

ARCHER

"RAZIN' ARIZONA"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ARCHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

The LIVING ROOM is a mess: bullet holes in the walls, blood on the floor, broken furniture.

Archer enters, slamming his door on the way in.

ARCHER
I don't see your problem with
mother watching AJ. She raised me
and I turned out perfectly fine.

Lana, holding AJ, follows behind.

LANA
If by "perfectly fine" you mean a
sex-crazed alcoholic asshole, you
nailed it.

She stops in the doorway, horrified.

LANA (CONT'D)
Um.

ARCHER
I'm not sex-crazed, Lana.

He walks through the living room, but pays no attention to the mess around him.

Lana hesitantly enters.

LANA
Archer.

He stops by the BAR, holds up a broken glass.

ARCHER
God, Woodhouse, learn to clean up a
little.

He makes a drink in the broken glassware. Lana walks up to the bar.

LANA
Archer!

ARCHER
What, Lana?! Oh my God.

Lana gestures to his home.

Archer finally takes notice of the mess around him.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Holy shit! What happened?

LANA
I was about to ask the same thing.

Archer enters the BEDROOM.

ARCHER
Oh my God.

It's completely ransacked: furniture upturned, a broken lamp on the floor, bullet holes in the walls.

Woodhouse sits against the far corner of the room, tied up to a chair.

Archer's attention is drawn to an open drawer by his night stand.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
No, no, no, no, no...

He rushes to it. It's empty. He falls to his knees in despair, raises his fists to the air.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOOO!

Lana enters. She looks around the room, surprised.

LANA
Wow.

ARCHER
They've taken it, Lana.

Lana walks behind him, surveys the area.

LANA
What?

Archer looks up, overdramatic, tears in his eyes.

ARCHER
They've taken... my diary.

LANA
Your... diary.

Woodhouse struggles in his chair. Lana finally notices him, caught off guard. Archer is annoyed.

ARCHER
I am trying to grieve, Woodhouse!

Archer glances at Lana.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
God, some people, right?

Lana narrows her eyes at him, clearly in disagreement. She shakes her head at him.

SMASH TO:

TITLE CREDITS.

FADE IN:

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE - DAY

At her desk, Malory reclines in her chair, feet on the desk (fresh with a pedicure), drink in hand. Cheryl, annoyed, files Malory's fingernails. CLASSICAL MUSIC plays on the speakers behind them.

CHERYL
You know, I might be your secretary, but this isn't what I signed up for.

MALORY
How about a little less mouthing and a little more filing?

Archer BURSTS IN.

ARCHER
Mother!

Malory CRANKS UP the volume of the speakers with a remote. Archer glares at her.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Mother!

She ignores him. Archer pulls out his gun, SHOOTS the speakers. The music is replaced with a HIGH RINGING.

Malory and Cheryl grab their ears in pain.

CHERYL
MEEP! MEEP!

MALORY
Goddammit, Sterling!

ARCHER
There! Now we all have tinnitus!

The ringing fades out. Cheryl is still affected.

CHERYL
MEEP!

ARCHER
Mother, we have an emergency!

Archer grabs a bottle of alcohol from Malory's desk. She's appalled.

MALORY
I'll say. Two of those would knock
out an elephant.

Archer chugs the bottle down, a finger held up indicating for her to wait. Malory glares at him until he's finished.

Archer SLAMS the bottle on the desk. It SHATTERS, he BELCHES.

ARCHER
We have bigger problems here!

Pam peeks into the office.

PAM
What's bigger?

ARCHER
Your fat mouth, Pam!

CHERYL
BURN!

They all wince at Cheryl's loudness.

MALORY
Just get to the point!

ARCHER
My diary's gone!

Pam LAUGHS. Cheryl watches her, confused.

CHERYL

WHAT?

Malory rolls her eyes.

MALORY

That's what this is about?

Malory reclines back in her chair.

Archer slams his hands on her desk.

ARCHER

Mother, this is important!

Malory SCOFFS.

MALORY

The last time you said you had something "important", you--

Archer looks ashamed.

ARCHER

Actually, Mother, I really don't think we should get into that.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ARCHER'S APARTMENT - DAY

IN THE BATHROOM, Archer, drunk out of his mind, SOBS over the toilet, a bottle of Glengoolie in hand.

ARCHER

I'll never give up, Kelp! I will find you! Whoever stole you will pay for--

He PUKES into the toilet. Once he pulls back, he wipes his mouth with his sleeve. He glances in the toilet, surprised.

Inside the toilet is a dead goldfish.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Kelp?

He stares into the toilet, heartbroken.

BACK TO:

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE - DAY

Archer looks down, heartbroken. Malory glares up at him.

MALORY
Who would even want your stupid
diary?

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "ARIZONA"

It's like a spitting image of the American "wild west".

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Archer's diary, a black journal, sits on top of a desk. A little red light blinks on top of it.

BARRY sits at the desk with a laptop.

ON THE SCREEN, a black market site-- reminiscent to eBay-- displays Archer's diary for auction.

Barry reclines in his chair, pleased.

BARRY
Well, Barry, all we've got to do
now is wait for the bidding, and
Archer's life will be ruined. Will
it, other Barry? Yes, yes it will.

RING! Barry glances down at his cellphone on the desk. The Caller ID reads: "KATYA".

He answers.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Heeeeey, pumpkin pie, how's it
going?

KATYA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Barry.

He flinches at her harsh tone.

INT. KGB LEADER OFFICE - DAY

Katya wheels around in her chair. She kicks her feet up on her desk.

KATYA
You have the diary, yes?

BARRY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Oh yeah.

KATYA
Then you know you have forty-eight hours to get rid of it and report back to me.

BARRY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Don't worry, baby, I won't let you down this time.

KATYA
You better not.

Katya picks up a REMOTE off the desk. She swings it in her hand.

KATYA (CONT'D)
Because I will not hesitate to put a pause on your activities.

She presses a button on the remote.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry immediately SLAPS HIMSELF. He rubs his cheek in pain.

KATYA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Is that clear?

Barry hangs his head.

BARRY
Yes, dear.

He's about to hang up--

KATYA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Oh, and Barry?

Barry perks up.

BARRY
Yes, pumpkin?

KATYA (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 Don't fuck up.

DIALTONE. Barry SIGHS.

BARRY
 If only it didn't vibrate...

EXT. WESTERN INN - DAY

In the midst of an old Arizona town, an old Wild West style Bed and Breakfast sits along a rocky road.

ARCHER (O.S.)
 This is such bullshit!

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

It fits in with the Wild West theme. Archer watches on, angry. Malory drinks a martini beside him. Cyril and Ray carry large suitcases behind them, like pack mules.

MALORY
 Please, there's nothing wrong.

ARCHER
 Nothing wrong? Mother, look around you!

PULL OUT. Pam has Krieger in a headlock.

PAM
 Where is it, Krieger?!

Krieger CHOKES. She tightens her grip.

PAM (CONT'D)
 Spill it, or I'll spill you all over the desert!

ARCHER
 Jesus, Pam, if you're going to interrogate the man, let him breathe! It's interrogation one-oh-one!

Pam releases her hold on Krieger. He BOLTS OUT OF THE ROOM. Pam starts to go after him. Lana puts a hand on her shoulder and shakes her head.

LANA

Nuh-uh.

Ray, losing balance, nearly drops a bag.

MALORY

Watch it!

Cheryl BURSTS IN from one of the bedrooms, dressed in her country music star get-up. She raises a fist and a guitar into the air.

CHERYL

OUTLAW COUNTRYYYY!

PAM

Wait, you remember that?

CHERYL

REMEMBER WHAT?

MALORY

Speaking of, I need to set up a gig nearby. Maybe at a bar or--

CHERYL

WE CAN JUST DO IT AT MY BALLROOM.

RAY

And you're sure they're okay with that?

CHERYL

WELL DUH. IT'S MY HOTEL.

ARCHER

While you're all standing around being idiots, I'm going to actually go find what we came here for.

Archer walks off screen.

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

Lana!

Lana GROANS. She picks up AJ from the stroller and passes her to Cyril.

LANA

I'll be back.

Cyril lights up in excitement and confusion.

CYRIL
Wait, Lana, you're going to trust
me--

Lana exits off screen. His excitement deflates.

CYRIL (CONT'D)
...With your baby.

Pam pats his shoulder.

PAM
There, there.

AJ spits up on his shirt.

EXT. ARIZONA ROAD - DAY

Lana walks along the road. She's irritated.

LANA
So, what part of getting drunk is
going to help find your diary?

TO THE RIGHT, Archer-- dressed in an incredibly tacky cowboy
costume and glasses-- walks beside her.

LANA (CONT'D)
Not to mention that stupid outfit?

ARCHER
It's not stupid, Lana, it's a
disguise.

LANA
Yeah, maybe if you're from the
1980s and have a flying DeLorean.

ARCHER
I didn't watch Star Trek, Lana.

She GROANS.

They head straight for the--

EXT. CALHALL SALOON - DAY

An old style western saloon. A "HISTORICALLY PRESERVED"
plaque hangs on a beam on the porch.

Right below it is a WANTED POSTER for ARCHER. Lana stops to
look at the poster.

ARCHER
I know what I'm doing.

He walks right past the poster.

LANA
Archer, wait--

INT. CALHALL SALOON - DAY

Archer KICKS open the door and holds up his guns.

ARCHER
YEEEHAAAAAW!

The BUSY CROWD stops what they're doing. They turn and stare at him.

AT THE BAR, the BARTENDER looks at Archer. He then looks to his right, where another wanted poster of Archer hangs.

He turns back to Archer, pulls out a gun from under the bar, and FIRES.

The bullet BARELY MISSES Archer-- it hits the door behind him.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Oh.

The other patrons in the crowd pull out their guns, point them at Archer.

Lana peeks out of the doorway.

LANA
I hate to say "I told you so",
but...

The crowd SHOOTS AT THEM.

Lana, guns already out, SHOOTS BACK. Archer SHOOTS, DUCKS behind a table.

ARCHER
What do you mean you told me? I'm
in the right here, Lana!

Archer SHOOTS from behind the table.

LANA (O.S.)
You?!

AT THE BAR, a MAN falls off his stool, shot.

Lana rushes in. TWO GUYS rush at her. She KICKS one down, then PUNCHES the other in the face. He's down.

ARCHER

Yeah! I told you I knew what I was doing!

LANA

By getting us shot at?!

ARCHER

Well they clearly know something!

The tabletop BREAKS OFF its stand in front of Archer. He grabs the top and THROWS IT at THREE MEN. THEY'RE KNOCKED DOWN.

There's TWO MORE MEN LEFT. They shoot from the BAR.

The bartender DUCKS BEHIND THEM as they're shot down. RUM BOTTLES EXPLODE BEHIND HIM AS BULLETS HIT.

The bartender scans the saloon. It's empty.

CRASH! A bottle of gin CRASHES on his head. He falls.

Lana stands over him, the other broken half in her hand.

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

(excited)

Lana!

Archer holds out his jacket that's RIDDLED WITH BULLET HOLES. He looks like a kid on Christmas morning.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I'm invincible!

LANA

Ooor you're an idiot.

Lana points her gun at the bartender on the ground.

LANA (CONT'D)

Talk.

The bartender spits at her.

BARTENDER

I aint tellin' you shit.

Lana DRAGS HIM TO HIS FEET. He's surprised. Archer enters frame and makes himself a drink.

ARCHER

Uh, you might want to. You don't want to see her get angry. She turns into, like, a she-hulk.

LANA

I do not.

ARCHER

Yeah. Just look at those giant hands. She could crush your skull by patting your head.

BARTENDER

They are pretty huge...

Lana PUNCHES the bartender. He SCREAMS IN PAIN and clutches his nose. Archer drinks.

ARCHER

Yeah. I told you.

LANA

(to Archer)

You're not helping!

BARTENDER

I think you broke my nose!

Lana holds up a fist to the bartender.

LANA

(to Bartender)

Who put up those wanted posters?

BARTENDER

The sheriff!

LANA

What sheriff?

Archer LAUGHS.

ARCHER

You guys still have sheriffs?

BARTENDER

We're a historically preserved town.

LANA
The posters!

BARTENDER
Right, right. We got them from the
new sheriff, Alex Murphy.

LANA
Alex Murphy?

Archer lets out a LOUD SQUEAL.

ARCHER
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

LANA
What--

Archer holds up a finger for her to wait. He takes in another
breath and CONTINUES TO SQUEAL until he's out of breath.

ARCHER
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhh!

BARTENDER
You know him?

ARCHER
It's Robocop!

LANA
Who?

ARCHER
Oh my God. Lana! Alex Murphy!
Robocop! How do you not know this?

Lana shrugs.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Wow. Just. Wow.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

Pam glares ahead, GROWLS.

PAM
I'm gonna get that son of a bitch.

Cyril watches beside her, confused and concerned. He pushes a
stroller; AJ sits inside.

CYRIL
What exactly did Krieger steal from
you?

PAM
My tooth.

CYRIL
Wait, how did you lose your tooth?

PAM
Weeeeeell... It happens more often
than you'd think.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. STREET ALLEY - DAY

Pam's angry reflection stares back at her over a limousine's
window. The window slowly rolls down to reveal MR. MOTO.

MR. MOTO
Your payment.

Pam spits her tooth at him. He stares at her.

BACK TO:

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

Cyril stares at Pam in shock. She shrugs.

CYRIL
What did the Yakuza want with your
tooth?!

PAM
That's kind of classified.

Cyril suddenly STOPS and CRIES OUT IN PAIN.

He lifts his foot to reveal A RATTLESNAKE! It HISSES at him
and slithers away. Cyril's ankle showcases a snake bite.

PAM (CONT'D)
Well, that aint good.

Cyril sways on his feet, suddenly dizzy. He collapses to the
ground.

PAM (CONT'D)
Neither is that.

Pam grabs the stroller.

PAM (CONT'D)
Well, I guess it's just you and me,
kiddo.

Pam pushes the stroller forward. Cyril STRUGGLES TO BREATHE on the ground.

EXT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Malory, impatient, and Ray, relaxed, wait outside the women's bathroom door. They both smoke cigarettes.

MALORY
What is taking her so long?

RAY
Malory she just went in there a
minute ago.

MALORY
Oh, I've got it, she's probably
allergic to GAY CYBORGS!

RAY
(under his breath)
Or uppity old bitches.

Cheryl exits the bathroom, dressed up in her Cherlene country singer getup. She holds a guitar in her hand.

MALORY
It took you long enough.

CHERYL
WHAT?

Ray winces.

MALORY
Well don't just stand there! Get on
with it!

Malory gestures forward. Cheryl raises her guitar and fist in the air.

CHERYL
OUTLAW COUNTRYYYY!

Cheryl exits. Ray looks at Malory skeptically. She glares back and follows Cheryl. Ray SIGHS, follows as well.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

Cheryl BURSTS THROUGH THE DOORS! She holds up her guitar and a fist in the air, ready to party.

CHERYL
OUTLAW COUNTRYYYYY!

Several GASPS ring out throughout the audience.

It turns out the ballroom is FILLED WITH MOURNERS. A casket sits at the head of the room. A SHERIFF, dead, lays inside.

Malory and Ray poke their heads in.

RAY
Oh no.

With a WILD YELL, Cheryl runs out into the audience.

CHERYL
WHO'S READY TO ROCK?

Cheryl straddles the sheriff's corpse. The SHERIFF'S WIFE covers her face in horror. She tries to pull Cheryl away, but Cheryl kicks her square in the face.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
LET'S WAKE THIS GUY UP!

Cheryl strums her guitar.

Ray, still at the doors, watches on in horror. MANY ANGRY MOURNERS exit the ballroom.

Malory opens a bottle of wine from a nearby table. Ray glares at her.

MALORY
What? The event was ruined anyways.

Malory CHUGS the wine. Ray pinches the bridge of his nose. TWO SECURITY GUARDS enter the ballroom.

CHERYL
WOO!

Ray watches, nervous, as they head straight for Cheryl.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Archer follows Lana into the office. Lana remains professional, but Archer is giddy with excitement.

ARCHER
 (whispering)
 Robocoooooop...!

LANA
 Could you behave for once?

Out of a back room, Barry enters, dressed up as the sheriff.

BARRY
 Howdy, ya'll.

Archer GASPS, betrayed, and points accusingly at Barry.

ARCHER
 You're not Robocop! This is just
 like my childhood!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MALORY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is decorated for Christmas. Woodhouse, dressed as Santa, hides presents underneath the Christmas tree.

Archer, age 6, enters from behind. He rubs his tired eyes but lights up at the sight of "Santa".

YOUNG ARCHER
 Santa?

Woodhouse turns around. Archer, betrayed, points to him accusingly.

YOUNG ARCHER (CONT'D)
 You're not Santa!

Woodhouse hangs his head in shame.

BACK TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Barry LAUGHS, mocking.

BARRY
 Yeah, I wonder if that's in your
 diary.

Archer looks around, suspicious.

ARCHER

The answer might surprise you.

BARRY

Well, regardless. I have to capture you now. So we can do this the easy way, or the hard way.

LANA

(warning)

Archer.

ARCHER

We'll take the easy wa--

BOOM! Barry PUNCHES him across the face!

He retracts his arm and cracks his mechanical knuckles.

BARRY

The hard way, is it? Let's dance, Archer.

Archer holds his bleeding nose, pissed. Lana helps him up.

ARCHER

Jesus CHRIST, Barry! You broke my nose!

BARRY

A lot more than that will be broken when I'm done with you.

Lana steps between them.

LANA

Okay, let's hold on a minute.

ARCHER

He BROKE my NOSE, LANA!

LANA

Archer, you want your diary back. Barry, you want...?

Archer draws his gun on Barry. Barry LAUGHS.

BARRY

What are you going to do with that?

ARCHER

Shoot out. You. Me. Outside the saloon.

Archer gestures outside. Lana SIGHS, crosses her arms.

LANA
This isn't what I was going for.

Archer briefly waves the gun to Lana--

ARCHER
Shut up, Lana, I'm negotiating.

He returns it toward Barry. Lana glares at Archer.

BARRY
And what's stopping me from killing
you right now?

ARCHER
Maybe you can't, can you?

He turns to Lana.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Can he?

Lana SHRUGS.

BARRY
What? You do realize I can
literally rip your head off with my
bare hands, right?

LANA
But would Katya be okay with that?

BARRY
Well. Duh. Yeah. Of course. Yeah.

Archer and Lana narrow their eyes.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Really. Absolutely. She would
support it. Totally.

They continue to stare at him. He SIGHS in defeat.

ARCHER
Shoot-out, Barry. Noon. I win, the
diary's mine. You win--

BARRY
You die.

Archer's taken aback.

ARCHER
Wow. Uh. Kind of dark.

LANA
(warning)
Archer.

Barry shrugs.

BARRY
That, or no diary.

LANA
(angrier)
Archer.

ARCHER
Fine. Be there. Noon!

Archer storms out of the office. Lana follows him, furious.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Lana stalks after him.

LANA
Archer!

ARCHER
What, Lana?!

LANA
You have a daughter! What is she
supposed to do if you die?

Archer's face falls in realization.

ARCHER
Oh. Yeah. I guess I hadn't really
thought of that.

Lana narrows her eyes at him.

LANA
Yeah.

ARCHER
Well, you can kind of be a mother
and a father. Your hands are pretty
manly.

Lana stares at him, furious and appalled.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
She won't tell the difference.

Lana HUFFS. She walks past him.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Well, she won't.

Archer follows behind.

EXT. WESTERN INN - DAY

Two security guards escort a FIGHTING Cheryl outside of the hotel. She struggles, throwing punches and kicking when she can, YELLING the entire time.

The security guards throw her out onto the dirt. She stumbles before Ray and Malory. Malory glares harshly at Cheryl, while Ray glares at Malory.

Cheryl turns back toward the security guards. The HOTEL MANAGER steps out to the doorway.

CHERYL
I'LL HAVE YOUR JOBS FOR THIS!

MANAGER
(annoyed)
Miss Tunt, you do not own this chain of hotel.

CHERYL
WHAT?

He gestures to an inn across the street.

MANAGER
You own that hotel!

Cheryl looks between the inns. Her face lights up in realization.

CHERYL
OOOOOH....

Malory and Ray glare at her harshly. Cheryl shrugs.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
OOPS.

Suddenly, Pam rides up ON A HORSE. AJ holds the reigns. Krieger, tied by his feet to the horse, is dragged behind. He WHIMPERS.

MALORY

Why is my granddaughter on a horse?!

PAM

Kid's gotta learn sometime.

RAY

What happened to Krieger?

Pam glares back at him with the eyes of Satan. Krieger shrinks back against the ground.

PAM

Don't worry about it.

MALORY

What about Cyril?

PAM

Oh...

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

Cyril lays on the ground, MOANS in pain. A nearby cactus lays on the ground, half eaten. Cactus needles cover his face. His stomach GURGLES.

EXT. WESTERN INN - DAY

PAM

We should probably get him to a hospital.

Malory and Ray share a look. Cheryl jumps up and down, CLAPPING.

CHERYL

YAYYY!

Malory and Ray glare at her. Krieger uses this opportunity to try to escape his binds, but the horse kicks him.

INT. CALHALL SALOON - DAY

AT THE BAR, Archer uses one hand to attach weapons to his person while he uses the other to drink a bottle of Glengoolie.

Lana sits on a stool across from him, unimpressed.

LANA
Soooo what's your plan for all of
this?

Archer takes another swig.

ARCHER
I don't have one, I was stalling
for time.

Lana sits up.

LANA
So your plan was to just wing it?!

ARCHER
Yeah, basically.

LANA
Do you have any idea how
irresponsible you are?!

Archer stares at her for a moment.

ARCHER
No.

FOOTSTEPS ON GRAVEL catch their attention.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, Barry steps out of the Sheriff's office.

Archer's face falls. He chugs the rest of the Glengoolie and
grabs an iron plate from behind the bar.

LANA
What are you doing?

ARCHER
I know what I'm doing, Lana.

Archer ties the plate to his chest.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Barry stands on one end of the street, poised and ready for
action, a smug smile on his face.

Archer steps out, hat tipped, plate covered by his shirt.
They stand across from each other, tense and ready. A
tumbleweed blows by.

BARRY
Draw.

They draw their guns. Archer lifts his head, a smug smile on his face.

ARCHER
Do your wor--

BAM! Barry shoots Archer in the leg! He falls to his knee, caught by surprise.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
What the Hell, Barry?! That was my leg!

BARRY
Yeah. That's kind of the point of shoot outs.

Barry aims again. Archer dives out of the way and shoots at Barry. His bullets bounce off of Barry's metal body.

Barry shoots at him, hitting the pole behind Archer's head. Archer hurriedly limps into the Saloon.

INT. CALHALL SALOON - DAY

Lana makes a drink at the bar. She looks up at Archer as he hurries toward her.

LANA
How's it going?

ARCHER
What does it look like, Lana?!

Archer grabs her drink and chugs it. Lana glares at him.

Barry enters behind them.

BARRY
You can run, but you can't hide.

Barry shoots at Archer. Archer dives behind a table. Lana ducks behind the bar. Lana shoots at Barry, but the bullets bounce off.

Archer grabs another gun from his person and shoots at Barry. They bounce off.

Barry shoots the table. It splits in half. He shoots Archer in the arm. Archer rolls behind the bar.

LANA
(whispering)
What do we do now?!

ARCHER
Uhhh...

The bullets SHATTER the bottles of alcohol above them. Glass rains down.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
Not stand.

Lana glares at him.

Barry closes in on the bar. He raises his gun.

SUDDENLY, his PHONE RINGS.

BARRY
Goddamn it. Hold on.

Barry looks at his phone. The Caller ID reads: "KAYTA". He directs it to voice mail.

INT. KGB LEADER OFFICE - DAY

Katya glares at her phone as she holds it to her ear, suspicious.

BARRY (V.O.)
(filtered)
Hello! You've reached Barry, and
other Barry too of course.

Katya narrows her eyes. She hangs up and dials another number.

INT. CALHALL SALOON - DAY

Barry pops up beside the bar, scaring the shit out of Archer and Lana. He smiles at them, pleasant.

BARRY
You know, I think this is a great
idea!

Barry grabs Archer and THROWS HIM ACROSS THE ROOM!

Archer SMACKS against the entrance wall. He falls to the floor with a THUD.

His PHONE rings. Archer, in pain, pulls it out. The Caller ID reads: "KATYA". He answers on speaker phone.

ARCHER
Katya?

KATYA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Archer, darling, how are you?

ARCHER
Honestly? Not that great.

A bullet hits into the wall above his head.

KATYA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Is Barry with you by any chance?

ARCHER
Well, since you mention it...

KATYA
Put him on.

Barry picks up Archer again, but he holds his phone up in defense.

ARCHER
It's for you.

Barry's taken by surprise.

KATYA
Barry.

BARRY
Pumkinpie!

Barry drops Archer with a THUD, but grabs the phone before it falls. Archer GROANS.

BARRY (CONT'D)
H-Hey, how's it going?

KATYA (V.O.)
(filtered)
Did I not specifically order--

INT. KGB LEADER OFFICE - DAY

KATYA
 --That you are in no way to harm
 Sterling Archer on this mission?

BARRY (V.O.)
 (filtered)
 I know, pumpkin, believe me, but
 things got out of hand, and I--

KATYA
 Really?

Katya puts her hand over the speaker. She turns to BORIS, who stands beside her.

KATYA (CONT'D)
 Shut. Him. Down.

Boris nods. He grabs the remote Katya used earlier from the desk and points it at a giant screen behind her. The screen displays a blueprint of Barry and his mechanics.

Boris presses the button.

INT. CALHALL SALOON - DAY

Barry's mechanics start to sputter and twitch. He panics.

BARRY
 Baby, please, I didn't mean to! It
 was an accident! I can change, I
 can--

His face freezes up. His body goes stiff and lifeless. He falls over with a large THUD.

INT. KGB LEADER OFFICE - DAY

Katya hangs up the phone. She stands.

KATYA
 Go pick him up. This will be
 temporary punishment until he gets
 home.

Katya pulls a taser from her desk.

KATYA (CONT'D)
 Then real punishment begins.

It sparks with electricity.

INT. CALHALL SALOON - DAY

Archer gets up and rubs his nose, resentful. Lana rises from Barry's body, done checking it.

ARCHER
Well?

LANA
No sign of the diary.

She holds up his phone.

LANA (CONT'D)
It looks like he already sold it.

Archer shoots Barry's leg. The bullet flies right back and hits him back in the leg.

ARCHER
Goddamn it!

Archer limps off. Lana shakes her head.

EXT. CALHALL SALOON - DAY

Lana follows Archer out, rubbing his back comfortingly. He glares ahead.

LANA
At least you made it out alive.

ARCHER
But at what cost, Lana?

Lana SIGHS.

SUDDENLY, A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE stampede in front of them! Pam follows them on her own horse, AJ still holding the reins, and Krieger tied behind.

Lana and Archer stare in shock.

Malory sits in an open carriage as Ray drives. Cheryl rides beside a clearly sick and sputtering Cyril. Cheryl raises her guitar in the air.

AN ANGRY MOB OF FUNERAL GOERS AND SECURITY CHASES AFTER THEM!

CHERYL
OUTLAW COUNTRYYYYY!

Lana and Archer stare after them.

LANA
Was that... our daughter?

Archer smiles and sniffs, tears form.

ARCHER
They grow up so fast.

Lana glares at Archer.

FADE TO BLACK.