

ARCHER

SPEC SCRIPT  
"SANS ARCHER"

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Teaser

**EXT. CALIFORNIA - DAY**

The beautiful and vibrant skyline of Beverly Hills, California.

PAM (O.S.)  
I just hate it; coming in right at  
the middle of a mission.

LANA (O.S.)  
Uhh, Pam-

**EXT. CALIFORNIA STREET - CONTINUOUS**

A red, four-door car sits on the corner of a busy pedestrian intersection.

PAM (O.S.)  
I mean I get that there's stuff I  
don't need to see-

CYRIL (O.S.)  
Pam?

**INT. RED CAR - CONTINUOUS**

LANA is in the drivers seat, with RAY sitting shotgun. PAM is in the back with snacks in her lap. CYRIL is holding papers next to her.

PAM  
I don't have to know everything...

RAY  
Pam.

PAM  
And I guess I'm still the new guy.  
But we've been doing this for so  
long, I don't get why there's still  
a hierarchy-

LANA  
God damn it Pam we haven't done  
anything but sit here!

PAM  
Your words.

CYRIL  
(Indicating to her food)  
Do you mind?

PAM  
I mean this isn't my ideal Friday-

RAY  
I don't understand how you are so  
bad at sitting here.

PAM  
Course you don't mind it... Dr.  
Timothy Nugent.

CYRIL  
I don't understand why we are doing  
this at all.

LANA  
Yes you do!

**FLASHBACK: INT. GROCERY STORE - TWO WEEKS EARLIER**

A long line of people waiting to check out as the electronic  
buzz of an error is heard.

An awkward chuckle from Cyril off screen-

CYRIL  
Well let's see. Maybe I can just  
get this and...

Cyril takes several items out of a scarce pile on the  
counter, placing them in a larger "To be returned" pile.

The cashier runs his card, and it is declined again. The  
crowd behind him sighs and groans.

LANA (V.O.)  
So if you're done-

**INT. RED CAR - SAME TIME**

Cyril glares at Lana.

LANA  
None of us like being poor, and no  
one wants to keep sitting here, but  
it's the job.

PAM

A job I don't know shit about.

RAY

Why didn't you ask until we got here?

PAM

I guess I didn't really think about it til then. But why won't you guys tell me? That's my question.

CYRIL

My question is why we are all out here, with almost no information?

LANA

Because one, see literally ten seconds ago. Two, we're the only people that work for this stupid agency. And three, if you have to keep talking why don't you tell Pam what we do know?

CYRIL

You know what?

LANA

YeaH Cyril! I really do.

A long beat while Cyril tries to stare down Lana. He folds.

CYRIL

(defeated)

We're doing a security detail - transporting a witness to a safe location until he testifies in court next month.

PAM

Ah shitsnacks, we're saving a snitch?

LANA

He's a whistle-blower on a major corporation.

PAM

How big?

LANA

I mean, big enough that he is being moved to a secure location because they could kill him?

PAM

I'm not sold on this guy.

CYRIL

Yes you are Pam. All we have to do is drive him someplace, so everything has to go right.

RAY

Do you really believe that's gonna happen?

Cyril thinks for a moment.

CYRIL

No. No I do not.

RAY

So why hold your self to that expectation?

The group all looks at him inquisitively.

RAY (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Or just be miserable your whole life. Why the hell should I care?

PAM

You know what sounds miserable? Living as a rat.

Pam laughs.

LANA

Pam witness tampering is a serious crime.

PAM

Well we better not do it in front of this guy. Seems like all he does is blab.

LANA

What a terrible trait that would be to have...

CYRIL

This intell is terrible. I still haven't heard back from Krieger, this guy is a no show, and even if he was here, we still don't even know who we're looking for!

PAM

We don't have his name?

LANA

Yes we have his name Pam, but-

RAY

But people who think the company  
they work for might kill them don't  
just walk around with name tags to  
help any stranger walking by  
identify them!

A beep from Cyril's phone.

CYRIL

Krieger just sent over a picture...  
Oh, GOD DAMNIT!

LANA

What?

The group looks down at the screen on Cyril's phone.

**REVEAL:** Randy Brubacker, a 33 year old employee of Botz Inc.  
And **an exact doppelganger for Sterling Archer.**

END OF TEASER

**TITLE SEQUENCE (:45)**

Act One

**EXT. FIGGIS AGENCY - MOMENTS LATER**

KRIEGER (O.S.)

Let's see, how certain am I about the intell?

**INT. KRIEGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Dr. Krieger is sitting in front of a wall of monitors and computers.

KRIEGER

Well, I built the entire structure of the database myself, and I'm the only one with access to the servers the information lives on-

CYRIL (O.S.)

(through the receiver)  
Probably made with Russian parts...

KRIEGER

Plus I double checked it before I sent it to you guys, so it's probably a 50-50 shot of being right. Since I'm only a doctor right?

CYRIL (O.S.)

(through the receiver)  
No, you're not.

A hand comes out of nowhere and smacks Krieger in the back of the head.

MALLORY

Don't be an ass.

KRIEGER

Is that what we are calling 'right' now?

MALLORY

Shut up. And Lana, what seems to be the issue?

LANA (O.S.)

(Through the receiver)  
(MORE)

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

My issue is that I think your son is once again dicking around with us.

MALLORY

What is that supposed to mean?

**INT. RED CAR - SAME TIME**

Lana has the phone.

LANA

It means the "asset" we came all the way out here to protect, looks just like Archer.

MALLORY (O.S.)

(Through a receiver)

I'm sure it isn't an exact match.

LANA

Did you look at the picture?

Beat.

LANA (CONT'D)

Oh for god sake's. Double check my ass.

PAM

If you need a volunteer...

Lana glares back at her.

**INT. KRIEGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

LANA (O.S.)

(Through a receiver)

How positive are you that this is in no way Archer screwing with us?

Mallory thinks for a moment.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME**

Archer lays in a bed hooked up to a life support machine that breathes for him. The only sound is the rhythmic beeping of his heart monitor.

**INT. KRIEGER'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER**

MALLORY

A little more than 50 percent?

LANA (O.S.)

(Through a receiver)

So what do we actually know about Brubacker?

MALLORY

He's a thirty-three-year old middle management, yes man for Bortz Incorporated.

KRIEGER

I guess was.

MALLORY

Brubacker has proof the company knowingly avoided critical safety updates, and he fears the company will stop at nothing to silence him.

**INT. RED CAR - CONTINUOUS**

LANA

So he hired us to pick him up at a rendezvous that he is two hours late for. Nothing sounds fishy about that?

RAY

(Looking to the back seat)

I don't know about that, but it's starting to stink in here...

CYRIL

(covering his nose)

What is wrong with you?

Pam's stomach rumbles, her snacks are gone.

PAM

Howd'ya think I feel? I'm stuck in here with me too.

**INT. KRIEGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

MALLORY

If you are all quite finished...  
What I find fishy is why I have the  
entire staff of our agency on the  
same mission calling me to ask how  
to do their job.

KRIEGER

Burn.

LANA (O.S.)

(Through a receiver)

Mallory-

MALLORY

Pick up Brubacker, take him to his  
safe house, have him transfer the  
rest of our payment, and get to  
your own extraction point.

**INT. RED CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Lana is not happy.

MALLORY (O.S.)

(Through a receiver)

This is all pretty routine. Do you  
think you can-

Lana hangs up the phone.

**INT. KRIEGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Mallory is clearly perturbed.

MALLORY

Her phone better have blown to  
pieces during that call or I swear  
to God...

Krieger waits for her to finish the thought.

KRIEGER

...does that help?

Mallory gives him a look.

LANA (O.S.)

Called it.

**INT. RED CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

The team is still sitting in the car.

PAM

That I should have tried to go  
before we left, even if I didn't  
have to?

CYRIL

Yes, and.

LANA

And shut up, because that's him.

Through the windshield, the gang sees RANDY dressed in a full trench coat and fedora with sunglasses. He takes three steps before returning inside the door.

RAY

What is he doing?

Again, Randy exits the building and takes three steps, before he stops and turns around.

RAY (CONT'D)

I'm not totally sure that's him.

This happens two more times.

RAY (CONT'D)

Y'all I feel kind of bad watching  
this.

REVEAL: Pam has produced a video camera and is recording the repeated steps of Randy outside.

LANA

Pam!

PAM

What!?

Lana grabs the camera and drags Pam down. Cyril and Ray are confused, but follow into hiding.

PAM (CONT'D)

What's your problem?

LANA

My first issue-

PAM

You said it was the photo.

LANA

Shut up. The first issue is we are undercover. A big, bulky camcorder doesn't really help us blend. Got that?

PAM

Okay, sorry!

LANA

Number two, everything else wrong with-

There is a knocking at the window above them. The gang looks up.

REVEAL: Randy has created a hood with his hands to try and see inside the car window.

RANDY

(Through the window)

Hi, um sorry to bother you. Are you looking foocooooooooorrrr.....

Everyone in the car is visibly upset. He even sounds like Archer.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Someone?

LANA

(Rolling down her window)

What is your problem?

RANDY

What? I- I um, I don't know what you're talking about.

LANA

Okay. Well, who are you?

Randy looks around, very nervous about being heard.

RANDY

Are you guys-

Lana loads and cocks one of her Tech-9's.

LANA

You know who we are.

RANDY

Um, yea okay. That, that seems appropriate. I... am... I'm... Randy-

LANA/RAY/CYRIL/PAM

That's it. / Again? / What an idiot. / Seriously?

RANDY

Hey! Have you guys ever done a secret mission before? Do you know anything about blending?

RAY

I know you're not supposed to say secret mission out loud when you're on one.

CYRIL

Burn.

RANDY

Well-

RAY

And I also know that it's not laying low if you dress like Dick Tracy's battered wife.

RANDY

(stunned)

Jesus Christ, why would you even say that?

RAY

...cuz it's a joke?

PAM

Like you're outfit!

RANDY

It's a joke about domestic violence? Why is that funny to you?

A pause as the gang looks between each other.

LANA

Are you serious?

RANDY

As domestic abuse.

PAM  
So we talking 50-50 or...

LANA/RAY/CYRIL  
Pam! / Come on / Jeezy peats.

PAM  
What he gets to be a snitch and a buzzkill?

RANDY  
I am not a snitch! Don't say that!  
I'm trying to help people.

PAM  
I bet that's what your mom said.

RANDY  
Which is what I am supposed to be paying you people to do! Seriously though, you guys are the body guards right? Because I paid for two cars, so it's supposed to be two cars...

LANA  
If you're ready, thanks for joining us.

RANDY  
I really don't feel like the sarcasm is necessary.

RAY  
Maybe we didn't feel like the second car was necessary?

RANDY  
Are you telling me you only have one car?!

LANA  
Stop yelling, and no, we have two cars. Pam you and Cyril ready to follow?

RANDY  
(suddenly)  
Sorry, I-

CYRIL  
I think I should be in the front car.

RAY  
Of course you do.

RANDY  
(urgently)  
Sorry. Guys-

CYRIL  
And what is that supposed to mean?

RAY  
It means your an ass.

LANA  
Guys, come on.

CYRIL  
Oh, is that what we're calling  
'right' now?

RANDY  
(panicking)  
GUUUUYSS!

LANA  
WHAAAT?!

REVEAL: Down the street a BLUE CAR has noticed the group arguing. The passenger produces a gun, as Randy chuckles timidly.

RANDY  
I don't mean to yell, but I kind of  
feel like we've been spotted.

The group notices THE HITMEN through the rearview mirror.

LANA  
Oh shit. Get in. Now, hurry!

RANDY  
In the same car? What about-

LANA  
There's no time get in.

RANDY  
Okay, let me just-

Randy begins to step in the car with one foot, and taps it twice. He removes his foot and does this two more times.

RAY  
What are you doing?

RANDY

It's called a ritual, and thanks for calling attention to it. If You don't mind I'm just trying to get in the damn car.

LANA

If you don't mind we are just trying not to get shot.

Bullets tear through the back window. Everyone tells Randy to hurry.

RANDY

Who do I look like Edouard Benedictus?

The group watches Randy try to enter again before he fully enters the car.

The car pulls out, the Hitmen are in pursuit. After a beat-

RANDY (CONT'D)

Sorry, that might have been a little obscure. Edouard Benedictus invented laminated glass at the start of the 20th century. Fun guy to read about if-

LANA

Thanks for the timely fun fact!

A bullet hits the mirror, changing the reflection from a furious Lana, to a frustrated Randy.

RANDY

You're welcome... Interrupting Edna.

Randy chuckles at his own joke, and then returns to his glare.

END ACT 1

Act Two

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER**

The bullet riddled red car rips through traffic trying to evade the Hitmen chasing and shooting at them.

Both cars swerve through a mostly empty road.

**INT. RED CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Another bullet flies through the window.

RAY  
Goddamn it!

LANA  
Can anyone try shooting back at them?

Ray pulls out a gun and loads it. Lana looks towards the back seat.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Well?

RANDY  
Well what? Was I suppose to bring my own gun?

LANA  
Not you, you idiot.

RANDY  
And the name calling is still uncalled for!

LANA  
You two!

CYRIL  
We left our guns in the other car!

LANA  
Why would you do that?

PAM  
So we wouldn't leave them in here by mistake... you know... incase this happened.

RAY  
Are you serious?

RANDY  
Should I be worried?

CYRIL  
(Revealing under his  
shirt)  
Not if you wore kevlar...

RAY  
Well of course you remembered that!

Lana shakes her head, pulls out a Tech-9, and shoots.

RANDY  
(Clearly nervous)  
So are you looking where you shoot  
that? Or-

LANA  
Are you trying to tell me how to do  
my job?

RANDY  
I'm not trying to tell you  
anything. Those just feel like two  
activities that both need your full  
focus.

LANA  
And this feels like a bad time to  
backseat drive.

CYRIL  
Burn.

RAY  
(shooting out the window)  
Or forget your gun!

RANDY  
Or give critical feedback. Jesus,  
you guys really don't work well  
together do you?

PAM  
That's what I was saying!

They all glare towards her.

MALLORY (O.S.)  
When did you plan on telling me  
this?

**INT. KRIEGER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Mallory is finishing her drink. Krieger sits in front of her.

KRIEGER  
Um, now. I guess?

MALLORY  
If the safe house has been  
compromised they can't bring him  
there.

KRIEGER  
Well I don't know if I would say  
it's been compromised...

On a computer screen a live camera feed shows TWO MEN IN MASKS dowsing a room with cans of gasoline.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)  
But definitely in process.

Mallory pours herself another drink and sets the bottle on Krieger's computers.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)  
And that's not a great spot to put  
that, so-

MALLORY  
Could you hold this for just one  
second?

Krieger takes the glass in his hand, Mallory begins to repeatedly smack him in the face.

KRIEGER  
Stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it,  
I said quit it!

Mallory stops and takes her glass back.

MALLORY  
Do we know how they found out?

KRIEGER  
They must have stolen the  
information somehow I guess. Isn't  
that obvious?

On the screen, one of the masked men cartoonishly slips on the gas covered floor. The other man shakes his head in shame.

MALLORY (O.S.)

I think I'm having a stroke because for a second I actually missed Cheryl.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME TIME**

CHERYL is moaning and getting a deep tissue massage on a massage table.

CHERYL

Omygodthisissoincredible. We need to start having more emergency board meetings.

*CRASH!* The sound of a brick smashing a window off screen.

REVEAL: Through a window we see an angry picket line protesting and chanting outside.

TUNT INVESTOR (O.C.)

Ms. Tunt, we really should deal with the unhappy staff problem outside...

CHERYL

How did the cake suggestion go?

REVEAL: THE INVESTOR is covered in cake.

TUNT INVESTOR

Not well.

LANA (O.S.)

Well this is going to shit.

**INT. RED CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

*BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!*

Lana is looking at her phone, while Ray shoots out the window.

RANDY

I'll say! You're on your phone now too? Are you trying to kill us?

LANA

Well I could always pull over if you want...

RANDY

Please don't do that.

LANA

Please don't backseat drive. Also, please don't be mad, but the safe house got exposed.

RAY/RANDY/CYRIL/PAM

Called it. / What? / By who? / Ah man.

Randy looks at Cyril.

LANA

It's not great, but Mallory just sent us coordinates for a different extraction point.

RANDY

And this is definitely not the time for it, but that should have been whom.

LANA

We need to get you there and pass you off to someone else.

RANDY

Who?

Cyril rolls his eye. More bullets tear through the car

PAM

God damnit Ray, how hard is it to kill two people?

*BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!*

RAY

Sure would be easier if there were three of us!

*SMASH!* The two hitmen ram their car into the back of the gang's vehicle. Ray stumbles and almost falls fully out the window.

LANA

Ray!

Lana lets go of the wheel to grab Ray

CYRIL/RANDY/PAM

Lana!

The car jerks to the side, but Pam reaches over the seat and grabs the wheel.

She pulls them off a patch of desert dirt and back onto the highway.

Ray is back in the car, Lana takes the wheel back.

LANA

Are you okay?

RAY

I think I'm fine.

RANDY

We need to get out of here!

LANA

We have to lose them first. If they follow us, we can't stop anywhere.

RANDY

Do you guys have like, a boat we could jump the car onto?

RAY

A boat?

RANDY

Yea, change the terrain so we can't be followed.

RAY

A boat in the middle of the God damn desert?!

RANDY

(Very genuinely)

You know right now this is brainstorming, and you're being a real bully.

RAY

Are you serious?

LANA

I'm serious when I say both of you shut up.

(MORE)

LANA (CONT'D)

We can't out run them, so we need to stop them. Pam, can you drive the car?

PAM

(laughing)  
Better than you!

Randy and Lana both glare at Pam.

LANA

Okay, I'm going out there. Ray, cover me?

RAY

Well, and I know y'all are gonna just hate me for this, but...

Ray shows both of his hands are empty.

CYRIL

Where's you're gun?

RAY

(Testy)  
I dropped it. When I was the only one shooting out of the car window.

PAM

Bet you feel like a dick.

RAY

You know...

Lana lets out a loud, frustrated grunt.

LANA

Take this, don't drop it! And cover me.

Lana takes one breath as she preps herself. Ray shoots out of the window.

Lana climbs out of her window.

RAY

(Coming back inside)  
Well somebody's in a mood.

RANDY

Do you criticize everything?!

**EXT. CAR CHASE - CONTINUOUS**

Pam drives the red car in a serpentine pattern to avoid bullets. The hitmen are in hot pursuit.

*BAM!* The hitmen ram the car from behind again! Lana almost loses her grip, but recovers.

LANA  
(yelling into the car)  
This is driving better?

RANDY (O.C.)  
How is that her fault?

Lana scowls.

LANA  
I gotta start working with better agents.

**INT. HITMEN'S CAR - SAME TIME**

Both men bring their heads inside the car, as FIRST HITMAN reloads both guns and SECOND HITMAN drives.

SECOND HITMAN  
How are we missing so badly?

FIRST HITMAN  
Maybe we shouldn't have blown off the training weekend just because it was optional...

SECOND HITMAN  
You're an ass.

FIRST HITMAN  
Is that what we are calling being 'right'? ...Now they have a woman on top of their car.

SECOND HITMAN  
Is that better or worse?

Beat.

FIRST HITMAN  
Maybe 50-50?

**EXT. CAR CHASE - CONTINUOUS**

Lana has moved from a crawling to a crouched position on top of the car.

LANA

I can't believe I'm doing this...

Both Hitmen stick their head outside of the windows, and aim guns at Lana.

LANA (CONT'D)

(as an epiphany)

Holy shit I've gotta do this.

The cars race through hot desert. As the hitmen approach at ramming speed-

LANA (CONT'D)

Woo!

Lana jumps into the air and lands on the hood of the Hitmen's car. They shoot at her, and she rolls onto their roof.

Second Hitman goes back into the car to shoot upwards and when he does-

*POW! CRUNCH!* Lana punches him repeatedly in the face through the window. With each punch the car jerks to the side.

*BLAM!* The First Hitman begins shooting into the ceiling. Lana rolls to her side to avoid it.

*BLAM!* Now the other side, she rolls again, dodging bullets.

LANA (CONT'D)

Who hired these guys? A bullet factory?

**INT. RED CAR - CONTINUOUS**

*BLAM! BLAM!*

RANDY

Why did you stop shooting at them?

RAY

So now we have time for feedback?

RANDY

You've shot three bullets every other time!

RAY

I don't wanna accidentally shoot  
Lana!  
(to Cyril and Pam)  
Can you imagine that lecture?

CYRIL

Well you clearly can't aim so...

RAY

You know what Cyril?

RANDY

This is really killing me, could  
you please just shoot the gun one  
more time?

RAY

Well you know what's almost killing  
me?

More bullets rip through the car.

PAM

Oh give me that!

Pam wrestles for Ray with the gun. Both cars are now swerving  
wildly.

RANDY

What are you guys doing?

PAM

Fork it over you weak ass cyborg  
bitch.

Pam wins the struggle and takes the gun.

RANDY

We were trying to avoid  
multitasking!

**EXT. CAR CHASE - CONTINUOUS**

Pam drives, but sticks her head out the window and looks  
fully behind herself.

*BLAM!* She fires a single shot into the hood of the Hitmen's  
car. The camera follows with it.

*SWOOSH! KABLUNK!* The bullet rips through the car's throttle.  
The Hitmen's car begins to smoke, and accelerate out of  
control.

The hitmen panic trying to take control of the car. Lana holds on for dear life.

LANA

Ah shit!

The car speeds by and just misses their red car. At the last second Lana jumps to the red car's roof.

She lands, and Pam lays on the breaks.

*VRRROOM!* The hitmen's car speeds off until-

*KABOOM!* Their vehicle explodes, and scraps of mangled metal bounce by the others.

**INT. RED CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Ray is pouting, Cyril is slumped in his seat and Randy is just stunned. He begins to chuckle.

RANDY

I can't believe we made it through that.

RAY

Lucky shot.

RANDY

I literally do not believe this. Are we dead?

PAM

Not yet, but...

*CLUNK CLUNK CLUNK.* The engine is gives out. Smoke begins to billow from under their hood as it shakes to a stop.

**EXT. RED CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Their car is alone on a desert highway near a large fire.

PAM (V.O.)

...day's not over yet.

END ACT 2

Act Three

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER**

Lana, Ray, Cyril, Pam, and Randy walk through the desert under the hot sun.

RANDY  
There isn't a cause for it.

PAM  
So it just happens for like, no reason?

RANDY  
Yes.

PAM  
Is it contagious? Am I gonna start washing my hands all the time?

RANDY  
Did you seriously just ask me that? It's wildly insensitive.

PAM  
I'm not a big hand washer as it is...

RAY  
We know.

LANA  
We have a while to walk still and we need to conserve energy, so maybe we could not talk right now?

CYRIL  
Do we have a plan besides die wherever we fall?

LANA  
We are walking to a secondary extraction point.

CYRIL  
Why didn't we stick to the road?

LANA  
The road we just had a giant gun fight on and probably has a gaggle of hitmen looking for this canary?

RANDY

Only geese are in gaggles.

PAM

And only canaries sing you yellow bellied little bitch.

Only Pam laughs, but only Randy is offended.

CYRIL

And only a camel could live on as little water as we have.

Cyril holds up a lone water bottle.

PAM

What about snakes? Or spiders? Or scorpions? I bet there's all kinds of-

CYRIL

The only mammal!

PAM

What do you need milk for?

LANA

We just need to keep walking towards the coordinates Mallory gave us, and then we'll be in the clear.

A long pause as they walk in silence.

RANDY

This feels like a wildly unproductive work environment.

MALLORY (O.S.)

That's enough out of you missy!

**INT. KRIEGER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME**

Mallory stands with her arms folded, drink in hand.

Krieger is on the computer, and KRIEGER'S GIRLFRIEND stands next to him, visibly upset.

MALLORY

We've had too many eyes on this project as it is. No wonder the safe house got blown.

Krieger's Girlfriend exits mumbling under her breath in Japanese.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

And it's Mrs. To you.

(to Krieger)

Now are you sure none of the safe house could be tracked back here?

KRIEGER

Explosions are a pretty efficient wipe...

MALLORY

And the extract is on route to them?

KRIEGER

Should be there within the hour.

MALLORY

(finishing her drink)

I need to go make some phone calls.  
I want an update the second they get there!

Mallory exits, and Krieger is alone.

KRIEGER

(to himself)

I wonder how she's gonna get that...

**EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - LATER**

Lana, Ray, Cyril, Pam, and Randy walk, sweat drenched, through the desert.

All have stripped down some clothing and covered their heads; Cyril's torso is covered only by his kevlar vest.

RANDY

I'm really starting to think Bortz hired you guys.

PAM

Burn.

RANDY

No, I'm serious. Do you four want me dead?

PAM

Me too. I think I'm burnt pretty bad.

LANA

Randy, and know that it figuratively kills me to say your name out loud, feel free to leave if you don't wanna stick with us-

RANDY

Like that's any choice.

LANA

But we are walking towards the coordinates. That's still the plan, and it's how I plan to live.

RAY

We're gonna live on that and the fat check you still owe us.

RANDY

How could you be thinking about money right now?

CYRIL

What are you thinking about?

RANDY

Trying to live!

RAY

...Why?

RANDY

Do you guys have any friends?

PAM

None that we're gonna tell on.

They all walk in the heat.

RANDY

Hey look!

Off in the distance, a car comes over the crest of a hill toward the group

RANDY (CONT'D)

Oh thank god someone is here. We are gonna be all right.

RAY

Why would you ever say that?

The group stops walking.

RANDY

Isn't that one of your guys?

LANA

Why would you ever assume that?

RANDY

Well who else would be all the way out here, driving around in the middle of a desert?

They all glare at him.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Oh.

CYRIL

Are we going to be able to fight them off?

*CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.* Lana pulls the trigger, both of her guns are empty.

LANA

Depends on how badly they wanna kill us.

RANDY

What do you guys generally assume? Are you well liked amongst the underground circuit or whatever?

The group thinks for a moment.

RAY

Even if this wasn't about you, they probably wanna kill us deader then dead.

RANDY

I'm not even sure what that is.

LANA

This is bad for all of us. So can we quit screwing around and make a plan.

The car is driving closer through the desert.

PAM

I mean, we are probably just gonna pretend to fork over this guy, and then kick their asses right?

RANDY

No!

RAY

Worst case they just kill him.

CYRIL

And then we don't get paid!

RAY

He looks like he was gonna welch anyway.

RANDY

I wasn't gonna welch!

PAM

Yea guys, he doesn't even have an accent.

LANA

Totally different word. But as dumb as that was anyone here have a better idea than Pam's?

Silence. A tumbleweed rolls by the group.

Just before leaving frame, the tumble weed gets stuck on Pam's foot. She tries to shake it loose.

It takes some effort, but eventually she frees the tumbleweed and it blows off the screen.

Randy shakes his head.

LANA (CONT'D)

Okay then.

CUT TO:

#### **MOMENTS LATER**

A car with a lone driver pulls up in the desert sand. The driver stops directly in front of Lana who is holding a gun at Randy's head. Ray, Cyril, and Pam stand in a line behind her.

The driver beeps his horn.

LANA

You're gonna have to come claim him  
if you want this asshole.

She pushes her gun into his head.

RANDY

(quietly)  
Oww, Jesus, not so hard. Again,  
acting.

LANA

(quietly)  
Shut up.

The car door opens.

REVEAL: JOSE, early 30's, Mexican, steps out of the vehicle  
brandishing a gun.

JOSE

I need you to let him go.

LANA

Put your gun down first.

JOSE

Sorry, no can do. I can't let you  
hurt this asset.

LANA

(very confused)  
You mean before you do?

JOSE

I'm here to protect this man!

LANA

We're here to protect him!

A pause as everyone looks around to each other.

JOSE

Oh for Pete's sake - Are you people  
working with Mrs. Archer?

LANA

(Surprised)  
Wait, you know Mrs. Archer? Are you  
the contact?

JOSE

Yea... so this looks...

Jose cringes at the realization Randy is a hostage.

LANA

Yea... It hasn't been like this the whole time. We- we just didn't know who you were so we needed to be ready in case!

JOSE

It's okay. He doesn't look dead, you dead?

RANDY

Somehow not yet.

PAM

Day's not over yet good buddy.

RANDY

Thanks.

JOSE

(to Randy)

All right are you ready to go?

RANDY

(to Lana)

Where are we going now?

JOSE

Just you.

RANDY

What?

LANA

This is a handoff. We've been exposed so we need to put you in totally different company.

RANDY

You guys are subcontracting my safety?

JOSE

Seems like a pretty good call to me. So far I mean.

LANA

You're gonna be fine. There is another safe house, and you are going right to it.

JOSE

We do need to get going.

RANDY

Well thanks for a portion of this experience gang. A lot of it I really would have liked to have avoided.

(to Lana)

Mostly thanks to you for bringing a gun, and generally just being the least unprepared for this mission.

LANA

Thanks I guess?

RAY

I brought a gun too!

RANDY

Oh, can I borrow it for a second then?

Ray glares at him. Randy exits chuckling.

Randy and Jose get in the car. Randy gets out, and back in a few times, and then they drive away.

RAY

Honestly I kind of feel bad we stopped those guys from killing him.

PAM

I feel bad we didn't strip him naked as a hostage.

The other three look at her.

RAY

To embarrass him?

PAM

...sure.

LANA

I feel bad that we were hired to protect him, and caused his safe house to get burned down.

RAY

I told you, no reason to think today was gonna be perfect.

The camera begins to pedestal up on the car driving off in the distance. Suddenly-

*BOOM!* The car explodes off in the distance.

The group looks out at the fire stunned. They are aghast.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Well that's not great.

CYRIL  
(Suddenly)  
Oh Jeezy peats.

They all turn to look at him.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
(afraid to finish)  
I forgot to mention the second transfer.

**INT. PRIVATE ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING**

Mallory Archer is alone in an elegant room. She has a drink in one hand, and a phone in the other.

MALLORY  
Yes, I agree. So many of these OSHA regulations are just ridiculous. I mean, people are trying to run businesses, what are they supposed to do? Care about every individual worker? ... Um hmm, I am glad we could be of service. He shouldn't be a problem ever again. ... My people have taken care of that ... um hmmm. ... That as well. ... oh. ... Oh really? ... and you were concerned about that? ... Oh, I see. ... well I don't know. Maybe 50-50?

SLAM TO CREDITS