

## Holiday in the Hills

*In Guatemala... Murdock is flying a plane around a beautiful landscape... Meanwhile, on the ground in a beat-up, old jeep...*

**BA:**

What are we doing here? What are we waiting for?

**Hannibal (getting out BA's needle):**

Patience, BA. Face, hold still. **(pretends to get a mosquito off of Face)**  
Aw, these mosquitoes are killers.

**Face (dressed like a priest):**

Get him?

**Hannibal:**

Yeah, **(examining the imaginary bug)** look at the size of that sucker.  
**(Hands it to Face)**

**Face (Examining the imaginary bug):**

Unbelievable.

**Hannibal:**

Uh, do you know the, uh, words to **(sings)** you are my sun...

**Hannibal & Face: (singing)**

shine, my only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are grey...

**BA:**

Shuddup! What's that noise?

**Face:**

Sounds like a jeep.

**Hannibal:**

Sounds like a super charged jeep.

**BA:**

Sounds like an airplane to me!

**Hannibal:**

Well, it's probably the guerrilla's airplane.

**BA:**

If that's Murdock, I'm not getting in the air with that crazy suckah.

**Face:**

BA, you really have to lighten up on this paranoia you have about flying.

**Hannibal:**

Hold still, BA. Mmm... **(injects BA with the needle)** Got him! That's a monster. Look at that! **(hands the imaginary bug to Face)**

**BA:**

Thanks, Hannibal.

**Hannibal:**

It's okay, pal.

**BA:**

Right. **(Falls face first into the steering wheel)**

**Face:**

Why does he always fall on the horn?

**Hannibal:**

Beats me.

**Face:**

Shall we?

**Hannibal (gets out 'baby' – the BIG gun):**

I love to crash parties.

***Face moves behind the wheel and they peel out of there. They crash through a roadblock guarded by men with guns. Hannibal fires at them. Jeeps chase them. Hannibal fires at them. Jeeps flip and there's a lot of smoke.***

**Bad Guys:**

(Coughing)

**Hannibal (as they've made it away from the bad guys):**

Is he down yet?

**Face:**

Almost. That-a-boy, Murdock!

***Plane has landed and Hannibal carries BA into the plane***

**Murdock (into the mic – his words echo over the PA system on the plane):**

Ladies and gentlemen, the captain has just turned on the no smoking and fasten your seatbelt sign for taxi and take off. Please make sure that your seats are in the upright and forward position, and that your table trays are secured in front of you. Please sit back and enjoy your flight.

**Hannibal:**

Go, Murdock!

***Murdock takes off just as the jeeps pull up and fire***

**Murdock (howling):**

Yahooooooooo...yiyiyiyiyiiiiiii

***Meanwhile, at the LA COURIER EXPRESS office building, Amy is typing at her desk when her boss walks in with a seedy looking man with a mustache...***

**Amy's boss:**

Speak of the devil. This is Amy Allen.

**Mitch:**

Hi, I'm Mitchell Barnes, UPI.

**Boss:**

Mitch just got back from covering the crisis in Lebanon. He'll be in LA for a couple of days and he wanted to meet the person who filed the story on the Jamestown incident.

**Mitch:**

Excellent, excellent example of intel journalistic investigative technique.

**Amy:**

Of what?

**Mitch:**

Reminded me a lot of that story I filed Bilgraph in '71, you happen to read that? It ran in Time, Newsweek, Life...

**Amy (she's annoyed with Mitch):**

I might have. I was a sophomore in high school at the time.

**Mitch:**

I'd love to compare battle notes with you. What do you say we grab a bite to eat before we hit the law spa?

**Amy:**

The what?

**Mitch:**

The law spa, that's what we wire men call the courtrooms. It's kind of catchy, huh?

**Boss:**

Mitch wants to sit in on the Caldwell Murder trial, you're covering that, aren't ya?

**Amy:**

Well, yeah... but the trial's moved back until four and actually I just can't this afternoon...

**Boss:**

You got nothing to say about it, it's settled. Mitch, talk to you later. Okay?

**Mitch:**

Right, you got a phone I can use?

**Boss:**

Uh, yeah... on that desk, right over there. (exits)

**Mitch:**

Oh, thanks.

***Mitch sits down, makes sure no one's around and dials.***

**Cpt. Stewart (in his car with three other MPs):**

This is Captain Stewart. Go.

**Mitch:**

I've hooked up with the skirt and we're coming out. You guys are really gonna owe me one for this.

**Stewart:**

Come on, Barnes. We've played ball before. Personally, I think it's a long shot but Lynch seems to think this Amy Allen might be working with the A-Team, she hired them once.

**Mitch:**

Maybe he's right. If I were working on a story like the A-Team I wouldn't give it up either, you can bet your captain's bars on it.

**Stewart:**

You've got the tailing device, so stick with her. We'll be about a block back, times a-wasting.

**Mitch:**

Okay. **(Hangs up.)**

***Meanwhile in the plane, BA is sleeping, Murdock is flying and Hannibal is lecturing Face (who's still dressed as a priest)...***

**Hannibal:**

Face, I can't believe it. That was the sloppiest, most unprofessional job I've ever seen you do.

**Face:**

I did the best I could. I got you two customs in over to the church, didn't I?

**Hannibal:**

But why wasn't the bridge dynamited?

**Face:**

Ah... well.

**Hannibal:**

Well, look, kid, I like a little shoot 'em up now and then, it keeps the adrenaline going but it was not part of my plan to be chased by the Guatemalan army to the airport.

**Face:**

Ah, well the archbishop is going to be real happy. We got him his money back. That'll teach the government not to try to throw the clergy out of the country and steal their building fund money.

**Hannibal:**

You do have a point there **(playing with the money)**.

**Face:**

I like working for the church now and then... insurance against judgement day.

**Murdock (when the planes dials start going all wonky):**

Knock it off you guys! **(hits them)**

**Hannibal:**

Uh... are you having a problem, Murdock?

**Murdock (looks out the side window after it sounds like an engine blew or something):**

Well, it's hard to tell with these.

**Hannibal:**

With these? What do you mean with these? Where'd you get this plane, Face?

**Face:**

Uh... well...

**Murdock:**

Face didn't scam it, I did.

**Hannibal:**

What?

**Face:**

Well, I had to con the passport people...

**Hannibal:**

Okay... Murdock, where did you get this bird?

**Murdock:**

I clipped it off the rental plane repair line.

**Hannibal:**

It would be ridiculous for me to assume that it had been fixed.

**Murdock:**

Of course it wasn't fixed. They start to miss them once they've been fixed. You gotta get them before they're fixed.

**Hannibal:**

Of course.

**Face:**

Murdock, uh, what's gonna happen?

**Murdock:**

Looks like we're gonna crash.

**Face:**

No, come on, really, what's gonna happen?

**Murdock:**

It looks like we're gonna crash, and die.

**Face:**

I'll get the parachute. **(heads into the back of the plane)**

**Murdock:**

4000 feet and dropping. This thing has the gliding characteristics of a free-falling safe.

**Hannibal (lights a cigar):**

Where are we Murdock?

**Murdock:**

I don't know. I'd say somewhere in South Carolina. I think. I'd be dead reckoning that this funny, little thing that points and spins isn't working.

**Face pulls out the parachute and heads to the front**

**Face (out of breath and nervous):**

There's just one parachute. I'll jump and go for help.

**Hannibal:**

Too low. Too late to jump. He got this plane off of a repair line? (**Face looks sick**)

**Murdock:**

Okay, find a comfy little spot and hold on.

***The ride gets rocky and Face is tossed around in the back while BA sleeps peacefully. Murdock is practically holding his breath as he lands the plane in the hills. It smashes through some trees before finally stopping. They're okay.***

**Murdock (voice over the plane's PA):**

Ladies and gentlemen that completes your flight. Thank you for flying miracle airlines, the only airline where lady luck is your copilot.

**Face (to sleeping and grinning BA):**

Easy for you to laugh. (**Pulls himself up**) We'll be the only guys to survive an airplane crash only to be killed minutes later by an irate passenger. (**Goes and checks outside**)

**Murdock:**

Another satisfied customer. See, he's not complaining...

**All three (as they lift BA and carry him outside):**

1 – 2 –3...

**Murdock:**

I got him... I got him... I got him...

**Hannibal:**

Hang on there for a second...

**Face:**

Anyone know how much this man weighs?

**Murdock:**

God, man.. he's heavy...

**Face:**

Uh...

**Murdock:**

I ain't knocking him out no more... this is the last time I'm carrying him. You think it's easy on this end? I've got two hundred dollars of gold pulling me down.

**Face (with his arms around BA's chest):**

Maybe it would help if we took the jewelry off?

**Murdock (carrying BA's legs):**

No we can't I think he's got it hooked up to a burglar alarm.

***BA wakes slowly and then starts struggling as they are carrying him away from the plane***

**BA:**

Put me down. Put me down. Put me down. Put me down. Put me down.

**Hannibal:**

Face, check the rear, see if we lost those guerrillas. **(Hands Face a gun and he nods before exiting.)**

**BA:**

Lost them? Where are we?

**Hannibal:**

They've been following us for two hours.

**Face (returns very quickly):**

It's all clear... for now, Colonel. But those guerrillas are tricky, they could be flanking us up on that ridge there.

**Hannibal:**

Sergeant, how are you feeling? That concussion grenade almost put your lights out for good, man.

**BA:**

Concussion? Grenade? All I remember is being bit by a mosquito...

**Hannibal:**

Okay...

**BA:**

What did you come from?

**Murdock:**

When I get that figured out, I can drop out of analysis.

**Hannibal:**

Face, take the point...

**Face:**

Anybody wanna switch?

**Hannibal:**

Face! BA, take the rear, Murdock... follow me. **(Face and Hannibal head out)**

**BA:**

This doesn't look like Guatemala to me.

**Murdock:**

Well, it ain't South Carolina. **(Heads out too, BA follows)**

**BA:**

Pine trees?

**Face:**

South American Chi Chi trees, but they're related.

***They walk through the woods but stop when they come across a large group of men, red necks, surrounding another man that's tied to a tree.***

**Red Neck:**

Let me tell you something, Mister... We got a code among us. We got no time for folks who don't respect our rules. Ain't that right boys?

**Boys:**

That's right. Hmm mmm... **(They all make noises that sound like they agree)**

**Red Neck:**

It's all agreed now. Fire 'em up, boys.

***A red neck grabs a piece of wood from the fire***

**Face:**

Are they doing what I think they're doing? Are they burning that guy at the stake?

**Hannibal:**

Since we don't know what's going on, let's run these guys off. Besides, baby's a little low on ammo. BA, take the right flank, Face, take the left. Murdock, cover the rear. **(yells)** What are you fellahs doing? You having a cookout?

**Red Neck:**

Get him!

**Hannibal:**

Return fire! **(gun fight)**

***In the middle of the gunfight, two rednecks jump Face. He fights them off but has to leave his gun behind and run for it. Hannibal uses the last of baby's ammo. He bluffs them.***

**Hannibal:**

Get out of here or you're all dead!

**Red Neck:**

Let's get out of here. **(They all run off.)**

**Hannibal:**

BA, you all right?

**BA:**

Yeah, I'm okay!

**Hannibal:**

Murdock?

**Murdock:**

Yeah, okay!

**Hannibal:**

Face?

**Face is still running through the woods trying to get away from the red necks in pursuit**

**Hannibal:**

Face?

**Murdock:**

His position has been over run. Those men are after him.

**Hannibal:**

Okay, let's get this guy down. Gimme a hand, Murdock, BA. Got him?

**Murdock:**

Yep.

***They work to get the guy down. He seems to be unconscious.***

**Hannibal:**

Ammo report.

**Murdock:**

I'm out. I got five rounds left in my .45.

**BA:**

I've got three rounds left in my .45 and my rifle's empty.

**Hannibal:**

Okay, let's get back to the plane.

**BA:**

Plane? What plane?

***Murdock helps drape the man over his shoulder***

**Hannibal:**

Sergeant, grab baby, bring up the rear. Stay in sight Murdock, on the point.

***They head back to the plane. Meanwhile, Face is running through the woods and a red neck is following him. The red neck has a rifle. Face makes his way through branches, and jumps over things... but then runs head on into a tree because he is looking back so often. He falls on his back and the redneck stands over him.***

**Face:**

Hello.

**Goon:**

Get up.

**Face:**

Well, I uh... I guess you caught me.

**Face tosses his bible at the re neck and he watches it and tries to catch it. It gives Face the opportunity to punch him in the gut and run away. Meanwhile, all the other red necks have gathered together with their guns.**

**Red Neck:**

We ain't restin' 'til everyone of those trespassers are caught and punished. Everyone of 'em!

**Meanwhile, back at the plane...**

**Hannibal:**

Murdock. Give me a hand. Let's see if we can get him under this tail section, here. **(they lay the man on the ground)** We gotta set up a perimeter. Murdock, get some shrouds off that parachute. Set up some trip wires.

**BA:**

We ain't in Guatemala no more. Them guys back there was hillbillies. Murdock crashed the plane, didn't he?

**Murdock:**

No. No no no no no no no. I simply relocated the aircraft with extreme prejudice because of a total loss of thrust and lift functions!

**BA:**

You crashed it, suckah! **(Grabs Murdock by the jacket)**

**Hannibal:**

SERGEANT! **(BA releases Murdock)** Now we did put you aboard this plane. You were unconscious because we took a hit on that truck in Guatemala. Now, Murdock risked his life and flew in and rescued us.

**Murdock:**

I should be given a medal.

**BA:**

You both going to eat medals. I die before I fly.

**Hannibal:**

Put it on hold, Sergeant! I'm not gonna stand around and argue, this man is dying.

**BA (calmer):**

I don't like you guys always lying to me, man.

**Hannibal:**

Now we don't always lie to you, BA. That isn't fair and you know it.

**Face (enters):**

Boy that was close. Those Guatemalan Hill Troops are real tough customers.

**Hannibal and Murdock both shake their heads, trying to warn Face from continuing**

**Face:**

What's up?

**BA:**

I'll tell you what's up. I know you guys lied to me. I know you put me on an airplane and I know Murdock crashed it. BA Baracus is going to take that lie out of each and every one of your hides.

**Hannibal:**

BA, you got something there. Murdock, you better get those trip wires out and don't forget the last belt for the M-60. Those guys could be on us any minute. This plane sticks out like a fly on a wedding cake. BA, you better watch our back trail (**BA reluctantly does what he's told.**) I wonder what they got against this guy. (**pulls out his id and a map**) James McDonald, age 54. He's got three kids.

**Face:**

This guy works for the county. It's a surveyor's map. They're gonna put a hi-way in here.

**Hannibal:**

Murdock, come here. Can you make any sense out of this?

**Murdock:**

Yeah, yeah, that's the peak right there. That's the one we barely missed when we came in. And we almost hit that summit right there.

**Hannibal:**

We're surrounded by mountains. Okay, we can climb over them and leave him here, or we can stay here and try to keep him alive.

**Murdock:**

Well, we never left any wounded back in 'Nam, Colonel.

**BA:**

That's right.

**Hannibal:**

Okay, we stay.

**Face:**

Uh... Hannibal, how are we gonna get this guy out of here?

**Murdock:**

They... they show movies at the hospital every Thursday night, we got old ones mostly, but some... some are... are alright, you know?

**BA:**

Look, Murdock, (**grabs him**) I'm on a real short leash here, and I'm getting tired of your crazy rap!

**Murdock:**

Flight of the Phoenix! Last Thursday night they showed Flight of the Phoenix. These guys crash in the desert and they fix their aircraft by redesigning it... (**yells at BA**) Will you let go of my arm before I get gangrene (**pulls away and hits BA with his hat**). Man! I can design an 'ultralight.' It's like a hang glider with a motor. Seats two, I could fly out of here with our patient and you guys could take off.

**Face:**

A motor...

**Hannibal:**

How long will it take?

**Murdock:**

Depends on how long it will take to get what I need.

**Face:**

With wings?

**Murdock:**

Flap, flap?

**Hannibal:**

Just like 'Nam.

***Cut to Amy's car. She's driving to the airport to meet the boys. Mitch is accompanying her. He won't be quiet and she can barely tolerate him.***

**Mitch:**

And 'Nam was no picnic, believe me! There I was perched between the US bunkers and Charlie, there were weapons and bullets everywhere. I know what you're saying, this guy is crazy! But my answer to that is if you're going to cover a war, you cover a war. **(some time later, he is still talking)** I would have stayed 'til the bitter end but my boss wanted me to cover the Middle East. But I guarantee you that by then I saw more action than 90% of the GI's.

**Amy:**

Really?

**Mitch:**

By the way, who are these friends you're meeting?

**Amy:**

Oh, nobody newsworthy.

**Mitch:**

Hmm... So, that's how I came to be in the Middle East for the six day war...six days, I made it a full week. **(some time later and he's still talking)** I knew every tollbooth from to the Quan Yum to the fortieth parallel and they weren't taking tokens, believe me. I mean, you're life wasn't worth a dime out there, we're talking survival here. Now you gotta know that the regular troops figured that if my porch light wasn't out that it was at least blinking. But I knew the stories were hidden in that jungle and I had to find them.

**Amy:**

Is that so? **(She parks and gets out of her car.)**

**Mitch:**

**(follows her out of the car)** Is this where we're picking up your friends?

**Amy (sighs):**

I guess they're not on time.

**Mitch:**

What was their ETA?

**Amy:**

Around now.

**Mitch:**

Huh. Gee, it doesn't even look like there's anyone around here to ask.

**Amy:**

Well, let's wait awhile. I mean, they're always a little bit late anyhow. Maybe they got into some trouble.

***The red necks are out searching for the boys still. Murdock is designing his flying apparatus, his diagram has Snoopy skating on top of it though. BA is assembling it with parts from the plane.***

**Murdock:**

Hey, Face... Come here. **(Hands Face the list)**

**Face:**

**(reading the list)** Two 10 inch wheels, a ten... **(looks to Murdock)**

**Murdock:**

Horsie Power

**Face:**

Horse power engine, three bolts of industrial silk... Are you nuts?

**Murdock:**

Absolutely and totally.

**Face:**

How am I gonna get all this stuff out in the middle of nowhere?

**Murdock:**

Hey, you always say you can anything, anywhere, anytime...

**Face:**

Yeah, but...

**Murdock:**

Think of it as a challenge! How did you get that 53 Cadillac Convertible in the jungles of 'Nam? How DID you get that 53 Cadillac Convertible into the jungles of 'Nam.

**Face:**

Professional secret.

**Hannibal:**

Of course, he was a lot younger then.

**Face:**

**(Walks over and grabs the parachute)** Industrial Silk.

***Grabs the list back from Murdock and checks it off. Then he exits.***

**Murdock:**

The guy is absolutely incredible. **(to BA)** Come on, Mudsucker... get up and get going.

**BA:**

Suckah...

**Hannibal:**

BA, get a blanket and cover this guy up, his temperature is really dropping fast. Okay, Murdock, I'm gonna take our little country cousins on a decoy operation, lead them away from here as far as I can. Buy some time. They're used to hunting rabbits, let's see how they do with a wolf that bites back. **(He gets ready to leave.)**

***Amy and Mitch are still waiting at the landing strip.***

**Mitch:**

You see I have what you call your . . . your nose for news. That's why I was there when Big Daddy Idi Amin pulled off his coup in Uganda. I was there when the Shah took exile from Iran..." "

**Amy (interrupts him):**

Well, there's no need to wait here any longer.

**Mitch (laughs arrogantly):**

Don't think I was looking for a spa in Czechoslovakia when the big red machine came over the border. Oh no no no no...

***Back at the crash site, BA is hard at work constructing the glider. Hannibal heads out into the woods and comes across the red necks. He fires at their feet a gunshot to alert them of his presence. Then he takes off with them chasing him. He leads them away from the plane and hides under a log, in a pond, and watches them run off in the direction away from the plane. Face, meanwhile, has come across a little cabin in the hills. A woman stands in front of him with a shotgun.***

**Luanne:**

Hold it! Why, you're a priest.

**Face (smiles his lady-killer smile):**

I'm sorry but I can't keep from laughing whenever I hear that term applied to me.

**Luanne:**

You ain't a priest?

**Face:**

Ah... I don't know what I am. Why does life have to be so hard for some of us? All my life I've dedicated myself to the Lord to wake up one morning and find that I have no... no inner peace, no tranquility in my soul... no faith!

**Luanne:**

Mister, are you all right? Maybe you should sit down.

**Face:**

You're such a sweet soul, so innocent, pretty and, just like... Mary Anne! **(pretends to be close to tears)**

**Luanne:**

Mary Anne? My name's Louanne.

**Face:**

Really?

**Luanne:**

You know, I've always been kind of fascinated with priests because they aren't allowed... I mean, they don't...

**Face:**

Ah... But sometimes... they do.

**Luanne:**

Oh no! You and Mary Anne?

**Face:**

Sometimes the runner... stumbles.

**Luanne:**

Oh, father... I'm truly sorry. What can I do to help?

**Face:**

Well... Would you happen to have a gasoline engine?

**Luanne:**

Gasoline engine?

**Face:**

You know, from a power lawn mower?

**Luanne:**

You want a power lawn mower?

**Face:**

Well, yes, you see... I feel that if I can put my garden in order once again, that it would be a kin to putting my eternal house in order and I'd have a chance at another beginning.

**Luanne:**

We don't have a lawn mower but we do have a power-seeding machine.

**Face (out of character for a moment):**

Perfect!

**Luanne (a little later, in her tool shed/barn):**

This is the seeding machine, we're not going to need it 'til next month.

**Face:**

It's just what I had in mind. Actually, all I need to borrow is the engine and the wheels.

**Luanne:**

Well, how are you going to do your planting if you don't take the whole thing?

**Face:**

Oh... I forgot to tell you... I have a seeder. I just lack parts. It would be very selfish to borrow parts that I don't really need. Waste not, want not.

**Luanne:**

What ever you say!

**Face:**

I know it sounds silly, but Luanne, you must... you must understand that I am a lost sheep. And you've... you've helped me to find my way.

***BA continues to assemble the glider. It looks pretty haphazard (held together with duct tape).***

**Murdock:**

You can't put the rutter on before the elevator.

**BA:**

Man, there ain't nuthin' I can't do.

**Murdock:**

Look, I'm the supervisor here.

**BA:**

You ain't nothin' but a nut that know how to fly.

**Murdock:**

BA, this bickering is so counterproductive. I mean, I think that now that we're out here alone, just you and me, taking on the elements, trying to survive... This would be a good time to... **(pigeon coo comes from the bushes, Murdock draws his gun)** It's Hannibal. **(Calls out)** It's okay, Muchacho. **(Hannibal enters)**

**BA:**

What took you so long?

**Hannibal:**

I bought us some time like I said I would. This thing is supposed to fly?

**Murdock:**

I got no fear. I'll go up in anything, except an elevator.

**BA:**

Where are they?

**Hannibal:**

I left them in a canyon, up East of here. There's more than we thought. About 20 of 'em. BA, you know those flares we got aboard the plane? Do you think we can put them together with a pipe from the hydraulics system on the breaks and get us some firepower?

**BA:**

Right, right. No problem, Colonel.

**Hannibal:**

BA, there's an old saying, the best defense is a good offense.

**BA:**

You got that wrong, man. A good offense is the best defense.

**Hannibal:**

Ok, have it your way.

**BA (big smile):**

Thanks, thanks.

***Meanwhile, Amy and Mitch are back on the road...***

**Mitch:**

What now?

**Amy:**

There's somebody I have to look in on.

**Mitch:**

Okay, where are we going?

**Amy:**

I'll let it be a surprise.

***At the VA...***

**Mitch:**

So this is an insane asylum? I always wanted to do an in-depth on a bin like this.

I visited one once in Germany: the Freudian Institute. I met a guy who thought he was Douglas Fairbanks. (chuckles) Shell-shocked. War's unmerciful to the mind.

**Amy:**

Ah, Mitch... I think I should go in alone, you know what I mean?

**Mitch:**

No sweat. I understand. It's not easy having complete strangers watch your loved ones bounce off the walls. Hang tough. I'll be out here if you need me.

**Amy:**

Thanks. **(enters Murdock's room)** Murdock? **(looks around)** Answering Machine. **(presses play)**

**Murdock:**

AHHHHHHHHH! Hi ya'll. Howlin' Mad here in voice only, but this time my body's split along from my mind. So at the tone leave your name and a message, and I'll get back to you as soon as my shock therapy's over. Bye now.

**Mitch (sees Stewart enter):**

What are you doing inside? Do you want her to spot us here together? Not that it matter much, I don't think she has anything to do with this A-Team anymore.

**Stewart:**

Wrong, then what is she doing in here checking in on HM Murdock?

**Mitch:**

It's in her file, she remained friendly with him ever since she a while ago when she tried to contact the A-Team. Look, she's a good kid. She probably just feels bad for the guy...

**Stewart:**

Look, she... **(interrupted by Amy returning to the hallway. She looks at them shocked at first. Then a little angry as she walks away)**  
Great, now we've lost our bird dog.

**Mitch:**

Wrong! The tailing device is still in the car.

**Stewart (checks the receiver):**

And working...

***Back in the hills...***

**Hannibal (playing with the apparatus):**

This thing is never going to work.

**Face (enters, struggling, out of breath, carrying the motor):**

Hey, you wanna give me a hand here?

**Hannibal:**

Pays to stay fit.

**BA (helps him):**

So you found some wheels, and a motor...

**Face:**

That's right. Not a 5 horse, not a 7 ½ horse... but a 10 horse, air cooled, gasoline motor. As ordered...

**Murdock:**

Face, I don't know how you do it, but you sure do it good.

**Face:**

Well, look, you give me a job to do, I do it. You know, I pool my resources, I consider my options, and then I go for it. Sure, it's not easy. There are risks, but I take 'em.

**Hannibal:**

What was her name?

**Face:**

Luanne.

***Smash cut to the red neck slapping Luanne across the face and she cries out. They're in the tool shed/barn.***

**Red Neck:**

That preacher was working with them city boys. He helped them steal our prisoner.

**Lou Anne (holding her cheek):**

No. He said he was planting a garden and that he needed parts for his seeder. He said that he was becoming a lost sheep.

**Red Neck (to all the other red necks):**

Alright, we're going.

**Lou Anne:**

Where?

**Red Neck:**

To help the reverend find God.

***Back at the crash site, the ultralight is ready to go... the motor is running. Murdock and the man are in the seats.***

**Murdock:**

White carpet, 5-86, now ready for boarding. All passengers holding tickets will now be on board.

**BA:**

You got structural weaknesses in the wing struts and it won't hold if you start any of your aerobatics. Remember, keep it out of the silks. If it start to shred, take it down.

**Murdock (Jimmy Durante impression)**

I didn't know you cared, Sweetheart. (pulls BA near and speaks seriously) Thanks, BA.

**BA:**

Don't thank me. **(big smile)** Just keep it out of the trees.

**Hannibal:**

Get this bird off the ground, that guy is sweatin' bullets.

**Murdock (in Freud-like voice):**

I will find civilization, muchachos. I will bring back reinforcements. What on earth will you be doing?

***Murdock takes off and it works. He begins to sing in an opera-like voice.***

**Hannibal:**

Just guess, Murdock. Just guess.

***Murdock sings***

**Hannibal:**

Beautiful.

***Murdock sings***

**BA:**

Man is crazy.

**Face:**

Yeah, but it's a good kind of crazy.

**Murdock (howls):**

We are flying! **(sings)** Some day the birds will come to me. Some day the birds will say a tweet. Some day the birds will sing my song. Some day the birds will come along.

***The silk begins to tear as Murdock flies. BA gets back to work at the crash site. Faceman digs a hole, it gets really deep. BA fills baggies with white powder. Murdock sings some more... in a different language at first.***

**Murdock: (still singing)**

You gonna be okay Pop! We gonna get you there in no time. Alright... Hang on Lucy, I'm coming around. I know you're only pretending to have your eyes shut but it doesn't matter anyway 'cause it's going to be a rough landing. Keep your arms in and don't put your feet over the side. I think I see the landing strip. There it is... I think we're gonna come in, safely... Just keep... Hold your breath, pop. We're on our way down. We are gonna manipulate this son-of-a-gun into the correct position. Tighten your seatbelts, secure your trays, blah blah blah... I am coming down! Whoops! Pay no attention to that rip! Air goes through that like water through my nose. We are just twenty feet, pop... twenty feet! And we haaaaaaaave... landed! **(lands)**Landed! Woo! **(getting out)** Help me, help me! I've got a sick man here! I've gotta get him to the hospital.

**Man helps Murdock get the guy out of the ultralight and to his car**

**Man:**

Hospital's about a mile and a half down the road. The best place to put him is in my 4-wheel drive and I'll take him on down. What the heck happened to him anyway?

**Murdock:**

Oh man, you got some guys with white eyeballs livin' on the other side of that ridge. I mean, I've seen some crazy guys in my time, I've been in a whole ward full of them, but I've never seen anybody like those.

**Man:**

They did that to him?

**Murdock:**

Well, it wasn't a grey furry squirrel with a shotgun, now git! Git! Before he croaks!

**Man:**

I'm on my way. **(drives off)**

**Murdock (looking at the nearby chopper, with an English accent):**

By the way, would you mind awfully if I borrowed your shiny little chopper?

**Murdock (different voice):**

Absolutely not. It's no problem, pal.

**Murdock (English accent):**

Why, that's very kind of you. Yes, I'll certainly take good care of it. You Americans certainly know how to take good care of your friends from across the sea.

**Murdock (different voice):**

Have you had dinner yet, by the way, pal? Maybe we could get together later... **(Opens the chopper door.)**

***Meanwhile, near the cabin in the hills, the red necks have gathered and Hannibal lurks...***

**Red Neck:**

Al'ight, now we know where they is. Them there plane crash up yonder in the holler. One Zeb saw from the hills. And we're gonna spread out and come in on them from all sides.  
(Hannibal fires at them and then runs)

**Another goon:**

There he is. Let's get him!

**Red Neck:**

Get him! Kill him! Get to the trucks and cars (they scatter to their vehicles, and kind of run into each other as they do it.)

***Hannibal fires at them and leads them away in a chase. The first truck falls in the hole that Face dug. The chase continues.***

**Hannibal:**

Now, Face!

***Face cuts a rope and a tree limb swings back and whips several men out of a topless truck.***

**Hannibal:**

Now, BA!

***BA fires the baggies of white powder. They cause huge explosions and make the jeeps flip. Hannibal sets up 'baby' in a little dune and Face and BA join him. The chopper appears in the distance.***

**Goon:**

I had enough of this! Let's get out of here!

**Red Neck:**

Ain't nobody around here. We'll just close off this valley, we'll find 'em sooner or later!

**Murdock:**

OoohhhhWaaah!

**Hannibal (fires Baby):**

Drop 'em! Do it now! Or the next one won't be over your heads! Everybody into the airplane! (they do as they're told) Now close that door! Anybody who sticks their head out, loses everything.

**Face:**

How come you put 'em in there?

**Hannibal:**

'cause I'm out of ammunition.

**Murdock (voice on the radio):**

The guy they tried to kill is with the road department. We'll hold these fellahs down 'til you can come out and arrest them.

**Hannibal:**

Don't you love it? They're in there worried we're gonna kill 'em. And we're out here with no ammo.

**Face:**

Hannibal, sometimes I think you're crazier than Murdock.

**Hannibal (chuckles):**

Sometimes I am.

***Amy arrives at the bus station, but as she sips coffee and stares out the window, she watched a few MP cars pull up and Mitch get out and walk inside. A bus pulls up.***

**Stewart:**

Alright, that must be it! C'mon, let's go. Inside, come on! **(They move in.)**

***Amy talks to the guy at the front desk and as Hannibal and the boys get out of the bus, and the MPs run in, she listens to the PA system:***

**Speaker:**

Would Colonel Lynch please check in with the reservation desk please.  
Colonel Lynch at the reservation desk.

**Hannibal:**

MPs.

***Hannibal and the boys turn around. Hannibal disguises himself as a bus driver, real quick... an MP looks inside...***

**Hannibal:**

Hey man, in or out. I gotta take this bus in to be cleaned. **(The MP leaves and Hannibal drives off)** Amy must have paged Lynch to warn us, good girl!

**BA (as he and Face pop up in the seats):**

I wonder how long they've been following her.

**Face:**

Well, if it was since this morning, and if we'd been on schedule, we would have landed right in Lynch's military lap.

**Murdock (pops down –upside down- from the overhead storage):**

That means we're pretty lucky we crashed! (BA looks disgusted at him.)

**Hannibal:**

I love it when a plan comes together!

***Freeze on he boys looking at Hannibal from the back of the bus...***