

## PROS AND CONS

*We see a barn in the middle of nowhere. There are all sorts of trucks and cars parked outside. Inside here is a huge crowd in bleachers screaming, holding money in their fists and cheering. In the middle of the barn is a white man and a black man, chained together by their left hands, fighting. A man in an official-looking police-like uniform is video taping the fight and the man beside him in plain clothes, is the "Warden," he is watching and cheering right along with the crowd.*

### WARDEN BEAL

Maim him! Let's go. Jase, maim him!

### TRASK

He's going down, Warden. This time, Ol' Jase is gonna stop that boy for good!

### BEAL

Keep that tape rolling. We get three grand a copy.

*Jase knocks out the black man. He doesn't get back up. The warden shushes the crowd and walks around Jase and the man on the ground.*

### WARDEN BEAL (to the crowd)

O.K., O.K. How do you want it?

*And the crowd rises and gives 'a thumbs down', while still cheering and screaming.*

### WARDEN BEAL (to Jase)

Finish him off, son. Finish him off, boy.

*Warden Beal pulls out a huge gun and handles in menacingly in front of Jase*

### JASE

I don't want to do it, Mister Beal. I don't care if you shoot me. I won't do it.

*The crowd hushes as the warden points his gun slowly at the man on the ground and then fires.*

*Later, the warden and his deputy drive Jase out further into nowhere.*

### WARDEN BEAL

Jase, Lt. Task here, is gonna give ya regulation clothes. O.K.? And you got an hours start... then I gotta announce a prison break. That's our bargain and I'm holding up my end. Now get goin'. **(Jase jumps out of the van)** Hold it! This here's ma watch. You got exactly one hour head start. Go. **(Jase runs)** Seems like about an hour **(his deputy nods and smiles eagerly)**, let's call it in, Red.

### TRASK (over radio)

Sneed, this here is Leo. We got us a prison break. Boy's headin' up Carvers Road. You wanna see if you can scare up a posse?

*Several men are standing around talking, most of them have guns*

### SNEED (into CB)

Hey, we're mounted and ready. Out. **(puts away mic and turns to his eager 'posse')** Alright, he's on Carver Canyon Road. He'll be up at Box

<http://www.ateamresource.info>

Canyon in about five minutes. Y'all are legal deputies of this county. So, good hunting, huh?

***The guys are all excited. It seems like this was part of the evening's entertainment, they are all ready to hunt Jase down. We see Jase running through the darkness.***

**JASE (under his breath)**

I'll make it. I'll make it.

**JOEY'S VOICE**

I won't make it!

***Suddenly a kid throws a lump of clay on to the table. We see how BA spends his off time. He's in a community centre with a lot of kids. He's trying to get Joey to do something constructive (make ashtrays?).***

**JOEY**

I ain't got time to make no ashtrays.

**BA**

Neither do I. But since I been put in charge of arts and crafts, I make time.

**JOEY**

I gotta go.

***Joey gets up and starts to leave***

**BA**

Hey, Joey... Whatchoo and your mother hear from Jase?

**JOEY (obviously upset)**

Nothin'.

***Joey leaves and BA follows him down the street. Two of those deputies are in a sedan watching Joey too.***

**TRASK**

There he is now.

***They start to follow him***

***Joey acts real sneaky and heads to a deserted area, climbs under a large bridge and goes into a make-shift shack (it looks as though it's made of old pieces of wood or even boxes). A man's hand grabs Joey's arm. It's Jase.***

**JASE**

Where ya been, Joey?

**JOEY**

I had t'go to the Centre an' check in with BA

**JASE**

BA Baracus? In a day care centre? **(laughs)** That big, tough dude. What's he doin' down there?

**JOEY**

Makin' ashtrays.

**BA (at the door)**

It beats makin' trouble, don't it Jase?

**JASE**

BA, you sun of a gun! Come on in. **(mumbles something)**

**BA**

Good, good, good, good, good, good. **(they shake hands)** Joey tells me you busted up a bar in Florida. Got thirty days in Strikersville.

**JASE**

You don't know the half of it, BA You see, that warden, he had a whole different plan for me. My thirty days turned into five years. I mean, they turned my whole life upside down.

**BA**

You busted out?

**JASE**

Don't mess in my mud, BA. I'm poison.

**BA**

You been throwin' your life away, that's your business, but you gonna get your little brother here in trouble tryin' to help ya.

**JASE**

Well, he's my brother and I don't have anywhere else to go.

**SNEED'S VOICE (over a megaphone)**

Jase Tataro, we got ya surrounded.

***There are several cars up on the bridge. Trask is aiming a weapon at the shack***

**JASE (to Joey)**

They followed ya, Joey. Damn it, I told ya to be careful! BA, gotta get him outta here, now!

**SNEED (megaphone)**

We can blow ya away right here now, if y'want, Jase.

**TRASK**

Save us a lot a trouble if we did blow him away.

**SNEED (to Trask)**

The Warden wants him in one piece, you know that. **(megaphone)** Now, you can come on out of there.

***Jase takes off through the door.***

**JOEY**

No! No, they'll kill him!

***Joey runs out after him but BA grabs him and pulls him behind some bushes and a fence to safety. Jase tries to make it up to he bridge, but a man jumps in front of him and points a shotgun,***

***he stops trying to get away and puts his hands up. They lead him to the cars. We see them punch him and him double over.***

**JOEY**

They'll kill him! Later... There is an agent talking to a movie producer at a restaurant.

**HANNIBAL'S VOICE (could the agent BE Hannibal?)**

They're killin' 'im, Andre. They're killing a perfectly wonderful career.

**ANDRE**

I got a big time feature to produce. I got agents like you hawkin' me all day long. Now, your client is a big riskola.

**HANNIBAL**

O.K., the whole Aquamaniac disaster, we'll own that. But we all know that John was having emotional problems. Your script "Sinbad Goes to Mars" is absolutely beautiful...and John is perfect casting as the Martian.

***BA walks in, shirtless in his coveralls, Hannibal squirms when he notices him***

**BA**

Let's go. I need you.

**HANNIBAL**

This is... uh...one of my... ah... another one of my clients. I'll take care of the check. **(gets up from the table, the agent is scared of BA)** I'll phone you, Andre.

***Outside... they're walking away from the restaurant.***

**HANNIBAL**

That guy produces most of the monster pictures in Hollywood. I was being my own agent. It was beautiful.

**BA**

We're on a case.

**HANNIBAL**

What case? Who's the client?

***BA slides open the van door to reveal the rest of the team and Joey.***

**HANNIBAL**

Oh, I see. He's got a lotta money, has he?

**BA**

He got nothin'. His brother is about to be murdered in a Florida prison, and we gonna get him out.

**AMY**

You gotta hear this kid's story, Hannibal. He says the warden of that prison in Florida is forcing the prisoners to fight to the death.

**BA**

We're gonna get him out, Hannibal. You got a problem with that?

**HANNIBAL**

I didn't say I had a problem, BA, I'm just saying if we're gonna stay outta the federal slammer, we gotta screen our clients.

**BA**

I'm callin' for a vote. I say we take a vote on this case.

**HANNIBAL**

How can we vote on it? We don't even know what it is.

**BA**

We can vote because I say we vote.

**FACE**

Could we make that a secret ballot?

**BA (hard)**

No! I say we get Jase out of prison for Joey. All in favour?

***Amy is the only one who puts up her hand. BA looks at Face.***

**BA**

I said all in favour...

**FACE**

Well, I uh...I uh... Y'know, I... well, sure, I'd favour that...

***BA looks at Murdock.***

**MURDOCK**

They don't let crazy people vote. They take that right away from ya when you're committed.

***BA moves closer to him and grabs him by the shoulder.***

**MURDOCK**

We are also immune to fear. We can't hook up emotionally to the concept of cerebral damage.

**BA**

I'm getting' tired a'this rap, Murdock.

**MURDOCK**

You're tired of it? How do you think I feel? I have to listen to it all day.

***Murdock puts up his hand.***

**AMY**

I think it's a helluva story. And if we could prove it, I get front page.

**HANNIBAL**

See... I have a real shot at getting the Martian in "Sinbad Goes to Mars," and...

**BA**

Don't matter. You're out-voted anyway. Come on, Let's go. We gotta get outta here.

**HANNIBAL (to Joey)**

Well, kid... Looks like you just hired the A-Team.

*Joey is in awe as Hannibal removes his wig and disguise.*

**HANNIBAL**

His script stunk anyway. I gotta have some creative standard.

*They drive off and pull up to a library.*

**HANNIBAL**

We gotta get you a cover, Face, to get into that slammer. Get a book on prison reform.

**AMY (she climbs out)**

Any book?

**HANNIBAL**

No, it has to be a recent one, and by an author who's never been published before. We'll get copies at the bookstore.

**FACE**

I know the routine. Let's go. **(they exit together)**

**HANNIBAL**

Go on, son.

**JOEY**

Jase said that this Warden Beal, picks prisoners that are tough. He tries them out by having one a' the men in the yard pick a fight with them, if they do well, he separates 'em from the other prisoners and trains 'em. Then he makes 'em fight to the death.

**BA**

Like them gladiators in Rome, man.

**HANNIBAL**

How did Jase get away?

**JOEY**

If they win, they let you go free... and then they hunt you, and try to kill you. Jase was the first one to get away.

**BA**

Jase is real tough, Hannibal. He's grew up in my neighbourhood. He was the baddest cat around, until I showed up.

**JOEY**

Still is! He's my brother. Everybody says, yeah, Jase, he's real tough and mean but, he's not. He's... **(cries)**

**BA**

That's okay, Joey, that's okay. I'm gonna help ya. Me an' my friends, here. That's okay.

**JOEY**

But what if they kill him before you can get to him?

**HANNIBAL**

All we can do is our best. But we'll give it a one hundred percent try, son.

***Amy and Face return with a book. They climb back into the van.***

**AMY**

We found a book called, "The Reformed Convict," by Dwight Pepper.

**HANNIBAL**

Dr. Pepper? Are you kidding?

**AMY**

It's his first book. He's a doctor of Psychology from L.S.U.

**HANNIBAL**

Face, **(hands him back the book)** You're the good doctor. Let's go. We'll drop Joey at home and get on down there.

***The van sets out. Murdock and Face get to work in the back of the van. They set up a press and go through files. Face gets out a bunch of his head shots with glasses, some have cute little plaid hats. Murdock picks his favourite to go on the book. BA speeds to Florida as they make a new dust jacket for the book. They are there... They all pile out of the van and stretch.***

**BA**

The new record. Coast to coast in thirty-eight hours.

**HANNIBAL**

Town's kinda small. Somehow I expected a house or two.

**BA**

That's the city limit sign. The town is up the road.

**HANNIBAL (he opens up some new cigars and litters)**

Ambitious. Lay it out for them, Face.

**FACE**

Now, Murdock, B.A, Hannibal... you rent the car and get arrested. Amy and I will scam the stuff you need and get to you guys with the stuff we need for the escape. We gotta break outta jail with Jase before the fight. If we don't, then BA could be in big trouble.

**AMY**

Yeah, he's also a in big trouble if you and B.A get separated. I mean, if that happens, you won't know when the fight is or what's going on.

**HANNIBAL**

Don't worry. I've got a plan that'll keep us together.

**BA**

Let's go. Jase could be dead already.

***Later, Hannibal, Murdock and BA are in a little sedan, driving through town.***

**HANNIBAL**

Let 'er rip, BA Getting arrested in this burg is the easy part.

*With BA driving, the car zooms through town, skidding, squealing its tires, weaving in and out through traffic. They zoom by a patrol car. The cops pursue them and pull them over after a little bit of a chase. The cops get out of the patrol car and make their way to the car with our boys in it. The team gets out of the car. BA remains silent while Murdock giggles, holds onto Hannibal and Hannibal drinks and slurs and stumbles...*

**SHERIFF PITLICK**

Well, now... where you boys from?

**HANNIBAL**

Drop dead, sucker.

*Sheriff Pitlick grabs Hannibal's liquor and throws it, he speaks with so much anger that it looks like he's shaking*

**SHERIFF PITLICK**

I want these guys, Billy. Now, you call Judge Bell, tell him I got some Yankees. Plowed through town doin' eighty. Tell him I gotta bring 'em in.

**HANNIBAL**

I thought we were doing eighty-five! **(Murdock is still giggling)**

**DEPUTY**

He ain't gonna like it, Norm. You know what he said 'bout bustin' Yankees.

**HANNIBAL**

Nobody talks to us that way when we been drinkin'. 'Specially no dust covered, country cop!

**SHERIFF PITLICK (screaming)**

Alright! Get'em out there. **(The team all happily hold out their wrists to be cuffed)** You are under arrest! Drunk and disorderly; you are all resisting arrest!!!!

**DEPUTY (Holding the Sheriff back)**

Calm down, Norm! Calm down. We got big trouble, man. They been screamin' all up the state. You heard the Judge. They're gonna send a senate investigator down here. And we gonna get fired, man. Just get in the car and calm down.

*They get in the patrol car and drive off. The team look on, really disappointed.*

**BA**

What's going on, Hannibal?

**HANNIBAL**

I don't know. But I'll bet I can change his mind.

**BA**

Jase could be getting murdered while we stand around here trying to get arrested.

**HANNIBAL**

Gimme the keys.

<http://www.ateamresource.info>

***Hannibal gets behind the wheel and drives like mad... squeals, screeches and takes a ramp and crashes through the wall of the police station just as the Sheriff leisurely climbs out of his patrol car.***

**SHERIFF PITLICK (comes in)**

You're under arrest! You're under arrest! You guys are all going to jail!

**HANNIBAL (lights a cigar)**

Thank you.

***The team is in the back of a police van, sitting on the side benches. They are handcuffed. Sneed pushes up the back of he truck.***

**SNEED**

Alright, everybody out.

***Murdock and Hannibal climb out but BA stays in the truck.***

**SNEED**

Hey, boy. I said get out!

**HANNIBAL (a sigh, he talks effeminately)**

If you're talking to him, you're wasting your time. He's deaf. He's also a mute.

**SNEED**

Oh, yeah. I 'member got a note on that from the courthouse... So which one of you two is the interpreter, huh?

**HANNIBAL**

Sadly, that duty falls to me.

**SNEED**

Well, tell him t'stop leavin' his butt print in my van.

**HANNIBAL**

Sign language requires the entire body. If you want him outta there, you're going to have to uncuff me.

***BA climbs out after Hannibal does some ridiculously fake sign language. Sneed inspects BA's huge muscles.***

**SNEED (interested)**

Hey... What's he run? 'Bout two-twenty?

**HANNIBAL**

I haven't the faintest idea.

**SNEED**

Tell him to get in line and follow us into the yard, because we're gonna check-in. **(louder)** Let's go.

***Beal is watching BA through binoculars from his office window.***

**WARDEN BEAL**

That boy looks like a candidate for the fight program. Got his file. **(He holds a hand out to Trask who hands him the file on BA)** Deaf and mute?

**TRASK**

Yeah, that other guy, John Smith, can talk to him... he knows that sign language.

**WARDEN BEAL (laughs)**

Hair dresser. You mean to tell me, that animal is travelling around with a hair dresser?

**TRASK**

Wonder if that mute is tough as he looks.

**WARDEN BEAL**

I'll tell you what, you have Jackhammer Jackson try 'im out. If he looks like he can handle himself, I'm gonna file assault charges against him and upgrade his sentences to two years for fightin'.

**TRASK**

Soon as they get through with the psychiatric check-in, I'll get it done.

**MURDOCK'S VOICE**

Tractor.

*In an office. Murdock is in prison blues, sitting at a desk opposite an older lady doctor. She's showing him ink blots. He's perched on his chair and covering his face.*

**MARIAN**

You don't really see a tractor, do you Murdock?

**MURDOCK (a looney grin)**

Yer right. I was just guessing.

**MARIAN (angry)**

Well, don't guess. What does it look like?

**MURDOCK**

Ink... It looks like ink. See, I've been doing these most a' my life. Off and on, and I don't see nothing. So I just guess.

**MARIAN (disgusted)**

It looks like a butterfly, don't it? See there's the wings, and there's the head?

**MURDOCK (a smile)**

Hey, yeah... Yeah, I see that. Yeah, it's a butterfly. **(Excited)**

**MARIAN**

Good. Butterfly. Now, what do you see here?

**MURDOCK**

Garbage bag... An empty garbage bag.

*She looks up at the officer beside her and motions that Murdock be taken away. The man grabs him by the shoulder. As he roughly ushers Murdock towards the psych ward...*

**MURDOCK**

I'd like a trash bag, please. If you have one... I really could use a trash bag.

*In the Warden's office...*

**WARDEN BEAL (as Amy is ushered in by Trask)**

All the way from Los Angeles, California to Strikersville, Florida.

**AMY (smiles.)**

That's right, Warden. I'm doing a story on prison reform. Actually, I was supposed to meet Dwight Pepper here. The story relates to his concepts on prison reform. But unfortunately, I guess he got hung up at the airport.

**WARDEN BEAL**

Have a seat.

**AMY**

Thank you. **(Sits)**

**WARDEN BEAL**

Dwight Pepper. Isn't he the dude that wrote that cream cheese book about coddling prisoners... teach 'em needlepoint and bake biscuits?

**AMY**

I have his book right here.

**WARDEN BEAL (takes it and looks at it.)**

I already read it. Couldn't get past the second chapter. You don't mind if I confirm your credentials, do you, Miss Allen?

**AMY (knowingly and kind of like, 'I dare you')**

Please do.

*In the prison yard, a tough guy walks up to Hannibal and BA and tosses her barbells at Hannibal's feet... Hannibal doesn't look amused or impressed...*

**DEKE (to Hannibal)**

You one of the new fish, huh?

**HANNIBAL**

That's right.

**DEKE**

Turn out your pockets, boy. What you got is mine.

*He reaches out and takes a cigar out of Hannibal's pocket.*

**HANNIBAL**

What's your name, friend?

**DEKE**

Deke. And I ain't your friend. I'm your boss, boy.

*Hannibal looks at him and smiles. Hannibal looks at BA, nods and BA comes over and glowers at Deke.*

**HANNIBAL**

I'll tell you what you are, Deke. You're a guy travelling at mach-one toward a pine box.

**DEKE**

Tough guy, huh?

**HANNIBAL**

He's a tough guy.

*Deke looks at BA and he obviously doesn't want to mess with BA. Hannibal smiles at him and takes his cigar back.*

**HANNIBAL**

Got a cigarette, Deke? **(Deke says nothing. Hannibal reaches out and takes the pack out of Deke's pocket.)** I'll just take the pack. What you seen of Jase Tataro, Deke?

**DEKE**

Doesn't pay t'ask questions on this cell block.

**HANNIBAL**

See ya, Deke.

*Hannibal throws Deke's cigarettes back at him. Hannibal and BA continue walking through the prison yard, when a large black guy walks up to BA. He stands about a foot taller than BA. They glower at each other for a long time.*

**JACKHAMMER (to BA)**

Turn out your pockets, man.

**HANNIBAL**

What is this, an opening ritual?

**JACKHAMMER**

I wasn't talkin' to you, punk. I was talking to him. Turn out your pockets, man.

**HANNIBAL (with a smile)**

Oh, he doesn't have anything in his pockets you want.

**JACKHAMMER**

I wasn't talkin' to you, punk. I was talking to him.

**HANNIBAL**

If you're talking to him, you are talking to me. Because he's deaf, he's also a mute. He can't even read lips. But if you'd like me to translate for you. You want him to Turn out your pockets?

*He moves BA aside and does more of his ridiculous, fake sign language. BA replies with something small, but smiles.*

**JACKHAMMER**

What'd he say?

**HANNIBAL**

Oh, You don't want to hear it. It wasn't very nice. **(Jackhammer grabs Hannibal by the scruff of the neck of his shirt.)** O.K., O.K. He said, "Your mother works street corners and that you're so ugly, flies won't land on you." I told ya it wasn't very nice. **(Jackhammer let's go of Hannibal.)** He also said that you're a chicken-hearted low life who sleeps in pig slop, and your sister...

**JACKHAMMER**

O.K., O.K. I get the point.

**HANNIBAL**

Three minute rounds?

**JACKHAMMER**

No!

*Jackhammer throws the first punch. A crowd of prisoners gather and cheers the fight on. BA fights back and is obviously dominant. Jackhammer gets one more good punch in, but BA is a mean fighting machine. Beal is watching through binoculars from his office.*

**WARDEN BEAL**

I never saw such quick combinations in my life. That boy may be better than Jase.

**TRASK**

Trouble is: ya can't talk to him without the other guy, Smith.

**WARDEN BEAL**

Tell you what, you keep 'em together. Put 'em in the fight program. Get on the phone, spread it around. Saturday night we're gonna have a fight to the death. Tell 'em a thousand dollars buys one seat.

**Later...**

**WARDEN BEAL**

Mister Pepper. I don't got no time for you today.

**FACE**

It's Doctor Pepper, like in the Sody pop. Look Warden, I done a little research on Strikersville Prison and quite frankly the incidence of violent deaths that around here about suggests to me that y'all have severe shortcomings in yer rehabilitation programs.

**WARDEN BEAL**

I ain't about to discuss my prison with some university penologist, who don't have no idea about the problems we're facing here.

**FACE (pulls research from his briefcase)**

Warden Beal, I'm gonna lay this out for you once and only once. I've been commissioned by the Senate of these here United States to write a thesis on several prisons, Strikersville being one a' them. I must tell you, sir, that I am mighty appalled by what I've discovered is goin' on down here. In the last eighteen months there have been seven prisoners that have died from what we might, euphemistically call "mysterious causes" ...beatings and the like.

**AMY**

Not to mention the number of prison breaks that have resulted in the deaths of the escaping prisoners.

**FACE**

Miss Allen, if y'all don't mind, I would like to handle this in my own way. I appreciate that you are down here to chronicle my efforts in the national press. I appreciate that your findings will be published in seventy syndicated papers, including the Washington Post, and I am not unmindful of the public attention y'all can put on my study. But as an academician, I am not here for personal glory, but to try and effect meaningful prison reform.

**WARDEN BEAL**

Seventy papers? Look, I don't want to make enemies of you people, but you gotta understand I got my problems here.

**FACE**

And Warden, I'm not down here to make trouble for you. As a matter of fact, I'd be willing to take a look at your operation in a very favourable light, if I was to become convinced that your rehab program was movin' in the right direction.

**WARDEN BEAL**

We have rehab programs here in Strikersville.

**FACE**

What you got, Warden, is a laundry, and ya'll punch out license plates for the state a' Florida.

**WARDEN BEAL**

What d'ya want from me?

**FACE**

Well, I'd like to suggest the implementation of what we call "sensitivity rehabilitation." It's all in my book.

**WARDEN BEAL**

You mean, cooking, and junk like that?

**FACE**

Cooking is excellent! It's a creative endeavour. At Leavenworth they've had tremendous success with the hair styling concept. Absolutely incredible! It's in my book under "Decreased Inmate Violence Through Personal Grooming."

**WARDEN BEAL (laughs)**

You gotta be putting me on! You mean to tell me you want me to start a hair styling salon in a prison? How 'bout ballet class? You want me to start one of those?

**FACE**

As a matter of fact, dance class and painting class have been quite effective...

**WARDEN BEAL**

I have heard enough. That there's it. I ain't gonna listen to no more of it.

**Warden Beal gets out from behind his desk and heads to the door to show them out.**

**FACE**

Alright, alright. You do what you like and I'll do what I have to, Miss Allen.  
**(Exits)**

**AMY**

I can't believe you are willing to jeopardize your entire career because you're unwilling to experiment with new prison techniques. It's simply fascinating.

**She snaps off a tape recorder that was in her purse, and shows it proudly to him.**

**BEAL**

Hold it. That thing been on the whole time? Dr. Pepper... **(Face peeks back from the doorway.)** Come on in here a minute, will ya? You know, I was just thinking... We had a prisoner check in today had hair styling experience. Maybe we can give it a shot. You come on over here and you tell me what y'all need.

**Cut to Murdock sitting under a sink, grasping onto the plumbing and screaming his little heart out in a psych ward cell.**

**Murdock**

Traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaaags!! I want some traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaaags! I want 'em!! I want 'em!! I want some traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaaags!

**Guard**

This guy hasn't SHUT UP!

**Murdock**

I want traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaaags! I want traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaaags! I want traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaaags! I want traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaaags!

**Marian**

Do you have any trash bags?

**Murdock**

Traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaaags!

**Marian**

Maybe he'll put his head inside and suffocate.

**Murdock**

Traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaaags!

**The guard and Marian unlock Murdock's cell and go in. The guard is armed with a shot gun. Murdock looks up at them like a little puppy. He looks at the trash bag the guard is carrying. When it's given to him, he cuddles it like it's soft and comforting.**

**Murdock**

Trash bags? Gimme a trash bag. I want a trash bag.

**MARIAN**

Where do these morons come from?

***In the prison, Jase is punching at a large punching bag. Hannibal and BA enter. Jase sees BA and smiles, starts to say something, but BA quickly puts his fingers to his lips, signalling for Jase to not let on they know each other. Jase gets the hint and returns to the punching bag.***

**BA**

Hannibal, that's Jase Tataro. He's alive.

***Near the Warden's Office, BA and Hannibal are unpacking hair styling supplies from boxes.***

**HANNIBAL**

Nice, but the shampoo has no protein base. We'll have more split ends than a football team. **(Chuckles)** Oh, no! Did you buy all Harrisons? I can't do a decent blow-out with a Harrison Hair Pro. There's no Temperature control.

**AMY**

Mister Smith, the Warden did the best he can, I think Warden Beal is being extremely cooperative.

**HANNIBAL (throwing a temper tantrum)**

I need reclining salon chairs. Where are my reclining salon chairs?

**BEAL**

Strikersville, Florida doesn't have a Montgomery Wards. We did the best we could.

**HANNIBAL**

Okay, okay, then I'll take pool chairs or lawn chairs. The altitude of the head is the essence of a good cut.

**BEAL**

Sneed, go over and pick up three or four of my pool chairs.

**HANNIBAL**

Thank you, Warden.

***Hannibal puts his hand out limply for a handshake and Beal backs away quickly. Hannibal and BA return to unpacking the boxes. Beal walks over to Face.***

**FACE**

Warden Beal, I'm most surely impressed with the way you've gone and embraced these new concepts in penology.

**BEAL**

I don't think there's gonna be one con coming in and getting no haircut. You people got me over a barrel, but I think you're nuts.

**AMY**

That's what they said in Leavenworth.

**FACE**

Now, Warden, everybody wants to look nice. It strikes to the central core of the human condition, when people look nice, they act nice. And prisoner violence will be reduced. Now, if it's alright, I'd like to see the hospital facilities now.

**HANNIBAL**

Bye Bye!

***Amy, Beal, the Guard, and Face exit. Hannibal goes to the door to make sure they've gone. He walks back to BA.***

**HANNIBAL**

How would you like a little Mohawk trim, BA? Just to keep me in practice?

**BA (Makes a fist)**

How would you like a little right hook, Hannibal? Just t'sorta keep me in practice?

***The guard let's Amy, Face, and the others into the psych ward. They can hear Murdock from out in the hall.***

**MURDOCK**

More! I want some more! I want traaaaaaaaaassssssh baaaaaaaaaags!

**FACE**

What on earth is that?

**MARIAN**

We have a new prisoner. He wants trash bags.

**AMY**

Trash bags? Why?

**MARIAN**

I don't know. I never saw anything like it before. You give him a trash bag and he's quiet for a couple of hours, and then it starts all over again.

**FACE**

Aberrant behaviour is fascinating, medically and clinically, isn't it?

**MARIAN**

How would you know? I just found out you aren't really Dr. Pepper.

**AMY**

Not Dr. Pepper? Are you kidding? Of course he's Dr. Pepper.

**MARIAN**

Except I just got his book from the Warden's Office not more than an hour ago. I was just getting set to read it and I noticed this. **(She holds up the old picture on the back of the dust cover.)** So the next question is, if you're not Dr. Pepper, who the hell are you, honey?

**FACE (slams book on to desk.)**

That's the last time I'll be humiliated by that damned publisher! Five years in research, five years of writing and Dunn and Mitchell put the wrong picture on the dust jacket.

**AMY**

I thought they recalled all the wrong dust covers, Dr. Pepper.

**FACE**

They were supposed to have been recalled. Of course, with a New York publisher, they'll tell you anything.

**MARIAN**

Wrong dust covers?

**FACE**

Yes. Of course. Clean out your ears. Here, show her the right one.

***Amy gives her one from her purse***

**MARIAN**

Well, this one has your picture on it. So, who's this other guy?

**FACE**

That other guy, as you so quaintly put it, is Dr. Lloyd Leedom. He's a marine biologist or some damn thing. Published a minor little work entitled, "Love Calls of the Pacific Grey Whales." About six people ever read it. My book, on the other hand, is the current bible of penologists, and the publishers mixed his photo with mine, distributed the first printin' with the wrong picture on it. Your question is, "How could this happen?"

**MARIAN**

Well, no. I-

**FACE**

My question exactly. I screamed bloody murder and they told me... they promised that all the books had been recalled. Awww... It's just devastating. Really. Writers get almost no respect. Almost none. Would you mind if I took this... took this jacket?

**MARIAN**

No.

**FACE**

I'm gonna shove this down my editor's throat. Promised me... he promised me. Ahh...ell, what's a Yankee's promise worth anyway?

**MARIAN**

Nothing. Nothing at all.

**FACE**

Let's see this trash bag fixation, shall we?

***Marian leads them out, Face trades looks with Amy and she rolls her eyes in relief. Murdock is on his bunk in his room playing with the trash bag and screaming once more. Marian and Face and Amy come to the little window.***

**MURDOCK (screaming)**

Trash bag! Trash bag! Trash bag! Trash bag!

**MARIAN**

Sneed! Trash bag!

**Murdock**

Trash bag?

***Murdock jumps from the cot onto the wire fencing on the little window right before them. He hangs onto the window like spiderman, and then reaches for the whole in the door where Sneed hands him another trash bag. He grabs it, jumps down and heads over to the cot, where he crawls inside it and snuggles in it and goes to sleep.***

**AMY**

What do you make of that, doctor?

**FACE**

Well, I'd like to spend an hour with him later on. My doctorate at L.S.U. was on neurotic fixations. I think in about... oh, twenty or thirty minutes I could tell you whether this boy is really fixated or is just trying to section-eight into soft walls at a hospital facility.

**MARIAN**

I'd sure would like to have you try, doctor. He's keeping everybody in this wing up all night.

**FACE**

Well, I'll give it a shot before I leave this evening.

***Murdock stirs and spasms in the trash bag. Cut to the work out room in the prison. Hannibal is holding the large punching bag for BA as he's punching it. Beal and his flunkies walk in. Beal motions for Hannibal to stop BA. Hannibal holds out his hands and BA stops.***

**BEAL (to Hannibal)**

Tell him to take his gloves off and hold put his wrists. He's leaving.

**HANNIBAL**

Leaving? Why are we leaving?

**BEAL**

Not you, just him... Tonight is fight night. He's gonna get his chance to fight Jase Tataro. Is the van ready, Sneed?

**HANNIBAL**

Van? Are you kidding? I thought we were gonna fight here in the prison.

**BEAL**

You tell him to hold his hand out, and you shut yer hole, O.K.? Or I'm gonna have Sneed deck ya with his billy right here. Right now.

**HANNIBAL**

I think I should go along, to tell him what's happening.

**BEAL**

I think once he gets hit, he'll know what's happening. Now you tell him. Hurry up,. we gotta be there in twenty minutes.

***Hannibal does his silly sign language again and then he and BA shake hands. They hold each other's hand while Sneed puts the cuffs on BA. Trask rolls his eyes. Beal and Sneed escort BA out of there.***

**Hannibal**

Oh, damn.

**TRASK**

Ha, ha, ha. What's the matter? Did you lose your playmate?

**HANNIBAL**

No, I, I hate violence. I just.... hate it.

*Hannibal decks Trask, knocking him out. He takes his keys and lets himself out of the prison. Hannibal makes his way to the hair styling equipment. He throws extension chords out the window, wraps the hair dryers around his neck, and continues out of the room. He does all this in a very rushed and hurried manner.*

*Meanwhile, the van from Strikersville is heading down a dirt road. BA and Jase are in the back. A black car follows.*

**BA**

What's going on, man? Where are we going?

**JASE**

One of us is going to wind up dead, the other is sporting game for the crowd.

**BA**

We gonna bust loose. You gonna do what I say.

**JASE**

There's no way out of this.

**BA**

I got some help. Joey hired me and some friends to get you out.

**JASE**

We ain't gonna get out of this one, BA, either one of us.

*Amy is outside in the van, when she noticed the prison van and the warden's black car set out, she follows them. She stays a good distance away and keeps the headlights off. Hannibal rushes to drop the chairs and hair dryers at the spot where he dropped the chords. Back in the psych ward, Marian is watching Face's session with Murdock. Hannibal taps at the bars with hair styling equipment.*

**MARIAN**

What're you doing here? This is a restricted area.

**HANNIBAL**

Well!Do you think I like it?Doing a cut and blow dry on a crazy man. Warden Beal sent me up here.

**MARIAN**

Well, you'll have to leave. I have no permission for you to be here.

**FACE**

It's alright, I set it up with the warden this afternoon. I thought we'd start by getting Mr. Murdock here a better self image.

**MURDOCK**

My self image is real bad. A haircut is just what I need in this time of severe emotional crisis.

**FACE**

There, you see how it works? Now y'all wanna open the door and let that fellow come on in.

**MARIAN**

Well, if you're sure, Doctor.

**HANNIBAL**

Thank you.

***Hannibal walks in. Marian shuts the door after letting him in. Once she opens Murdock's cell, Face grabs her. She tries to get away from him.***

**HANNIBAL**

Bring your trash bags. Murdock.

***Murdock comes out with an arm full of trash bags, Marian is locked in the cell.***

**MARIAN**

Hey! What's going on?!

**HANNIBAL**

You feel free to yell and scream, but there's nobody around to hear. **(As they walk down the halls.)** It's going down. We made a little error.

**FACE**

What?

**HANNIBAL**

They're not going to fight in the gym. They just took Jase and BA outta here in a van.

**MURDOCK**

That's not a little error, Hannibal, it's a giant screw-up.

**HANNIBAL**

Well, in either case, we gotta get outta here. Murdock and I are going over the wall. Face, you better get out of here.

**FACE**

Amy is outside in BA's van. Hopefully, she had the instinct to follow them. If she didn't, we're dead.

***Murdock and Hannibal head to where Hannibal left their supplies. They hook up the hair dryers and hoses to the garbage bags. Face heads out of the prison. He's stopped by a guard.***

**FACE**

Hi.

**GUARD**

Hi.

**FACE**

You know, I havta admit y'all run a much better prison than I expected. Well, I guess I'll just head outta here.

**GUARD (holds out his hand to stop Face, picks up the phone)**

Just have t'check with the admitting desk. One moment.

**Several guards come running to the psych ward, after hearing Marian scream for help.**

**MARIAN**

GUARD! Get me out of here! Come on!Faster! Come on now! Geez Louise! They're trying an escape. Doctor Pepper is in on it. Come on!

**GUARD (nods to Face after putting down the receiver.)**

OK

**FACE**

Bye

**GUARD**

So long.

**The guard opens the doors for Face. Face smiles and waves.**

**GUARD TWO (into phone in a dark office)**

This is psychiatric ward. We got a break situation here. Give us a lock down and sound the alarms.

**The alarms ring. The guard that let Face out realizes it too late. Guards are running everywhere. Search lights are being used. Everyone is armed. Murdock and Hannibal are sitting in the lawn chairs. The hair dryers are hooked up to the backs of their chairs. The garbage bags are to act like mini hot air balloons.**

**Hannibal**

Murdock, how'd I let you talk me into this?

**MURDOCK**

I don't know, I have intermittent memory loss.

**They keep filling the trash bags and tying them off. Then Murdock, the lighter of the two men, begins to soar upward.**

**MURDOCK**

Yaa hooooooooooooo.

**HANNIBAL**

Great, Murdock. Great.

**Murdock howls several more times as the two of them lift over the wall. A Guard sees them. A light shines on Hannibal as he is over top of the guard.**

**HANNIBAL**

To all a Merry Christmas, and to all a good night.

**Murdock and Hannibal begin releasing the bags as soon as they've cleared the wall. The guard fires his shot gun and it also breaks one of the bags. They set down on the other side of the wall. FACE skids to a stop in a blue sedan. Hannibal hops into the front and Murdock into the back. Face screeches out of there.**

**HANNIBAL**

Nothing to it. **(Into the CB)** This is Smith. How you doing, kid?

<http://www.ateamresource.info>

***Amy's at the van, talking into the CB in an old field near the barn from the beginning of the episode.***

**AMY**

I'm in a field north of the prison. There's about fifty cars in front of a barn. They just took BA in a few minutes ago. Hannibal, it's starting. Go right on the dirt road, just past Strikersville junction.

***Inside the barn, Beal is on the floor with a shirtless BA and Jase (in a tank top), handcuffed together. Beal is calling out to the many spectators that are already quite restless.***

**BEAL**

We got ourselves a challenger, name of Baracus. Deaf mute. Just checked in this week. Gonna be an interesting fight. He's got the fastest hands I've seen in twenty years. I don't know how t'talk to you, but lessen you get your hands up, this man is gonna kill ya.

**BA (as Beal moves away and Jase and he start the fight)**

Do it, man. My people aren't going to fail me.

***Face and the rest pull up to where Amy is with the van. Hannibal unloads some weapons, as Amy fills them in.***

**AMY**

There's about or sixty of 'em in there. And some of 'em got guns.

**FACE**

Well, we got a surprise for 'em.

***The fight is getting harsh. They hit each other several times. The crowd is trading money back and forth because of their bets and they are screaming the whole time. BA knocks down Jase and he falls. Beal enters the ring. Sneed carries a video camera and moves in closer to record.***

**WARDEN BEAL**

Live or die?

***The van bursts through the wall at this moment, and BA grabs Beal around the neck with one of his huge arms. Sneed falls. Hannibal uses the fifty caliber gun and shoots up the ceiling. He stands, with a cigar in his mouth, and looks at the men in the barn. They are quiet.***

**WARDEN**

I can't breathe!

***Murdock rushes over to Sneed and takes his gun and keys.***

**MURDOCK**

Legs up, sweetheart, and put your hands in the air.

**FACE (to another guard)**

You! Over here!

***Face pushes him to where another one is. Murdock pushes Sneed there too.***

**HANNIBAL**

Nice little shindig, Warden. But it's over.

**WARDEN**

I can't breathe!

***BA releases the warden, and Murdock rushes towards BA and Jase with the keys to their cuffs. The spectators start to move. Hannibal fires at the ceiling again while chuckling.***

**HANNIBAL**

Uh!

**BA**

Thanks, fellahs. I knew you wouldn't let us down.

**Warden**

He, he ain't a mute anymore!

**BA**

Just like you ain't a warden anymore. **(He punches Beal, knocking him out.)** This one's for a little boy named Joey!

**HANNIBAL**

BA, bring him out.

***BA drags the warden out) Murdock, grab that TV camera. (Murdock gives him a thumbs up and does so.***

**HANNIBAL**

OK! Everybody on their feet, it's show time.

**FACE**

Stand up now, and toss your weapons out into the centre. As in nice and easy, there you go. All you boys in the front row, you wanna sit down and face the camera? That's right. Gotta give everybody a chance.

***Murdock films the spectators.***

**HANNIBAL**

Murdock, bring that tv tape. And collect Sneed.

**MURDOCK**

Come on, Chips, time to go. **(Pushes Sneed out)**

**HANNIBAL**

Now, you all are gonna be on the ten o'clock news. Tough break, but that's show biz. OK. Go!

***Everyone is in the van, they screech away while Hannibal fires some more at the ceiling to keep the spectators in their places.***

***Later, at the Tataro house, they are all sitting around the table while Jase and Joey's mom serves them...***

**JASE**

Alright, I owe you guys my life. Why did you do it? Why did you take a chance like that for me?

**HANNIBAL**

You had to be there. **(To Jase's mom)** Thank you.

**JASE**

I'm going to tell you something, you see the State of Florida, they dropped the rest of the time I owe 'em 'cause that Warden faked up those additional charges he had against me.

**HANNIBAL**

That's great. All we ask is that you don't ever say a word about us. We're kinda hot ourselves. There's a guy named Colonel Lynch who's after us and we don't like to leave a trail.

**JASE**

It's a promise.

**AMY (gets up)**

I gotta get down to the paper and proof my story. I got front page tomorrow.

**HANNIBAL**

Congratulations.

**BA**

I gotta get going, I got things to do myself.

**Murdock (gets up, as does BA and Face)**

I have to get to the hospital in an hour.

**Face**

I'll drop you. There's a new night nurse there with definite possibilities.

**Murdock**

Oh, night nurses in that joint all have third degree black belts, Face. You touch her, she'll break your caps.

**Face**

Right. So, uh, Hannibal can drop you.

**HANNIBAL**

Uh... sorry, Murdock. Can't. If I hurry, I can catch Andre at the bar. I still want that part in Sinbad.

**MURDOCK**

Thanks, I'll wait in the car.

***They all leave, except for BA, who shakes Joey's hand.***

**JOEY**

Thanks, BA I owe ya. Anything you want?

**BA**

Tomorrow you're gonna learn to make ashtrays, ok?

**JOEY**

Ok.

**JASE**

Thanks, man.

**BA**

You're welcome. **(Leaves)**

***The Tataros all hug each other. Later, Hannibal is in his 'agent' get up again. And he's at the same bar with the same man as before. Andre isn't paying attention to him though. He's watching a newscast.***

**HANNIBAL**

John is a reformed man. What we're talking about in John Smith is a devoted actor, who cares desperately about the animals and the monsters he plays.

**ANDRE**

Boy, listen to that!

**ANCHORMAN**

Warden Beal has confessed to the crimes after being turned over to Florida State officials along with video tapes of the fights he engineered between prisoners. Already forty identifications and arrests have been made of the men who watched these contests. And what of the mystery men who engineered the capture of the Warden and the film? No clues exist as to their identity. Now on the Western... **(continues in background)**

**ANDRE**

I'd love the rights to that story. What I wouldn't give to be sitting across the table from one of the guys who pulled off that caper.

**HANNIBAL**

Heh... **(stops)**

**ANDRE**

Yes? What?

**HANNIBAL**

Ah... Nothing. Forget it. Bad idea.

**THE END**