

Taxi-Cab Wars

Exterior: busy city street,

Radio (it's Cal):

Lone star one, pick up a fair at 2367 Delaney Street. He'll be by the warehouse.

Inside the cab, a man (Tom Heart) picks up the CB radio.

Tom:

This is Lone Star one, sounds like another set up, man.

Cal (at the dispatch desk):

Maybe I should call the police and have them meet you there.

Tom:

The cops already think were a bunch of crazies. Call Cathy and Shelly, ETA 10 minutes.

Cal:

Lone Star 3 and 4, I'm sending one to the alley behind 2367 Delaney Street. Run over there and make sure he doesn't have an accident, ETA 10 minutes.

Strike (into a radio, waiting outside a building):

You guys ready?

Crane (waiting in a cab):

Yeah, we're on Mission Street, bring him to us.

Strike (puts radio away):

Right.

Cathy (pulls up in her cab across the street from the guy):

He's alone. I don't think he works for Love Cabs. I've never seen him before.

Tom (in his cab, nearby):

Okay, I'll pick him up. Stay there for a minute.

Cathy:

Okay.

Strike (walks up to Tom as he pulls up):

Three of you? Boy, that's service.

Tom:

We've been having a little trouble with a rival cab company. Where to?

Strike:

2616 Mission.

Tom:

Hop in. (the Strike climbs in the backseat, Tom picks up the radio) It's okay. Thanks for the back up.

Strike (on the way):

So what kind of trouble?

Tom:

Nothing we can't handle. (looks around uneasy-like) It's kind of quiet down here. What kind of business are you in?

Strike:

Sales rep for an iron works. Gotta pick up some samples and drive out to Medesso tonight.

Tom:

Oh yeah?

Strike:

It's right up here.

Mind waiting? I'll be right back. (Gets out of the cab and leaves Tom alone) Run the meter.

Tom:

Okay.

Two cabs come zooming around the corner. Tom tries to start up his cab, but they corner him. He tries to run for it. Three men run out of the cars and grab him. They beat him up pretty badly and pull him towards the building. Crane and the Strike come out.

Crane (enters with Strike, whips Tom with his jacket):

Get down.

You down to three cabs, when you people gonna learn? Nobody hands me in to the transportation commissioner, and nobody works my neighbourhood unless I let them.

Tom:

It's a free country!

Crane:

It's a free country except for where my cabs run. Give Mr. Heart here a little taste of freedom on Mission Street. (Exits)

Strike:

Torch the cab.

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After kicking Tom a bit more, the bad guys stick a rag in the gas tank of Tom's cab and ignite it. After the Love Cabs tear out of there, there is a huge explosion and the Lone Star Cab is engulfed in flames. Tom lays unconscious on the ground.

Later, the three remaining cab drivers (Cathy, Shelly and Cal) for Lone Star Cab are outside their building working under the hoods of the cars.

Cathy:

Gus put sand in the gas tank when I was parked in front of the hotel.

Cal:

Look, I've told you. Don't get out of your cab.

Cathy:

C'mon Cal! The fare was a little old lady in a walker, she needed help inside. I was only gone for a minute.

Cal:

Well, the Lone Star Cab Company is out of business guys. We're down to two hacks; poor Tom is in the hospital for a least a week. It's over! Our whole partnership has been dissolved. We can file this business under nice try. It's just too bad we couldn't locate the A-Team.

Shelley:

You know, and I thought I had a line on them too. I went to the laundry last night like the guy said, some old Chinese dude was there said they'd contact us within forty-eight hours. Of course when I mentioned that we were broke, he seemed to lose some of his interest.

Cal:

Maybe we shouldn't have turned Crane into that commission.

Cathy:

He was fixing meters! Dealing dope out of his cabs! He bribed somebody and beat the case. We didn't even slow him down. He's got more ex-cons in his garage then they've got at Terminal Island.

Shelley:

Hey, we did the right thing man. The guys a slug and somebody had to stand up to him.

Cal:

Yep.

Face (across the street, Face parks the corvette. An old Texan (Mr. Wickersham) climbs out:

Watch the paint on my new car.

Mr. Wickersham (walking with a cane across the street towards the cab drivers):

Harold! You stay in the car.

Face:
Harold?

Mr. Wickersham:
I understand this building is for sale. I'm Clarence Wickersham the third, I own nine buildings in this block. Yes sir!

Cal:
Kinda helps himself, don't he?

Mr. Wickersham (as he walks inside):
Yes, I'm fixin' to buy the whole block. You haven't got rats, have ya? I can't stand rats. (Climbs a ladder to an upper area and bangs things with his cane) Don't see any up here. Gonna put in a shopping mall, theatre (climbs back down the ladder), bowling alley, skating rink, supermarket... Well... This is the Lone Star Cab Company? Where are all you taxis, sonny?

Cal:
Well, we had six but we've been on a run of bad luck, we're down to two. Once we get the sand out of our gaslines.

Mr. Wickersham:
You're a fine looking woman (slaps Cathy's bottom, she lets out a little scream in surprise) and you've got good electricity! Glad to see it! (He starts to bang on all sorts of electrical boxes with his cane)

Cal (pulling down the cane):
Mr. Wickersham, do you mind? We've just been run out of business and we're not in the mood for this right now.

Mr. Wickersham:
Do you see that ring? My daddy gave me that ring and he gave me a business philosophy and I've been using that philosophy ever since I sold Lulu sign out of a pickup truck in Nakanushu, Texas, (What? Where?)

Cal:
Spare us.

Mr. Wickersham:
And that philosophy is if somebody is pushing you, you just push back a little harder.

Cal:
Yeah... Well, we're slightly outnumbered here.

Mr. Wickersham:
Good lookin' office. Outnumbered? Well there's been times in history when two or three good men could hold off a whole army Well, you take Romulas and Remas why they held off a whole army just because they held on to one little old bridge.

Cal:

Yeah, well, I'm sure you can hire a competitor who hires ex-cons to drive cabs.

Mr. Wickersham:

Just like that (snaps fingers).

Cal:

You don't understand! They're rigging meters!

Mr. Wickersham:

So what?

Cal:

They've got no compulsion about five of them got taxis.

Mr. Wickersham:

I'll take care of 'em.

Cal:

Well the police can't unless we catch them in the act and we haven't been able to do that.
We're out of money. It's over.

Mr. Wickersham:

Out of money, huh?

Cal:

Yeah, money.

Mr. Wickersham:

Well, I just might be willing to loan you some money for 10% ownership of your company.

Cathy:

You'd do that?

Mr. Wickersham:

Is it a deal?

Cal:

Yeah! What have we got to lose?

Mr. Wickersham:

Well, you could lose your life. But my daddy used to say that life without danger is just like a house of ill repute without the naked ladies.

Cal:

Look, we accept your offer.

Mr. Wickersham:

Good. (Pulls out a little radio) Come on in, they're okay. (The van pulls in and the team gets out)

Cal:

Who are these people?

Mr. Wickersham:

Lady and Gentleman, may I present the A-Team?

Shelly:

They came!

Mr. Wickersham:

BA Baracus, Faceman, Howling Mad Murdock and Amy Allan. Now the Lone Star Cab Company is back in business. All we gotta do is get some cabs that run.

Cal:

Right.

In Crane's office across town.

Crane:

Okay, now that Lone Star is out of business, I want you to bring those new cabs down to the plant in Torrance. Call Mike have him recondition the ones that we've got now and we'll get those.... Those three new ones on the street tonight.

Strike:

Got it (Enter Rider and a big goony-looking guy)

Crane:

Who's this?

Rider:

Hal Billings, I knew him in Soledad, just got out. He's looking for work.

Crane:

Does he know the score?

Rider:

Yeah, I told him. He knows about the meter scam. If we need muscle he'll play ball. I mean, he was in for assault and armed robbery.

Crane:

If you get popped, you don't talk, 'cause I got contacts on the inside too.

Billings:

I'm no punk, Mr. Crane. I hold my ground real good.

Crane:

Put him to work.

Strike:

Rider, we want those cabs on the street tonight, so get out to Torrance, pick them up and hit the streets.

Rider:

You got it.

Crane:

He'll work out.

Rider and Billings are driving a huge truck with the three new Love Cabs on it. The A-Team van begins to follow it. Amy is driving, Murdock is behind her in the back, Hannibal is in the front passenger seat and Face is behind him in the back.

Face:

I don't know about this, Hannibal. I just never saw myself driving a taxicab. I mean, as part of the A-Team, I like to go to exotic, romantic places. Tarzana somehow just doesn't qualify.

Murdock:

I really love Tarzana. I used to bring my girlfriends here to watch chimneys on the factories smoke. And now I have returned with a secret identity. I don't know quite what it is yet, but I'm sure it will thrill and amaze us all.

Face:

Oh, how I wish BA was here to shut you up.

Hannibal:

He's busy in the paint bay. Now don't get too close, Amy.

Amy:

I don't know Hannibal... stealing these cabs... We can get arrested for grand theft auto.

Hannibal:

(Chuckles)

Face:

Maybe I could be a dispatcher. Being a dispatcher wouldn't be as bad as being a driver.

Murdock:

I feel a new identity coming on. I feel it. Yes, from the front seat of his cab, with his faithful companions: Hannibal, Faceman, and Amy, he will lead this war against injustice.

Face:

I have a feeling I'm really gonna hate this one, Murdock.

Murdock (as we see Face, Hannibal and Murdock jump out of the van, climb into the cabs on the back of the truck):

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Comes fighting the light vanquisher of evil. He is the protector of the innocent and the avenger of the downtrodden.

Billings (Hearing engines start up and tires squealing):

What is that?

Murdock (from inside the cab):

It's Captain Cab.

Murdock reverses the cab off the truck and squeals it into a 180 degrees turn.

Hannibal and Face are in separate cabs and follow him off the truck. They race away.

Rider (inside the truck, grabs the CB):

This is Rider, we've just lost all our cabs! Somebody just stole them all of the back of the truck!

Voice over the radio (Strike):

What?

Rider:

We're on Tarzana Street, they're heading West.

Strike (in an office):

All Love Cabs, This is Strike: we've been hit! Three of our new cars have been stolen. They're heading West on Tarzana Street! Everybody, I mean everybody! Get over there!

Love Cabs from all over start gearing out looking for the new cars. Meanwhile, Hannibal and the others are in a nice line heading into 'Sudsy Sassen's Carwash,' an abandoned, for sale car wash... BA guides them in to begin, where he has paper and tape to cover the windows. Amy follows them up to the building in the van.

Hannibal:

Everything ready, BA?

BA:

Yeah, man, let's do it!

Murdock (as they are all climbing out of their cabs):

I'm returning to Tarzana to right several wrongs that I've noticed occurring here lately.

BA:

Please, Murdock! Not now!

Face:

Yeah, You're gonna hate this one, BA. I think he's building up to a mask and cape.

Murdock:

Yes, Captain has a secret identity, posing as a mild mannered...

BA (interrupts him):

Shut the rap, Murdock. We got work to do.

Billings (in his cab, talking on the CB):

This is Hal, I'm heading over to Adam Street. Nothing so far.

Hannibal:

This is the fast drying paint, huh BA?

BA:

It's the fastest.

Murdock: (walks by them, talking to himself... he looks very deep in thought. The guys watch him. Hannibal looks amused, BA doesn't.)

...A mild mannered veterinarian with a talking puppy who fights against the forces of evil...

Hannibal starts the tracks at the car wash. Instead of water, paint is sprayed on to the cabs. There are heat lamps... They come out the other end, fresh, white cabs. They peel the protective paper off the windows and taillights and place 'Lone Star Cab' stickers on the doors. Immediately they set out in them. A Love Cab drives by.

Billings (in his cab, into the CB):

This is Hal, you ain't going to believe this, but there's three new Lone Star Cabs down here.

Murdock (as a voice over while we see the Lone Star Cabs drive down the street):

People all over the city look to the roads in awe, and ask 'what is happening?' The answer is simple, Captain Cab has returned to Tarzana (gasps).

In the Lone Star Cab Building later, BA is looking in the cab. Murdock is in the back.

B.A (motions for him to come over):

Hey, Murdock. You had the last shift in this cab, right?

Murdock (comes over slowly, hiding his left hand in his sleeve):

No, Captain Cab was in this vehicle, sir. Um, he's gone. But in his absence, uh, let me explain. (Walks around BA and changes his facial expression and voice) Hi, I'm doctor Verne, veterinarian. And this is my talking dog, Socky (pops his left hand out, he has a sock on it with eyes painted on it), Ruf! (Does a high-pitched dog bark).

BA (grabs Murdock by the jacket and makes his hand into a fist):

This is my talking fist. His name is Knock Out. Do you want to hear Knock Out speak?

Murdock:

No.

BA:

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All right, we're going to be sharing this cab. But I don't like paper wrappers in my cab...
And I don't like you sticking pencils in the seat!

Murdock:

Ah...Everybody does it, BA. Cabbies all over the world stick their pencils in the seats and in the dashboard of their cars and Captain Cab has a responsibility to live up to those traditions.

BA:

You tell Captain Cab if he do it again, he and his dog Socky are gonna meet my talking fist.

Murdock:

Uh... Correction, he is my dog, but I, I will pass it along.

Hannibal (enters with Amy and Face behind him and the others come out too):

Amy, you got the radio, BA you got the hotels, Face you got the East Side.

Face:

Can I have restaurant row? Better class of people.

Amy:

Secretaries on their lunch break? Early discotheque crowd?

Face:

Well... I was supposed to be on the radio. Hannibal, I don't have the right clothes for this kind of work.

Hannibal:

Face, what have you got in mind?

Face:

Nothing!

Hannibal:

Okay, Murdock, you take the East Side.

Murdock:

Great. Pssst! (Lifts up his left arm and Socky pops out and talks to him, Murdock uses a low gravelly voice for Socky) You may have the East Side of town, pal, but I suggest you get in touch with your friend, Captain Cab. (In Vern's voice) Look, I... I... I have no connection with this Captain Cab, I mean, there are those who think we look quite similar, but I however, see no similarity. (Socky growls)

Hannibal (opening a cab door):

All right let's mount up... Show those goons in the Love Company that we're still in business.

Cal:

Look, it's going to be dangerous, any call you get can be a set-up.

Hannibal:

I certainly hope so. (Squeals out of there, Murdock and Face follow – equally as squeally.)

Cathy (beside Amy as they watch the boys drive off):

I feel like we're letting them fight our battle for us.

Amy:

Well, you couldn't better bunch of guys.

A bit later, Face is driving down the street.

Amy (over the radio):

Lone Star 4, we got a fare at the YMCA.

Face:

YMCA? (Picks up CB) Listen Amy, give that to Captain Cab, will ya? I don't do pick-ups at men's organizations...hair salons, fashion boutiques... anywhere a pretty girl can be found.

Amy (sitting at the radio back at the office):

Face, you're the closest.

Face:

Uh...What's that Amy? You're fading out.

Amy:

Okay, there's a pick up, a Miss Tina Lavelle, at Tip Top Casuals.

Face:

I'm on my way. (Puts CB back) Tina Lavelle? Sounds good.

Outside a hotel, there are several Love Cabs. Billings is there. He moves from talking to another cabbie and walks to his cab to use the radio.

Billings (into the CB):

This is love – 20. I'm at the plaza, I've got two heading for one of those new Lone Star cabs, what do you want I should do?

Strike (sitting at a desk in the office with Crane behind him):

You got anybody with you?

Billings (as a voice over the radio):

Uh...Two other cabs.

Crane (comes over and speaks into the radio):

I want them off the street.

Billings:

All right.

He puts his radio down and makes way to an old 'English' couple heading for BA's cab with some luggage. He stops them.

Billings:

Excuse me, this cab's out of service.

English Man:

What?

BA (getting out of his cab and making his way towards Billings):

No it isn't.

Billings:

Yes it is.

BA:

No it isn't!

Billings:

Oh, you're a big one aren't you?

BA:

Even more to the point... I'm a mean one sucker! (Lifts and throws Billings over his head, Billings lands on the roof of the cab and rolls onto the ground. BA hastily throws the couple's bags into the cab. A cabbie comes towards him sliding across the hood of a car and BA punches him. Another guy runs towards him, BA flips him over his head too and he bounces off the roof of the cab and lands on the ground) Get in! (They do, timidly. BA closes the door, guns in the front... Billings gets up and helps the other two up. They make way to their cabs.)

BA (a little bit later, in the car as it's driving):

Where you headed sir?

English Man (stutters):

The airport please.

Billings (in his cab, on the radio):

I'm heading East bound on Century. He's big, get me some help.

English Man:

Excuse me, would you mind telling me what's going on?

BA:

It's a war: us against them.

English Man:

A war?

BA:

Yeah, but don't worry, you in the winning cab. (Laughs. Notices a Love Cab following him. Picks up the CB) Amy, this is BA, I'm heading eastbound on Century Blvd and I'm being followed. (The Love Cab hits BA from behind.)

Amy (at the radio in the office):

Hannibal, BA's in trouble. He's got a fare on Century and three Love Cabs in pursuit.

Hannibal (in his cab smoking a cigar):

Sounds perfect. Face, did you copy that?

Face (in his cab, a woman –probably not as young and beautiful as Face wanted- sits in the back):

Sure did, Hannibal.

Hannibal (over the radio):

We'll get there on the double.

Tina:

Where are you going?

Face:

Ah... there's a little trouble over on Century. I'll let you out, If you want.

Tina:

And lose you? Not on your life, you big hunk. (Giggles)

BA (in his cab after being hit from behind again):

UH! (Picks up CB) Hannibal! Those fools are crushing my car.

Hannibal:

Keep your shirt on, BA; I'm only a block away. (A Love Cab pops out behind him)
Now I've got one on my tail. Face, I need ya.

Face (on the radio):

Here I come, Hannibal.

A cab starts smashing into Hannibal from the driver's side. Another pulls up behind Face and starts to ram him from behind. Hannibal drives up over the back of a truck and flips into a horrible crash, lands on his roof. BA is hit from behind again. A Love Cab pulls in front of Face, he swerves to avoid a collision and drives over a curb, something with a ramp, anyhow – and he is airborne... crashes down to the ground and into Hannibal's overturned car. BA is hit several more times and is forced to drive into a parked car. We see Hannibal crawl out of his cab, and (symbolically to prove he's still on top?) climb on top of the overturned car. He goes to talk to Face.

Face:

Hannibal, allow me to present Miss Tina Lavelle.

Hannibal:

How do you do? (He shakes her hand and she giggles)

Face:

We were just on our way to the Regency.

Tina:

Oh forget the Regency! I'd like to buy you two dreamboats a drink!

Hannibal:

War is Hell, Miss Lavelle, and besides, Cab Drivers never drink.

Face:

So Hannibal, what now?

Hannibal:

Well I think we've softened them up.

Meanwhile in BA's cab, the couple is crawling out of his cab... Murdock pulls up along side him.

BA (turning the engine over):

I know you want to get to the airport sir, but I'm trying, man! I'm trying!

English Man (as he and his wife get in Murdock's cab):

We're not riding in this cab.

BA:

I'm trying!

Murdock:

Where to?

English Man:

The airport! You know that man is quite mad!

Murdock (to Socky):

Well, little fellah, it looks like we didn't make this one but we'll get there next time. (The couple starts getting out rather quickly, Murdock doesn't seem to notice...in Socky's voice) Aaah! Don't worry Captain Cab, you own a trailer, right? (When they get out, he drives away)

English Man (as he and his wife head off walking to the airport with all their bags):

Helen, I think next time we'll just stay in London, hmm?

At the Lone Star Cab building...

Cal:

I wish I'd been there to see it.

Cathy:

How many of their cabs did you guys manage to destroy?

Face:

It's, uh, not the number of cabs that count. It's the quality of the impression that you make.

BA:

Hey man, we didn't do nothing but lose. That's the impression that we made!

Murdock (as Socky, Murdock is lying in the front seat of a cab and has Socky looking out of the window):

(Blows his nose on a Kleenex) It's fine to sit here and discuss old victories but Captain Cab is getting ready to roll! And as his trusty canine companion I suggest that it's time that we deliver our warning...For a warning must be delivered first before Captain Cab can seek to avenge injustice. (BA pulls the sock off Murdock's hand, he sits up and uses his Vern voice) Hi, I'm Vern, Veterinarian. Have you seen my old chum, Socky? (BA growls) Nevermind. (Slinks down back into the cab.)

Cal:

Are you sure he's okay? I mean, he doesn't seem quite normal.

Hannibal:

That sock is telling the truth. He's absolutely right. It's time for Mr. Crane to learn that his days are numbered. Amy, you got that info?

Amy (enters, hands a paper to Hannibal):

Crane lives on Crescent View Drive, the security there is very tight, I think it's going to be hard to get to him. I think we're going to be better off trying to take him at one of his clubs. He's got a golf membership and he belongs to a tennis club.

Hannibal:

No, I think it would shake him up more if we got him at home.

Face:

Ahh... How we gonna do that?

Hannibal:

He wouldn't listen to us, but I'll bet he'd listen to Clarence Wickashem the third.

In Face's corvette, driving to Crane's house. Face is driving and Hannibal, in his Wickashem costume, is in the front seat.

Face:

Hannibal, this is really making me nervous.

Hannibal:

What's the matter?

Face:

What's the matter? We're taking my brand new car into a situation where it can get shot up! I like to take good care of it, Hannibal, I'm real sentimental.

Hannibal:

Oh. Don't worry, if things get rough, I'll have them shoot around it.

Face:

Very funny.

Hannibal:

Hey, what's that? (Face pulls a big gun) Beaut, Where'd you get it?

Face:

Cal Freeman.

Hannibal:

Pretty.

Face:

Ah, no, no, no, no you don't!

Hannibal:

You got BA's frequency meter? (Face holds up a small black box)

They pull up to a large gate and a guard comes over to them...

Face:

Hi there.

Guard:

Yeah?

Face (hands the guard a card):

Mr. Clarence Wickashem the 3rd from Dallas, Texas to see Mr. Crane.

Guard:

Is he expecting you?

Hannibal:

I'm the new owner of the Lone Star Cab Company! Don't waste my time Sonny, get your boss on the phone. (The guard does as he's told)

Face:

I don't understand why you had to do this in character, Hannibal. Unless, of course, it's cause you haven't had an acting job in a while...Is, uh, that it?

Hannibal:

Nah... If I can convince Crane there's a new big money player in the game, he might just pay up. I think we ought to give him that opportunity before we take him and his company apart, don't you?

Face:

Why not?

Guard (hangs up the phone):

Okay you can go on up, they're opening the gates now.

Face (drives):

Thank you

Hannibal:

Did you get the frequency?

Face:

23.6 It's an oddball frequency he's got but good security.

Hannibal:

Ehh... Get BA, tell him we're waiting on him.

Face (into a radio):

BA, your frequency is 2-3--6, we'll signal you in.

Strike (as the corvette slows down in front of him and Rider):

Okay, get out

Hannibal:

Short on manners, aren't ya?

Strike:

Hey pop, get out!

Strike (as he and Rider are patting them down and he finds something on Hannibal's chest)

What's this?

Hannibal:

I have a heart condition.

Rider:

Pacemaker

Face:

Very good.

Strike:

You came to see Mr. Crane? You've got five minutes, he's around back.

Hannibal:

I've got to take my nephew Harold. He's a little retarded but he is a nurse.

Face:

Retarded?

Hannibal:

And a notary republic. If your boss and I make a deal, Harold can make things legal.

Face:

Uncle Clarence!

Hannibal (as Rider and Strike lead them to the back yard where Crane and a very beautiful girl are basking in the sun):

Shut up, Harold. He's a good nurse, but he won't eat his supper unless we let him wear his football helmet.

Face:

Football helmet?

Hannibal:

Heh. Never should've mentioned it. See what I mean? He wanted to wear it out here today.

Crane (after Strike whispers something in his ear):

Okay, who are you?

Hannibal:

I am and Clarence Wickashem III, this is my nephew Harold.

Crane:

So what do you want?

Hannibal:

I am the new owner of the Lone Star Cab Company. You've been causing us some trouble.

Crane:

I don't know what you're talking about.

Hannibal:

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Is that right? My associates tell me that you were responsible for the destruction of a large number of our taxicabs. I am here to suggest that you make restitution for those vehicles.

Crane:

Oh you are, are you?

Hannibal:

Yes sir! And I've kept a count. Harold, pay attention, give the man the numbers.

Face:

(To the girl) Hi, how are you doing? (To Crane) That's \$160 000. Plus interest since the date of the accidents of \$33 000 for a grand total of \$193 000. (To the girl) I love your suit.

Crane:

I'm not paying you a cent.

Hannibal:

I was afraid you'd act like that. Now I am a man of fundamentalist upbringing. I never go to the authorities. So, your failure to pay up will cost you an equal number of vehicles. A biblical solution, I think you'll agree.

Crane (the thugs advance with weapons out):

Rider, Strike... Teach the Kentucky Colonel here and his pretty friend what happened to people who threaten me.

Face:

Pretty friend?

Crane:

Take him to the edge of town and wrap them up in blankets.

Hannibal suddenly collapses, grasping his heart. Rider catches him.

Face:

Uh oh! Uh! UH!

Hannibal (in a groan):

Harold!

Face:

I got it! Uh... I got it!

Crane:

What is he doing? What's wrong with him?

Face:

It's his heart condition. You see, uh... I need to readjust his pacemaker. He refuses to have an implant so I haveta (pulls it) tape it to his chest!

Meanwhile in the van, BA gets the signal...

BA:

That's it! Let's go!

Crane (grabs the disc from Face):

Is this some kind of signaling device?

Hannibal:

Well, now! Harold, did you tape the wrong device to my chest? No wonder I've been feeling poorly.

Crane:

Get them out of here.

The van crashes through the fence and patio stuff... Murdock and BA jump out firing.

BA:

Drop 'em! Or you're dead! (They do as they're told)

Hannibal picks up the bill Face had handed Crane earlier and stuffs it in his shirt.

Hannibal:

Now, if you want a deal, call me in an hour. If you don't, you better watch what streets you drive, 'cause the Lone Star Cab Company is going on the warpath, and we're not taking in prisoners.

The four of them run back and hop into the van, BA reverses out of there. Crane grabs the bill angrily.

Crane:

How can you bums let them get in here? Hmm? This is garbage (crumples up bill).

Rider:

I don't know, they had the front gate frequency.

Crane:

How could they get the front gate frequency? It's reset every day.

Strike:

I don't know.

Crane:

Okay, okay. This guy wants a war, he's gonna get a war. Hmmm?

Amy walks towards the guys with some machine guns and gives them to the boys.

Hannibal:

You know something, Face?

Face:
Hmmm?

Hannibal:
It's hard to make a living in this town.

Face:
Hmmm.... Where's Vern, the veterinarian?

Amy:
Vern and Socky decided to stay home.

BA:
Hey Murdock, let's go man! It's time to roll.

Murdock (enters with hands behind his back looking suspicious, tries to quickly make it to his cab):

Hi guys. Hi guys. Hi guys...

BA (tries to grab the bag but Murdock won't let go, they play tug-of-war with it):
What's in the bag, man?

Murdock (struggling to keep a hold of it):
Nothing! Nothing! Nothing but personal belongings! Now, BA!

BA gets the bag and opens it. He drops the bag on the ground. Murdock climbs back out of the cab. Hannibal walks towards them. BA is staring at what he's holding in his hands in disbelief. There is a mask and cape made crudely from a yellow checkered... tablecloth?

BA:
He's got a cape and mask in here, Hannibal. This fool gonna drive around drive around in this taxi with a cape and mask on. (Hands them to Hannibal)

Murdock:
BA, I want that back!

Hannibal:
No cowl, Murdock? You were gonna do Captain Cab without a cowl?

Murdock:
Hannibal, I wanted a cowl. I really did. I just couldn't figure out how to make it.

Hannibal:
Ah.

BA:

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You shouldn't encourage him, Hannibal. He's getting worse! Now get out of here Murdock! If I catch you with a sheet around your neck again, or talking to your socks... I'm gonna split your personality, permanently! (Exits with the cape and mask and throws it in the trash can on his way out).

Hannibal:

Captain, you are going to have to do this mission without a cowl.

Murdock:

Right, Colonel.

Hannibal exits. Murdock salutes him and marches to the trash can and retrieves the cape and mask. He climbs into his cab and disappears. In the office...

BA (enters):

Fool's cutting out sheets.

Amy (sitting at the desk):

I just hope it works.

BA:

Don't worry, Amy. It'll work. All Hannibal got to do is lead him back here. C'mon y'all (motions to Cathy, Shelly and Cal to follow him), we've got work to do.

Several shots of them working on various items... Close ups of their hands. Murdock is driving the cab. He fashions his fingers into a 'scope' and looks through it as he drives. Back in the office...

Amy:

Lone Star 2, how's it going out there.

Face (in his cab, picks up the radio):

It's quiet out here. Too quiet. I always wanted to say that. (Giggles)

Hannibal (in his cab, into his CB):

Murdock, this is Lone Star 1, you got your ears on?

Murdock (in his cab, into the CB):

Murdock here, I'm with ya, Hannibal.

Hannibal:

Okay... You know where to go and what to do.

Murdock:

All right, you've got a big ten-four.

BA is continuing to work back at the garage with the others. They seem to be making a tank? Hannibal and Face pulls up outside the Love Cab garage.

Hannibal:

We'll give it a few more minutes and then we'll go on in.

Face:

Ah... I don't know Hannibal. I have this strange feeling that Murdock's out there somewhere, cutting up sheets, talking to his socks...

Hannibal:

Face, don't tell me the VA got to you?

Face:

Well... uh... eh...

Hannibal:

I'd risk my life with Murdock any day. He's solid. He's just a little different.

Face:

Different?

In a phone booth, not too far away... a crudely written sign which reads, 'out of order' is placed on the glass doors. A masked man peaks up through the glass. He slides open the doors. It's Captain Cab or Murdock in the cape and mask.

Hannibal heads to the phone booth near him and Face.

Voice:

Love Cab Company, dispatch.

Hannibal:

This is Clarence Wickashem III.

Voice:

Hold on a minute.

Crane (in his office):

Yeah?

Hannibal:

Ahhh hopes that you have the money ready that we discussed?

Crane:

I don't know what you're talking about. You're not getting anything from me.

Hannibal:

Well, then I assume our negotiations are concluded.

Crane:

That's right.

Hannibal:

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Then I leave you with this little story. There was an old brown fox that used to sneak into a barn and steal chickens. Every night he'd go sneaking in there, and steal a chicken.

Crane:

I don't have time for this.

Hannibal:

And then one night he sneaks into the barn, and gets his chicken. But the barn catches fire. Now he runs this way and that, but finally he is consumed by the flames. Now, the point of this story, Mr. Crane, is this: stealing chickens ain't hard. But when the place is on fire, getting out of the barn is what counts.

Hannibal (hangs up and returns to Face):

It's time to knock over Mr. Crane's hen house.

Face (mumbles):

All right. (They both get in their separate cabs).

Hannibal (into the CB):

This is Lone Star 1, I'm going in.

Amy (over the radio):

Good hunting. Face?

Face (into the CB):

Lone Star 2, I'm on his wing. Out.

They start up their cabs and drive off. Meanwhile Murdock is driving in his cab in the mask and cape. A cop on a motor cycle pulls up beside him. Murdock conspicuously tries to cover his face with his hand so that the officer won't notice that it's Captain Cab driving that car! He sighs a sigh of relief when the cop moves on. Meanwhile in Crane's office...

Crane (throws a big gun to Rider):

You're going out there. Anything with a black star on it, I want ya to put it out of commission...

Hannibal and Face smash through the wall of the Love Cab garage and squeal throughout the whole place shooting up the tires, windshields, and the cabs in general. They do a lot of damage and then quickly, tear out of there. Crane, followed by his henchmen, runs out of his offices and looks at the damage.

Crane:

I've had it. I'm doing this one personally. Now, give me that. (Rider tosses him the machine gun). Strike, we're in the car.

They all hop into one cab and drive off after the Lone Star cabs. Meanwhile... there is a rustling in the bushes. Captain Cab climbs out of the bushes and up the side of the stairs (instead of walking the foot and a half to the steps). He climbs up over the railing and into the office.

Captain Cab:

Where are you? Captain Cab will not be daunted (looks behind picture on wall). Aaahhhhh... (Moves to a cabinet and opens it to reveal a small safe). Ahh! (Bends down and puts his ear to it and moves the dial, listening for it to reveal when it lines up... Hits it a bit...) Oh well... Simply another talent that Captain Cab hasn't learned... Yet! (Opens up his bag and puts some plastic explosives on the lock... moves away and blows the door off. Comes back and pulls Socky out of the bag and puts him on).

Socky:

That's \$193 000, chum. Count it carefully!

Captain Cab pushes Socky away and start putting all the money into the bag. Socky looks in takes out three or four bills out of the pile and puts it back in the safe.

Socky:

Yeahhhh! (Exits)

Face and Hannibal arrive back at the Lone Star garage and run in. The cab with Crane squeals around the corner and gets out. He begins to shoot up their cabs. Hannibal and Face watch from the window.

Hannibal:

Why is that maniac shooting up his own cab?

Face:

Because, Hannibal, he believes that it belongs to Clarence Wickashem.

Hannibal:

Isn't that beautiful?

They run though as Crane jumps back in the cab and then Strike crashes through the wall (and the door they were just at). When in though, they are confronted with BA in his tank. They look horrified.

Crane:

Get us out of here! (Strike drives through a wall on the other side)

BA pulls out in front of them. They play a sort of 'chicken' which ultimately ends with Strike driving up over the front of BA's tank (which is conveniently a ramp) and his car flips and crashes. Hannibal and Face come out with guns. Captain Cab drives up.

Face:

All right! Everybody out of there! Drop your weapons on the ground!

Hannibal:

Put your hands behind your head.

Captain Cab (gets out of his cab and rushes towards them with a machine gun):
Don't be foolish, you can't get away with anything... not with Captain Cab on the job!

Hannibal:

Did you get the cash, Murdock?

Captain Cab:

It's in the car!

Hannibal:

Somebody call the cops! You're out of business, Mr. Crane. Last time I heard, it was against the law to bust into somebody's garage and try to kill everybody.

BA:

Let's tie 'em up, man! (Walks over to Murdock and takes off his cape)

Murdock:

I didn't want it anyway.

Hannibal:

Didn't make it out of the barn, did ya, sonny?

Later...

Face:

So the quarterly statements will be sent to this mail drop every three months along with our percent of the profits. Is that all right with you, Hannibal?

Hannibal:

Sounds fine. Okay with you, Cal? (Face's attention draws him away from them and towards Cathy who is waxing a cab).

Cal:

Are you kidding? It's terrific! Look, I'll send the statement.

BA:

C'mon man, let's go. Let's cut the rap, huh? C'mon.

Hannibal:

Good luck to ya.

Cal:

Hannibal, thank for everything. Look, I gotta get rolling. See ya (exits)

Face:

Hi there.

Cathy:

Hi.

Face:

Look, if I have any trouble with the statements why don't I just call you?

Cathy:

Why don't you?

Face:

I will.

Cathy:

Okay. (They embrace and kiss.)

Face:

(Van horn honks) Let 'em wait.... (They kiss again) Forever. (Kiss again)

Socky:

I for one think that this has turned out pretty darn well. It's not easy being a talking sock.

We're often abused, forced to live inside of old smelly boots. But I have found new friends. Now Vern and Captain Cab are nice, but I've decided to switch owners and become the companion of this big angry mudsucker named BA. Along with his talking fist, Knock Out, and the A-Team, I will continue to fight crime wherever I find it. And

I'll trample the sock abuse throughout the world. Now where is that big, angry mudsucker? Oh, here he comes now. I, I can hear his gold rattling. Watch out!

BA:

The man's a fool! (Freezes on him pulling the sock off of Murdock's hand)