

In Plane Sight

Exterior: Plane flying over Venezuela. The pilot, Robert Hicks, is eating a sandwich and calmly glancing around. Suddenly the gauges fritz and an engine blows. The plane starts to go down. Robert sees an airfield and makes an emergency landing on their strip. It's a military base and two federales approach the plane as Robert gets out.

SANCHEZ:

I'm Colonel Sanchez. You have landed on private military property.

ROBERT:

I'm sorry about that, Colonel but I didn't have much choice. My port engine gave out on me and your compound was about the only place I could thing with room to land.

SANCHEZ:

This is a cargo plane?

ROBERT:

Yeah, sure is.

SANCHEZ:

What kind of cargo do you carry?

ROBERT:

Turquoise. For a guy back in the States. He imports it for his jewellery business.

SANCHEZ:

Show it to me.

Robert opens the crate. It does indeed contain turquoise.

SANCHEZ: (To second federale)

Give me your rifle.

With the rifle he smashes in a secret compartment at the bottom of the box to reveal bags of a suspicious looking white powder. SANCHEZ dips his fingers in it to taste it.

SANCHEZ:

Your turquoise tastes very much like cocaine, senior.

ROBERT:

Look, I don't know anything about this I swear. I've been hauling turquoise for this guy for a couple of months, it must be some sort of mistake.

SANCHEZ:

Your mistake, Senior. **(something in foreign to second Federale)**

ROBERT:

Look, I haven't got anything to do with this.

SANCHEZ:

Turn around, Senior.

Robert is handcuffed

ROBERT:

What are you doing, where you going to take me?

Interior: van as they arrive in Porterville. Murdock reading is reading a book titled 'Abnormal Psychology'

FACE:

I'm telling you, Hannibal, we're going to get stiffed. I can see it coming.

HANNIBAL:

I only told Miss Rogers, we'd talk to her aunt and uncle. I didn't say we'd take the job unless it was cash up front.

FACE:

You really anyone who lives in Porterville is going to have enough money to finance one of our operations? Come on, Hannibal. We keep subsidising these charity cases out of our own pocket and pretty soon we're going to end up on the streets.

MURDOCK:

Never! **(Puts his hand on Face's arm)** You can always stay at my place--plenty of beds.

HANNIBAL:

Face, we're only going to talk. B.A, Take a right here.

FACE:

We're gonna get stiffed.

Exterior: Van pulls up to farmhouse. Judy meets them at the gate as they leave the van.

JUDY:

Hello Mr Smith. I really do appreciate you coming out here

HANNIBAL:

Well I'm not promising anything.

JUDY:

I know. But you brought the rest of the team with you. Shall we go in?

They go inside.

JUDY:

Uncle Jess, Aunt Carrie, this is John Smith, Templeton Peck, H.M. Murdock and BA Baracaus--the A-Team I told you about.

Handshakes all round

JUDY:

This is my Aunt and Uncle, Jess and Carrie Hicks.

CARRIE:

Why don't you all just sit down and make yourselves at home. Would anybody care for some chicken soup?

FACE (raises his hand):

I would

CARRIE:

Good, I'll get some for everybody. I'll be right back.

Goes into kitchen, everyone else sits down.

JESS:

I want to make something very clear up front, Mr Smith. I love my country. I served in World War II and Korea before I settled on this farm. It's not my style to go out and hire a bunch of maverick soldiers on the run. But at this point I'll do anything to get my boy back.

HANNIBAL:

We love our country too, Mr Hicks, we just have a slight disagreement with its authorities at the moment. Please, don't judge us on what you don't know anything about.

JESS:

Fair enough.

CARRIE (comes back in):

Here you go. Soup's on.

FACE (takes a bowl):

Thanks

CARRIE:

Be careful not to sip it too fast. You'll scald yourself.

CARRIE (Handing a bowl to Murdock, notices his book):

Abnormal psychology? Are you a psychiatrist, Mr Mudock?

MURDOCK:

No ma'am. I'm insane.

CARRIE (without batting an eyelid):

Oh. Would you like a soda cracker with your soup?

MURDOCK:

Thank you.

HANNIBAL (To Jess):

I understand that your son and his partner ran a cargo shipping business in Long Beach. Now I'll put this as diplomatically as I can, Mr Hicks, but those business do everything but take out an add for drug running.

JESS:

I'm not saying my son wasn't carrying drugs. I'm just saying he didn't know he was--otherwise he wouldn't have made the run.

HANNIBAL:

Well, sometimes people do thing things we didn't think they'd do.

JESS:

Honest, patriotic, Christians don't become drug smugglers. My son is a war vet, with a purple heart. He's innocent. He's a victim of someone else's wrongdoing.

HANNIBAL:

You can't know that for sure.

JESS:

I don't know for sure that you guys are who you say you are. But I'm going to take a chance. The least you can do is to believe in my son's innocence.

There's a crash from kitchen. Carrie has dropped a plate. Face helps her pick it up

FACE:

Are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?

CARRIE:

Oh. No I'm just clumsy. I'm always dropping things.

Face helps her pick up the broken plate

CARRIE:

Thank you. When Robbie was living home he'd come running out of his room--'mom are you okay? Did you hurt yourself?' Just like you did. I bet you've got a mother home who drops things too.

FACE:

No, I don't. Actually I'm a (**hesitates**) orphan.

CARRIE:

Who sent you cookies when you were in the army?

FACE:

Mostly the mess hall.

CARRIE:

Oh that's a sin. Fine boy like you, nobody sending him cookies. (**reaches up to pat Face on the cheek**)

Back in the living room

HANNIBAL:

It would take a lot of money for a jailbreak in a foreign country.

JESS:

Jailbreak? Look, I don't want Robbie pulled from no jail. That's not how it's done. I want you to get to the bottom of this. I want you to find the guy who'd using my son as a patsy.

HANNIBAL:

Well that would take even more money.

JESS:

Money's not an issue here. I have someone who'll buy my farm. It's not a big one, but it's enough to pay your bill.

JUDY:

Sell the farm? That's everything you have.

CARRIE:

No, dear. The farm is nothing. *Robbie* is everything we have.

HANNIBAL:

I'll be honest with you Mr Hicks--I couldn't take your farm.

FACE (interrupts):

So, we'll just have to do it for free. Yeah, it'll be C.O.D. You pay us when we deliver your son. I think that's fair, Hannibal. That way Mr and Mrs Hicks will have a chance to raise the money first.

HANNIBAL:

I think we could arrange that.

JESS:

So you'll take the job?

HANNIBAL:

Yes, sir.

The team leave the house. Judy follows them out.

HANNIBAL:

Well what was it? The chicken soup?

BA:

Hey, the chicken soup was all right. It wasn't as good as my grandmother's but it was all right, man.

HANNIBAL:

Okay kid, one minute you're complaining we're a charity club and the next minute we're doing it for free--what goes on?

FACE:

Well you yourself said we couldn't take the farm. What else could we have done?

HANNIBAL:

You didn't give us a chance to discuss it. I mean, you volunteered us!

FACE:

Ah what's the big deal? We're simply out to exonerate someone. We do it all the time.

HANNIBAL:

Yeah, but, Face, this guy and his partner could have the biggest drug running operation you've ever seen.

JUDY:

His partner maybe. Not Robbie. He's exactly the way my uncle described him. I'd bet my life on his innocence otherwise I never would have gone to the trouble of looking you guys up.

BA:

Well I don't care how we do any of this. So long as Murdock don't fly us.

Murdock looks up from where he's sat in the doorway of the van with his book. He snaps the book shut and stands up.

MURDOCK:

You are constantly drawing false conclusions based on little or no information at all.

BA:

You're nuts and that's a conclusion based on fact.

MURDOCK:

Only based on your definition of what constitutes nuttiness. Now I think others here might agree that my recent behaviour can only be described as *normal*. A reasonable description as I have consciously decided to conform to less aberrant behaviour, simply because of your constant, verbal abuse.

BA:

Even when he talks straight he sounds crazy!

Murdock just looks at him and gets in the van.

JUDY:

Do they argue like this all the time?

HANNIBAL:

Usually. Now the first thing we have to do is check out that cargo shipping company and your cousin's partner. Do you know his name?

JUDY:

Al Jackson. I tried contacting to him but he wouldn't even give me the time of day.

FACE:

Well sometimes it's just a matter of how you ask for it.

JUDY:

What d you mean?

HANNIBAL:

Well what Face means, is that you can find out almost anything you want to know about a person provided you use the right psychological approach. Right Murdock?

MURDOCK:

Right.

They all get in the van.

Exterior: Airfield Van pulls up to cabin.

Interior: Cabin. Team crash in

HANNIBAL:

Are you Al Jackson?

JACKSON:

Yeah. The cash box is in back.

HANNIBAL:

We want to ask you about a guy named Robert Hicks.

JACKSON:

Who are you?

BA grabs him.

BA:

We want to know about Robert Hicks.

JACKSON:

Right, Okay. What d'you want to know? He doesn't work here anymore. That's about all I know.

HANNIBAL:

Oh no it isn't. You know he was thrown in a Venezuelan jail for smuggling drugs out of Columbia. He was supposed to be bringing back a shipment of turquoise from the turquoise mining company in Malaga.

JACKSON:

Look, these are freelance assignments. He's allowed to try and do anything he wants.

HANNIBAL:

Well, I don't think Hicks wanted to run drugs. Now what do you know about this? Who hired him.

JACKSON:

Look, I'm just a runner, that's all. I take my cut and that's it. Sometimes I don't go and I send Rob.

HANNIBAL:

Did Hicks know he was running drugs?

JACKSON:

I doubt if he did. I don't think he would have made the runs. He's kind of a goody-two-shoes.

HANNIBAL:

Who's behind the operation?

JACKSON:

Beats me. You'd have to track him down to Columbia. That's where he works out of.

HANNIBAL:

Good. Now they've lost Hicks they're going to need a pilot--Murdock?
(beckons)

MURDOCK:

Mm?

Hannibal takes keys of a peg in the wall

JACKSON:

But I've already got a pilot for the next run.

FACE:

Oh yeah? What's his name?

JACKSON:

Dick Nash.

Hannibal tosses the keys to Murdock who catches them

JACKSON:

What are you doing?

HANNIBAL:

Well you don't expect Dick Nash here to carry the drugs back on his shoulders do you? Those are the keys to the plane. Let him go, BA.

They leave.

Exterior: Airfield.

JUDY:

What happened? What did you find out?

HANNIBAL:

Murdock just got hired by the Long Beach Cargo Shipping Company.

BA:

This is a serious business, Murdock. So you won't be able to take you invisible dog Billy with you or your talking bug friends. You got that?

MURDOCK:

BA have I said anything about invisible dogs? Have I had any conversations with insects of late? No. You are one displaying paranoid tendencies my friend. **(nods to Hannibal and Face)**. If you'll excuse me.

Hannibal and Face watch him and glance at each other.

HANNIBAL:

Judy, we're going to fly from here, so if you take the van back to your house--

JUDY:

Wait a minute--I'm going with you. He's my cousin!

HANNIBAL:

No way. This is dangerous work.

FACE:

Uh, Hannibal I forgot to bring BA's bedtime drink.

HANNIBAL:

What?

FACE:

Can I use the two-by-four?

JUDY:

BA's bedtime drink?

HANNIBAL:

Yeah, he's afraid to fly--we have to drug him to get him on a plane. **(To Face)** Yeah, get the two-by-four.

JUDY:

Well have you ever tried hypnosis?

HANNIBAL:

Well it's a great idea, but none of us knows anything about hypnosis.

JUDY:

I do. I can try it if you'd like. But that's means I get to come along.

HANNIBAL:

Okay. Try it on him. If it works you're in. Uh, and if it does work--don't have him singing like a chicken or anything.

BA is loading the van. Judy walks over to him.

JUDY:

Pardon me, Mr Baracus, but I have been admiring the jewellery around your neck. This piece in particular. Would you mind if I took a closer look at it.

BA:

Sure look all you want.

BA takes off necklace and hands it to her.

JUDY:

It's such an unusual piece. Look how it catches the light on the corners.

BA:

Yeah pretty ain't it.

JUDY:

See how it shines...

BA (sounding dazed):

Yeah .

Murdock ducks underneath the plane to call to them. Sound of sirens.

MURDOCK:

Hey Colonel, we're going to get some company here. This baby's ready to go if you are.

HANNIBAL:

Jackson must have called them. Judy, we're going to have to hurry this up just a little.

JUDY:

When I count to three you'll be fast asleep. One two--

HANNIBAL:

Three.

Hannibal catches BA as he falls unconscious and pulls him to the plane on a little sled thing

HANNIBAL:

Judy, drive this round behind the shed will you.

Interior: Plane cockpit, Murdock getting ready to take off. Hannibal runs after Jackson

FACE:

Ah Hannibal, let him go we don't have time for that!

Hannibal scuffles with Jackson and knocks him down.

HANNIBAL:

You called the cops didn't you sleaze bag ?

JACKSON:

You tried to steal my plane!

HANNIBAL:

Maybe we should stick around--and explain to them about your little cocaine smuggling operation.

JACKSON:

Who are you guys?

HANNIBAL:

You get the cops. And you tell them how wrong you were to call them and all. Or we'll be back here to turn you to dog meat. Understand?

Jackson nods and Hannibal lets him go. (Murdock starts down the runway. Hannibal runs after the plane and jumps aboard. Plane takes off as cops arrive.

OFFICER:

Okay, what's the problem, mister?

JACKSON:

No problem. Just a small misunderstanding.

Exterior: Plane in the air on the way to Columbia

Interior: Plane. BA sleeping. Face and Hannibal looking at him, impressed.

FACE:

Unbelievable. **(clicks his fingers in front of BA)** To think of all the sodium penathol we've wasted when all we had to do was hypnotise him.

HANNIBAL:

Could you fix it so we could do this all the time?

JUDY:

Sure. I can suggest a word that'll put him to sleep every time he hears it. And when this is all over, I can cancel it.

HANNIBAL:

Well you'd better make it a very obscure word--I wouldn't want him to go beddy-byes in the middle of a firefight.

JUDY:

I usually use the word 'eclipse'. I think you'll find that's used once every few years.

FACE:

Yeah, I don't think I've ever used it.

JUDY:

When we land I'll give him the cue and then wake him up.

HANNIBAL:

I'm going to see what our E.T.A. is. Excuse me.

***Hannibal goes to cockpit
Interior: Plane cockpit.***

HANNIBAL:

Well, Murdock, how's it going?

Murdock fiddles with headset. He's talking quite quietly and rather hesitantly and looking distinctly nervous.

MURDOCK:

Well I'm on final approach, sir. We should be... should be landing in about fifteen minutes, Colonel.

HANNIBAL:

You know, while we're running around trying to find out who's running this operation, as a new pilot I think it'd be a good idea to give this Dick Nash a really rough edge. Keep 'em from asking too many questions, y'know?

MURDOCK:

I'll, uh, examine my alternatives and come up with something, sir.

Hannibal looks at him sideways

HANNIBAL:

Murdock, are you going straight on me?

MURDOCK:

Straight, sir?

HANNIBAL:

Well you know. No soliloquies? No songs? The words coming from your mouth could come from the mouth of an insurance salesman. You're turning... legit.

MURDOCK:

No... I'm merely... conforming to a more acceptable... norm... of conduct... sir.

By this point Murdock looks like he's having real trouble and Hannibal sounds like he could burst into tears any minute.

HANNIBAL:

Well I'm going to miss it, you know--the old yell you used to give on takeoff.

MURDOCK:

Colonel, you still have your memories.

Hannibal puts his hand on Murdock's shoulder and nods.

Exterior: Plane lands.

Interior: Plane. BA still sleeping.

JUDY:

BA when I count to three you will wake up but when you hear the word 'eclipse' you will fall right back to sleep .

FACE:

Any chance you can make it so he won't want to kill us when he wakes up?

JUDY:

Sorry. One, two, three.

BA wakes up.

BA:

Where are we? What's going on? We on a plane! Is that fool Murdock flying this thing?

He makes a grab for Face

FACE:

Eclipse!

BA falls asleep again.

FACE:

Hey Hannibal, this is going to be fun .

HANNIBAL:

Just don't get carried away.

Murdock comes back into the passenger area as Dick Nash. Very rough looking chap with a nasty facial scar.

MURDOCK:

What d'you think of this? Colonel? (*shows him the makeup*)

HANNIBAL:

Nice touch, Murdock

MURDOCK:

I got it cutting me way through barbed wire, with me teeth.

FACE:

What about sleeping beauty here?

HANNIBAL:

Okay Judy, after we're gone wake him up and tell him to be ready in case there's any trouble.

They leave.

JUDY:

One, two, three.

BA wakes up. Looks ready to thump someone but stops when he realises it's only Judy there.

BA:

Where'd everybody go?

Interior: Airfield office. Murdock swaggers in, taking his jacket off. He fiddles with stuff on the desk. Bad Guy 1 is there - I couldn't figure out his name so he's down as BG1.

BG1:

You looking for somebody

MURDOCK:

Nash.

BG1:

Huh?

MURDOCK:

Dick Nash

BG1:

I don't think he's reported in yet.

MURDOCK:

Well he has now.

BG1:

You're Dick Nash?

MURDOCK:

How many time I got to repeat myself, buddy?

Murdock picks up a bottle of drink from the desk.

BG1:

Go ahead, help yourself. Here's an opener.

Murdock smashes the bottle against desk to open it, then looks at it.

MURDOCK:

Oh. Grape. Don't like grape.

Drops bottle.

BG1:

Come on. I'll show you where your cargo is.

Murdock grabs his jacket and follows him out. Gives a little jump in the air while his back's turned.

Interior: Hannibal and Face break into the office and search through the filing cabinet

FACE:

Oh no, Hannibal, we'll never be able to go through all these filing cabinets. Besides we don't even know what we're looking for.

HANNIBAL:

Speak for yourself. **(Flicking through records)** Telford... Thurstan... Trenton... Turquoise Mine Jewellery Company. **(pulls out file)**

FACE:

I don't believe it. You mean they actually keep records on drug smuggling?

HANNIBAL:

Everybody keeps records, even ones they never want found. Remember Nixon?

BA appears at the window

BA:

Hey man, what's going on? What we doing here?

FACE:

Good BA Stay out there and keep an eye on things for us.

HANNIBAL:

Here he is. Winston Corless. That's the guy everybody's working for

FACE:

Why does that name sound familiar?

HANNIBAL:

Amy was talking about him. A friend of hers investigated him last year on drug trafficking.

FACE:

Right, he fled the country, they were never able to extradite him.

HANNIBAL:

Got friends high up in the Columbian government.

FACE:

Um, uh, Hannibal... That reporter friend of Amy's... He got killed didn't he?

HANNIBAL:

He sure did. Winston's scum. If we could turn him over, we can open up a network of drug operations all over the world.

BA:

Yeah and if you two don't get out the there before someone catches you we gonna find *ourselves* opened up all over the world. Come on!

Hannibal and Face leave via the window

Exterior: Murdock and BG1 load the plane.

MURDOCK:

These crates are heavy. Get us some help willya?

Car pulls up and Pete gets out. BG1 goes over to him and shakes his hand.

BG1:

Hiya, Pete. You want to lend us a hand--we've got four more crates here.

PETE:

This the turquoise run?

BG1:

Yeah, that's the new pilot, he came in early. He doesn't talk much. Strange. But as long as he can fly what do we care, right?

PETE:

I thought we were getting Dick Nash to make this run

BG1:

Yeah, Dick Nash. That's him.

PETE:

That ain't Dick Nash. I worked with him a few years ago on the Caribbean line.

BG1:

Are you sure?

PETE:

Positive. Dick Nash is black.

BG1:

Hey you, Nash--or whatever your name is.

Murdock comes over, still holding crate

BG1:

Who are you mister? What happened to Dick Nash.

MURDOCK:

I am Dick Nash.

PETE:

I know Dick. And you ain't him.

MURDOCK:

You couldn't know me. Because I wouldn't stoop to spit on you.

Hannibal and Face watch as Murdock drops crate on the bad guys' toes and runs for it. The rest of the team run to meet him and beat up the two bad guys. Murdock grabs a gun from Pete's car and shoots around them.

MURDOCK:

Now the question you're asking yourself is did he fire or five or six bullets? Do you feel lucky?

BG1 (shouts):

<http://www.ateamresource.info>

Who are you guys anyway?

HANNIBAL:

BA put these guys out of their misery.

BA locks them in a portacabin

Exterior: Near plane.

HANNIBAL (handing file to Judy):

Hang onto this, honey. Now things look good. We've got the shipment of cocaine and we know the name of the number one bad guy. Now all we have to do is catch him.

BA:

Hey, Hannibal, I ain't flying, man. Now, I don't know how you guys been getting me in and out of these planes but this time I'm ready for you. This time--

HANNIBAL& FACE:

Eclipse

BA falls asleep

FACE:

Hannibal, I don't now how we're going to pull this off. I mean, even if we catch Corless we can't extradite him. As long as he's in Columbia he's safe.

HANNIBAL:

But I have a plan. It's brilliant. Brilliant and foolproof. All we have to do is get Murdock to crash the plane.

FACE:

Well I think I'd like to be hypnotised for this part too.

HANNIBAL:

Suit yourself

They roll BA into the plane and climb in.

Exterior: Plane flying

Exterior: Military base

SANCHEZ:

I just received word a plane has gone down in the jungle near the border. A small cargo plane. Gather up a search party, we're going to look for it. Perhaps we can find another shipment of 'turquoise'.

Federales head out.

Exterior: Jungle. Murdock thrashing about on the floor and yelping. Face, BA and Judy are standing watching. Hannibal is crouched down next to him.

HANNIBAL:

Murdock. Murdock! Murdock! That's good enough. Let me see what you look like.

Murdock jumps up looking dishevelled and knocked about. Hannibal examines the scratches on his face.

JUDY:

I don't know, Hannibal. I guess you guys know what you're doing. But it sure does seem like an elaborate plan. It seems like there's got to be a simpler way to go about this.

HANNIBAL:

Oh this is simple. Murdock wanders deliriously to the highway until someone picks him up and takes him to the hospital. Once Corless finds out he's in the hospital he'll got to him to get him to find out where the plane crashed.

JUDY:

What if Corless doesn't do anything like that?

HANNIBAL:

Oh he will. He's already lost one load of cocaine. He can't let another one rot in the jungle. **(looking back at Murdock and pointing)** A black eye.

FACE:

What?

HANNIBAL:

He needs a black eye. Like he hit his head on impact.

Murdock looks rather alarmed and points at his face in disbelief

HANNIBAL:

Now I'm sorry Murdock, but makeup would wash off in the hospital.

MURDOCK (resigned):

All in the line of duty, sir.

BA:

And I know just the man to give it to him.

BA goes to thump Murdock, who looks decidedly apprehensive. Hannibal stops BA

HANNIBAL:

No, B.A, you'll break his jaw. Face, you hit him.

Murdock turns to Face who points at himself with a 'who me?' expression

FACE (not sounding keen):

Right.

Face nods and pats Murdock on the shoulder.

FACE:

Murdock, this is going to hurt me more than it hurts you. Now, what kind of punch would you like? Left cross, left jab, right uppercut?

Murdock shakes his head, not really looking keen on any of the options and while he's thinking about it Face clouts him one. Hannibal and BA catch him as he falls.

Exterior: Bad guys villa

Interior: Villa. Bad guys are pacing angrily

CORLESS:

This is the second shipment this week that's I've lost! Do you know how much money we're talking here?

BG1:

Maybe we didn't loose this shipment, Mr Corless. I mean, the pilot walked away from the wreck. That means that the stuff could still be intact.

CORLESS:

I want to know what's going on here. I want to know where this pilot, Nash, came from. I want to know what happened to the real pilot. And I want to know who these friends of his are, that hung you two tough guys out to dry. Did you at least get a good look at them?

BG1:

Not really--they jumped us from behind. It was all like a blur.

PETE:

I'd recognise that one guy real fast. I ain't seen nothing like him in my life.

CORLESS:

What hospital is he in? This Nash guy, or whatever his name is?

BG1:

The Malaga .

CORLESS:

Okay, okay. I think the least we can do for one of our employees is to pay him a little visit. Get the guns let's go.

Exterior: hospital. Murdock is thrashing around on a bed and moaning and burbling. Face is looking in a mirror, putting on a false moustache

MURDOCK:

I can't take anymore of the midgets all over the floor! (*incoherent*) They're grabbing at me... please...

FACE:

Knock it off, Murdock, will you? A little delirium goes a long way.

Murdock stops failing about and relaxes on the bed

MURDOCK:

It has to. I'm practising. I got all these pent up anxieties from acting straight.

FACE (finishes with the false moustache):

Okay how do I look. D'you think those guys from this morning will recognise me?

MURDOCK:

Absolutely.

The bad guys burst in. Murdock immediately resumes his delirious behaviour.

FACE:

Please! We have a man in pain here!

BG1:

We're here to check him out of the hospital, doc.

FACE:

Will you show some respect! What do you think you're doing?

BG1:

I said we're taking cousin Dick here back home.

FACE:

You can't do this! What do you plan to do with him?

BG1:

He's going to show us where he crashed his plane .

PETE:

Now let's move it.

MURDOCK:

Must have been some kind of dinosaur from the mezoic era.

FACE:

This is really highly irregular.

Bad guys grab Face and Murdock and haul them outside.

MURDOCK:

Did you see those lights in the sky? There were thousands of them. They landed but who knows where. They could be here! They could be right here. *(Bad guys push him into the car)* Please don't make me! Please...

Interior: Car.

CORLESS:

Who's this guy?

BG1:

His doctor--we needed him to get out of the hospital. And I figure he could help out because this banana keeps slipping in and out of reality every five minutes.

CORLESS:

He's got to get us to that plane.

BG1:

He'll get us to the plane. Won't he, doctor?

FACE:

I'm his doctor--I don't control his mind.

BG1:

I'm sure you'll think of something.

MURDOCK:

<http://www.ateamresource.info>

They control the horizontal. They control the vertical. Do not attempt to adjust it. You'll be next. You'll be next. You'll be next...

Car pulls off.

Exterior: Near road sign reading Venuzuala 5 Miles.

HANNIBAL:

Watch for cars.

Hannibal adds a 1 to the sign so it reads 15 miles instead of 5

JUDY:

Little to the right.

HANNIBAL:

Right there?

JUDY:

Good. Okay.

Much hacking about of jungle and fiddling with the plane to make it look like a crash site.

HANNIBAL:

Well, seven o'clock. That's not bad considering we're a couple of hands short.

Sound of vehicles approaching.

JUDY:

Is that them?

HANNIBAL:

I'll find out.

Hannibal looks through binoculars and sees the Federales approaching.

HANNIBAL:

Go! We've gotta move.

BA:

Move? Are you crazy?

HANNIBAL:

No. A bunch of Venezuelan federales crossed the border line. They're headed this way. Now we can't let them find the cocaine--we've got to deliver it to him .

JUDY:

What about the plane.

HANNIBAL:

We're going to have to move it. You didn't break anything did you BA?

BA:

No--but I should have! It's bad enough when Murdock's flies these things, but at least he know how to!

HANNIBAL:

Who said I was going to fly it? Get aboard!

They get on the plane and taxi through the jungle.

JUDY:

You're actually going to taxi this thing through the jungle?

BA:

Man, I never thought the day would come when I'd wish Murdock was here!

HANNIBAL:

Hang on!

Federales chase them, shooting at them.

JUDY:

I think you'd better step on it, Hannibal.

BA:

Yeah man, if we don't go any faster they're going to get one of our tyres, man.

HANNIBAL:

Then shoot their tyres first. Get to that cargo door and discourage them a little.

BA leans out the cargo door wit gun at shoots out the tyres of the pursuing vehicles. One of them crashes into a tree, the second flips over. Federales walk away.

SANCHEZ:

All right, let's get those vehicles in order--fast!. We've got to try and keep following them. It shouldn't be too hard. There's no place to take off.

Exterior: At Hannibal's doctored roadsign. The bad guys' car drives up.

BG1:

We're almost out of Columbia, Mr Corless.

CORLESS:

No, we still got fifteen kilometres to go. I'm still safe.

Interior: Car. Murdock doing a wonderful job of looking Not At All Well

CORLESS:

This had better be the right turnoff. Remember doctor-you're responsible.

FACE:

Don't worry. As difficult as he was to understand I think I can manage to figure out my own patient's instructions.

MURDOCK:

It climbed out of the ice, it was bigger than a house, it laid an egg but it was too late for breakfast...

They stop the car and get out.

MURDOCK:

Please don't make me look at it, I don't want to look at it, I don't want to look at it, I looked up into five hundred pounds of foreign muscle...

Face is hanging onto Murdock who's staggering and sobbing as he babbles.

FACE:

There's no plane.

Murdock shuts up, looking startled

CORLESS:

Well doctor, it looks like you didn't understand your patient as well as you thought you did.

FACE:

Well perhaps if we could just wait for another moment of coherency, I could ask him again.

Murdock collapses across the car.

FACE:

Did you hear that, Mr Nash? Would you like another painkiller?

CORLESS:

I've got a painkiller for the both of you.

Bad guy pulls out guns

CORLESS:

Now where's the plane?

Exterior: Plane. Hannibal, BA and Judy climb out.

HANNIBAL:

Well, gotta look on the bright side. We don't have to *make* this one look like a plane crash.

BA:

Aw, Hannibal. This is terrible, man. The plane cut a path that even blind people can follow. Man, those federales gonna be on us in a hot second.

HANNIBAL:

Yeah, you're probably right. Get the weapons out. I'll be back in a minute.

BA:

Wait a minute, man, where you going?

HANNIBAL:

Well I've got to go back to the old plane site and tell Face and Murdock were we are. But I've got to stay out of sight.

BA:

How are you going to do that, man?

HANNIBAL:

I've decided the most realistic way is to use my duck call.

BA:

Aw, Hannibal. Not the call! Especially what happened to us last time!

JUDY:

What happened last time?

HANNIBAL:

B.A, *this* time it will work.

Hannibal grins and waves as he heads off

JUDY:

Uh, I take it Hannibal's duck call isn't very good?

BA:

Good? It's perfect. That's the problem. The last time he used that call some duck hunters from the area nearly had us for dinner. Disgusting--being mistaken for ducks!

Exterior: Car. Face dips his finger in engine oil.

CORLESS:

You're wasting my time.

FACE:

This is definitely oil from an airplane.

CORLESS:

What?

FACE:

Airplane oil. You see, what probably happened is, my patient came right down through here somewhere and crashed somewhere down the line. If I can work with my patient, I'm sure he'll be able to lead us right to where the plane crashed. *(looks up at Murdock, who is back on his feet)* Won't you?

They hear the duck call.

CORLESS:

What the hell is that?

PETE:

Sounds like a duck .

MURDOCK:

Plane!

FACE:

What did I tell you?

MURDOCK:

Plane!

FACE:

Yeah, we're definitely closing in on it.

MURDOCK:

Plane!

FACE:

I think we'd better stay on foot.

MURDOCK:

Plane!

Murdock makes aeroplane noises. Bad guy grabs his arm to pull him along. They follow Hannibal's call

Exterior: Federales looking for plane.

SANCHEZ:

The air patrol reports no sign of further advancement. That means the plane can be no more than three miles from us in any direction. So we will split up and circle the area. Then we will move in together. All right? Let's go.

Exterior: Plane. Hannibal gets back and BA unloads the cargo.

HANNIBAL:

They'll be here any minute. I don't know how many of them there are so let's be ready for anything.

JUDY:

See any duck hunters on the way?

HANNIBAL:

You had to tell her huh? Judy stay on the ground below these boxes. BA you take the left flank.

Exterior: Bad guys. Murdock still babbling and being shoved along.

MURDOCK:

Million lights years from earth all buried under the ground. Don't touch the eggs! Keep away from them...

They see the plane. Face points at it

FACE:

Might that be what you've been looking for, gentlemen?

MURDOCK:

My plane! My plane! My kingdom for my plane!

FACE:

I think--

Murdock keels over and starts flailing about on the ground. Face glances at him then back at the plane.

FACE:

I think he means that one.

CORLESS:

Let's move it. This isn't over for anybody until I get my stash back.

Federales arrive.

BG1:

Federales!

CORLESS:

This is a trap.

Corless punches Face and his fake moustache comes off. He's recognised and they point guns at him.

CORLESS:

Hey, this guy's a phony! He ain't no a doctor!

BG1:

He's the guy who jumped us this morning at the airport.

From where he's lying on the ground Murdock kicks the gun out of the nearest bad guy's hand. Punchup follows and they get the better of the bad guys. Murdock hands Face back his fake moustache and they leg it to the plane where the others are waiting.

HANNIBAL:

Let's give them cover BA

Hannibal and BA open fire as Face and Murdock dive behind the crates

CORLESS:

Don't let those guys get away!

BG1:

But Mr Corless--

CORLESS:

I said we get them!

Firefight ensues. Face and Murdock scuffle for space behind the crates.

HANNIBAL:

Glad to see you. Grab a gun.

FACE:

Hannibal, next time you decide to move--send out change of address cards. Murdock and I almost bought the farm back there.

MURDOCK:

You know we've got federales headed this way?

The team shoot back at the bad guys as the Federales arrive as well.

HANNIBAL:

Yeah, they arrived a little earlier, that's why we had to relocate. Okay. I'll go around back see if I can find Corless. Face, take my position.

<http://www.ateamresource.info>

Hannibal heads around the plane into the trees. Face and Murdock spring up from behind the crates to shoot at the bad guys.

FACE:

I'm out of ammo, BA hand me some clips!

BA:

What?

FACE:

Clips! Give me clips!

BA keels over

JUDY:

You said the trigger word. You said 'eclipse'

FACE&MURDOCK:

Judy!

Bad guys running through the jungle

CORLESS:

Let's get out here. Let them fight it out.

Bad guys run into Hannibal and the Federales. Three way stand off.

SANCHEZ:

Drop your guns! Everyone. I order you all under arrest.

Hannibal and the bad guys both drop their weapons.

CORLESS:

You need not bother with me and my associates. This man, this man here is the one you want and there are more of his team hidden in the jungle. I'm sure of it.

Face and Murdock appear, carrying crates

FACE:

And here we are.

SANCHEZ:

What's this? What's going on?

HANNIBAL:

Mr Winston Corless is one of the world leading cocaine dealers. This is some of his stock in trade. We thought you might want to keep it for the court as evidence.

CORLESS:

If I were you, Colonel, I would arrest these men and forget about everything else. I have friends in the Columbian government who could make things very difficult for you.

SANCHEZ:

I couldn't care less about your friends in the Columbian government. This is Venezuela you're in now.

Hannibal laughs

CORLESS:

Venezuela?

HANNIBAL:

Yeah, we knew we couldn't extradite you from Columbia so we nailed you in another country. Neat huh?

SANCHEZ:

Who are you men? What do you have to do with all this?

HANNIBAL:

We are agents for the United States Drug Enforcement Agency. Undercover of course.

Murdock looks at cocaine and sneezes all over it.

Exterior: Back at farm. On the porch. Jess is looking at a newspaper. Headline reads "Major Drug King Extradited". Murdock is draped around the porch, eating something. Hannibal is leaning on crates.

JESS:

That's the best news story I ever read.

FACE (To Carrie):

Please, won't you sit down?

CARRIE (sits):

We got a letter from the American ambassador down there and he said in a very few days probably, Robbie would be released. After that found out that Mr Corless was behind all this, they believed in Robbie's innocence immediately.

JUDY:

I'm sure his military record had a lot to do with it, Uncle Jess.

JESS:

So decided we'd better get down here and make this place into a real homecoming.

CARRIE:

We have collected nearly fifteen thousand dollars, Mr Smith, and if you just give us a few more days and we'll have the whole thing

HANNIBAL:

Well it really didn't cost that much. The airplane usually runs up the big bill and we had one provided for us.

BA:

Which brings up the same question, Hannibal. Now, how are getting me in and out of these airplanes, man?

HANNIBAL:

BA have you thought about seeing a doctor about these blackouts you've been having?

BA:

Blackouts? Man, I ain't having no blackouts. I falling dead asleep--and every time I wake up there's a plane nearby.

MURDOCK:

Probably, um, narcolepsy. It's very common. Happens to Billy all the time.

BA:

You see, Murdock. There you go again. Talking 'bout your crazy made up friends. I knew you wasn't going straight, fool.

MURDOCK:

Well we're only trying to make you feel more comfortable.

BA:

Comfortable? It's all because of you I've been having these blackouts, sucker!

JUDY:

BA's afraid to fly, Uncle Jess. That's what this is all about.

JESS:

Really? I bet Judy here could help you out. She knows hypnosis. **(Everyone looks alarmed)** I bet she could put BA into a trance and talk him right out of his fear.

Look of realisation on BA's face.

BA:

Hypnosis! That's it!

General chorus of "no's"

BA:

You hypnotised me didn't you? Hannibal, I want a answer from you. Right now! Answer me, Hannibal, 'fore I knock your head right off your shoulders.

JUDY (urgently):

Hannibal!

BA goes to thump Hannibal.

HANNIBAL (smiling and waving his cigar):

Eclipse.

JUDY:

I cancelled the word!

BA takes a swing at Hannibal who dodges and grabs his arm--Still with his cigar in his mouth

HANNIBAL:

Now, BA...