

## Rabbit Who Ate Las Vegas

*Night. City street. Blonde and a Brunette waiting on a street corner.*

**Blonde:** I don't understand why we gotta come all the way down here. This whole thing scares me.

**Brunette:** Well, that Chinese man at the Laundry said that we're just supposed to stand here until the bus comes.

**Blonde:** That's what he said. I don't know. Maybe this wasn't a hot idea after all. I don't like carrying all this money around. Guess that's it. Umm.

*City bus pulls up and opens the door. The girls climb on and it's empty.*

**Bus Driver:** Something Wrong?

**Blonde:** No, we were just supposed to be meeting somebody on this bus. And it's empty.

**Bus Driver:** On or off honey. It don't matter to me.

*The girls drop money in the change box. They take a seat. BA gets on at the next stop. They eye him nervously as he walks to the back of the bus. The bus driver honks the horn. Amy and Face come out of the shadows and opens up a garage door. The bus drives in. They get off the bus.*

**Bus Driver:** Follow Me.

**Blonde:** I don't like this.

*Around a large table in the garage.*

**Bus Driver:** You wanna hire the A-Team.

**Blonde:** Um.. ah.. yeah... We heard about you from some friends in Arizona who were in **Vietnam**. They said...

**Brunette:** We came to Las Angeles and we've been trying to locate you. We found somebody who said to go to this laundry and we met a man there, a Chinese man, Mr. Lee, and he said to get on the bus.

**Bus Driver:** Yes, I talked to Mr. Lee. He told me you want us to rescue your friend, Bruce Warfel.

**Blonde:** You see, Professor Warfel spent nearly two years feeding mathematical probability theories into the ASU computer, and he thinks that he might have found a system that beats roulette, shamindifer and blackjack, even with a three deck shoe.

**Brunette:** It's a mathematical theory based on the infinity concept of declining numbers.

**Face:** Don't look at me, I always hit at fifteen, stand on seventeen.

**Bus Driver/Hannibal:** Okay, what else?

**Blonde:** Ok. Ah, yeah, he sent us a letter from Vegas that said that the system worked. And with that letter, he sent this photograph. And then he just disappeared. The Xanadu hotel doesn't even have a record of him staying there. We took the case to a detective agency when the police couldn't turn up anything. Well the detective we hired stayed on the case for maybe two days and then he quit.

**AMY:** Why'd he quit?

**Brunette:** He quit because of that girl in the picture.

**Hannibal:** Who's she?

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**Blonde:** Gianni Christian's girlfriend. That's what the detective said anyway. Gianni Christian is...

**Face:** We know who he is, the biggest hood in Vegas. A real killer...

**Blonde:** Yeah, well. Anyway, the detective was warned to drop the case. You see, we just have to save the professor. His mind is a national resource.

**Hannibal:** Look's like it. His body is a national disaster.

(Face chuckles)

**Hannibal:** Just a joke.

**Blonde:** I'm sure you're all very macho and everything but we happen to appreciate other qualities.

**Hannibal:** I'm sorry about all you had to go through to get to us. If you still wanna hire us, we'll do our best to find your friend.

**Blonde:** That's great. Oh. Ah... this is the money that he sent us out of his first winnings out of Vegas.

**Hannibal:** MMM...Let's call Murdock and give it a shot. Pleasure meeting you ladies.

(Hannibal takes of his wig and exits. Face is counting the money.)

**Face:** Do either of you girls know how to drive a bus?

**Brunette:** Well... I was raised on a farm. I can drive anything, a truck... combine...

**Face:** Well, if you wouldn't mind. There's a rental invoice on the visor... take the bus to the address on it. We'll be in touch. (BA, Face and Amy exit)

**Blonde:** That's the damnedest ten minutes I've ever had.

*In the van, on the highway, Face is on the phone, BA is driving, Murdock is on the floor playing with invisible dice and Amy and Hannibal are in the back...*

**Murdock:** Seven! Pay the man! I've got two, I've got two hot dice! Two hot rocks! I am the winner! Another winner! Pay the shooter! And these dice are hot! Seeeven agaaaain! Let it ride Daddy's going to buy a new Cadillac.

*Face snaps the scissors in front of Murdock's face. Murdock stops talking. Face is cutting up the picture that the girls gave them as he talks on the phone from the front passenger seat.*

**Face:** That's right, the Xanadu hotel. Uh-huh. A two hundred dollar floral display, and it's gotta be there in an hour. Okay, here's the message: Tony, you gave me the last twenty years of life. I owe you everything that I am. Anything that goes wrong, you tell me and a head rolls. Sign that, your pal, Gianni Christian. Oh, ah...G-I-A-

**BA:** Double N

**Face:** Thanks. N-N-I... Christian, Like in the bible. Right, send that to the main desk of the Xanadu hotel for Mr. Tony Vincent. Right... You've got my charge number? Wonderful. Bye.

**Murdock:** Hot.! Hot! Them bones them bones them shiny bones!

**Face:** Ah...Murdock, you better change into your wardrobe. We're going to be there in an hour.

**Murdock:** What did I roll, Face?

**Face:** A couple of fours.

**Murdock:** Oh, another winner! Hard eight! Pay the shooter!

**Face:** It was an eight. Look!

(Face holds his empty hand up to BA. BA growls. Face tosses the imaginary dice to Murdock, who catches them. Murdock puts them in his pocket.)

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**Hannibal:** From Atlantic City... Just made the big time. I am going to play this guy like the world has passed him by until they licensed those casinos on the boardwalk Mr. Tony Vincent is nouveau big time, and he loves it.

**AMY:** It's really too bad that you're being chased by the military, you're a terrific actor.

**Hannibal:** I'm also very macho.

**AMY:** You know, I've been looking through these clippings on Gianni Christian, trying to find a chink in his armour, and I gotta tell you, I don't think we're going to find it. This guy is a security nut. I mean, He goes to and from his hotel either in a helicopter or in an armoured limo.

**Hannibal:** Yeah, but it could work for us.

**Murdock:** People who are paranoid are easily manipulated, if you play on their very fears.

**AMY:** Gianni Christian practically runs Las Vegas.

**Hannibal:** It's absolutely terrifying.

**BA:** Yeah, I'm shaking all over.

**Hannibal:** Face.

**Face:** Huh? Yeah? I'm terrified.

**AMY:** Christian is not a man to be crossed.

**Hannibal:** I'm sure he put his pants on one leg at a time, just like the rest of us. Besides, we're getting paid for this one!

*In the hotel at the front desk.*

**Amy:** Tony. Tony. All I said was Georgio's has a store here. That's all I said Tony.

**Hannibal:** All you broads want to do is burn money. You spend it quicker than the pentagon.

**Amy:** All I said was, Tony, is that Georgio's has a salon here.

**Murdock:** Mr. Vincent's here to be checked in.

**Clerk:** I'm sorry, what?

**Murdock:** Mr Tony Vincent! And party... from Atlantic City.

**Hannibal:** Take a couple hundred. Blow it on a number or something.

**Amy:** I only said Georgio's had a store here, I didn't say I wanted to buy nothin.

**Hannibal:** Get lost! (Amy exits) Hey Sonny... You gonna check us into this joint? Or are you just gonna stand around and decorate the lobby?

**Clerk:** Mr. Vincent?

**Hannibal:** Yeah...

**Clerk:** He with you?

**Hannibal:** He's my protection. We're supposed to be in here.

**Clerk:** We don't... We don't have a reservation, sir... (Delivery Guy enters) Nobody knew you were coming.

**Flower Delivery guy:** This is for a Mr. Tony Vincent.

**Hannibal:** That's me. Here, thanks kid. (Gives him a huge tip, you can tell be the guy's expression when he sees the bill) Obviously somebody knew I was coming. Eh... I can't read nothin no more. Read that for me. (Hands the clerk the card)

**Clerk:** Let me see. Tony, you gave me the last twenty years of life. I owe everything I am. Anything goes wrong, you tell me and a head rolls. Signed Gianni Christian.

**Hannibal:** Hey, Gianni sent me a pot of flowers. Ain't that nice? (BA growls and Murdock smiles.)What a guy.

**Clerk:** Mr. Vincent, we do have the Elvis Presley suite, top floor. It's reserved for friends of Mr. Christian's. I'm sure he'd like you to have that.

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**Hannibal:** You're a good scout kid, we'll take it. Hey, you got that picture that Gianni gave me, 'member? Gianni has a special chickola he wants me to try. Not bad, eh? Ol' Gianni can pick a pony can't he?

**Clerk:** Yes. This is Ellie Payne.

**Hannibal:** Yeah... Ellie's something, that's what he said. Now, I want you to send Ellie up to the Presley place... (Gives him some a tip) the suite... tell her Tony Vincent wants to have a good time.

**Clerk:** Front desk!

**Hannibal:** Here, take the broad to Georgio's, (Gives BA a bill) keep her away for this afternoon, ok?

**BA:** Yes, sir, Mr. Vincent. (BA exits)

**Clerk:** Send Ellie Payne to me right away. And have somebody try and find Mr. Martel.

*In the hotel room.*

**Hannibal:** We'll get the luggage. You just close the door. (Bell-hop exits) Better sweep the place for bugs. (They begin to look around the room)

*Back at the front desk, and talking to Mr. Martel over the phone, who is in his office.*

**Clerk:** That's right, Mr. Martel, he just checked in.

**Martel:** Tony Vincent? From the boardwalk?

**Clerk:** That's what he said. Mr. Christian sent him a big flower arrangement, some wine and telegrams arrived just after he checked in.

**Martel:** Well, I've never heard of him. But it could be legit. You know Mr. Christian. Have someone in switchboard put a tap on the phone just to play it safe. I'll check it out with Gianni.

**Clerk:** Yes, Sir.

**Martel:** Tony Vincent from the boardwalk?

*Face is at a payphone with a mini-tape-recorder in hand. Amy is beside him.*

**Operator:** Xanadu hotel.

**Face:** Tony Vincent's room please. (Operator switched on a recording device)

**Operator:** I'm connecting you with Mr. Vincent's room.

**Hannibal:** (His phone is ringing, he picks it up.) Yeah?

**Face:** It's Langley, 16 – 50, code lock.

**Hannibal:** Fore score and seven years ago, our forefathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation...

**Face:** That's enough. Stand by for computer voice check. (He plays the tape recorder: some beeps) Identity confirmed. Switch to verbal code six for transmit re-evaluation.

**Hannibal:** Surveillance and set up complete. No recall. Fail safe. Full on.

**Face:** A-1, drop the pill. (Hangs up phone. Hits phone and gets coin back.) There goes Ellie. (They watch Ellie leave the front desk.) Well, that should take an hour to run this game on her. You wanna shoot some craps?

**Amy:** I really got the jazz! Boy, that was great running the con and that hotel clerk. I thought I was pretty good.

**Face:** you were fine.

**Amy:** Fine?

**Face:** yeah, fine.

*Back in the Presley suite, BA is scanning the room with a device to find bugs.*

**Hannibal:** Clean BA?

**BA:** Yeah, it's clean.

**Hannibal:** Put the scrambler on the phone.

**BA:** It's just a toaster, man.

**Hannibal:** She won't know that. Murdock, give me a hand. We want her to think that it's the command centre for a government hit team.

*They set up surveillance photographs, weapons, and lots of stuff around the room. There's a knock on the door.*

**Hannibal:** ShowTime. BA gets behind the door.

**Murdock:** What about me? (Ellie is still knocking on the door.)

**Hannibal:** I may need a lunatic, act normal, hide behind a pillar. Put the lights down BA. (loudly) Door's open!

**Ellie:** Mr. Vincent, you there?

**Hannibal:** Yeah, close the door and lock it, and turn on the lights doll.

**Ellie:** Hi, I'm Ellie. I was told you like to party. What kind of party do you like?

**Hannibal:** I'd like a legal party. Special Agent Tony Vincent!

**Ellie:** You creep! You got nothing on me.

**Hannibal:** Sit down and shut up sister, this isn't about hooking.

**Ellie:** You damn right it isn't. (She tries to exit, but BA comes out, stops and redirects her.)

**Hannibal:** Meet special agent Jones. (BA leads her back to Hannibal and forcefully makes her sit in a chair.)

**BA:** Be cool momma and you won't get hurt.

**Ellie:** What the Hell is going on here?

**Hannibal:** It's all over Ellie, You are one of Gianni's old girlfriends. I've got fifty computerized pages on him and you. Now, you wanna cooperate with us... Maybe I won't let Bongo here do something really bad to you.

**Murdock:** Oh, man! You said I could take her. You promised. C'mon man. She's pretty... pretty.

**Ellie:** Look, I don't know what you guys want, I'm just a working girl.

**Hannibal:** We're from Washington. We are a special hit squad. We're in Vegas to take out Gianni Christian. We've been on him for five years and that jerk has stepped over the line for the last time.

**Ellie:** You gonna kill him? You're supposed to be the law.

**Hannibal:** We are. We are the executioners. (Hannibal throws a knife and it hits a board with a map of the hotel. Its bullseye is a circle marked, 'Gianni's Suite.') You oughtta know one when you see one baby. I mean, how many bodies have you seen buried in the Nevada sand? Our records and you were an accessory to the murder of Tommy G and you were actually there when he was killed.

**Ellie:** What can I tell you?

**Hannibal:** I wanna know how to get in Gianni's back door without it becoming a media event. I wanna know his whole security system... I wanna know his daily routine, minute by minute. I figure a girl like you, knows about that.

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**Ellie:** If I tell you how to get to Gianni he'd kill me!

**Murdock:** Let me take her. You said if she didn't help, I could. Please? So pretty!  
(Hannibal nods and Murdock goes for her.)

**Ellie:** Alright! Alright! Alright! Just keep this thing away from me! (She pushes him off.)

**Murdock:** Thing? (BA holds him back.)

**Ellie:** Get him back, you here! I'll tell you what I know.

**Hannibal:** Speak Up. (He holds up a tape recorder to her.)

*In Gianni's suite. They are listening to the tape the operator recorded.*

(Phone call tape player)

**Face's voice:** Verbal code lock one-sixteen. On and set. Alpha zed-lock. 48 -6. Transmit  
1 4 6 zero...

*Gianni presses stop.*

**Gianni:** Am I supposed to know what I am listening to?

**Martel:** It's all we got Gianni. It came right off the tap on that phone. These guys are calling Langley. You heard, it sounds like some sort of code. Maybe they're Feds on some kind of operation.

**Gianni:** Whoever he is, he's making me look like a fruit sundae... taking the Presley suite, room service bills, credit at the tables...

**Martel:** I'll tell Jilly to put drop on him.

**Gianni:** Do it quietly and bring him here. I'm dying to see my old friend Mr. Vincent from Atlantic City. It'll be a very interesting reunion. (He lights a cigar and looks sinister.)

**Martel:** Done.

*Maid enters Hannibal's room, despite, the cleverly placed 'Do not disturb' sign. Hannibal is sleeping in cute red pajamas. When she enters he wakes up and turns on the light. He's still sitting in bed.*

**Maid:** Maid! Maid, senor. Sorry Mister... Towels!

**Hannibal:** Hey lady, there's a 'do not disturb' sign on that door for a reason! Why don't you put the towels in the bathroom?

**Maid:** (She pulls out a gun and points it at him.) Freeze, or I'll put a hole in you I could drive through. (A thug in a suit enters.)

**Hannibal:** Who are you? Her husband?

**Thug:** Swallow it, Punk! (He punches Hannibal in the gut, who doubles over.)

**Hannibal:** You got no sense of humour pal.

**Thug:** Bring his clothes! (He investigates the 'toaster/scrambler'.)

*In hotel across the street. Face and Amy are dressed like rednecks? He's carrying her into the hotel room. The Bellhop is carrying Face's golf clubs.*

**Face:** We didn't bring any clothes! Just a couple of toothbrushes and my golf clubs. Me and Peaches ain't gonna need much to wear!

**Amy:** Darling! (She playfully slaps him.)

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**Face:** C'mon, Jelly bug! It's our anniversary! Will you lookit here! It's the exact same room with the view of the Starlight chapel and the Xanadu hotel right across there. Thanks pal, close the door on the way out and hold our calls. (Amy takes a bill from Face's inside jacket pocket, gives the guy a tip and he exits, closing the door behind him. Face drops her awkwardly on the bed.) No wonder I never married.

**Amy:** Thanks. (They move to the window.)

**Face:** What do you think? Look like a three wood to you? (She gets a rifle out of the golf bag.)

**Amy:** Uh huh, I'll hit the lights.

**Face:** That's the place. Right on the top. (He opens the window and pushes back the curtains, aims into Gianni's suite window.)

*In Gianni's suite. Gianni and Martel are there. The thug comes in with Hannibal. The thug is carrying the toaster/scrambler.*

**Thug (Jilly):** I grabbed this thing out of the room, Mr. Christian. It was attached to the phone. I think it's one of those scramblers, I betcha. I seen one of them just like it once, on Mission: Impossible. And a couple of charts... (Jilly exits.)

**Gianni:** Big shot, Mr. Tony Vincent from Atlantic City. You come in here and make a mess in my own house. You trying to make me look like a jerk, or what?

**Hannibal:** Gotta light? (Hannibal takes one of Gianni's cigars but he slaps it out of Hannibal's hand.) Your name swings open a lot of doors in this town, Gianni.

**Gianni:** It also swings closed a lot of caskets too.

**Hannibal:** Your not going to do that. You're not that dumb. I figured the moment I tipped you that I was in town, you were all over my phones, right? Wondering who I am. You know I called Langley. And you know I made it too easy for your monkeys to pick me up.

**Martel:** Eh! Maybe we just ought to have Jilly dump this jummo down a gopher hole.

**Gianni:** You're a FED but not a regular one. Look at this... Charts... Showing my movements to and from the hotel... my house... vantage points, lines of fire.

**Martel:** Looks like someone is being set up for a hit... but the FEDs?

**Gianni:** We always suspected. No one ever knew who hit the Montana Brothers.

**Hannibal:** And crazy Tommy T, you think he drowned on a fishing trip? We sent him over Niagara Falls with a rubber duck.

**Gianni:** And I am the next target? What's to keep me from blowing you away right here?

**Hannibal:** Because, right after that, you get into your secret elevator over here and the cable snaps. Or when your limo pulls out to take you home, it blows up. And for a back up, someone who knows that limo always goes home empty, puts something loud and noisy in that blue Chevy nova in slot number two with the fake employees name on it. Or maybe you're just looking out the window.

(Hannibal opens the curtains on the big window and Face fires.)

**Face (from across the street in the window, resting on a pillow.):** A hole in one!

*Jilly, the thug comes running in with his gun ready.*

**Gianni:** Get out of here!

**Jilly:** But...

**Gianni:** Go! (Jilly exits.)

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**Hannibal** (Helps himself to a cigar.): Now. Let's talk about why I am really here and why you're not breathing dirt, Gianni. (Spits the cigar bit into Gianni's drink.) Bruce Warfel.

**Martel:** Warfel the math guy?

**Hannibal:** Yeah, When I came down here scoping you out for a burial, I found out that you got this slide rule genius with THE system: a good enough system that maybe a retired fed could use it to cushion his twilight years. This kind of government work doesn't pay that much. It's just fun.

**Gianni:** And you want me to hand over a guy who can wipe me out in the casino? What kind of choice is that?

**Hannibal:** You don't understand Gianni, you're dead. You're a wash if I leave town without Warfel. Besides, I'd be willing to leave your community. I'll take Warfel to Atlantic City!

*Hannibal throws the lighter and it smashes a tray of glasses.*

**Martel:** You're out of your nut...

**Gianni:** Shut up! You think these guys are fooling around? It's not you he's gunning for!

**Hannibal:** I'll be at the Blackjack table nearest the front door, tomorrow afternoon at six.

**Gianni:** If I decide to make the exchange...

**Hannibal:** If you don't... at six – fifteen... that's you. (Motions to the gun shot) Think it over. Life is short.

*Outside the hotel, in the parking lot. Amy, Face and BA are sitting in the van waiting.*

**Valet:** Hey Frankie! Cheap jerks. Anything to save themselves a lousy buck tip. (He bangs on the door of the van.)

**BA:** (rolls down the window.) Hey man! Whatcha doing banging on my ride?

**Valet:** What, uh...Oh. I just was wondering if you wanted us to park it?

**BA:** No!

**Valet:** Uh. Thank you sir... Thank you!

**Amy:** It's five after! They're not going for it!

**BA:** I'm going in after Hannibal!

**Face:** Not yet BA. They'll go for it. They have to.

*Murdock and Hannibal are at the blackjack table. Another henchman, Warfel and Jilly walk to them.*

**Hannibal:** It looks okay. Well, Howdy professor, How they treating you?

**Prof.:** Umm... Fine. Fine.

**Hannibal:** Good. C'mon. (Murdock, Hannibal and Warfel leave the hotel and head for the van. Jilly and the other guy are following.)

**Prof.:** Who are you guys, what do you want now?

**Murdock:** We came to take you home.

**Prof.:** Home? You really mean it?

**Hannibal:** Save your questions 'til later.

**Face:** Hi professor, regards from Sue Beth and Darlene.

**Prof.:** Sue Beth and Darlene? They must be worried sick! How are they? Are they okay?

**Face:** Terrific!

*They all pile in the van and it takes off. Once they're gone... a body falls out of the window from the top of the hotel.*

**Thug (not Jilly?):** That's Gianni! Gianni Christian!

*Driving in the van. Face is in the front passenger seat. Murdock is directly behind him. BA is driving, Warfel is behind him and Amy and Hannibal are sitting in the back back.*

**Face:** Tell me Professor, do all the chicks at Arizona state look like Sue Beth and Darlene?

**Murdock:** Thinking about going back going back to college and getting that education you never had?

**Face:** Ahh... maybe for a week or two anyway.

**Prof.:** Am I really going home?

**Amy:** You sure are.

**Hannibal:** I told you everything would go down smoothly.

**Murdock:** BA, can't you get anything with some funky kind of sound on this thing?

**Radio:** Just moments ago, casino owner and underworld crime czar, Gianni Christian, fell to his death from the penthouse suite from one of his luxury hotels, here in Las Vegas. Police already have a lead to the suspected murderers, four mystery men and a woman who arrived in town yesterday afternoon reporting to be friends of Christian. The leader of the group called himself Tony Vincent, from Atlantic City, New Jersey. Police have already verified this is an alias, they hope to Vincent's true identity shortly... from a photo taken from one of the casino security cameras.

**Murdock:** I don't think we're getting out of this bird very easily.

*They pull up at a light and a police car sits nearby.*

**BA:** We have a Smokey to the left, Hannibal.

**Hannibal:** Hold it BA, If we run this light, he's gonna be on us.

**Cop:** This is x-ray 1-6. Have a 1-8-7 on Xanadu hotel suspect. Vehicle in sight on Desert Valley Drive.

**Face:** We've been made!

**BA:** Hang on everybody!

*Car chase which ends with cop car flipping.*

**Hannibal:** BA, Did you lose him?

**BA:** What? Are you kidding, sucka?

**Hannibal:** Better slow down so we don't attract attention. We better find some place to re-group.

**Amy:** This isn't going down very smooth, is it?

**Face:** Like, it isn't enough having the mob and the cop looking for us, when Hannibal's photo gets run for an id, the computer is going to spit it out on Colonel Lynch's desk and he's going to trail smoke getting here.

**Hannibal:** Cheer up Face, Remember, it's always darkest just before it goes totally black.

*Back in Gianni's suite. Martel and Jilly and the unknown thug are there.*

**Martel:** Carmine and Mr. Cassapio are even coming out from New York.

**Jilly:** Oh...we... we'll try to have Mr. Vincent and his gang before they get out here!

**Martel:** You make sure you have them. I want those guys. You spread the word... open season on the slimes who killed Gianni. 100 grand for whoever nails them.

*In a cheap motel room. Murdock is on the bed watching cartoons and the rest are all around the table, except BA, who was outside keeping watch.*

(Woody Woodpecker cartoon plays)

**Prof.:** They were real nice to me: everyone in the casino. The more I won, the more they'd buy me drinks and let me go to the shows on the house and bring a guest.

**Amy:** Ellie.

**Prof.:** Yeah, Ellie. What a sweet girl. She reminded me a lot of Sue Beth. Took real good care of me. I remember one night I was feeling a little giddy. And I hadn't had anything stronger to drink than orange juice. Anyway, I remember Ellie told me to go upstairs and lie down, and I did. The next thing I remember, I woke up in this house somewhere and there were these two big guys and they wouldn't let me leave.

**Hannibal:** And they tried to get your system out of you.

**Prof.:** No, not them, but this guy they would bring around... they called him Mr. M.

**Hannibal:** Martel.

**Prof.:** He would make me explain my system to him. It's not a complicated procedure. I mean, if you understand the coefficients of prime based numbers in random patterns. But I... I guess math wasn't one of his interests.

**Murdock:** Did you try primary trigonometry or logarithms founded in remedial calculus?

**Prof.:** Yes, I did. But he couldn't grasp it.

**Murdock:** Huh. Ooooh. Watch out Woody. They tried to do that to me.

**Prof.:** Sometimes he'd get really angry and start yelling and screaming and I'd think he was going to hit me, but then he'd calm down and I would try to explain it to him further, but I don't think they were understanding what I was saying.

**Face:** Probably what kept you alive. They were trying to figure out if you were just a guy who thought he had a system, and was running into a stroke of luck... or if it actually worked. (Murdock gets up and turns up TV)

**TV:** This is a special news item break just handed to me by the KJJV newsroom...

**Murdock:** Hey, Hannibal, don't we know this guy from some place? (Hannibal's picture is on the television.)

**Hannibal:** Oh, wonderful.

**TV:** Police officials say the suspects are still in this area. One interesting twist to the situation, and although it is strictly rumor, is that Christian's associates have offered a one thousand dollar bounty to anyone who can produce the missing Tony Vincent or his accomplices. Local police advise all would-be bounty hunters not to take the offer seriously... (Face clicks it off.)

**Face:** Great! That was like running an ad. With a hundred Gs reward out there, every cab-driver, hit man and half a wise guy looking for a quick score is going to be gunning for us.

**Prof.:** That's... that's illegal. You can't place a bounty on a human beings head like this is the Wild West.

**Hannibal:** Sure you can.

**Amy:** Who did kill Christian?

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**Hannibal:** Somebody who wanted the opportunity. I was the perfect Patsy. Walking in, telling Mr. Christian that I would snuff out his lights unless he snapped to. Somebody grabbed the chance and chucked him out the window.

**BA:** Your right Hannibal. I hung back to keep an eye on the van. A couple of pinstriped suits came along and spotted it, started checking it out. They didn't seem like cops to me.

**Hannibal:** I'm not worried about the cops, we'll get by them. But with that reward out and the whole syndicate on the streets, this town is covered with a blanket.

**Amy:** How we gonna get out of here?

**Hannibal:** We stack the deck in our favour. I gotta plan.

**BA:** I hope this plan is better than you last one.

**Hannibal:** The last one worked, we got professor Warfel.

**Murdock:** Yeah, but this one has gotta get us out of town.

**Hannibal:** That's what I do best.

(Woody laughs on TV, Murdock makes a funny face.)

*In Gianni's suite. New bad guys are there and their thugs.*

**Martel:** I couldn't believe it! When Gianni decided to hand Warfel over, I begged him, Gianni! Don't trust this bum. Gianni, what can I say? You know, he was becoming a little unfirm. He let this guy back him down! Scare him! Skuzzball goes and kills him anyway.

**Mob guy 1:** He was breaking. Punked out. Maybe this guy Vincent did us a good turn. Listen, Jackie, we all know how much you meant to Gianni and what he meant to you. I'd like you to know how right we feel about it is that you be in line for a place on the committee and I speak for all of us.

**Martel:** It's an honour. Course I'll continue to run things around here until the committee can come up with some sort of decision as to how to cope with Mr. Christian's unexpected demise. Then naturally, if you want me to, I'll stay on in whatever capacity.

**Mob guy 2:** You're pretty quick to step into Gianni's shoes, Jackie boy.

**Martel:** I only do what's asked of me Mr. Cassapio.

**Mob guy 1:** Thanks (To the waiter who is handing them tea.)

**Martel:** Pop! Pop!

**Waiter:** Terribly sorry, sir. I'll get a towel.

**Mob guy 2:** And what about this Vincent? Now, we can't let just anybody smack us openly like this.

**Martel:** I told Gianni, let me take care of him in the first place! Now I put the word out and he knows he gots me to tangle with now. I betcha if he's not already dead, he's all the way to Timbuktu...

**Waiter (Wait! It's Hannibal! He was cleverly disguised as a black waiter.):** I missed the plane, Jacky boy! (A thug pulls out a gun, but Hannibal fires a warning shot close to him.)

**Murdock (who was hiding in the waiter's cart with a big gun):** And the shooter said, let it ride.

**Hannibal:** Don't reach for anything unless you want to see everybody's brains all over the rug. I admit there probably isn't enough of them to make a very big mess, but please don't move. (Hannibal and Murdock are back to back. They are moving slowly towards the elevator. Hannibal is keeping the gun on Martel and is pulling him along with them.) It wouldn't look good on the annual stockholder's report to have three of its board of directors die in one day. Gimme those chopper keys. (Martel gives him the keys.) Open it up.

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**Martel:** What? (Hannibal punches him in the gut.) You'll never make it out of the hotel! Mr. Christian set up a security system. Nobody can get into that elevator without the code. (The elevator doors open at that moment to reveal Face.)

**Face:** We had an electronics expert work on the fuse panel in the basement.

**Hannibal:** Take him Face. Now if anyone tries to stop us, then smiley here comes back with a couple ounces of lead in him. Better spread that around town real fast in case some amateur hungry for the reward tries something. We don't like to be followed, show him! (Murdock shoots up the room. The elevator doors close.)

**Mob guy 2:** Go get him!

**Mob guy 1:** There's a staircase that goes to the roof.

**Martel:** I thought you were going up to the helicopter.

**Murdock:** I like helicopters. Do you like helicopters? I love helicopters.

**Martel:** You're never going to make it to the freeway.

**Hannibal:** C'mon Jackie boy! They aren't gonna do anything to endanger the life of their new Copoday-tutti-fruitee. Unless they find out that you chucked your buddy out a thirty-story window like yesterday's newspaper.

*On the roof... the helicopter is just sitting there. Jilly, the thug and the two mob guys come through the doors..*

**Jilly:** They must be headed for the garage! Come on!

*In the elevator...*

**Hannibal:** You had that planned all along, didn't ya? I was just a convenient excuse, right?

**Martel:** You made it so easy for me. Just as easy as it's going to be to take care of you when this is over.

**Face:** So much for Amy's exclusive.

**Martel:** I'll deny that. That's no good. (Elevator doors open to the garage. Amy and BA are there waiting.)

**Hannibal:** Not in a court of law, but with the boys upstairs? C'mon Jackie.

**Martel:** You guys are dogmeat!

*The mob guys, Jilly and the thug are running down to the garage.*

**BA:** Elevator is all set to go back up.

**Hannibal:** What do you think of Christian's limo?

**BA:** She's okay. She's got an inter-armour plate and the glass is bulletproof.

**Hannibal:** Murdock, here's the keys to the chopper on the roof. Take the professor on back to Arizona.

**Prof.:** I really haven't had the chance to thank you.

**Face:** Send us a post card professor. Better yet, send Darlene instead. Okay, BA, hit it!

*Face jumps in the limo as the men come round the corner, they hop into a car and begin firing.*

**Jilly:** Go for the tires, it's an armoured plated car!

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*New car chase. Murdock and the professor are in the helicopter. BA is driving the limo. Face and Hannibal are in the backseat, Face is holding a gun on Martel who is sitting in front of them. The other car has people firing at them. The limo is zipping through cars on the road.*

**Hannibal:** Better put some English on it BA, we've got some party crashers.

**BA:** Give me a break. With all this armour, this thing corners like a semi.

**Hannibal:** Take it easy. Remember, Black is beautiful.

**BA:** Not on you, it ain't.

*Murdock appears, following the car chase.*

**Hannibal:** That sounds like a chopper.

*Murdock follows the cars with the helicopter, puts the bad guys off the road by driving in front of them.*

**Face:** Looks like the Calvary's here!

**Hannibal:** Do it to him!

*Martel reaches in the side panel of the limo while Face and Hannibal are looking out at Murdock. He pulls out a gun.*

**Face:** Look out.

*They get the gun away from him, but not before he gets one shot off.*

**Hannibal:** Where'd he get this?

**Face:** I don't know. Maybe they got some more!

*Hannibal lifts up the seat in front of him and finds more guns.*

**Hannibal:** Well, well well, an ingram with an extra clip.

**Face:** You believe these guys?

**Hannibal (chuckles):** Open the roof Face, Now if that guy comes too, give him a concussion.

**Face:** Right. (Hannibal climbs out of the sunroof and fires.)

**Hannibal:** Give me another clip.

(Blows off hood of car. It flips off the road, Voice: "Man! Hey Cliff, are you okay?")

"Yeah. I'm okay" Hannibal comes back in and Face hands him a cigar.)

**Hannibal:** Ah... thanks.

**BA:** (chuckles.) Hannibal loves the jazz.

*Outside the newspaper office...*

**Amy:** Hey guys, notice who got the banner?

**Hannibal:** C'mon, kid, we'll buy you lunch.

**Amy:** Four of Martel's buddies helped break him loose when they were transporting him back to Nevada.

**BA:** I don't think they broke him loose because they're his buddies.

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**Amy:** You don't? They helped him escape to kill him?

**Hannibal:** Well, if they read the note I left, which they would have by now. Mr. Jack Martel is probably part of the foundation of one of those new high rises on the strip. The cops will find out he killed Gianni, which means that nobody is casing us, except Lynch.

**Amy:** Okay, why are you guys really here? I got worried when you called and said you were coming by.

**Hannibal:** Have you seen Murdock?

**Amy:** Isn't he at the hospital?

**Face:** Nope. We haven't heard from him since Vegas.

**Amy:** You're kidding? I hope he's okay.

**BA:** Mama, he hasn't been okay his whole life.

**Amy:** Well, I did talk to Sue Beth and Darlene and they said that Prof. Warfel got home safely so that means Murdock made it as far as Arizona.

**Face:** I'm going to quit worrying about Murdock. He's probably just trying to thumb a ride. (They all climb into the van and pull the door shut.)

*Murdock is walking down a runway. Planes are zooming past him and taking off. He's hitchhiking. Air traffic control sees him.*

Murdock: JERK! (As the plane goes by without stopping.)

Radio: To sun tower... this is Trans global 3-9, we've a got a civilian down on runway 2-1... looks like he's hitchhiking!

*Freeze on Murdock thumbing for a ride, holding his cap on, and smiling.*