

ARCHER

"TEMPLE RAIDERS CRUSADE"

Written by

Ben Deeb & Graham Towers

Benjamin.Deeb@gmail.com  
GrahamTravist@gmail.com

TEASER

EXT/ESTAB. ISIS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

ARCHER's voice booms through the office.

ARCHER (O.S.)

I mean, I'm supposed to be a field  
agent. Does this look like the  
field?

INT. ISIS BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Archer rants to anyone who will listen. Today, that anyone  
includes LANA, CYRIL, PAM, CHERYL, and RAY.

CHERYL

Ooh, I know this one. No! It looks  
like an office.

ARCHER

I've been so bored I'm practically  
living at the Lickety Splits.

(beat)

On the up side, I think Baby Seamus  
has finally learned to appreciate  
the taste of body glitter.

LANA

Archer, come on. You get sent on  
literally every high-profile  
mission there is.

ARCHER

And I'm figuratively going to shove  
a grenade in my mouth if I don't  
get the world's most interesting  
assignment in the next five  
minutes.

PAM

Well that's a little extreme.

ARCHER

I said figuratively, Pam. Why  
doesn't anyone get that  
distinction? And why are there TWO  
DOZEN ASIAN CHILDREN RUNNING AROUND  
A GODDAMN SPY AGENCY?

REVEAL: a bunch of CHINESE BOYS running around the office.  
One of them stops to hug Archer's legs.

CYRIL

Someone decided to claim a tax  
loophole for employee child care.

MALORY saunters angrily out of her office.

MALORY

And someone was told to make sure  
no employees found out they could  
bring their horrible carpet  
monsters to work!

One of the kids is licking the carpet. Malory glares at  
Cyril. Ray backs away from the kids uncomfortably.

CYRIL

How was I supposed to know Brett  
would read the fine print on his W-  
2?

RAY

Oh, I don't know, maybe because  
he'd be looking for an exemption  
for getting shot seven times in the  
past year? How long will they be  
here?

CYRIL

Until Brett gets back from  
professional development.

A kid runs up to try to hug Ray. Ray climbs up on a desk.

RAY

Which is when, exactly?

Cyril checks his watch.

CYRIL

Friday.

ARCHER

Wait, what does Brett have to do  
with any of this?

LANA

They're Brett's kids, Archer.

ARCHER

Brett is raising two dozen pre-  
pubescent Asian boys and none of  
you finds that... I don't know,  
Dahmer-esque?

KRIEGER WALKS IN as Pam speaks.

PAM

We all knew about them. He adopted the survivors of the Shanghai orphanage fire last year. It was on the news.

Krieger's eyes go wide. He slowly BACKS OUT of the room before anyone sees him.

ARCHER

Oh. Well he probably just did it to make me feel bad for shooting him all those times.

LANA

Did it work?

ARCHER

Did what work?

RAY

Ever the gentleman.

ARCHER

Well baby-sitting the Chinese Lollipop Guild isn't in my job description. Mother, please tell me you have somewhere to send me.

MALORY

As a matter of fact I do.

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE - SOON

Archer stands in front of his mother's desk. She sits behind it drinking a TOM COLLINS and showing him pictures of his targets on the video screen.

MALORY

A shadowy group of German treasure hunters is looting a tomb in the Himalayas. They're after an ancient relic and your mission is to recover it.

Archer squints at Malory to see if she's bullshitting him. She raises an eyebrow and scowls.

ARCHER

Wait, you're serious.

MALORY  
Why wouldn't I be?

Archer starts to get excited.

ARCHER  
Ask me where it belongs.

MALORY  
What?

ARCHER  
The relic. Ask me where it belongs.

MALORY  
(suspicious)  
Why?

ARCHER  
Come on. Ask me.

Beat.

MALORY  
No.

Malory narrows her eyes and starts to pour herself another cocktail.

ARCHER  
It belongs in a museum!

TITLE SEQUENCE

ACT ONE

EXT. KATHMANDU AIRPORT - MORNING

Archer, Lana, and Cyril wait on the tarmac for their bags to be unloaded. Archer's got a complete Indiana Jones thing going on - everything but the whip. Lana and Cyril are in normal field agent gear.

As bags are pulled off the plane, Archer is unzipping and rifling through each of them, somewhat frantically.

LANA

So what's this artifact we're supposed to recover for Malory?

CYRIL

The Bardo Thodol. The Tibetan Book of the Dead.

Archer gasps and stops looking through the bag.

ARCHER

Do you think it makes zombies?

Lana and Cyril look at him skeptically.

CYRIL

No.

ARCHER

How would you know?!

CYRIL

I had a minor in Eastern Cultures!

Archer goes back to unzipping bags.

ARCHER

And that's supposed to validate your presence on a high-priority field mission?

LANA

(to Cyril)

I thought you could get The Book of the Dead at any hippie bookstore in the city.

CYRIL

Padmasambhava's original manuscript hasn't been seen since the eighth century. Modern translations are assembled from fragments.

ARCHER

So you're saying there's a definite possibility that this thing is full of spells to raise the dead.

CYRIL

No.

ARCHER

Because that's what I'm hearing.

CYRIL

I've done hours of research on-

One of the bags coming out of the plane is moving. Archer sees it.

ARCHER

Shorty!

Archer unzips the bag and a small Chinese boy struggles out. It's TOMMY, one of Brett's adopted kids. He's making muffled screams through a cloth gag stuffed in his mouth.

LANA

What the hell, Archer?!

ARCHER

Guys, meet Short Round. Say hi, Shorty.

Archer removes the gag. Tommy stares at them, wide-eyed and terrified.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

And put on this hat.

He puts a worn-out Yankees cap on Tommy's head and smiles.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

There ya go.

CYRIL

Jesus, Archer! He could have died in there.

ARCHER

And you could have been born without a vagina where your face should be, but that obviously didn't happen.

CYRIL

What?

LANA

(to Tommy, tenderly)

What's your name, little guy?

Tommy stares at Lana.

ARCHER

His name is Short Round, Lana. I've made that abundantly clear.

CYRIL

You kidnapped one of Brett's kids!

ARCHER

He's got, like, two dozen more. They probably don't even realize he's gone.

INT. ISIS BULLPEN - LATER

Kids run all around the office. Pam stands outside Malory's door with a sharpie. She's trying to tag them with the marker as they run by. She gets one on the arm.

PAM

Gotcha! Just like countin' cattle.

Ray WALKS (or rolls, whatever) in.

PAM (CONT'D)

Ray, ya' gotta help me wrangle these kids. They're like ticks on a coon-hound.

RAY

Bet you wouldn't call it that if Lana was here. And hell no. I'm staying out of this.

PAM

Aw come on. Why?

RAY  
 (sarcastically)  
 Because no one ever thinks twice  
 about a gay man chasing around a  
 gaggle of prepubescent Asian boys.

PAM  
 Riiiiiiight.  
 (beat)  
 Please?

RAY  
 Why don't you get Krieger to help?

Krieger STROLLS into the room. We see a kid's eyes lock onto him. Krieger looks back nervously. As if of one mind, the rest of the children FREEZE in place and turn to stare at Krieger.

Ominous music plays. Krieger gulps and the kids scatter, disappearing into the woodwork. Krieger, eyes wide, TAKES OFF out of the room.

As soon as he's gone, the kids scramble back into the room, making a bunch of noise as they start pulling out drawers and dumping out office supplies. Ray and Pam don't know what to make of what just happened.

RAY (CONT'D)  
 Huh.

Malory sticks her head out.

MALORY  
 (angrily)  
 What's going on? It sounds like the  
 kitchen at Golden Palace!

PAM  
 Better than cow screams.

MALORY  
 Not hardly. Shut them up.

PAM  
 They're just kids, Mrs. Archer.

MALORY  
 Then give them juice boxes full of  
 cough syrup. It always worked with  
 Sterling.

PAM  
 (sotto)  
 Still does.

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Malory walks back to her desk. In the corner of the room, KEN (6, another of Brett's kids) peers out from behind a potted plant. Malory sits down. She sees him.

MALORY  
 Oh no. I'm not having my imported  
 oriental rug ruined by some...  
 imported oriental.

Beat. From outside the door we hear a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM. Ken stares at Malory in fear.

MALORY (CONT'D)  
 Fine. If you're going to hide in  
 here you're at least going to be  
 useful. Can you say "Tom Collins"?

EXT. ROAD OUT OF KATHMANDU - DAY

Archer is riding in a jeep that's CAREENING down a curvy dirt road. Tommy, still scared shitless, is driving with blocks strapped to his feet so he can reach the gas and brakes. Lana, Cyril, and two NEPALESE SHERPAS follow close behind in a second jeep.

ARCHER  
 Woo! Punch it, Shorty! Faster!

Tommy looks over, still terrified. They SHOOT around a bend. A yak stands in the middle of the road.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
 Never mind! Brakes! Slower!

Tommy tries to step on the brakes, but his foot block falls off. They FLY towards the yak. At the last second, Archer yanks the handbrake. They SKID to a stop, inches from a crash. Archer and Tommy stare at each other, wide eyed. They exhale.

Then the other jeep PLOWS into the back of them.

EXT. NEPALESE ROAD - SOON

Archer, Lana, Cyril, the guides, and Tommy stand staring at the totaled vehicles. A yak's legs are visible from under the wreck. Somehow no one is hurt. Archer puts his arm around Tommy.

ARCHER

You tried your best, Shorty, and that's what matters.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN HIMALAYAN ROAD - LATER

The guides move slowly, carrying hundreds of pounds of spy gear on their backs. Tommy follows, more terrified than ever. Archer's got a coiled-up whip at his hip.

ARCHER

God, these guys are slow. I thought Sherpas were supposed to be, like, indefatigable.

CYRIL

Indefatigable?

ARCHER

Whatever. Can we pick up the pace? The Nazi looters-

LANA

Who said they were Nazis?

ARCHER

What other kind of shadowy Germans are there?

LANA

Uhh, like every other kind?

ARCHER

Come on. They're probably already at the tomb defiling the relics.

CYRIL

We'd be there, too, if you hadn't forced a nine-year-old to drive a car!

ARCHER

It was a 4x4, not a car. And don't try to put this on Shorty; he was doing his best!

CYRIL

I wasn't-!

He SIGHS in exasperation.

LANA

Not to mention how you made us miss our first two rides because you were running all over town looking for a goddamn BULL WHIP.

ARCHER

The whip is an essential piece of treasure-hunting accoutrement!

One of the guides nods and mumbles something Nepalese in agreement.

CYRIL

And you couldn't have just brought one from home?

ARCHER

Grow up, Cyril. The TSA isn't gonna let me on a plane with a deadly whip in my luggage.

LANA

But they didn't have a problem with a bound and gagged nine-year-old?

ARCHER

Well, obviously not. And he wasn't bound, just gagged.

(to Tommy)

Sorry about that, by the way.

Tommy stares back, still in shock. Another jeep heads around the bend. It comes to a stop. DR. PARZINGER, a middle-aged German man in rugged outdoor gear, sits in the driver's seat. He speaks with a heavy accent.

DR. PARZINGER

Automotive trouble?

CYRIL

Yes, we just-

ARCHER

You'll never get the Bar--!

Archer pauses as he tries to remember the name.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
 ...Bardon...Turtle.

CYRIL  
 Bardo Thodol.

ARCHER  
 Whatever. Bardy Total. Shut up.

Dr. Parzinger realizes who he's dealing with.

DR. PARZINGER  
 You must be Herr Archer. I was told  
 ISIS would try to intercept the  
 artifact.

CYRIL  
 Our mission is to make sure that it-

DR. PARZINGER  
 I'm fully aware of your mission.  
 And nuisances like you will not be  
 tolerated.

ARCHER  
 I won't let you get away with this!

The Doctor shakes his head.

DR. PARZINGER  
 Enjoy the walk to the temple, Herr  
 Archer.

Dr. Parzinger doffs his hat as the jeep SPEEDS off.

ARCHER  
 Shorty! Tell me you got his wallet.

Tommy shakes his head, still terrified.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
 I told you on the way here - you're  
 a pickpocket! I'm starting to think  
 I should have brought-

PAM (O.S.)  
 Randy!

INT. ISIS BULLPEN - DAY

The kids are now prowling the building, wielding weapons made  
 from various office supplies.

There are pencil/rubber band crossbows, stapler nunchucks, and a broom-and-pen pitchfork. Pam is trying to check them off her clipboard.

PAM

Randy!

(she looks around)

Which one of you pre-teen hooligans is Randy?

Cheryl walks up holding a conch shell.

CHERYL

They're not gonna listen if you don't have the conch.

PAM

The what?

CHERYL

The conch, like from Lord of the Rings. Duh?

PAM

Lord of the Flies?

CHERYL

What's that?

PAM

Never mind.

She grabs the conch.

PAM (CONT'D)

Randy?

CHERYL

He goes by Piggy. He's got asthma.

PAM

Seriously?

EXT. TEMPLE EXCAVATION - DAY

Archer, Lana, Cyril, Tommy, and one of the guides lie in hiding outside the excavation. Digging crews are scattered around the area, working slowly and meticulously to uncover the temple.

ARCHER

Okay, so we have Shorty create a diversion, sneak down into the temple, and make our way past the Nazis-

LANA

They're not-

ARCHER (CONT'D)

-Shut up, Lana- to the book. We come out, guns blazing, and meet Sherpa #2 at the extraction point.

CYRIL

You can't just barge into a temple like that, Archer! It's clearly unstable.

LANA

Yeah, that excavation looks seriously unsafe.

ARCHER

Oh, I'm sorry. Are we concerned about safety? I thought we were American super spies here to save a priceless artifact from Nazi looters!

LANA

They aren't Nazi-

Archer stands up with his back to the excavation, yelling at them.

ARCHER

WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO RUIN THIS FOR ME?

This draws the attention of a guard in the excavation behind him. He gestures to the other guards.

LANA

Archer.

ARCHER

No! This is my dream, Lana! All I want is to have a whip and wear a hat and recover an ancient-

The guards start heading up towards the group.

LANA  
Archer!

ARCHER  
Whatever. Something or other. From-

The guards train their guns on Archer.

LANA  
ARCHER!

He spins around and shoots both the guards. Two more pop up and start towards them.

ARCHER  
From goddamn Nazis! Run for it!

Archer grabs Tommy by his collar and pulls him after them. Cyril, Lana, and the Sherpa rush after. Shots ring out behind them. They slide down the embankment. Lana stops and fires back at the guards, yelling at Archer as she shoots.

LANA  
Archer, for the last time, they're  
not...

Everybody but Lana makes it to the temple entrance. Bullets fly into the beams holding the entrance up and they COLLAPSE, trapping Archer, Cyril, Tommy, and the Sherpa inside. One of the bullets grazes Lana's arm. She drops her gun and rolls to the ground outside.

Lana stands up with her hands in the air. Two angry German guards have their pistols pointed at her.

LANA (CONT'D)  
...Nazis.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. TEMPLE ENTRANCE - DAY

Archer, Cyril, Tommy, and the Sherpa are inside the temple. It's almost totally dark with the exception of a few streams of light coming through rubble of the collapsed entrance. Tommy is whimpering as Cyril tries to dig a way out.

CYRIL

Lana!

Archer slaps Cyril in the face.

ARCHER

Stop it.

CYRIL

She's trapped out there!

ARCHER

And we're trapped in here. Lana can take care of herself until we can get the book, find a way out, and save her. Follow my lead.

Archer starts moving forward.

CYRIL

This place is a structural failure waiting to happen. I'm staying right here.

ARCHER

To wait and be gunned down by the guards inexorably working their way through that rubble?

He motions at the collapsed entrance. Muffled angry shouts come from behind it. Archer walks forward. Tommy takes a step down the tunnel. Archer grabs his collar.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Be careful. This place is booby-trapped to the gills.

CYRIL

Booby traps are a myth! Ancient civilizations didn't have the technology, and if they had any traps would have long since decayed. We need to see what we're dealing with.

Cyril pulls a flashlight out of his pack and CLICKS it on. Archer knocks the flashlight out of Cyril's hand. It breaks on the ground.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
What the heck, Archer?

ARCHER  
Please, Cyril.

Archer grabs a decaying torch from the wall, pulls a lighter out of his pocket, and LIGHTS it. It dimly illuminates a tiny area in front of them, just enough to see that the walls are cracked and the timbers in the ceiling are rotting.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
Let's move.

Archer and Cyril start walking forward. Tommy hides behind the Sherpa, who kneels down and takes his hand. Tommy looks up at the Sherpa, momentarily comforted.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
Shorty, stay with me.

Archer yanks Tommy away from the Sherpa. They carefully move through the tunnel.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Stay sharp. There could be temple guards around any corner.

CYRIL  
We're obviously alone in here, Archer. They're excavating from the outside, moving layer by layer.

ARCHER  
They're Nazis, Cyril. They're probably already in the treasure room doing spells to make a Hitler zombie.

They come to a small ledge. The tunnel continues a few feet on the other side. Archer stops and holds out a hand to halt the rest of the group. They stop behind him.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
Stand back.

Archer hands Tommy the torch, pulls out his whip, and tries to lash it around a beam near the ceiling. He misses and the whip falls limp at his side. He tries again to no avail.

CYRIL  
We can just climb down.

Cyril starts to climb down the ledge, which we now see only goes a few feet down.

ARCHER  
Wait! There could be anything down there. It could be a pit of vipers.

CYRIL  
And let me guess, you have a crazy snake-phobia now?

ARCHER  
I have a completely rational caution about all venomous reptiles, Cyril.

Archer tries the whip again, and this time it locks around the beam above them.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
Ha!

He swings across the gap and lands safely on the other side.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
See, I told you-

He yanks on the whip to get it loose and the beam it's on SNAPS, falling into the pit. There's a brief pause before a loud CRACKING NOISE starts echoing throughout the tunnel.

CYRIL  
Jump!

They all jump from the ledge into the gap and scramble up the other side. Cyril and the Sherpa make it up to where Archer is standing, but Tommy is hopping futilely from the bottom of the gap with the torch. He can't reach.

The Sherpa leans down and Tommy grabs onto his hand. The Sherpa yanks him up and they tumble back onto the floor just before the ceiling comes CRASHING down behind them.

CYRIL (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with you!? We could have been-

MALORY (O.S)  
Crushed!

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE - DAY

Malory sits at her desk holding a LOWBALL glass, glaring at Ken.

MALORY

A Mint Julep takes crushed ice.

She dumps her drink into the trash can without breaking eye contact with Ken.

MALORY (CONT'D)

I ought to have you thrown away.

Ken starts sniffing like he's going to cry. Malory rolls her eyes.

MALORY (CONT'D)

And a whiner to boot. Let's see if any of these other orphans can make a decent cocktail.

Malory opens the door and pokes her head out.

INT. ISIS BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

The scene has deteriorated considerably. All of the boys are now shirtless, covered in tribal war paint. A fire burns in a small trash can in the center of the room. Cheryl stands atop a copy machine, her clothes tattered. She holds a conch above her head.

CHERYL

Find the deserters! We will have our satisfaction!

A few boys run off. Malory quickly sinks back into her office and shuts the door.

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Malory turns around to see Ken standing there with puppy-dog-eyes holding a new cocktail with crushed ice. She scowls, grabs it, and takes a sip. She's utterly delighted.

MALORY

How would you like a new mommy?

INT. ISIS BREAK ROOM - LATER

Pam and Ray scan the contents of the vending machine.

PAM

So, to feed two dozen kids, we have five Snickers bars and three of the jungle-flavored Skittles.

RAY

Jungle-flavored? You mean tropical?

PAM

These kids are jungle-y as shit! I saw one of 'em brain another one with a coconut! Must've brought it from home.

Krieger BURSTS into the break room and locks the door. He's breathing hard. The door shakes behind him and we hear two dozen angry Asian people YELLING.

KRIEGER

I didn't think they'd recognize me!

PAM

Recognize you from where?

KRIEGER

Mmm...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SHANGHAI ORPHANAGE OPERATING ROOM

Krieger whistles happily as he cuts open a boy's chest on the operating table. He pulls out the boy's beating heart and examines it. The boy FLATLINES.

KRIEGER

Oh well.

Absentmindedly hucking the heart over his shoulder, he looks up to see a dozen of the orphans staring at him in horror.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)

How to fix this...

BACK TO:

INT. ISIS BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KRIEGER

I'd rather not talk about it.

PAM  
Well you better talk about it  
before those kids-

LANA (O.S.)  
-beat your sorry asses all the way  
back to the Reichstag.

INT. TEMPLE EXCAVATION TENT - DAY

Lana sits with her arms crossed, gunshot wound bandaged, and wearing a slinky white nightgown. TWO ARMED GUARDS stand inside the tent.

LANA  
If I wasn't tied up, your windpipes  
would be crushed before you could  
say Volkswagen.

GUARD 1  
(in German, with  
subtitles)  
With those steam shovels for hands,  
I don't doubt it.

GUARD 2  
(also German with  
subtitles)  
Ah! Truckasaurus is coming to crush  
our windpipes!

They start miming Truckasaurus claw hands at each other. They laugh. Lana narrows her eyes.

The guards snap to attention as DR. PARZINGER enters.

DR. PARZINGER  
Good evening. I trust Hans and  
Fritz have made you comfortable?

LANA  
Mnhmm. So what's the plan, Doc? You  
have a little rape in mind before  
you pillage the temple?

DR. PARZINGER  
Rape?! Mein gott! I'm an  
archaeologist!

LANA  
Then why the hell did you hold me  
at gunpoint and have me put on this  
floozy nightgown?

DR. PARZINGER  
Floozy?! It belonged to my departed  
wife Helga.

LANA  
My question stands.

DR. PARZINGER  
I was having the blood laundered  
out of your clothes!

He hands her a hanger of her freshly-laundered clothes.

LANA  
Oh. Thank you.  
(beat)  
You can see how it'd give a girl a  
little rape-y vibe.

Parzinger thinks about it for a moment, then shrugs.

DR. PARZINGER  
Ja.  
(beat)  
Now, tell me, who is the buyer?

LANA  
Excuse me?

DR. PARZINGER  
ISIS sent its best agents to steal  
the Bardo Thodol, surely there must  
have been some exorbitant offers.

LANA  
We're here to prevent YOU from  
stealing it.

A voice comes through Parzinger's RADIO.

RADIO  
Ze bulldozer ees ready, Herr  
Parzinger.

LANA  
Bulldozer?

DR. PARZINGER  
Ja. Your colleagues are trapped. We  
will not just let them die.

LANA  
But, the relic...

DR. PARZINGER

The human cost far outweighs any historical value we could glean from the temple, Miss Kane.

LANA

Sooooo... you're not looters?

DR. PARZINGER

I'm a tenured professor from the University of Berlin, working in conjunction with the Nepalese government!

LANA

Oh boy. It is not going to be easy to explain this to Archer.

(beat)

Wait, why did you bring your dead wife's nightgown all the way to Nepal?

KRIEGER (O.S.)

You don't need to know!

INT. ISIS BREAK ROOM - LATER

Pam, Ray, and Krieger are holed up in the break room.

RAY

Fine, whatever. Don't tell us.

Ray walks (or rolls, whatever) towards the door and reaches to open it.

KRIEGER

Wait!

Ray stops.

KRIEGER (CONT'D)

Through a series of events beyond my control, I may have sort of become the Satan figure in their mythology.

PAM

How the hell could they even know who you are?

KRIEGER

I did some time with Doctors Without Boundaries.

RAY  
You mean Doctors Without Borders?

KRIEGER  
Sure...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHANGHAI ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

A nude, blood-soaked Krieger LAUGHS MANIACALLY as the orphanage burns to the ground behind him. Screaming children flee in all directions.

BACK TO:

INT. ISIS BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PAM  
So I take it you're not going to help collect them?

KRIEGER  
Well, not in the sense that you mean.

INT. TEMPLE, INNER CHAMBER - DAY

Archer, Cyril, Tommy, and the Sherpa are walking along a passage through the temple.

CYRIL  
I'm telling you - if it actually is down here, it's completely decayed. No book could survive more than a few years in humidity like this.

They walk into a larger chamber. In the center is a pedestal with a book propped up atop it. The ground around the pedestal is littered with bones.

ARCHER  
So what's that, then? *Not* the Bardon Turtle?

They all stop.

CYRIL  
Um...

ARCHER

Okay, it's clearly booby-trapped.  
I'll have to-

CYRIL

I told you, Archer. Booby traps are  
Hollywood fabrications. They don't  
actually exist.

ARCHER

Hand me the bag of sand from your  
pack.

CYRIL

I don't have a-

Archer pulls a bag of sand from Cyril's backpack.

CYRIL (CONT'D)

What the hell, Archer?

ARCHER

The Sherpa had enough to carry.  
He's not indefatigable.

The Sherpa, still weighed down by a giant backpack, mutters  
in agreement. They all walk carefully up to the pedestal.  
Tommy steps on a skull. It CRUNCHES under his foot and he  
whimpers.

Archer, directly in front of the book, tosses the bag of sand  
in his hand to feel its weight.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

(whispering)

This... is... awesome.

CYRIL

Archer, I'm telling you-

ARCHER

Nobody move.

Archer holds the bag of sand in one hand and in a swift  
motion grabs the book and replaces it with the sand. He puts  
the book in his bag.

A golden dart SHOOTs out of the wall and hits the Sherpa  
directly in the neck. He falls over, dead. Blood runs from  
his neck onto Tommy's feet. Archer doesn't notice, but Cyril  
and Tommy stare in horror.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Woo! Got it! Total Indy status!

CYRIL  
Ar... Archer...

Archer turns around and sees the Sherpa's body.

ARCHER  
No booby traps, huh? Now might be a  
good time to wipe that egg off your  
face, Cyril.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TEMPLE, INNER CHAMBER - SOON

Tommy kneels over the corpse of the Sherpa, sobbing, the torch dimly burning next to them. Archer walks up and puts a pistol in Shorty's hand.

ARCHER

Meet your new best friend.

Tommy looks up at him with tear-filled eyes.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Listen, Shorty, now's no time to get emotional about the help. That's a hair trigger, so be careful with your finger. Keep an eye out for sudden movements.

CYRIL

Archer, what are you doing?

ARCHER

Teaching Shorty how to identify a threat!

CYRIL

How about you help me identify a way out? There's fresh air coming from somewhere.

ARCHER

Well, duh, Cyril. There's always a back exit from the treasure room.

A bulldozer smashes through the wall. Rocks fly everywhere.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

See?

Archer shoots the bulldozer driver, grabs Tommy, and drags him along. He fires out into the daylight from where the dozer came in. Cyril follows.

EXT. TEMPLE EXCAVATION - CONTINUOUS

Archer runs into the bright daylight and he's momentarily blinded.

ARCHER

Lana, I can't see! Yell and I'll follow the sound of your voice!

Completely blind, Archer is spraying bullets through the air. Though he still can't see her, Archer hears Lana yelling.

LANA

Archer! Stop shooting!

Archer turns towards her voice and puts bullets in the two guards next to her. His eyes adjust in time to see them fall.

ARCHER

Woo! Blind fire rampage!

LANA

Archer, no!

Archer, still dragging Tommy with one arm, picks up Lana with the other and tosses her over his shoulder. He takes off running out of the excavation as Lana shouts at him.

LANA (CONT'D)

Dammit, Archer! Put me down!

ARCHER

There's no time, Lana!

Another two men pop out from a tent. Archer, with no free hands, puts his hand around Tommy's, which still holds the pistol. He pulls Tommy's index finger around the trigger, shooting both the men as he holds Tommy's hand.

Dr. Parzinger comes out of the tent as well and Archer spots him.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Jackpot! Eat lead, Doctor Nazi!

Lana jabs Archer in the kidneys and he falls backwards while firing the gun. Parzinger's hit in the thigh.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Come on, Lana. I had that Nazi bastard!

Cyril comes stumbling up from behind. Tommy follows, panicking. Parzinger sits on the ground, moaning. Lana runs over to help him.

DR. PARZINGER

You monster! The Bardo Thodol belongs in a museum.

ARCHER  
Shut up, I say that!

Archer pistol-whips Parzinger.

LANA  
They aren't Nazis, Archer! You just  
killed half a dozen grad students  
and two of their bodyguards.

Archer looks around at the carnage.

ARCHER  
And on a scale of one to ten how  
certain of that are we?

LANA  
Ten!

CYRIL  
(looking around)  
Yeah, in retrospect none of these  
guys seem too threatening.

ARCHER  
Oh boy.

LANA  
They're legitimate scientists.  
Permits and everything. Malory sent  
us here to steal the book so she  
could sell it on the black market.

Archer stares off in horror.

ARCHER  
Oh god. I'm the Nazis.

Dr. Parzinger wipes blood from his mouth.

DR. PARZINGER  
(in German)  
What?

INT. ISIS BULLPEN, OUTSIDE MALORY'S OFFICE - SOON

Pam stands outside the closed door.

PAM  
Come on, Mrs. Archer. I know you've  
got one of 'em in there. I've  
checked everywhere else!

MALORY (O.S.)  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

PAM  
Y'know. Kids? Quiet, brown, about  
yea high?

Malory drunkenly OPENS the door.

MALORY  
How am I supposed to see how high  
you're gesturing if I-

Pam pushes into the room.

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PAM  
Gotcha!

MALORY  
(eyes narrowed)  
Oh.

She sees Ken cowering in the corner.

PAM  
Come with me, little guy.

MALORY  
You can't take him! He's my little  
helper!

Ken grabs onto Malory's leg and looks up at her.

KEN  
Mommy, no! No take me!

Malory looks down and raises an eyebrow.

KEN (CONT'D)  
I love you!

That crossed a line. She coldly pushes Ken off her leg  
towards Pam.

MALORY  
Oh well. Easy come, easy-

LANA (O.S.)  
GO!

EXT. ROAD NEAR THE EXCAVATION - LATER

Lana, Cyril and Tommy run back to meet the Sherpa at the extraction point. Archer's with them but he's lagging behind, still freaking out about being the Nazis.

LANA

Pick it up, Archer! They'll be here any minute!

CYRIL

Why would Parzinger call in the Nepalese military? We told him we wouldn't let ISIS sell the book.

LANA

Oh, I don't know, maybe because Archer SHOT HIM?

ARCHER

(distraught)

I can't believe I'm the Nazis. I thought... I thought...

LANA

No! You didn't think! You spent the last twenty-four hours gallivanting around like the guy from Romancing the Stone-

Archer sputters. This snaps him out of his funk.

ARCHER

Romancing the Stone, Lana?!  
ROMANCING THE FUCKING STONE?!

LANA

That's what you're worried about right now?!

They approach the Sherpa waiting in the escape jeep.

CYRIL

It is pretty outlandish, Lana. He was obviously doing Indiana-

He's interrupted by a megaphone coming from a military vehicle. It yells an announcement in Nepalese. A bunch of military vehicles approach behind them.

LANA

Aaaand there's the Nepalese army.

ARCHER  
In the jeep, now!

They hop in the jeep. It starts speeding away from the pursuing army vehicles.

SHERPA  
[Unintelligible Nepalese]

ARCHER  
What? Just drive!

SHERPA  
Brother! Where is brother?

ARCHER  
How the hell should I know?

CYRIL  
His brother is the other Sherpa.  
The one who, you know...

ARCHER  
Oh.  
(beat)  
I'm so sorry for your loss.  
(beat)  
Well, how many guys can say they  
were killed by a thousand year old  
dart in the neck?

KRIEGER (O.S.)  
I can!

INT. ISIS BULLPEN - LATER

Krieger is backed against a wall. The boys approach, brandishing their office-supply weapons. Ray, Pam, and Cheryl are at the back of the crowd of kids.

KRIEGER  
I can make you a mommy with  
science! Just let me live!

RAY  
Do something, Cheryl! They listen  
to you!

CHERYL  
Not anymore! Jack started a rival  
tribe and stole the conch!

Pam impotently tries to gain control.

PAM  
 Leave Krieger alone! He's a good...  
 (beat)  
 Well he's not a bad...  
 (beat)  
 Just quit it!

CHERYL  
 Bad Chinamen!

RAY  
 Cheryl!

CHERYL  
 Sorry. Bad Chinaboys!

The boys aren't fazed. They keep approaching Krieger. He's surrounded.

KRIEGER  
 You'll never get your foreskins  
 back if you kill me!

As they close in for the kill, a voice speaks sternly in Mandarin. It's BRETT.

BRETT (O.S.)  
 (in Mandarin, subtitled)  
 Children! Stop immediately! Put  
 down your weapons.

He hobbles into the room on crutches. The kids drop their weapons and innocently rush to their father's side. He surveys the room.

BRETT (CONT'D)  
 What the hell is going on here?  
 Where's Tommy?

Ray raises an eyebrow at Pam.

PAM  
 Ah, shitsnacks. I must have double-  
 counted one.

Just then, Archer, Lana, Cyril, and Tommy ENTER. Everyone turns to watch them.

ARCHER  
 I bet not riding in a duffel bag  
 for twelve hours was pretty nice,  
 huh Shorty?  
 (beat)  
 You know what? You've earned this.

He holds a gun out to Tommy.

LANA  
Archer...

Tommy doesn't want to take it.

ARCHER  
It's a gift, Short Round. It's  
impolite to not accept a gift.

CYRIL  
You can't give a child a gun!

ARCHER  
He's a man, now.  
(to Tommy)  
Take it.

BRETT  
Archer, get away from my-

Archer finally manages to push it into Tommy's hand. As Tommy fumbles to hold it, the gun goes off. Right into Brett's leg. Brett collapses to the ground.

BRETT (CONT'D)  
GodDAMMIT Archer!

ARCHER  
What? I told him it had a hair  
trigger. Maybe keep the safety on  
next time, Shorty.

He fondly tousles Tommy's head.

ARCHER (CONT'D)  
Yooou....

INT. MALORY'S OFFICE - SOON

Malory sits behind her desk, berating Archer, Cyril, and Lana.

MALORY  
You shot six research assistants  
from the University of Berlin?!

ARCHER  
Their wounds were non-fatal.

CYRIL

You turned them into paraplegics,  
Archer!

LANA

And our Sherpa is definitely dead.

ARCHER

That doesn't change the fact that  
Mother tried to get us to steal a  
priceless artifact.

MALORY

Which you apparently failed to  
recover.

ARCHER

I dropped it off at the Met,  
mother. It belonged in a museum.

LANA

Not an art museum, ass.

MALORY

And on top of it all, you kidnapped  
Brett's son and gave him a loaded  
firearm? Do you know how much  
paperwork I'll have to do to make  
this go away?

ARCHER

Shorty was integral to the mission!  
(beat)  
You know, he almost makes me want  
to have a kid of my own.

Archer smiles. Everyone stares, waiting for him to remember  
that he has a son. He finally does.

ARCHER (CONT'D)

Seamus!

CUT TO:

INT. LICKETY SPLITS STRIP CLUB - DAY

The wee baby Seamus is alone in the busy strip club, crying.