

ARCHER

"Ups and Downs"

Written by

Jennifer Renner

Archer

"Ups and Downs"

[Episode#37.5]
5/31/21

Previously on Archer

Archer is still getting used to the fact that his mother is now married to the very boring Ron. He, however, is currently unattached. Just like Lana and Cyril. Ray tries to get used to life in a wheelchair (which he found himself in thanks to Archer crashing the space shuttle). Otherwise, it's business as usual at the old ISIS headquarters.

Episode 37.5 (Season 4).

COLD OPENEXT. ISIS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

MALLORY (O.S)

I don't know what kind of joke
you're trying to play, but I am not
in the mood.

INT. MALLORY'S OFFICE - DAY

Archer stands across from Mallory offering a mint julep.

ARCHER

There's no punchline, mother. Or
any other kind of punch. Just
bourbon, sugar, water, ice and
mint. Would I jest?

Mallory cocks an eyebrow.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

About alcohol?

MALLORY

Give me that.

Mallory snatches the drink, takes a sip.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

Hmm. That's...actually pretty good.

ARCHER

It's perfect-

MALLORY

Decent.

ARCHER

Perfect, ergo, Latin, I will be the
perfect undercover bartender.

MALLORY

I don't think I've ever seen you
throw yourself into a mission like
this.

ARCHER

Mother, I am very serious about-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A full shot of the room reveals Lana and Ray sitting in the room.

LANA

Panty-dropping drunk chicks?

RAY

Constant access to hard liquor?

ARCHER

My work.

MALLORY

That had better be true because we need this mission to be a success.

A screen appears behind Mallory's desk. She clicks it on, a picture of ANTANAS DARGIS, 60s, pulled up.

MALLORY (V.O.)

Antanas Dargis, ambassador to Lithuania, has hired ISIS to investigate and uncover the perpetrator behind numerous threats against his prize-winning horse, Aerial Musk, who is a current contender to win the Kentucky Derby this Saturday. This foreign relation is extremely important.

LANA

Hey, so, I'm all for improving our foreign relations, but why is Lithuania so important?

RAY GILLETTE

You mean besides the millennia old architecture and world's fastest internet speeds?

ARCHER

Not to mention award winning craft breweries.

LANA

OK, not sure why you both have boners for Lithuania, but I meant why is it important to ISIS?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY

Well, for starters, it would be nice to be on good terms with at least one Baltic nation.

INT. LATVIAN BAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Archer, drunk as sin, sits at a table with three LATVIAN BUSINESSMEN.

ARCHER

Oh, yeah? Well, I hope your daughters all marry Estonian pig breeders!

INT. MALLORY'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Back to the office.

MALLORY

But more importantly getting in bed with Dargis-

ARCHER

Phrasing.

MALLORY

-Could well lead to many more lucrative contracts. And we need to give extra care when stroking-

ARCHER

Phrasing!

MALLORY

-His ego. Ass. Which reminds me.

Mallory presses her comm button.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

Did the catering confirm for the suite?

CAROL (O.S.)

Yes.

EXT. MALLORY'S OFFICE

Carol sits at her desk, Pam stands nearby, eating a bear claw.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROL

No.

PAM

Ah, man.

CAROL

Why do we need catering, anyway?
Isn't that the point of the Derby?

PAM

You think we're going to eat the
horses?

CAROL

Only the ones that lose. Duh.

INT. MALLORY'S OFFICE

Mallory empties the mint julep and refills the glass with
whisky.

ARCHER

I'm thinking of doing a signature
cocktail. The Side Saddle. It's
three kinds of bourbon.

MALLORY

Hardly necessary where you're
going.

ARCHER

Where I'm-

MALLORY

Carol, Gillette, and, ugh, Pam will
accompany me in the suite. You,
Lana, and Cyril will have a
different post.

Mallory hands Archer a folder. He peers inside.

ARCHER

No. No! This is total-

INT. STABLES - DAY

A large, hairy STABLEHAND stands in front of a massive mound
of horse crap. There are stalls with horses in them in the
background. Archer, Lana, and Cyril stand staring, trying not
to barf.

(CONTINUED)

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5.

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

Shit.

Lana holds back a dry heave.

STABLEHAND

And?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. STABLES - DAY

Archer hands Cyril a shovel. Lana grooms a nearby horse.

ARCHER

You heard the man, get to poop scooping, Chet.

CYRIL

Why don't you, Randy?

ARCHER

Because these shoes cost more than your car. And possibly your life.

LANA

Great choice for manual labor.

ARCHER

Thank you, he said facetiously.

LANA

Can we, not facetiously, do some actual work?

CYRIL

I'm not even sure what-

ARCHER

You're doing at ISIS? It defies logic.

CYRIL

We're supposed to be looking for.

ARCHER

You should start by clearing all the poop out of this stall.

CYRIL

Archer, I don't-

ARCHER

Because the stable crew leaves coded messages for each other on the floor.

CYRIL

Wait, really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archer laughs as Lana groans.

LANA

Why don't we start by looking for anyone who's acting strange, or paranoid or-

LEONAS

Who said for you to be here?

LEONAS, an angry little Lithuanian jockey with a thick accent, struts up to Archer.

ARCHER

Indignantly hostile?

LANA

That'll work.

LEONAS

Well?

Leonas waves a riding crop at Archer.

ARCHER

Uh.

CYRIL

We're your new stable hands. Courtesy of Churchill downs for the big race.

LEONAS

Three times I race this and no new hands before.

ARCHER

What about old hands? Or new feet?

LEONAS

What?

LANA

The feat was getting through the very stringent hiring process to be here. This is a life long dream for all of us.

LEONAS

Dream as in fantasy. You are twice the size should be for riding horse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA

Hey.

ARCHER

Jockey-saurus.

CYRIL

We're not riders, we're just here
to help you get ready.

LEONAS

Start by moving crap. I'll be back.

ARCHER

Has the jury reached a verdict? We
have your honor. The angry garden
gnome is guilty.

LANA

Why would he harm the horse that he
needs to ride?

ARCHER

To throw the race and split the
winnings with whatever shadowy
trench-coat-wearing bookie had the
idea. Plus, he's just so tiny.

LANA

That...actually makes some sense.

ARCHER

Duh, he could fit in my pocket.

LANA

Not his size, dumbass. Throwing the
race. But I still think we should
look around at the other players.

CYRIL

I call dibs on any place not waist
deep in horse shit.INT. DERBY SUITE - DAY

In this luxe sky box for the races, the wealthy have come out to play. Women don extravagant hats, men where colorful suits with silk cravats. Mallory wears her typical Channel-style suit and a modest hat, Ray looks the part in his suit.

Cheryl and Pam both wear ridiculous bird fascinators.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM

I call dibs on the crab legs.

MALLORY

I'm probably wasting my breath, but try to behave with some semblance of dignity while you're here. Can you at least try?

CHERYL

We can pretend to try.

RAY GILLETTE

Don't listen to her. I guarantee we'll be the picture of poise and class while we're here.

MALLORY

Oh, right. I forgot. For a hick like you, this is hillbilly Christmas.

RAY GILLETTE

Hey! But also yes. The Kentucky Derby was actually my prom theme. And the prom theme every year before. And since.

MALLORY

Keep it in your pants, Holly Holler. Ambassador!

ANTANAS (O.S.)

Mallory Archer!

Antanas Dargis joins the group.

RAY GILLETTE

Whose pants were we just talking about?

MALLORY

Shut up.

ANTANAS

You're looking more radiant than ever.

MALLORY

Oh, hardly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANTANAS

Truly! Is it possible you've gotten younger since I last saw you?

MALLORY

(acting coy)

No, just-

PAM

Married?

ANTANAS

Oh.

CAROL

Womp-womp.

MALLORY

Well, I'm sure-

PAM

Hi, I'm Pam. Miss Poovey if you're nasty.

ANTANAS

OK.

MALLORY

Oh, God.

PAM

And wheels here is Ray and this is Cheryl-

ANTANAS

Tunt, yes. I was so sorry to hear about your father.

CHERYL

Why? You didn't kill him.

Cheryl gasps.

CHERYL (CONT'D)

Did you? You killed my father?

RAY GILLETTE

Okay, let's go look at the pretty ponies.

Ray grabs Cheryl and rolls away. Pam looks between Antanas and Mallory and awkwardly curtseys before putting on a ridiculous British accent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM

A thousand pardons, my lord.

Pam moonwalks away. Mallory can only sigh.

ANTANAS

They are agents?

MALLORY

Yes, they're deep undercover as idiots. But don't worry, I have my best and brightest guarding the stall.

INT. STABLES - DAY

Splat! We're close on Cyril's face as it gets splattered with horse dung.

CYRIL

God dammit, Archer!

Archer, looking pleased with himself, poses with his shovel.

ARCHER

What? You asked me to help move the shit. That's what I did.

CYRIL

Well, thank you.

ARCHER

You're welcome.

CYRIL

For making this day even worse.

ARCHER

Always happy to move the bar for you, buddy. Speaking of bar, I could use a Side Saddle.

Lana joins the duo.

LANA

So, what have you heard?

ARCHER

Only that for the biggest drinking day in the country, I'm disturbingly sober.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA

Not, that...wait, you're sober?

ARCHER

Well, more sober than I want to be.

LANA

The horse-

ARCHER

Is also sober. I mean, I assume.

LANA

Why do I bother?

CYRIL

What he means is that we haven't
heard-

LANA

Shit!

Lana holds her nose.

LANA (CONT'D)

Sorry. But wow, you are pungent.

Aerial Musk neighs in agreement.

CYRIL

(to Archer)

Thanks to him.

ARCHER

Pretty sure the horse had something
to do with it.

LANA

Clearly whoever has it out for this
horse isn't going to walk up an
confess, so we should fan out.

CYRIL

Gladly.

LANA

Though one of us should stay to
keep an eye on Aerial Musk.Cyril takes one step away from the stall before Archer grabs
him by the collar and yanks him back into the poo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

She means the one voted most likely
to be mistaken for a Golgothan.

Archer leaves. Lana looks at Cyril, coughs and leaves.

RAY GILLETTE (V.O.)

I don't even know what I'm doing
here.

INT. DERBY SUITE - DAY

Ray sits by the window, looking out over the massive track.
He watches people mingle and laugh. Pam stands next to him.

PAM

You mean besides throwing yourself
a big freakin' pity party?

RAY GILLETTE

I should be down there! I know more
about this thing than all three of
them put together. I bet those
assholes don't even know the
difference between a Bronco and a
Bay.

INT. STABLES

Close on Archer's face as he looks up in wonder.

ARCHER

Oh my God!

The horse's name shines brightly from a large sign above his
stall. It reads DANGER ZONE.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I finally found my spirit animal.

INT. DERBY SUITE

Ray and Pam. Cheryl joins them.

CHERYL

What are we talking about?

PAM

Ray's big weepy vagina.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERYL

Ew.

RAY GILETTE

You know-

PAM

Yeah, I do. Why don't you try doing some of that spy stuff and learn a thing or two about this horse murder thing instead of fogging up the window like some damn war widow?

RAY GILETTE

Well...

PAM

Dicknuts. Come on, neck-bones. My crab tank is empty.

CHERYL

Just like my horse tank!

Pam and Cheryl leave, Ray sighs and looks again at the track. He doesn't even notice Antanas slide up next to him.

ANTANAS

Quite a view, yes?

RAY GILETTE

Oh, Ambassador. Didn't see you there.

ANTANAS

They never do.

RAY GILETTE

What-

ANTANAS

You really can see everything from up here. That is good. This is going to be quite a show today. I am sure of that.

RAY GILETTE

Oh. That's...nice. What makes you think-

MALLORY (O.S.)

Ambassador, there you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mallory joins Ray and Antanas.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

I thought we might go over the ISIS security plan. Perhaps over some champagne?

ANTANAS

That reminds me, I must check in with Leonas. Pardon me.

Antanas leaves.

MALLORY

Damn.

RAY GILLETTE

I think...I think he was just about to confess something to me.

MALLORY

Oh, please. Even if he did bat for the other team, I hardly imagine he'd go for a bench warmer. God, it's just sex, sex, sex with you people.

Mallory leaves. We pan over to see Cheryl and Pam standing there to witness Ray's burn.

CHERYL

Womp-womp.

Pam chomps on some crab legs.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. CHURCHILL DOWNS - DAY

A picturesque day at the races. Workers check and ready the gates. People fill the stands.

ANNOUNCER

A beautiful day here at the track at a brisk sixty-two degrees and a two percent chance of rain. Really couldn't ask for a better forecast for most exciting two minutes in sports.

EXT. KITCHEN - DAY

Archer stands at a back door to catering central. He argues with a YOUNG WAITER.

ARCHER

Two minutes.

YOUNG WAITER

No.

ARCHER

Come on. Seriously, two minutes.

YOUNG WAITER

No!

ARCHER

Fine! If you won't let me go in, then can you at least bring me a bourbon on the rocks? Better yet, just bring the bottle.

The Young Waiter, perturbed, goes inside and slams the door in Archer's face.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Fine, I can take it neat. God, who do you have to screw to get a drink around here?

DAISY (O.S.)

Something I can help you with, Sugar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Archer turns to find DAISY, a sex pot in cowboy boots, standing right behind him.

ARCHER

Uh...I certainly hope so.

Daisy crosses Archer and knocks on the kitchen door.

DAISY

What did you say your drink was?
Bourbon?

ARCHER

Side Saddle if they have it.

DAISY

What?

ARCHER

Never mind.

Young Waiter opens the door and seems quite happy to see Daisy.

YOUNG WAITER

Hey, Daisy.

DAISY

Hi, Sweet Pea. Could you be a doll
and grab me a couple of whiskey
sours?

YOUNG WAITER

Sure thing.

Young Waiter glares at Archer before closing the door.

ARCHER

Wow, I guess your the woman to go
for bar access.

DAISY

Stick with me, honey. I can get you
access to all kinds of good things.

ARCHER

Kind of like an all access pass?

Daisy steps in closer.

DAISY

All. Access. To everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

Awesome.

INT. DERBY SUITE - DAY

Ray rolls over to the side of the room. He sees Antanas out on the hall on the phone. Their eyes meet and Antanas quickly shuts the door.

Ray finds Mallory at the drink table, glaring at a vase of peonies.

MALLORY

I don't see why people make such a fuss about this. Everything's so tacky.

RAY GILLETTE

You got something against peonies?

MALLORY

No, I love having condos for ants clustered around my food.

Mallory takes a drink.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

That was sarcasm.

RAY GILLETTE

Really.

MALLORY

Yes.

RAY GILLETTE

Listen, about the Ambassador-

MALLORY

Oh, for...look, what you choose to do in the dark corner of a dirty horse stall is nothing I want to hear about.

RAY GILLETTE

That's not-

MALLORY

If you're looking for my blessing, I won't give it, but if you're looking for my permission, well...that's just weird.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY GILLETTE
Neither, actually.

ARCHER (V.O.)
Sorry, run that by me again.

INT. STABLES -DAY

Archer and Daisy, drinks in hand, walk past the stalls and all the people fussing over the horses.

DAISY
I take care of my horse's emotional well-being.

ARCHER
I don't know what that means.

DAISY
Horses are very intuitive creatures. They sense stress and sadness and loneliness.

ARCHER
So you make the horses not lonely?

DAISY
Not in a Zoophilia kind of way.

ARCHER
Thank God for that.

DAISY
I play music, sing songs, read them books-

ARCHER
Like Anne of Green Stables? Wait, I can do better. Come back to me.

DAISY
A content horse is a winning horse.

ARCHER
So you're like a horse yogi?

DAISY
Let's just say I can take a wild spirit and help them find bliss.

Archer nearly chokes on his drink. He recovers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

And again, just to clarify, we are not talking about Zoophilia.

LANA (O.S.)

Oh, God. What did you do?

Lana walks over to Archer and Daisy.

ARCHER

Nothing. I said we are NOT talking about Zoophilia.

DAISY

You know each other?

ARCHER

She's the ferrier-

LANA

Veterinarian.

ARCHER

A vet who is also a ferrier. Speaking of, those horseshoes aren't going to make themselves.

LANA

I'll get right on that. First, though, could I have a word with you, Randy?

ARCHER

Uh, I'll be right back.

DAISY

Don't keep me waiting too long, Sugar.

Archer and Lana walk out of ear-shot.

LANA

Wow, I think I could feel my IQ dropping.

ARCHER

Hey, you met her for like five seconds.

LANA

You're right, that was unfair of me. What does she do here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

She sings songs to the horses to make them feel happy. Shut up.

LANA

So, just pushing right through that, have you gathered any intel?

ARCHER

Just that I hope their mint juleps are better than their whiskey sours.

LANA

I meant-

ARCHER

Cause I give it a four.

LANA

The threat. Against Aerial Musk. So far, everyone is keeping to themselves. The only one acting suspicious is-

INT. DERBY SUITE - DAY

Mallory and Ray talk.

MALLORY

Ambassador Dargis? Why would he be plotting against his own horse? He's favored to win.

RAY GILLETTE

I think he-

MALLORY

Even if he takes second or even third, the prize money is nothing to sneer at.

RAY GILLETTE

I know but-

MALLORY

Unless he's intentionally throwing the race for a much bigger purse set up by betting on the competition. It's the oldest racket in the book.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY GILLETTE

And-

MALLORY

He hired ISIS for optics. With the commission sniffing up everyone rectums for foul play, he wanted to be sure to get away with it. It's so obvious.

Mallory takes another sip of her drink.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

Do I need to do all the work around here or can you manage a phone call to fill the ground team in?

RAY GILLETTE

(under his breath)

Yeah, so glad you're here.

MALLORY

What was that?

INT. STABLES -DAY

Archer and Lana talk.

LANA

How is this awesome?

ARCHER

Because A, I was right, it was the angry garden gnome and B, mission complete. We can kick back and relax the rest of the day.

LANA

Because you've been working so hard.

ARCHER

Phrasing. And only-semi hard, so far.

LANA

Ew.

ARCHER

Speaking of, I should get back to-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANA
50 Shades of Neigh?

ARCHER
Weak. Jealous?

LANA
You wish. Although, I wouldn't mind
taking the day off.

ARCHER
Right?

LANA
Wait, shouldn't we fill Cyril in?

INT. DERBY SUITE - DAY

Ray calls Cyril on his cell.

RAY GILLETTE
Or don't pick up. Just another name
to add to the list of people
ignoring me.

INT. STABLES - DAY

Archer and Lana.

ARCHER
He'll figure it out.

INT. AERIAL MUSK STALL - DAY

Cyril spreads hay in the stall. He doesn't notice Leonas
approaching.

LEONAS
I know who you are.

Cyril starts, spins around.

CYRIL
What...I'm Chet, horse-

LEONAS
Antanas told me about ISIS.

CYRIL
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEONAS

Now I know we have trust, I show
for you something.

CYRIL

Um, OK.

Leonas reaches into a spare saddle bag by the stall. He pulls
out a joint.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

Is that a doobie?

Leonas lets out a childish laugh.

LEONAS

Shhh. It's my secret weapon. I have
so much anxiety for these races,
but I work better with this. I'm
going to win today.

CYRIL

Oh. That's...OK.

LEONAS

You seem to have confusion.

CYRIL

So, wait, the threat, it's real?

LEONAS

Of course is real! Why do you think
Antanas hired ISIS? You have gun,
yes?

CYRIL

Oh, I'm not supposed-

LEONAS

Here, use mine.

Leonas pulls out a gun from the doobie saddle and hands it to
Cyril.

LEONAS (CONT'D)

Wait, you think threat is fake?

CYRIL

Actually, we thought you might be
throwing the race.

LEONAS

What am I, Estonian pig breeder?

EXT. DERBY SUITE - DAY

Ray and Antanas pass a joint back a forth outside the suite.

ANTANAS

Oh, yes, the threat is very real.
You don't get in the horse business
to make friends. Everyone wants to
takes us down.

RAY GILLETTE

And this was your big secret?

ANTANAS

The board is, how do you say,
sniffing our rectums, for any rule
breaking. I just want to win.

RAY GILLETTE

Good to know.

ANTANAS

Should we tell Mallory?

RAY GILLETTE

Oh, screw her.

ANTANAS

For the last time, no. Also, she's
not on my team if you know what I
mean.

LANA (V.O.)

I'm not sure I do.

INT. AERIAL MUSK STALL - DAY

Cyril on the phone with Lana.

CYRIL

Leonas is clean. Well, high, but
he's not going to throw the race.
The threat is real and we need to
keep a close eye on Aerial Musk. We
need all hands on deck for this.

INT. STABLES - DAY

Archer lies naked in an empty stall as Daisy kneels over him
with a riding crop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

I'm sorry, all hands on what?

DAISY

You heard me.

ARCHER

I did, yes. Awesome.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. DERBY SUITE - DAY

Mallory looks out over the track with a pair of binoculars.

MALLORY

Let's go already. Can't we just get
this over with?

Cheryl stands next to Mallory.

CHERYL

I know, right? I'm starving.

INT. AERIAL MUSK STALL

Cyril paces in front of the stall holding the gun. An
announcement comes on over the comm.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Racers to the gate.

CYRIL

Come on, guys. Where are you?

LEONAS

Cyril!

CYRIL

Ah!

Cyril's gun goes off.

INT. EMPTY STALL

Archer and Daisy stand up.

ARCHER

Was that a gun shot?

DAISY

I should go.

ARCHER

Yeah, I should check on...Chet.

DAISY

You mean Cyril.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

What-how-

DAISY

And you're Sterling Archer of ISIS.
I know all about you, Sugar Plum.
Now, if you don't mind, I have a
job to do.

ARCHER

No, wait-

DAISY

Danger, bad touch!

Daisy whistles, Danger Zone shows up and donkey kicks Archer in the chest. He flies back against the wall and slumps to the floor.

ARCHER

Right in the tits. Boom, phrasing.

LANA (O.S.)

So, explain something to me.

INT. AERIAL MUSK STALL

Lana and Cyril look down at something.

CYRIL

You're wondering where I got a gun.

LANA

No. I mean, yes, I would like to
know what lunatic thought it would
be a good idea to arm you, but
first I would like to know why you
decided to take the one person we
know is innocent-

We see what Lana and Cyril are looking at. Leonas lies on the ground dead, a bullet hole in his head.

LANA (CONT'D)

-And shoot him in the head.

CYRIL

It just went off for, like, no
reason. Oh my God, what are we
going to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Riders, to the gates.

Aerial Musk neighs.

CYRIL
Oh my God.

LANA
Calm down. Try not to drawn any
attention over here.

DAISY (O.S.)
Talk about a blessing.

Daisy walks over to the stall.

DAISY (CONT'D)
I love it when my job does itself.

LANA
What is that supposed to mean?

ZAP! Archer tases Daisy. She drops like a rock.

ARCHER
She's the threat. To the horse and
to my rib cage. Long story.

Archer sees Leonas.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
What...who gave Cyril a gun?

CYRIL
He did!

Cyril points to Leonas.

ARCHER
Well, then he really had it coming.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Aerial Musk to your lane.

LANA
OK, we need a plan. Now. Also, I'm
guessing Daisy wasn't working
alone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARCHER

And I know just the bourbon-
withholding douchbag to give me
some answers.

Archer starts to leave.

LANA

What about Leonas.

ARCHER

Oh, right. So, do you remember
Weekend at Bernie's?

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY

Horses chomp at the bit in their lanes, ready to take on the
race.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

All horses at the post, ready to
race their way into history.

EXT. STALL 13

Lana and Cyril lead Aerial Musk into his stall, Leonas draped
on his back, tied into place.

CYRIL

Do you really think this going to
work?

LANA

Well, unless you have a tiny
Lithuanian hiding in your pocket I
don't know about, this is going to
have to do.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Racers, on your mark.

EXT. KITCHEN DAY

Archer bangs on the door to the kitchen. No one answers. He
takes a running start and just before he gets to the door, it
opens.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Get set.

INT. KITCHEN

Archer falls into the kitchen and looks up to see the Young Waiter standing there pointing a gun at him.

YOUNG WAITER.
Sterling Archer.

ARCHER
Gaping asshole.

Archer kicks him in the groin. Young Waiter doubles over. They struggle for the gun.

EXT. RACE TRACK

An OFFICIAL fires the race gun.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
And they're off!

The gates open and thirteen horses come busting out, charging down the track.

CUT BETWEEN KITCHEN AND RACE TRACK

Young Waiter drops the gun. Archer reaches for it. Young Waiter kicks it under the fridge.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Down the first straight now, Orange Potato pulling ahead but Due North coming up fast.

Two jockeys push their horses to get to the front of the line. In the middle of the pack is Aerial Musk and his dead jockey.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Aerial Musk taking an unusual approach, but holding strong.

Archer punches Young Waiter in the face twice. Young Waiter knees Archer in the ribs. He stumbles backwards from the pain of the earlier horse kick.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Orange Potato still in the lead and pushing for the inside track. Due North falling behind now. Sullen Wench bringing up the rear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see ORANGE POTATO and his jockey taking the lead. Not far behind is Aerial Musk, Leonas flopping around like a, well, corpse, but staying on.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Aerial Musk gaining ground now, not far behind, passing up Due North and gunning for the front.

Young Waiter picks up a kitchen knife, swipes at Archer. Archer dodges, kicks the knife out of his hand and stabs Young Waiter in the shoulder.

YOUNG WAITER.
Arrggggg!

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
But wait, Aerial Musk is tied up with Orange Potato. No, he's taking the lead!

Leonas, cold dead eyes staring at nothing, flops up and down on the speeding horse.

INT. DERBY SUITE

Mallory and Ray watch.

MALLORY
What is he doing? If he's not careful, he's going to win.

RAY GILETTE
Oh, right. About that...

CUT BETWEEN RACE TRACK AND KITCHEN

Orange Potato and Aerial Musk vie for the win.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
It's going to be a close one, folks. Orange Potato and Aerial Musk are neck and neck.

Young Waiter kicks Archer in the ribs again, pushing Archer backwards. Young Waiter pulls a gun out of his ankle holster. Archer is cornered.

WHAP! Pam hits Young Waiter with a cast iron skillet and down he goes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sullen Wench is coming for the
front, out of nowhere! Look at that
speed.

Sullen Wench, Orange Potato and Aerial Musk fight for the
finish.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And it's...it's...Aerial Musk for
the win!

Archer, holding his chest stands to thank Pam.

ARCHER
Hey, uh thanks. How did you even
know I'd be here?

PAM
I didn't. We ran out of crab legs.

EXT. RACE TRACK

Leonas, still tied to Aerial Musk stands in front of the
podium. An OFFICIAL tries to put the cape of roses on him and
his hat falls off, revealing the hard to miss bullet hole in
his head.

The crowd gasps. A picture's taken. That picture freezes.

INT. MALLORY'S OFFICE - DAY

We pull out of that picture to reveal it's in the newspaper
with the headline CORPSE CROWNED KING. Mallory slams the
newspaper down.

Lana and Archer join her in the office.

MALLORY
I wish I could say I've never been
so embarrassed in my life, but with
you idiots I'm sure that's not
true.

LANA
Mallory, let me explain.

MALLORY
Don't bother. Archer already told
me all about that insidious Daisy
and her little waiter friend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY (CONT'D)

If they ever catch her, she'll have to deal with Antanas and the Lithuanians. I do not envy her.

LANA

Oh. So...right. Daisy. So, you're mad about us tying Leonas to the horse?

ARCHER

Which A, you shouldn't be, that plan totally worked and B, I didn't know him long, but I know for a fact it's what Leonas would have wanted.

LANA

But I'm sure that win will be disqualified.

MALLORY

Actually, no. Apparently there is nothing in the rule books explicitly about the jockey needing to be alive when running the race.

ARCHER

I guess they didn't factor ISIS in when writing the rules.

MALLORY

I'm glad this is funny to you. I can't tell you how long it's going to take to recoup from our loses today.

LANA

Loses from creating bad blood with Dargis and losing out on future contracts?

MALLORY

Oh, who gives a damn about Antantas or that pimple of a country?

Archer laughs.

ARCHER

Oh my God. You bet against Aerial Musk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY

I thought we were all in agreement
that they were going to throw the
race!

ARCHER

Serves you right for betting
against your own client.

Mallory and Archer glare at each other. Mallory punches
Archer in the chest.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Right in the tits.

Archer collapses

END OF SHOW