

## **The Court Martial**

### **Part One: Dishpan Man**

**An airplane:**

***A woman walks into a dark office where several Dobermans lay on the floor. She is wearing a red suit and her nails match perfectly. In her hand is a video marked: The A-Team. The man she speaks to is hidden, except for tinted eyeglasses. He appears sinister.***

**Stockwell:**

Is this it?

**Carla:**

Yes, sir.

***She puts it into the VCR. A series of images of Hannibal, BA, and Face appear, with information typed on the screen appear before them on a half-dozen monitors.***

**Carla:**

The profile is coming up on the computer. Abel 6 reports he can do the drop on him at any time.

**Stockwell:**

No tell Abel 6 to wait. I wanna do it... my way.

**-Opening-**

***In a rushing ambulance. Hannibal is in a monster costume on the gurney and two men are sitting beside him in the back of the ambulance: the attendant, and a slicked-hair guy named Frankie.***

**Hannibal:**

Now Frank, the smoke you see indicates that it's burning. I'm on fire. Now put a little water on it, would ya please?

**Ambulance Attendant:**

What happened to this guy?

**Hannibal:**

Can you hear me, Frank? Can you hear me? Did you hear me? I want water!

**Frankie (talks over top of Hannibal):**

We were doing this scene...I'm the special effects guy on this movie, and I had the whole cave rigged with charges and he starts acting in there. While the charges are going off.

**Hannibal:**

Acting? Would you please get me out of here, my shoulder is burning.

**Attendant:**

I can't pal, the zipper's melted.

**Hannibal:**

Zipper? Water! Water on the shoulder, it's burning me now!

***In the hospital, a doctor is dressed up like he's about to operate.***

**Hannibal:**

Now listen to what I'm saying, Doc. Give me a little air up in the face mask, never mind the rest.

**Doctor:**

Scalpel.

**Hannibal:**

It's not open heart surgery. Not down there!

*He cuts open the suit. Hannibal groans.*

*In the hallway, Frankie is waiting. A man in a suit is on the telephone.*

**Frankie:**

He was supposed to gallop through there. On the double! I had \_\_\_\_\_ all over. I had \_\_\_\_\_.

**Mr. Rupnik –the movie producer- (on phone):**

Now listen Lucille, you tell wardrobe that they're cutting the clown right out of the suit right now, you understand? Yeah, now we're gonna need it reconditioned and ready to work in the morning. Okay?

**Frankie:**

He's in there... He's in there doing the death scene from MacBeth when I have cannisters going off.

**Mr. Rupnik:**

That's g... Hey! **(sees orderly rolling the suit away on a gurney. He stops him)** Wait a second! Hold it pal. Hold it, hold it. I'm the producer and this is my property. What kind of condition is it in, huh?

*Hannibal walks into the hallway wearing long johns, nothing else.*

**Hannibal:**

Is anyone interested in Juanito's condition?

**Doctor (leaving Hannibal's room):**

I recommend that this man stay here for observation. At least until tomorrow. **(exits)**

**Mr. Rupnik:**

Yeah, right. Okay pal, Now I want you to stay right here in the hospital because I don't want any insurance beef here. Okay.

**Frankie:**

I'm sorry, Johnny, but you know I told you to keep it moving.

**Hannibal:**

Ahh... I called you three times Mr. Rupnik about the way the director is interpreting this role.

**Mr. Rupnik:**

Yeah, well, I've been on location, you know what I mean... a couple of other shots...

**Hannibal:**

Certainly.

**Mr. Rupnik:**

I have a statement here of indemnity and basically what it says is you hold the producer innocent of any injuries occurred. Come over here, Frankie. **(uses Frankie's back to write on the paper)**

**Hannibal:**

Uh uh uh... certainly... see the way I see the character is that the id was conceived on an ice flow in Antarctica...

**Mr. Rupnik:**

Ice flow. Ice flow in Antarctica? That's very good. Now sign over here... **(Hannibal does so)** That's very good thinking.

**Hannibal:**

And ah.. when he wakes up in Los Angeles, in a chile cookout.

**Mr. Rupnik:**

Mmm hmmm

**Hannibal:**

Naturally he's confused.

**Mr. Rupnik:**

Well, confusion is very important for the conflict of the movie. Sign over here, please.

**Hannibal:**

Exactly. Exactly. That is the central characteristic I like to play in this role, Mr. Rupnik.

**Mr. Rupnik:**

Mmm Hmmm... Yeah... That is the important... mmmhmmm Essential...

**Hannibal:**

Confusion!

**Mr. Rupnik:**

Confusion. Very, very big... Sign right here.

**Hannibal:**

Exactly. It's a basic emotion. I mean...it's like ah... It's like love. Ah... It's like hate.

**Mr. Rupnik:**

Okay, beat it Frankie.

**Hannibal:**

It's like jealousy. Uh, like lust...

**Mr. Rupnik:**

Lust... that's very good. I like that... lust...Very important. Very important.

***Mr. Rupnik walks away and Frankie and Hannibal exchange looks. Hannibal returns to his hospital room. Later, Hannibal is in his room in a house coat, smoking a cigar and playing with the tv channels. Frankie knocks and walks in.***

**Frankie:**

Well, I'm history, pal. I got fired. If you hadn't been in there doing Camille, I'd still have a job. You owe me one Johnny.

**Hannibal:**

Aww... I'm sorry, Frank. I had such a good way to go.

**Frankie:**

Yeah...

***BA and Face walk in.***

**Face:**

I'm sorry, wrong room.

**Hannibal:**

It's okay! Frank's with the picture. Face, BA, I'd like you to meet Dishpan Frankie Santana. The best special effects man in Hollywood.

**BA:**

This is the dude that blew you up, Hannibal?

**Frankie:**

Who are you, the labour rep from the jewelry mart?

**Face:**

I like him, he's got a reckless streak. Sorry, Hannibal. I would've been here sooner, but there is something wrong with my car.

**Frankie:**

Brakes or carbs? Those are your weak spots.

**Face:**

Now that you mention it, it's ah... brakes.

**Frankie:**

You gotta a brakeline, it comes out of the wheel mount, see...It loops under the tire rod. So whatcha do, you get this guy with the feather earring to pump it for you a few times while you get it wired up to the frame with number 9 wire... what you got is a little air bubble in the line, that's all. It'll take you ten seconds to fix it.

**Face:**

Ahh thanks.

**BA:**

Guy with the feathered earrings?

**Frankie:**

Hey... Oooh... No offense. Pal... I mean, to each his own, right. I couldn't help noticing you got a heap of gold there. That's a lot for most people. How are you cleaning this stuff. I bet you're using that nasty metal goop, I bet right. Dip it in, wipe it off...It probably takes you a

couple hours. You wind up not getting it all off... it gets all over those nice clean fatigues. Am I right?

**BA:**

Yeah, well...

**Frankie:**

You ever try a microwave?

**BA:**

A Microwave?

**Frankie:**

A microwave! Yeah! See, what you do is... You take your gold off, right? You dip it in cooking oil. Stick it in a microwave... Cook it for fifteen minutes... take it out and be careful! That oil's gonna be real hot. Ok. Then you wash it in cold water. Doesn't have to be that cold, regular room temperature is fine. Then you wipe it with a clean rag. Well, guys... I'd love to stay and schmooze with you but I gotta go hunt up a new job. So... Here's my business card, if I can ever be of a help to you guys, just give me a call. I'll see you around. Hey... and between you and me... your death scene was just brilliant. Even though I really couldn't see through the smoke and all... but I could tell... I could feel it... you were hot.

**Hannibal:**

Thanks pal.

**Frankie:**

Oh, and I think that idea that you had about the id leaving her eggs in the cave... I think that idea was close to genius. I mean that close! Oh, get this stuff cleaned, eh? **(exits)**

**Face:**

That guy uses up a lot of oxygen.

**Hannibal:**

But he's a great special effects man.

**TV Announcer:**

We temporarily disrupt this program for a special announcement...

**Reporter (on the television):**

We have just been notified that Air Madrid, flight 387 has been hijacked and forced to land in Barcelona. The terrorists apparently boarded in Seville and managed to allude metal detectors by using plastic explosives and weapons. The plane is reportedly carrying six Americans. The terrorists are demanding the release of ten prisoners being held in a Spanish prison. Updates as they occur.

***Later... Outside... BA and Face climb into the van and drive away. A man (Abel 3) sits in his car watching.***

**Abel 3 (into a walkie talkie):**

This Abel 3 to mother on channel 1-1-9. Switch to 1-1-4 scrambled. The posse left, the big bird is home alone.

**Stockwell (in his office):**

Tell Abel 4 to move in.

*In Hannibal's hospital room, the door opens slowly to reveal a darkened room with Hannibal asleep on the bed. A man dressed as an orderly pours some chloroform into a kerchief and grabs Hannibal, covering his mouth with the chloroform. Hannibal struggles but eventually passes out. A little later, an ambulance pulls up at an airport. Two men pull Hannibal out and semi-drag, semi-lift him into the plane. It's Stockwell's office. They place Hannibal in a chair and attach restraints to his wrists. Carla and Stockwell are standing behind Stockwell's desk.*

**Stockwell:**

Wake him.

*The men open up some smelling salts and hold them under Hannibal's nose. Hannibal groans.*

**Stockwell:**

You'll be dizzy for a little while, possibly a little nauseous. But there will be no long lasting effects.

**Hannibal:**

Where are we?

**Stockwell:**

On my private airplane. I came out from Washington specifically for this meeting. I had been briefed that you were involved with filmmaking. I had several operatives working on various film sets. When I needed you, I knew where to find you.

**Hannibal:**

Feels like a spook operation.

**Stockwell:**

Well, I'm not officially attached to anybody but... Seems there's always something for me to do. I work inside the system. I keep my skirts clean. I'm a dedicated American patriot.

**Hannibal:**

You're also a little pompous.

**Stockwell:**

Four hours ago, a Spanish airliner was been taken by terrorists, currently on the ground on a runway in Barcelona.

**Hannibal:**

Yeah, I saw it on TV.

**Stockwell:**

There's a man on that airplane that is very important to me, and I think to you **(Carla turns on a monitor showing the plane in Barcelona)**. Apparently your last mission in Vietnam was given to you by a Colonel Morrison. You committed a crime, so you say, on his orders. He died and could not confirm it. My understanding is there was one other man in that office when the orders were given.

**Hannibal:**

Captain Curtis. But he died with Morrison when headquarters was hit.

**Stockwell:**

We think not. We think Capt. Curtis is the passenger in seat 4G on that airliner in Barcelona.

*The pictures on the monitors change to an older man getting swept at security at an airport. Hannibal looks at him with recognition.*

**Carla:**

Capt. Josh Curtis, presumed dead and currently stranded on flight 387 in Barcelona.

**Hannibal:**

I'll be damned.

**Stockwell:**

Most probably. The US gov't can't conduct covert operations in Spain, however, the A-Team, being a fugitive group for that government might get in there and get Capt. Curtis off the plane. If you fail, we won't even ask for your bodies back, but if you succeed, well... this man could clear you of all the charges against you.

**Hannibal:**

What do you want with him?

**Stockwell:**

My customer wants him back.

**Hannibal:**

So, the United States Government after chasing me since 1972, and finally catching me, is going to simply turn me loose and send me into Spain with a pat on the back?

**Stockwell:**

To be totally honest with you, Colonel, you are what I consider to be a low-grade annoyance. You and your A-Team kick up some embarrassing headlines, and make some staff officers look woefully inept, but aside from that, you amount to nothing.

**Hannibal:**

Say I get Capt. Curtis for you... What then?

**Stockwell:**

Well, if he supports your claim that you were on a gov't mission when you robbed the Bank in Hanoi, you and your men are free. All charges are dropped.

**Hannibal:**

Okay, it's been fun. Give me your number and I'll call you and let you know.

**Stockwell:**

I want your answer now. And if you say no, you will go with me back to Langley, Virginia, where you will be put on trial and most likely executed.

**Hannibal:**

Well, I don't work alone, and I can't speak for the others.

**Stockwell:**

But you can try and influence them. Now all I need is your commitment. Colonel, do it... my way.

**Hannibal:**

Okay. For now.

*In Barcelona, several soldiers are getting into position. They are speaking a different language. Inside the plane, a hijacker loads his weapon in front of the passengers. A pretty blonde puts her hand up and he nods. She carefully makes her way to the back of the plane, presumably to the washroom. Capt. Curtis is sitting with a weasel looking man. He rubs his face. He is obviously very stressed. He reaches over to the window and as he is about to pull up the blind, the hijacker grabs his wrist.*

**Hijacker (Tradine):**

I said they stay down. Disobey me again, and you will be the first to be sacrificed.

**Another bad guy (urgency in his voice):**

Tradine! Come here, quick.

**Weasel Man:**

Are you trying to get us killed?

**Curtis (sighs):**

What difference does it make? If we're late for that arms shipment in \_\_\_\_\_, we're dead anyway.

*Outside, the soldiers are advancing, The hijacker throws open the door and shoots a machine gun. He his holding on to a woman hostage who looks terribly frightened. She's crying.*

**Hijacker (Tradine, screaming):**

You will listen to me! All of you! If you attempt to do this one more time, I will kill all of them, all of the hostages. And I will start with her!

*He shuts the plane door behind him. The soldiers look beaten. Meanwhile, in America, Face is driving up to the van in his corvette. He steps on the brakes, and the car won't stop. He cries out what sounds like, "Wait a minute! Won't stop! Brakes," etc. BA grimaces in the van, watching. Hannibal looks entertained, while he chews on a cigar and sits in the front passenger seat.*

**Hannibal:**

Trouble parking, Lieutenant?

**Murdock:**

Hannibal was kidnapped!

**Face:**

Nevermind that...Did you see what happened? Did you see what that guy did to me? Who is this... this guy, Frankie Santana...?

**Hannibal:**

We've got bigger problems, Face.

*Face does a groany-sigh.*

**BA:**



What's going on, Hannibal? Who is this guy that kidnapped you from the hospital?

**Hannibal:**

I don't know. My instinct tells me he is a Commander from the covert side. He can sell us out, and bury us, set us up, clear us... It could go anyway. He says Capt. Curtis is alive.

**Murdock:**

Curtis is alive?

**Hannibal:**

Mmmm.

**Face:**

Wait a minute... Then he could testify that we hit that bank in Hanoi under orders. Yeah! Then we'd be free to be normal people. No offense, Murdock.

**Murdock:**

None taken.

**Hannibal:**

I don't like this guy. But I think it's the best chance we're going to get.

**BA:**

How do you know this guy ain't lying, Hannibal? Maybe Curtis is dead.

**Hannibal:**

I saw a video tape of Curtis in the Barcelona airport. He's older and greyer, but he looks like the same guy, now not only is this going to be a covert operation in a foreign country, we're going to be working for a guy I wouldn't trust to take out the garbage. So I wanna take a vote. Face?

**Face:**

Yeah, let's do it.

**Hannibal:**

BA?

**BA:**

Yeah.

**Hannibal:**

Murdock?

**Murdock:**

Let her rip.

**Face:**

Hannibal, just one question... How are we going to get on board an airplane controlled by terrorists?

**Hannibal:**

Effects.

***They drive up to an airstrip. Frankie is waiting there with a big truck filled with special effects equipment. They get out of the van to meet with him.***

**Frankie:**

Hey what's going on out here? These guys over the by the plane they've got guns! Sub machine guns! How are you doing, bro? Oooh! **(looking at the box in BA's hands)** Somebody overcooked the spaghetti.

**BA:**

It ain't spaghetti, fool! It's my gold! I put it in the microwave with oil, like you said, and now it's ruined!

**Frankie:**

Is this 18-karat or 14 karat?

**BA:**

It's 18-karat, fool. I don't buy nothing but the best!

**Frankie:**

You should have told me, bro! See, your 18-karat is very soft metal! You don't use a microwave with 18-karat! You use a sauce pan over a very low fire... the cooking oil, you cut it with water. Then you let it simmer for ten, fifteen seconds, tops.

**BA:**

Hey suckah! Who do you take me for? **(Grabs Frankie's shoulder)**

**Frankie:**

Big, strong person! Aaah!

**Hannibal:**

BA, now you leave Frankie alone, he's our passport aboard that Spanish airliner.

**BA and Face:**

He's our what?

**Hannibal:**

He does talk a little too much, but he does miracles with the special effects and that's the way I'm going to get us on that plane. BA...

***(They walk, Frankie notices Murdock)***

**Frankie:**

Hey, I couldn't help noticing that jacket. It's beginning to dry out and crack. You ever try tanning butter?

**Murdock:**

Only on pancakes, and it tastes pretty yucky.

**Frankie:**

Huh?

**Murdock:**

Well, it did turn my tongue a nice shade of brown.

**Frankie:**

Who is he?

**Face:**

Well, uh, when we get on a plane, you can sit next to him. And if you figure him out, let us know.

**BA:**

Plane?

**Hannibal:**

Plane?

**Face:**

Plane.

**BA:**

You guys don't...

***Murdock turns his hat around and smashes his head against BA's. He collapses and BA looks around to see what happened. While he does, Hannibal hits him with a 2x4. He collapses. Face and Hannibal drag BA away. Murdock lies there, dazed.***

**Frankie (To Murdock):**

That was good. That was good. That was unique. Maybe later you could explain it to me.

***Their plane takes off. Murdock walks over to BA and places a little pillow behind the sleeping man's head. He sits down beside Frankie.***

**Frankie:**

These guys are kind of brittle. The good-looking one-

**Murdock:**

Me?

**Frankie:**

The good-looking one, my bet is he used bailing wire instead of number 9 on the brake cable... See, you crimp it, and it cuts off the hydraulic fluid.

**Murdock:**

Yeah... that.. that...That might be... might be a good bet. He's about as mechanically inclined as a cage full of hamsters. I, on the other hand, would only use bailing wire to bail out a boat full of water and that's only when there's no bailing bucket available. **(sees Hannibal lighting up his cigar)** Smoking light is lit.

**Frankie:**

Are you, are you okay?

**Murdock:**

That has never satisfactorily been determined.

**Carla (on monitor as it flicks on):**

The following update on operation lame eagle includes satellite surveillance. Metred *orbit geo-synchronicity*: around 900 hours  
Approximate airliner position: 10 metres from the end of the runway.

Prevailing winds: constant east south east at ten knots. Fuel: ratio is diminishing as *Starburst* engines have been running to power the air conditioning. Terrorist *compliment* is updated. Current estimate is ten men. Pilots have been unable to contact tower at regular intervals. Spanish guards have taken up secondary positions on *TarMack*.

**Stockwell (on screen):**

Welcome to Empress flight 1. You will be updated by these briefings as they occur. This is a 2-way communication system. I can see you as well as hear you... And I am delighted to have the famous A-Team involved in this mission.

**Frankie:**

The A-Team?

**Stockwell:**

My name is General Hunt Stockwell, which is a matter of little importance, however, I feel that you should be informed whom it is that you are working for.

**Hannibal:**

Two things: we're working for ourselves and Generals don't usually wear Brooks Brothers suits on duty.

**Stockwell:**

Adequate observations. I am a retired General, and you will find a scrambler communication unit in that drawer next to your right arm, Colonel. It will allow you to keep in touch with me at all times. It is monitored on channel 1-1-7.

**Hannibal:**

I already found it.

**Stockwell:**

Your call letters will be Empress 7 through 12, and again allow me say how delighted I am to have you engaged in this operation. Once you have achieved the objective, please notify me and we will have immediate pickups available.

**Hannibal:**

What do you want with Capt. Curtis? You said you had your reasons.

**Stockwell:**

They will remain mine.

**Face:**

A real confidence builder.

**Hannibal:**

Here, stick this in your...

**Face:**

Knapsack, right.

**Hannibal:**

Get BA ready.

***Murdock and Face pick BA up and he screams like a little girl as they bring him to the airplane door. He faints when he looks out and Murdock pushes him.***

**Murdock:**  
Okay out!

**Face:**  
Did you pull his chord?

**Murdock:**  
No. OH! (jumps)

***(Clips of parachute jump from ONE MORE TIME)***

**BA:**  
I don't like to fly and I don't like being pushed out of no airplane.

**Hannibal:**  
It's all right, Sergeant. It's a field operation. Come on, let's get these chutes buried.

**Frankie:**  
Here you go. I'll take 'em. There's a dry riverbed back there **(they pile their chutes into Frankie's arms)** That's it. Lay it right there.

**Hannibal:**  
The air field should be over there, come on BA, we'll handle recon.

***They leave***

***Face sighs***

**Murdock:**  
You know, I, I think that big angry guy is getting worse.

**Face:**  
Yeah? Terrific.

**Murdock:**  
Yeah.

***Frankie is digging a hole for the parachutes, when he looks to see no one is around. It's clear so he pulls out a radio that no one else knows about. He sneaky-like makes a call.***

**Frankie:**  
Empress 12 to mother.

**Stockwell:**  
Switch to 117 scrambled.

**Frankie:**  
Yeah? Anybody there?

**Stockwell:**  
Welcome to my world, Mr. Santana.

**Frankie:**

We're on the ground and they're getting ready to make their strike.

**Stockwell:**

Good. Have you planted the communication devices?

***Face and Murdock are sitting at the end of a dock fishing.***

**Face:**

You gotta a bite?

**Murdock:**

No.

**Face:**

Huh. Maybe you oughtta try whistling that tune you used at Crystal Lake.

**Murdock:**

Nope. Nope.

**Face:**

Why not?

**Murdock:**

Can't get my lips to stay together.

**Face:**

Huh.

***Murdock had left his jacket near the end of the dock. Frankie picks it up and inserts a bug under the collar. Frankie walks over to them.***

**Frankie:**

So that airliner is on that field? About a quarter mile over there, huh?

**Face:**

Yep.

**Frankie:**

And you guys really are the A-Team?

**Murdock:**

Nauseating, isn't it?

**Frankie:**

It's just hard to believe. The Monster Masher... The ID... The old Aquamaniac is really the head of the famous A-Team.

***BA and Hannibal are walking through the bushes nearby. They look at the plane, and at the guards.***

**Hannibal:**

That's going to be tough. Our only chance is going to be at night.

**BA:**

You really think you can pull this off, Hannibal?

**Hannibal:**

Faith, Sergeant. Have Faith. Uh oh.

***Terrorists get off the plane and lead several hostages to a van, the man is yelling, "Let's go! Move! Go! Come on, quickly!" To them as they're pointing guns at the prisoners.***

**Hannibal:**

That's bad. Let's go. **(Back where the others are)** Okay guys, we gotta move. They're splitting up the hostages. I was afraid that they might try something like this. Now we can't make a move on the plane until we rescue those people.

**Face:**

Right.

**Hannibal:**

We'll need the weapons. Lieutenant, get us a vehicle.

**Face:**

What? Wait a minute, where am I going to find a vehicle?

**Hannibal:**

Go Lieutenant, meet us on the road, we'll try to keep them in sight.

**Face (rolls eyes and leaves):**

Right.

**Murdock:**

Colonel, I can track him. From the air.

**Hannibal:**

From the air?

**B.A.:**

Man's crazy.

**Murdock:**

Follow me. Lately I've been packing a helicopter with my underwear.

**Hannibal:**

A helicopter?

**B.A.:**

Where'd you get this thing from?

**Murdock:**

Put it together at the pipe shop at the VA.

***In Murdock's trunk, underneath some clothes are parts to make a helicopter of sorts. He hands a small propeller to BA. BA and Murdock and the others begin to put it together. Inside the van, a dozen hostages look scared as a few terrorists hold guns on them. A Jeep with more bad guys follow the van. Murdock's flying machine works and he takes off. Hannibal, Frankie and BA watch him take off. It's very noisy. Face pulls up in a beat-up old pickup truck.***

**Hannibal:**

Frankie, you can stay with the stuff if you want.

**Frankie:**

Are you kidding?

***As Face drives away, Frankie makes a dive into the back of the pickup, where BA is already sitting. Murdock finds the van and jeep.***

**Bad Guy:**

Rahim, we're being followed!

***They stop the van and fire at Murdock. Shots hit the 'helicopter' and he flies into a tree and cries out as he falls to the ground. They run to him and aim their machine guns at him.***

**Murdock:**

Hi. Welcome to Spain. I'm with the Chamber of Commerce. I've got brochures, pamphlets, soap... and before you guys shot it out of my hands, a yummy basket of fruit...

***They pick him up harshly and drag him over by the van. They rough him up a bit.***

**Murdock:**

You, you guys, you guys couldn't have known, but you picked the wrong man to terrorize. I mean, I'm filled with such indecision, such in down right honest confusion. You never gonna get through that wall of white noise in my head. In the words of one of America's great poets **(sings)** You load 16 tons, and what do you get? Another day older and deeper in debt. St. Peter don't you call me, cause I can't go. I owe my soul to the company store.

***They drag him over to the jeep and place his head under the tire... he sings the whole way. They all point their guns at him.***

**Murdock:**

I think what old \_\_\_\_\_ was trying to say is no matter how much you're paying out, unless you're getting enough back in goods and services, you're going to end up in debt! Do you understand what I am saying to you?

**Bad Guy:**

Kill him, he's a fool.

**Murdock:**

Oh yeah, kill the fool, kill the fool. Do you know there are places in this world where fools are worshiped? Like Hollywood, California.

***The Pickup comes zooming in just in time. Face and BA are being dragged behind but are released just before the truck drives through the crowd of terrorists. They jump up and begin to fire. Hannibal fires from the truck. One bad guy is sneaking around the van but Murdock throws his scarf around the guy's neck and smashes his head into the side of the van. The guy falls unconscious.***

**Murdock:**

Alright, get it down! Get it down! Where were you guys? I was running out of analogies.

**BA:**

That will never happen.

**Hannibal:**



Face, come on We gotta get these people untied, give them a bit of a breather and then get them back into the van. Alright, everybody out! Everything's okay!

***The hostages climb out of the van after Face opens the door and they cheer as they crawl out. One of the blondes hugs Hannibal.***

**Co-pilot:**

Excuse me sir, I am the co-pilot. How do I thank you? You have saved our lives.

**BA:**

Hannibal, what did you want me to do to these guys over there.

**Hannibal:**

Load them in the truck. How many terrorists are left on the plane?

**Co-pilot:**

Four. All with automatic weapons. They split us up because the passengers were becoming restless. They thought by separating the loved ones and friends, they could keep everyone in line.

**BA:**

Something strange, Hannibal.

**Hannibal:**

What's that?

**BA:**

These guys ain't got no walkie talkies. They have no way of keeping in contact with the guys on the plane.

**Hannibal:**

You better look again, they wouldn't send them off without radios.

**BA:**

I looked, Hannibal. They ain't got nothing.

**Face:**

They don't have walkie talkies, then they can't expect them to come back.

**Hannibal:**

They were going to kill these hostages and then escape.

**Face:**

Yeah, that means the plane can take off at any time.

**Hannibal:**

Okay, let's go. Face, you drive.

***In a warehouse near the airport. Hannibal is talking to a Spanish Guard while BA and Frankie are working with some odd equipment.***

**Spanish Guard:**

Senor, we appreciate what you've done. But there's no way you can take that plane. They have automatic weapons, people on board will be killed.

**Hannibal:**

The trick is to get Captain Murdock aboard that plane. We got to convince them that the plane can't take off in a heavy fog without a co-pilot.

**Spanish Guard:**

But, my friend, we never get fog here. Never, the air is too warm.

**Hannibal:**

Not tonight. Tonight you're going to have a cold front move in. Tonight, there is going to be a heavy bank of fog around here, right Frankie?

**Frankie:**

I'm gonna fog that sucker in so they can't see twenty feet.

**Man:**

Colonel, they've said to move the vehicles. They've decided to move the airplane to \_\_\_\_\_. They want the aircraft refueled immediately.

**Hannibal:**

Well, you wanna take a chance with me or do you wanna do go your own way?

**Guard:**

You're sure you can do this?

**Hannibal:**

I think we can get on board that plane in twenty seconds. And if we do it right.... It would be the one time they couldn't expect it.

**Guard:**

Okay, it is done. Radio the plane and tell them the fuel truck will be out on the field in... ahh...

**Hannibal:**

Ten or fifteen minutes.

**Guard:**

Fifteen minutes tops.

***Inside the plane, the radio comes to life, "Tower to Air Madrid, the petrol truck will be here in fifteen minutes." Frankie calls Stockwell from a phone booth.***

**Frankie:**

No, no, no... I think they're going to pull I off. Yeah. There's a Colonel down here... A Colonel Moralis, and he seems to be going Hannibal's way.

**Stockwell:**

Good boy. You're doing just fine.

**Frankie:**

And you're going to keep your promise, right?

***A man with a gun slowly approaches Frankie, without him seeing. It's Hannibal. He pushes Frankie up against the phone booth wall and takes the phone and hangs it up.***

**Hannibal:**

I oughtta bury you right here, Compadrie. You've got a lot of explaining to do and no time to do it in..I figure we'll be on the jet in an hour and we oughtta be out of here by tomorrow morning.

***Back at the warehouse, Hannibal is dropping listening devices into a cup of water. Everyone is gathered around them.***

**Hannibal:**

Where's the other one, Frank?

**Frankie:**

Murdock's jacket, behind the collar.

**Murdock:**

Wha? No! Aww! Man! Over! **(drops the bug into the water)** Out!

**Hannibal:**

Why did you do it?

**Frankie:**

Look, Hannibal... I had to. My father is in a nursing home, the gov't stopped his pension cheques... and Stockwell said that if I didn't work for him, the cheques would just be lost, forever. I had to do this for my father.

**Hannibal:**

I should have known that Stockwell would take out insurance. Now we need him, but no one take their eyes of him.

**BA:**

Yeah, leave him to me.

**Hannibal:**

Okay let's get this thing moving.

***Inside the plane, the terrorists are getting impatient.***

**Terrorist:**

The petrol truck is not here.

**Pilot.**

Here it comes.

***The petrol truck is actually empty. Frankie, Hannibal and BA are inside.***

**Frankie:**

The wind seems to be real light tonight. We'll start from the back and move towards the front.

**BA:**

You better not mess up man! Or I'm going to press you flat.

**Frankie:**

I'm sorry! Really!

***The truck stops underneath the plane. Face was driving it, he makes like he is setting up to re-fuel the plane. The others are setting up the special effects equipment underneath the plane. The terrorists have no idea what is going on. They begin to turn on the fog machines.***

**Stewardess (Looking out the window):**

Que est sesso?

**Terrorist:**

What is going on? What is this?

**Pilot:**

Looks like fog rolling in.

**Terrorist:**

Fog? Here, how could this be?

**Pilot:**

I don't know. A cold front of some kind...

**Terrorist (into the radio):**

What is this? What is happening?

**Murdock (with Spanish accent into the radio from the tower):**

It is um, very, uh, how do you say? Not very u-ual pero astimos, we are having from time to time, fog. Lo Siento?

**Terrorist:**

I want to leave immediately!

**Murdock (still with accent):**

Not without the copilot to watch the equipment, cause we are at zero, zero, hombre.

**Pilot:**

It is true. I need someone to monitor for me the transponder and power systems... I can't see the runway anymore.

**Terrorist:**

Tell them to send out the co-pilot. Tell them we want no more fuel. We're leaving immediately. Now!

**Pilot:**

He says no more fuel. We are leaving. Send the co-pilot.

**Murdock:**

Okay, dokay. **(Into his mic to Hannibal)** Hanibal, I'm on my way.

***Murdock walks through the fog in a pilot's uniform to the plane and boards. He enters the cockpit.***

**Murdock (in an English accent):**

Nasty bit of weather outside, isn't it? Yes.

***The others set up a phony light track on the runway in front of the plane. They set up a movie screen and projector. Murdock starts playing with dials once he's put the earphones on.***

**Murdock:**

Alright, let's get this baby up.

**Pilot:**

How? I can't see anything.

**Murdock:**

Ahh... right... right... Ahhh.... **(Pretends to call the tower, but actually just talks into his mic to Hannibal)** Tower? Tower? I think we need field fog lights please.

**Hannibal:**

Here goes!

**Murdock:**

The field fog lights, mate.

**Terrorist:**

Okay! Let's go! Let's go now!

**Murdock:**

Alright! Let's get moving!

***The guys start the projector playing what looks like what you'd see from the cockpit upon take off. Frankie is making lights flash on either side of the plane so it looks like it's moving. Sound is playing and Murdock is acting like it's real.***

**Murdock:**

Alright, tower, we're beginning our roll. **(notices pilot looking at the dials which aren't moving)** I know this is a bit unusual but this is the new RAF fog rates. It's a good... a good power saver... **(to terrorist)** You... you better get your men to buckle up.

**Terrorist (to men in the back):**

Buckle up! **(they do as they're told)**

**Pilot:**

V-1... *throw gate...*

**Murdock:**

Well you better get buckled up, I'm almost at full power!

**Hannibal:**

Now BA!

***There is a knock below. Hannibal and Face come in and start beating up the bad guys. Meanwhile, the film ends. In front of the pilot, Murdock and the terrorist, numbers flash on the screen like at the end of a film. Murdock tries to play like nothing happened. But they no longer see any lights. He hums...***

**Terrorist (angrily):**

What is this? **(He rushes to the back)** What's going on back here?

***He fires and everyone ducks. Curtis falls from his seat. He picks up Curtis.***

**Terrorist:**

Don't move or I'll kill him.

***Murdock sneaks out of the cock pit behind him.***

**Terrorist:**

Let me out! Let me out!

***Murdock bangs him on the head with a fire extinguisher. The terrorist falls to the ground unconscious.***

**Curtis:**

I remember you guys! You're the A-Team!

**Hannibal:**

Boy, is that music to our ears!!!

***Daylight- guards are leading the terrorists away.***

**Guard:**

Senors, muchos gracious. I'll take this man with me. We have a very nice jail for them.

**Hannibal:**

I'm glad it worked out. My friends and I are going over to the lounge to get some drinks. We thought maybe you'd care to join us.

**Curtis:**

No thanks, I got some other plans. I got some phone calls to make... *Eckheart stuff...*

**BA:**

The man asked you to join us.

**Curtis:**

Yeah... Why not? Sure... Least I could do for an old army buddy.

**Murdock:**

Good show!

***They head to van that Frankie and Face pull up in***

**Curtis:**

Ahh... fellahs... I really shouldn't... You know...I got...

**BA:**

The man said come on!

***They watch the weasel guy exit the plane***

**Hannibal:**

Friend of yours?

**Curtis:**

No... no... he was just sitting next to me on the plane

**Face:**

We gotta move, Stockwell could be here any minute.

**Curtis:**

You guys are working for Hunt Stockwell?

**Hannibal (they force Curtis into the van):**

That depends how cooperative you're going to be, pal. Get in!

***Van drives away***

**Curtis:**

Now... Look fellahs, I can clear you. I was in the HQ when Morrison gave you that order. It's just Stockwell is a man I'd just soon stay away from.

***They drive to a barn in a field. They enter the barn.***

**Murdock:**

You know Colonel, I like this place cause all the chickens have their own rooms. But they won't let me in to get the eggs, and I'm hungry. I think I should go rustle us up some grub.

**Hannibal:**

Hmm, good idea, Captain, go get it. **(Murdock exits)** Now... Best way to handle this is to keep Stockwell out of it. We let him in and the roof could fall on us.

**Curtis:**

I promise, I'll clear you guys. We'll go to the \_\_\_\_\_ Marshall here in Spain. They'll have one at the embassy. I'll make a statement, he'll witness it and we'll have it notarized.

**Hannibal:**

Uh uh... There's gotta be a hearing. This is a very old case.

**Curtis:**

Look, I'll cooperate. I just don't want Stockwell to know where I am. I think he may wanna kill me.

***Gunfire. Two Abels come in and Stockwell.***

**Stockwell:**

Josh, how is the gun running business? Make any big sales lately?

**Curtis:**

Hello Hunt.

**Stockwell:**

I was waiting for your call. Did you lose your little communicator?

**Hannibal:**

I knew I forgot something.

**Stockwell:**

Well, I hope Mr. Curtis sees fit to testify on your behalf.

**Curtis:**

I don't think so, General. These gentlemen just brought me here to kill me.

**Stockwell:**

Really, why would they want to do that?

**Curtis:**

Because I saw them kill Colonel Morrison. I saw them shoot him forty minutes before the HQ was shelled. I was hiding in the back.

**Stockwell:**

Well, I'm afraid I'm going to have to break my promise, Colonel. You wouldn't want me harbouring murderers, would you?

***The Abels lead the team into a van at gunpoint. Murdock returns with several bags of groceries and watches the car drive away. He is confused and worried about his boys. Perhaps he even looks angry.***



***-Part Two: Trial by Fire-***

***Army base back in America. A car with two uniformed men inside. One of them will be the A-Team prosecutor.***

**Major Lascove (prosecutor):**

So, this is where they are.

**Driver:**

The A-Team. Yes, sir. They're in an area below, in the stockade. With all due respect, from what I hear it will be no easy trick holding on to them.

**Lascove:**

From what I hear, you are absolutely right, Corporal.

***Car stops. Lascove enters building. He salutes to some men.***

**Lascove:**

As you were.

***He takes off his cap and continues into an office. The General is sitting at his desk and there are a few other uniformed men in the office as well.***

**Lascove:**

Major Lascove, sir.

**General:**

Major Lascove, I've heard some good things about you. You may stand at ease. Conviction, conviction, conviction again. Your prosecution record is real impressive, Major. Everybody in Washington is talking about you. I trust we picked the right man to handle this case.

**Lascove:**

I believe you did, General, yes.

**General:**

Convicting the A-Team is awfully important to a lot of people.

**Lascove:**

I understand, sir.

**General:**

I'm here to see to it that you really do understand. Now, Major Lascove, that these men have evaded capture and repeatedly humiliated us on Capitol Hill is readily apparent, but the joint chiefs are more concerned about something else. This so-called heroic legend that Smith, Peck, and Baracus have created for themselves is a slap in the face to every man and woman who honourably served in South-East Asia... Hell, The A-team is an insult to anyone who ever wore a uniform.

**Lascove:**

I couldn't agree with you more, sir. I'm fully prepared to see that justice is served.

**General:**

Well, would you like me to show you a list of everybody else who thought they were prepared for the A-Team? Hannibal Smith is rather adept at invoking the element of surprise, Major.

**Lascove:**

With all due respect, I don't think Colonel Smith's unorthodox strategies would be very effective in the face of a court martial. The A-Team will discover that the element of surprise is ours this time.

***In the stockade... The guys are in three separate cells.***

**Face (talking to a guard):**

And so, after hitting that crucial homerun in the bottom of the ninth, we won the orphanage league softball championship. And I suddenly found myself as somewhat of a celebrity. Yeah, a celebrity with all three hundred and fifteen young ladies at Saint Teresa's. Of course I was only thirteen years old at the time, but I like to think of that experience as when I first discovered my real calling in life. I like to think of that experience as when I first discovered Did anyone ever tell you that you have a really very special way with people? No, apparently not.

**Hannibal (playing solitaire on his bunk):**

You're wasting your time, Face. These guys all went to the Decker School of Charm.

**Face:**

Yeah, you might be right. Still, I can't help but feel we could have had so much in common.

**BA (laying in his bunk):**

Hey Faceman! If you don't stop all your jibba jabba, you're gonna have my fist in common.

**Face:**

Don't pay attention to him. He's always this way during his first few years of a life sentence.

**Hannibal:**

Cheer up guys, I think I hear room service. I hope you brought BA's milk and cookies. He gets cranky!

**Uniform:**

Somebody's here to see you, sir!

***In a conference room with an older, bearded gentleman...***

**Lawyer:**

Gentlemen, I have never been one to mince words, and I have no intention starting now. The gov't has had years to build a case against you. I don't believe you have much chance of winning.

**Hannibal:**

Well, winning isn't everything, as my daddy used to say.

**Lawyer:**

In a court of law, it's the only thing that counts, sir.

**Face:**

Wait a minute, what do you mean we don't have much chance of winning? I thought you were a hot shot criminal defense lawyer.

**Lawyer:**

Given the overwhelming evidence, I'd much rather be prosecuting you then defending you, Lieutenant. Unfortunately, that job has already been taken. As I've told you, I don't mince words.

**Face:**

No, but your optimism more than makes up for it.

**BA:**

If you feel that way about us, why you take the case in the first place?

**Lawyer:**

I received a letter asking to look into the charges from a very close friend of yours... a Frank Santana. So I made a few phone calls and that's when I discovered that the army had assigned you a lawyer with very limited trial experience. Clearly, nobody was going out of his way to provide you with the best defense the military has to offer.

**Hanibal:**

So you volunteered, even though you believe we're guilty.

**Lawyer:**

What I believe is irrelevant, Colonel.

**BA:**

We didn't commit no crime!

**Lawyer:**

Can you prove that?

**BA:**

BA Baracus don't lie.

**Lawyer:**

I'm afraid we're going to need something a little more compelling than your word.

**Hannibal:**

Take it easy, BA.

**Lawyer:**

Prosecution is prepared to deal. Plead guilty on all counts to charges of robbery, treason, and desertion or face trial on the somewhat more serious charge of murder, Colonel Morrison being the victim.

**Face:**

Some choice.

**Hannibal:**

Especially seeing that Colonel Morrison died during an artillery barrage.

**Lawyer:**

Captain Josh Curtis claims he can place you at the scene.

**BA:**

Curtis is lying!

**Lawyer:**

Choice is yours, gentlemen. I strongly recommend you consider the prosecution's offer. Prison beats execution any day.

***Back in their cells...***

**Face:**

I'm only sorry I won't be there to see the joyful tear in Decker's eye when he hears about all this.

**Hannibal:**

I know what you mean.

**BA:**

Hey, Hannibal, do you think that somebody really did kill Col. Morrison?

**Hannibal:**

I don't know. Where we're concerned, the army is capable of anything, but I don't think they'd manufacture a lie like that. What bothers me is where it could lead.

**Face:**

Why would the idea of a firing squad bother you?

**Hannibal:**

Face, are those guards still out of sight?

**Face:**

Yeah.

**Hannibal:**

I'm worried about Murdock.

**BA:**

What about Murdock?

**Face:**

I mean, as far as they're concerned, he's just... He's just our chopper pilot.

**Hannibal:**

Yeah... but... Think about something for a minute, when we left for Hanoi, Morrison was still breathing, right?

**Face:**

Sure. He was the one who gave us the last go ahead on the mission.

**Hannibal:**

And who was the last one of us to see Morrison alive?

**Face:**

Well, ah.. Murdock reported back to HQ after dropping us off.

**BA:**

What are you trying to say? Crazy man Murdock didn't kill nobody.

**Hannibal:**

I know that, BA, and you know that. But is that what the prosecutor is going to think?

***At the court house, Murdock arrives from the elevator. He looks around. Frankie grabs his shoulder.***

**Frankie:**

Hey, Murdock. How's it going, huh?

**Murdock:**

As if you didn't know. Hmm...

**Frankie:**

Listen.. I was thinking. Maybe I could watch a little of the trial with you, you know, lend a little support to our boys.

**Murdock:**

I wanna talk with you. Come on over here.

***He grabs Frankie by the shirt and aggressively leads him away from the crown***

**Frankie:**

Hey, hey, hey. Yo!

**Murdock:**

I just wanna make a little correction to something you said, see...  
**(Bangs Frankie up against the wall)** It's not our boys. It's my boys. It's not our boys.

**Frankie:**

Okay, okay! What do you want from me? Huh? I already told you that Stockwell made me do it! Didn't I?

**Murdock:**

Yeah, that's right. Yeah... He was holding up your dear father's pension cheques. Well, that was touching fiction, Frankie.

**Frankie:**

Hey, that was for real, Murdock. Besides, who was it that got the best lawyer around to handle the case, huh? Frankie Santana!

**Murdock:**

Well, lucky for Frankie Santana that Hannibal believes ya.

***Frankie notices Stockwell getting off the elevator.***

**Frankie:**

What's he doing here?

**Murdock:**

Well, now you've got somebody you can watch the trial with. **(Walks away)**

***Inside the courtroom...***

**Lascove:**

Mr. Curtis, how did you come to know the accused?

**Curtis:**

I met them in VietNam while serving with the late Colonel Sam Morrison.

**Lascove:**

And how long were you with Colonel Morrison?

**Curtis:**

Two years, sir. Until he was murdered in January of 1971.

**Lawyer (stands up quickly):**

Objection! The issue of murder is the ultimate legal issue before this court, to be determined by this honourable body, not by the witness.

***Frankie takes a seat beside Murdock. Murdock looks uncomfortable***

**Frankie:**

Alright! Check it out! My man, Benny! All his friends call him Benny. He's gonna make mince meat out of these Bosos.

**Lascove:**

Your Honour, Colonel Morrison's body was exhumed from Arlington National Cemetery last week. I make an offer of proof before this court. Let the record show that I now submit the official pathology findings of the army's medical core director. Col. Morrison was murdered, shot twice at close range, prior to the enemy shelling.

**Lawyer:**

I acknowledge prior receipt of these reports, Your Honour, but object to its entry into evidence on the grounds of hearsay.

**Judge:**

Overruled, Mr. Conway. You may proceed, Major.

**Murdock:**

Just when exactly do we get to the mincemeat part, Frankie?

**Frankie:**

You kidding me? See, he's just letting them get a false sense of security, see.

**Lascove:**

Mr. Curtis, please tell this court exactly what happened on the 27<sup>th</sup> of January in 1971.

**Curtis:**

Col. Morrison told me that he had discovered that Smith, Peck, and Baracus had planned on robbing the Bank of Hanoi. The Colonel's signature had been forged on orders requesting a helicopter for that mission. The Colonel had always trusted the A-Team implicitly, this news... was quite a shock to him.

**Lawyer:**

Objection, Your Honour. This man's entire testimony is based on nothing but hearsay and speculation. It lacks foundation.

**Frankie (to Murdock):**

Now pay attention, Amigo. We're going to show them how we do it in the big leagues.

**Judge:**

Objection overruled.

**Lascove:**

I offer into evidence, the same offer of proof: a duplicate of the document in question. Handwriting experts confirmed that Col. Morrison's signature is in fact a forgery in the hand of Lieutenant Templeton Peck.

**Lawyer:**

Best evidence rule, Your Honour, unless the prosecution can show location and condition of the original document, how can we rely on mere copies?

**Judge:**

This document had its origin in the combat zone, Mr. Conway. We will allow the duplicates for what they are worth. Documents please.

**Face (to BA):**

I think things are going rather nicely so far, don't you?

**Hannibal:**

I don't know where he got that phony paper. Morrison signed the orders in front of me and handed them to me personally.

**Lascove:**

Please continue Mr. Curtis.

**Curtis:**

Well, I left the GHQ for dinner. Col. Morrison said he was going to stay there and confront the A-Team. When I returned, I heard a very loud argument coming from the Colonel's office. The Colonel was saying, "Just because you're a member of the A-Team, doesn't mean you can threaten me."

**Lascove:**

Did you recognize the voice of the man with Col. Morrison?

**Curtis:**

Yes, sir, I did. It was one of the accused, Col. John Smith. I left immediately to alert the MPs, but that's the exact same time that the shelling began by the enemy. Our headquarters took a direct hit. I didn't think anyone could survive that explosion. As I looked through the smoke and the flames, I did see someone run from the building. I swear it was Col. John Smith.

**BA (jumps up):**

He's lying!

**Judge:**

Order!

**BA:**

We was in North Vietnam that night!

**Judge:**

This is contempt of court, Sergeant!

**BA:**

I'm not going to sit down and let that fool lie!

**Judge:**

Sit Down!

***BA throws the table that's in front of him.***

**Judge:**

Restrain the accused!

***Guards try to stop him. Face and Hannibal help him from being hurt... a huge brawl ensues while the Judge is banging his gavel.***

**Judge:**

Order!

***They finally stop. Each of them has a guard's gun.***

**Hannibal:**

Your Honour, what Sergeant Baracus is trying to say is... we didn't do it.

***Back at the stockade, Hannibal is in his cell.***

**Hannibal:**

Well, how thoughtful. They've sent someone to tuck us in, guys!

***In the darkened conference room, Stockwell sits there. Hannibal enters.***

**Hannibal:**

Come out, come out, whoever you are.

**Stockwell:**

Thank you for coming, Colonel.

***Stockwell flicks on a lamp by his head***

**Hannibal:**

I was in the neighbourhood. You?

**Stockwell:**

I'm hearing certain things about your impending trial that concern me a great deal.

**Hannibal:**

You're not the only one who's concerned.

**Stockwell:**

When we first met to discuss an association with the A-Team, I had no idea that I was employing Murderers.



**Hannibal:**

You weren't. We didn't kill Col. Morrison.

**Stockwell:**

Well, I understand the army is reviewing candidates for your firing squad.

**Hannibal:**

Aw, gee, you didn't have to go to all this trouble just to cheer me up.

**Stockwell:**

Obviously, my initial instincts were mistaken. I don't like to be wrong.

**Hannibal:**

Who are you, Stockwell? What is this midnight melodrama?

**Stockwell:**

Just call me an interested third party.

**Hannibal:**

Well, I've got a suggestion for you. Obviously someone made a deal with Josh Curtis. They agreed to lay off that slimeball, gunrunning back of his in return for rolling over on the A-Team. Now, if you're really interested in us, why don't you use your influence in Washington to clear us?

**Stockwell:**

Are you suggesting that I interfere with the due process of the law?

**Hannibal:**

I figured I do better with a firing squad.

***Back in the courtroom, the next day. BA is in restraints.***

**Lawyer:**

There's one question that begs to be asked: Why did you wait so long to come forward with your testimony?

**Curtis:**

War has a way of leaving some pretty deep scars. It's been a really long time since I've been able to talk about it at all.

**Lawyer:**

Mr. Curtis, how do you earn your living, sir?

**Curtis:**

I'm self-employed. I'm in the import/export field.

**Lawyer:**

And what sort of things do you import and export?

**Curtis:**

Office equipment, farm machinery... That sort of thing.

**Lawyer:**

Weapons?

**Lascove:**

Objection, I fail to see how this line of questioning concern us.

**Lawyer:**

The integrity of these proceedings very much concern us.

This is an official, notarized interpol report to the French gov't, dated May 17<sup>th</sup> of this year, which describes the prosecution's witness, Josh Curtis, as, and I quote, "a principle figure in international gun smuggling."

**Judge:**

Objection overruled, Major.

**Lawyer:**

Thank you. So, Mr. Curtis, what about these reports? Have you ever been involved in gun smuggling?

**Curtis:**

Yes.

**Lawyer:**

No further questions, Your Honour.

**Frankie:**

They're on their last reel now, madman! Benny is on the loose! Opposition is on the run.

**Murdock (sees Decker enter the court room):**

I wouldn't bet on it.

***Later... Decker is on the stand...***

**Decker:**

I pursued Col. Smith and the A-Team for three long years. I lost track of how many laws they broke and how much military property they've destroyed. I can tell you this, rules mean nothing to these men and they're loyal to no one but themselves. I have no doubt that they are capable of the crimes of which they are accused.

**Hannibal:**

What a guy.

**Lawyer:**

Col. Decker, in those three long years that you pursued the A-Team, were you ever aware of any civilians that were in trouble that they might have helped?

**Decker:**

I was.

**Lawyer:**

In your estimation, how many civilians who were in trouble did they help in those three years?

**Decker:**

I wouldn't know.

**Lawyer:**

Well, take a guess. A dozen? Several dozen?

**Decker:**

Several dozen. That doesn't make it right.

**Lawyer:**

Thank you. No further questions, Your Honour.

***Later... An old bad guy that the A-Team brought to justice is on the stand...***

**Mr. Butane:**

And like I said, before I knew what's happening, those A-Team guys is all over my case! I mean they're wrecking my auto repair shop.

**Lawyer:**

Mr. Butane, I call your attention to these articles in Chicago newspapers. They are investigative reports about the proliferation of stolen auto parts. Would you explain to these courts why your name appears so prominently in these articles?

**Lascope:**

Objection! The witness is not on trial here!

**Hannibal:**

He oughtta be.

**Butane:**

No one has ever convicted Marco Butane of no crime! All I know is that they wrecked my life and the business that my father built with his own two hands. You guys are animals and I hope you get what you deserve!

**BA:**

I know what you deserve, Suckah!

**Judge:**

Quiet! Remove the prisoner and the witness from the courtroom.

***Guards have to rush BA, even though his hands are chained to his ankles, he puts up quite a fight and screams a lot on his way out. He's escorted out of the courtroom.***

**Judge:**

Order! Order in the court!

**Lawyer:**

I thought we were beginning to make some progress.

**Face:**

Well, uh, B.A.'s always been just a bit, uh, high strung.

**Lawyer:**

Look, if you want them to believe you're innocent, the four of you will have to take the stand and convince them.

**Hannibal:**

What do you mean all four of us?

**Lawyer:**

They're planning on calling your friend, Capt. Murdock, to testify against you.

**Face:**

Murdock?

**Lawyer:**

I was wondering why they hadn't named him in the original indictment. But they're planning to break him down on the stand and then indict him as a co-conspirator.

**Hannibal:**

Murdock, on the stand, that should be interesting.

***Later... Murdock is in the stand...***

**Lascove:**

Mr. Murdock, do you remember seeing Col. Morrison on the night in question?

**Murdock:**

Certainly. I flew the accused to the aforementioned Hanoi Bank, and then I returned, as per my orders, later that evening to Col. Mor... er.. the late Col. Morrison's office.

**Lascove:**

And what time was this?

**Murdock:**

Oh, about 8:00.

**Lascove:**

This was before the enemy shelling?

***Murdock starts to hallucinate? And we see lizards, pirate ships, Indians, etc.***

**Murdock:**

Oh yes, it was just before, as a matter of a fact... you see, that evening there was a lot of enemy activity as I returned to the base. And that's why I had to fly in fast and low. **(sounds of Indian and naval attacks, and large lizards in background)** This is Captain Murdock. I'm under attack. May day! May day! I'm under attack! May day! No, is it possible, can someone to make a May day call in January? Quick, someone bring me an army manual.

**Girl:**

Oh, I'm sorry, Captain. We just ran out of army manuals. And all we have left are the navy manuals, and a few vegetarian boy-scout manuals.

**Murdock:**

Then, you'd better kiss me.

**Murdock (entering reality again):**

I tried to run my ship by the book. But how could I? I didn't know where the manuals were. I mean, naturally I was upset. What kind of war was this, where you run out of army manuals? And, all the officers, they were all unreliable. They were all disloyal. And I, that's where I had them. I

knew where the manuals were. They laughed at me and they made jokes. But I, I proved beyond a shadow of a doubt and with geometrical logic to a duplicate key to the war room book case. It did exist. And I would've produced that key, but... **(takes out little metal balls and plays with them in his hands)** Naturally, I'm trying to cover these things by memory, and if I've left anything out, just ask me specific questions and I'll try to answer them one by one.

**Lascove:**

No further question, Your Honour. As you know, Mr. Murdock resides in the VA psychiatric facility in Los Angeles.

**Judge:**

Thank you Major Lascove. You're excused, Capt. Murdock.

**Lawyer (whispering to Hannibal):**

That's it! That's all they have! They still haven't established motive! Why would you have wanted to kill Col. Morrison? Now it's up to us to sell ourselves.

**Judge:**

You may call your next witness, please.

***Later... Hannibal is on the stand...***

**Lawyer:**

Col. Smith, could you tell us about your mission on the National Bank of Hanoi?

**Hannibal:**

Well, the war had dragged on and on, and then Col. Morrison told me that he had a secret mission for me and my team that could possibly help end the war.

**Lawyer:**

And you were in favour of that...

**Hannibal:**

Who wouldn't be?

**Lawyer:**

Seems like a hopelessly dangerous thing to do... To rob the Bank of Hanoi... How did you ever hope to pull it off?

**Hannibal (as he is speaking there is a memory shown of what happened):**

It was January 27<sup>th</sup>, the Tet New Year. It's the biggest holiday in Asia. We knew the streets in Hanoi would be jammed. The plan was to come in early Sunday morning. The Tet celebration was really cooking in the streets. And everything went according to schedule. Sgt. Baracus was take out the burglar alarm, while I handled the guards. While Sgt. Baracus set the explosives on the safe, Lieut. Peck was outside obtaining a getaway vehicle. They didn't notice us in the bank. We had the army money and then we hit a snag, 2 NVA soldiers decided to stop by and hang out right by the getaway truck. This forced Lieut. Peck to commandeer another vehicle. When Sgt. Baracus appeared in the window to investigate, all Hell broke loose. **(Shows Face crashing**

**through the wall of the bank in a jeep- \*note – stolen footage from  
PROS AND CONS)**

**Lascove:**

That's quite a heroic saga, Col. How much did you steal from the bank?

**Hannibal:**

Ten Million Piaasters.

**Lascove:**

That's about 1 million US dollars. A Bank of Hanoi audit shows a loss of fifty million piaasters.

**Hannibal:**

Then some North Vietnamese got very rich. All we got was ten million.

**Lascove:**

You insult this court, Colonel.

**Lawyer:**

Objection! Counsellor is arguing with the accused.

**Judge:**

Sustained.

**Lascove:**

The fact is Col. Morrison discovered your plan, and you weren't about to let him stand in the way of fifty million piaasters, isn't that right?

**Hannibal:**

We wouldn't kill Col. Morrison.

**Lascove:**

Have you ever killed anybody?

**Hannibal:**

In war? Of course I did.

**Lascove:**

Then you are capable of taking a human life...

**Hannibal:**

That's what you do in a war to an enemy. Morrison wasn't an enemy.

**Lascove:**

So the distinction is: killing the Vietcong was okay.

**Hannibal:**

Now who's insulting the court?

**Judge:**

Just answer the question, Colonel.

**Hannibal:**

The Vietcong was the enemy. They killed us, we killed them.

**Lascove:**

Your Honour, it may be true that money alone was not enough of a motive for killing Col. Morrison. Col. Smith would have us believe there was no motive what-so-ever, for murdering a respected senior officer, therefore I would like to submit as rebuttal evidence at this time, a significant new document, which has only just now been declassified and come into my possession. It is secret congressional testimony on the US conduct in the Vietnam conflict by one Col. Chung Van Kuyet, of the North Vietnamese army.

**Lawyer:**

Objection! This eleventh hour maneuver must be disallowed on the grounds that Col. Kuyet is not here for cross-examination.

**Lascove:**

Your Honour, in exchange for his valuable cooperation with post-war intelligence, the army provided Col. Kuyet with a confidential new identity in this country.

**Judge:**

While I know no precedence, I will take the evidence under advisement.

**Lascove:**

You will note that on page eleven-seventy-four, Col. Kuyet has documented a list of twenty American soldiers who provided information to the North Vietnamese army in exchange for money. At the top of that list, you will find the name of one Samuel Morrison, Colonel, United States Army. Col. Smith, I submit that you, Lieut. Peck and Sgt. Baracus discovered that Morrison was working for the enemy, you acted as judge, jury, and took the law into your own hands and killed him in cold blood.  
**(commotion in the courtroom)**

**Lawyer (To BA and Face):**

Gentlemen, if you have a rabbit under those hats, I suggest you let him out now.

***Murdock leaves the courtroom, Frankie follows.***

**Frankie:**

Hey... Slow down a minute, will ya? Where are you going?

**Murdock:**

I don't have time to chat.

**Frankie:**

I know where you're going. You're going after that Col. Kuyet, huh? You figure he would've known that Morrison sent you on that mission, right?

**Murdock:**

Right.

**Frankie:**

Well, did it ever occur to you that you maybe might need some help? Oh Frankie Santana might improve the odds...

**Murdock:**

You know, I'm getting sick and tired of ol' Frankie Santana...

**Frankie:**

Here we go again... Murdock! Besides me, who seems to know everything?

**Murdock:**

Stockwell.

**Frankie:**

\$20 says he has Kuyet on ice some place.

**Murdock:**

Yeah?

***Frankie makes his way to a payphone and dials a number.***

**Frankie:**

You forgot, I have his home number. That's okay, I forgive you. Empress 12, urgent.

***In Stockwell's office...***

**Carla:**

Frankie Santana is trying to reach you sir.

**Stockwell:**

They want information on Kuyet, ignore him.

**Frankie (hangs up receiver):**

Pizza parlour? How could it be a pizza parlour?

**Murdock:**

Nevermind. Nevermind, son. This isn't a job for ordinary men anyway, this take a special breed.

**Frankie:**

A special breed? What are you talking about, Murdock?

**Murdock takes some grease from wheel of nearby jeep**

**Murdock:**

Now, repeat after me... Fly by night...

**Frankie:**

Huh?

**Murdock:**

Repeat after me! Fly by night...

**Frankie:**

Fly by night...

**Murdock:**

Laugh and say,

**Frankie:**

Laugh and say



**Murdock:**

Beating up bad guys, makes my day

**Frankie:**

What you eat for lunch, man?

**Murdock:**

That's the credo of the Flying Nighthawk Commando. Words to live by.  
You'll get the hang of it. **(puts grease under eyes, leaves)**

***At night... at the stockade...***

**Face:**

Col. Morrison, an NVA agent... I just can't believe it.

**Hannibal:**

Seems to be true.

**Face:**

Even so, surely the court would need more than that to convict us of murder.

**Hannibal:**

Ever watch Perry mason, Face? Motive, method, opportunity... that's what he's always looks for and that's what that prosecutor says he's got on us.

**Face:**

Well, what are we going to do?

**Hannibal:**

Heh! I think we're going to get nailed!

**Face:**

Just checking.

**BA:**

Crazy man said he was at headquarters when Col. Morrison was killed.

**Face:**

So?

**BA:**

So, he never told us that.

**Hannibal:**

Maybe he forgot.

**Face:**

How can you just forget something like that?

**Hannibal:**

The mind's a funny thing, Face. Sometimes it tries to protect us by blocking out unpleasant experiences.

**BA:**

You think Murdock could have killed Col. Morrison?

**Face:**

That's impossible.

**Hannibal:**

If you found out that Morrison was working for the Vietcong, what would you have done?

***Daybreak... In a military office. Murdock and Frankie are both wearing black and have touques on...***

**Frankie:**

We've been here all night, Murdock.

**Murdock:**

Never say die, son. That's the first commandment. All clear on the perimeter.

**Frankie:**

Wow, man... you know I've always wanted to wear a hat like this... It's a dream come true. **(throws touque on desk)**

**Murdock:**

2<sup>nd</sup> commandment, soldier, is never say WOW.

**Frankie:**

I'll make a note of it.

**Murdock (like he's praying):**

Men, I'm not gonna make any promises on this mission. You already know the score. Three of our fly boys behind enemy lines, and they need our help. It's not gonna be a cake walk, some of us ain't comin' back for Thanksgiving dinner, and pumpkin pie. But are you with me? It's a damn fine bunch of boys, Frankie.

**Frankie:**

Ok. Well, this puppy is about to pop. You and your friends may want to step back for this.

***The guys duck behind the desk. A guard looks in and sees Frankie's touque on the desk. The guard opens the door.***

**Murdock:**

The third commandment is never leave your cap in plain sight.

**Frankie:**

That's a good one!

**Murdock:**

Now!

***Frankie activates the explosion. The guard is thrown out of the office with debris.***

**Frankie:**

Whoa! Man, did you see that? Put three cameras on this with a little backlight and 'B' smoke and you've got masterpiece theatre!

**Murdock frantically looks through files strewn about on the floor**

**Murdock:**

Men! Men! Find the A-Team brief! Find Col. Kuyet's address! Is that the copy of the A-Team brief?

**Frankie:**

With all this help, how could we miss it? BINGO! Chun van Kuyet! It's a wrap!

**Murdock:**

Men, I think our mission is accomplished.

***Back at the courthouse...***

**Lascove:**

What a harrowing physical display you gave us. Do you always solve problems with your fists, Sergeant?

**BA:**

I can take care of myself.

**Lascove:**

As you have so vividly demonstrated. I apologize if any of my questions offend you. I wonder if Col. Morrison made the same mistake in 1971.

**BA:**

I already told you, I didn't kill him.

**Lascove:**

Perhaps you know who did.

**BA:**

If I knew, I would tell you.

**Lascove:**

Was it Col. Smith?

**BA:**

Hannibal was in Hanoi with me.

**Lascove:**

Or Lieutenant Peck?

**BA:**

Him too.

**Lascove:**

Oh, I see. You were all in Hanoi. Alright then... Let's talk about Capt. Murdock, your pilot. He testified under oath that he had returned to headquarters.

**Face (to Hannibal):**

Oh no.

**BA:**

Everybody in the world know that the man is a fool. He's crazy. He sees people that aren't really there and he talks in circles all the time.

**Lascove:**

He seems like a disturbed individual, do you think he's dangerous?

**BA:**

Murdock won't hurt nobody.

**Lascove:**

I wonder.

**Judge:**

If there are no further questions, Major Lascove, we will take a one-hour recess for lunch.

***Murdock and Frankie pull up in a cab outside a restaurant. They're still wearing their black, 'spy' outfits.***

**Murdock:**

Alright soldier, this is where he works, let's synchronize our watches.

**Frankie:**

I'm not wearing a watch.

**Murdock:**

A fighting Nighthawk commando always wears a watch.

**Frankie:**

Let me guess, fifth commandment, right?

**Murdock:**

Fourth. Fourth!

**Frankie:**

Fourth.

***They go inside the restaurant***

**MaitreD:**

A table for 2, Gentlemen?

**Murdock:**

Oh... We're here to see the man.

**MaitreD:**

And what man are you referring to?

**Murdock:**

Colonel Chun Van Kuyet. I believe the United States government set him up in this restaurant.

**MaitreD:**

I uh... don't believe that I am familiar with him. Perhaps my co-workers are.

***The man walks through the restaurant, Murdock and Frankie watch him. People that work at the restaurant come towards them and Frankie and Murdock run out. When they get outside, a car is squealing away.***

**Frankie:**

That's Kuyet, come on!

***Meanwhile, at the courthouse...***

**Lascove:**

Gentlemen, I trust you had a pleasant lunch.

**Hannibal:**

I trust you have more on your mind than our happy tummies.

**Lascove:**

I'll be brief. We all know that what the Army wants out of this trial is an A-Team conviction... but what I'm interested in is justice. I think the panel can be convinced that Captain Murdock was operating on his own and in a questionable mental condition when he killed Colonel Morrison. Help me do that. It could save your lives.

**Hannibal:**

Major, You can take your proposal...

**Lawyer (Interrupts):**

Nice try, Major. But we've got this beat and you know it. **(Major Lascove shakes his head and sighs as he walks away)** I've just learned that Captain Murdock has located Kuyet. Now, if his testimony confirms your story, you guys are off the hook. All we have to do is recall Josh Curtis to the stand and find out why he lied.

**Baliff:**

All rise! This Court Martial is back in session. His honour Col. Thomas Milow presiding.

**Judge:**

I'm sorry to begin the afternoon with the sad news, but I want the counsel to be informed that a principle witness in this case has had a tragic accident. Cpt. Josh Curtis was killed earlier this morning by a hit and run driver. Since Cpt. Curtis will be no longer able to take the stand...

**Face (quietly to Hannibal while the judge is still talking):**

Yeah, well... So much for recalling Curtis.

**Hannibal:**

If Kuyet clears our names, he'll nail Murdock.

**BA:**

What we gonna do?

**Judge:**

Mr. Conwell, will you call your witness?

**Lawyer:**

Your Honour, I would like to request a short recess. Given this recent development...

**Hannibal(stands up):**

Your Honour, I think I can save us a lot of time.

**Judge:**

Do you wish to address the court, Colonel?

**Hannibal**

I'm changing my plea.

**Lawyer:**

Wha-?

**Hannibal:**

I plead guilty-as-charged, I killed Col. Morrison.

**Lawyer (overtop of the commotion in the courtroom):**

Your Honour, clearly my client is ah...

**Face(stands up):**

And I helped him do it.

**BA(stands up):**

It was all three of us.

**Judge:**

This court will take a thirty-minute recess.

***In a board room at the courthouse...***

**Lawyer (yelling):**

Are you out of your minds?

**Face:**

Well, it wouldn't be the first time we were accused of it.

**Lawyer:**

Nobody tries to plead guilty in a Capital Case.

**Hannibal:**

A man can only live with his guilt so long.

**BA:**

Yeah. We hate guilt.

**Lawyer:**

But we're winning! Their case is chalk full of holes. Their case is chalk full of holes and once Col. Kuyet testifies, it will be shot down entirely.

**Face:**

Ahh...Would you mind it not using words like full of holes, and shot down? It conjures up such a negative image.

**Lawyer:**

Alright, you wanna sabotage your own trial? I'll just withdraw and you can do whatever you want. I should warn you though, that requires a mistrial and you'll have to go through this whole thing all over again.

**BA:**

Suppose we really did kill Morrison?

**Lawyer:**

You could never kill anybody in cold blood. I'm sure of it.

**Hannibal:**

Alright Mr. Conway, we'll try it your way.

***Outside an apartment building...***

**Frankie (over a walkie talkie):**

Murdock this is crazy, man! I don't get it! I mean, we blocked the guy's door. We don't even know if he's home yet. What if he left town already?

**Murdock (into his walkie talkie):**

No no no, he hasn't left town, I just saw him pop his head out right through the curtains. Are you ready?

**Frankie (into his walkie talkie):**

Yeah, but I still don't think it's gonna work.

**Murdock:**

Don't be discouraged, son. Let the lyrics of the fighting nighthawk commando's theme song gurge your loins... **(into his walkie talkie – using it like a microphone – singling loudly)** Fighting nighthawks in the sky. Brave and loyal are these guys. Brothers turning wrong to right. Never running from a fight, fight, fight!

**Frankie:**

Murdock, it's Quiet. Murdock!)

**Murdock:**

Fighting nightingales. Fighting nightingales.

**Frankie:**

Murdock!

**Murdock:**

Fighting nightingale-al-ales! Hey!

***Kuyet pokes his head out while Murdock is singing, then starts to climb down the fire escape. Frankie pulls up underneath him with a garbage truck.***

**Murdock (into the walkie talkie):**

Frankie, Frankie, don't you want to pick up all the garbage in the alley?

**Frankie:**

I told you this was dumb, I can't get this thing...

***Bangs a device that is supposed to create an explosion, suddenly it works and the ladder that Kuyet is climbing down falls from the building due to well-placed charges***

**Frankie:**

...to work.

***Kuyet falls into the dumpster that is attached to the front of the garbage truck***

**Frankie:**

I'm a genius. **(kisses his own hands)**

**Murdock:**

Welcome to Fantasy Island, Colonel.

**Kuyet:**

What do you want with me?

**Murdock:**

Information.

**Kuyet:**

I have nothing to say!

**Murdock:**

Too bad! Let 'er rip! **(Frankie activates the garbage truck... the compactor)** Every litter bit hurts, Colonel!

**Kuyet (panicked):**

Okay! Okay! I'll tell you what you want to know!

**Murdock:**

Was Colonel Morrison a North Vietnamese Operative?

**Kuyet:**

Yes.

**Murdock:**

And why did he send the A-Team to rob the bank of Hanoi?

**Kuyet:**

It was supposed to be a trap. But the message couldn't get to our unit in time to stop them. It was to be an embarrassment to your country.

**Police siren:**

United States Army!

**Frankie:**

Murdock! Company!

**Siren:**

Put down your weapons! You're surrounded!

**Kuyet:**

You are a fool! I called them! You must now release me or you will die!

**Murdock (screams):**

A Fighting Nighthawk Commando doesn't know the meaning of the word, 'die!' What's the first commandment, Franklin?!?!

**Frankie:**

Never leave your cap out in plain view, right?

**Murdock (screams):**



That's close enough! Hit it!

**Frankie drives off making Kuyet fall back into the bin, the police give chase. Two squad cars come towards him, he doesn't stop**

**Frankie:**

Fighting Nighthawk Express and we're coming through so watch out!  
AAAAAHHHH!

***The squad cars flip and smash after driving up a ramp. Both sing the theme song as they drive away... Back in the courtroom...***

**Face (looking at the board of officials):**

Well that's certainly a cheerful looking little group.

**Hannibal:**

Yeah... They could at least smile.

**Judge:**

Will the accused rise?

**Murdock (bursting through the doors with Frankie, and Kuyet):**

Stop these proceedings! Stop the proceedings. Your Honour, we have located a very important witness and I believe that he can finally shed some light on this case.

**Judge:**

Is that you, Capt. Murdock?

**Murdock:**

Yes, it is, Your Honour. And if you'll bear with me, I believe we can finally establish some testimony here that will for once and for all and beyond a shadow of doubt that will prove that the A-Team is innocent of all charges.

**Judge:**

You may continue.

**Baliff:**

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

**Kuyet:**

I do.

**Lawyer:**

What is your name sir?

**Kuyet:**

Chun Von Kuyet.

**Lawyer:**

Are you not the same gentlemen who gave a statement before the United States Congress in regards to Col. Morrison's work for the Vietcong?

**Kuyet:**

I am.

**Lawyer:**

I see. Would you give us your version of the famous mission on the National Bank of Hanoi, sir?

**Kuyet:**

I was shocked when it happened.

**Murdock:**

Wait a minute! That's not what you told me!

**Kuyet:**

We should have anticipated that the A-Team was capable of such a mission. I wish Col. Morrison and I could have recruited them.

**Lawyer:**

What do you mean by this?

**Kuyet:**

I have many time say to Morrison that we should make them a offer. But he always said no. He said they were loyal American Patriots.

**Lawyer:**

Loyal American Patriots? Col. Morrison, the man these men were supposed to have killed? He in fact held them in high regard?

**Kuyet:**

No. He feared them. Col. Morrison told me that if Col. Smith and the A-Team discovered that he was an agent, they would not hesitate to kill him.

***On Stockwell's plane...***

**Carla:**

What do you think, General?

**Stockwell:**

I think the A-Team looks as guilty as Hell. However, the guilty must pay for their crimes. They must've known the risks. Tell the pilot I'm ready.

***In the courtroom...***

**Judge:**

Will the accused rise. What does the panel find?

**President:**

Col. Smith, Lieut. Peck, Sgt. Baracus, it is my duty as president of this court to inform you that on closed session on secret ballot, all the members present concurred in finding you guilty as charged sentencing you to be put to death. **(noise in the courtroom)**

**Judge:**

The accused are remanded to Military Court Custody, and sentence will be carried out as soon as possible. This court is adjourned.

**-Part Three: Firing Line-**

***At the stockade, the firing line marches out.***

**Army man:**

Halt!

***The team is escorted out and each are placed in front of a wooden pole.***

**Army man:**

Ready! Any last requests?

***The picture has become cloudy. It is a dream. A woman in a bikini steps away from the firing line and walks towards Face. She has a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket.***

**Face:**

Ha! My favourite year! **(she leaves)** Wait a minute...

**Army guy:**

Aim!

**Face:**

Hey! Hey! Wait a minute... Wait a minute... Come on...What's the point of a last request if you don't even get it? I didn't even get her phone number! Hannibal!

**Hannibal (dressed as the aquamaniac):**

Awe... See you in the swamp, Lieutenant.

**Army guy:**

Fire!

***Face wakes up, breathless.***

**Hannibal:**

How'd you sleep?

**Face:**

Like I... ah... I've not a care in the world.

***Friday, 9:45 am... A newspaper in Murdock's room reads: A-Team to be executed at Dawn tomorrow.***

**Orderly:**

Patient's escaped!

**Nurse:**

How could he? He was so upset about his friends that I even had him put in restraints!

***Murdock is running across a field being chased by orderlies. He's in a straightjacket. He jumps over bushes and benches and continues running. He hides in a truck. He makes his way down a street and steals a unicycle from a street mime. He bikes away and eventually falls into a hole in the sidewalk. The orderlies pass by. A construction worker stands up in the hole. Murdock stands up and looks at him.***

**Murdock:**

Naahhhh... What's up, Doc?

***Friday, 12 pm Noon... Murdock walks down a street on his way to Frankie's apartment. A man watches from a parked sedan nearby. Murdock checks the mailboxes for Frankie's name and heads upstairs. He steps over a rollerskate that's on the stairs.***

**Abel 4 (in his car and into the CB):**

Abel 4 to Empress 1, the fox is in the hen house.

***Murdock opens Frankie's door. Gunshots are fired at him and a bright light is shining in his face.***

***Gun shots***

**Frankie:**

Freeze! You have illegally broke in and entered this domicile which is actually a covert CIA operation. For security reasons, you are to empty the contents of your pockets on the floor, and back out of the apartment im...

***Murdock realizes it's all effects and he turns it off. He knocks on a cupboard door. Frankie opens it.***

**Frankie:**

Murdock! What are you doing here? Huh? How've you been?

**Murdock:**

I like the doorbell set up. You really expect people to fall for that?

**Frankie:**

Most people do.

**Murdock:**

What is this with 'empty your pockets?' I mean what are you doing, shaking down guys as they breakin' into your apartment?

**Frankie:**

You see, I always gotta replace that door molding. You see you take a shot like that, breaking into some guy's abode, you get what you get. I've been to the hospital three times looking for you. Where've you been?

**Murdock:**

Well, I figured... I figured that there was somebody out there looking for me besides you.

**Frankie:**

You ain't talking without substance. You know that guy Stockwell's people have been calling here and asking for you.

**Murdock:**

I gotta help my guys. And I figure I only got about twelve hours.. and I'm not gonna be able to do it alone.

**Frankie:**

Let me guess who you got in mind.

**Murdock:**

You could say no.

**Frankie:**

But you won't like it.

**Murdock:**

No, but I'd understand.

**Frankie:**

Hey! You and me! We're invincible! Together we can handle anything!

***They open the front door to reveal two big henchmen.***

**Abel 4:**

Freeze! (pointing guns at them)

**Murdock:**

Just about.

**Frankie:**

Ain't it the truth?

***They put their arms up and begin to head out. The men follow them. Murdock walks down the stairs but steps over the skate. Abel 4 steps on it and tumbles down the stairs. Frankie punches the other Abel.***

**Frankie:**

Okay, sport. Wooo owww!

***Screams like he knows a martial art, but he doesn't, he just looks silly***

***Frankie ducks as the man punches, and he hits the wall. He continues screaming and the guy does a running jump. Frankie moves out of the way, just in time. The man crashes through Frankie's door. Murdock runs down the stairs to the other man and punches him, knocking him out. Murdock grabs his gun and runs back up the stairs.***

**Frankie (pounding on his neighbour's door):**

Mrs. Manacotti!

***The man comes up behind him and jump kicks, Frankie ducks. They punch each other several times. Frankie ducks all of them. Frankie punches through Mrs. Manacotti's door. Frankie runs to the elevator and it opens just in time for the man to jump in after him... except there is no car there. The man falls. Frankie holds onto the ledge.***

**Frankie:**

Going Down?

***Murdock rounds the corner and looks at Frankie hanging there with curiosity.***

**Frankie:**

I told them how to fix this just last week.

***Friday, 6:35 pm. In Stockwell's plane...***

**Stockwell:**

Abel 4 and Abel 6 should be back by now.

**Carla:**

Maybe they're still trying to contain the matter or just stopped off for a call of nature.

**Stockwell:**

Then they don't belong in my unit.

**Murdock (throws one of the Abels in as he enters):**

We're sorry. Really... We really are. We didn't mean to interrupt. And don't be concerned, his partner will check in... As soon as he checks out of County Emergency.

**Stockwell:**

Very good, Captain. You've managed to evade and then apprehend two class 8 operatives. In spite of your craziness... or perhaps because of it.

**Frankie (to Carla):**

Well... how do you do? Frankie Santana, we've met once before, at your service and available for dinner Tuesdays and Thursdays.

**Stockwell:**

What brings you here, Captain? Certainly not my men. Why come of your own accord?

**Murdock (stressed):**

Because I don't like wearing somebody else's straightjacket. **(regains composure)** Besides, we have something in common. We both want the A-Team alive and well.

**Stockwell:**

Why would I want that?

**Murdock (pointing a gun at him):**

You know, all of my psychiatric training has taught me that WHY you want the A-team alive and well is unimportant. The important thing is, you want the A-Team alive and well, which means if they're dead... They're no good. Now, you allowed them to go out in front of that jury knowing full well that they were going to be convicted and you sent them after Curtis knowing full well he was going to put them at the scene of Morrison's murder. Now, you have very neatly and specifically lines us up and pop pop pop pop pop We have all fallen into place exactly where we are.

**Stockwell:**

Whoever judged you insane, Captain, should have his license lifted.

**Murdock:**

You are going to help me spring my friends.

***Carla hands Murdock a file and turns on the monitors to show video footage of the team's prison.***

**Carla:**

Barrier Island, about 30 miles off the California coast. It was once a US Military installation, not unlike San Clemente. The land is basically rock and shrub, no indications of soft terrain or soil.

**Murdock:**

Looks like somebody did a pretty good job of researching this stuff.

**Carla:**

There is a reef off the northern shore and there is no actual beach or natural landing facilities except for a man-made wooded piling here. The actual execution that is scheduled tomorrow for 8 am will take place here. The firing squad led by Captain Underwood and consisting of 8 sharp shooters will be positioned here. The prisoners are kept in a large single cell. The only access is through this doorway. The barracks have been reinforced with corrugated steel. The only vessels that are permitted to approach the island must be first announced by radio from Port Owen. Any and all other vessels will be warned and fired upon if they attempt to land.

**Stockwell:**

As you can see, Captain, escape or rather, rescue will be virtually impossible. They will be expecting you.

**Murdock:**

But not you.

**Stockwell:**

I'd say not... because to them, I don't exist.

**Murdock:**

No, no, no, I'm gonna need you to pull some strings... You're gonna have to help.

**Stockwell:**

I just gave it to you. Don't get greedy.

**Murdock:**

I'm not beyond doing anything that's necessary to accomplish this. Don't underestimate me, Stockwell.

***Murdock lunges at Stockwell, but he has pressed a button which has made a heavy duty glass separate Murdock from him and Carla. Murdock smashes into it.***

**Stockwell:**

I obviously wouldn't. Drop your arms and move away from them or I shall release a fine gas into your part of the cabin.

**Frankie:**

He's bluffing! He's bluffing! Tell me he's bluffing. You think he's bluffing?

**Murdock:**

No.

**Frankie:**

Me either.

**Stockwell:**

I never bluff, Mr. Santana, I never need to.

**Frankie:**

Knock-out gas, right? Not poisonous. We didn't do something that deserves poisonous gas. I mean, we did knock-out gas kind of stuff, right?

***A cloud of gas fills the cabin, Murdock fired into the unbreakable glass a few times... and Frankie and Murdock pass out.***

**Stockwell:**

Take care of their removal. Contact Capt. Underwood, tell him I'm going to talk to the prisoners in two hours.

**Carla:**

All of them?

**Stockwell:**

Yes. I have no doubt that Col. Smith is already planning his escape. And if he should be successful... Well, that wouldn't do at all, would it?

***Waking up by a dumpster...***

**Murdock (very groggy):**

Huh? Frankie? Where are we?

**Frankie (from inside the dumpster, naked except for shorts):**

Forget us, where are my pants?

**Murdock:**

I got mine on.

**Frankie:**

Are my pants out there? **(Murdock mumbles)** There's a bum, he got my pants! Hey you! Get over here.

***He falls out of the dumpster and looks at the bum clothes left behind..***

**Frankie:**

I'm not putting these on.

**Murdock:**

We can't screw around. The guys are gonna be facing the firing squad this morning in about... My watch! That bum stole my watch.

**Frankie:**

Ahh Gee...See... I HAVE compassion for a fellow robbbee.

**Murdock (taking a paper from his pocket):**

That's alright. **(Frankie laughs)** I took this from Stockwell's folder.

**Frankie:**

You cinched that?

**Murdock:**

Yeah... This is a list of everybody who has clearance on the island.

**Frankie:**

Think it will help?

**Murdock:**

It will help.



***At the stockade, guards enter the cell...***

**Man:**

Where's Smith?

**Face:**

Smith?

**Man:**

Where is he?

**Face:**

Ahh... He moved to better accommodations. Where's my sweet rolls?

***Hannibal gets up from underneath Face as the guard is looking for him and hits the guys from behind. Face gets to work on their cuffs.***

**BA:**

Hurry up Face!

**Face:**

Give me a break, BA. It took me all night to turn this spoon into a lock pick. At least you could do is give me a couple more minutes.

**Hannibal:**

We haven't got a couple more minutes, Face.

***The army is released and everyone is firing at them as they try to escape. Hannibal throws an explosive at the tower and at other armory. They return fire as they try to escape. They nearly make it out and are on the beach when Face is shot in the leg. BA picks him up. There is a lot of urgency, panic...***

**Hannibal:**

Face, BA, come on! Come on!

**BA (screaming –and blood chillingly so –as even more soldiers  
come out after them firing):**

Hannibal! Hannibal

***They are actually still in their cell, it was Hannibal's dream.***

**Face:**

Hannibal, how's that plan coming along for getting us out of here, huh?

**Hannibal:**

Still working out some kinks.

***Hannibal solemnly replays BA's scream in his mind.  
Meanwhile, Frankie and Murdock are walking down a street...***

**Frankie:**

We can't get what we need looking like this. I need to go home and change.

**Murdock:**

Home? Home? You can't go home! Stockwell's gonna have some men there.

**Frankie:**

Why would he let us go just to pick us up again?

**Murdock:**

I don't know why this guy's done anything he's done, but we gotta minimize our risks.

**Frankie:**

We're gonna bust the most notorious convicts out of a hyper-security installation. How much more risk can there be?

**Murdock:**

We gotta get a move on. We got less than two hours, Frankie.

**Frankie:**

Alright! If I'm a little late, it's because I stopped off for a quick  
\_\_\_\_\_??

***A Priest walks to his car. Murdock walks up behind him.***

**Murdock:**

Bless me Father, for I am about to sin.

***Stockwell gets off a boat at the Prison Island. The guards stand at attention as he walks by and he is let into Hannibal's cell.***

**Hannibal:**

We don't want any.

**BA:**

Man, whatchoo want? We ain't got nothing to say to you.

**Stockwell:**

I have a proposition for you.

**Hannibal:**

The way other investments he suggested have turned out... How could we refuse?

**Stockwell:**

Hannibal, it wouldn't hurt to listen.

**Hannibal:**

Get out of here.

***Stockwell gives him a cigar and lights it.***

**Stockwell:**

You make fewer mistakes out of anyone I've ever come across, with the exception of myself. Don't make one at this stage of the game.

**Hannibal:**

We are finished with unending manipulation.

**Stockwell:**

It ends here, Colonel. There's no place else to go. That's why I have a

final offer. It's good. You know it's good because what else might you gain?

**Hannibal:**

You want us to join the outfit.

**Stockwell:**

I haven't spent so much time watching you, to try to force three very square pegs into tiny round holes. You don't join anybody and nobody joins you. What I'm offering is an alliance. You and me.

**Hannibal:**

Hmm...

**Stockwell:**

The bottom line is now that you'll be higher on the wanted list than you before. You won't be sought for some embarrassing incident during the war. You are convicted murderers now. The manhunt as you knew it will be increased to the tenth power. You can't escape that kind of concentrated effort. And I don't doubt that you will be on a shot on sight \_\_\_\_ And I can offer you an out.

**Hannibal:**

I'm a little old to change professions, Stockwell.

**Stockwell:**

Just a limited partnership, I'd say a certain number of missions, specified, somewhat marginal occupations...and for this, you'll be given a full pardon.

**Face:**

Wait a minute... a 'full' pardon? As in presidential pardon?

**Stockwell:**

I'm sure I know someone who can reach the right people... or person.

**Hannibal:**

A specified number of missions and we're totally cleared, we don't work for you OR the government anymore...

**Stockwell:**

By then you could work for the local McDonalds, for all I care... but make no mistake... these missions are obviously nothing I can give to standard operatives. You must realize the possible consequences.

**Face:**

Suicide missions.

**Stockwell:**

Not.... all.

**Face:**

There you go. Not.... all. Well, uh, tha, that, yeah, that sounds terrific.

**BA:**

Hey man, why should we trust you?

**Stockwell:**

Because I give you my word, I have not done that 'til now. And like you Colonel, I do believe in some kind of honour to make it alright... even if it's our own particular brand.

**Hannibal:**

How long do we have to let you know? I mean, before you get us out?

**Stockwell:**

Colonel... That's not part of the deal. I can't get you out.

**BA:**

Say WHAT?

**Face:**

Wait a minute... what do you mean you can't get us out of here?

**Stockwell:**

I could never assist three federal prisoners convicted of murder in escaping. Contact me upon your successful evasion of your current situation. Then we have a deal but you must escape on your own. Guard! **(leaves)**

**Face:**

How the Hell are we going to escape on our own?

**Hannibal:**

We have one whole card left. Murdock.

**BA:**

Murdock! Murdock!

***BA's dream. They are in the firing line when Murdock shows up in a helicopter. He fires at the firing squad and Face and Hannibal jump in the chopper.***

**Hannibal:**

Come on BA, let's go!

**B.A. (climbing stairs to get to them):**

Wait for me! Wait for me, Murdock! Wait for me!

**Murdock:**

You promise to be my bestest buddy in the whole world?

**B.A.:**

I promise!

**Murdock:**

And never never to call me fool again?

**B.A.:**

Never again! Cross my heart and hope to die!

**Murdock:**

And to get a pilot's license and share my apartment with me?

**B.A.:**

No! No! **(goes back down the stairs)**

**Murdock:**

Two swinging singles sharing ice cream and TV!

**B.A. (puts himself back in front of the firing line):**

Shoot. Shoot. **(echo as dream fades)**

**Face:**

If Murdock gets us out of this, as far as I'm concerned, he can have anything he wants for as long as I live.

**BA:**

I don't know. I gotta think about this.

***Stockwell is at the pier...***

**Army guy:**

That's the launch arriving now. Had to pick someone else up.

**Stockwell:**

This must be visitor's day at camp.

**Army guy:**

Father Stallini.. Administers the last rites and offers resolution.

***Stockwell passes Murdock dressed like a priest. He obviously notices but doesn't let on. Murdock nods to him.***

**Face:**

Ugh. B.A., what are you going to have for your last meal?

**B.A.:**

What?!

**Face:**

Your last meal. See, I'm, I'm trying to figure out what I'm gonna have, and I thought...

**B.A.:**

Man, you crazy! You startin' to sound just like Murdock. I ain't havin no last meal.

**Face:**

Well, you have to have a last meal. It's tradition. See, I, I'm wondering if I should have something I really love. Or, uh, maybe it would be better to have something I've never tried before.

**B.A.:**

You can have whatever you want. And mine, too. I ain't havin no last meal.

**Face:**

Oh, well then you realize, of course, that the, uh, last meal you had will end up being your last meal. See?

**Hannibal:**

He's got a point there, B.A.

**B.A.:**

Instead of agreeing with him, Hannibal, you're supposed to be coming up with a plan that don't include us to have a last meal.

**Hannibal:**

I'm working on it.

**B.A.:**

Good!

**Hannibal:**

But, uh, you might give some thought to an appetizer.

**Murdock (pokes his head into the cell):**

Might I suggest a Doversout with lemon butter and capers. Marie Antoinette swore by it.

**BA:**

I don't believe it.

**Murdock:**

You are forgiven. We haven't got much time.

**Guard (as about five armed guards walk up behind Murdock):**

Put your hands away from your body, and don't move.

**Murdock:**

Then how do I get my hands away from my body?

**Later...**

**Murdock (hamming up the crazy talk):**

7 days a week... 365 days a year...

**Guard (on the phone):**

No, I don't need to be put through to a psychiatrist. I'll send him ashore right away. **(hangs up)**

**Murdock:**

And that doesn't mean that you don't get the opportunity to try... No obligation to anybody else...

**Guard:**

Let's go, Mr. Murdock. You're going back to the VA hospital.

**Murdock:**

How did you know that Father Stallini was no longer inhabiting this iddy biddy body?

**Guard:**

Because luckily the cleaning lady forgot her glasses and returned to the rectory to find Father Stallini in the bathroom, where you locked him him, with a neat little bump on his noggin.

**Murdock:**

I believe it was right here, see? Right here? **(Points to his own head.)** It was right here. **(continues to talk... bent over... sounds a little like Porky Pig)**

**Other guard:**

The launch has arrived, sir, with Father Stallini.

**Guard:**

That shouldn't take more than an hour. Murdock can go back in the same boat.

***The Priest (Frankie) enters the room and motions to Murdock.***

**Priest:**

I understand you are a troubled man. I forgive you.

**Murdock:**

Oh father!

***Murdock falls to his knees hugging the priest's legs fake whimpering and fake sobbing. Hands the priest the Bible he stole.***

**Priest:**

Yes, it's alright, my son.

**Guard:**

Sergeant, take Father Stallini to the prisoners.

**Priest:**

Bless you. **(Murdock continues to whimper)** Bless you. Bless you. Bless you.

**Guard:**

Somebody stay with him.

***At the team's cell. The guard opens the door. Frankie motions for the guard to leave.***

**Sergeant:**

Captain Underwood told me to stay with you. These men are very sharp.

**Priest:**

Obviously not that sharp or you and I wouldn't have jobs this morning. Just a little black humour. **(The guard leaves.)**

***Hannibal is on his knees beside Frankie, who does ceremony things to be convincing***

**Hannibal:**

What happened to Murdock?

**Frankie:**

He's back there shuffling the half-deck for those guys. We figured that they would be waiting for some kind of move, so we threw Murdock at them so they wouldn't pay attention to me. Murdock figured no one looks for the old double framis...It's a movie blood packet. Now I can't mess with protection under there, so when it goes off, it may burn a little, so bite your tongue after you swallow this. But don't do that until just before they fire. Assta Luaego... **(sings Priest like words well gesturing a**

**cross)**

**Hannibal:**

Frankie, even if this doesn't work... Thanks.

**Frankie:**

Save it. It'll work, my son...

***Frankie exists the cell. Soldiers walk by. He walks into the area where a man is preparing the guns for the firing line.***

**Gun Guy:**

Good morning, padre. How are you doing?

**Frankie:**

As well as one can under the circumstances. Are these the instruments to be used?

**Gun Guy:**

Yeah, they have to be loaded.

**Frankie:**

The men don't load their own weapons?

***Frankie grabs the man's matches and rips out all the matchsticks. He's nervous, trying to do it quickly without the guy seeing.***

**Gun Guy:**

Not for an execution. You see, not all the rounds are live. So no one actually knows who does and does not fire the killing shots.

**Frankie:**

How humane. Sgt. Do you have an extra smoke?

**Gun Guy:**

Well, sure, Padre. All I have is these cancer sticks without filters. But I figure if you gotta go for it, why not go with gusto?

**Frankie:**

Ain't it the truth?

**Gun Guy:**

Damn! Ugh! Sorry... I mean... ah...

**Frankie:**

Oh, that's alright. We're all a little nervous this morning.

**Gun Guy:**

I have more matches.

***Murdock walks by and looks in, he's followed by two armed guards.***

**Gun Guy:**

I'll be right back. Gill should have some.

***Frankie pulls a bunch of fake bullets from his boot but then clumsily exchanges them with the live rounds on the table.***



**Captain (as the gun guy goes outside, runs into the Captain):**  
Have you seen Father Stallini?

**Gun Guy:**  
Yes, sir. He's in here with me.

**Captain:**  
Well, let's get in gear, Sgt. We're not running a tour service. We are executing some prisoners this morning.

**Gun Guy:**  
Yes, sir. I was looking for some matches for the father. **(returns)** Father, your light.

**Frankie:**  
Oh, Yes! Of course! Right.

**Captain (watching):**  
Time to go father, I don't wish to run behind.

**Frankie:**  
I'm sure the prisoners wouldn't mind if you did. Bless you.

**Murdock (in the boat):**  
Did you make the switch okay?

**Frankie:**  
What'll sound better, I think, or I hope?

***The firing squad prepares. Saturday at 8 a.m. The team is escorted and lined up.***

**Guard:**  
\_\_\_\_\_ to the findings of the General Court Martial, convened at Fort Owen, California, on 18 August, 1986, And having been found guilty on the charges of murder and all specifications there too. \_\_\_\_\_ been approved by all authority the sentence of death by firing squad to be imposed on John Smith, Colonel, US army, Templeton Peck, first lieutenant, US army, and BA Baracus, Sgt., US army, is hereby ordered to take place at the United States army correctional facility at Barrier Island, California.

***The boys are blindfolded. The men take aim. The guard gives orders.***

**Guard:**  
Fire.

***Close up of Murdock's face as the gunshots ring out. He looks so lost and upset. The squad leaves. Our boys are laying lifeless on the ground.***

***Much later... The boat comes back to the mainland. Three body bags are on board. They are taken out to a warehouse. They are wearing oxygen masks.***

**Doctor:**  
Respiration and heartbeat has stabilized. They're actually starting to come to.

**Face (sitting up and seeing Carla):**  
Uh... Just like I dreamed it would be.

**Stockwell:**

Welcome, Lieutenant.

**Face:**

Oh no! They sent me downstairs, didn't they?

**Stockwell:**

Don't be alarmed by your disorientation. It's just the side effects from the drug that you swallowed and having your respiratory system repressed.

**Face:**

Ahh...

***The van pulls up. Murdock and Frankie jump out.***

**Murdock:**

BA! BA! BA! BA! It's good to see ya!

***Kisses BA on the head many times and hugs him.***

**BA:**

Murdock! I never thought I'd be glad to see you!

**Murdock (Hugs Hannibal):**

Hannibal!

**Hannibal:**

Alright, Captain!

**Murdock:**

It's good to see you. **(Hugs Face)** You little devil you!

**Face:**

Oh No! It's alright! It's alright!

**Hannibal (To Frankie):**

Looking good, kid! You didn't gain any weight.

***Hannibal and Face shake Frankie's hand***

**Frankie:**

Uh uh

**Stockwell:**

Shall we, gentlemen? I'm sure you're interested in seeing your new home? Settling in?

**Hannibal:**

Where's that?

**Stockwell:**

How does the rolling green landscape of Virginia sound?

**Face:**

Virgina... as in the CIA?

**Stockwell:**

I believe certain portions of the intelligence and espionage community are located there. But it is also centrally located for me... and my schedule.

**Murdock (looks angry):**

Virginia? That's so far away! BA and I just got back together!

**Frankie:**

Maybe you and I can go out and visit them some time. I'm gonna miss you guys.

**Stockwell:**

Why should you do that? You're joining us, Mr. Santana.

**Frankie:**

Who me? No no no no! I got three studios offering me jobs this week alone. I gotta get back into the mainstream.

**Stockwell:**

I don't think that's wise considering you're now on the ten most wanted list.

**Frankie:**

What?

**Stockwell:**

Why, you aided and abetted three convicted murderers in their escape.

**Frankie:**

That was the whole beauty of the plan! They're not escaped! They're dead! Their bodies are going to be buried at Forest Lawn, right? Right? Say I'm right, right?

**Stockwell:**

That's just the story we used to pick up the bodies and there is no official papers. And as soon as they find the bodies are missing from the morgue, someone is going to realize that this is just one of those wildly improbable With the assistance of a pseudo priest.

**Hannibal:**

Played with high style, I might add.

**Frankie:**

I never bargained for this. I can not go on the lam... I have a beautiful home... career... Family... neighbours...

**Stockwell:**

Your career is on the skids, Santana. But because of your help, we're going to take care of your father's medical needs, etceteras...

**Hannibal:**

It'll just be for a little while, Frankie.

**Stockwell:**

Shall we? We can take my limo to the plane.

**BA:**

Not me. I don't fly.

**Stockwell:**

Well, I'm sure we can work something out. Gentlemen, let's adjourn for a toast while we discuss BA's alternative travel arrangements. Carla, return the vehicles and take care of that other little manner.

**Murdock:**

Okay... tell me about the light.

**BA:**

I don't wanna hear it, Murdock. I don't seen no light.

**Murdock:**

There has to be a light. There's always a light. There are dozens of documented cases of a tunnel and a light... and you...you are one of the few that have been there and come back...

**BA:**

I haven't been nowhere... I wasn't dead.

**Murdock:**

I mean, to have returned to the living after having been touched by the light.

**B.A.:**

You're the one who's touched, fool!

**Murdock:**

You promised not to call me that again.

**B.A.:**

Did not.

**Murdock:**

Did too. Crossed your heart and hoped to die.

**B.A.:**

How could you know about that? You can't know about that.

**Murdock: (maniacal laugh)**

Hehehehehehe

**Hannibal:**

You know, General, You could have let BA sleep a little longer.

**Face:**

It's not that bad, Frank. I mean, uh, look we've been on the wanted list for ten years. Believe me, it hasn't been all that bad.

**Frankie:**

You were almost executed!

**Face:**

Yeah, well, I mean, you have your good days, your bad days.

**Stockwell:**

Try this tranquilizer gun on BA. There are some side effects, but a good deal gentler than some of your past methods. Now as soon as Carla returns, we can get started. Gentlemen, shall we make use of my very well stocked bar?

**Hannibal:**

Why would I drink with you?

**Stockwell:**

Oh.. Come Colonel Smith.. Hannibal. If we are going to work together, I should make things as pleasant as possible. I can be very accommodating, if you do things my way.

**Hannibal:**

You've been very accommodating. All along, Stockwell. This entire nightmare is a result of you sending us after a certain man.

**Face:**

Curtis!

**Hannibal:**

Who conveniently fingered us for the murder and being the prime witness in the case, could have cleared us but somebody murdered him.

**Stockwell:**

You want me to explain?

**Hannibal:**

I'm waiting for something.

**Stockwell:**

Oh. Well, my best guess scenario is that your Captain Josh Curtis murdered Morrison.

**Face:**

Why?

**Stockwell:**

Well, perhaps he was already involved in gunrunning and the black market in Vietnam. Morrison found out... and had to be disposed of. Now, as for Curtis, you remember when you pulled him off that hijacked plane in Spain, he was on his way to making an armed shipment right here in California. And with him on that plane was a major buyer, a middle man: Ramone Soleil. Now as soon as he found out that Curtis was arrested and going to turn evidence, he had to protect himself. But by that time, Curtis had already given him enough information. As a matter of fact, in just three hours, Soleil is going to be completing his business... right here at the Saddleback Ranch. That's the operation that Carla is setting up now.

**Hannibal:**

That ah... explains everything... from your point of view **(shoots Stockwell with the tranquilizer gun)**. Check him out Face, and make sure he's unconscious. That guy's too tricky.

**Frankie:**

What? What are you doing?

**Hannibal:**

It all makes sense... If Soleil killed Curtis.

**Frankie:**

Think Stockwell could have done it?

**Hannibal:**

Only Soleil knows for sure. As soon as he talks to us, I'd feel better about the whole thing.

**Frankie:**

Wai... wai... wait... You mean we're going after these super dangerous... possible murderers... gunrunners... I mean, We don't have to. I mean, We could let Stockwell's men do it.

**Hannibal:**

You can stay here, if you want.

**Frankie:**

I might just do that. Not that I don't love you guys... I think I proved that... I don't want to upset the man you know... I could use the pardon... Capishe?

***Meanwhile... where the deal is going down...***

**Soleil:**

It's all there.

***The A-Team shows up and fires. The bad guys run to their vehicles and drive off. A chase ensues. They fire back and forth. A car flips. A fist fight. Classic Team Stuff.***

***Hannibal reaches through the car window and pulls Ramon's head out by his tie***

**Hannibal:**

Well. What's new, Ramone?

**Bad Guy:**

You're the A-Team.

**Frankie (inside the backseat, with Ramone):**

Yeah... that's us. Scary, ain't it?

**Hannibal:**

We heard you killed Josh Curtis. Is that right?

**Soleil:**

Well, I...

**Hannibal:**

I'll tell you what. You got until I light my cigar to answer.

***Frankie rolls up the window so that it's choking Ramone***

**Soleil:**

Yeah... Curtis... Curtis...

**Hannibal:**

You kill him?

**Soleil:**

Yeah... yeah... I killed him. I killed him.

**Face:**

Amazing how Stockwell's men are no where to be found.

**Murdock:**

Maybe we're Stockwell's men.

**Soleil:**

You're the A-Team! I heard you were killed. You were killed this morning.

**Hannibal:**

Well..... we're back.

***Langley, Virginia***

**Stockwell:**

I thought you gentlemen would be much more enamoured of your surroundings.

**Hannibal:**

Well, it's not the accommodations, General. It's the décor. One way mirrors... hidden cameras... listening devices, the joint is loaded.

**Stockwell:**

Since we have a deal and you're not going any place, what do you care if I take care of my investment?

**Face:**

Yeah... Well... There's kind of ass backwards logic there... What about principle?

**Frankie:**

Yeah, what about it?

**BA:**

Yeah, man... We don't like this place. It's just like jail!

**Stockwell:**

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

**Face (looking at Carla):**

Huh... I'd have to agree with him there.

**Frankie:**

This is the truth of it.

**Face:**

Listen... I will probably be getting some time off for good behaviour... and ah... well... Just so General Stockwell there has my under close watch, I thought that you should... personally oversee my checking out the... ahh local dining and dancing facilities.

**Carla:**

I'm sure something could be worked out.

**Face (Frankie oos and awws in support):**

Ahh.. yeah...

**Carla (points to big guy behind her):**

This is Abel 9. Mr. Peck would like to be driven through town.

***Shot down, Face exchanges looks with Frankie***

**Hannibal:**

You don't really think that you can keep us here, do ya? Your security is nothing but holes.

**Stockwell:**

Holes? Such as?

**Hannibal:**

Wait and see.

**Stockwell:**

I'm sure you'll see that things are better if you do things... If you do it, MY way.

**Hannibal:**

He does? He's got a sense of humour.

**Stockwell (after Carla whispers in his ear):**

Which one of you got this address of this place out to Captain Murdock?

**Hannibal:**

Oh, did he send you a post card?

**Stockwell:**

Not quite.

**Murdock (runs in):**

Hey guys! **(They all welcome him)**. Gonna give us a kiss, BA?

**B.A.:**

How long you out for, man?

**Murdock:**

Oh, as long as I want. I'm, I'm officially released.

**Face:**

What?

**Murdock:**

I'm, I'm no longer insane. I got my papers and everything. The board reviewed my case, and uh, they released me. The hospital did a terrific job. They cured me of all my psychiatric ills.

**Frankie:**

After more than a decade?



**Murdock:**

Well, the road to hope is often pock-marked.

**B.A.:**

So are you. I may be glad to see you, but you're still crazy .

**Frankie:**

And you can bunk in with me.

**Stockwell:**

Ahh.. that's not the way it works, Frankie. This is not a college dorm.

**Murdock:**

Now... that's alright guys... Really... Thanks a lot guys. But I got my own place... My own pad. I even got a job. I gotta get out there and pay my own rent and the butter on the old biscuits.

**Hannibal:**

What kind of job?

**Murdock:**

I'm working for the pound. I'm scooping up stray dogs that don't have a place to hang their collar at night... and everything... cute as a devil... I got a bunch of them outside... Wanna see? Wanna see?

***He opens the doors and lets in dozens of barking dogs.***

**Hannibal:**

Nice, Murdock. Nice.

**Stockwell:**

Holes in security, indeed.

**-END-**