

The Out-of-Towners

New York street. A man (Mr. Daniels) locks up his shop. People are walking on the street. A kid (Nickey) is shining a man's shoes.

Nickey:

There you go Mister. Better than if you bought a new pair. (The man pays him and exits)

Mr. Loski (comes out of his store and walks up to Nickey):

Hey Nickey, It's getting late. You better be getting home before it gets dark, huh?

Nickey:

Yeah sure (we hear tires squealing) But didn't you want me to help you bring up some cartons from the storeroom?

Mr. Loski:

Oh no!

A black, sinister-looking car has driven up.

Mr. Loski:

No, not now. Tomorrow...tomorrow... Go on now! Git! Get out of here! Go on!

Nickey starts packing up his things and Mr. Loski disappears into the shop. A tall man, Digger, gets out of the car and makes his way to Nickey while a thug with a shaved head, Scully, makes his way into the store. Inside the car a man, Charlie, watches. By his side, a beautiful woman powders her nose and admires herself in her compact.

Digger:

Hey kid, are you any good?

Nickey:

I'm supposed to be getting home.

Digger (hands Nickey a bill):

C'mon, let's see some service, man.

Digger looks around, watching for something. Inside the shop, Scully has Mr. Loski in the storeroom, he's getting rough...

Scully:

I told you what would happen if you call the cops on me.

Mr. Loski:

I won't say a word. I won't say it...

Scully:

I know, I know...

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When Nickey hear Mr. Loski crying out in pain, he makes a mistake with the shoe shine polish and gets some on Digger's sock.

Digger:

Watch what you're doing punk!

Nickey:

Mr. Loski!

He hits Nickey hard, knocking him to the ground. Nickey's bleeding. They hear cries coming from the shop. Digger angrily kicks apart the shoeshine stand and Scully rushes out and ushers Digger back to the car. Nickey runs into the shop where the shopkeeper is crying out.

Nickey:

Mr. Loski! Take it easy, Mr. Loski, take it easy!

Scully gets in the driver's seat of the car and they drive off, but not before running over what's left of the shoeshine stand.

LA airport...

Hannibal, Murdock and BA are going through security. They place their bags on the counter and go through the metal detector. It rings as BA walks through it.

Security Guard (Stops BA):

Pardon me, sir... Do you have any metallic... (Amazed at the amount of jewelry) objects on your person?

Murdock (going up behind the guard):

I bet this is this a first for you?

BA just looks at the guard. A little later, Hannibal was walking along but he has to go back a few steps to help Murdock pull BA along.

Hannibal:

We'll miss the flight, BA.

BA:

Good. Cause I don't want to do this anyway. I'm sorry, Hannibal. I said I'd try, but I just can't.

Hannibal (stopping and turning towards him):

Now you said you'd give it a shot! You'll learn to love flying.

Murdock (flailing his arm about):

Soaring among the clouds! Soaring! Soaring! Soar (hits a man walking by) Sorry.

Hannibal (ushers them to keep moving):

Now if you weren't going to go, Face could have scammed us a jet and Murdock could have flown us. And we'd be saving \$2500 in expenses. Now, he booked us on a commercial flight because you said you would fly if it wasn't Murdock at the controls.

Murdock (stops them):

You didn't tell me he said that. You said you'd fly with another pilot but not me? You said that?

BA (moves right into his face):

Yeah!

PA Announcement:

Flight 403 to New York, now boarding at gate 20.

Murdock:

Wise choice (moves away quickly)

Hannibal:

They're boarding. (Hands BA something) Here, swallow.

BA:

What are these? I don't take no pills.

Hannibal:

They're for airsickness. They're not prescription, they're off the shelf... Just a precaution.

BA:

You better not be trying to drug me, Hannibal!

Hannibal:

Why would I try to drug you when you already agreed to fly? I'm looking out for you. Forget 'em! Get sick!

BA takes them after all and bends down to get a drink of water from the fountain. BA hears a plane start up, he moves to the window to watch. He looks frightened. Hannibal and Murdock come up behind him and pull him away. They are now literally pushing him down the hall.

BA:

No! No! I ain't going!

Murdock:

Oh BA! Don't be that way! The whole thing will go by just like (snaps his fingers) that.

BA:

The flight is six hours, man!

Murdock:

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Once you're up there, it's nothing! It's the take off that's the worst part. That's when the gasses start pouring over the wings...

Hannibal:
Murdock!

Murdock:
...and one spark and the whole thing could just (makes an explosion noise). But believe me we'd never feel that one.

BA struggles and pulls himself free. He starts running away.

Hannibal:
BA!

Murdock:
Hannibal, you should have drugged him.

BA starts running crooked, towards the wall. He has to hold on to the wall to keep upright.

Hannibal:
4, 3, 2, 1

BA falls to the floor unconscious.

Murdock:
Air sickness pills!

Hannibal:
A good leader prepares for every contingency.

They walk over to BA and each grab an arm. A man is watching.

Hannibal:
Ahhh... Excuse me.

They drag BA out of there. The plane takes off and lands in New York.

PA:
Flight 122 from Las Angeles, now arriving at gate 6.

Hannibal is writing a note which reads: "TRUDY 555-6969 DON'T FORGET TO CALL!!!" He draws a heart on it. He joins BA and Murdock.

Hannibal:
You okay BA?

BA:
Yeah, I guess so.

Hannibal:

You know, they say these thing makes ya drowsy. But I told you not to take two more over Chicago.

BA:

Over Chicago? Where are we?

Murdock(sings):

I'll take Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten ah ah ah ah

BA:

We're in New York?

Hannibal:

Slept like a baby in his mother's arms.

BA:

Man, whatcha talking about? I don't remember getting on no airplane! Or falling asleep either.

Hannibal (puts the note in BA's front pocket):

Well... (Holds up the bottle of pills) no more of these for you!

Murdock:

I suppose you don't remember that sweet little thing over there either, huh? Mmm oh boy mmm, If she would have given me her number and said call me, I'd remember.

BA:

Her number? (Hannibal taps on BA's pocket, he reaches in hi pocket and pulls out Hannibal's note)

Hannibal:

For a guy who doesn't like to fly, you sure did it right.

BA:

Man, I still don't remember.

Murdock:

Didn't Face say he was going to meet us here? (As they walk by a man, he pulls down the paper he was reading, IT'S FACE!)

Face:

Yeah, that's what he said. (Opening the cab door for them) How was the flight?

BA:

Yeah, I guess. You drivin'?

Face:

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When in Rome... Hannibal said we're following the gopher back to his hole in this operation, so I figure if you're going to tail somebody in New York, they'll never suspect a taxi.

They pull up to the street that we recognize from the beginning of the episode.

Face (getting out of the cab):

Well, this is it! (They all get out and follow him into a little store that has a banner on it which reads, 'Opening soon.') What do you think?

Amy:

Hi guys! Welcome to New York, did you have a good trip?

BA:

Not bad.

Face (puts his arm around a petite brunette who is there as well):

Guys, I would like you to meet Tracey Richter. Tracey, I would like you to meet my team. Hannibal Smith.

Hannibal:

Hello.

Tracey:

Hi.

Face:

Howling Mad Murdock.

Murdock (takes off his cap):

Howdy Doody.

Face:

And BA Baracus. Tracey and her mom have the bakery across the street. Best danish in the city.

Tracey:

Thanks for coming here to help us.

BA:

Man, this place is full of junk.

Face:

BA, I didn't exactly come here with a bankroll. I had to lease this store and it really set me back.

Meanwhile Murdock's attention is drawn to an old broken TV set. There's nothing on the screen but snow.

Face:

So I had to scrounge most of this stuff out of junkyards and second hand shops.

Murdock has turned his sunglasses upside down and backwards. He is holding it like a magnifying glass and watching the television intently while chewing gum. BA reaches to turn the channel. Murdock slaps his hand away.

Murdock:

Hey man, I was watching first. You make me miss the best part.

He continues to watch it. BA walks around him and turns the channel.

Murdock:

Awww! Mm... No, no, no... This is good too! Watch this!

He tries to hold the glasses up to BA's eye. BA slaps it away. Tracey is watching, interested.

Face:

BA, you wanna come back here? (They disappear into the backroom.)

Tracey (to Amy):

Your friend sure has a weird sense of humour.

Amy:

Yeah, he has a weird sense of something. (Murdock looks up at her through the glasses)

BA:

Face, we're gonna need a monitor that works.

Face (pointing):

Check those out, may be a little better.

Hannibal:

Face, you got anything for me?

Face:

Well... (Lifts up a sheet to reveal a lot of weapons)

Hannibal (picking one up and having it break on him):

These things look like junk. Are these things gonna work?

Face:

Who knows?

Hannibal:

Oh, wonderful.

Face:

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Best I could do. I, ah, got it all out of this (Holds up the magazine, 'Mercenary Quarterly' and reveals an ad that reads 'Parliamentary Ordnance BE READY FOR WHEN THEY LAND Big Auction CASH ONLY') Ever meet any of these guys waiting for the world to end?

Hannibal:

Yeah.

Face:

Yeah? Weird. Anyway, it's all I could get, which wasn't easy, most of the other buyers were plain-clothes cops: snapping pictures and taking down names.

Hannibal:

They better work. (Head back into the main store) Better start laying the cable, BA, for the camera. And we hafta find another location for the monitoring.

Tracey:

We own the bakery across the street, I'm sure you can use that if you can convince my mother and the others still hire you.

Hannibal:

Still hire us?

Face:

Yeah... ah... Amy... explained it all when she called you yesterday, right?

Amy (looking guilty):

No. I didn't get a chance to call.

Face:

Didn't get a chance to call?

Amy:

Alright, I just didn't call. One of the storeowners Mr. Loski, got beat up yesterday just before Face and I arrived. He's in the hospital. And hurt pretty badly. So the other storeowners are scared and having second thoughts about hiring us.

BA:

Hey, man! If they decide this yesterday... Maybe I didn't have to fly. Even though flyin' not that bad.

Amy:

Look. These guys are taking money from these people... In exchange for not destroying their shops or hurting their families. They need help, Hannibal!

Face:

Yeah, it's the... ah... whole protection racket.

Tracey:

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They're taking so much money from us now, I don't think we can afford to keep the store open another month.

Amy:

These people are frightened. Someone has to do something for them.

Later that evening, all the street storeowners gathered at the Team's shop.

Bernie:

They beat up Mr. Loski and they broke Mr. Daniels' fingers. I don't care if you came all the way from Las Angeles, you should go home Mr. Smith. We have her already enough trouble. Why would we want to make them more trouble for ourselves?

Mr. Daniels:

Bernie, they busted up my place twice and they've taken my money for months. Now yesterday, they took my display case and threw it right out of the window. And when I told them that I wasn't going to take it anymore, that felt great.

Bernie:

Yeah, and then they broke your fingers, huh? Until next time they may break your neck.

Hannibal:

Next time it won't be anything, if we go to work Mr. Shutzman.

BA:

(Sees Nickey begin to leave.) Hey little brother, where you going? (Notices the mark and bandage on Nickey's face.) Who hit you?

Nickey:

That creep, Digger. When I got some polish on his sock. He went nuts! Threw my shoeshine box out into the street, busted it up good. He didn't even pay me for the shine.

Bernie:

You see, you see... even the young boy! That's how these monsters treat people. You want us to fight them? Huh? We don't even know who they are, who send them, where they come from...

Mrs. Richter:

Mr. Smith, when Stan went to LA to find you, your contact quoted a very expensive price. Well, anything is worth it to get rid of these leeches, but we haven't got anything left to pay you with.

BA:

Whatchoo say little man?

Nickey:

I busted my buns saving up for that shoebox. It took me a month, this is all I got left, every cent but I want to pitch in to help.

BA:

\$3.68, that just about covers our fee. (Looks to Hannibal, who nods in agreement.)

Bernie:

And if you fail! Then things will be worse.

Amy:

They won't fail. I've seen what they can do. They won't.

Hannibal:

Then it's all agreed? (They discuss – sounds like mumbles.)

Bernie:

Yeah, yeah...

Hannibal:

Tomorrow is the grand opening. (Laughter.)

The sinister car drives up. Scully and Digger step out of the car and head into the grocery store. Nickey nods to BA, who is sitting in a cab across the street. BA picks up the CB. Amy is pushing a baby carriage, but her radio is beneath the blankets...

BA:

It's them Amy, inside the grocery store. If it starts to look bad, let me know and I'll be in there.

Inside, Digger pushes Mr. Daniels out of the way and empties the cash register.

Daniels:

Hey wait a minute! That's my whole weeks!

Digger:

Interest, brother, interest! When you pull Scully and me down here to remind you that you're overdue, then we have to charge you for personalized service. Next time keep your own calendar! (He grabs Daniel's fingers and squeezes.)

Daniels:

OW!

Digger:

It's cheaper all around!

They cause some damage, including punching Daniels in the back and then leave. Daniels is left wincing in pain.

Amy (into the radio):

BA! They're heading towards Hannibal's shop. (She exchanges looks with BA)

In the bakery, Tracey walks right by Face in order to bring Murdock coffee.

Tracey:

Fresh coffee, sweet and light.

Face:

Thanks! (Notices she passed by him.)

Murdock (smiles at her in appreciation):

You know, I think we were getting a better picture on this yesterday before BA messed with it.

Tracey:

Isn't he just wonderful?

Face (reaches to get his own coffee):

Wonderful?

Amy (over the radio):

Face! Murdock! They're headed towards Hannibal's shop.

On the monitor, they watch the goons enter the shop.

Hannibal (in costume as a little, old, blind, 'foreign' man):

Good day. Good day.

Scully:

We're looking for the man that owns this joint.

Hannibal:

Da! Yaw! That's me! Yaw! Uh... May I be of an assistance please.

Digger:

You gotta be kidding! This blind dude fixin' TVs?

Hannibal:

Oh... My nephew helps with that. He is not here today but you can leave with me your television and tell me your problem.

Digger:

We don't have any problems, we're insurance salesmen.

Hannibal:

Insurance? Uh... thank you. I have insurance.

Scully:

Not the kind we have, pop. (knocks over a shelving unit)

Hannibal:

What was that?

Digger:

That's my buddy knocking over some of your goodies.

Hannibal:

Uh... I hope he isn't hurt. (Scully smashes a TV) Uh! What's going on here?

Digger:

Listen to what I'm talking about. Lord knows what can happen to somebody like you who ain't got the right kind of insurance. Now we've got great monthly rates, check it out with your friends on the street.

Hannibal:

I never heard of such a thing! I come here to work, to do business...

Digger:

Look, we got a special introductory rate! One grand down and you get the last month free...

Hannibal:

I wasn't here last month...

Digger:

That's it! (Smashes his fist down.)

Back at the bakery...

Murdock (as the TV goes on the fritz):

Houston, we have a problem.... So much for videotaping one of these guys!

Tracey:

What are you doing?

Face (As he disconnects the TV, picks it up and runs out the door with it):

I can't leave Hannibal with no contact!

Murdock and Tracey follow Face out.

Scully:

There's only a hundred and ten bucks here.

Digger:

Less than our usual down payment, but we take installments... We'll be back for the other eight hundred in two days.

Hannibal:

Two days?

Digger:

And so you won't forget... Scully is gonna mark your calendar for you (laughs)

Scully:

One, Two (punches him twice)

Face (comes in quickly):

Boy! I will never know why they call these things portable... they're so god darn heavy.
Give me a hand with this!

He tries to hand Scully the TV, instead the big, bald man throws it through the window and it crashes on the street. Digger throws Face down onto the overturned rack. The two goons leave and get into their car. BA pulls out and follows them in the taxi.

Later...

Murdock:

What's the point of surveillance? What's the pint of protection, man!

Mrs. Richter (enters quickly):

What happened?

Amy:

Cracked rib...

Mrs. Richter:

Good Lord! I don't understand, I thought that you were supposed to be able to handle yourselves.

Hannibal:

I think I did very well considering the circumstances.

Murdock:

Oh you could have handles those bags of gristle, what do you let them...

Hannibal:

They're just hired muscle Murdock. I had to let them go so that BA could follow them back to their home base...

Face (holding up a broken pinky):

I suppose a doctor is out of the question?

Hannibal (groaning):

I'm fine. I love it when a plan comes together.

BA (in the cab, into the CB):

They stopped off and robbed some storekeepers in three other neighbourhoods. We moving uptown now! Passing 86 Street.

BA follows them to a club, they go in while he waits outside.

Lady:

Charlie, you keep saying we're going but we don't! I wanna show you that dress they have before they sell it to somebody else. But it's this then it's that then it's just a sec...

Charlie:

Give me a second, baby. I've got business here.

Lady:

(Sees Digger and Scully enter) Oh! Now we're really not going anywhere.

Digger (Hands Charlie an envelope with the cash):

Made the run down on the East Side, no problem... There's a new fish opened up a shop down on Delancey Street: a blind dude.

Charlie:

Was he civic minded enough to, ah, join the neighbourhood community chest?

Digger:

Oh yes, we're going to get back to him in a couple of days and get another contribution.

Lady:

Charlie, you promised.

Charlie:

Oh, give it a rest will ya baby? Go to the powder room. (She sighs) Find a run in your stocking or something, huh? Let me check this out here.

BA walks in.

Scully:

Hold it right there buddy, we don't open 'til four.

BA:

Say, Jack... I'm a cab driver, I've come in here to pick up a fare. (Flirtatiously to the lady) Say, you need a lift?

Lady:

Uh... Look, Charlie, if you're going to be busy, I can go shopping alone.

Charlie:

You're not going anywhere, Sweetheart. Nobody called for any cab, so beat it.

BA and the lady are exchanging 'smothering' glances. As he leaves, he winks at her and then smiles. She is obviously impressed with it.

Charlie:

Hey! What are you... ah... What are you smiling at?

Lady:

Nothing! It's a crime to smile?

Charlie:

Unless I say otherwise...

BA makes it back to the cab and to a parking ticket. He crumples it up and throws it in the backseat. He picks up the CB.

BA:

The Sugar Hill Night Club on 89th Street.

Hannibal (over the radio):

Okay, BA, bring it on back.

In the backroom of the store...

Amy:

The Sugar Hill Club belongs to one Charles F. Struthers, otherwise known as EAST SIDE CHARLIE and I ran the plates on the car, and they are registered to the club. I also had a friend of mine at the New York Times put Struthers through the police computer. He was arrested several times when he was younger, but just some minor offenses, ahh... breaking a couple of windows, joy-riding... Later on he was associated with a number of underworld figures and it is believed that he is a major operator on running numbers, loan sharking and extortion. But he knows how to keep his own hands clean, so no convictions or arrests.

Hannibal:

Sounds like a helluva guy!

BA:

Man, I wanna go up there, grab this dude by his heels, turn him upside down and shake all the money out of his pockets that he owe these people.

Hannibal:

And what fun is there in that? I think we ought to give Mr. Struthers a whiff of his own cologne.

Murdock:

Now, Hannibal, this sounds like one of those plans. And whenever we use one of those plans, somebody always gets mad at us.

Hannibal:

Yeah.

BA:

What kind of tricks you up to now?

Hannibal:

I think I hear one of them coming now. Take a look.

Face is pulling up outside with a garbage truck. He parks in front of the store. They all come out to see.

Hannibal:

Aaaaah! Surprise.

BA:

A garbage truck?

Amy:

It sure is!

Nickey:

How you gonna get our money back with a garbage truck?

Hannibal:

Wait and see, Nickey! Wait and see. It's nice, Face, nice. (Opens it) It's empty!

Face:

You told me you wanted a garbage truck. Do you know what I went through to get this garbage truck?

Hannibal:

I didn't say I wanted it empty. Now, what good is it empty?

Face:

Now, how am I supposed to know that?

Hannibal:

Face, I need garbage. And I don't just mean any garbage.

Face:

Nah, you need a specific kind of garbage.

Hannibal:

When I say garbage, I mean garbage. Dirty garbage.

Amy:

Most garbage is dirty, Hannibal. That's why they call it garbage.

Murdock (He has his arm lovingly around Tracey):

Nah, he means real garbage.

BA:

Only a sucker like you would understand garbage.

Face:

Garbage! First I gotta take the cab back.

Hannibal:

Why?

Face:

For the night shift... (Yells) How do you think I got it? I had to dummy a hack license and take a job. Hannibal, you want all these things: a taxicab, garbage truck, TV store... You know, I don't keep all this stuff in a coffee can in my backyard, you know!

Murdock:

Just – just- just take it easy, Face. Take it easy. BA and I will take care of the garbage detail 'cause I know exactly what Hannibal wants. First we gonna hit the Industrial areas, and then we gonna hit restaurant row! They got great garbage. (To Tracey) I shall return. Garbage Ho! Ho! Ho!

As he is speaking he pushes BA towards the truck and pulls Tracey along with them by the hand. BA climbs in, he grabs onto the side and gallantly points forward like he's on a royal mission. In between each, 'Ho!' they play a Calvary charge in the background as BA tries to start the truck unsuccessfully twice and then finally it starts. He leaves Tracey behind. They drive off.

Later in an alley...

Murdock:

Oh! Bogey on the right! Bogey on the right! We are in target range of some hellacious garbage, man!

BA:

Shut up, Murdock!

Murdock:

Mmmm... Yes indeedy. The thing I like about the A-Team is you get a chance at such diversity. Career diversity.

BA:

We're garbage men, fool.

Murdock jumps out and loads the stuff into the Dumpster. He looks into a bag with interest.

Murdock (French accent?):

Ooh la la! It's just like mama used to make! BA! Zees is garbage! Smell zees! An ambrosio delight for your ol' factory system! Oh, man, that was the best load yet! Wait! (pause) Wait a minute! The nose knows. Hang a right, we got another one coming up!

BA:

Man, how do you put up with yourself?

Murdock:

It's difficult at times. (Sings as they drive off: La la la la la la! A right! A right!)

At the Sugar Hill Club, Face and Hannibal (in character) walk in. A waiter comes up to them.

Waiter:

Gentlemen, there will be no tables available until the night.

Hannibal:

We would like to see Her Struthers... We fixes TVs.

Scully:

It's the blind guy from the TV shop on Delancey.

Digger:

I wonder how he found us.

Hannibal:

Uh... Her Struthers? I believe we have some business to attend.

Digger:

Hey, pops, will you leave Mr. Struthers alone, okay?

Hannibal:

Oh. Ah... my nephew and I... we would like to have you have your men not coming down to Delancey Street and extorting money from all of the shopkeepers.

Charlie:

Am I supposed to know what you are talking about?

Face:

He doesn't know what you are talking about, uncle.

Hannibal:

Oh, I'll explain... Your men... They come down and they threaten to hurt, and kill my friends if they don't pay.

Charlie:

Digger, look! Will you do me a favour? Give this gentleman and his nephew a drink and put them at one of those tables.

Hannibal (taps his cane):

We didn't come here to drink Her Struthers.

Charlie:

What did you come here for?

Face:

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Well, altogether, including moneys unjustly appropriated, interest, damages, incidentals, oh and a minor fee for our collection service...\$166 200.

Hannibal:

Yaw...

Face:

Yeah. Oh, that's rounded off to the nearest hundred.

Hannibal:

Yaw!

Charlie:

Oh. You think my guys and I have been taking money from some fruit peddlers and you expect that I should pay it back.

Hannibal:

Yaw! If you would be so kind!

They all laugh.

Charlie:

Well... I wanna tell you I... I don't carry that kind of money with me and even if I had, I wouldn't be able to pay it back to you this particular moment.

Hannibal (slaps the glass out of his hand with the cane):

Don't take my proposal too lightly.

Charlie (Grabs the cane and throws it on the floor):

Listen, what do you want?

Hannibal:

(Lifts the glasses on to his head) 166 200 bucks (Fires the machine-gun and shoots up the bar) Now that I got your attention, I'll lay it out for ya. You get one more trip downtown, ONE! (Pulls off his fake mustache) And that's to pay back all the money you took from those people on Delancey, Howston and Bleeker Streets.

Face:

Just so you don't forget the figure. (Rips off a page from his notepad and hands it to him) Delancey, noon tomorrow... We'll have the soup line, you bring the bread...

Hannibal:

You got any idea when garbage day is around here, Struthers?

Face:

Aw, come on fellah, don't be like that! When's trash pick up around here?

Charlie:

Um... Tomorrow.

Hannibal:

Tomorrow, you and I have an appointment, just so that you don't forget, I thought that I would mark your calendar for ya.

Face presses a button on a signal device. The garbage truck reverses, crashing through the wall and unloads all the garbage into the club. Murdock pops out from behind a curtain with a machine gun.

Charlie:

You're nuts, man!

Murdock (Some type of accent?):

I am the one who is nuts, man. (Fires gun) Right over here.

BA enters. The bartender grabs a gun and jumps out. BA stops him and throws him into the truck and onto the garbage.

Hannibal:

(Shoots up the bar some more) Drinks are on the house!

Murdock:

(imitating Porky Pig) bda-bda-bda-bda-that's all, folks.

They all run out. Hannibal keeps the gun pointed on them but grabs onto the garbage truck. It pulls away. The bad guys are all on the floor staring in disbelief.

Charlie:

Get those suckers! The guys that get them stays alive! I want those guys!

Digger:

We'll get them Charlie, just take it light!

Charlie:

Take it light! Take it light! They come up here and make a fool out of me in my own place and you're telling me to take it light?

Scully:

So far, it looks like about 20 Gs in damage, Charlie.

Charlie:

A bunch of penniless... Hired gunslingers to do this to me!

Digger:

It had to be a setup. Those guys couldn't be TV storeowners.

Charlie:

No kidding! Look, I want the whole street. Get Floyd and get Ripper. We're gonna go up there, early in the morning when they open shop... We gonna have us a block party.

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Back at Delancey Street...

Hannibal sets up roadblocks on the street. They begin to work on building stuff. There are a lot of close ups on their hands. They weld, they assemble dynamite, etc.

BA:

Okay, Face. It's hooked up. String the wire.

More work, a lot of lifting... The local shopkeepers help. They move out the garbage truck. The women are hard at work, with ribbons and soda? Looks like they're making fuses for petrol bombs. No idea what Tracey dumps in the tub, though.

Bernie:

Looks like we are preparing for war.

Hannibal:

Could be we are.

Bernie:

Tell me something, you are not really sure that you can get him to pay us back. Which means that you are not sure that you will be paid. So tell me why are you doing this?

Hannibal:

Anyone can spend their afternoons playing golf, but don't you think that this is more fun?

Bernie chuckles and exits. Charlie, Scully and Digger jog to their sinister car. Face is across the street in the cab watching.

Face (into the CB):

I got them coming out. And they don't look like they woke up on the right side of the bed, fellas.

Hannibal:

Stay with them kid. Let me know if they pick up reinforcements.

Face:

Auf Wiedersehen (German for "Goodbye").

Fare (climbs in the back of the cab):

A hundred and forty ninth, and move it.

Face:

I'm sorry, I'm not on duty.

Fare:

You are now! I'm late and I gotta get where I am going and you're gonna take me there.

Face:

I... I...uh... I can't. If you want to report me to the hack commission...

Fare:

Hit it Jack! Before I come up there and hit your face.

Face:

Oh great.

The sinister car begins to drive off. Face takes off following the car, with the fare in his backseat.

Hannibal (on the city street, talking to the people):

I want everybody to get up into their rooms and keep your heads down, you'll be safe there. Right away! (He goes into the shop)

Face is still tailing the car with the goons in it.

Fare:

You're supposed to go to 149th! That's right!

Face:

And I told you! I'm off duty! Now, c'mon! Give me a break!

Fare:

I'll break your face, man. How about that?

Face:

Not the face.

Fare:

See, I told ya, 149th! (Presses a button which locks all the doors) What the heck is that? Huh?

Face:

Safety locks. It can only be opened and closed by the driver to protect people like me from people like you!

Fare:

I get out of here and you're dead meat, man! Dead meat!

Face:

And people say that cabbies are rude. (Picks up the CB) Aahh... Hannibal, I got them coming East on...

Fare:

Dead, man! You're dead!

Face:

Hey! Hey! I'm trying to have a conversation up here!

Hannibal:
What was that?

Face:
Oh, it's... ah... nothing. Struthers is coming East on 6th. If he was picking up back up he would have done it by now. (The fare is making a lot of noise and kicking the screen.)

Hannibal:
Well, it's show time kid, get back here on the double.

Face:
Yeah, right! Firing retro rockets.
(Passes the car and heads back to Delancey)

Charlie (in the sinister car):
That's the cab that's been following us all day? (Digger nods) Okay. Call in the boys.

Digger does so and we see about a dozen men run out, hop in cars and tear out of the parking lot. Face smashes the road barriers at Delancey. He gets out of the cab.

Fare:
Hey! Hey! Unlock this damn thing and let me out of here!

Face:
Believe me, you'll be safer in there. And I'd stay down if I were you.

Fare:
Hey!

The sinister car pulls up and the goons get out. The shopkeepers watch from their windows.

Charlie (yells):
Okay! You send a few bozos to my club. You dump garbage on my place, and you think that's a big laugh! Well, I'm gonna show you what a real mess is! I'm gonna make you pay! I'm gonna take this out on your hide!

The other cars with goons arrive. They get out, armed.

Hannibal (looking through the window and then speaks into the radio):
Face, we got a couple of uninvited guests! And they brought party-favours! I thought you said there was only one car?

Face (from a window up above):
Even when they play dirty, they play dirty.

Hannibal:
Yeah, but we play dirtier. (Goes outside to Charlie) What's the matter? Your watch stop? You're early!

Charlie:

You got a lot of wise lip responses, don't ya? I hope everyone knows that I'm gonna wipe out this neighbourhood and flush it down the sewer! What's your wise lip response to that?

Hannibal:

\$166 200. That will buy you a safe trip out of here.

Charlie:

Well, buy this!

Hannibal:

You're really a Jamoke.

Charlie:

Okay, do it.

Digger and Scully start firing their weapons. The other bad guys start as well. Hannibal disappears back into the store. He comes out firing a machine gun. The fare in the cab ducks and hides.

Face (From a balcony, lights the explosives the girls made and tosses it towards the bad guys):
Bombs away!

There is a lot of gunfire. Face continues to throw explosives. We see Murdock pop up and down from behind a wall several times. Then he tiptoes out into the street. He is wearing a metal barrel to provide him cover from the gunfire. He puts on some earmuffs. Then he pops up and fires his machine gun and goes back in. He repeats this. More gunfire, explosions a bad guy gets tossed through a flower shop window because of the explosions! A bad guy tries to get away in the car, or maybe go somewhere else for a better shot? BA starts the garbage truck up. He accelerates right into the car, pushing it into another. The second flips up. He reverses then goes back in, crushing the cars against one another.

BA:

Throw out your guns!

A bad guy jumps into another car's window as it drives by. It narrowly misses Murdock in his earmuffs and barrel, luckily he manages to tiptoe out of the way just in time. Face throws another explosive. The car flips.

Face:
Bullseye!

Murdock returns to the road in his barrel to continue firing. The sinister car zooms towards him. It hits him. You hear Murdock scream as he is thrown in the barrel. Amy activates another explosive that goes off under the sinister car. It flips. She screams in victory!

Amy:
Yeah! Woo! (Runs to Murdock, helps him out of the barrel, gingerly holds his head)
Murdock!

Murdock:
I guess I bobbed when I should have weaved.

Hannibal:
(To the three main bad guys) Drop it! Okay! Across the street! In the cab! Move!

BA (grabs Digger and throws him against a wall):
C'mon man! C'mon, c'mon! (Sees Nickey watching) Next time pick on someone your own size! (Punches him out)

Face (opens up the back door of the cab for the bad guys, and the petrified fare runs out of there):
Don't ask?

Charlie:
Where are we going?

Hannibal:
Uptown to your office to look ion the safe. \$166 200, remember?

Face:
Hannibal, I know you love it when a plan comes together.

Later, on Delancey Street...

Hannibal:
We better get going. Sooner or later, Struthers is going to convince the cops that it wasn't a bunch of storekeepers that wrapped him up.

Tracey:
Too bad you have to go.

Face (starts moving closer to Tracey, looking at her with the big eyes and toothy grin):

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Well, actually I usually stay behind. You know, uh... handle any clean up necessary: return the taxi, garbage truck, any other loose ends... So I will probably be here at least another couple of days.

Murdock (rushes up to Tracey and puts arm around her):

That's great! I'm staying too! Tracey is going to show me all around New York. (Takes a spare cap out of his pocket that looks identical to his and gives it to her. She puts it on, they both giggle, and looks up at him, entranced.) She's gonna show me Central Park, the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building, you know where that big, hairy ape got it. (He makes gun fire noises and Ape noises and simultaneously acts out a gun firing and the ape dying, he and Tracey giggle again).

Face:

I... uh... think I'll pass.

Hannibal:

That puts us back on a commercial flight. Is that good with you, BA?

BA:

No it ain't! I called that stewardess, it was a recording for dial a joke!

Hannibal:

You called that number? That isn't fair!

BA:

You're right! And we gonna talk about this man!

Nickey:

Later, BA, we're going to miss visiting hours.

BA:

You lucky we going to the hospital to visit Mr. Loski. And tell him how Nickey helped get his money back.

Hannibal:

(To Amy) Well, it looks like it's you and me kid!

Amy:

Sorry, I got an appointment too. You know that friend of mine at the TIMES? He's an old boyfriend I haven't seen for a few years and some of that magic may still be happening.

Hannibal:

How about a ride to the airport, Face?

Face:

Uh... Sorry Hannibal, but I gotta get this back for the night shift.

Amy:

Oh, c'mon! You can drop me off at the TIMES.

BA:

Maybe you can drop us off at the hospital.

Face:

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! I'd like to give all you guys a lift, but I'm going to have hell to pay.

You know, I've been pushing this hack for two days without putting up much on the meter so... uh...I'm already scheduled for a real chewing out from that dispatcher when I clock out tonight.

Another cab pulls out and a beautiful lady climbs out.

Amy:

Getting friendly with the rest of the cabbies, Face?

Face:

Well, they've been kind of short of drivers so she's been helping out behind the wheel.
That's the dispatcher!

Freeze on Face's smile.