

The A-Team
Without Reservations

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HIGHWAY IN SPAIN - DAY-STOCK

As the A-Team is being chased by jeeps flying down the road. They fire at the oncoming Heavies, trying to slow them down. They go through a series of winding roads, coming precariously close the edge on the several occasions. The Heavies gain ground with each turn, continuing to fire on the A-Team in the lead jeep.

Face leans out of the jeep firing, almost falls out completely. He's yanked back in by BA....

EXT. AIRSTRIP-DAY-STOCK SEQUENCE

Where a helicopter sits on the runway, Murdock behind the controls. The A-Team's jeep wheels up--they jump out and pile into the waiting chopper.

The thing lifts off the ground as the Heavies roar across the tarmac in their jeeps.

The helicopter flies off into the distance.

THE HEAVIES-STOCK

Jump out their jeeps and run over to another chopper parked on the runway. We see the co-pilot yanked out of the cockpit and thrown onto the ground. They stick a pistol into the side of the pilot. He starts up the copper. The blades start to spin. The thing starts to lift off the ground.

EXT. OPEN SKY-VARIOUS SHOTS-STOCK SEQUENCE

As the second helicopter eventually catches up with the first. The dog fight is on as they fly over the rivers and canyons of southern Spain.

We come to a barn in an open field. Our chopper flies over the heavies, we dump oil onto their windshield. The Heavies view is blocked by the oil. Their chopper crashes into the barn.

We realize that the A-Team chopper has taken several hits. As the thing crashes behind a mountain.....

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. A-TEAM HOUSE -DAY

General Stockwell is in the living room along with Hannibal, Face, Frankie and B.A.

STOCKWELL

You were lucky, gentlemen. Next time.... Be careful.

He pulls out a file folder.

STOCKWELL

Now, an operative of ours in Buenos Aires....

There are moans all around.

HANNIBAL

Hold on, Stockwell, we just got back....

STOCKWELL

Yes, but there's matter waiting in south Amer.....

FACE

Let it wait.

B.A.

Forget it! I ain't rescuein' nobody tonight, I got a game to watch....

FRANKIE

Come on, Face almost got killed.....

HANNIBAL

Look Stockwell, you've had us running all over the globe. How about a little time off?

STOCKWELL

Gentlemen, the sooner you pull these missions off, the sooner you'll get your pardon. It's the Stockwell Incentive Plan.

FACE

I'll tell ya what you can do with your Plan...

Stockwell looks around at the group.

STOCKWELL

Alright, alright. You men do seem a bit weary. (big gesture on his part) No assignments for a week.

HANNIBAL

That's very generous Stockwell. If Face had gotten killed, would we have gotten two weeks off?

STOCKWELL

You live with the risks, you live with the rewards.

HANNIBAL

We'll take two weeks. And we also want tonight free to relax. No Able Seven, no Able Twelve, no one at all to watch us watch a movie....

STOCKWELL

You men have been more than honourable about our arrangement, perhaps a relaxing of the surveillance program is in order.

HANNIBAL

Thank you.

STOCKWELL

Gentlemen....enjoy yourselves....

ANGLE-STOCKWELL

Heads towards the front door, passing a harried Murdock on the way in. Murdock is wearing black pants, a white shirt and red vest. He has a shopping bag in one hand and a fake moustache in the other.

STOCKWELL

Well done, Captain Murdock.

MURDOCK

(legit Italian accent)

Graci! Good to see you again paisan...

Murdock hurries by Stockwell who shakes his head and continues out of sight.

MURDOCK

Ah Face-man, you gotta helpa me with this a thing. It wanna stay on.

Frankie and B.A. look him over as Face takes the moustache and examines the back.

Hannibal takes a look.

HANNIBAL

You're using the wrong kind of adhesive. Lemme get you some spirit gum. Hannibal heads off as Frankie slowly pulls back Murdock's baseball cap. We see that his hair has been dyed black.

B.A.

What happened to your hair fool?

MURDOCK

(Italian accent)\

This is my natural color....

FRANKIE

I kinda like it.

B.A.

You ain't Italian, and you ain't got black hair!

MURDOCK

It's for my job B.A. At La Cucina (Italian accent) they only hire my countrymen right offa the boat. (to Face) whattya think about the accent?

FACE

It's getting better. Watch the consonants and the glottal stops and I think you've got it nailed.

Hannibal returns with some spirit gum and proceeds to apply it to the moustache.

HANNIBAL

I didn't have much left, but it should hold.

Face sets the moustache on Murdock's face.

B.A.

Seems like a lotta trouble for a crummy waiters job.

MURDOCK

Being a waiter is a satisfying as well as lucrative career, B.A. waiters at Washington's finer restaurants earn up to a hundred thousand dollars a year.

FACE

Mostly in unreported cash.

MURDOCK

I would never cheat our government. Not after all they're done for us.

FRANKIE

And this joint that hired you is one of Washington's finer restaurants?

MURDOCK

Well, not exactly.... But Villa Cucina is a good place to start. Small, cozy, great food... (an idea) Hey, hey, why don't you all come to dinner tonight? A nice, relaxing evening. C'mon, you deserve it.

B.A.

It's Monday Night! Redskins - Cowboys!

HANNIBAL

I've got a date, Murdock.

MURDOCK

Bring her.

HANNIBAL

No, we were thinking more along the lines of a quiet evening at home. (smiles) she's a big Redskins fan.

Murdock turns to Face and Frankie.

MURDOCK

How 'bout you guys? C'mon Face-man, that meal I promised ya....

FACE

Well, I don't know...

MURDOCK

(accent, arm around shoulders)

You're gonna lova this place, Face-man. It'sa molto buono....

EXT. VILLA CUCINA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A small storefront Italian joint in a slightly run down section of downtown Washington. Windows in red and white half curtains line the front of the restaurant.

FACE'S VOICE

The food's good, Murdock?

INT. VILLA CUCINA RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM.

Dark, cozy, with three booths along the right wall, four along the left. Four tables for two run in front of the booths to the left, providing a wide aisle between them and the booths on the right. Red and white table clothes. A jukebox. In the rear left is a small bar with four stools.

The cash register is behind the bar.

We dolly thru, hardly noticing LOU CANTER, fifty, slightly over-weight, sitting at a table reading a newspaper and enjoying a carafe of wine. We come to stop on Face, in a jacket and tie, and Frankie, in a sport jacket and open shirt, seated in the corner booth in the right rear section of the restaurant. From this corner, you get a good view of the entire restaurant. Just behind the booth is the entrance of the restrooms and the swinging door to the kitchen.

MURDOCK

(sotto)

Tony, the name is Tony

FACE

What do you recommend, Tony?

MURDOCK

The chicken's good, the veal is good, whatever you like... we make good.

FACE

I'm glad we cleared that up

FRANKIE

How come you don't have valet parking? You think my car is safe on the streets around here?

FACE

I think a '63 Pontiac Catalina is the only car that's safe on an inner city street, Frankie

FRANKIE

That's a classic man. Don't be makin' fun of a classic.

MURDOCK

(rolling eyes)

Buon gusto gentlemen....

He hands them each a menu and heads off.

FACE

Y'know, he really seems to like an Italian waiter. Maybe he's finally found a job an nationality he likes.

FRANKIE

Shoulda parked the car next to the window.

ANGLE - THE BAR

SAL MORELLI, the forty-eight year old owner of Villa Cucina hangs up the phone that sits on the bar next to the reservation book as Murdock approaches. Sitting at the bar is JOEY BECKER, thirty-two, skinny, somewhat nervous, good looking in a trendy Mani suit and thin tie.

SAL

We're short a cook and a waiter. Every Monday the same thing. Football goes on, the customers stay home. Along with my employees!

MURDOCK

You want, I cover the whole room.

SAL

You're gonna have to. I'll pitch in if we a get a crowd.

MURDOCK

No problem, boss.

GINA MORELLI comes over with a small rack of clean glasses from the kitchen and puts them behind the bar, she's a dark haired beauty, about 25, wearing an apron from the waist down over her blue jeans, a tight knit shirt that buttons down the front top.

GINA

What about the pizzas papa? How am I supposed to make pies and dinner both?

SAL

Yeah, yeah... Tony, you ever make a pizza?

MURDOCK

Are you kiddin'? My Uncle Petey, he teach me make the best pie in the whole village...

SAL

There's your pizza man, if we get a rush.

Sal moves off, Joey's been looking over Gina.

JOEY

I'll take a table for two. (to Gina) why don't you come over and sit with me?

GINA

Thank you, but I'm busy.

MURDOCK

I can seat you now ---

JOEY

(snapping)

I don't want you to seat me!

(charming again, to Gina)

Maybe later. I'm from outta town, maybe you'd to show me around.

GINA

I don't think so.

She starts off, he grabs her arm. Murdock shoots him a look. Joey's very calm.

JOEY

I'll be here if you change your mind.

She pulls away, he makes a hands off gesture, chuckles and watches her walk into the kitchen.

ANGLE - FRONT RIGHT ROOM

STEPHEN DORIAN, a forty-five year old, slick, well dressed, Washington attorney. The attractive woman next to him is his wife ROBIN, and we can tell she's very mush in love with him. He seems a bit distracted, unenergetic.

ROBIN

You remember the first time we came here?

STEPHEN

You went into labour during the entrée.

ROBIN

(laughs)

You were so panicked, the pasta hit the floor when you tried to get up.

Murdock comes over to take their order.

MURDOCK

Bona Sera, welcome to Villa Cucina. Can I offer you a drinka before dinner?

ROBIN

Oh, you're from Italy...

MURDOCK

Yes ma'am, I come to America just thisa month.

ROBIN

How do you like it?

MURDOCK

I lovea this country! When I first see that majestic lady in New York harbor, my heart it goes pitter-patter. For years, for years I dream to come to America and get a good job like this. Some day... I have a great, big restaurant like this. (no beat) You want a drink before dinner?

STEPHEN

Yes. I'll have a vodka rocks and a bloody Mary for the lady.

ROBIN

I think I'll just have a club soda with lemon, please.

MURDOCK

Very well.

Murdock heads for the bar. Stephen says nothing.

ROBIN

What's the matter with you? You okay?

STEPHEN

It's nothing.

ROBIN

Stephen, I know you. Something is bothering you.

STEPHEN

Let's just have dinner.

ROBIN

The reason I wanted to go to dinner is because I could tell something's bothering you. You didn't even turn on the game...

STEPHEN

I, I don't want to talk about it.

ANGLE - BAR

Sal looks over Murdock's ticket, pours the drinks.

MURDOCK

Maybe you put in a T.V. over the bar, we get more customers on Monday night.

SAL

I like you, kid, you got good ideas. (squeezing Murdock's cheeks) find me a colour T.V. for fifty bucks and we'll talk...

We hear the chime of the bell over the front door.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR - TOMMY HENDERSON

A fifty-five year old uniformed cop coming in. Sal smiles as Henderson comes up to the bar.

SAL

Tommy!

HENDERSON

Sallie...! How goes the business?

ANGLE - FACE AND FRANKIE

Also see Henderson come thru the door. Hands go to the face, Frankie turns towards the butter, menus are read with vigor.

FRANKIE

Ah, great...

FACE

It's cool, it's cool...

BACK AT THE BAR

Joey moves quietly away from the bar and takes a seat at the deuce right near by.

SAL

I oughtta close Mondays. How goes the war?

HENDERSON

Ahhh, still haven't caught those punks.

SAL

I tell ya, they clean up the neighborhood, refurbish the buildings and whattya get -- a burglar problem. Ya can't win.

Sal stops Murdock as he passes by.

SAL

Tony, when you get a second check on Tommy's pie, will ya...

MURDOCK

You got it, boss...

HENDERSON

No rush, kid....

SAL

Have a seat, relax...

Officer Henderson takes a load off his feet, lets out a sigh, takes off his hat and puts it on the bar. He glances over as something catches his eyes.

HIS POV - FACE AND FRANKIE

Sitting at their table. They glance over, go back to reading their menus.

ANGLE - BACK ON OFFICER HENDERSON

As he gets up and heads over to their table. Play the tension as he crosses. Face and Frankie calmly break bread sticks, maybe butter some bread.

HENDERSON

(to Face)

I know you?

FACE

I don't think so...

HENDERSON

You guys live around here?

FRANKIE

Langley... actually.

HENDERSON

I seen you somewhere...

FACE

This my first time at Villa Cucina.

HENDERSON

(still staring at Face)

No, no, I seen you're picture hanging somewhere....

They exchange a look

HENDERSON

I got it. On the wall at Dong Thompson's bar! Ain't you Dong's kid that went to college?

FACE

No, fraid not.

HENDERSON

You're a dead ringer for his kid. Ah, coulda sworn.. Well, enjoy your meal..

He heads off. As Frankie lets out his breath.

INT. VILLA CUCINA - KITCHEN

The kitchen is typical -- a four burner gas stove, a metal prep table and rack that you can see thru to place the orders. There's a large double sink, a double decker pizza oven, cans of olive

oil are stacked in every corner and pizza boxes on top of the ovens. The back door to the alley is open, the screen door closed. Gina is busy in the cooking area between the stove and the prep table.

MURDOCK

We gotta pizza for Henderson?

GINA

Pull it outta the oven, will ya?

Follow Murdock over to the pizza oven. He opens it with one hand while grabbing the large flat wooden spatula with the other. He scoops the pizza under in one swift move, pulls the pie out of the oven, swings it around and slides it into the counter. He does this with amazing ease.

He jams down the pizza cutter and rolls it across the pie, then across the middle and finally two more passes. Eight perfect slices. Gina pulls a box from the stack and opens it, Murdock slides in the pie and starts to close the box.

GINA

Not bad. You cook?

MURDOCK

Justa pizza. You teach me maybe?

GINA

(smiles)

Maybe.

Murdock takes the pizza box and heads out the kitchen.

ANGLE - DINING ROOM - MURDOCK

Heads to the bar where Henderson has sat back down.

MURDOCK

Pepperoni and sausage...

HENDERSON

(smelling)

Ah, heaven. Lemme pay ya for this Sal.

SAL

No no, your moneys no good here. (to Murdock) Don't tell Gina.

HENDERSON

Here. Thanks kid...

Henderson stuffs a buck into Murdock's shirt pocket and heads for the front. We hear the chime of a little bell over the door. Sal glances up.

SAL

Figures. I got one waiter and we finally draw a crowd...

Murdock glances over to see,

ANGLE - INTERCUT - FRONT DOOR

Henderson leaves, the door is open by ANGELO. He's about forty years old, dark eyes, all business, well dressed. He spots Joey and goes over to his table.

ANGELO

How long ya been here?

JOEY

Forever

ANGELO

How's it look?

JOEY

Good. Kitchen at the back. No window in the men's room. Just the old man, a goofball waiter, and a great looking chick in the kitchen...

ANGELO

(smirking)

I hope you didn't drool all over the table and draw attention to yourself...

JOEY

Hey, come on...

Murdock arrives to take their order.

MURDOCK

Good evening. Would you care for a cocktail to start?

ANGELO

Coupla beers

MURDOCK

Right away...

Murdock catches a glimpse of something under Joey's jacket.

ANGLE - UNDER JACKET

Brief flash of a weapon.

MURDOCK'S VOICE

Uh.. What type of beer you like?

BACK RO SCENE

Joey looks at him like he's crazy.

JOEY

Whatever you got. Two drafts.

Murdock moves off

ANGLE - AT THE BAR

Murdock puts the ticket down.

MURDOCK

Draw two, boss...

Murdock moves off, grabs the water pitcher from the bus area and crosses to Face and Frankie's table.

ANGLE - FACE AND FRANKIE'S TABLE - MURDOCK

Fills their water glasses.

MURDOCK

You see the two guys in the suits?

Frankie and Face glance over towards Joey and Angelo.

MURDOCK

Don't look!

FRANKIE

Big tippers?

MURDOCK

Big hitters. The nervous one's carrying a 357. That is a hot table

FACE

Would you relax?

MURDOCK

There's been a lot of robberies in the neighborhood. I think these guys are gonna take the place down.

FRANKIE

maybe they're cops

MURDOCK

Cops only dress that well on T.V. I'm tellin' ya, these guys are bad news. I want you to check em--

SAL'S VOICE

Excuse me... Tony?

MURDOCK

Una momento, gentlemen...

Murdock turns around to find Sal behind him. They step away from the table.

SAL

Guy on one wants to order...

MURDOCK

I get it, boss. (Sal starts away) hey boss, those guys on a nine, they been here before?

Sal glances over at Joey and Angelo.

HIS POV

Angelo's sipping his beer. Joey is tapping his fingers on the table a bit nervous.

SAL'S VOICE

Never seem em before. Why?

BACK TO MURDOCK AND SAL

MURDOCK

No reason. I though I wait on before...

Sal goes to the bar, follow Murdock as he turns back to Face and Frankie's table. Joey gets up from his table and heads for the men's room.

MURDOCK

There he goes, there he goes.

They try not to stare as Joey disappears through the men's room door. Once he's gone,

MURDOCK

Check him out, Faceman.

FACE

Whattya want me to do, ask him if he plans to rob the place?

MURDOCK

Just do a little recon, dip his pocket, okay? I like Sal, I don't wanna see him get hurt.

Face tosses down his napkin and heads into the men's room as Murdock goes about his business.

INT. VILLA CUCINA - MEN'S ROOM

Follow Face as he heads into the men's room, sticking a piece of gum in his mouth along the way. There are two stalls, tow sinks in front of a large mirror, one urinal. Face glances at the stall -- Joey's feet are facing the commode. Face hears a sniffle. He steps over to the sinks, takes the gum out of his mouth.

INSERT - SINK FAUCET

Face sticks the wad of gum under the faucet of the sink he's not standing in front of.

BACK TO FACE

He hears another sniffle, then as the toilet flushes, Face starts combing his hair in the mirror.

Joey emerges.

ANGLE - JOEY

Turns on the faucet; it sprays all over his shirt. As he jumps back from the water, Face dips into his pocket. Face quickly shuts off the bad faucet.

FACE

Let me get that for ya..

JOEY

For cryin' out loud..

ANGLE - FACE'S POV - IN THE MIRROR

As Joey reaches for the paper towels to his left, Face catches a glimpse of the shoulder holster and his piece.

JOEY

What a dump...

Joey tosses a towel into the trashcan and heads out. Face waits for the door to close, then quickly rifles through Joey's wallet, taking a look at the contents. He sticks it in his pocket and heads out.

ANGLE - DINING ROOM - FACE

Emerges and goes back to his table and sits down. Murdock comes back over with the pepper mill. He starts twisting the top, grating pepper onto Frankie's salad.

MURDOCK

So....?

FACE

Joseph Baroni. Chicago. He's got no badge and he doesn't carry a permit for the gun. Oh and he also has either a very bad cold or a very expensive habit.

Frankie reaches up and stops Murdock who has been continuing to grind pepper onto his salad.

FRANKIE

Thank you.

MURDOCK

What are we gonna do?

FACE

We could get that cop back...

MURDOCK

They could make a move by then. I think we gonna take these guys ourselves...

STEPHEN'S VOICE

Waiter...!

MURDOCK

I'll be right back. Come up with a plan Faceman...

ANGLE - DORIAN'S TABLE

Robin seems really upset.

ROBIN

I can't believe that you and that, that, secretary could be carrying on all this time!

STEPHEN

Will you just calm down...

Murdock approaches the table.

STEPHEN

Could we have a check...

ROBIN

Could you call me a taxi, please.

STEPHEN

Robin...

Murdock nods and turns on his heels and goes.

ANGLE - FACE AND FRANKIE'S TABLE

Murdock heads straight back to Face and Frankie's table.

FACE

Alright. When I return the guy's wallet while, you spill a beer on him. Frankie grab the other guy, while you grab the piece.

MURDOCK

Let's go.

FRANKIE

Right now?

MURDOCK

No, after the pasta. Yes now. I'll get the beers.

ANGLE - THE DORIAN'S

As Robin Dorian gets up from the table. She looks like she's going to be sick.

ROBIN

Excuse me...

STEPHEN

Robin...

She heads for the ladies room, he buries his head in his hands.

ANGLE - THE MOVE

Murdock at the bar. We see Sal draw two more drafts. Play the tension and the looks between Murdock and Face and Frankie. Murdock glances at the Heavie's table. The beers are ready. Face gets up from his table and starts across.

FACE

Excuse me, I think you dropped this in the men's room...

JOEY

Yeah...?

As Joey reaches for the wallet, Murdock manages to let Joey knock into his tray, spilling the beer on his lap. Joey jumps back, Face suddenly grabs Angelo from behind as Frankie wallops Joey across the face.

Murdock reaches in and snatches Joey's gun. It falls to the floor, Murdock kicks it away towards the kitchen door. Face grabs Angelo's gun as he kicks over the table. Frankie belts him.

INTERCUT - VARIOUS REACTIONS

Sal at the bar. Robin at the ladies room door. Gina coming out of the kitchen. Stephen at his table.

BACK ON COMMOTION

Our trio have just about pulled it off, Face turns with Angelo's gun, when suddenly a shot is fired. Face spins down, having taken it in the stomach.

MURDOCK

Face.....!!

ANGLE - LOU CANTER

The guy that nobody noticed in the first booth. He stands with a gun on them.

LOU

That's enough. Nobody moves.
Robin Dorian frozen in fear. Stephen at his table. Gina be the kitchen door. Sal at the bar.
Face on the floor. Murdock bent next down next to him.

FACE

I'm hit, I'm hit, Murdock

MURDOCK

Easy, easy...

His moustache is half off from the fight. A pair of shoes come into frame. Murdock looks
up,

ANGLE - ANGELO

Gun pointed at him.

ANGELO

Who are you?!!

MURDOCK

I, I,... my friend's been hurt...

JOEY

Who are you!!

Lou walks over.

JOEY

We gotta get outta here. Somebody musta heard the shots. The cops...

LOU

Calm down. Nobody leaves. The hit goes down as planned.

VARIOUS ANGLES

On Face, clutching his wound, Frankie looking first to Face and then to Murdock, and finally
on Murdock as Joey screams at him..

JOEY

(screams)

Who the hell are you?!!

INT. VILLA CUCINA - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Joey yanks Murdock to his feet ripping off the rest of the moustache. Angelo retrieves
Joey's and hands it back to him.

JOEY

This guy's a fed, I'm tellin' ya, he's a fed. We gotta to call it off.

LOU

Nothing's called off. Joey, check that guy, Angelo, get her back to the kitchen, lock up the
back door.

Angelo yanks Gina, Sal starts towards him.

SAL

Hey! Leave her alone!

Angelo brandishes his gun at in his chest.

ANGELO

Don't even think about it pal.

Angelo pushes her thru the swinging doors to the kitchen. Joey goes over and pats down
Stephen Dorian.

STEPHEN

Look, my name is Stephen Dorian. I'm just an attorney. I don't carry a ---

JOEY

Shut up! (calling to Lou) creep's clean.

STEPHEN

How about letting us go..

LOU

(to Robin)

What's your name?

ROBIN

Robin Dorian..

LOU

Alright Robin Dorian. Take your husband, sit him down at the table eat you dinner and keep your mouth shut. Do that and you'll live to see you kids again...

He looks back towards Sal.

LOU

You go back to the register. (to Frankie) Drag this hero into the kitchen... (to Murdock) you!

Fix these tables, I want the place to look like nothing happened. (to Frankie) Move him!!

MURDOCK

Hey! He needs a doctor, he could bleed to death.

LOU

Let him bleed. (to Frankie) Get him in the kitchen!

They start to move Face. Joey yanks Murdock up.

JOEY

What happened to your accent? I'm telling ya, he works for Liebster. He's a Fed, they're on to us.

LOU

Shut up! (grabbing Murdock) Alright, who the hell are you?

MURDOCK

I'm just a guy, just a guy who needed a job... so, so I put on the moustache and the accent. Joey reaches in and pulls out Murdock's wallet. He flips through the contents, tossing cards on the ground as he looks at them.

JOEY

H.M. Murdock... No badge...

INT. VALLE CUCINA - INSIDE KITCHEN

Angelo locks the back kitchen door. Gina's pocketbook hangs by the strap from the hook on the wall.

ANGELO

You got a gun in this place?

Gina says nothing. He grabs her face with his hand.

ANGELO

You got a gun?

GINA

No.

ANGELO

You're lying you gonna pay...

He takes the pocket book off the rack. Play her look. He dumps the contents out on the counter. Nothing unusual as he picks through it.

ANGELO

Good girl. We got a nice, honest relationship...

He goes over and starts taking down the knives and throwing them into a box. He checks the sink, finds one in there. He smiles as he holds it up.

ANGELO

You were about to remind me about this one.

INT. VILLA CUCINA - DINING ROOM - LOU

Crosses over to the bar and goes behind it. He takes a look at the reservation book. Sal stands in front of the bar. Frankie and Murdock are trying to move Face.

LOU

Any one calls, you got no more tables. Anybody calls for a pizza, the oven's broke. How many more people you expect?

SAL

Maybe some walk ins. There's no more reservations but one...

LOU

Yeah, we know about him.

He checks his watch.

LOU

When the Attorney General gets here, you sit him in that first booth by the window. You tip him off you're the first to eat it.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

As Angelo watches closely from the other side as Frankie and Murdock position Face in a clear area by the pantry door. Angelo sits on a stool, gun trained on him.

FRANKIE

How ya doin' Faceman....?

FACE

Damn, we should've spotted him. Hannibal would have spotted that guy in the corner.

MURDOCK

I'm gonna cover you up. You got some more table cloths?

GINA

In the closet, lemme get them.

ANGELO

(springing up)

Stay put! I'll get em.

He crosses to the closet, keeping an eye on everything.

FACE

How bad is it?\

FRANKIE

Ah, seen worse accidents on the set.

Angelo tosses the table cloths down next to Face. Murdock starts balling up a new cloth.

MURDOCK

Get me that chair Frankie. Gina you gotta keep the pressure up on the wound. That's the only way to stop the bleeding. Keep him on his back with his head down.

Frankie has the chair.

MURDOCK

Puts his legs up on the chair.

Murdock puts the cloth over the wound and presses with the heel of his hand.

MURDOCK

Lots of pressure, with the heel of you hand.

She takes over

MURDOCK

They want the food out on the tables like nothing's happened.

GINA

Who are you? Who are your friends?

MURDOCK

I'm just a waiter.

He glances over at Angelo and heads for the Dining room.

ANGLE DINING ROOM - MURDOCK

Comes through the swinging door and right up to Lou. He's nose to nose with him.

MURDOCK

If that man dies, I promise you, I will spend the rest of my life hunting you down until you're dead.

LOU

I'm shaking in my boots. Fix the tables waiter...

Murdock goes over and helps Sal straighten up.

ANGLE - JOEY

Comes in the front door from outside. He heads over to Lou.

JOEY

No sign of that cop.

He sits down and looks at his watch.

LOU

It don't go any faster if you watch it.

Joey pulls out a vial and taps it on the table. Lou spots it and grabs it out of his hand.

LOU

Hey! After the job!

JOEY

Gimme that

He opens the vial and dumps the powder into the floor.

JOEY

Hey!

He grabs Lou by the collar. Play the tension as Lou just stares him in the eye. Joey slumps back into his seat.

ANGLE - SAL AND MURDOCK

As they turn a table upright.

SAL

I can't believe it, these men are just gonna sit here until the Attorney General walks in and they're gonna kill him. Right here in my place.

MURDOCK

(sotto)

You got a gun in this place?

SAL

(way under)

Under the register.

ANGLE - MURDOCK

Moves over to the Dorian's table

MURDOCK

So, maybe another drink?

STEPHEN

I don't think that's a good idea.

MURDOCK

Some coffee, calm everybody down...

ROBIN

Please.

Murdock heads over to the bar.

ANGLE - BAR - MURDOCK

Starts to move towards the bar, making his way behind the counter without being noticed.

ANGLE - UNDER REGISTER

As we see Murdock's hands searching for something.

ON MURDOCK

As he looks at Lou and Joeys table.

BACK ON HAND

Can't seem to find what he's looking for.

MURDOCK

Bends down below the counter. He looks on the shelf.

LOU'S VOICE

You looking for this?

ANGLE - LOU

Is leaning against the bar. He has a .38 snub nose in his hand, pointed right at Murdock.

LOU

What were you gonna do with this thing. (a beat) Were you gonna put it right there?

He puts the gun in his stomach.

LOU

Were you just gonna fire this thing, blow my stomach all over the bar? Or were ya gonna wait, and nail me in the back of the head when I was walking away...

He pulls back the hammer.

LOU

Yeah just pull back the hammer real quietly and just squeeze the trigger.

Play the look in Murdock's eyes. The look on Lou's face tight. The close upon the gun. Back to Murdock.

LOU

You wouldn't do that to me, would you....?

As he might be ready to pull the trigger, after as mush as we can stand... The bells ring over the door. Lou looks up,

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR- B.A.

Comes through the front door--all smiles. He's wearing a Aiwa AM-FM headset, tuned into the game.

ANGLE - BACK TO MURDOCK

As he relaxes a bit. Lou has made the gun disappear. Murdock starts towards the front.

LOU

I got an eye on you.

Murdock proceeds to the front, B.A. smacks his had, pushes the headset off his ears and around his neck.

B.A.

Hey dude. We need a pizza for the second half...

MURDOCK

Sure thing pal.

B.A.

(laughs)

Oh yeah, I forgot you're Italian now. How about half pepperoni and half sausage?

MURDOCK

Sure, no problem.

B.A.

You look different.

MURDOCK

I had a close shave.

B.A.

Oh yeah the moustache. Make it quick huh I wanna be back for the kickoff....

MURDOCK

Quicker then you can imagine.

He turns and heads for the kitchen. B.A. goes over to the table where Frankie's sitting.

ANGLE - FRANKIE'S TABLE

B.A. takes the seat across from Frankie, facing the back of the restaurant, back to the front door.

B.A.

Hey Frankie, where's the Faceman?

Joey now drifts over and signals for Sal to sit in the seat with it's back to B.A.. Joey takes the facing Frankie. He smiles at Frankie to get his attention, puts his hand into his jacket and lowers the gun under the table so it can be pointed at Sal out of view.

FRANKIE

He's in the john.

B.A.

So how's dinner?

FRANKIE

Unusual... How's the game?

B.A.

Unbelievable. Ten-ten. Should be great second half...

INT. KITCHEN - MURDOCK

Comes in and goes straight to Face who's shivering like crazy. He places his hands on neck and watches his watch for ten seconds.

ANGELO

What's going on out there?

MURDOCK

Guy came in for a pizza.

Angelo goes over and takes a look through the door.

ANGELO

Give him one that's already made...

Gina starts to get up.

MURDOCK

I'll handle it! (to Face) your pulse is fine. Gina, keep the pressure up.

FACE

I'm feeling cold. That's bad I know I've seen guys die...

MURDOCK

Nobody's gonna die.

FACE

Yeah? I think, I think... she's trying to kill me.

GINA

He says it hurts when I press down so hard.

MURDOCK

Good. It's supposed to hurt. Keep the pressure up -- it's for his own good.

Murdock starts over to the ovens

GINA

There's a plain pie on top of the oven...

ANGLE - MURDOCK

From through the racks, we see Murdock take the pizza down. He starts quickly placing ingredients on top of the pizza. He slides the pizza onto the board and puts it into the top ovens and closes it.

INT. VILLA CUCINA - DINING ROOM - JOEY

Gets up, raises a finger at Frankie as if to say "I'm watching you," crosses over to Lou who's standing at the bar. All the cross Joey keeps an eye on Frankie. B.A is still wearing the headset.

JOEY

You gonna let this melanzane leave with the food? You think that's a good idea?

LOU

He's probably got five guys over at his house watching the game. He don't come back with a pizza, we're gonna have a basketball team down here looking for him.

B.A.'S VOICE

(shouting)

Alright!!!

ANGLE - AROUND THE DINING ROOM

As they all look to B.A., who didn't realize he shouted.

B.A.

(lowering headset)

Touchdown on the kickoff. Skins in front...

B.A. starts looking around.

B.A.

Faceman's sure taking a long time in the head.

FRANKIE

He wasn't feeling so good. Stomach trouble.

B.A

Where's that pizza, I wanna get outta here...

ANGLE - MURDOCK

Brings the pizza out from the kitchen. He carries it in both hands, a couple of napkins in the right, the check in the left. He goes up to the bar, where Lou is now standing there.

ANGLE - B.A

Sees Murdock come out of the kitchen with the pizza.

B.A.

Yeah! Later, bro...

He heads over to the bar, where Lou lends Murdock a hand.

LOU

Lemme get that for ya...

He takes the pizza from Murdock, the napkins falling to the floor. Murdock starts down, Lou intercepts him. Play the tension.

LOU

I got it...

He bends down and grabs the napkins and pockets them.

B.A

Smells great. What do I owe ya?

Lou reaches over and grabs some fresh napkins. He hands them to B.A..

LOU

(looks at check)

That'll be ten even.

B.A. hands him a ten spot.

LOU

Enjoy your dinner.

B.A. takes the pizza and heads for the door. Play the disappointed look on Frankie as he watches him disappear.

BACK ON LOU

As he unfolds the napkins and takes a look.

LOU

Now whatta we have here, waiter?

INSERT - NAPKIN

A message "Call the cops. Held hostage."

LOU'S VOICE

Nice try.

BACK ON LOU

As he grabs Murdock by the shirt and literally yanks him through the swinging kitchen doors.

INT. KITCHEN - MURDOCK

Hit's the ground with full force. Lou crosses over and grabs Gina by the hair and looks down at Murdock on the floor.

LOU

I'll tell ya right now, you're a tricky guy. I don't like you. Anyone, I don't care what it is, anyone out there sneezes, if a light bulb goes out, anything, I gonna come in here and start chopping this little girls fingers off. And I don't care if it's your fault or not, cause I don't trust you. Your responsible...

ANGLE - FACE

As we push in on Face, looking worse and worse lying on the floor, starting to mumble incoherently.

EXT. A-TEAM HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Over this we hear the sounds of a football telecast.

INT. A-TEAM HOUSE - NIGHT

Hannibal is in the living room, sitting on the couch with DAWN, a gorgeous girl wearing a Redskins baseball cap and little else. The game is on, providing most of the light in the room. Hannibal pulls back from a kiss.

DAWN

Halftime is my favorite part of the game

HANNIBAL

That and time outs.

He starts to kiss her again as, B.A. comes in and puts the pizza down on the table next to the couch.

B.A.

Still hot -- back in record time. You see that kick return?

HANNIBAL

/(at Dawn)

Yeah, that was something.

B.A.

You two behave while I was gone?

DAWN

Were we supposed to?

HANNIBAL

How about a couple of sodas, B.A.?

B.A.

Coming right up.

ANGLE - THE PIZZA BOX

Is flipped open by B.A. we can see "help" written in anchovies on top of the pizza. But the room is dark, and B.A. has his eye on the T.V. screen as he takes a piece and puts it on a napkin. He heads into the kitchen.

ANGLE - HANNIBAL'S HAND

Reaches over and without looking, he takes the second slice. Now there's two slices missing, and the "p" in help is starting to disappear as a result.

BACK ON HANNIBAL

As he holds the slice for Dawn to bite. He pulls it back, gives her a kiss instead. He than has her eating out of his hand again. As she giggles and takes the bite, the mood is broken with

B.A.'s SCREAM...

B.A. comes storming through from the kitchen.

B.A.

Anchovies!!! That crazy fool put anchovies on the pizza!! I'll kill him!!

Hannibal turns on the lamp. He looks at the pizza.

ANGLE - TO INCLUDE THE PIZZA

It looks almost like it says "hell."

HANNIBAL'S VOICE

Gimme that slice B.A....

He places it back in the pizza. It now says "Help"

DAWN

Help? That's funny...

Hannibal and B.A. exchange looks.

INT. VILLA CUCINA - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Face is looking worse, Murdock has his hand on his neck and looks at his watch.

MURDOCK

Times four is 134

FRANKIE

His pulse is getting stronger, that's a good sign.

FACE

Murdock, do me a favor. If I die...

MURDOCK

Nobody's dying.

FACE

If I die, let that fat pig have it...

Face nods back. Murdock nods to Frankie, they get up and move away.

FRANKIE

134, that's good right?

MURDOCK

(quietly)

No, I'm afraid that's bad. If the carotid pulse hits 150, he's about ten minutes away from...

They're interrupted By Lou pushing open the swinging door.

LOU

I want you two out here!

MURDOCK

If we don't get him to an emergency room in the next thirty minutes...

LOU

Don't worry yourself, it'll all be over in twenty.

INT. DINING ROOM - FOLLOWING LOU

As he laughs to himself, and walks through the restaurant, keeping an eye on everyone. The place is quiet, as everyone is also watching him. He passes Joey at his table, his foot nervously bouncing up and down, checking his watch.

LOU

I told you people, I want everything to look normal. I want to see you people eating, having a good time. Joey put some tunes on the box.

Joey smiles and gets up, drops a couple of quarters in the jukebox and hits some numbers.

Frankie comes out of the kitchen followed by Murdock.

LOU

You, back at your table (to Murdock) get him some food, he looks hungry. And get me a drink.

Linda Ronstadts version of "I've got a crush on you" starts up.

LOU

There ya go

Joey bobs his head to the music and heads over to the Dorians table. The tune continuing hauntingly under the scene.

As the instrumental section hits, Joey leans over the couple.

JOEY

Come on, look normal. Don't ya like her?

They stare at him.

JOEY

Come on... put your arm around her. Whattya looking away? Don't ya like him? (a beat) Give him a kiss. Go on give her a kiss (nothing) Hey, hey, give her a kiss or I'll kiss her.

You want me to show ya how to kiss her...

He pulls back her head and kisses her. Stephen jumps up.

STEPHEN

that's enough!

Joey pushes him back down.

JOEY

Nah, that's never enough. You got rocks. I'm impressed. But no brains (to room) he ain't even smart enough to keep his wife happy.

FRANKIE

What don't you leave them alone?

JOEY

Cause I love people. I'm a people person... (to Dorians) go on then kiss her. Stephen gives Robin a kiss. He really means it, and she can tell. She looks at him for a beat.

JOEY

(to Frankie)

See?

ANGLE - FRONT WINDOW - HENDERSON

Taps on the front window of the restaurant. Sal looks up gives him a wide-eyed wave.

EXT. STREET - HENDERSON

Waves back, oblivious to any trouble. And as he continues on his beat, pan off to the A-Team Van parked across the street.

HANNIBALS VOICE

It looks awful normal from here.

INT. A-TEAM VAN - HANNIBAL

Peers through his pinocs. B.A.'s behind the wheel

HANNIBALS POV - BINOC MATTE

Tight through the front window of the restaurant, we pan across, taking in Frankie, the Dorians and Joey and Sal.

HANNIBALS VOICE

Yeah, if you weren't looking for it, you'd never see it. There's a couple of hoods in dark suits, I bet they're running the show.

..

ANGLE - BACK INSIDE THE VAN

B.A.

Two guys! Against Murdock, Face and Frankie!

HANNIBAL

There could be more, and Face isn't in the dining room.

B.A

(bothered)

He wasn't in there when I picked up the pizza either. He could be hurt, I say we bust em out!

HANNIBAL

There's a lot of people in there who could get hurt. First let's find out what these guys want.

B.A.

How we gonna do that?

THE PHONE

As it rings. Murdock moves to pick it up, but Joey grabs his hand away and takes the phone.

JOEY

Villa Cucina...

INTERCUT AS NEEDED - HANNIBAL IN THE VAN

He's on the other end, watching Joey through his binocs.

HANNIBAL

(fast Italian gibberish)

Yeah, buona sera, ezcongelli, mana niche pailsana, capiche -- ?

JOEY

What? Come on...

HANNIBAL

... No spongille ona the side? Okay? Ello? Hey, esse longeena....

JOEY

Hey! We don't want any alright?

RESUME ON JOEY

As he hangs up the phone.

LOU

What was that?

JOEY

I don't know -- some guy rambling on in Italian...

And now the phone rings again.

JOEY

Don't this guy understand English?

As Joey reaches for the phone, Lou pushes him away.

LOU

What are you, brain dead? You want this guy to show up in person? (to Murdock)

Tell em we're booked up and that's all.

Lou hands Murdock the phone.

MURDOCK

Villa Cucina, como se diche?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED - HANNIBAL IN THE VAN

Now watching Murdock answer the phone.

HANNIBAL

Murdock we're right across the street. What's going on?

MURDOCK

Oh yes hello Mister Attorney General...

ANGLE - ON JOEY AND LOU

Play their immediate reactions to the mention of the Attorney General. Immediately, their guns are out, cocked, pointed at Murdock.

HANNIBAL

The Attorney General. Is he in there?

MURDOCK

No, no, we got you down for a nine o'clock. It's all taken care of...

HANNIBAL

Got it. Okay Murdock how many gunmen all together?

MURDOCK

Yeah, Gina's making the usual three specials. Though personally, I'd stay away from the Veal
ala

Peck-ah. It don't look good at all.

Play Hannibal's reaction.

HANNIBAL

Alright Murdock. You and Frankie stay ready

MURDOCK

Very good sir. See you soon

Lou takes the phone away and hangs up.

LOU

He's on his way?

MURDOCK

I'm afraid so.

And off Lou's look

INT. A-TEAM VAN - NIGHT

As Hannibal dials another number

HANNIBAL

Sounds like there's a hit set up on Attorney General Liebster. (as he dials) you were right about Face, he's down. (into phone) Empress Six to Empress One.

Intercut as needed:

INT. STOCKWELLS JET - NIGHT - STOCKWELL

Is in the middle of some paper work, taking the call.

STOCKWELL

Yes empress six, go ahead please.

HANNIBAL

General, there's a hostage situation in progress at the La Cucina restaurant on tenth street. I think that in twenty minutes, Attorney General Liebster's going to walk into a mob hit.

STOCKWELL

Hold on, Colonel Smith.

Stockwell puts Hannibal on hold, and starts to dial another number.

ANGLE - RESUME HANNIBAL AND B.A.

As they wait, B.A. picks up the binocs and continues to watch through the dining room windows

B.A.

I shoulda saw it, I shoulda felt it in there. How bad is Faceman?

HIS POV

The place still looks normal

HANNIBAL

Murdock said he doesn't look good.

B.A.

I let him down, Hannibal

Stockwell gets back on the line,

STOCKWELLS VOICE

(filtered)

Attorney General Liebster's out for the evening and can't be reached. I can have a SWAT Team there within three minutes.

HANNIBAL

No good. If these guys see cops, they might kill everyone in the place. We'll have to handle this on our own.

Hannibal hangs up.

HANNIBAL

Okay B.A., we're gonna have to head off--

SHOCK ANGEL - OFFICER HENDERSON

Appearing at the window of the van, friendly, but on the suspicious side.

HANDERSON

You boys have been sitting here quite awhile.

HANNIBAL

Something wrong with that, Officer?

HANDERSON

Depends. Could you step out of the car please....?

Hannibal and B.A. exchange looks.

INT. VILLA CUCINA - DINING ROOM - LOU

Is in high gear, preparing for Liebster. He checks his watch, passes joey, twitching and not seeming able to get comfortable in his chair.

LOU

Alright, listen up, this is it! When Liebster walks in here, you keep your mouth shut and full of food got it? (to Sal) get behind the register. (to Murdock) Bring out some pasta for me and

Joey. Get moving!

He has gotten to the Dorians table. They are holding hands.

JOEY

So did I bring you two love birds together or what?

They say nothing

JOEY

I knew it. I still got the touch. You don't have to thank me. Consider it a professional courtesy...

STEPHEN

They're gonna catch you they're gonna try you and I'm gonna be there to --
Joey cracks him -- Stephen goes down breaking a chair in the process. A small bit of blood starts at the corner of his mouth.

JOEY

To what? To testify against me? You gonna be planted by then, pal. Enjoy your last meal!
Murdock rushes over and helps him up. Robin, really shaking at this point, opens her purse for a hankerchief.

LOU

Hey! Knock it off! Get that busted chair outta here. Shut that music off.

JOEY

I like some music

LOU

Then change the tune, it's making me nuts.

Joey moves towards the jukebox. Murdock is helping Stephen.

MURDOCK

Let me get you some water

Something catches his eye.

INSERT - ROBIN'S PURSE

Open on the table

ROBIN'S VOICE

Thank you, please...

BACK TO MURDOCK

As he crosses over, gets the water pitcher and returns. As he leans over and pours the water into a glass

MURDOCK

(sotto)

Is that mace in your purse?

She looks up and nods almost imperceptibly. You can feel the terror in her eyes. Murdock puts down the pitcher in front of the purse and reaches in with the other hand.

ANGLE - MURDOCK

Passes by Frankie's table, he lets the mace slip out of his hand and onto the booth seat. As Frankie covers it with his hand.

JOEY

Hey!

Murdock turns around to Joey. Frankie looks up as well. Play the tension.

JOEY

Where's my pasta?

As Murdock continues into the kitchen, and Frankie slides back in the booth,

INT. A-TEAM VAN - PARKED ON STREET - NIGHT

As Hannibal and B.A. are back in the van as Henderson hands Hannibal back his license and registration

HENDERSON

You make another left, then a quick right on Lincoln. That'll take you right to the monument, Mister Brookfield...

HANNIBAL

Got that Lar?

B.A.

Got it. We better get going.

HANNIBAL

Thanks for the directions, officer.

HENDERSON

no problem. You picked a good time. The Lincoln Memorial looks great all lit up at night.

Hannibal waves and nods as B.A. pulls away from the curb.

ANGLE - ON STREET - HENDERSON

Watches the van pull away. Hold on Henderson watching...

INT. A-TEAM VAN - HANNIBAL

Notices something out the window.

HANNIBAL'S POV

Of a cherry red '63 Pontiac Catalina parked at the curb in front of the Villa Cucina.

HANNIBAL'S VOICE

Isn't that Frankie's car parked over there?

ANGLE - INSIDE VAN

As they pass the parked car.

B.A.

Yeah.

HANNIBAL

I've got an idea. Make a left at the corner.

INT. VILLA CUCINA - THE KITCHEN - FACE

Is looking awful. His breathing is getting shallow, his eyes are fluttering open and closed, and there's not a drop of colour in his Face.

FACE

Mur----

He seems to be fading. Angelo comes over for a look.

ANGELO

(genuinely sincere)

Whoa, he don't look so good. What a waste. Some people don't know how to live, some people don't know how to die. I really hate this.

GINA

You got a fine way of showing it.

ANGELO

A guy shouldn't have to suffer. Look babe, I'm not a bad guy. I gotta heart. (a beat) you know, my friend Nicky, his moma was dying of cancer. She was suffering like you wouldn't believe. But Nicky, he loved her too much to let her keep going ... so I hadda take care of it for him

Gina realizes what he's taking about.

Suddenly there was the sound of screeching tires and the inevitable crunching sound of a car careening off of several garbage cans and coming to rest halfway into a dumpster.

ANGELO

What the hell was that?

Lou comes in thru the swinging doors.

LOU

Check that out...

Angelo backs away from Face, when someone starts to pound the kitchen door from the outside. Angelo looks at Lou. Lou nods for him to open the door and moves into position to cover any problems.

ANGLE - KITCHEN DOOR

As Angelo opens it a crack. The opening is filled by Hannibal's face. There's blood running down the side of his face from a large cut on his forehead. He appears more than slightly intoxicated. He tries to push the door open.

HANNIBAL

(slurring his words)

Please you gotta help me. I have to use your phone. There's been a terrible accident.

ANGELO

There's a pay phone down the street.

HANNIBAL

I swear I didn't see him. I think he might be dead
Hannibal pushes harder on the door. Angelo holds it.

HANNIBAL

You gotta let me use your phone.

LOU

Let him in or he'll have this whole block crawling with cops and paramedics.

ANGELO'S POV

As he opens the door wider. He looks over to the car wedged into the dumpster. The bottom haft of a body can be seen sticking out from under the open driver's door. Flames begin to ignite under the car.

ANGELO

Hey, the things on fire Lou

RESUME SCENE

As Hannibal pushes his way inside, Angelo grabs the fire extinguisher off the wall and runs out to the car. Lou waves Hannibal away from the door. Murdock tries not to react to the sight of Hannibal. Hannibal looks from Murdock, to Face and back to Murdock

EXT. VILLA CUCINA - REAR ALLEY – NIGHT

As Angelo runs up to the burning car. He turns the fire extinguisher on the flames. They are quickly smothered.

He moves over to check out the body -- we can see it's B.A. with his ski cap on. Angelo kneels and checks for a pulse, B.A. clocks him. He takes Angelo's gun and ties his hands to the door handle with one of his chains. He picks up the fire extinguisher and heads for the back door of the Villa Cucina.

INT. VILLA CUCINA – KITCHEN

Hannibal stares bleary eyed at Lou.

HANNIBAL

You gonna let me use that phone or what?

LOU

Just sit tight pal. We'll take care of it.

There's a knock at the back door. Lou backs up to it.

LOU

(over his shoulder)

That you Angelo?

He hears a muffled sound that could be a yes. Lou reaches down to the handle and opens the door. As he turns to verify that it's Angelo, his head meets with the fire extinguisher and he drops to the floor. B.A. walks in. the door remains slightly ajar.

HANNIBAL

Nice B.A.

Hannibal reaches down and takes Lou's gun.

MURDOCK

There's one more out front. He's a real nervous type.

HANNIBAL

We're going to have to work fast before he starts to miss his buddies. Hows Face?

GINA'

He's losing a lot of blood. I can't get it to stop.

MURDOCK

He's got about fifteen minutes, Hannibal

HANNIBAL

(to Gina) tie up this guy. Murdock tell me about the one that's left...

MURDOCK

Third table to your left, .357 magnum.

HANNIBAL

Alright, Murdock, go out there and clear the area between us and him.

Murdock nods and moves through the swinging doors.

INT. VILLA CUCINA - DINING ROOM

Frankie is at his booth as Murdock comes through

MURDOCK

Frankie, could you give me a hand over here at the bar for a moment? Lou wants some cases stacked in front of the back door.

FRANKIE

Don't you think that's carrying cooperation a little far?

JOEY

Do it.

Frankie shakes his head and moves over next to the bar with Murdock. Joey is nervously watching, trying to keep everything in his line of sight. He pays particularly close attention to Frankie and Murdock.

ANGLE - KITCHEN DOOR – HANNIBAL

Slides halfway into the room, his gun trained on Joey

HANNIBAL

Drop the gun. The party's over.

Joey panics. He fires at Hannibal. He nails the jukebox, silencing it. Hannibal fires back as Joey tries to move for cover. Stephen and Robin dive under their table. Sal drops behind the bar. Murdock and Frankie take advantage of the distraction to make a move on Joey. Frankie brings out the cannister of mace and sprays it directly into Joey's face. Joey screams and clutches his eyes and drops his gun. Murdock wallops him good.

HANNIBAL

I guess that about does it.

HENDERSON'S VOICE

Freeze! Nobody move.

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR - OFFICER HENDERSON

Is in a ready position -- gun drawn at the room. Hannibal lowers his gun. The Dorian's, Sal and Frankie all breath a sigh of relief. Gina runs out of the kitchen and up to Henderson.

GINA

Thank goodness you're here.

HANNIBAL

Good timing. Frankie find something to use as a stretcher.

Henderson puts his arm around Gina. Frankie heads for the kitchen.

HENDERSON

Sit down. Nobody is going anywhere.

Henderson shoves the gun into her side. He kicks Joey's gun back over to him. Joey picks up the gun through his tearing eyes. On the various reactions all around.

EXT. VILLA CUCINA - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Over this we hear.

HENDERSON'S VOICE

Yeah, just some kicks shooting off firecrackers

INT. VILLA CUCINA - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Henderson is on the phone. Angelo is guarding Frankie, Hannibal and B.A. as they sit with their heads in place in front of them, palms up on the table. Stephen and Robin are at their table. Joey is still recovering from his bout with the Team, face rashed from the mace and real pissed.

HENDERSON

(on phone)

Apparently they've been hassling Sal lately... no, no need to send a back up unless you wanna chase the alley... no problem, sarge, I'll put it in my report.

The instant he hangs up, Lou starts in

LOU

Alright everybody in here where I can see ya. Guy's gonna be here in ten minutes. You sit, sit, sit. Anyone moves, I'm gonna shoot this girl... ya got that?

He pushes her into the first booth.

LOU

We got five minutes to straighten this place up. Tape over that hole in the jukebox, get that table outta here (re: Frankie and B.A.) take these two and move the wreck in the alley.

Angelo leads Frankie and B.A. off.

HENDERSON

(pissed)

You were that close.. That close to having a SWAT team down here.

LOU

Expect a thank you card with your payoff. You better get back on your beat.

HENDERSON

Don't worry? This was supposed be clean. Ya come in, plug the guy, drop the guns and leave.

Now I'm placing phone calls from here. I'm gonna look like a jerk when this place goes down...

JOEY

We could always give you a convincing head wound. You could be a hero.

HENDERSON

Shut up, kid...

SAL

Tommy...

Henderson heads out the door.

ANGLE - LOU

Moves over to Hannibal

LOU

Who're you working for?

HANNIBAL

Welcome wagon. How about you?

Joey whips out a switchblade and pops it open

JOEY

Let's drop some fingers off this guy. He'll sing.

Lou remains the impassive stone-face

HANNIBAL

Let me see if I can put this together. You guys work for one of the six hoods indicted by the congressional committee on organized crime, right? You're here to hit Attorney General

Liebster before he makes those indictments stick.

JOEY

You can be dropped anytime!

Joey holds the blade across the table at Hannibal's neck. Everybody's eyes are fixed on the scene.

HANNIBAL

(calmly)

Do it.

A tense moment. The blade shakes in Joey's hand. Hannibal has called the bluff.

LOU

Cool down, Joey (to Murdock) c'mon, I want this place to look like nothing happened, waiter... (to Joey) see how they're doing back there. Take this one with ya, drag the hero out here and put him behind the bar--

Joey leads Hannibal towards the kitchen.

EXT. VILLA CUCINA - REAR ALLEY – NIGHT
Angelo guards Frankie and B.A. as they approach the car.

FRANKIE

My car! You used my car!! This car was a classic B.A. I still got payments on this thing.

JOEY

(to Frankie)

Roll it over there and park it.

B.A. get in the front Frankie next to the door. He notices the window missing.

FRANKIE

Hey, what happened to my window?

B.A.

We didn't have a key to get in

FRANKIE

(beat)

The door was unlocked!

Off B.A.'s shrug

HANNIBAL'S WATCH

Which reads nine fifty.

HANNIBAL'S VOICE

Nine fifty. That gives us ten minutes before Leibster gets here.

INT. KITCHEN - HANNIBAL AND MURDOCK

Are starting to move Face. They speak sotto to each other as Angelo sits in the background,
watching

MURDOCK

I don't know if Face can last much longer. His pulse is at one-fifty. Maybe ten minutes.

(beat) I'm sorry Faceman. I was the one who got you into this.

HANNIBAL

It'd going to be okay Murdock.

Hannibal looks around the kitchen and smiles to Angelo. His eyes settle on;

HANNIBAL'S POV -THE STOVE

The old gas type.

BACK TO SCENE

HANNIBAL

When we get back into the dining room, why don't you try whipping us up some drinks?

Specialties of the house.

Murdock looks at him for a moment, then understands

MURDOCK

It's a small room

HANNIBAL

Make em small drinks.

At that moment, Joey comes back inside from the ally with Frankie and B.A.

B.A.

How's he doing Hannibal?

HANNIBAL

He's been better

Lou opens the door and sticks his head in.

LOU

Get them all in here. We're got ten minutes (re: Face) hide him behind the bar.

Angelo motions to Hannibal and Murdock.

ANGELO

Move him.

Joey herds B.A. and Frankie into the dining room as Hannibal and Murdock pick up Face.

As they head out door, Hannibal stumbles against the stove.

MURDOCK

(mock anger)

Hey, you're going to drop him! Be careful.

INSERT - THE GAS JETS

As Hannibal turns on as many as he can reach.

BACK TO SCENE

As they take Face through the swinging kitchen doors

ANGLE - THE DORIAN'S

Getting a good look at Face as he's carried out to the dining room and placed behind the bar.

Stephen has his arm around her.

STEPHEN

Robin... I love you...

ROBIN

I know...

LOU'S VOICE

Shut up over there..

As Lou looks at his watch,

INSERT - HIS WATCH

Two minutes to nine... the second hand sweeping...

Ext. VILLA CUCINA - STREET

Henderson is walking his beat. A moment, then a limo slowly comes around the corner and passes him, heading back the way he came. He turns for a moment then continues his patrol, a smile on his face.

INT. VILLA - CUCINA - DINING ROOM

Play the suspense. Everyone is seated at their places with food in front of them.

ANGLE - MURDOCK

Behind the bar, hands out of sight. He glances away from the Heavies and down at Face

FACE

Real bad shape

ANGLE - LOU

In the booth by himself. He looks over at

ANGLE - JOEY AND ANGELO

At their original table. Joey's leg bobbing as usual

ANGLE - GINA

By the door with Sal

FRANKIE AND B.A.

Sitting at their table. Glancing towards the front door.

THE DORIAN'S

Terrified. They look at each other

ANGLE - BEHIND BAR

Where we can see Murdock is quietly and quickly emptying a liquor bottle until it is half empty. Underneath the counter are several half full bottles with paper napkins stuck in the top.

Molotov cocktails.

BACK TO SCENE

Lou looks at his watch

HANNIBAL

Throwing looks to B.A. and Frankie, warning them to be ready

EXT. STREET - THE LIMO

Is now parked at the curb. The chauffeur opens the door. ATTORNEY GENERAL JEFFREY LEIBSTER and his DATE climb out. Leibster is a tall, dignified man with a no-nonsense look about him. His date is a woman slightly younger, both are dressed quite nicely.

They head towards the front door.

INT. VILLA CUCINA - HANNIBAL

Takes out a cigar and lights it.

ANGLE - THE STOVE

Hissing loudly with open jets of gas

ANGLE - ON JOEY

Who starts sniffing the air

JOEY

Hey.... What's that smell?

LOU

Check it out. Quick.

Joey heads to the kitchen doors and opens them, sniffing in the kitchen

ANGLE - HANNIBAL

Immediately flicks his lit cigar past Joey into the kitchen

THE STOVE

As a cigar flies into the kitchen and lands next to it.

ANGLE - THE KITCHEN DOOR

Explodes into the room. Joey is thrown back, everybody ducks.

DIRECTOR'S SEQUENCE - THE FIGHT

Hannibal, B.A. and Frankie immediately flip the tables to give themselves cover. Murdock tosses a Molotov at Joey and Angelo. It goes off, making them dive for a booth. Murdock tosses a molotovs to Hannibal. The hoods open fire. Hannibal tosses his cocktail, making the heavies scramble. B.A. and Frankie lift up their table and use it as a shield, but our guys plow into them -- they knock em to the ground and disarm them.

ANGLE - MURDOCK

Who pulls out a pizza pan, and Frisbees it at Lou. He takes the pan in the side of the head. He drops like a wet vermicelli. Gina runs to Sal. Hannibal goes over to where Face is laying.

He checks his pulse.

HANNIBAL

It's weak, but he's still with us. B.A., get the van. I want Face to the County General in ten minutes

B.A.

He'll be there in five.

ANGLE - ON B.A.

As he runs out, passing Liebster and his date as they walk in. They survey the damage.

LEIBSTER

What is all this?

MURDOCK

Ah, Mister Leibstar. I thinka maybe tonight... we go for Chinese...
He turns them toward the door.

TAG

EXT. A-TEAM HOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

HANNIBAL'S VOICE

How's the pain?

INT. A-TEAM HOUSE - FACE'S BEDROOM - DAY - FACE
Is propped up in bed, surrounded by Hannibal, Frankie and B.A.

FACE

It only hurts when I breath...

B.A.

You were out cold for a day and a haft at the hospital...

FRANKIE

They said you hit on two nurses while you were sedated.

FACE

How'd I do?

HANNIBAL

You were very sympathetic, they all left their numbers

ANGLE - MURDOCK AND GINA MORELLI

Come through the door carrying a pizza and some packages

GINA

Anybody home...?

MURDOCK

We brought you all a little something from the restaurant... (to Face) How ya feeling guy?

FACE

Worse than I look...

GINA

(shakes Face's hand)

We never really got a chance but Tony told me all about you...

FRANKIE

Tony?

GINA

I know, I know, but he'll always be Tony to me...

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

FRANKIE

Hello!

HANNIBAL

How's your father doing?

GINA

In seventh heaven. The place is booming. After that news report about papa single handedly saving Liebster's life, the place has become the toast of the town.

MURDOCK

Downright hip and trendy. I think I saw Stockwell's name in the reservations book.

Frankie open the pizza box.

FRANKIE

Take a look at this
INSERT - PIZZA
"get well Face" is spelled out in anchovies.
B.A.'S VOICE
Get well Face.
BACK TO SCENE
As B.A. takes a slice.
B.A.
That looks good. Wait a second! Anchovies!!
He starts for him.
MURDOCK
I like anchovies...
B.A.
Nobody likes anchovies!!
As he lifts the pizza and hurls it at Murdock pie throwing style...

THE END!!