

Black Day at Bad Rock

The van is racing through a beautiful countryside; the tires are throwing up dust and dirt as Faceman turns quickly. BA is lying down in the back; Hannibal is taking his blood pressure.

Face:

We'll be in Bad Rock in a couple of minutes, how is he?

Hannibal:

Blood pressure is 90 over 30 and dropping fast, we gotta get him some blood.

BA:

Gonna need for the Faceman to change his name. Yeah, to Broken Face.

Face (looking nervous):

Come on BA, it wasn't my fault.

BA:

You were supposed to be the rear guard. You messed up bad. Now I'm gonna have to mess you up, bad! That's the law.

Face:

Oh, brother.

They drive into Bad Rock, a small town with old buildings in the middle of nowhere (looks a lot like the Universal Studios set).

BA:

Face is gonna pay! Face is gonna pay! Face is gonna pay!

Face and Hannibal mumble, "got it?" "I got it." "Okay?" as they pick him up (an arm around each shoulder and a thigh in their arms – he looks like he's sitting) and carry BA from the van to the doctor's house. BA is moaning and grimacing.

Face:

These things happen man! Remember that time in 'Nam when you were supposed to be watching the back door to that Chinese dance hall? Mmm? And I slipped and cut myself on that coke bottle that you dropped? Did I get mad? No! These things happen.

The doctor is a petite brunette. She is sitting at her dining room table in her robe and sipping a cup of coffee. The boys knock at her door urgently.

Maggie (calls out):

Who is it?

Face (from behind the door):

We need a doctor; it's an emergency.

She opens the door to reveal the boys. BA looks terrible.

Hannibal:

Is Dr. Sullivan in?

Maggie:

I'm Dr. Sullivan, bring him in.

BA:

I don't want no lady doctor to work on me!

Face:

Ignore him, he's in shock.

Hannibal:

Hunting accident, shot in the leg... He's lost a lot of blood, doctor.

They follow her into a back room, carrying BA. She immediately turns to her cupboards to get supplies. They put BA on the bed. He is still grimacing and making a lot of noises.

Maggie:

Alright, bring him here and put him on the table. How long ago did it happen?

Hannibal:

3 o' clock this morning.

Maggie:

Was he unconscious for any length of time?

Face:

No. Can you help him?

BA:

You better hope so, suckah!

Maggie prepares an injection

Maggie: (To Face)

Get that light for me, would ya?

As Maggie administers the injection, BA is looking like he's in even more pain.

Face:

We're with you, buddy. It's gonna be all right. I promise.

BA:

You better not promise, Face. You better pray!

Maggie:

You guys wanna get out of here so I can get to work **(she's opening up a case of scalpels and other medical tools)**

In the waiting room, Hannibal is sitting and Face is pacing.

Face: (Sighs)

It was my fault.

Hannibal (smoking a cigar):

It's nobody's fault. We got the client out alive that's what counts.

Face:

You're not the one he wants to bust into little pieces. Did you see the look in his eye?

Hannibal:

Oh yeah, scary.

Face: (Sighs)

Hannibal, you'll... you'll... talk him out of it, won't ya?

Hannibal:

If anybody could talk BA out of anything, he'd be a professional wrestler. Now give him some time, he'll... he'll cool of, the worst thing that could happen to ya is he'd take a couple swings at ya.

Face:

One oughtta do it.

Hannibal:

Face, BA loves ya.

Face:

Yeah... **(Surprised)** He does?

Hannibal:

Told me so himself. **(Enter Maggie, he gets up and moves to her quickly)** How is he doc?

Maggie:

Not very good. Your friend has a fifty-caliber hole in his leg. I had to tie off an artery; it took sixty stitches to close him up... What were you hunting, elephants?

Hannibal:

Quail.

Face:

You know, uh... **(Makes a quick wing-flapping nose and motions a quail flying away with his hand)**

Hannibal:

Doc, how soon can we take him out of here?

Maggie:

Well, he needs blood. I can't locate any AB-. It's a very unusual type.

Face:

He's a very unusual guy.

Hannibal:

We'll get you the blood and then we'll take him out of here.

Maggie:

Well, I'm sorry, he's not going anywhere until I can stabilize him. AB- is a very rare blood type. We'll be lucky if we can come up with a pint of it.

Hannibal:

We happen to know a very rare guy who *has* that type of blood.

Face:

How we gonna get Murdock out up here?

Hannibal:

Amy will get him out of the hospital for us. Can I use your phone, Doc?

Maggie motions to where the phone is and Hannibal quickly goes over and dials a long-distance phone number. Maggie returns to her office. Amy is at her office at the LA COURIER EXPRESS.

Hannibal (we hear just his voice, garbled like in a receiver):

Amy Allen, please.

Amy (sorting papers – looking professional and busy):

Where are you guys? I was getting worried.

Hannibal:

We got into a firefight. We need Murdock. You're gonna have to get him out of the hospital for us.

Amy:

Me? By myself?

Hannibal:

Just call him up and tell him, "*Red Ball One, Bag is Leaking.*" Got that?

Amy:

Come on, Hannibal. Let me in on it

Hannibal:

You just tell Murdock, he'll know what to do. We're in Bad Rock, with a doctor named Sullivan. Got it?

Amy:

Got it. **(Hangs up)**

Maggie is attending to BA, who is unconscious and has an oxygen mask on. She caresses his forehead. Then she looks around conspicuously and moves to the phone in her office. She picks it up slowly and carefully, and checks to make sure Hannibal isn't still using it. She dials.

Maggie:

Hello Jack, this is Mo Sullivan. Is the sheriff in?

The sheriff's office is not too far away. Jack, the Deputy, is sitting at the desk and answers the phone. There is a bad man in leather and denim behind bars. He looks mean. The sheriff is giving him a glass of water. The 'Barbarian' purposefully tips the water out.

Jack:

Yeah, Mo. I'll get him for ya. Hey, Sheriff, Doc Sullivan is on the phone, she wants to talk at ya.

Jenko (the Barbarian): (Laughs)

You better answer the phone sheriff; you ain't got much time left. Ain't no way that the Barbarians are gonna let you put me on ice for the FEDs. No way! **(Laughs)** You are in it, man! You are in it bad!

Sheriff Hank:

Nobody's coming back for you, punk. (Into the receiver) Yeah, Mo, what's up?

Maggie:

Uh... Hank, I could have some trouble here: a couple of guys brought somebody to my house this morning, he's been pretty badly shot up.

Hank:

Is it this motorcycle gang?

Maggie:

The guy who was shot could be, he's got a Mohawk and uh, two Tonnes of gold and bad manners.

Hank:

I'll be over in a couple of minutes. **(Hangs up and checks his shotgun)**
Going over to Doc Sullivan's. Nobody gets through that door but me.
(Exits)

Jenko:

(Laughs) Man, that old tub-of-lard can't stand up to my boys. We'll eat that pig for lunch.

The sheriff quickly runs down the street with a shotgun. He carefully goes around to the side door of the van and inspects the insides quickly. Then he makes his way to the house, trying to be careful to not be seen. He crouches to hide behind the porch and moves quickly up the stairs to peak into the window. Inside he living room, Hannibal and Face are sitting at a table playing cards. Face smiles and puts his hand down to reveal what he has.

Face:

Gin.

Hannibal (looking disapprovingly, like Face is cheating):

Face. **(Maggie enters)** Doctor, is he any better?

Maggie (shakes her head):

No. **(moves across room)** And he's not going to be until that other friend of yours gets here and gives him some blood.

Hannibal (goes over to her):

Doctor we gotta ask for your confidence on this. Nobody can know. As soon as he's well enough to move, we'll get him out of here. We'll pay cash. \$5000, is that enough?

Maggie:

I'm not interested in your money; I just want to know what happened to my patient. I haven't seen a wound like that since Vietnam.

Hannibal:

You were in Vietnam. You must've been a Captain. You'll forgive me if I don't salute.

Face:

He's a Colonel. **(Maggie and Hannibal shake hands)**

Hank (bursts through the door with his gun aimed at them):

Freeze it or loose it. Raise 'em nice and slow. **(They do so)**

Maggie (softly):

Stick 'em up, Colonel.

Hank:

Alright, search 'em, Mo.

She searches Hannibal. It's quiet; she watches his eyes as she feels around his body. There is chemistry between them. He smiles at her. She pulls out his gun.

Maggie (smiles):

9 mm, it's nice.

Hannibal (turns to Face and smiles):

No doubt about it, you're on a cold streak here.

In the sheriff's office, Face and Hannibal are sitting on a bench, wiping off their fingers. Jack is at his desk waving the cards with their prints on them to dry them off.

Jack:

Of course you realize when we run these prints through, we are gonna find out who you guys are.

Hannibal:

I told you before; we're ballet dancers.

Face:

That guy over at Doc's is our choreographer.

Hannibal:

Yeah, we had a nasty audience. I don't think they liked our prat de dour. Opened up on us from the first row with a fifty-caliber machine gun.

Hank:

Alright, let's go. **(To Jack)** Cover me.

Hannibal tosses his dirty tissue –from ink- onto Jack's desk and Hank takes H&F to separate cells and locks them in

Jack:

Mmm... hmm...

Hank:

Punch these clowns up on the computer. Run their prints for outstanding warrants.

Jenko:

Mmm...mmm... Alright! More dog meat for the party! You see we're throwing this little party and you all are invited.

Face:

Who's the 200 lb cockroach?

Hank:

He's in more trouble than you guys. Pulled him over for speeding and ran his prints, he's got outstanding warrants for murder one in two states.

Jenko (laughs):

You ain't getting me to trial man. My boys are gonna come in here and bust me out.

Hank:

Oh, we'll get you there, Jenko, you can bet on it.

Jack:

Yeah, yeah, this is Deputy Hamsond. I gotta couple of guys down here that I want you to run through your computer.

Face:

Waste of time, Deputy, we have friends in very high places.

PA (man's voice over the load speaker and alarm bell at the VA):

Lock down, lock down... Patient Murdock escaping from the video game and arcade room.

Murdock comes tearing out of there, pumping his arms and holding his hat on so it won't fly off. Amy is waiting in her little car.

Murdock:

Pedal to the metal, sweetheart!

He jumps into the passenger side of her car, she squeals the tires as she gets away. Orderlies come chasing out after him but stop when they see the car getting away.

Meanwhile, at the pentagon, their computer reads,

Bad Rock California,
Sheriff Thompson,
Apprehended and in Custody
Smith, John
A.k.a. Hannibal
Peck, Templeton
A.k.a. Faceman,
Identity Confirmed,
Notify Col. Lynch

MPs rush to their cars...

Back at the Sheriff's Office...

Jack (on phone):

Okay. Yeah. Thanks a lot. **(Laughs as he hangs up, moves over to wear Hank is sitting)** Oh Sheriff! That was Military Intelligence. Can you believe that they've been looking for those to yay-holes since the end of the Vietnam War?

Hank:

No kidding, for what?

Jack: (Laughs)

Robbing the bank of Hanoi! **(Hands Hank a paper and he takes it, reading it with curiosity)** They're gonna send some MPs over here, they ought to be here sometime late this afternoon.

Hannibal and Face are sitting beside each other (with the bars of their cell in between them). They are both smoking cigars and playing gin again – and they're listening.

Hank:

Good. I don't want to have to sit on anyone but Sonny Jenko.

Jack:

Listen, Military Intelligence says we best keep our eye on that white-haired fellow, that is John "Hannibal" Smith, Colonel! He's got some kind of a escape artist or something. I mean, he already busted out of Fort Bragg once.

Hank:

Nobody's gonna break out of my jail. **(Gets up, drops the print out on his desk and walks up to H&F)** Come on, Colonel, the bank of Hanoi?

Hannibal:

Yeah, we kinda like that one ourselves.

Face:

Could say we had a 'yen' for some extra money.

Hannibal groans

Hank:

Yeah, well you'll have a chance to tell that all to a Military Court, we have some MPs coming up here to take you guys back home to your stockade.

Jenko looks interested

Hannibal:

No offense, Sheriff, but that's been tried before.

Hank:

You're not breaking out of here, Smith. **(Sigh)** They already told us how you and your guys broke out of Fort Bragg. My jail is different.

Hannibal: (Chuckles)

Sheriff, you gotta be kidding about this place! I can break out of here on horseback! **(To Face – plays another card)** Here you, go kid.

Hank:

Well, Ill take my chances, Houdini.

Face:

Wanna put some money on that? \$20 says he can do it, Cro-Magnum there can hold the money for us.

Jenko (jumps up angrily and reaches through the bars):

You got a real mouth on you, kid! My boys break me out of here, I'm gonna come over there and shut it myself.

Face slyly pulls and ace from his sleeve when Hannibal is not looking)

Hannibal:

You expecting company, Sheriff? We might stick around.

Hank:

Nobody's coming back for that creep. His gang is long gone, and you're not going anywhere either, Colonel.

Hannibal:

Uh... Never underestimate your enemy, Sheriff. **(Retrieves another card from Face's other sleeve)** Over confidence is a real killer.

Face:

I think General Custer said that.

Hank:

Well, don't worry about me. Worry about what you're gonna say to the military court when they send you up for life.

Hannibal:

I never worry, but if Slimy over there is right, we could be taking on a little water. **(Places his hand down)** Gin! **(Smiles victoriously at Face)**

Over a dozen bikers are stationary near a hi-way. One of them revs up a chainsaw and cuts down a telephone pole. The pole falls down and several of the wires snap causing a lot of sparks.

Biker:

Alright! Now we got that sheriff cut off completely from the rest of the world! **(A background guy: yeah!)** Let's go get Sonny! We swing by BERNIE'S CAFÉ and pick up the rest of the brothers, we go in and we take that town down to the sewers. **(A yell in the background: Yep!)** Crank 'em up!

There are a lot of calls and cheers. The biker gang heads noisily towards Bad Rock. The MPS are also heading towards Bad Rock. Jack exits from a little diner with a platter of sandwiches. He waves to a pretty blonde who exits after him and he heads back over to the Sheriff's Office, across the road.

Hank (he's on the phone, sitting at his desk):

Okay, baby. I'll see ya tonight. **(Hangs up)**

Jack (enters):

Oh good, I'm... I'm glad you're back. I was afraid to leave these guys alone.

Hank:

That was Doc Sullivan. She's still trying to locate some blood for the buddy of theirs who was shot-up. Once he's stabilized, we'll um...move him in here and hold him for the MPs.

Jack (takes the foil off the platter):

What time are the uh... FEDs coming by for Jenko?

Hank:

Maybe tonight, early morning. They gotta swing by Sacramento and pick up some extradition papers. **(Takes a sandwich to eat)**

Jack:

Hmm...You know, sheriff, it just doesn't seem right to me. I mean, the Barbarians just letting us take their boss away like that, without even throwing a few rocks or something.

Hank:

Barbarians are punks. They don't have the guts.

Jack (heads towards the cell with the platter):

Hmm... I hope you're right. Alright boys, it's feeding time at the zoo. Everybody get up, let's have a little lunch here. Wake up, Colonel, it's lunch time.

Face:

Oh, I'd, uh, forget the colonel. He went out to lunch. **(Takes two sandwiches)**

Deputy:

Oh. Huh?

Face:

Really shouldn't leave guys like us unattended.

Jack (stooping to look under Hannibal's cot):

Hey Sheriff! Get over here! **(They breathlessly move around, to put down the platter and open and look into the cell)**

Hank: (Picks up the blankets and finds nothing)

Damn! Let's go! **(They run out of there)**

Face (calling out after them):

Ah... Don't forget you owe me 20 bucks. **(Hannibal pushes out his cot and climbs out from behind the blanket he had used as camouflage)**
Nice work, Hannibal.

Hannibal:

Thanks. **(Jenko giggles)**

Hannibal grabs the keys from the lock on the cell of his door and throws them to Face. He opens the cupboard with the shotguns. Hank and Jack come back in. Face casually joins Hannibal's side, drinking his milk

Hank:

Set up the squad car. I'll call... **(Hannibal points the gun at him, he freezes.)**

Hannibal:

That won't be necessary, Sheriff. Now keep your hands right where they are. **(Nods towards the cells)** Over there, side by side.

Hank:

How'd ya get out of there?

Hannibal:

Claustrophobia... tight places gives me the creeps. (Face takes their guns) Alright, gentlemen. Step into our finest room. No phones, no pool, no pets, but... you're gonna love your new neighbor. **(They lock them in Face's cell. Jenko waves, 'hi' to them.)** Face, get over to the van and get on the radio. Murdock should be in range by now.

Face:

Gotcha. **(Exits)**

Jenko:

Hey man, let me out of here and I'll make sure you gotta motorcycle escort all the way to the state line.

Hannibal:

No deal, I couldn't stand the smell.

Jenko:

You'll pay for that, man.

Hannibal:

I'll cut you a cheque next time I'm at the bank, man! Sorry, Sheriff. We just don't get on well with military police. But as soon as I'm out of town, I'll drop the keys to someone and have them come back and get you out.

Hank:

You'll never get away with this, Smith. FEDs are coming and so are the MPs. You'll never make it out of the county.

Hannibal:

Maybe, but I gotta try. It's something that stems from my childhood; I just gotta play against the house. So long lizard breath.

Hannibal discards their weapons onto their desk and takes up his own from their drawer. He puts it in the waistband of his jeans and exits. Meanwhile, Amy's little car is racing down the freeway. Murdock is at the wheel.

Murdock:

How much farther?

Amy (looking at a map):

Five, ten miles. Take junction 82, south. **(Takes a deep breath)** What do you think happened?

Murdock:

I don't know, it was supposed to be a simple gig, it was no air support, no nothing... Just spring some old man's son from his kidnapers but got a *Red Ball One*, that's big trouble! *Bag's Leaking* means one of the team took some lead.

Amy:

Well, it couldn't have been Hannibal, he made the call.

Murdock:

Nope, Hannibal's not the one under the gun. Uh, give me that radio down there, would ya, Hot Potato, **(winks)** Should be in range pretty soon. Should get out at high noon. Maybe we could raise the van. Pull the A-Team out of the can.

Hannibal runs to the van. Face is in there trying hard to reach Murdock on the CB.

Hannibal:

Did you get 'em yet?

Face:

No, they must still be out of range.

Hannibal:

Keep working at it, I'll try to soften up the doc before she calls in the heat.

Hannibal runs on to the doctor's house. Face continues to try to contact Murdock, he switches the channel. Meanwhile, inside the doctor's office, BA wakes up...

Maggie:

How do you feel?

BA:

I feel pretty weak, mama.

Maggie:

Well, you'll be getting your strength back just as soon as we get you some blood. **(Hannibal enters)** What are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in jail?

Hannibal:

Sorry, doctor, **(puts his gun away)** we're going to have to do things my way. But don't worry we won't hurt ya. How you doing, BA? Hanging in there?

BA:

Real tired, man. Leg hurt bad.

Hannibal:

We'll get you home real soon.

Maggie:

Nobody seems to be listening to me! I told you the man can not be moved until he gets some blood.

Hannibal:

Will you get the fire out of your eye, Doc. We got some blood on the way!

BA:

Hannibal always comes through.

Hannibal:

Murdock will be here right away. You're the same blood type. We'll do a direct transfusion. And get you on your feet.

BA (angry):

Murdock!

Hannibal:

You're both AB-, remember?

BA:

I ain't swapping blood with that sucker! He's crazy.

Hannibal:

BA, he's the only donor we have, unless we're gonna get you into Cedar Cyanide, you have very special blood.

B.A.:

I ain't gonna let you put none of Murdock's crazy juice in me. No way man. He's nuts.

Hannibal:

No he isn't, BA. Not really.

The car continues to zoom towards Bad Rock.

Murdock (on the CB):

This is Howlin' Mad flying high cover on the red ball one, I'm coming in long sideways to plug the bag. A-Team in need, do you read? They're out of range, that's kind of strange.

Amy:

Uh, Murdock, what is with all the poetry?

Murdock:

Yeah, I noticed that, too. I don't know what I'm gonna do. I got my words. My brain's workin' fine. But when the words come out, they wanna... rhyme.

Amy:

Oh.

Face (over the radio):

Murdock, is that you? Come in, Murdock.

Murdock:

This is your man, Howlin' Mad! What's the buzz, Face?

Face:

Listen, BA's been hit; we need some of you AB-. There's a doctor's house on your left as you come through town so I'll be waiting for ya.

(Amy and Murdock pull up. He jumps out.)

Murdock (the two of them run towards the doctor's house):

No need to wait, Face. I think this is the place.

Face:

He's inside.

Amy follows them in. Murdock and BA lying down and are hooked up to hoses. Amy is caressing BA's head. Everyone is gathered around concerned.

Hannibal:

BA, you lie still.

B.A.:

Man, I'm warning you all for the last time. I don't want this sucker blood in me. It's gonna make me crazy just like he is.

Murdock:

It's not gonna make you crazy, BA. It's just gonna make you mellow. You can even room with me at the VA. I'll have them bring in an extra bunk, and you and I can watch the walls melt.

BA:

Hannibal!

Hannibal:

Lay off, will ya, Murdock?

Murdock:

Lay off what? This man has a chance for greatness. My bodily fluids are in great demand by the finest minds of our time. I give a fresh specimen to the VA every week. The worst that can happen to him is he starts to hear things that he don't see, and rhyme his words just like me.

BA:

I'm gonna get you for this, Face!

Amy:

What are you talking about?

BA:

Faceman messed up, that's why I got shot! That's why I need this sucker blood. Gonna make me crazy, like he is! That's why the Faceman gotta pay!

Face:

Uh... Hannibal I'll uh, go get the van ready to transport him. Try and cool him down for me, will ya?

Murdock:

My blood will cool him down for you, Face.

As Face leaves, he gives grinning Murdock a look that kinds says, 'I'll get you for this.'

A little later...

B.A. (outside as Murdock and Face are helping him down the steps and to the wheel chair that Amy has ready for him):

I'm gonna get ya for this, Face! I can feel myself getting crazy already.

Murdock:

Yeah, first your ears start to ring. And then, every once in a while, your eyes start to fog over, and you start to rhyme your words.

B.A. (once in the chair, they push him to the van):

You're nuts, man. Never heard me rhyming my words. Why, that's the craziest thing I ever heard. My ears don't ring. I don't hear a thing.

Murdock:

Uh huh.

B.A.:

Hey, wait a minute, sucker!

Murdock:

You see on the runway. BA is comin' in. (Makes airplane sounds) Let me know when your eyes start to fog.

Face:

BA, Murdock's blood is not gonna do a thing to you. Blood is blood. It's all the same! You know, it's red...

Murdock:

No it ain't, no I ain't! Mine is special! **(With rhythm and snapping his fingers)** Once upon a time, I didn't have a dime, my head went crazy, they said I was lazy, but **(sings)** I'm getting by on the fly...

Face:

Murdock! Give me a break! You're digging my grave here with BA!

Murdock:

Rock and roll.

They help BA into the van. Meanwhile in the doctor's house, Maggie and Hannibal are talking.

Maggie:

You know you shouldn't move him.

Hannibal:

We have no choice. I know it doesn't seem like it, Doc but we are the guys in the white hats.

Maggie:

Then why are you wanted by the military police?

Hannibal:

It's a long story and no one wants to listen. We're on the run. If any of us get caught, we get twenty years in a federal slammer.

Hannibal kisses her, she resists a little

Maggie:

Ah, that's supposed to be some sort of macho pass and now I'm supposed to blush, right?

Hannibal kisses her again, this time she wraps her arms around him and gets into it

Hannibal:

I don't make passes.

Maggie:

Or promises. A mystery man just sort of rides off into the sunset, like the last reel of *Happy Trails*.

Hannibal:

Yeah, something like that. **(Sighs and holds her, gently rubs her back)** But, in the mean time, you'll have to wait. **(Pushes her into a closet and locks her in.)**

Maggie:

Wait! Hannibal! Let me out of here! **(Banging on door)**

Hannibal:

Oh, I'll let you out of there as soon as I can. And, and if it helps any, putting you in the closet was not my first choice.

Maggie: (Banging)

Oh, well that's just real great! Meanwhile, that's just where I am, in the closet!

Hannibal:

I, I'm sorry, Doc.

Maggie: (Still banging)

Hannibal, come on, let me out of here! Stop fooling around!

Hannibal runs out the door and jumps into the van. Face is driving and screeches out of there. Murdock is driving Amy in her car. They follow the van.

Hannibal (into the CB):

Murdock.

Murdock (into the CB):

Yeah, Colonel?

Hannibal:

The local sheriff turned us over to the military police; they could be on us any time... If you see any heat coming in, I want you to peel out and get Amy out of it. **(Puts CB away)**

Murdock (singing):

You in the army now. You not behind a plow. You never get rich by digging a ditch. You in the army, now.

The biker gang pulls into a diner's parking lot, they make a lot of noise and then park in a straight line. The van passes by.

Face:

Those creeps are probably here to bust their boss out of jail. The sheriff's gonna be dog meat.

Hannibal:

Yeah, he is, isn't he? You know, I've been thinking about that.

Face:

Me too.

Hannibal:

Yeah.

Face:

Yeah.

Hannibal:

I mean, he didn't do anything wrong... and it's not nice to lock someone up in their own jail.

Face:

The guy was just trying to do his job. Turn in?

Hannibal:

Yeah, gotta.

Face:
Yeah.

Hannibal:
Face, pull in by that crane.

Face:
Right.

Hannibal:
Amy, you stay with BA. Murdock, do you think you could fire this crane up?

Murdock:
If it had wings, I could fly it.

Hannibal:
Murdock...

Murdock:
Uh...no problem, Colonel.

Hannibal:
Face, see if you can get that cable and move it to the other side.

Amy:
What are we doing?

Hannibal:
We're gonna slow these Barbarians down so we can get back to the Sheriff and help him dig in for the attack.

Amy:
But aren't the military police on their way?

Hannibal:
Interesting, isn't it?

Face and Hannibal thread a heavy cable wire through the tires of all the motorbikes while the bikers are all inside having a meal (and being very noisy and rowdy) Murdock starts up the crane. Hannibal taps on the window directly beside the bikers' table. Face watches from behind Hannibal.

Hannibal:
You guys are going to have to move these bikes 16 feet from this curb.

Biker:
Is that right? **(He and his biker friends all laugh mockingly.)**

Hannibal:
That's state regulation, you know.

Biker:
Get your face out of here, worm!

Hannibal:
Really? Okay. I'll move 'em myself. **(Motions to Murdock)**

Murdock gives Tarzan yell as he lifts all the bikes up with the wire attached to the crane

Bikers (several indistinguishable bikers):

Hey, Hey, What? My bike!

The bikers are shocked. They try to practically climb over each other to run out after Hannibal. Murdock pulls some wires under the levers in the crane and causes something to burnout and produce sparks. The team abandons Amy's car and all runs to the van (that Amy reverses and gets ready but when Hannibal comes, he takes her place at the wheel), they peel out of there by the time the bikers get outside. A huge clump of motorbikes swing back and forth from the crane.

Biker:

Acid, get up there in that crane and get those bikes down! Alright, get those guys up on their feet, come on! Why are you standing there? Help him!

Meanwhile, in the van...

Hannibal (driving):

Well, I guess that should hold them up for a couple of hours.

Murdock:

Oooh. **(Wrinkles his nose at Hannibal's bad joke)** Well, how's my blood brother doin'?

BA:

I ain't your blood brother.

Murdock:

Sure you are, brother. You've got 'Howlin' Mad' blood in your veins! You just wait 'til the clouds catch fire, it's gonna be like the fourth of July, my my.

BA:

Hey, Hannibal, can you make this suckah shut up?

Hannibal:

That sheriff is gonna be hard to deal with. They get a little testy when you lock them up in their own cells.

Face:

Well, Amy will just smile at him. Right, kid? Get his heart thawed out for us.

Amy (unimpressed):

Amy will what?

Hannibal:

We all use what we got, kid.

Amy smiles.

The van pulls back into town...

Hannibal:

Hey, Face... Look at that abandoned real estate office. Could be a double of the sheriff's office. We might work a shell game on these geeks.

Face:

Could, we are dealing with double digit IQs here. But that'll take some time, Hannibal, and we've got MPs on the way! And that would take a couple... two... three... hours... We'd need...

Hannibal: (Interrupts)

Aah... it's just a set-dressing problem. Nothing to it. **(Parks)** Amy, bring Dr. Sullivan back here.

Amy:

I thought I was supposed to charm the sheriff.

Face:

Ah, we better sooth him a little first.

Inside the Sheriff's Office, as Hannibal, Murdock and Face enter...

Sheriff:

You came back.

Hannibal:

That's right.

Sheriff:

Ok, I'll bite, why?

Face:

You're supposed to count to 100 and yell 'ready or not, here I come.' Now, Sheriff, if you're not gonna play the game, we're just going to go play in someone else's town.

Sheriff:

Now that's very funny.

Hannibal:

The Barbarians are about ten miles up the road. They're twenty or thirty of them. They're coming back here on a garbage run to pick up this piece of trash, if I read 'em right, they're gonna take your town apart.

Jenko: (Laughs)

Alright! Yes! Now we are cooking! Now things are looking great! Sheriff, you ever see the Barbarians on a run, man? It is beautiful! Beautiful! Of course, we're a little hard on cops and civilized women.

Hannibal:

Hey, fatlip! Button it! **(Fires the gun, scare Jenko)** I can blow you away right here. I'm not a cop. I'm a fugitive. And every now and then, I like to drop the hammer on a piece of dirt.

Jenko:

You're nuts man! **(Murdock walks up to Jenko's cell)** Well, what's your story, man?

Murdock:

Hi. I'm the blood lady. I give blood to guys with holes in 'em, and perhaps we could do business, muchacho, because I got a feeling you gonna be leaking from three or four holes in a minute. My rates are low, \$20 a pint. We got a special on, if you buy in bulk.

Hannibal:

Now here's the deal, we'll let you out and help you with the bikers and you forget you ever saw us.

Hank:

If you let me out, what's to prevent me from bringing the whole National Guard and bustin' the whole bunch of ya?

Hannibal:

The Barbarians cut the phone lines. The radio in our van can't get over the mountains, which means yours probably can't either. But you know that. We're kind of in the same boat, Sheriff.

Face:

You read the print out on us. We were a combat team in 'Nam. We're weapons and tactics experts. We enjoy a challenge.

Hank:

How much time do we got?

Hannibal:

About an hour and a half.

Hank:

I can't make a deal with a wanted man. I can't agree to let fugitives protect this town! I'm a police officer!

Hannibal:

Sheriff, if I were you, I would not debate technicalities.

Jack:

Sheriff, those Barbarians are killers. I mean, a lot of people could get hurt and we're locked up in here!

Hank: (Nods)

Okay, let me out.

Hannibal:

First, I want your handshake that you're not gonna pull down on us with your badge and gun.

Hank:

A handshake isn't exactly a binding agreement.

Hannibal (holds out his hand):

When you live on the edge, you learn to make fast evaluations, your life depends on it. My take on you is your handshake is your bond.

Hannibal hands the sheriff his handgun back and nods to Face, who tosses the keys to Murdock. Jenko is disappointed. Murdock opens the cell that holds the policemen. Meanwhile at Maggie's, Amy walks into the doctor's office.

Maggie (muffled, as if she's in a closet):

Hey, who's out there? **(Amy lets her out)** Well, thanks a whole lot!

Amy:

Look, I know you're angry...

Maggie:

Lady! **(Intimidating... she walks towards Amy and Amy reverses)**
Angry doesn't even begin to cover it!

Amy:

Tough. **(Crosses arms in defiant manner.)** The Barbarians are ten or fifteen miles up the road. They're planning to come in here and burn this town down. Now, Hannibal and the others could have gone on but they came back to help. So you were stuck in the closet for an hour, big deal.

Maggie:

How's my patient?

Amy:

Better, he's starting to growl again.

Maggie: (Smiles)

Barbarians, huh? Well, that should liven up the pace around here for a Sunday afternoon. **(Heads out and Amy follows)**

At the sheriff's office...

Hannibal:

Nah, you're not going to have to move Jenko, all you gotta do is stick a sock in his mouth.

Hank:

If we don't move 'em, they're gonna roll in here and shoot up this jail.

Hannibal:

No, they're not. They're gonna roll in here and shoot up that vacant real estate office on the corner, across the street.

Hank:

They are, huh?

Hannibal:

You betcha.

Hank:

Why they gonna do that?

Hannibal:

Oh, they're gonna do that 'cause they're gonna think it's the sheriff's office.

Outside, Murdock is wheeling himself to the van making airplane noises and screeching tire sounds. He stops when he gets there because BA, who's sitting in the van, is dictating to Face, who has his little notebook out, what he'll need.

BA:

We're gonna need speakers, man. Big ones, they gotta sound real good.

Face:

I'll do the best I can.

Murdock:

Hey, Faceman, when my blood brother says he wants...(BA's expression makes him stop talking.)

B.A.:

I wanna be close to the mechanical stuff (**looks very angry**) but I'm gonna need somebody to wheel me around.

Murdock:

Hey, hey, hey, (**getting up**) I am a pilot. (**Makes airplane sound**) I'm not a nurse's aid. I respectfully refuse on the grounds that I'm not strong enough to wheel this big, mean, ugly, mudsucker around. Besides, I lost blood, and I feel faint.

B.A.: (Grabs Murdock's collar)

You better do it, before I take the rest of your blood the hard way!

Murdock:

On the other hand, blood is thicker than water.

Face smiles and walks away to find the supplies. Amy and Maggie meet up near the van with Hannibal and Hank.

Hannibal:

What do you say, Doc?

Maggie:

Hank, what's happened?

Hank:

As near as I figure, about an hour from now, we're gonna have our hands full.

Hannibal:

That abandoned real estate office will give us our best tactical advantage. The best field of fire is in the church steeple at the other end of town. So we'll run 'em down there, turn the grizzlies around and run them through a special gauntlet. You ladies wait in the office. The sheriff will bring you some paint, I'm gonna check out the church steeple, we better get going. We haven't got much time.

Murdock is wheeling BA down the street...

BA:

Put me down, fool! Put me down.

Murdock:

Shut up!

BA:

Put me down. Put me down, fool!

In a store in town, Jack and Hank are talking to the shopkeeper...

Shopkeeper:

I don't understand! A motorcycle gang?

Hank:

The fellah I got in jail, he's their leader. They're coming back to bust him out.

Shopkeeper:

Why don't you call for help?

Jack:

We can't. I mean, they've busted all the phone lines, we're completely cut off.

Hank:

Ah, Neil, we're gonna need some hardware supplies but first I want you to get everybody in town, tell them what's going on. Tell them we need help. Then get the women and children in vehicles and get them out of town headed south. Jack, kay, will help ya.

Shopkeeper:

You got it. Right.

The policemen exit the shop. Meanwhile Murdock is pushing BA through shelves of supplies.

BA:

Gonna need that metal plating and get me some of this audio wire!

Murdock:

You know, **(Puts his arm around him)** I just love you! We are brothers under the skin, aren't we?

BA:

Come on sucker, I ain't got time for your crazy rap. Fool!

Face gives Hannibal some megaphones and hooks them up. Amy and Maggie gather tins of paint and put them in the van. The biker gang has gotten their bikes down and they're on the road, heading to Bad Rock. Everyone works at taking off the boards from the abandoned Real Estate Office. Murdock is on a ladder with a bucket of paint. He tastes it before he begins to paint the old sign on the side of the building. Amy puts up a sign saying, 'NO PARKING – Police Vehicles Only.' A little later, Amy and Face are carrying huge metal screens.

Amy:

What are these for?

Face:

Grills, they make great grills.

Amy:

Grills?

Face:

I thought we'd have barbecued Barbarian for brunch. **(She laughs.)**

<http://www.ateamresource.info>

Hannibal tests the megaphones out: he has them attached to a mic on a long wire.

Hannibal:

Testing 1-2-3.

He then starts laying the wire across the road and covers it with dirt.

Hannibal:

Hey, Sheriff. Look!

Holds up a sign that reads, 'DANGER – 5000 volts – touch this and you're dead sucker.'

Hank:

5000? It's on a 110 line.

Hannibal:

Packaging is everything Sheriff.

Murdock is pushing BA in the wheelchair down the road. Face runs to them.

Face:

Here you go, BA. Forty-four – forty... **(Hands BA a rifle.)**

BA:

It still don't make us even, Suckah.

Murdock (panting like pushing BA is a lot of work):

Come on, brother. Go easy on Face.

BA:

I ain't your brother.

Face:

Let's get him in the church steeple.

Murdock:

I just want you to know that you're a welcome addition to my family.

BA:

Oh shove it and get out of here! **(Face and Murdock put BA on the back wheels only to make it easier to push on the uneven road)**
Keep pushin'. Push! Push! Don't drop me!

Hank comes running to Hannibal with a box of toilet paper.

Hank:

That's all we have. What are you going to do with this toilet paper?

Hannibal:

Detour and an access road.

Hank:

What?

Hannibal:

Sheriff, if you ignore the obvious, you can get away with anything.
(Points to the new office) Not bad, huh?

Face and Murdock approach.

Hank:
Hope it works.

Hannibal:
It'll work.

Face:
BA's in church.

Murdock:
If you don't mind, Hannibal, sir, I'd like to be up there with him. At a time like this, one should be with his family.

Hannibal:
I understand, Captain, but war is Hell. You'll have to stay with the forward echelon.

Murdock:
I understand sir.

Hannibal:
Face, you and Murdock put up that paper wall and then get a good field of fire out of that joint there. Murdock, you know where you start.

Murdock:
Yes, sir!

Murdock puts up the wall of toilet paper with a staple-gun.

Hannibal:
I sure hope this goes down before the MPs arrive.

The MPs are on their way and getting closer. The streets of the little town are empty. The office now has the real estate sign on it. Jenko is tied and gagged in his cell. His arms are tied to the top of the cell.

Hannibal (on a walkie talkie from the sheriff's office):
Face, BA, don't drop the hammer on 'em 'til they're close enough you can spit on 'em.

Enter a lot of mean looking bikers.

BA (from the church steeple into a radio):
Here they come!

Face (from a staircase of a building on the radio):
Hey, Hannibal, here come the meat. They're hanging a right on Main.

The bikers pull up outside the fake Sheriff's Office.

Biker (yells):
We come for our brother, Sonny! Let him out or we take this town a part!

Hannibal (into the mic and hence over the megaphone):

You pigs want Jenko? Then climb off your tricycles and come in and get him!

Biker (yells):

You sound like you wanna die, pig!

Hannibal's Voice on the megaphone:

Nah! I just wanna squeeze you marshmallows out of my town! Now come on! I'm in here! Let's go! Unless you muscle-heads are long on tough talk and short on guts.

Biker (yells):

There are only two of you, they're a thirty of us! I don't think you have the gas to keep Jenko in there!

Hannibal's Voice:

Maybe, maybe not... But there's one real easy way for you to find out! You want him, you go him! Let's go! First door on the right! And try not to drool on the rug, we've just had it cleaned!

Biker (yells):

You're gonna eat it, Sheriff! And I'm gonna feed you to the brothers for dessert.

Hannibal's Voice:

Remind me to tip the waitress.

Hank (watching beside Hannibal at the window, as the bikers turn around, hooting and hollering):

They're leaving!

Hannibal:

Nah – just getting their running start. **(Quiet while they're watching for a bit.)** Watch this.

Three bikers crash through the fake Sheriff's Office on their bikes. They land in a dirty, dusty room and the grills snap down behind them and into a little electrical gadget that the team set up. A couple of them grab the grill and sparks shoot off everywhere. They jump back.

Hannibal (into the radio):

Okay, Murdock – You're on.

Murdock (hops out and mimics a chicken with gestures, etc.):

(Clucks like chicken) Say, do any of you creeps know the way to San José? **(Clucks some more)** Catch me if you can! **(Yet more clucking – more like screaming, as he runs from the chasing motorcycles.)**

Several bikers follow Murdock who ducks out of the way. They see the wall of toilet paper too late and fall for it. Several of them fall off their bikes while trying to avoid it. Another one tries to go up some stairs in an effort to avoid it. He falls too and crashes through the paper wall. Streamers of toilet paper fall everywhere.

Face (fires a warning shot and then points the gun at them):

Don't anyone move a muscle. Don't even think about it.

Hannibal runs out to the mic wire. It was double wrapped around a post attached to a building. He pulls it up hard, just in time to knock a couple bikers off their bikes. Murdock is still running and

<http://www.ateamresource.info>

runs for the van and climbs in. BA fires a shot at a car and it explodes as a biker is trying to jump it or ride over it, rather. The front tire hits the car and he goes soaring. The biker falls, his legs are in fire. Murdock speeds towards the bikers in the van. The bikes either swerve or stop. One goes flying up over a ramp and falls when he smashes into a parked car.

Murdock:

And the winner of the game.... Chicken! (Chicken sounds)

Standing over the last biker to fall, holding a gun on him.

Hannibal:

Welcome to Bad Rock, pal.

The MPs are getting closer. Jack rides into town on a bike and holds a gun on a several bikers. He has them jogging with their hands behind their heads. There is a lot of smoke. The rest of the bikers are all sitting in the middle of the road with their hands behind their heads. Hannibal, Hank, Murdock and Maggie are standing around them. Maggie seems to be the only one with a gun on them but it's pointed into the air.

Hank:

Thanks, Hannibal.

Hannibal:

No thanks, just

Sheriff:

What do you want me to tell the military?

Hannibal:

Well, if you hear from a guy named Lynch, tell him his mother wears combat boots. See ya, Doc.

Murdock and Hannibal head towards the van, which Face has just pulled up in with Amy and BA in the backseat. Maggie and Hank smile and watch them leave.

Hannibal (as Murdock slides open the side door and face moves to the back, Hannibal takes the driver's seat):

Boy, will ol' Lynch burn after this one! He'll go cuckoo.

Murdock (to BA):

Yeah, there's a lot of that going around, right, brother?

BA:

I'm not your brother!

Face:

Aw, come on, BA. It worked didn't it? Who knows? Murdock's blood might even add a little colour to your life.

BA:

Don't need no colour, got enough already. Plus I owe you one... then we'll be even.

BA makes like he's going to punch Face, Face cringes and closes his eyes. Instead BA shakes his head and smiles.

Face sighs

<http://www.ateamresource.info>

Freeze on the MP's squad car coming around the corner and starting after them.