

ONE MORE TIME

Old lady is going through a garbage bin in an ally. She is pushing a shopping cart full of stuff. An alien jumps out of the garbage bin and grabs her.

Director

Cut! Cut, cut, cut, cut! That was about as scary as my dunkin' yoyo. Now, please. What I need here is real fright! Jeopardy! Go for it!

Two MP vehicles pull up across the street from the shoot. The men get out and walk towards the crew.

Lynch:

Registered with my name as a pseudonym with the screen actor's guild? What made you check into that?

MP:

Well, Colonel Lynch, chasing Hannibal Smith as much as we have, I've come to appreciate his sense of humour.

Lynch:

Sense of humour? You think it's funny then? Hannibal Smith working under the name of Lynch...

MP:

Well, I mean, considering the fact that we've looked everywhere for him and all this time he's working in the open under your very name! (Pause as he sees Lynch's glare at him) No sir, I don't think that's funny. (To a stage guy) Excuse me, we're looking for an actor named Lynch.

Lynch:

His real name is John Smith, he's using Lynch as an alias.

Stage Guy:

Lynch? You'd think he could do better than that!

Lynch:

Yes, but is he here?

Stage Guy:

Yeah, he's right over there (points to the actor in the alien costume and the old lady).

Lynch:

I should have known him! Great! We got him!! (They head towards the director and actors, the director stops them.)

Director:

Great. okay! Ho..ho... What is going on here? This is not the scene where the army is called in yet!

Lynch:

That man is a hardened criminal. We've been chasing him for ten years,

Actor in Alien suit:

Who me?

Lynch:

I've got him now and I'm putting him in jail.

Director:

What? You kidding me? Now? Do you realize the monster is going to be under the garbage, getting ready to attack? This is the most important scene in the picture! W..W... Please look! It took ya ten years to find this guy, I mean, can't you let me get this one last shot?

Lynch and MP:

NO!

Lynch:

Well isn't it my old namesake?

Actor:

Hey! What's going on here?

Lynch:

End of the line, Smith! First, I wanted to be sure I had you, then I want to head over and get Peck!

Actor:

You've got the wrong guy!

Lynch:

My boys are just waiting for a chance to drop in on Baracus! What do you think about that?

Actor:

Who's Baracus?: (They pull off the mask and it's a black man.)

Stage Guy:

I thought you guys wanted Lynch! That's him on the motorcycle.

The old lady (Hannibal in a clever disguise), jumps on a motorcycle and drives off. The MPs jump in their cars and follow in pursuit.

Lynch:

Smith's going to warn Templeton Peck.

Outside a fitness club, Face exits a building with a beautiful brunette in workout clothes. They walk down the street talking.

Rhonda:

Yes, I'm very happy to see you. But I told you: I don't want to get into anything over lunch.

Face:

But we're not at lunch. We are walking to get lunch. So we can clear this up on the way.

Rhonda:

Oh, we're going to work out our entire relationship on a short walk to the corner?

Face:

Rhonda, I know this has been real tough on both of us... especially you. But I sort of thought things were working out real good for us.

Rhonda:

They have been. When you've been around.

Face:

Business takes me away a lot. I've explained all that.

Rhonda:

Vaguely

Face:

You know, talking about jobs is so boring.

Rhonda:

Well, not when they take you away to Guatemala for two weeks, and the South of France for the week-end and Brazil for Christmas. Is there something you're not telling me?
Another woman?

Face:

Another woman? Aw, Rhonda, where would I possibly find a woman who could drag me away from you?

Hannibal (speeds up to them):

Come on Face, Lynch is right behind me! Let's go! (Face jumps on the back of Hannibal's motorcycle –who is still dressed like a woman- Rhonda looks upset.)

Rhonda:

Temp!

Face:

I'll call ya! Bye! (They zoom off around a corner.)

Rhonda:
Templeton! (She looks sad.)

Lynch:
Go go go go!

The MPs are chasing the motor cycle through traffic. Hannibal maneuvers it well, makes cool jumps, drives on the sidewalk... as he puffs away at the cigar in his mouth.

Hannibal:
Hang on, kid!

Another big jump...

Hannibal:
And they said I didn't have enough experience to be a stunt double! Haha!

Face:
Oh, I think I'm going to be sick!

Hannibal:
Not on me!

MP:
I think they got away sir!

Lynch:
You think? Get on the phone to Burrows, tell him to pick up Baracus, right now!

A car with two MPs, outside a rickety garage...

Burrows (on the CB):
That's a ten-four. He's been hold up inside the arge, ever since we followed him here this morning. He has no idea we're outside waiting. Should be no problem at all.

BA inside, in the red convertible. He smiles (I think that's what that is). He puts the car into gear... slams on the accelerator...and crashes through the wall of the garage, the MPs chase him.

Burrows:
Go!

The car chases after BA, who is getting away. Meanwhile, on the cycle nearby....

Hannibal:
We should be meeting BA any minute!

Face:
Look out Hannibal!

Hannibal zooms around the corner and narrowly misses BA, he swerves in the convertible, goes over a curb and hits another car. The MPs hit a hydrant. Water explodes into the air... Face and Hannibal slide on the ground. They get up (unharmed and walk over to BA, Hannibal removes his scarf).

BA:

Hey, Grandma, are you okay? (Sees it's Hannibal) You're crazy man, what are you trying to do?

Hannibal:

I wanted to warn you, Lynch is coming.

BA:

Thanks.

Lynch:

Good work, Burrows. You will receive a commendation for this.

Burrows:

Thanks

Lynch:

Let's go, into the patrol car...

Face:

Uh... I think I'm really going to be sick! (Pretends to vomit on Lynch, he gets scared and gasps as he moves away from Face. Face smiles and Hannibal chuckles.)

In the newspaper Office, something comes over the wire, Amy tears it off and reads it out loud.

Amy:

Three former members of a Vietnam commando team who have been fugitives for ten years have finally been captured, according to military sources.

In a military board room...

Lynch (reading from the newspaper):

Col. Hannibal Smith, Lieutenant Templeton Peck and Sergeant Bosco Baracus were apprehended after a long military police chase through downtown Las Angeles. Isn't it amazing how fast good news travels?

Hannibal:

Colonel, I'm impressed you read the paper. I thought you stayed away from anything that didn't have pictures.

Lynch:

Go on Smith, say anything you want. Insult me. Call me horrible names. It's okay. You see... It's all over now. I won.

Hannibal:

What kind of rock did they find you under?

Lynch:

Not nearly as big as the one I'm going to use to crush you, Smith.

Hannibal throws the paper across the room. Two military officials enter.

Briggs:

Good morning, Colonel.

Lynch:

Why are you barging in here, Major?

Briggs:

I'm Major Briggs, this is Mr. Perry. (Hands Lynch official documents, Lynch reads.)

Lynch:

Mr. Perry?

Briggs:

The state department.

Lynch:

These orders are ridiculous. I'm not turning these men over.

Mr. Perry:

It's out of your hands, Major. Your superiors know what it's all about.

Lynch:

No, I know what it's all about. I bust my coconut for ten years to locate and apprehend these people. And now, someone wants to step in and get all the glory.

Mr. Perry:

Apparently, you managed to do that quite well, on your own. And if you think this is a simple matter of the upper brass trying to get credit for apprehending men for some ten year old crime that nobody remembers anyway. Then you are more stupid than you appear.

Lynch:

Don't think I'm not going to pursue this right to the top.

Mr. Perry:

I am the top, Colonel. And if you don't want to spend the rest of your commission in a concrete room in Utah, packing parachutes...then you will get in line here.

Hannibal:

I like this man!

Lynch:

We'll see about that! (leaves with his MP flunky.)

Mr. Perry:

I want a complete security shut down in this base. Cut off the press, no phone calls in or out, until I've had a chance to talk to these men.

Major:

Sir!

Hannibal:

I said I liked the way you talked to the help, Mr. Perry. I didn't say I'd grant you an audience.

Mr. Perry:

I don't see that you have any choice, Colonel.

Face:

Somehow, I don't feel this fellow has any better news for us than Lynch.

Hannibal:

Hmm...

Outside the military base, Amy is in her car trying to get in. The security guard at the front gate is talking with her but won't let her through.

Guard:

I'm sorry, Miss Allen. I don't care who you are, that's the way it is.

Amy:

But my pass always gets me on. The capture of the A-Team is already on the wire. If you'll just call Col. Lynch, he's expecting me.

Guard:

Miss Allan, Col. Lynch can't give you the necessary clearance. Apparently this story is over. If you're looking for copy, go cover a fire.

In the halls of the VA... There are several cages of exotic animals. A nurse is overlooking patients playing with the animals.

Murdock (singing):

We went to the animal farm... the birds and the bees were there... the funniest was a monk... who sat on the elephant's trunk...(he's playing with a monkey in a cage)

Nurse guy:

Murdock.

Murdock:

Huh?

Nurse guy:

You wanna pay attention here?

Murdock:

Attention, Sir! I was just rapping with my cousin here. (Makes lots of monkey noises.)

Nurse Guy:

Now after we get the results of a series of approximations of the animal therapy program,
We think it will prove that each wing will be able to get its own pet.

Telephone rings, Murdock sneaks into his room to answer it...

Nurse Guy:

Monkey's on the west wing, raccoons on the East...

Murdock (on the phone picks up a football to play with):

I'm sorry but you reached a disconnected number, if you feel you've reached this
recording in error, how do you think I feel?

Amy (in a phone booth outside the military base):

Hey, Murdock. It's Amy.

Murdock:

Hey, Chaquita? How's it shaking, baby?

Amy:

Not so good. The guys have just been caught by Lynch.

Murdock (throws football through basketball hoop, he's obviously concerned.):

Wha? Wh...wh... What happened?

Amy:

I don't know! I can't get in to see them. There is a security blanket over the military
installation where they're being held. Which is weird... I mean, I got the story over the
wire, which means the press were admitted at one point. Then all of a sudden, they're in
A-10 security zone.

Murdock:

Just sit tight, the king of crazy is on his way. If they move, stay on them, drop a trail of
breadcrumbs and I'll find you.

Amy:

I'll make it easier for you. I'm just on the South side of the military installation, just past
the gate.

Murdock:

Gotcha.

Amy:

How are you going to get out?

Murdock:

Ohhh... that will be easy. (Hangs up phone and returns to the hallway.)

Nurse Guy:

As pet owners, we're gonna have to learn how to take care of them, feed them, train them, bathe them...

Murdock:

You know, Sarge... I had a cat once but every time I tried to give him a bath, the fur stuck to my tongue. (sticks his tongue out,)

Nurse Guy:

Okay, let's pick which one we want for the day as our little friend. Who's in favour of the raccoon?

Murdock:

Ernie Meenie Miny Mo... Who wants to stay in my cage? Let Howling Mad Murdock know!

Murdock opens all the cage doors and helps the animals out. It looks as if he is making the other patients go a little wild. The male nurses are trying to deal with the brouhaha. Murdock grabs his cap and jacket and runs out.

Nurse Guy:

Murdock! Don't panic! Don't panic! Let's get these animals back in their cages. George, after Murdock!

Several men run after Murdock, but he escapes outside and climbs into the back of a truck. The male nurses run right by him. He moves into the front seat and puts on a white cap... ooh... a clever disguise. It's a bakery truck. He goes to meet Amy.

Back in the conference room.... Several army guys come in and bring in a slide projector.

Mr. Perry:

Sergeant, if one of these men makes a move to get up from his chair, shoot him. Gentlemen, at this point each of you is facing a little over thirty-years in a federal prison. I'm here to see you have an opportunity to avoid serving that term.

Briggs:

Gentlemen, I believe you are familiar with the name General Ludlum? It is our information that he was your commanding officer during certain missions in Vietnam.

BA:

That sucker send me to the brig, said I didn't salute him.

Hannibal:

Yeah, he sent him to jail for just punching him in the nose.

BA:

He called me a liar, nobody call BA Baracus a liar.

Briggs:

At the moment, the general is languishing in a military compound in Borneo.

Hannibal:

That lunatic Rashum and his Civil War? Since when is the US sticking its nose into Borneo?

Mr. Perry:

The US is not involved. We can't be.

Face:

Ah... that's where we come in.

Mr. Perry:

Exactly. Since you are already fugitives, you can work without any possible connection to the government. When you were captured, our computer linked you with this mission as the perfect assault team.

Briggs:

The General went in on his own to get his daughter out, who had been taken prisoner by guerilla forces.

BA:

Why did Rashum want his daughter?

Mr. Perry:

He didn't. He wanted a bargaining chip. Lights, please. (Light are turned out, a slide show begins... starting with a picture of a beautiful blonde.)

Briggs:

Kathy Ludlum, who was working as a missionary along the Neebong River when Rashum extended his domain further north, she was taken prisoner.

Mr. Perry:

Next. Then Rashum made us an offer. He said he would send the girl back to us if we were to send to him our eastern European defense plan.

Hannibal:

Why couldn't you just go in and grab her?

Mr. Perry:

Due to political considerations, the United States could not go into action.

Briggs:

Unfortunately the general did not concur. It is our information that Rashum is headquartered in this military compound 12 km south of Sauntoo.

Mr. Perry:

General Ludlum and his daughter are more than likely to be found there.

Face:

More than likely?

Mr. Perry:

We believe that our intelligence is accurate, Lieutenant. Next, this is a sketch of the compound.

Hannibal:

According to your so-called intelligence?

Mr. Perry:

Exactly. As you can see that it is heavily fortified. With access only from the jungle and from the air.

Briggs:

Our very best information is that the General and his daughter should be found in the building on the extreme right.

Hannibal:

How do we know they're still alive?

Mr. Perry:

We don't. (Hannibal Groans.) Lights please. We do know that Rashum desperately needs to solidify his place with the Soviet Block. Our concern is that he will force the information from General Ludlum and sell it to the Russians. We cannot let that happen, more specifically and to the point, you gentlemen, cannot.

Hannibal:

What's in it for we Gentlemen?

Mr. Perry:

A head start. When and if you return, I will see to it that you are cut loose. I can't make any guarantee about seeing the charges against you dropped, and you do understand that this is not at all sanctioned by the pentagon.

Hannibal:

Terrific offer! A head start! Could we discuss this for a while, alone?

Mr. Perry:

Corporal. (Perry, Briggs and everyone else leave the team alone in the room.)

BA (So loud that the guards on the other side of the door can hear him):

I ain't going nowhere to rescue no sucker that calls me a liar.

Hannibal:

Now BA.

BA:

Next time I'm going to do more than punch him in the nose, I'm going to break his neck.

Face:

And I'm not so sure I want to risk my life just to get a days jump from the US army.

BA:

Especially not for no sucker who calls me a liar.

Hannibal:

Now can we talk this over for a second?

BA:

I ain't saving nobody who calls me a liar.

Hannibal:

I think we got that real clear. Face?

Face:

I think we're putting a lot on the line, Hannibal. Just to be getting back to what we already are. Fugitives.

Hannibal:

You would rather spend thirty years in prison?

Face:

Not really, but there's always a chance that we can get out on good behaviour! Then at least then we can start living normal lives.

Hannibal:

That's true. Thirty years from now, we can all be playing shuffleboard in the West Valley retirement home.

Face:

Hannibal, Rashum is a maniac. He's a butcher, reports keep coming back about torture and firing squads.

Hannibal:

Right, we're all agree.

Face:

Right.

BA:
Right.

Hannibal:

We accept the assignment. It's better than being pulled into a dumpster by a Slime-Monster, which I should have been playing anyway.

BA:
Hannibal, you're crazy, just like Murdock.

Murdock is driving in the bakery truck and meets up with Amy.

Murdock (singing):

OH! Five and Twenty Blackbirds baked in a pie..... Hey, lady, want a lift?

Amy:
Murdock! What are you doing with a bakery truck?

Murdock:

Well, Faceman always told me that the fastest way to a man's heart is through the stomach... and the easiest way to break security is through the kitchen. Hop in. I don't want to let the general's buns to get cold.

She laughs and makes her way to the other side of the truck. He watched her walk. The bakery pulls up to the guard.

Guard:

Hi. What can I do for ya?

Murdock (in a different voice):

Ahh... yeah... We've got a shipment of desert pastries for the General, we're supposed to get it to him for 2 o' clock for some brass reception or somethin. (Amy is hiding in the back.)

Guard (looks at his clipboard):

I don't show any clearance here for your truck.

Murdock:

Well, buddy, it ain't no skin off my back, you know what I mean? Here. Sign that (pulls out some paper work). And you can tell the General how come he didn't et his eclairs and tea cakes.

Guard:

Eclairs and tea cakes?

Murdock:

Yeah... Four dozen of the General's custard specials. Come on with the signature already! Will ya? I gotta get 'em back to the fridge if you don't want 'em.

Guard:

Okay, okay... Go on in... I'll call the mess.

Murdock (sarcastically):

Gee, thanks.

The bakery truck moves in.

Back in the board room...

Mr. Perry:

Col. Smith. I'm happy to see you think this is a good deal.

Hannibal:

We're gonna need some things. First of all, a complete and accurate map of the layout of the area we're going into, weapons...

BA:

And a boat

Briggs:

I beg your pardon?

Hannibal:

Some AR 15s...

Briggs:

AR 15s (is writing this down.)

BA:

We're gonna need a boat to get to Borneo.

Mr. Perry:

You wanna go on a boat?

Face:

BA doesn't fly.

BA:

I die before I fly.

Briggs:

That's completely out of the question! We don't have that kind of time.

BA:

Hey man! You want me to go? Then that's how I'll go. But I ain't gonna fly to rescue someone I don't want to rescue anyway!

Hannibal:

And some walkie talkies.

Briggs:

Walkie talkies (writing it down.)

BA:

Hey man, you heard what I said! No planes!

Hannibal:

And some milk...

A few minutes later, they are being served some milk while they are sitting around the table. BA is thinking and looking real pensive. Hannibal is sitting across from BA. Face is sitting on the table, cross-legged.

BA:

I've been thinking about something.

Hannibal:

Drink your milk!

BA:

I don't want to drink my milk.

Hannibal:

But you love milk.

BA:

But I don't want it now.

Face:

Mmmmmmm... Boy, there's nothing like a glass of ice-cold milk to give the body all the necessary nutrition. <<sigh>> Rhonda sure knew how to keep the old body in shape.

BA:

My body is fine. And if we ain't going by boat, then I don't wanna go!

Hannibal:

Which means we'll wind up back in the federal slammer, and if that happens, you're looking at the last non-powdered, non-frozen, nutritious thing you'll put in your mouth for thirty years.

BA thinks about it then takes a sip. Hannibal and Face take sips too... the both make that, "aaahh!" sound you make after drinking something refreshing.

Face:

BA you gotta little milk moustache...(Reaches to clean it off but BA smacks his hand away and cleans his stache with a bandana.)

BA:

How we gonna get to Borneo? (passes out on the table.)

Face:
By Plane.

Face and Hannibal do a little 'cheers' gesture with their glasses of milk, congratulating themselves on a job well done. Meanwhile, outside, in the bakery truck, Murdock and Amy watch the team and the MPs leave a building and get into a limo...

Amy:
Look! There!

Murdock:
And they're carrying BA, which means where ever they're going... they're going by air.

In the limo...

Mr. Perry:
It's all arranged. It will appear that the three of you have escaped from a military prison. Two MPS will be found bound and gagged and the driver of the limousine will be found in the trunk.

In the bakery truck...

Amy:
I don't understand why Lynch wasn't with them when they got into that limo.

Murdock:
I don't understand either! Something's going on here!

In the lino...

Hannibal:
How we getting to Borneo?

Mr. Perry:
We've got a DC3 waiting at a private airstrip.

Hannibal:
A DC3? Are you kidding? Those planes have been out of service for years.

Mr. Perry:
Well, Borneo isn't exactly the most modern country. A DC3 won't look suspicious flying in their airspace.

In the bakery truck...

Murdock:

There's something going on! The military has plenty of official airfields! There must be a reason why they're using this strip. (They stop at a safe distance and watch the team get a board a plane.)

Amy:

What is going on?

Murdock:

I don't know. But if I don't stay on their tail... I'm never going to find out!

Amy:

Stay on their tail? How are gonna do that? They're getting on a plane?

Murdock:

So am I. (Gets out of the truck)

Amy:

What are you going to do?

Murdock:

Stash the touch, and then meet me by that plane over there!

Murdock runs up to a pilot who was just filling out paperwork for another official looking man. They are underneath a plane.

Murdock:

Excuse me! Excuse me! Those were your orders permitting you to take off, weren't they? I thought so. I wonder if I can interest you in some of my new, high-protein donuts, I got them over here in my bakery truck... and they are perfect... (He ushers the pilot with him off camera)

Amy reverses the truck out by a chain link fence. She goes to meet Murdock at the plane.

Amy:

Murdock! Murdock!

Murdock (appears in the pilot's uniform):

Yeah?

Amy:

Where's the pilot?

Murdock:

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It was kind of strange. I was just standing there talking to him when all of a sudden he fell into my arms.

Amy:

You knocked him out.

Murdock:

Oh, let's not get technical. (The plane with the team on it begins to take off.) We gotta stay on those guys... No! Wait a minute, you can't come!

Amy:

Just get in the plane, we'll talk about what I can't do later. (She pushes past him...)

Murdock:

But... you...

Amy:

Murdock, I said get in the plane.

Murdock:

I love it when you're angry.

*Murdock and Amy's plane follows the one with the team on it.
Back in the board room...*

Lynch:

What do you mean they're gone?

MP:

Look for yourself, sir.

Lynch:

They can't be just gone.

<<sighs>> Find Briggs and Perry.

MP:

Yes, sir.

Lynch:

Search the base! They gotta be around here somewhere!

MP:

Yes sir.

PA System (while all sorts of men are preparing to hunt for the team):

Security, this is a red alert. Code one. Red Alert. Security, this is a red alert. Code one. Red Alert. Security, this is a red alert. Code one. Red Alert.

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In Murdock's plane...

Murdock:

This is Kilo Charlie to Oscar Merlin One!

Amy:

Murdock, can't you just call me Amy?

Murdock:

No. It's not as much fun. Besides all these fighter guys have got crazy names... Now come on now... How about... Penny and I can be, "SKY KINGS!"

Amy:

Aren't you getting close, Murdock?

Murdock:

Song bird, banking low and out of sight!

In the other plane...

Hannibal:

There doesn't seem to be a place where a plane can land.

Briggs:

Two miles north of the drop zone is a dirt strip.

Mr. Perry:

If you're not there in four hours we're going to have to leave you.

Face:

And General Ludlum and his daughter right?

Mr. Perry:

I'm sorry but that's the way it has to be.

Hannibal:

Let's go!

Mr. Perry:

Good Luck.

Hannibal and Face push an unconscious BA out of the plane and pull his chord. They jump, and Briggs and Perry push out the crate of weapons and supplies.

In Murdock's plane...

Amy:

Murdock, Look!

Murdock:

That must be our guys!

Amy:

What in the world is going on?

Murdock:

Well, if I knew that I could run for office, we're going to have to ditch this plane... and go in after them. Sky King to Penny... May Day May Day!! We're going in!

Amy (watches him leave his seat, follows him):

Murdock! Going in what?

Murdock:

The plane is going in the ocean, and we're going in the jungle! Dive Dive! A wooga! A woogooga!

Amy:

Wait a minute... wait a minute... I don't have any idea, I don't have a parachute... I

Murdock:

Me Tarzan, you Jane! Dive, dive!

We see two figures jump from the plane.

Amy (screams):

Don't push!!!

Murdock yodels all the way down. The plane goes into the ocean. In the jungle, BA is laying unconscious on the ground. Face is beside him, enter Hannibal from the bushes...

Hannibal:

How's he doing?

Face:

He's coming to! We better get this chute off him! (groans) It's too late.

BA:

What's going on man!

Hannibal:

Shhh! There could be guerrillas anywhere around here.

BA:

Where are we?

Hannibal:

Borneo.

BA:

Where?

Face:

Borneo. You know, small island in the Western Pacific Ocean, divided between Malaysia, Indonesia and Brunet.

BA:

Are you sure?

Face:

Positive. I used to date a Geography major.

BA:

How'd we get here, man? (Hannibal starts to get up but BA grabs his arm.)

Hannibal:

The truth?

BA:

Yeah.

Face:

I think he wants the truth.

Hannibal:

The US Military pushed you out of an airplane.

Face:

That's right. Pushed all of us!

BA:

Hey man, the last thing I remember we was being detained by the MPs. We all were!
They don't throw you out of no airplane for robbing no bank of Hanoi.

Hannibal:

I'm afraid hey did. We told them that we wouldn't take the mission if you didn't come along! I think they spiked our milk.

Face:

And that's a terrible thing to do to something that babies drink.

Hannibal:

Come on. Get this equipment out, Rashum's men patrol this whole area. And keep it down!

Face:

Okay, Go!

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In a tree.... Amy is hanging my her parachute, Murdock is getting out of his in some nearby bushes...

Amy:

Help! Help! Murdock, Murdock! Murdock! Murdock! Get me down from here!

Murdock:

At Disneyland, People pay many for rides like that.

Amy:

Do you think you can please figure out how get me out of this thing.

Murdock:

Hold onto the straps there. (He releases her and helps her down.)

Amy:

Thanks.

Murdock:

We gotta tag up with Hannibal, BA and Face.

Amy:

You know, I don't understand any of this. First they're captured, then they fly halfway around the world. And then they bail out over Borneo.

Murdock:

Bail out over Borneo! It's Tracey and Hepburn, right? 1942. REO studios! Nominated for best musical in the jungle.

Amy:

What have you got?

Murdock:

I've got a flare gun, and I've got some smokes so we can signal Hannibal.

Amy:

Great, lets' go find the guys.

Murdock:

Okay.

Face is looking at the compound through binoculars.

Hannibal:

See anything?

Face:

Yeah, there's a large clearing about a quarter of a mile ahead. All I can see is the tops of buildings and the rotor of a chopper.

Hannibal:

No. We've only got two hours 'til sundown. No wonder those guys are in the state department. They don't know squat about timing on a rescue operation. We gotta hit the compound in daylight. Or we miss the ride out of here.

BA:

How we gonna do this Hannibal?

Hannibal:

Look. Briggs says this is the hut where they're holding General Ludlum. This, is Rashum's headquarters. That's our target. We get a hold of him, we control the game. Now the plan is your basic straight on, surprise, hit and run attack. If anything goes sour, we split up and rendezvous at the drop zone. Got it?

Face:

Wait!

BA:

This ain't much of a plan, Hannibal.

Hannibal:

Are you kidding? It's a classic! It's your half pincer movement inside a guarded perimeter. Tried and true, BA!

BA:

Man, he's on the jazz.

Face:

And we're in trouble.

The boys creep through the jungle towards the compound. Face grabs a guard, knocks him out. BA and Hannibal do the same to two more. They get closer. There are several armed men at the building they need to go to. Hannibal throws a grenade in the opposite direction. The armed men run toward it to investigate. They break through the door that was being guarded. It's a kitchen with de-feathered chickens hanging up around the place.

BA:

Hannibal! This doesn't look like Rashum's headquarters!

The guards return and aim their machine guns at them.

Face:

Hannibal, this might be a good time to call King Zex.

Rashum (enters):

Drop your guns.

(They drop their weapons.)

Arrest them. (exits)

BA:

Some classic half pincer movement!

Hannibal (taking a drink from a ladel):

Needs salt.

In the bushes, Amy and Murdock are lurking. They see Rashum's men leading the team away by gunpoint.

Murdock:

Looks like the A-Team's a few points behind at half time here. Hannibal probably tried getting in by hitting them with what he'd call a classic frontal assault with a half pincer movement.

Amy:

Is that what it was?

Murdock:

Nah! It's just reckless, but with Hannibal, reckless is sometimes the best thing. Course every once in a while it just doesn't work...

The team is escorted into a guarded room, where General Ludlum and his daughter are. She is applying a kerchief to his brow. He looks ill. They stand when the team arrives.

Hannibal:

General Ludlum.

General Ludlum:

That's right. My daughter, Kathy.

Daughter:

Hello.

Hannibal:

How do you do, ma'am.

Daughter:

Did the government send you here, hoping to help us?

Hannibal:

That's right ma'am. We got some real bad Intelligence And, ah... we wound up assaulting the kitchen, it was a heck of a battle.

Face:

Doesn't look like it's been too much fun.

Ludlum:

I remember you, you were one of my Colonels.

Hannibal:

That's right, sir.

Ludlum:

I remember you too.

BA:

Yeah, I busted your nose in 'Nam.

Ludlum:

March 15th, 1971

Face:

His attitude hasn't improved much.

Daughter:

They want to kill Dad! Rashum is power hungry and crazy. He wants the plans to the NATO missile sites.

Ludlum:

They're going to have to kill me, because I'm not talking.

Hannibal:

Now General, we're gonna need your cooperation when I come up with a plan to blow out of here. Now, it may not be too orthodox, but I'm not letting this Rashum off without sticking it in his ear.

Ludlum:

This place is too well fortified. We don't have any weapons... It's just wasting your time.

Rashum (enters with guards):

American Commanders illegally in my country without papers? (laughs) This will be an international incident.

Face:

What do you mean, 'international incident?' We heard that you had great potato soup, and we wanted to get some before it was all gone.

Rashum:

You're making very funny jokes. Now let me tell you your options.

Hannibal:

Please.

Rashum:

You will sign confessions stating that you're a guerrilla force illegally airlifted into my country. You will admit to crimes against my government and you will appear before the national press substantiating these charges. If you refuse to do so, you will be shot immediately.

Face:

Well... we get a trial don't we?

Hannibal:

Now, let me lay it out for you fellah.... We're not signing any confessions, we're not representatives of the US government. As a matter of a fact, we're fugitives in the United States. So you're going to have a little trouble making your fantasies stick.

Rashum:

Then you choose to die.

Face:

Now, what about that trial?

Rashum:

I find you guilty, you will be shot within the hour. (exits)

Hannibal:

Justice is a little swift around here isn't it?

Rashum (outside the building where they are being kept):

Martin! Prepare a firing squad.

Meanwhile, in nearby bushes...

Amy:

What are we going to do?

Murdock:

We're going to have to freelance some kind of plan.

Amy:

What?

Murdock:

Well... that's usually Hannibal's end of the stick. That chopper has gotta be the only way out of here!

In the building...

Hannibal:

Forget about the chopper, we haven't got a pilot!

BA:

Don't matter. I'll walk before I fly. Hannibal, look! That's a bunch of gasoline drums next to the ammo dump.

Hannibal:

That's what it is! That wasn't very bright, was it? Do you think we can puncture a hole in one of them, and leak a little?

BA:

Maybe.

Hannibal:

Come on! Now we've only got an hour... because Rashum is putting us in front of a firing squad. Now, I've got a plan. If it's gonna work, I've gotta get shot first.

BA:

Get up!

Ludlum:

What are you going to do?

Hannibal:

What the pentagon is paying us for! Be creative.

BA (Takes the bed frame out from under Ludlum):

It'll do.

Lots of close ups of the hands... The take apart the springs on the bed frame... They make a giant sling shot, very creatively.... Rashum and his men return.

Hannibal:

Here he comes!

Rashum:

You ready to confess?

Hannibal:

I already gave you my answer. We're Americans. We've got nothing to confess.

Rashum:

Then you're ready to die.

Hannibal:

Well, nobody's ever really ready but it comes with the territory.
(lights his cigar) Let's go!

Rashum:

You!

Face:

Me?

Hannibal:

Aye! Listen, dirtball... I'm in command here!
Keeping with military tradition, I get to go first.

Rashum:

Take him away. Your turn will come later.

Face (Being pulled out by the men... they all exit):

Weait...wait wait wait guys.... Let's talk about this! I'm not really with these guys!

Hannibal:

Get going BA!

Meanwhile, in the bushes...

Murdock:

Here, you take this (hand her the flare gun) When I throw one of these smoke flares, you run like a rabbit and don't look back...

He stops in mid-sentence as he sees Face being pulled out and placed in front of the firing squad.

Rashum's henchman:

All ready, sir!

Face:

I tell you, you've got the wrong guy!

Rashum:

Place him on his mark.

Face:

You're gonna hear from my senator about this!

In the building...

BA:

Okay. (He hooks up the giant slingshot.)

Outside, in front of the firing line...

Face:

Wait a minute... No last cigarette? Huh? Ah... come on. Just a cigarette?

Rashum:

Give him a cigarette.

Face:

Thanks. (Hannibal and BA are preparing...) My Brand (He gets a ciggie, it's lit for him and he takes a puff...). It's good. You know, you check the Genoeva Convention and I

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bet there's all sorts of stuff we're missing here, you know.... What about a special meal for the condemned man.... I didn't get that! No last requests! Not a one!

Hannibal:

Okay, BA, get their attention!

BA:

(The men and Rashum are distracted. Hannibal fires the screw into the barrel. It's a direct hit and fuel spills out.) Hey man! You can't do this! I'll make you pay! You can't get away with this here!

Rashum:

Proceed.

Henchman:

Prepare to fire!

Face notices the fuel leak. Amy and Murdock notice the fuel leak... of course, the bad guys don't. Face spits out the cigarette. It lands in the fuel and goes out. Face grimaces. So do Hannibal and BA from behind bars.

Henchman:

Take Aim! Fire!

Just then, Amy fires the flare gun into the fuel for a direct hit. It explodes.

Rashum:

Get the prisoner!

Amy fires again and ignites another explosion. Murdock lights the smoke bomb-thingy and tosses it. Hannibal and BA remove the door of the building they're in.

Hannibal:

Now don't get too close! (Men are running everywhere, it's very smoky.)
Get her in the chopper, General. (Hannibal is looking around through the smoke.)
Face!

Rashum hears Hannibal cry for Face and heads towards him with his gun drawn. Hannibal jumps up into a jeep and then flings himself down onto Rashum, knocking him down. They fight. He knocks Rashum out. Amy and Murdock head for the chopper. Face, whose hands are still tied, hides in front of a jeep and tries to cut his ropes off. Hannibal makes it to the chopper and makes sure everyone is in safely.

Hannibal:

Face!

BA stands in front of the chopper.

Hannibal:

Face!

Murdock:

BA, will you get in?

BA:

No, I'm ain't gonna fly!

Ludlum:

Is he kidding?

Hannibal:

No, he's afraid to fly.

Ludlum hits BA over the head with the gun and BA falls unconscious.

Hannibal:

I didn't know you had it in you, General!

Ludlum (Hannibal and the General pull BA into the chopper):

I've been waiting a long time for that!

The chopper begins to rise. It's still so smoky! Face is still trying to get his hands free.

Hannibal:

Get this bird up, Murdock!

Face is free! He fights with a bad guy, knocking him down.

Murdock (while preparing a gun):

Here you go Colonel!

Bad guys fire at the chopper. Hannibal fires back. Face gets up on a jeep and reaches up.

Face:

Over here!

Hannibal:

He's over there!

Rashum's man grabs Face's legs and holds on as he is trying to reach up into the helicopter that Murdock has gotten just low enough. Face grabs on and is pulled out of reach. They fly away. Hannibal still fires. Later in the van, Amy is reading the paper.

Amy:

A-Team escapes again! Not a bad headline, huh?

Hannibal:

Thanks, Amy.

BA:

Hey man, I don't know why everyone's getting the big thrill about reading the name in the paper. I've always thought we was to be a low profile outfit.

Face:

BA, if everybody thinks we're still in prison noone's will try to hire us. A little advertising to let people know were out there.

BA:

Hey man, if people know we on the street then Col. Lynch know we on the street. He already caught us once. We're getting pretty sloppy around here.

Amy:

Come on, BA. Just take a minute and try and relax and enjoy. We got out of Borneo alive.

BA:

Yeah, we did, didn't we?

Face:

Barely.

Murdock:

You guys can relax later. I've gotta get back to Bozo's Barracks for my self realization class. I've been practicing my psychic image, my self esteem and a little bit of that I'm okay your okay stuff.

BA:

You ain't even close to being okay.

Murdock:

Thanks BA. An honest friend, is indeed a friend to the end.

Hannibal:

Okay, let's get Murdock home. It's okay BA, it'll take Lynch at least a couple of weeks to get on our trail again.

In a MP car...

Lynch:

I don't get this at all. I mean, it takes me ten years to catch the A-Team, it gets kicked upstairs by a couple of guys I don't even know.... And not only that, the pentagon disevals any knowledge of Mr. Perry and Major Briggs. And I have to read it in the paper that the A-Team is back on the streets. It'll take me months to... Wait a minute!
(He sees the van drive by them.)
Go! Go! GO! GO!

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In the van...

BA:
Weeks, huh?

Freeze on Hannibal smiling with a cigar in his hand.