANA

This! All of this. Malory's mysterious intel from her unnamed source, this babysitter--

ARCHER

--bodyguard--

LANA

--dragging you out into every open, unsecured location she can find, and to top it off, we don't even know who the assassin is, or why they want you dead!

ARCHER

Well I think that part's pretty obvious. I mean, hello, world's greatest spy over here.

LANA

If you were the world's greatest spy, no one would know! That's the point. Of being. A spy!

ARCHER

You know, Ingrid made that exact point earlier.

A GRENADE falls onto the floor.

LANA

Shit!

Ingrid shoves Archer out of the way, then dives behind the counter. The grenade explodes, resulting in the typical high-pitch whine in the characters' ears.

LANA (CONT'D)

[muffled cursing]

Archer sits up and slaps at his ear. Sounds slowly returns to normal.

INGRID

They're getting away!

Ingrid sprints out the door, turning down the street and running out of view.

ARCHER

How is she already moving? Is she a robot? ...oh god, she's not a robot is she?

LANA
Shut up and lets go!

They run through the dust and debris, into the street.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

A few people are gawking at the explosion, but no one is hurt. Lana checks left, then right, and catches a glimpse of Ingrid turning a corner into a nearby alley.

LANA
Archer!

Lana runs towards the alley.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Lana and Archer arrive just in time to see Ingrid burst into a warehouse. Archer takes a moment to study his surroundings.

The alley was once the back entrance to a night club. Its walls are covered in half-decaying posters for live shows, including burlesque and cabaret.

ARCHER
Wow, this part of town has really
let itself go.

LANA
Focus!

ARCHER
Well excuse me for appreciating
art and acknowledging man's hubris
the way Percy would have wanted me
to.

LANA
Who the hell is Percy?

ARCHER
Percy Bysshe Shelley? Arguably the
greatest lyric poet of the English
language? Author of Ozymandias?

LANA
Ugh!

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

With Lana in the lead, they rush into the night club. Lana is instantly knocked out by a swinging fire extinguisher.

ARCHER

Lana!

Reveal: Ingrid holding the fire extinguisher in one hand, and a gun in the other. She aims at Archer.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Ingrid? But you're my bodyguard.

INGRID

Sorry, Sterling. These things,
they get complicated.

She smashes him with the fire extinguisher.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- LATER

Lana wakes to find herself tied to a chair, center stage of the abandoned night club. Archer is similarly tied up behind her.

ARCHER

"Look upon my works, ye mighty,
and despair."

LANA

What?

ARCHER

It's from the poem. Seriously how
have you never read Ozymandias?

LANA

Because I went to combat training
instead of getting high behind the
bleachers.

ARCHER

Oh my god, Lana, that was
one...handful of times.

LANA

Uh huh. So how exactly is a poem
relevant to our current situation?

ARCHER

Art doesn't have to be relevant.

LANA

Yes! Yes it does!

INGRID (O.S.)

If you're done....

Reveal, Ingrid standing nearby, only a couple of feet away,
the gun held lazily in her hand.

INGRID

You must have an awful lot of
questions.

MALORY (O.S.)

What the hell is going on here?

INT. KRIEGER'S LAB -- CONTINUOUS

Malory enters, only to find that the lab has become a war zone. A gurney has been flipped to act as a barricade, several tables are either shattered or on fire, and the floor is littered with debris (ceramic, torn magazines, bullet shells, some dead mice).

In the center of the room, Playboy laughs in his mech. Tiny rockets shoot from his shoulders.

Cyril reaches from behind the gurney and pulls Malory out of the way of an incoming shot, which hits the wall leaving a small crater and a large ring of soot.

Behind the gurney, we find Cyril, Pam, Krieger, Carol/Cheryl, and Ray. Ray's leg has been torn badly.

MALORY

Get your hands off me you...you
sex fiend!

(to Krieger)

And you! This is all your doing,
isn't it? You put that baby in
that horrendous metal box, didn't
you?

CAROL/CHERYL

Actually he's a toddler.

MALORY

Oh what's the difference.

CAROL/CHERYL

(yelling)

I don't know!

KRIEGER

Now Ms Archer, I know this looks
bad, but I guarantee I can fix
this.

RAY

How about you fix my god damn leg?

PAM

Aw Ray, I'm sure he'll get you an
even better leg.

MALORY

Why not a woman's leg? Make it
official.

RAY

Bitch you better hope he doesn't put me in a mech suit.

MALORY

Or what, you'll finally bang crotches with that Terminator man?

RAY

...shit I totally would though.

PAM

Right?

PLAYBOY (O.S.)

Playboy!

Another set of rockets flies through the rooms, wreaking more havoc.

CYRIL

Maybe less slash-fiction and more getting out alive.

PAM

Yeah. that thing's bound to have a cut-off switch or some shit, right?

KRIEGER

Of course it does. All of you...'re appliances do.

CAROL/CHERYL

Well where the hell is it?

KRIEGER

Oh. I haven't activated it yet.

They stare at him.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)

What, it's a prototype! The only way to cut it off right now is by using the remote.

MALORY

And where's that? Berlin?

KRIEGER

No. It's on the table.

RAY

Beside the homicidal toddler death machine?

KRIEGER

Precisely.

MALORY

This is it. I'm going to die here,
killed by a child among the cast
of...

PAM

Gay's Anatomy?

A beat.

MALORY

Shut up and get the damn remote.

INT. NIGHT CLUB -- CONTINUOUS

Back to our familiar scene. Archer and Lana tied in chairs,
back to back on the stage. Ingrid standing, armed, relaxed.

ARCHER

You know, as far as bodyguards go,
I don't think you're a very good
one.

LANA

Archer! She's not your bodyguard.

ARCHER

Babysitter, whatever.

LANA

No, I mean she's not here to
protect you. She's here to kill
you!

ARCHER

What?

(to Ingrid)

You're the assassin?

INGRID

Oh Sterling, my darling, you still
can't see how glorious it all is.

A SERIES OF SHOTS--

A rainy L.A. street. Ingrid, wielding a dark umbrella,
strolls across the street from the Figgis Agency. One of
Cyril's Figgis Agency flyers is stapled to the utility
pole. Ingrid takes it.

INGRID (O.S.)

There never was an assassin. It was a ruse, you see. And your agency made it all so simple.

Night. Ingrid sneaks into the Figgis Agency. In Malory's office, she places a resume centered on the desk. After a moment, she places a full bottle of Russian Vodka on top of it.

INGRID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I needed to get close to you, and to get you away from the others. So I sent Malory a fake resume, which of course she never followed up on.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Dammit mother.

A repeat of the opening of Act I. Ingrid meeting the others.

INGRID (O.S.)

With a fake assassin in the mix, I could become a fake bodyguard. After that, it was just clever misdirection.

Archer's apartment, pre-gunshot. Ingrid dives to "protect" Archer. At the same time, she uses her own gun to shatter his window.

INGRID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Shooting out your window...

The Liquor store. While Archer and Lana argue, Ingrid takes a grenade out of her purse and casually drops it onto the floor.

INGRID (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...dropping my own grenade...

ARCHER (O.S.)

You just, had a grenade?

INGRID (O.S.)

I come prepared.

ARCHER (O.S.)

Apparently.

A playground. Playboy is on the sidewalk beside the trashcan, playing with a broken glass bottle. No one is

watching him. Ingrid walks by, casually, snatching him up in her arms. He doesn't mind.

INGRID (O.S.)
Oh, and the child, of course. To keep the others busy.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS--

And we're back in the night club.

LANA
You stole a kid?

INGRID
I thought it would keep you busy. But I guess your motherly instincts aren't as strong as I had hoped.

LANA
Oh hell no. You come here and--

ARCHER
Wait! ...You did all this just so you could kill me?

INGRID
I'm afraid so.

Archer considers this new information.

ARCHER
Then, that means there was an assassin. You made a plan to assassinate me.

INGRID
No, that doesn't make me an--

ARCHER
Literally an assassin. Or, wait, did anyone pay you?
(to Lana)
Do you have to get paid to be an assassin?

LANA
Archer, I really don't think that's the important part to take away from all this.

ARCHER

Oh, like I'd listen to you about
import. You've never even read
Shelley!

Lana slams her head backwards, smashing it into Archer's skull. He reels and curses. Ingrid watches, disappointed, shaking her head.

INGRID

ISIS, Figgis, it doesn't matter.
You may change your names, or
change your allegiances, but
you'll always be the same. Malory
Archer's personal army. Trotting
around the globe, toppling regimes
and defending terrorists.

ARCHER

We don't do that!
(quietly, to Lana)
Do we do that?

LANA

Eh.

INGRID

I doubt she even remembers my
father. Just another foreign
diplomat to check off of a list.
Well. She'll remember me, won't
she?

Ingrid caresses the gun barrel down Archer's cheek.

ARCHER

I mean. Probably not.

LANA

You idiot!

Lana shoves backwards, tossing Archer face-first into Ingrid. They all crash into a pile of costumes and props. In the scuffle, Lana manages to get free and reaches for the gun. Ingrid punches her, tossing the gun further down stage.

Meanwhile, Archer has untied himself and found a fake mustache.

ARCHER

Hey Lana, check this out. I'm
Emperor Franz Joseph the First.
...Of Austria-Hungary? Am I the
only one who knows this stuff?

LANA
A little busy Archer!

Lana kicks Ingrid into a standing light. Ingrid grabs the light pole and throws it at Lana. Lana dodges. The light smashes to bits on the stage floor.

LANA (CONT'D)
How about some help?

Archer throws a bottle at Ingrid. It hits, but breaks harmlessly--a prop.

ARCHER
Oh. I thought that was a real one.
Wait a second.

He steps off stage to grab a dusty bottle sitting on a table. Ingrid dives off the stage to tackle him. Straddling him, she punches several times. Archer tries to speak between punches.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
How. Are you. This strong.

INGRID
Vengeance is powerful, Sterling Archer!

LANA (O.S.)
Yeeeeeah.

A gun barrel moves into frame, pressing against the back of Ingrid's head.

LANA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
How about we all calm down.

Reveal: Lana holding the gun. She cocks it.

LANA
And you get your ass off my boyfriend.

KRIEGER (O.S.)
Okay!

INT. KRIEGER'S LAB -- CONTINUOUS

The gang has suited up, wearing make-shift armor built from scattered lab equipment. They're huddled together (except for Malory, who leans against the wall ignoring them).

KRIEGER

We have one shot at this. We have to work fast, and work together. Cyril, you're our mental diversion. Use that soothing baritone voice of yours to get Playboy's attention.

CYRIL

Aw, you think it's soothing?

KRIEGER

Cheryl, you're our physical distraction. Get the mech suit's attention. Make as much noise as possible.

CAROL/CHERYL

(whispering)

I can do that.

KRIEGER

Pam. You're the heart of this operation. While both the kid and the suit are distracted, you'll have to take them both out. The frame is strong, but the wiring hasn't been fitted yet, so one good tackle ought to pull something lose.

PAM

Yeah but what if it doesn't?

KRIEGER

Then it'll probably explode.

PAM

Well shit Krieger.

KRIEGER

Okay team, go!

CYRIL

Wait, don't we get a countdown or--

Carol/Cheryl leaps out from behind the gurney, yelling and banging lab equipment. When available, she throws beakers and graduated cylinders, shattering everything she can. Between the destruction and the danger, she's having the best day of her life.

Following her lead, Cyril opens with an inappropriate, sexy, jazz voice.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Um. Um. Hey there foxy. Why not lay down a while.

RAY

Jesus Cyril, how about you try a little less molesty.

MALORY

Says the gay.

Ray picks a scalpel up from the floor.

RAY

Bitch I will cut you open.

MALORY

You'll only have one shot and you better pray to Dorothy that you kill me.

Pam rages, knocks over the gurney, and rushes at Playboy. She tackles him off the table and tears off parts of the mech with her bare hands.

CAROL/CHERYL

Yeah! Punch that baby! Right in his dumb baby face!

FADE OUT:

INT. FIGGIS AGENCY SITTING ROOM -- LATER

Playboy sits on the couch, smiling, with a black eye. Everyone else looks ashamed and awkward, and more than a bit damaged by the day's events.

Ray is in a wheelchair (again), with his leg fully wrapped in bandages. Beneath the wrap, his leg looks smaller, and perhaps more svelte, than expected. Pam and Carol/Cheryl have tears in their clothes, and are covered in burns and cuts.

Archer sits with a drink in one hand, held against his head to cool a recently-stitched wound.

MALORY

This is exactly why you don't hire foreigners.

LANA

How? Is that the lesson here?

MALORY

Well, between the Swede bimbo
assassin and Krieger's SS mech--

Krieger, holding one of the mech's arms, wipes a tear from
his eye using the mech's hand.

KRIEGER

--Mech suit.

MALORY

--we're lucky we made it out in
one piece.

RAY

Yeah. Lucky us.

ARCHER

Or maybe, mother, this is why we
should follow up on our intel,
instead of trusting anyone who
throws money at us!

MALORY

Please, if I did background
checks, I never would have hired
any of you.

The group exchange glances. After a moment, they realize
she's right. They nod grudgingly.

Playboy gets off the couch and walks towards Carol/Cheryl.

PAM

But what I don't understand is, if
Playboy wasn't her real son, then
whose kid is he?

Playboy pulls on Carol/Cheryl's pants leg.

PLAYBOY

Mama.

Beat.

CAROL/CHERYL

Oh shit that's right!

Shocked glances from everyone.

END OF ACT III

END OF EPISODE