

DUCHESS

Pilot Episode ("Mole Hunt")

Written by

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RECORDING SCRIPT: REVISED 3/30/09

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TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE-UP: the ruggedly handsome, sweat-slick face of our hero, STERLING ARCHER. His cold steel-blue eyes smolder with hatred.

KGB COLONEL (O.S.)  
Sterling Archer, codename Duchess...

We hear a MATCH struck. Its flare plays across Archer's face, its light pulses as we hear a CIGAR being puffed. We are in:

1 INT. STONE DUNGEON -- CONTINUOUS

Ancient stone walls weeping with moisture. Inky shadows, a faint and far-off scream. A sinister, uniformed KGB COLONEL, 50ish, savors both the aroma of his Cuban cigar and this moment.

KGB COLONEL  
Known, from Berlin to Bangkok, as  
the world's most dangerous spy. So  
for us, this is... how you say?

REVEAL: Archer, sweaty and clad only in a tight pair of Daniel Craig-ian boxer-briefs, three puckered BULLET SCARS visible on his lean muscular chest, SHACKLED by his wrists to the WALL.

KGB COLONEL  
A "good get."  
(puffs cigar)  
But not so good for you, Mr. Archer.  
Because you heff information that I  
want. And is maybe old cliché, but...

The colonel raises two JUMPER CABLE LEADS, sparks them together.

KGB COLONEL  
We heff ways of making you talk.

Archer cocks an eyebrow. We follow his gaze to a CART which holds a DRY CELL BATTERY, wired to the menacing JUMPER LEADS.

ARCHER  
What, your little go-cart battery?

KGB COLONEL  
Golf cart.

ARCHER  
Whatever, and would you pick an accent  
and stick with it?

The "colonel," who is actually CRENSHAW, an ISIS agent (with an American accent) waves a JUMPER CLAMP at Archer's face.

CRENSHAW

Listen here, you little --

MALORY (O.S.)

Son of a bitch!

ARCHER

Oh, great --

CRENSHAW

Now you did it.

SHUNK, SHUNK! Several FLUORESCENT LIGHTS come on. We are in:

2 INT. DUNGEON/CONFERENCE ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The "dungeon" is an elaborate mock-up in an office building conference room. The MANHATTAN SKYLINE is visible outside, and one wall has a large TWO-WAY MIRROR, through which we see:

MALORY ARCHER, director of ISIS. She's watching this from her adjoining office, glaring over her nth TOM COLLINS of the day. She is about 60 and impeccably styled, heels to hair; though still beautiful, she radiates an air of steel-clad hardassness.

MALORY

What is the point of these simulations --

ARCHER

Crenshaw's arousal?

MALORY

-- if you don't take them seriously?!

ARCHER

How can I? Between his lame accent and the go-cart battery --

CRENSHAW

Golf cart!

ARCHER

Shut up! And speaking of lame, my codename --

MALORY

Was chosen at random by the ISIS computer!

ARCHER

Random?! It was your dog's name!

MALORY

Ohh, Duchess...

Malory picks up a FRAMED PHOTO from the table: a (surprisingly tasteful) B/W PHOTO of a slightly younger, NUDE Malory, posing amid silk sheets with her dear departed AFGHAN HOUND, Duchess.

MALORY

I loved her so much...

ARCHER

That it was creepy and pathetic?

Malory lowers the photo, turns her icy glare back to Archer.

MALORY

And if you were half as smart as she was, I --

ARCHER

She wasn't too smart to die from eating chocolate! Was she?!

MALORY

[gasps, then] Exercise terminated!

ARCHER

Okay, that's lunch then!

MALORY

Agent performance: unsatisfactory!

SHUNK! The lights return to "dungeon" setting.

ARCHER

Oh, come -- at worst that was "Needs Improvement!"

CRENSHAW

Jesus, you think this is a game?

ARCHER

I think Jenga's a game, and --

CRENSHAW

What if I'd been real KGB?!

ARCHER

I assume you'd be trying to suck a promotion out of some Russian guy's cock...

This hits home. Crenshaw menaces Archer with a JUMPER CLAMP.

CRENSHAW

Well maybe, I never get promoted --

ARCHER

And never will --

CRENSHAW

-- because my mommy's not the boss!

ARCHER

And maybe, you just got your face  
kicked off!

WHOOSH! Archer launches a deadly KARATE KICK, stops his foot mere inches away from Crenshaw's face, and HOLDS it there.

ARCHER

That is my foot in your face! Smell  
the embarrassment! Graagh!

ZZRRPT! Crenshaw SHOCKS Archer's foot with the JUMPER CLAMP. Archer's spasm breaks the shackles, he CRASHES out of frame.

ARCHER

Mother, did you see that?!

3 INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

We are OTS on Malory. Through the TWO-WAY MIRROR, distant and out of focus, Crenshaw looms over the crumpled heap of Archer.

What is in focus is the translucent reflection of Malory's face, taking this all in as she raises her Collins glass...

ARCHER (O.S.)

Mother? Mother!

... and grinning devilishly to camera, as we CUT TO:

4 MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE -- (:45)

ACT ONE

5 INT. ARCHER'S BEDROOM -- MORNING -- ONE WEEK LATER

In this impossibly cool penthouse, a PHONE begins to ring.

The camera moves through the huge, sunlit bedroom, past empty bottles of CHAMPAGNE, high HEELS, a BRA, a STEWARDESS UNIFORM.

On the BED: a PUG licks FOIE GRAS from a silver plate, at the feet of a breathtaking French STEWARDESS, asleep in the nude. Archer sleeps beside her, also nude, save for a thick BANDAGE wrapped around his foot. An ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

ARCHER (on machine)

Leave a message at the tone. Tone.

VOICE (on phone)

Hello? This is Four-Five-Six Laundry.  
Your shirts are ready. For a week.

ARCHER

Ugh, no!

STEWARDESS

Mmmm, good morning.

ARCHER

Hey, you.

STEWARDESS

I am so hungry --

ARCHER

You are famished.

STEWARDESS

-- mmmm.

ARCHER

Okay gimme five minutes on my backhand,  
then we'll see if there's --  
(sees dog, yells)  
-- a dog dog dog dog! Is that a  
dog?! In my home?!  
The PUG, understandably upset by the shouts, starts to BARK.

STEWARDESS

Oui, that is Abelard!

ARCHER

Ohh adorable, get the hell out!

STEWARDESS

[gasp] But you promised me breakfast!

ARCHER

You want breakfast, try the diner.

You're obviously into Greek.

(beat)

Get it?!

The dog BARKS.

ARCHER

Thank you, Abelard.

6 INT. ARCHER'S PENTHOUSE -- TERRACE -- A BIT LATER

Archer, in shirt, tie, and shoulder holster, sits at a large breakfast-laden TABLE. His elderly, long-suffering English butler, WOODHOUSE, pours Archer's coffee with weary resignation.

ARCHER

It's a short list, Woodhouse.

WOODHOUSE

Yes, sir --

ARCHER

The two things we don't allow in here. What are they?

WOODHOUSE

Dogs and your mother --

ARCHER

Short list, isn't it?

WOODHOUSE

Yes, but --

ARCHER

What.

WOODHOUSE

You were quite --

ARCHER

What? What was I?

WOODHOUSE

-- insistent an exception be made.

FLASHBACK: NIGHT BEFORE

Archer, shitfaced and disheveled, one arm around Stewardess, the other hand holding the PUG, yells drunkenly at Woodhouse.

ARCHER

Because forget the dog rule, because this pug! Is amazing! Look, watch this! Abegard, go!

(barks with dog)

Roo roo, roof! Do you not hear that?! That's "Puttin' On The Ritz" man!

BACK TO SCENE

ARCHER

I'm always insistent.

WOODHOUSE

Yes sir.

ARCHER

But I'm not to be trusted.

WOODHOUSE

No sir.

ARCHER

That's what I pay you for.

WOODHOUSE

About my last paycheck, sir --

ARCHER

Stop! Stop. I have to go. But if I find one single dog hair when I get back, I'll... rub sand in your dead little eyes.

WOODHOUSE

Very good, sir.

ARCHER

I also need you to go buy sand.

WOODHOUSE

Yes sir.

ARCHER

I don't know if they grade it, but... coarse.

7 EXT. FOUR-FIVE-SIX LAUNDRY -- ESTABLISHING -- LATER

A nondescript storefront laundry, which takes up the ground floor of an equally nondescript Midtown office building.

8 INT. FOUR-FIVE-SIX LAUNDRY -- CONTINUOUS

Archer, now in a sleek gray suit, barely breaks stride as he snatches a pressed SHIRT from RAJAN, the 50ish, Indian, kurta-clad laundry owner, and heads toward the tumbling DRYERS.

RAJAN

One entire whole week we have been calling you. Highly unprofessional.

ARCHER

Really? Because I find your sweatiness unprofessional....

Archer presses a BUTTON on a dryer. The whole machine, STILL TUMBLING, slides open like an elevator door.

ARCHER

So we have something else in common, besides the fact that now both of our shirts reek of curry.

Archer enters the elevator as Rajan waves a LAUNDRY BILL.

RAJAN

And when will you settle your account?

ARCHER

When will you buy some dress shields?

RAJAN

This is not a dress!

ARCHER

That's not a dress! Are you serious?!

The "door" closes. Rajan wipes his sweaty forehead, sighs.

RAJAN

But he is right, I perspire a great deal. Who would not, in such a place? The irons, especially, get very hot...

A mischievous smile spreads across his face as we CUT TO:

9 INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

In spite of its "secret dryer" entrance, the elevator is otherwise normal. Its SECURITY CAMERA looks down on Archer.

He holds up his expensive, tailored SHIRT: it has a large, unmistakably iron-shaped SCORCH MARK right across the front.

ARCHER

Oh, that's... that's a burned shirt.

10 INT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS -- BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

The retro-mod ISIS office takes up an entire floor. Offices ring the central "bullpen," which is a sea of DESKS. Only a few have PEOPLE at them, typing on clunky, 1980's COMPUTERS.

The ELEVATOR opens. Archer strides out toward camera. As he passes the desks' few occupants, their reactions show their opinions of him: glares from the women, fingers from the men. Archer FLINGS his ruined SHIRT in the FACE of one of them.

ARCHER

Here's a shirt, stupid.

He stops. CUE sultry MUSIC as we CUT TO HIS POV, SLO-MO, of:

LANA KANE: Archer's ex. She's about 30, with deep sloe eyes, an impossibly gorgeous mixed-race complexion, and an island-tinged British accent that would melt a framing hammer. She is BUTTONING up her BLOUSE as she walks out of the COPY ROOM.

ARCHER

Lana, hey...!

LANA

(chummy)

Archer! Finally back to work?

ARCHER

Yeah, I --

LANA

Great, yeah! Because go fuck yourself!

Lana breezes off, as Archer yells after her perfect backside.

ARCHER

Oh rea -- after all that HR mediation?  
Really? All the hard work Pam did?

FIGGIS (O.S.)

Is that Archer?

ARCHER

God damn it!

CYRIL FIGGIS — mid-30's, pasty, in a SWEATER VEST — emerges from the COPY ROOM tucking his SHIRT TAIL into his pants with one hand, and holding a thick MANILA FOLDER with the other.

FIGGIS

Archer, hey --

ARCHER

No, Cyril. Go away.

FIGGIS

Listen, about your operations account --

ARCHER

Not -- Cyril, not now --

FIGGIS

Yes, now. You've got some serious --

(lowers voice)

Discrepancies in your account. Now I'm sure you wouldn't use operational funds for personal expenses...

11 RAPID-FIRE MONTAGE: ARCHER BLOWING MONEY

Shots of Archer blowing money at casinos, upscale tailors, and high-end car dealers. On champagne, horses, hookers. We end on Archer in a casino at the ROULETTE TABLE, sweaty and tie askew, as the MARBLE dances and flirts right over 22 BLACK...

ARCHER

Come on twenty-two black, twenty-two --

And then drops into 18 RED.

ARCHER

Black! Ass! Son of a bitch!

REVEAL: a huge, distinguished AFRICAN MAN in dashiki and kufi is standing there, holding a MARTINI and glaring at Archer.

ARCHER

My best friend is black! I should call him! He's a great guy. I love great black guys.

BACK TO SCENE

ARCHER

That is a very serious implication.

FIGGIS

Well so is embezzlement.

ARCHER

Oh! No, okay yeah, let's talk about the elephant in the room!

FIGGIS

That you're embezzling, or...?

ARCHER

That you! Are screwing my ex!

FIGGIS

Oh, for Chri --

ARCHER

Huh?!

FIGGIS

Archer please, that's private!

ARCHER

What? Is that not common knowl --

(to the room)

You all know about Cyril and Lana, right?! Of course! Because if Pam knows, everybody knows! Right, Pam?!

In the doorway of her office, PAM, the chubby, mousy H.R. rep, is busted gawking at Archer's scene. She ducks her head back.

ARCHER

HR mediations are supposed to be confidential, Pam! You... manatee!

(to Cyril)

And as for you...! Good day, sir.

Archer stalks off, leaving a confused Cyril to call after him.

FIGGIS

Hey wait! What about your acc --

(to himself)

Oh, I get it. See what he did there, Cyril? Classic misdirection.

12 EXT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Outside the corner office, CHERYL - 26, very pretty - types on her computer while trying, unsuccessfully, not to cry. She looks up in surprise to see Archer standing at her tidy desk.

ARCHER (O.S.)

No, you're so ugly when you cry...

CHERYL

[gasps, then] Mr. Archer!

ARCHER

I'm fine, is she in, or out eating a baby?

CHERYL

You stood me up again last night!

ARCHER

Last--? Yeah, what happened was, did you see "Brian's Song?" Same thing, pretty much happened. I helped a guy with cancer. Look, I'm sorry, Carol.

CHERYL

[gasps, then] It's Cheryl.

ARCHER

I know, Ca -- Cheryl. So to make it up to you...

CHERYL

[cleansing breath, then] I'm ready.

ARCHER

Could you buzz me in.

CHERYL

Is that all you have to say?!

ARCHER

Yes?

13 INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Huge office. A wall of windows overlooks Midtown Manhattan, the retro furnishings are accented in a "rich world traveler" motif: African masks, Asian carvings, Persian... whatever.

Malory is on the PHONE at her desk. We're very glad the desk is there, as it appears she is pleasuring herself beneath it.

MALORY

Now tell me again, how... no, not  
that part, go back? Yes, the pepper.  
Oh yes God. Oh God! Oh God! Oh --

Her eyes flutter open and she sees, with us: Archer, in the  
open doorway, his mouth agape, his eyes like dinner plates.

MALORY

God! Damn it!  
(slams phone down)  
What the hell are you doing?!

Archer, goggle-eyed and afraid of the answer, almost whispers:

ARCHER

What are you doing?

MALORY

I -- I'm --  
(retakes control)  
Wondering how you spent your vacation.

Archer is at the credenza. He's mixed a very stiff COCKTAIL,  
and is currently pouring it down his throat with shaky hands.

ARCHER

Vacation?!

MALORY

Where did you go? Whore Island?

ARCHER

I -- that, no! That was sick leave.

MALORY

Vacation.

ARCHER

I was wounded in the line of duty!

MALORY

By a go-cart battery.

ARCHER

Golf cart! Maybe pay attention.

Malory picks up a MANILA FOLDER, savoring what's coming...

MALORY

Oh, I do...

ARCHER

Do you?

MALORY

And I've just been paying very close attention to your operations account.

ARCHER

No!

MALORY

Yes.

ARCHER

No!

MALORY

Yes!

ARCHER

Not to worry!

MALORY

Mm hmm...

ARCHER

Mother, my account is square!

MALORY

It better be. You know what happens to agents I catch stealing...

14 MONTAGE: THREE QUICK HITS -- MANHATTAN -- NIGHT

Three quick scenes - a car, a stoop, a sidewalk - and in each one, a different DRONE AGENT begs piteously for his life:

DRONE AGENT

No no, please! Noooo --

PHUT PHUT PHUT! Each man's cries are cut short by shots from a silenced PISTOL, wielded by a grim, trench-coated Crenshaw.

15 INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- BACK TO PRESENT -- CONTINUOUS

ARCHER

(drinks, coughs liquor)

Wow, that's strong. Yes I do.

MALORY

Well then let me give you some heartfelt, motherly advice...

ARCHER

Motherly ad -- are you having a stroke?

MALORY

You wish.

ARCHER

Yeah but seriously: do you smell toast?

MALORY

I smell a rat!

ARCHER

So not toast --

MALORY

And if your account isn't square by Monday, I'll close it permanently.  
Is that clear?

ARCHER

Are you -- you're looking for the answer "Yes"?

MALORY

Yes.

ARCHER

Then yes.

MALORY

Good. Then get out. And for God's sake, take a shower. Smells like a whorehouse in here.

ARCHER

Okay, your own fingers.

MALORY

Hm?

ARCHER

Nothing! Ahem. Johnny Bench called.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

16 EXT. MAINFRAME DOOR -- LATER

We are MID-SHOT on Archer, who addresses camera: determined.

ARCHER

So here's the thing: I need to access my operations account, and you're preventing that. Now we can do this easy, or we can do it hard.

(raises gun)

Your call. No? Hard it is, then!

Archer points his GUN at camera, and... PHUT PHUT PHUT PHUT! just about empties his entire clip. During which we reveal that he is actually shooting at THE BULLETPROOF MAINFRAME DOOR.

Bullets go ricocheting off in every direction, and we hear:

DRONE AGENT (O.S.)

Agh! Jesus Christ, Archer!

Archer stops firing, looks off-screen, almost embarrassed.

ARCHER

Ooh, sorry! I forgot that the -- did I get you?

DRONE AGENT (O.S.)

What the is wrong with you?!

ARCHER

Me? Nothing! You, on the other hand... have a bullet inside you!

CRENSHAW (O.S.)

I see the foot's all better...

Archer turns to find Crenshaw, gloating over his coffee mug.

ARCHER

And I see you're still a hatchet-faced prick. So...

CRENSHAW

Mmm. Do you see that sign?

ARCHER

Uh, do you see that sign?

REVEAL: a SIGN reading "NO FOOD OR DRINK IN THIS AREA"

CRENSHAW

Well --

SMACK! Archer SMACKS Crenshaw's COFFEE out of his hands.

ARCHER

That's why. So we don't get ants.

As Crenshaw puzzles this, Archer shoots his cuffs and exits.

17 INT. PAM'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Chubby, mousy PAM sits behind her tchotchke-covered desk with a DOLPHIN PUPPET on her hand, addressing BRIEGER, the spooky, fierce-eyed scientist in charge of the ISIS "gadget lab."

PAM

Because when your co-workers put food in the refrigerator, that's a bond of trust. And if you violate that trust, or the food, there's --

ARCHER (O.S.)

There's my favorite section head!

Archer is in the door, with a box of DONUTS. Pam glares.

PAM

I am dealing with the break room problem!

ARCHER

Oh, you caught the... wait, I had something for this. "Pita Predator!"

PAM

Ya know what--?

ARCHER

Sorry yeah, let's just call it what it is: "Food Rapist."

Brieger glares at Archer, who smiles chummily at Pam.

ARCHER

And Pam, if you want some food that's supposed to be cream-filled, I offer these delicious donuts!

PAM

Yeah?

ARCHER

In exchange for a favor --

PAM

A favor?!

ARCHER

Yeah.

PAM

After how you treated me?!

18 FLASHBACK: PAM'S OFFICE -- H.R. MEDIATION SESSION

Lana tries to pull Archer off a screaming Pam, as he clutches her throat and BASHES her in the head with the DOLPHIN PUPPET.

ARCHER

Well fuck your dolphin, Pam! Fuck your fucking dolphin! And fuck you!

LANA

Archer! Get off her, you -- Archer!  
[and also various struggling sounds]

BACK TO SCENE

PAM

I had to get three stitches!

ARCHER

And I broke my watch. And I'm sorry for that.

PAM

Three!

ARCHER

But I need your help, Pam. Because I... am... conducting a mole hunt.

PAM

[gasps]

ARCHER

Gasps you should. Because if you let me in the mainframe, I'll drop these donuts! Then you can pretend they're marbles, and you're a hungry, hungry...

Pam gasps and... SLAM! Slams her door in Archer's face.

ARCHER

Hungry hippo.

19 INT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS -- BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Archer, still holding the DONUT BOX, heads past the desks. Coming at him from the other direction, and glaring, is Lana.

ARCHER

Lana! Hey look, I dunno if you're mad at me, or just my ivory-smooth b --

KROOMP! Without breaking stride, Lana smacks the DONUT BOX out of Archer's hands, sending donuts flying everywhere.

ARCHER

(yells after her)  
Oh, is that what you want?! Ants?!  
Because that's how you get ants!

20 INT. CYRIL'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Archer leans into Cyril's doorway, all shit-eating grins.

ARCHER

There's my favorite section head!

FIGGIS

What do you want?

ARCHER

To apologize, Cyril. For my behavior.

FIGGIS

Oh, well --

ARCHER

And also to what are you doing?

REVEAL: Cyril is prepping a STIR-FRY: he's got a cutting board, CLEAVER, loads of VEGETABLES in various stages of chopped-ness.

FIGGIS

Oh! Just dicing veggies for dinner.  
I always make Lana stir-fry on Friday.

ARCHER

Neat, listen --

FIGGIS

Guess what we call it!

ARCHER

(bored: it's obvious)  
Stir Friday.

FIGGIS

Wow.

ARCHER

Yeah.

FIGGIS

That's actually better.

ARCHER

All yours! So let me in the mainframe.

FIGGIS

Is this about your operations account?

ARCHER

No! I -- Cyril!

FIGGIS

Yeah?

ARCHER

I'm on a top-secret mole hunt.

FIGGIS

Oh yeah, Pam mentioned that.

ARCHER

Wh--? When?

FIGGIS

Well, she called a minute ago --

ARCHER

Great --

FIGGIS

-- you know how Pam loves to gossip.

ARCHER

Yeah, and eat rug-marbles, I know, so... come let me in the mainframe.

FIGGIS

(picks up phone)

Okay, but I need to confirm this with your mother...

ARCHER

No! No. What if she's the mole?

FIGGIS

Right.

ARCHER

Think about it.

FIGGIS

Your own mother.

ARCHER

Think what that would do to me.

FIGGIS

Archer...

ARCHER

If we had to kill her.

FIGGIS

Archer...

ARCHER

By stabbing her wrinkly neck.

FIGGIS

Yeah. I can't let you in there.

ARCHER

Can't? Or won't.

FIGGIS

Either?

ARCHER

And after I gave you "Stir Friday."

FIGGIS

Yeah, that is much better. But if you want to access the mainframe, I guess you'd have to break in.

CUE DRAMATIC MUSIC as we PUSH IN to Archer's scheming face.

ARCHER

Break into the ISIS mainframe...!

CUT DRAMATIC MUSIC as we CUT BACK TO Cyril chopping veggies.

FIGGIS

Which is obviously ludicrous.

(holds up baby corn)

As is this baby corn. Archer?

REVEAL: Cyril's office is utterly devoid of Archer.

FIGGIS

Archer?!

ARCHER

Cyril, I'm busy.

21 MONTAGE: THE PLAN

A Michael Bay-worthy helicopter shot of the ISIS headquarters, the night skyline of Manhattan illuminated in the background.

ARCHER (V.O.)

ISIS Headquarters. Makes Fort Knox look like a gingerbread house. Only two means of ingress. The first, at street level, impenetrable after six...

IN THE LAUNDRY: the CLOCK on the wall reads 6:00. We RACK ZOOM OUT (through the window) to the sidewalk, where Rajan releases the ROLL-UP DOOR, which crashes down with a CRASH.

ARCHER (V.O.)

The second, through an access door on the roof, inexplicably unprotected...

ON THE ROOF: an access DOOR sags open. We RACK ZOOM OUT to the opposite ROOF: Archer, in black, peers through the SCOPE of a GRAPPLING HOOK GUN, and... SHOONK! Fires the steel hook.

ARCHER (V.O.)

But even if you zip-lined across, breached the access door, and somehow made it into ISIS headquarters...

QUICK SHOTS: Archer EASILY zip-lines across. Simply OPENS the access door. SLIDES down the stairwell banister. Enters the BULLPEN. Turns on a ceiling full of FLUORESCENT LIGHTS.

ARCHER (V.O.)

You'd still have to find the mainframe.

IN THE BULLPEN: Archer yawns boredly and looks at the door.

ARCHER (V.O.)

But wait, it gets worse...

22 INT. ISIS MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A wide shot of the (actually very mundane) mainframe room.

ARCHER (V.O.)

Inside, there are three countermeasure systems. The first is pressure-sensitive, in the floor. Even a mouse triggers it...

We see a MOUSE, on the floor, proudly holding a TORTILLA CHIP.

ARCHER (V.O.)

The second is sound-sensitive. Anything above a whisper sets it off...

The mouse CRUNCHES the TORTILLA CHIP, then looks to camera.

ARCHER (V.O.)

And the third system is state-of-the-art voice activation.

23 EXT. ISIS MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Cyril, holding a TAKE-OUT BAG (from WRAPSODY IN BLUE), speaks into an INTERCOM on the wall next to the ISIS mainframe DOOR.

FIGGIS

(overly enunciated)

Cyril. Figgis.

24 INT. ISIS MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SHOONK! The lights go ON. The door OPENS. The mouse SCRAMS.

25 INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT -- NOON -- SAME DAY

Swanky joint. Archer holds a GLASS of wine, the remnants of a large, sumptuous MEAL (and FOIL SWAN) on the table before him.

ARCHER

So obviously, it'd be a lot easier for me if you just disabled all that when you left work tonight. Somehow.

REVEAL: Cheryl sits opposite him, with only a GLASS OF WATER.

CHERYL

Oooh...

ARCHER

Yeah.

CHERYL

That would make me... uncomfortable.

ARCHER

God everything makes you uncomfortable!

QUICK FLASHBACKS:

1) Archer and Cheryl in bed. He is "spooned" behind her.

ARCHER

Just the tip?

2) Archer and Cheryl on the rug in front of his fireplace, a silk sheet across their nudities. He is "spooned" behind her.

ARCHER

Just the tip.

3) Archer and Cheryl on his sofa. She struggles to "give him the Heisman" as he shoves an ICE CREAM CONE at her mouth.

ARCHER

Just the tip!

BACK TO SCENE

ARCHER

How was I supposed to know you're lactose-intolerant?

CHERYL

Because I kept screaming it!

ARCHER

Well...!

CHERYL

And this! I'm a secretary, I don't have access to.. security whatevers.

ARCHER

Then get them from Cyril!

CHERYL

How would I do that?

ARCHER

Seduce him! Or Pam! Or both!

CHERYL

I can't do that!

ARCHER

Can't? Or won't.

CHERYL

Either!

ARCHER

That's how you wanna play it? Fine!

Archer stands, snatches up his FOIL SWAN, starts to leave.

CHERYL

Are... you gonna pay for your lunch?

ARCHER

Just the tip.

(checks pocket)

Oh. I actually don't have any cash.

He straightens his TIE, waits. Cheryl SIGHS, gets her PURSE.

ARCHER

Can you... get it? Sorry. I also need cab fare.

CHERYL

[huge, put-upon sigh]

ARCHER

Awww, ugly duckling...

Archer BOINKS her NOSE with the SWAN.

ARCHER

Bawk bawk!

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

26 EXT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS -- NIGHT

That same Michael Bay-esque shot of the ISIS headquarters, the night skyline of Manhattan illuminated in the background.

ARCHER (O.S.)

So thanks for nothing, Carol. Now I  
have to break into ISIS headquarters,  
in a nine hundred dollar turtleneck.

27 EXT. OPPOSITE ROOFTOP -- CONTINUOUS

Archer, in all black, aims his large GRAPPLING HOOK GUN.

ARCHER

And if it gets ruined? I'll make  
you drink heavy cream, you... Carol!

SHOONK! He FIRES the hook. As it THUNKS home, we CUT TO:

28 EXT. ISIS MAINFRAME ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Archer is at the door, a black DUFFEL BAG over his shoulder.

ARCHER

Wow, that was actually pretty easy.  
Thanks, new turtleneck --

RRRIIP! He shrugs off the DUFFEL BAG, which rips his sleeve.

ARCHER

Oh for -- and thank you, duffel bag!  
Jesus, what else could go wrong...?

29 INT. FOUR-FIVE-SIX LAUNDRY -- CONTINUOUS -- JUMP CUTS

The DRYER-ELEVATOR doors close on Crenshaw, who has a GUN. On the wall, an ALARM SYSTEM auto-dials Lana's phone number...

30 INT. LANA'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Lana sits at the dining room TABLE, lovingly set for two.

LANA

(calling off-screen)  
Because if you have wingtips on, you're  
not technically naked.

FIGGIS (O.S.)

But --

LANA

And plus because I said so, which is why I'm kinda confused we're still even discussing this.

Lana's PHONE rings. She pulls it up, answers it.

LANA

Agent Kane.  
(listens)  
What?! Yes, confirmed!

She turns to Cyril as he enters, in a TOQUE and APRON, proudly bearing aloft two plates of his lovingly prepared STIR-FRY.

FIGGIS

Confirmed a naughty Nelly's breaking our after-work phone rules...

LANA

Cyril, there's been a break-in at ISIS!

FIGGIS

Wh-?! You think it's the mole?!

LANA

God, you and Pam! All you two need are some hair dryers to sit under.

FIGGIS

Pam's alright...

LANA

Now look, I've got to go --

FIGGIS

But it's "Stir Friday!"

LANA

So much better. But if I'm not here...

FIGGIS

Ah.

31 INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

As Cyril speeds through the (curiously repetitive) streets of Manhattan, Lana screws a SILENCER onto a wicked MACHINE PISTOL.

FIGGIS

Because after three months of --  
whatever it is we're doing, I just  
think it's a little weird you can't  
leave me alone in your apartment.

LANA

I know I have trust issues! But  
it's Archer's fault I'm like this!

FIGGIS

And here we go...

LANA

All those years of his lying, and  
cheating, and --

FIGGIS

It's fine. Please.

LANA

Not to mention how messed up he is  
about his mother! You know he called  
out her name once, while we were f--

FIGGIS

Fiiiine!!

SCREEECH! Cyril locks up the brakes, tires smoking. We are:

32 EXT. FOUR-FIVE-SIX LAUNDRY -- CONTINUOUS

FIGGIS

And here we are. All fine.

LANA

Cyril, please don't be --

BRRRRRRRT! Cyril's PHONE rings. He finds it, raises it.

FIGGIS

Oop! Now who's a naughty Nelly?  
(into phone)  
Yes, hello?

ARCHER (O.S.)

Hi, who's this?

FIGGIS

(overly enunciated)  
Cyril. Figgis.

33 EXT. ISIS MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Archer stands at the mainframe INTERCOM, holding his PHONE.

ARCHER

I'm sorry, did you say Faggis?

FIGGIS (on phone)

No, Figgis.

34 INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

ARCHER (O.S.)

What is it?

LANA

Who is it? Better not be Pam...

FIGGIS

Figgis. I was very clear.

BOOP! Archer hangs up and raises the PHONE to the INTERCOM.

ARCHER

Hi! I love cock, and my name is --

FIGGIS (recorded)

Cyril. Figgis.

35 INT. ISIS MAINFRAME ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SHOONK! The lights go ON. The door OPENS. The mouse SCRAMS.

ARCHER

Holy shit, our security is atrocious.

AT THE DESK

A CLOSE-UP of Archer's HAND turning on the green monochrome MONITOR. The ISIS logo appears, above a box for a PASSWORD.

Archer, now in the chair, peers at the MONITOR, starts typing.

ARCHER

Password. And the password is...

(types something in)

"Guest."

BOOONG! "Access Granted" appears in large letters onscreen.

ARCHER

No, it's not -- Jesus Christ. That is just... Babytown Frolics.

(typing)

Okay, operations account. Just how deep in the red am I out of my mind?!

(gapes at screen)

How?! Do I spend that much money?!

36 FLASHBACK: ARCHER'S PENTHOUSE -- DAY

Archer admires his new turtleneck in the mirror as Woodhouse stands behind him, holding a stack of folded identical ones.

ARCHER

Yeah I know it's sexy, Woodhouse, that's why I bought ten. Now arrange those by color.

WOODHOUSE

These are... all black.

ARCHER

Oh, are they? Or are five dark black, and five in a slightly darker black?

BACK TO SCENE

ARCHER

And now I'm short a...

(looks at sleeve)

Slightly darker black one.

(typing, searching)

Sooo, let's just put all my expenses into... some pathetic idiot's account, by the name of... oh! Crenshaw!

Suddenly Crenshaw appears in the doorway with his wicked LUGER.

CRENSHAW (O.S.)

Ohhh...

ARCHER

[startled yelp]

CRENSHAW

Now that's not very nice...

ARCHER

How -- hey! Just talking about you.

CRENSHAW

Oh.

ARCHER

And about how this isn't what it looks like.

CRENSHAW

Lot of that going around.

ARCHER

Yeah, it's an epidemic.

CRENSHAW

For example, my real name is Kremensky.

ARCHER

Is -- that sounds -- is that Jewish?

CRENSHAW

It's Russian.

ARCHER

Oh! Russian Jewish?

CRENSHAW

I'm the mole, idiot!

ARCHER

Wh--? I made up the mole!

CRENSHAW

Yes, but you told Pam! Who of course blabbed it all over the office --

ARCHER

God, do we hate Pam?

CRENSHAW

-- and now everyone is looking for a real mole, so I have to escape.

ARCHER

And irony.

CRENSHAW

But thanks for breaking into the mainframe for me --

ARCHER  
Oh, double irony.

CRENSHAW  
Because I'll need fifty thousand for  
travel expenses. From your account.

ARCHER  
Fifty thousand?! That's... too much.

CRENSHAW  
It's last minute bookings. For two.

ARCHER  
Oh.

37 INT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS -- BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Crenshaw frog-marches Archer to the elevator, GUN at his back.

CRENSHAW  
Because when I hand the notorious  
Duchess to the KGB, I won't just get  
a promotion. I'll get my own dacha.

ARCHER  
Yeah, I hear those are nice.

LANA (O.S.)  
Too bad you'll never see it.

REVEAL: Lana has him covered with her wicked MACHINE-PISTOL.

CRENSHAW  
Wh--?!

Archer seizes on Crenshaw's distraction and CRUNCH! CRACKS his  
JAW with his ELBOW, KICKS him out of frame, draws his own GUN.

CRENSHAW  
Grrk! Oof!

ARCHER  
Lana! Crenshaw's a mole! And his  
name's not really Crenshaw, it's  
Kremensky! Definitely Russian,  
possibly a Jew, I don't know!  
(beat)  
Thoughts?

LANA

Yeah, shut up.  
(to Crenshaw)  
And you: drop it.

CRENSHAW

Or what?

ARCHER

No no, do not wind her up. That is  
a big gun, and she is baby-crazy.

LANA

[gasps, then] Baby-crazy?!

ARCHER

(to Crenshaw)  
That's why I dumped her.

LANA

You sack of shit! I dumped you,  
because you cheated on me!

Archer and Lana get right up in each other's faces.

ARCHER

Yeah, after you went all baby-crazy!

LANA

Oh, that's --

ARCHER

For the babies!

Lana jams her MACHINE PISTOL right up under Archer's chin.

LANA

You wanna see crazy?!

Archer jams his (much smaller) GUN right up under Lana's chin.

ARCHER

No, I've seen it! And spoiler alert!  
It ends with a closet full of my suits  
on fire!

LANA

I wish you'd been wearing one!

ARCHER

Who would wanna wear an on-fire suit?!

LANA

Cosplay enthusiasts! Wait, no! Shit!

ARCHER

Do you even hear?! How totally  
batshit insane you sound?!

LANA

I'll tell you what I hear!

BOONG. We hear the ELEVATOR close. They turn as it closes.

LANA

[deep "pre-rant" breath]

ARCHER

Yeah, please keep talking.

38 EXT. FOUR-FIVE-SIX LAUNDRY -- MOMENTS LATER

Malory, straight from bed and hurriedly dressed, stands with  
Cyril on the sidewalk in front of the breached laundry door.

MALORY

So why are you sitting down here in  
the car, eating... stir-fry?!

FIGGIS

It's Stir-Friday. And Lana said to.

Crenshaw lurches out of the laundry, shocked to see them.

MALORY

Crenshaw?

CRENSHAW

Ms. Archer?!

MALORY

What's this flap about a break-in?!

CRENSHAW

Uh --

Archer and Lana lurch out of the laundry, GUNS drawn.

ARCHER

Mother, look out! Crenshaw's a mole!

MALORY

Oh, Pam's as full of crap as she is  
of... carbohydrates. Now -- rrrk!

Crenshaw grabs Malory from behind, puts his GUN to her head.

CRENSHAW

Not this time, you impossible bitch!  
Also, you should all be nicer to Pam.

LANA

I am always nice to her!

FIGGIS

To her face...

LANA

Why aren't you in the car?

MALORY

(being choked)  
Rrk! Will somebody... do something?!

Archer GRABS Lana from behind, puts his GUN to her head.

LANA

["just got grabbed" sort of noise]

EVERYBODY

Archer?! What're you doing?! Etc!

LANA

What're you doing, you idiot!

ARCHER

(low, to Lana)  
Shut up! It's classic misdirection.  
(to Crenshaw)  
Looks like we've got a Mexican  
standoff, Kremensky!

CRENSHAW

Wh--? How is this a Mexican standoff?

ARCHER

Ummm...

CRENSHAW

I don't care if you shoot her!

ARCHER

Oh.

LANA

Idiot.

FIGGIS

I do!

CRENSHAW

(cocks pistol)

But what if I shoot her, mama's boy?

Archer cocks a mildly intrigued eyebrow at the prospect...

MALORY

(still being choked)

Sterling...? Sterling!

CRENSHAW

Yes, picture her dead in the gutter,  
and what your pathetic life will be  
like without old mommie dearest...

LANA

Oh, for -- Jesus Christ!

EVERYBODY

What?! Huh? Etc.

LANA

He's got an erection!

Malory, aghast and furious, rips away from Crenshaw's grasp.

MALORY

What?!

CRENSHAW

-- the hell is wrong with you peopl --

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM! Four quick shots rip into Crenshaw's chest, sending his body flying off-screen, away from Malory.

EVERYBODY

Gasps! Ack! What the--?! Etc!

REVEAL: smoke wisps out of Archer's raised GUN.

ARCHER

(overly cool)

Adios, amigo... ow! Ow! Hey!

WHACK! WHACK! Malory starts bashing Archer with her PURSE.

MALORY

An erection?!

ARCHER

Ow! What is in there, buckles?!

MALORY

The thought of me dead gives you an erection?!

ARCHER

No, just half of one! The other half... would've really missed you.

MALORY

[sound of utter contempt]

Malory turns on her heel and storms into the laundry, past Crenshaw's corpse, lying in a crumpled heap on the ground.

ARCHER

Johnny Bench called...

39 INT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS -- BULLPEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Archer and Lana glare at each other as Cyril reads a COMPUTER PRINT-OUT and Malory, very distractedly, sips a TOM COLLINS.

FIGGIS

Yeah, see here? Crenshaw just stole fifty thousand from Archer's account. Must've been doing it all along...

ARCHER

Apology accepted. Assdouche.

FIGGIS

Hey!

LANA

(raising her gun)  
Call him that again.

ARCHER

Make me!

LANA

What?

ARCHER

What? Mother, do you see this?

MALORY

I just don't understand...

ARCHER

Hostile work environment --

MALORY

I would've known if we had a mole.

Archer, Lana and Cyril all cock suspicious eyebrows at this.

LANA

How?

MALORY

How what, dear?

ARCHER

How could you know if we had a mole?

MALORY

I... errr...

As Malory tries to come up with some explanation, we CUT TO:

40 FLASHBACK: INT. KGB HEADQUARTERS -- EARLIER THAT MORNING

The dreaded Lubyanka. This huge, high-ceilinged office has a view of Moscow's classic onion domes. Behind an acre-sized desk sits the burly, bearish MAJOR NIKOLAI JAKOV, 60, the gruff but loveable head of the KGB, who is currently on the PHONE.

JAKOV

And then I am takink a hot pepper --

MALORY (on phone)

Yes, the pepper! Oh God!

JAKOV

-- and slowly rubbink it around your --

MALORY (on phone)

God damn it!

We hear a very loud CLICK, followed by a dial tone.

JAKOV

Hello? Mooshka?

Jakov hangs up, and looks up to see his SERGEANT eyeing him.

KGB SERGEANT

Who was that?

JAKOV

Who are you? Comrade Questions?

41 INT. MALORY'S OFFICE -- BACK TO PRESENT -- CONTINUOUS

Malory retakes control of the situation with a good offense:

MALORY

And who are you? Comrade Questions?

ARCHER

Comr--?

MALORY

Oh, shut up. You and your erez --  
and why are there donuts everywhere?!

ARCHER

Lana did that.

LANA

I --

MALORY

Do you want ants?! Because that's  
how you get ants!

Malory, back in control, gives them all a stern look, and we:

SLAM TO CREDITS