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KNIGHT RIDER

by
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ACT ONE

FADE IN

RENO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

EXT. ND HOTEL - NIGHT - STOCK

INT. CASINO - NIGHT - STOCK

Should be maximum up-key.

CLOSE ON CRAP TABLE (TO MATCH)

Action at the table, loud music from the lounge, Charles Acton, fifty-five, graying temples, handsome and distinguished is on a roll. Quite appropriately standing next to him as if completing an ad for Gentleman's Quarterly, a woman wearing both furs and jewelry, none of which she'd need to be the centerpiece for the entire room. She is Tanya Walker. She looks at her watch discreetly as Charles clenches his fist in conservative jubilation.

CROUPIER

Seven the winner.

A stack of hundred dollar checks is pushed at Charles and he modestly picks them up and places them in a chip holder already packed. He is having a very lucky night.

CHARLES

I can't seem to lose tonight.

TANYA

Don't say that. It could lead to bad luck.

CHARLES

I don't believe in luck.

As Acton turns to look back at the game, Tanya's eyes drift to Wilson, a husky man in a three-piece suit standing to the back of the gallery. He is chief of security for Consolidated Chemical Corporation, something we might deduce as we push in to a small earpiece with an inconspicuous, flesh-colored wire leading down into his suit. He lifts a hand to the earpiece, which brings his watch up into proximity to his mouth. When he speaks, it is surreptitiously unnoticed by people craning to see the game in front of him.

WILSON

Okay, Lonnie. He's winning big.
It's now or never.

Wilson turns his head and we follow his gaze to an elevator into which moves a statuesque dark-haired girl. Her name is Lonnie.

CLOSE ON LONNIE

as the elevator doors close on her, and we pull back to reveal the back of the head of a second man watching her progress. He too is wearing a tell-tale earpiece. He is standing farther back behind both Wilson and the game that is in progress. He is Michael Long. We see little of his face except to notice that he is young, has dark curly hair and rugged outlines to his sparsely seen features. He turns away from the game and we tilt down to avoid his face and see him flip a microswitch on his belt receiver/transmitter.

MICHAEL

I think it's coming down -- Wilson
just sent Lonnie into the elevator.
Do you read?

A MAN STANDING ON A LADDER - MUNTZY

wearing hotel coveralls.

MUNTZY

Loud and clear, Lieutenant. If she's
coming -- I'll have a front row seat.

He is changing a ceiling fixture as an elevator door opens down the corridor and Lonnie heads his way, giving him a smiling look as she moves past. He doesn't acknowledge the girl, continuing his work, obliviously.

LONNIE

reaches a door, looks both ways.

POINT OF VIEW OF THE MAN ON THE LADDER

No interest. She is relieved. She puts a key in the lock and enters...We push back up to the man on the ladder, he turns his head to us, full on and we now see an earpiece.

MUNTZY

I've got her. She just went into
Acton's suite.

TO INTERCUT WITH MICHAEL LONG IN THE CASINO

LONG

Muntzy. Be careful.

MUNTZY

Hey -- I've got ten years on you,
junior. I'm the original man of

steel. You're the one I'm worried
about. You're right inside that
nest of snakes.

INSIDE ACTON'S SUITE

Lonnie moves hurriedly to a safe installed for the use of
"high roller" guests in most lavish Nevada suites. She
opens it and removes a folder containing documents. She
places them under a table light and begins to shoot
photographs of them with a minicamera.

ON WILSON

at the craps table. Nothing but passes and cheers.

LONNIE'S VOICE
(filtered)
I'm finished.

BACK IN THE ROOM

We see that she's closing the safe and is walking to the
door.

TO INTERCUT WITH WILSON

WILSON
Be sure no one sees you.

LONNIE
There's no one in the corridor but
an electrician.

Wilson's facade stiffens.

WILSON
Electrician. You didn't say
anything about an electrician.

LONNIE
He works for the hotel. I've seen
him around.

WILSON
Stay in the room.

LONNIE
For how long?

Suddenly Acton is turning from the table with Tanya on his
arm and both hands filled with chips.

ACTON
Come on, Wilson. We're calling it a
night.

A startled Wilson exchanges looks with Tanya.

WILSON

But you're on a roll.

ACTON

I got to be chairman of Consolidated Chemical by knowing when to quit winners. Let's go, darling. Be sure security stays close behind until we get these in the room safe.

As Acton moves off -- Wilson holds Tanya back.

WILSON

Delay him.

Wilson turns hurriedly.

ON MICHAEL LONG'S BACK

as Wilson rushes to him.

WILSON

Stay close to Mr. Acton. He's carrying a lot of money.

As Michael rushes off, we hold on Wilson who speaks quietly.

WILSON

Get out of there, Lonnie. Acton's coming up.

TO INTERCUT WITH LONNIE

standing nervously at the door to the corridor.

LONNIE

What about the guy on the ladder?

WILSON

If he follows you, I'll handle him. You just get in your car and head east, out of town. We'll pick up the film from you there.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Lonnie rushes out of the suite and down to the elevator bank. We push into Muntzy on the ladder as the elevator door opens and she hurries inside.

MUNTZY

She's leaving in a hurry, Lieutenant.

ON MICHAEL

crossing the casino -- a few yards behind Acton and Tanya.

MICHAEL

I know. Wilson just put me in charge. That means they've got a broken play -- can you follow Lonnie?

BACK IN THE CORRIDOR

Muntzy scampers down the ladder and races for a second elevator as Lonnie disappears into a first.

MUNTZY

Back me up if I blow it.

BACK IN THE CASINO - ON MICHAEL

MICHAEL

We've got six months in this one, Muntzy. I'll be right behind you.

OMITTED

BACK AT THE ELEVATOR

as Acton looks at Tanya with puppy-loving eyes, a small crowd of anxious guests around them waiting for their elevator impatiently.

TANYA

Charles, security can only do so much in a crowd with you carrying all those chips. I'd feel much better if you stop off at the cashier's.

Michael moves up hurriedly.

MICHAEL

That's good advice, Mr. Acton. I'd recommend it.

ACTON

I guess you're right. They're clumsy as hell to carry, anyway.

Michael walks with the couple towards the cashier's cages, keeping his eyes on the elevators behind him. Tanya, too, is eyeing the elevators.

ON THE ELEVATORS

As one car arrives, Lonnie steps out and hurries away. On another car as it arrives and we see Muntzy, the hotel maintenance man exit, look both ways, spot Lonnie and hurry after her.

ON MUNTZY

hurrying across the lobby. He lifts his cuff.

MUNTZY

You can relax, Lieutenant.

MICHAEL

Be careful, Muntzy. I don't know
where Wilson is.

ON WILSON

as he watches the entire charade and speaks covertly.

WILSON

Gray. They've burned her. She's
got a guy on her tail. He's wearing
a maintenance suit...Stop him.

OUTSIDE THE HOTEL

Gray, a rugged-looking man steps out of the shadows of a
billboard and watches as Lonnie races out of the casino and
towards a car.

GRAY

I've got her.

She jumps into her car and drives off.

GRAY

And I've got him.

Gray pulls out a weapon and attaches a silencer.

BACK INSIDE THE CASINO

at the cashier's cage.

MICHAEL

Wait here, Mr. Acton. Don't leave
these cages and guards.

ACTON

What're you talking about. Where
are you going?

TANYA

Michael...Michael...I don't know
what's gotten into him, Charles.
I'll be right back.

She too, hurries off.

ON MICHAEL

racing across the casino. He talks into his lapel. A small American flag.

MICHAEL

Watch it, Muntzy. Wilson is on his way out. I think he made you... Muntzy. Muntzy.

OUTSIDE THE CASINO

A security car, complete with red lights and formal lettering on the side, speeds up. Wilson jumps in as the car streaks off into the night, driven by Gray. Right behind them, Michael exits the casino on the dead run. He sees the security car streak off and runs into the parking lot, panning back we see Tanya following the parade. She sees Michael entering the darkened lot and hurries after him.

TANYA

Michael...What are you doing?

ON A BLACK TRANS AM

as Michael streaks up to find Muntzy clutching at the door to the car. He collapses as Michael reaches him, Tanya -- right behind him.

MICHAEL

Muntzy!
(to Tanya)
Watch him. I'll get help.

MUNTZY

Forget it, Lieutenant. Go after 'em.

MICHAEL

Muntzy...you've got to hang on --
Muntzy.

But it's obvious that Muntzy is dead. Michael looks up at Tanya, ashen.

TANYA

What is it? What's going on?

MICHAEL

Stay here with him.

Michael starts into the car. Tanya races to the other side as hotel personnel and bystanders move up, warily.

TANYA

Why are you doing this. You were hired to protect Charles. You can't leave him.

MICHAEL

These people are no longer interested
in your boss. They just got what
they were after.

TANYA

What are you talking about? I'm
coming with you.

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

as Tanya jumps in and it speeds off into the night. Michael
is pulling out his gun and checking it.

MICHAEL

I don't have time to explain it all
to you, Tanya, but your boss's chief
of security is up to his Bahamian
bank accounts in industrial espionage
-- and now murder.

TANYA

I don't believe it.

MICHAEL

Did you believe that dead cop back
there? He was my partner. I was
supposed to be covering him.

DESERT ROAD - NIGHT (SHOT)

It is night on a lonely desert road as Wilson and Gray
emerge from their car which has pulled Lonnie off the road.
With red lights flashing, Symes moves from a car marked:

CONSOLIDATED CHEMICAL

Special Security

WILSON

Will you step out of the car please.

Lonnie steps out revealing a sumptuous figure.

WILSON

Good work, Lonnie. I'll take the
microfilm....

Lonnie reaches into her purse and removes a small micro-
camera. Suddenly, the scene is bathed in light as Michael's
Trans Am screams up from o.s.

ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

as he climbs out of the car, his gun leveled on the three-
some.

MICHAEL

Hold it right there. You move. I
fire.

THE CONSPIRATORS (SHOT)

freeze.

MICHAEL

Drop the gun, and kick it over here.

WILSON

Michael Long, (Mr. Acton's personal
bodyguard). We seem to have made a
small mistake.

(Words in parenthesis to be looped into scene, v.o.) Tanya
climbs out of the Trans Am and comes forward around the side
of the car.

MICHAEL

I'd call treason more than a small
mistake. It draws the death
penalty. Tanya, pick up that gun.

TANYA

That won't be necessary. I have my
own.

Michael freezes, a chill racing up his spine. He sees the
expressions on the faces of his three captives relax into
smiles, then into laughter. Slowly he turns to look.

ON TANYA (SHOT)

as she stands with the gun straight out, aimed into Michael's
face.

MICHAEL

You're working with them?

TANYA

Ahh. I've disappointed you.

MICHAEL

Tanya. Give me the gun. I can
still make a deal for you, if you
cooperate.

He extends his hand for her gun.

MICHAEL

Give it to me.

TANYA

I intend to.

Cooly, she fires into Michael's face at point-blank range.

MICHAEL (SHOT)

flies off of his feet in slow motion, his hands racing up to cover his face...He tumbles backwards into the darkness of the desert fringing the highway, only his shoes protruding onto the light of his own headlights. Michael's point of view slow motion. All is suddenly still except for the sound of Michael's idling car.

A NEW ANGLE (SHOT)

on the strange death scene as suddenly something is happening as we perceive a strange whine far in the distance and camera tilts up to reveal a pinpoint of light far off on the horizon. The light grows larger and larger until it is directly overhead. Suddenly a powerful light bursts on, bathing the scene of carnage in dazzling brightness. Close on a weathered old face. The man is Wilton Knight. He stares down from the hovering machine.

KNIGHT

My God. We're too late.

He signals and the machine begins to lower down to the highway.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

HIS POINT OF VIEW (SHOT)

where we see the body of Michael sprawled in the dust.

THE KNIGHT ESTATE - DAY (SHOT)

as a twin turbine jet helicopter lands behind a massive house. On the machine is the logo of KNIGHT INDUSTRIES.

OMITTED

ON DOCTOR MILES (SHOT)

as he examines the now carefully bandaged and reconstructed form of Michael Long. He looks at a wall of medical instrumentation and examines the eyes of Michael as Wilton Knight enters the room.

KNIGHT

Well?

MILES

I'll give you the same answer I've given you the past four days. He's probably the only human being on this planet in worse condition than you.

KNIGHT

You have the bedside manner of a rattlesnake.

MILES

My deal with you was honesty.

KNIGHT

Is he going to die?

MILES

He should have. The bullet was fired into his head at point-blank range.

KNIGHT

Then how did he survive?

MILES

The man has a metal plate in his forehead. Military surgery, I'd suspect. It deflected the bullet away from a dead center hit in his brain and back out through his face. We'll never know what he looked like.

ON MICHAEL

stirring restlessly...mumbling...crying out in anguish and anger.

(Note: The following underlined dialogue will either be shot in closeup or v.o.)

KNIGHT

That's it, son...get mad...and stay mad. It will keep you living. Just like me.

OMITTED

INT. THE ESTATE HOSPITAL ROOM (SHOT)

Doctor Miles stands over Michael who is prone on an operating table. Knight looks on from across the room as one by one, the delicate bandages come off.

ON DEVON (SHOT)

as he enters and moves up to Knight.

DEVON

I have good news for you. The Knight 2000 will be ready by....

KNIGHT

Shhhh....

Knight moves forward leaving Devon mystified and not just mildly frustrated.

DEVON

(under breath)

I work these people around the clock
and suddenly you aren't interested.

ON MILES (SHOT)

as he masterfully lifts the final strip of adhesive and begins to unwrap Michael's face. Knight moves in to stand beside him, and Devon beside the two other men. We are looking up at them from Michael's point of view as they stare down not revealing anything.

ON MICHAEL KNIGHT (SHOT)

A new face, far more rugged than his former image. Character and age somehow replacing youthful naivete.

MICHAEL

That bad?

MILES

On the contrary. An excellent job
if I do say so myself. Why don't
you look for yourself?

Almost reluctantly, Michael rises up and moves slowly across the room to a mirror.

KNIGHT

Perfection.

MICHAEL

It isn't me.

Michael raises his fingers up to feel the unfamiliar contours.

DEVON

You now have a second chance to
live. Unless you'd prefer to walk
around with a face that could get
you killed all over again?

Michael turns a sober look towards Knight.

KNIGHT

Take my word. You'll be much safer
with this face. And it's rather
handsome if I do say so myself.

Devon leans in.

DEVON

Does it strike you that there's an
uncanny resemblance between this
fellow and you as a young man?

Knight shoots Devon a wilting glare.

DEVON

Just my imagination, I'm sure.

KNIGHT

Stick to your task. When will I see
it?

DEVON

I tried to tell you. It'll be ready
within the week.

KNIGHT

Excellent. I pray it leaves me
enough time.

EXT. GROUNDS - DAY - ON MICHAEL THROUGH BINOCULAR MATTE

jogging around the perimeter of the Knight Estate wearing
simple blue shorts and jogging shoes.

ON KNIGHT

Camera pulls back to reveal Knight watching him. Knight
lowers the binoculars and nods in satisfaction as Devon
moves up.

DEVON

How much have you told him?

KNIGHT

I've told him he no longer has
anyone to fear. In the eyes of the
law, Michael Long is legally dead.

Devon looks uncomfortable.

DEVON

But Mr. Knight, stealing a body from
the medical school for the police to
find wasn't exactly playing by the
rules.

KNIGHT

I make my own rules. So does the
government. They fake deaths and
identities all the time. Not to
mention our adversaries who don't
exactly play by the rules.

DEVON

All right. But why are you doing it?

KNIGHT

I think you know why, Devon. I want to leave something behind -- something worthwhile, not just numbers in a bank account. Now, when will the Knight 2000 be ready?

DEVON

Soon. I'm already working the crew double shifts.

KNIGHT

Make it around the clock. We must hurry....

DEVON

Has the Doctor told you....

KNIGHT

(interrupts)

Don't worry about what the good Doctor's told me. Let me worry about the doctors...and Michael Long.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL - DAY

as he pulls up to Knight, as Devon moves off.

KNIGHT

Aren't you pushing it a bit, Michael?

MICHAEL

I've got to get back into shape fast. I've got one last debt to pay.

KNIGHT

Is revenge all that you can think of? You're better than that. You were a good cop.

MICHAEL

Was I? I blew it?

KNIGHT

What if I could offer you another shot. I want Tanya and her friends too -- but they're just the tip of the iceberg. If we were to work together....

Michael comes back to his feet.

MICHAEL

(interrupts)

Mr. Knight, my last partner is dead. It's nothing personal, but from now on I work alone. I can't take responsibility for anyone's life but my own. I think you can understand that.

Michael jogs off.

INSIDE GARAGE WITH COMPUTER EQUIPMENT

Devon enters.

DEVON

It's ready.

KNIGHT

I know -- and so are we. I've found our man. I'm sure of it.

DEVON

Wilton, I've never been in total agreement about this project. But even if I were, I question Michael Long as your choice. He's too young ---

KNIGHT

He'll need to be young ---

DEVON

And inexperienced.

KNIGHT

Three years of counter intelligence work in Nam, working on his own in deep cover.

DEVON

He was captured.

KNIGHT

He survived -- which is more than I can say for his captors.

DEVON

All right. I'll give you his ability to work well on his own -- Perhaps that's what disturbs me most -- what you have in mind -- what we hope to accomplish -- demands team work.

KNIGHT

Does it. He's going to have to be out there on his own most of the time, Devon ---

DEVON

Yes, at first -- of course -- but eventually when we prove ---

KNIGHT

When we prove. He's going to be the living proof, Devon -- The living proof that each of us as individuals can make a difference.

DEVON

Why do I always attempt to challenge your instincts with logic? I always lose.

Knight smiles....

KNIGHT

This time in losing -- you win -- we both win. Michael Long is our man.

OMITTED

INSIDE THE LARGE WAREHOUSE-LIKE STRUCTURE

It might have been designed to accommodate a prototype 747. In fact, the superstructure is very much like an aircraft hangar, although the small Lear-type jet which sits in a far corner is dwarfed by the dimensions of the building, where a dark form in the shape of an automobile silhouette stands ominously beckoning to Michael. He moves closer, closer, until a narrow red light comes on and begins to scan the area between the shape and Michael. It is as if he is being perceived by a red-eyed Cobra. Michael stops in his tracks, sucks in his breath, then moves forward once more. Suddenly the headlights pop up, bathing him in light. Again, Michael stops, startled. Once more he starts forward and suddenly the engine roars to life. Suddenly, the car lunges ahead driving straight for Michael. As the car bears down on him, we:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

as the sleek car screeches to a halt at his feet, and the lights to the cavernous room resembling something out of the Kennedy Space Center suddenly blossom, with straight down beams of light on the sleek vehicle.

KNIGHT

Enough, Devon. You've had your fun
with your guest.

Devon climbs out of the car and Michael turns to see Wilton Knight limping forward with his cane.

DEVON'S VOICE

It's not polite to sneak about
uninvited.

KNIGHT

Be gracious, Devon. I think an
explanation is well overdue.

MICHAEL

You're damned right it is. Now what
is all this? What are you guys up
to with people sneaking in and out
of here at all hours of the day and
night?

DEVON

Look who's talking.

KNIGHT

Be quiet both of you. Let's get
down to business. I'm running out
of time and Michael is now healthy
enough to carry on.

Knight moves up to stand beside Michael, Devon right behind him.

MICHAEL (v.o.)

Carry on what? Hey, look. I don't
know what you do out here, but all
I want to do is settle the score
and get on with my life.

DEVON (v.o.)

That's not very grateful.

(*Several additional lines are to be added either in closeup
or v.o. as underlined.)

MICHAEL

The guys you're after are too big.
They're the kind of criminals that
operate above the law. Nobody can
touch them.

KNIGHT

I don't agree with you.

MICHAEL

You're entitled to your opinion.
As for me, I'm pulling out of here
tonight and I'm taking my car with
me.

KNIGHT

Prepare the car for him, Devon.

DEVON

But sir.

KNIGHT

I said, prepare the car. There's a
great deal he'll need to know about
it before it's safe for him to
drive. I must go to bed. I'm not
feeling very well.

Knight turns and starts out of the huge room. Devon turns a
severe look to Michael.

DEVON

You just struck a dying man.

MICHAEL

Hey, listen. I like that old man.
I really do. But it's time to get
on with my life.

DEVON

You wouldn't have a life if he
hadn't brought you here. There are
people who will still kill you if
they find out you're alive.

MICHAEL

But I'm legally dead, remember? I
don't even know me with this face.
Now what is all this I'm supposed to
know about my own car.

DEVON

Any resemblance between your car and
this one is purely superficial.

Michael walks closer to the machine.

MICHAEL

What're you talking about. That's my Trans Am. I left it out in the desert.

DEVON

No, it may look like your car, but in actuality, that vehicle is now probably the most expensive car in the world.

MICHAEL

Come on...What are you talking about? It's just....

Michael has moved up to the sleek machine. He pats the fender. He reacts.

MICHAEL

What is this, new paint? It feels like baby skin.

He looks closely.

MICHAEL

Guys do nice work. Hasn't got a ripple in it....

He leans in close.

MICHAEL

Like a mirror. A dentist could use this to drill....

DEVON

It isn't paint. It's a finish bonded into the molecular structure of a new substance.

MICHAEL

You mean the metal?

DEVON

It isn't metal, and it isn't Fiberglass.

Devon moves forward with a large pinhead hammer.

DEVON

Here. Strike the surface as hard as you can.

MICHAEL

I'm not going to hit my car. It's beautiful.

Devon smiles. Takes the hammer himself and raises it high, driving it down. It bounces off the surface and out of his hand. Michael stares in disbelief.

MICHAEL
How'd you do that?

OMITTED

MICHAEL (SHOT)

walks up and stares at the point of impact. It is flawless.

DEVON
Don't stand there with your mouth open. Get in.

INSIDE THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

Michael sits staring at the futuristic panel.

DEVON
Welcome aboard the Knight 2000.

MICHAEL
Thank you. What is all this? It looks like Darth Vader's bathroom.

DEVON
This is a one of a kind car, Mr. Long. It is faster and safer, and stronger than any machine in the world. It is completely fuel-efficient and is entirely operated by microprocessors which make it physically impossible for it to be involved in any kind of collision or mishap, unless specifically ordered by its pilot.

MICHAEL
Pilot? Don't tell me this thing flies.

DEVON
No. But it thinks.

MICHAEL
It thinks? My car thinks?

DEVON
We like to think of it as our car.

Devon reaches over and touches a panel and a whirring sound snaps on as the car comes to life.

DEVON
Now, in order to motivate forward.

MICHAEL

Devon. I recognize the more
rudimentary controls -- such as the
accelerator. I do know how to drive.

Michael simply does as he's told. The results are startling.
The Trans Am leaps forward with such acceleration that there
is no stopping at the door.

ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE WAREHOUSE-LIKE STRUCTURE (SHOT)

as the Trans Am fires through it, splintering the door into
a million toothpicks. Suddenly the car screeches to a halt.

INSIDE THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

DEVON

I'd have preferred you let me open
the door first, however, no harm has
been done to the car.

Michael jumps out and rushes to look at the front of the
car, then slowly moves back and reenters the vehicle.

MICHAEL

There's not a scratch on it and that
door is made out of metal.

DEVON

You were told that the new alloy is
virtually indestructible.

MICHAEL

Yeah? Well, you also said that this
machine couldn't have a collision.

DEVON

Not if that system is operable. But
first you have to turn it on.

Devon simply reaches over and touches another heat-sensitive
switch on the dash.

MICHAEL

Now you're telling me I can't hit
anything?

DEVON

Trust me.

MICHAEL

I'll never trust anybody again.

Michael floors the car and aims for the edge of the
property. A security guard tips his cap to Devon and opens
the gate in time for the Trans Am to streak off the grounds.

OUT ON THE HIGHWAY - DAY (SHOT)

The Trans Am roars along.

MICHAEL

I'm warning you. I'm going to put
this thing to the test.

DEVON

Be my guest.

ON A SEMITRUCK AND TRAILER (SHOT)

moving up the highway...panning back we see the Trans Am
moving up rapidly behind it.

INSIDE THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

MICHAEL

I can't believe this. I'm playing
chicken with a ten-ton semi....

DEVON

I believe the expression is, 'Keep
the pedal to the metal.'

ON THE TRANS AM (RESHOOT)

as it races up and suddenly turns, passing the truck.

BACK INSIDE THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

MICHAEL

The car just drove around the truck
...it steered itself.

DEVON

Marvelous, isn't it?

MICHAEL

I hate it. I like to make my own
decisions.

DEVON

The microprocessor deduced that you
were making one counter to your best
interests. It had two options.
Slow the car down, or maneuver
around the obstacle.

MICHAEL

Okay, so why did it steer around the
truck instead of slowing down? That
would have been much safer.

Devon looks pained. He doesn't answer right away.

MICHAEL

Come on...come on...I think I just
found a flaw in your perfect machine.

DEVON

It isn't a flaw...It's just that....

MICHAEL

Yeah....

DEVON

It's showing off for you.

Michael's head snaps around to look at Devon.

MICHAEL

What?

He brings the car to a halt.

MICHAEL

Oh, great. You mean it can decide
to take off and go for gas, or a car
wash. Just like that. Be great if
you happen to be working under it at
the time.

DEVON

It wouldn't do anything to harm you,
I assure you. Its primary function
is in the preservation of human life.
Your life.

MICHAEL

By me, you mean anyone driving this
thing?

Devon takes a long pause, and a deep breath, continuing to
stare straight ahead.

DEVON

No, actually I mean you. Michael
Arthur Long. Soon to be Michael
Knight.

IN A CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Doctor Miles stands waiting anxiously as Michael and Devon
move down the hall.

MILES

You'd better hurry.

INSIDE A LARGE BEDROOM - NIGHT (SHOT)

A fire rages in the fireplace. The drapes are drawn and Wilton Knight lies as if in state, his eyes closed. Devon approaches fearfully, Michael not far behind him.

(Note: The following underlined dialogue will be shot in v.o.)

MICHAEL

We're too late.

Knight's eyes open. They shift to Devon and Michael.

KNIGHT

Almost. What kept you? Car not fast enough?

MICHAEL

Hey, look. I don't even know what to say. You've got to put that machine on the market. It could save thousands of lives. There's never been anything like it.

KNIGHT

And have it taken away from me and kept off the market like my airplane.
(grimaces and coughs)

No! I have other plans for that car.

DEVON

Don't try to talk, sir. Let me explain.

Knight appears to be sinking. Devon turns to Michael.

DEVON

Mr. Knight is the last of his breed. He built his own empire like the Fords and the Rockefellers.

MICHAEL

Devon, we've been through all that.

KNIGHT

Enough. Now, Michael come closer. Think about the opportunity you have.

MICHAEL

What opportunity?

KNIGHT

You don't exist. You're legally dead. No one can trace your source of funds or identity. Even your fingerprints have been altered.

MICHAEL

You set this whole thing up.

KNIGHT

You set it up when you still had faith that 'one man could make a difference.' I want you to get that spirit back. I want it to be your obsession as it is mine.

MICHAEL

(almost breaking)

Look, I'd like to be able to promise you I'll feel like taking on the world some day, but I can't. I used to have a real life with real friends -- Now...I still wake up in the middle of the night shaking, remembering that gun in my face and the whole world blowing up.

KNIGHT

Remember that moment, and think of it as your baptism by fire. You were spared to lead a great fight. Don't turn away in fear. One man can make a difference. You're going to be that man.

MICHAEL

Mr. Knight...I can't stand here at a time like this and lie to you...I just don't know if....

Michael stops midsentence as he sees a frail hand extended towards him. He looks from the hand to the face of Wilton Knight. There is a small smile on his face. Michael fights off emotion as he reaches out and takes the hand.

KNIGHT

My adventure has ended, and yours has just begun.

OMITTED

KNIGHT

seems to relax, his eyes slowly closing out the visitors. His smile fades to a look of peace.

ON MICHAEL

as he looks down at the limp hand in his own. He places it at Knight's side.

IN A SPRAWLING, LUSH GREEN CEMETARY - STOCK

A large number of people are in attendance of Wilton Knight's funeral, including some television news teams.

REPORTER (v.o.)

(speaking
in a hush)

And so the end comes for another American pioneer whose life was dedicated to bucking the system and proving that the individual can still fulfill the American dream. Wilton Knight, dead at the age of eighty-one.

MINISTER (v.o.)

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
amen.

Michael Long turns and walks out of the crowd of mourners. Devon Shire whispers something and tosses a flower onto the grave.

ON MICHAEL AND DEVON IN THE GARAGE (SHOT)

Michael walks hurriedly towards the car, Devon trying to catch up. (To be used as shot plush indicated v.o.)

(Note: The following underlined dialogue will either be shot in closeup or v.o.)

DEVON

Don't walk so fast. I'm an old man.

MICHAEL

Sorry, but I've got places to go.

DEVON

Typical. You can't wait to go into action and you haven't got a clue where to start.

MICHAEL

And I suppose you do.

DEVON

Of course.

Michael stops in his tracks.

DEVON

Tanya's working in Silicon Valley -- Millston to be precise. Probably the wealthiest four-mile strip of space-age industry in the world. She's managed to promote a position as executive assistant to Will

Benjamin, president of Com Tron --
one of the biggest operations there.

MICHAEL

I've heard of Silicon Valley --
where they make all the microchips.
The stakes may have changed but
she's still playin' the same game.

DEVON

My thoughts exactly.

MICHAEL

Well if Tanya is in Silicon Valley,
that's where I'm going. Now...today.

DEVON

I forbid it.

MICHAEL

You can't forbid it. You don't own
me.

DEVON

I can certainly take away the car.

MICHAEL

I'll get another one. Besides it's
in my name.

DEVON

That's where you're wrong.

Devon hands Michael the registration slip.

MICHAEL

Michael Knight?

DEVON

Michael Long is dead. Remember
that. You wouldn't want to die
using it a second time.

MICHAEL

No, once was plenty, but how do I
suddenly....

Devon extends a wallet to Michael. He flips it open.

MICHAEL

Driver's license...credit cards....

DEVON

All according to Mr. Knight's orders.

MICHAEL (v.o.)

Then I'll be on my way.

Michael fires up the car.

DEVON

Wait...there are countless more
things about the vehicle to explain
to you....

MICHAEL

I'm a fast study. I'll pick things
up as I go along....

DEVON

That's very foolhardy.

MICHAEL

Good-bye and thank you, Devon. I
want you to know I kind of got to
like you.

DEVON

What?

MICHAEL

Never mind. What does it mean,
anyway. Coming from a primitive
like me.

(PLUS ADDITIONAL SHOT FOOTAGE)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

OMITTED

ON BEAUTIFUL NORTHERN CALIFORNIA (SHOT)

lush and green as we helicopter a shot of the Trans Am
cutting up a long, nearly empty highway.

ON A SIGN (SHOT)

SAN FRANCISCO	241 Miles
MILLSTON	171 Miles

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

MICHAEL

One hundred seventy-one miles to
Millston, the heart of Silicon
Valley. Might as well put on some
music.

(looking at the
Knight 2000's
complex dash)

With all these stupid gadgets, you'd
think they'd give you a radio.

Suddenly a voice resembling the voice of Hal, the computer in
2001, begins a low drone.

K.I.T.T.

What would you like to hear? A little
Beethoven?

The car suddenly screeches to a halt.

MICHAEL

What the hell was that?

Michael scans the dash.

CLOSE ON A FLASHING LIGHT

marked: K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL (SHOT)

pushes the light. The voice resumes.

K.I.T.T.

Possibly, you'd prefer Chopin.

MICHAEL

Hell, no. I want to know who you
are and how you're listening in.

K.I.T.T.

There's no reason for increased
volume. I am scanning your
interrogatives quite satisfac-
torily. I am the voice of the
Knight Industries 2000's micro-
processor. K.I.T.T. for easy
reference. Kitt if you prefer.

MICHAEL

I don't prefer and what's more I do
not intend to drive around in a car
that talks back to me. So, either
Devon pulls your plug, or you get
yourself a new driver.

K.I.T.T.
Unfortunately, I am not programmed
to overrule your wishes.

MICHAEL
Oh, that's real good to hear,
because I don't want to hear another
peep out of you, until I can get a
call off to Devon. So clam up
so I can listen to some good music.
And don't offer any suggestions.
I'll choose my own.

K.I.T.T.
As you wish, Mr. Knight. But, since
I sense we are in a slightly irritable
mood caused by fatigue...may I suggest
you put the car in the auto cruise
mode for safety's sake.

MICHAEL
No, you may not. And that's final.
Good night.

K.I.T.T.
Good night.

ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

as he punches up a radio button and music fills the car with
a hard-driving beat.

MICHAEL
(mumbling)
Can't believe it. Car starts
talking to me. This machine has got
to go.

SLOW DISSOLVE THRU

TO ANOTHER AREA OF THE HIGHWAY - DAY (SHOT)

The Trans Am is speeding along to the sounds of different
music.

ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

as we see him fighting off sleep.

ANOTHER SLOW DISSOLVE THRU TO

THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

in still another part of the highway. Underscored by new
music from the radio.

ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

as his head nods, falling back against the headrest and slightly cocked to one side. He is now sound asleep.

CLOSE ON K.I.T.T.'S FUTURISTIC INSTRUMENT PANEL

as we hear a beep and see two lights exchange positions.

INSERT ON THE LIGHTS (SHOT)

A flashing light reading "NORMAL CRUISE" moves from the flashing stage to simply illuminated, while the light next to it which has been illuminated to read "AUTO CRUISE" begins to flash indicating that it is now activated.

ON THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

as it begins to maneuver around a corner, neatly and safely.

OMITTED

INSERT - CLOSE ON K.I.T.T.'S FUTURISTIC INSTRUMENT PANEL

A single light flashes and we see the car wheel turn slightly and move over, the speed coming down. Michael continues to sleep.

OMITTED

A POLICE CAR (SHOT)

as it races out across the double line and speeds up to pass.

ON DEKE AND KYLE (SHOT)

as they pass the car.

POINT OF VIEW OF THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

with Michael cuddled against the window, sound asleep.

BACK INSIDE THE POLICE CAR (SHOT)

KYLE

Did you see what I saw? That man is plumb asleep at the wheel.

DEKE

Well slow down and get his attention. He ain't gonna make Dead Man's Curve up ahead.

THE POLICE CAR (SHOT)

slows down until it is driving parallel to the Trans Am. The police car's horn begins to honk incessantly. They flip on the intersection bleeper which sounds like a destroyer bearing down on a submarine.

MICHAEL (SHOT)

remains dead to the world.

BACK IN THE POLICE CAR (SHOT)

Kyle looks up ahead with fright.

DEKE

Kyle, drop back. He ain't gonna
make that curve and he'll take us
right along with him.

KYLE

He's deader 'n a doornail...but you
can't say we didn't try.

THE POLICE CAR (SHOT)

drops back behind the Trans Am.

POINT OF VIEW OF THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

as it negotiates Dead Man's Curve perfectly.

ON THE TWO POLICEMEN (SHOT)

as they exchange incredulous looks.

ON THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

as it continues to snake down a winding road leading to the
valley below.

KYLE

That boy woke up just in time.

DEKE

Probably drunk as a skunk. Let's
pull him over.

Once again the police car pulls alongside the Trans Am on
the winding road.

POINT OF VIEW OF THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

with Michael sleeping soundly, a smile on his face.

THE TWO POLICE OFFICERS (SHOT)

exchange incredulous looks.

OMITTED

INSIDE THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

The radio dial turns down to be replaced by a beeper not unlike a wake-up call.

ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

as he stirs, his sound sleep jarred by the change in environment, first the comparative silence from the dimming radio, then the beeper...then the ungodly siren, horn blaring and screaming policemen.

MICHAEL

What in the....

Michael looks back.

MICHAEL

Oh oh...What'd I do?...

K.I.T.T.

Deny everything.

INSERT - THE DASHBOARD

as Michael switches it from super to normal.

THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

pulls over, the police car moving to a stop behind it. Michael is digesting that as the officers both come forward, each with a hand on his gun.

DEKE

Okay...Out....

K.I.T.T.

If I may suggest. Deafness is always a good approach to law enforcement officers.

MICHAEL

You shut up. I'll handle this. You were probably weaving all over the road.

K.I.T.T.

On the contrary. You couldn't have driven better. I might also suggest you display a slight kink in your neck since you were driving with your head against the window.

MICHAEL

Aah -- terrific. Why didn't you warn me?

K.I.T.T.

You told me to keep quiet.

DEKE
Who's he talking to?

KYLE
Nobody. This boy's a hard-core alky.

DEKE
Did you hear me? I said, out, or
you'll spend the night in jail.

ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

as he moves his lips without sound coming forward and points
to his ears with one hand as he rolls down the window with
the other.

KYLE
That's better. Out. Get the
balloon, Deke.

MICHAEL
(loudly)
I'm sorry, officer, but can you
speak in sign language, or slightly
slower. I haven't quite gotten lip
reading down, yet.

KYLE
You mean you can't hear?

MICHAEL
Could you talk louder, into this ear.

Michael climbs out and turns his other ear, bending over
slightly for the officer, his head kinked to one side like a
permanent injury.

KYLE
You mean you're deaf?

DEKE
That explains everything. I told
you nobody could drive that smooth
if he was drunk.

MICHAEL
What?

Michael is yelling. So do the officers in return.

KYLE
He said...Never mind. Go on your
way. Sorry to bother you, but watch
your rearview mirror from now on.
We've been flashing you for miles.

MICHAEL
Yes, sir. I'll do that.

The officers walk back to their car, climb in and drive off as Michael watches them, then climbs into the car.

MICHAEL
Why do I have the feeling this won't
be the last time I run into trouble
in this town?

Michael shoves the car in gear and drives off.

EXT. MILLSTON - DAY - ESTABLISHING

ON A LARGE MODERN MANUFACTURING PLANT - DAY

A large logo reads:

COM TRON

ON THE TRANS AM - DAY

as it cruises to a stop across the street from the plant in time to see a number of people, including several very attractive young ladies, cross the street and enter a lively looking establishment called the House of the Rising Sun...with subneon lights in script proclaiming sushi, disco dancing, and motel accommodations.

MICHAEL
House of the Rising Sun. This looks
like a good place to pick up on the
local scene.

K.I.T.T.
Saloons usually are.

MICHAEL
How would you know?

Michael pulls up into the parking lot.

K.I.T.T.
Social gathering places where alcoholic
beverages are consumed in quantity
can create an environment in which
indiscretion becomes commonplace.
Just remember this is business, not
pleasure.

Michael flares up, pounding the dash as he climbs out.

MICHAEL
You can say that again -- You're about
as much fun as a divorce -- which is a
good idea.

K.I.T.T.
I want custody of me.

Three girls have paused in the doorway to take note of Michael's outburst. Michael slams the door and storms away, mumbling under his breath.

MICHAEL
Should have gotten rid of you before I
turned you on...Now I can't shut you up.
(arrives at
the door)
Evening, ladies....

They give him a weird look as he passes them and enters....

LONNIE
Some guys sure start early.

LONNIE - DAY

is possibly the prettiest of the three girls but it's almost a toss-up between three tens.

LONNIE
He isn't our problem. Those guys
are. Let's stick to business.

The girls look back to see the three young men crossing from the plant, wearing three-piece suits and laughing amongst themselves. The girls enter the House of the Rising Sun.

INSIDE THE LIVELY DISCO

Michael sits alone at a corner table. The booths are taken up by boisterous people enjoying themselves with ample rounds of libation. Michael is eyeing a corner booth.

AT THE BOOTH

The three girls who entered the restaurant with Michael are now well-ensconced with the three young executives who entered just behind them. Two of them are getting extremely friendly. A few kisses don't go unnoticed as Sally, remaining aloof from the public display of affection, casually glances over at Michael with sober curiosity. Michael stares back. Sally appears interested, but is cut off as Maggie, a young waitress, interrupts the cross-room romance.

MAGGIE
Your tab's starting to get up
there. I'll need a credit card.

Michael glances up.

MICHAEL

Sure. Uh. Do you know those people
in the corner booth?

Maggie looks over at them.

MAGGIE

Lemme do you a favor. Unless you
like waking up sucking dirt, don't
get interested in anyone at that
table.

MICHAEL

It wasn't anyone at the table I was
curious about. It's someone else.
I noticed they all came across the
street from Com Tron.

MAGGIE

Yeah?

MICHAEL

Well, I'm trying to look up an old
friend of mine who works there. I
thought she might be able to help me.

MAGGIE

I used to work there. Who's the
friend?

MICHAEL

Tanya Walker.

Maggie's half-patient stare turns bitterly sour. She
suddenly takes the fresh beer on her tray and pours it into
Michael's lap. He jumps to his feet.

MICHAEL

Hey...What's a matter with you....

MAGGIE

That's what I think of friends of
Tanya Walker.

SALLY

is frozen on the outburst across the room. Catching
snatches of it, she watches as a Manager rushes up.

MANAGER

What happened here?...Oh, look at
your pants, what a terrible accident.

MAGGIE

It wasn't an accident.

MANAGER

Maggie, this is the last time I put up with your discourtesy. You may as well punch out. When you finish up. You're fired.

MICHAEL

Hey, that's not necessary.

MAGGIE

Shut up, jerk. Go hang out with those Com Tron bums. I fight my own battles.

She shoves a tray with drinks into the Manager's gut in a way he can't possibly handle. Three more drinks come tumbling down onto Michael.

MICHAEL

watches as Maggie hustles into the kitchen. He is obviously determined to continue the discussion.

MICHAEL

I think I'll leave before something else comes down on me.

He rises giving special attention to Sally who is eyeing his every move.

OUTSIDE THE DISCO - DAY

As Michael heads towards the car...Lonnie appears in the doorway behind him.

LONNIE

I heard you mention Tanya Walker. You a friend?

MICHAEL

You're not going to throw anything at me, are you?

LONNIE

Why should I? She's a friend of mine, too.

MICHAEL

You know how I might get in touch with her?

LONNIE

I'm afraid she's seeing someone.

MICHAEL

I'm not interested in her body. I'm interested in her money.

LONNIE

Come again?

MICHAEL

I've got something to sell. Something rather valuable.

LONNIE

Like what?

Michael looks both ways.

MICHAEL

That's between me and her.

LONNIE

Who shall I tell her inquired?

MICHAEL

Tell her an old friend.

Michael smiles and climbs into his car as she hurriedly scribbles down the license number.

EXT. COM TRON - DAY - ESTABLISHING

IN AN INNER OFFICE

SYME'S VOICE

Security. Symes, speaking.

A man turns around in his chair and we recognize him as the uniformed security guard who participated in the Nevada desert shootings.

TO INTERCUT WITH TANYA IN AN EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Plush furnishings and pools of light. Tanya is in one of them.

TANYA

This is Tanya. Someone just came to town asking about me. Let me give you a car and license number.

(refers to
a note pad)

A new black Trans Am with Nevada plates and the lettering, K N I G H T.

SYMES

Got it. If it's another cop we'll handle him like the last ones.

TANYA

Exactly what I had in mind.

BENJAMIN
Who're you calling, love?

She reacts to a pair of arms being placed around her from behind. Warmly she turns into Will Benjamin's embrace. He is forty-five, in good shape and reasonably handsome.

TANYA
Just our people in Security. As president of this company you're an irreplaceable asset and I want to make sure you're safe tomorrow. You know how I worry about you out in public.

BENJAMIN
Nothing's going to happen to me.

TANYA
Darling, in this day and age, there are all kinds of people out there in the world, who'd like to get their hands on a rich man like you.

She kisses him fully and we push into her eyes which open diabolically as she rests her chin on his shoulder.

TANYA
Just be grateful you have me to look out for your best interests.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

ON THE TRANS AM - NIGHT

sitting parked in the shadows at the back door of the disco bar. Maggie exits carrying her clothes and other belongings that might be appropriate for someone who just cleaned out their locker. Michael watches as she moves to an old VW. He starts his car and moves up behind the vehicle.

MICHAEL
Maggie.

Maggie spins around.

MAGGIE

Get lost, I warn you I've got a
purse full of mace.

MICHAEL

I stayed in my car so I wouldn't
alarm you.

MAGGIE

Well, ain't you the David Niven.

MICHAEL

Look, I'm sorry about what happened
in there. But you misunderstood.
I'm not a friend of Tanya's. I just
need to find her.

MAGGIE

Who cares. Not me. She and that
group of parasites have taken away
everything I had...my husband...my
job...my house. I can't even afford
decent clothes for my kid.

She starts into her car. The Trans Am blocks any chance of
her backing out....

MAGGIE

Hey...out of my way, or I'll put a
dent in the middle of that machine.
I mean it.

MICHAEL

If it'll make you feel better.

K.I.T.T.

That's easy for you to say. It's my
body we're abusing.

MAGGIE

You asked for it....

She floors her car and it backs into the Trans Am with a
resounding crash. Her bumper falls off. Michael jumps out
of the car and moves to the back of hers....

MICHAEL

I'll pay to get this fixed for you.

Maggie is looking at her car and at his.

MAGGIE

How can I go through life with luck
this bad? I plow into your door and
my bumper falls off.

MICHAEL

Let me help change your luck.

MAGGIE

Just leave me alone. I just lost
the last job I'll ever get in this
town.

MICHAEL

What if Tanya and her crew could be
run out of Millston?

She looks at him and starts to laugh.

MAGGIE

Don't tell me. You're about to hand
me a silver bullet.

MICHAEL

Just a chance to get even.

MAGGIE

For what? How much do you know
about what's going on here?

MICHAEL

Not enough. I was hoping you could
tell me what I need to know.

MAGGIE

To do what?

MICHAEL

One step at a time, Maggie. Will
you help?

She studies him.

ON THE SILICON VALLEY STRIP - NIGHT

A colorful assortment of lights from restaurants, motels,
nightclubs, etc....

MAGGIE

It's a regular boom town. There's
more money flowing through this
valley now than there was during the
California Gold Rush.

THE TRANS AM - NIGHT

moves easily up the strip, the colorful lights dancing off
of the diamond-finish black paint. The dashboard is in
normal configuration.

MICHAEL

All because of tiny little micro-chips.

MAGGIE

Yeah. Every calculator, every electronic kid's game. They were all born right here.

MICHAEL

What about you? How do you fit into Silicon Valley?

MAGGIE

My husband came here to take a job as head of security and Com Tron.

MICHAEL

It didn't work out?

MAGGIE

It worked out great until the president got a new executive assistant. You wouldn't believe her. She started as a fill-in girl and worked her way to the top inside of three months.

MICHAEL

Tanya Walker?

Maggie shoots him a look.

MAGGIE

Hey, before she rode that flashy tail of hers to the top, Com Tron was one happy family. Then she started making wholesale changes.

MICHAEL

Your husband was fired?

MAGGIE

That wasn't the worst of it. He couldn't accept what was going on. He started poking into things. One night he didn't come home.

MICHAEL

He disappeared.

MAGGIE

They found him dead in a gulley. Said he'd been drinking. He didn't drink. Not even beer.

MICHAEL

How'd they make that stick?

MAGGIE

Witnesses. Half a dozen truck drivers who hang out in that place where I work. All animals who work for Com Tron.

MICHAEL

You wouldn't have taken that job to find some answers?

MAGGIE

I took the job to feed our little boy. This is where I live. What else do you want to know?

Michael pulls to a stop.

MICHAEL

Everything.

MAGGIE

Well, in that case I guess you better come on in.

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

as they get out of the car and enter the building.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's neat, clean and cheap. As they are allowed entrance by a kindly elderly woman of Hispanic origin who removes a door chain, several dead bolts and a door lock:

LUCE

Ah...senorita -- I was worried ---

MAGGIE

I'm sorry I'm late, Luce...I ran into -- something ---

LUCE

Oh -- I hope it was nothing serious --
(as she sees
Michael in
doorway, puts
her hands to
her cheeks)
Oh my goodness, I hope it is something
serious ---

MAGGIE

Luce -- please -- you're embarrassing
me -- this is Mr. Knight -- Luce
looks after my son.

Luce sweeps up her shopping bags, stuffed with who knows what,
and beats a hasty retreat.

LUCE

He is sleeping -- and I am leaving
you two -- have a good time. You
especially. She is a wonderful
woman -- a saint -- remember that.

She hugs Maggie.

LUCE

(whispered)

Good luck -- this one is a winner.

And Luce is gone, pulling the door closed behind her. Maggie
turns to Michael, beet red and speechless.

MAGGIE

I don't know what to say -- she
never behaves like that.

MICHAEL

No apologies necessary. What could
I be, but flattered.

MAGGIE

Thank you, but I have to know you
believe me. I haven't had a man in
my apartment since my husband ---

BUDDY

Mom ---

She turns in place to see a sleepy-eyed Buddy, age approx-
imately nine, enter in his footed pajamas.

MAGGIE

Buddy -- what on earth are you doing
up -- This is Buddy.

MICHAEL

I figured -- Hi, Buddy ---

BUDDY

Hi! Are you going to marry my
mother?

She reacts like she just touched a hot stove.

MAGGIE

Ahh -- I don't believe he said that.
Now you get right back to bed. Will
you excuse me a minute ---

Michael smiles warmly.

MICHAEL

Listen -- I know you've got to get to
bed, and I only need to talk over a
couple of things -- like....

She exits to bedroom as Michael idly wanders around the room,
calling off to her.

MICHAEL

If I wanted to talk to Tanya, alone,
where would I go? The plant, her
apartment...?

BUDDY (v.o.)

Who's Tanya -- competition?

MAGGIE

Shh -- Go to bed. Look, forget trying
to get to her off duty. I think she's
staying at Benjamin's estate.

MICHAEL

William Benjamin?

MAGGIE (v.o.)

He owns Com Tron. She rarely leaves
his side. Now you go to sleep.

Michael seems to sink as Maggie reappears, closing the bed-
room door behind her.

MAGGIE

Wait a minute! Tomorrow's one day
she and Benjamin have to go out.
Com Tron is sponsoring a charity
show out at the track.

MICHAEL

The track?

MAGGIE

A demolition derby for charity. Buddy
wanted to go. Ya see, in Silicon
Valley, they have so much money, they
don't use junkers. Every plant is
putting up a brand new car. People
are eating it up.

Michael seems to be lighting up....

MICHAEL

Can anyone enter?

MAGGIE

Come on. Who can afford to get his
brand new car totalled out?

Michael nods....

MICHAEL

Tell your son, I'll be by to pick
you both up at ten o'clock.

MAGGIE

You mean we get to watch it?

MICHAEL

You two get to watch. I'll be in
it.

On Buddy as he appears in a suddenly opened door.

BUDDY

Yeah!!!

AT THE AUTO RACING TRACK - DAY

A carnival of activity as beautiful new cars from various
electronic manufacturers in the famous valley, proudly bear
their company logos and are being serviced by teams each
utilizing the same semi truck and trailer rigs furnished by
Com Tron and each bearing its logo and stripes.

ON THE TRANS AM

as it pulls into the area.

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

Michael is behind the wheel. Maggie is beside him wearing
shorts and a halter. Her nine-year-old son is in the back.
The dash is in normal.

BUDDY

Wow, it's better than an auto show!

MAGGIE

Better take 'em in while you can,
Buddy. There won't be much left of
them after the race.

MICHAEL

Why all the trucks from Com Tron?

She turns to Michael.

MAGGIE

Because they're sponsoring the race
and providing the drivers. You
aren't really thinking of entering
your beautiful car?

MICHAEL

It's for charity, isn't it?

MAGGIE

It's also for people who can afford
it. I can't figure out why you're
doing this.

MICHAEL

I have my reasons.

MAGGIE

You're a strange man. Nice...but
strange.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

(beat)

Well, let's at least get you some
good seats in the owner's row....

MAGGIE

Me? In the owner's row. That'll
frost 'em.

AT A CREDENTIAL BOOTH

Tanya is seated with several other girls as Michael moves
up, opening his wallet.

MICHAEL

I understand this is where I check
in, Tanya.

TANYA

(looking at
him curiously)

I beg your pardon.

MICHAEL

I'm Michael Knight.

TANYA

You're the one who phoned. Then you
were serious about entering your car?

MICHAEL

Dead serious.

TANYA

Well, your car serves as the entry fee. You'd better not plan on getting much of it back. There is a nice trophy to the winning car and the driver gets a five-thousand-dollar prize.

MICHAEL

That's nice. I'll give the prize money to the charity.

TANYA

You're very confident. You know I should warn you that most of these Com Tron drivers are professionals and a little too eager for the driver's money. It could be dangerous.

MICHAEL

These days what isn't?

A beat as she worries about the implications of his words.

MICHAEL

By the way, did anyone mention the fact to you that I was in town?

TANYA

As a matter of fact, yes. But I didn't understand the message and I don't deal with salesmen.

MICHAEL

You don't know what I'm selling.

TANYA

It wouldn't matter.

MICHAEL

Want to bet? After the race, you'll be looking for me. I guarantee it.

TANYA

Mr. Knight. I'm not sure I can accept your entrance into this race without proper credentials. Who are you? Where are you from? Why are you here?

As she studies him Benjamin moves up.

BENJAMIN

Come on, Tanya...Let's go, let's go...The crowd's a waiting.

MICHAEL

You must be Mr. Benjamin. I sure do
admire your charity work here, and
I'm sure glad to do my little part.

Michael has his hand out and is pumping Benjamin's like he's
attempting to pull water out of a dry well.

BENJAMIN

Doing your part?

MICHAEL

I guess I'm the only independent
driver in the race. But it's still
an honor.

BENJAMIN

We don't use jalopies in this race,
Mister...?

MICHAEL

Knight...And my car's no jalopy...You
can see for yourself. She's brand
spanking new.

BENJAMIN

Well, you are a generous man. You
make sure the crowd appreciates his
gesture, Tanya.

Tanya eyes Michael coldly....

MICHAEL

Oh, and I'll need a couple of seats
in the owner's row.

Tanya looks over Michael's shoulder and sees Maggie standing
with her son.

TANYA

Here are your passes to the owner's
row, Mr. Knight. Good-bye.

She rises up and follows after Benjamin, talking in muffled
tones which suggest she's angry....

BENJAMIN

Why are you so hostile? You think
there's a kidnapper under every
lunch pail....

Michael smiles and moves to Maggie with the tickets....

MICHAEL

Here ya go. Take your place with
the valley's finest.

MAGGIE
You're a doll...Buddy...Buddy.

She looks around.

MAGGIE
Now where did that boy go?

MICHAEL
There're a lot of cars to see.
He'll turn up.

ON THE STARTING LINE

as row after row of gleaming new cars right off the showroom floors roar around the figure-eight track in tight formation, waiting for the starting flag.

ON THE STARTER

as he waves the green flag....

ANNOUNCER
And the race is on. Remember ladies and gentlemen, this is a figure-eight track and as the cars begin to spread out, it will become increasingly difficult to get through the intersection without colliding with another car.

ON THE TRANS AM

as Michael switches the dashboard to Super and jockeys to take the lead, pouring it on. He is wearing racing-style shoulder belts. Suddenly a small head appears behind him from the floor, staring wide-eyed at the Super dash.

BUDDY
Gosh. I've never seen anything like that.

Michael's head spins around....

MICHAEL
Buddy...what're you doing here?
You're supposed to be with your mother....

BUDDY
This is much more fun.

ON A CAR

deliberately trying to run Michael up and off the track as Michael was trying to pass on the outside...Michael brakes and lets the car go ahead....

BUDDY
Awww...why'd you chicken out?...

MICHAEL
Because you're standing there ready
to be flipped out of the car. Climb
over the seat and strap yourself
in. Now...fast.

Buddy climbs over the seat....

ON THE TRANS AM

as it approaches the next curve....

ANNOUNCER
Once again, the young independent is
challenging on the outside against a
car weighing half again as much...We'll
see if he backs down again....

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

where Buddy is strapped in the passenger seat.

MICHAEL
Ready?

BUDDY
Ready....

MICHAEL
Here we go.

ON THE CORNER

as the Trans Am screams up on the outside and as the
competing driver decides to once again force Michael to fall
back or hit the wall. Michael gives the wheel a hard left
and the inside car makes the equivalent of a U-turn sending
it flying back into the infield where it plows into one of
the Com Tron trucks....

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

BUDDY
Yeah...You not only wiped him out,
you wiped out the truck.

ON THE SIDELINES

Benjamin looks up, shaking his head.

BENJAMIN
Those boys aren't supposed to hit my
trucks. Where'd you get these new
drivers, Tanya?

Tanya burns.

ON THE TRACK

as two cars are in front of Michael, with only a half-a-car width between them....

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

BUDDY

We're in trouble...There's no room....

MICHAEL

Well, if the shoe fits....

Michael looks down at Kitt and its related lights....

MICHAEL

Okay, Kitt. I need to knock out about four feet, I'm going on Auto Pursuit...you figure out what to do.

K.I.T.T.

As you wish.

ON THE DASH

as we see the lights go from Normal to Auto....

ON THE TRANS AM

as it moves up towards the two cars, and suddenly turns up onto two wheels and barrels down the narrow alleyway between the two cars....

ON DRIVER ONE

as he is so busy staring at what's just gone by him, he fails to negotiate a turn and puts his car through a fence.

BACK TO THE TRANS AM

as it comes back down onto all fours.

INSIDE THE CAR

MICHAEL

Thanks, Kitt. I needed that....

K.I.T.T.

You're welcome. It's so good to be communicating again....

BUDDY

Golly...this car even talks.

MICHAEL

That was just the radio....

BUDDY

No, it wasn't...I may be just a kid
but I'm not stupid. The car talked
to you.

MICHAEL

Buddy...It might be better if we
didn't mention that to a whole lot
of people. Like any, if you know
what I mean.

BUDDY

I think I know what you mean.

ON THE TRANS AM

racing around the track gaining on two more cars.

INSIDE ONE OF THE LEAD CARS

Logan is looking back into his rearview mirror.

LOGAN

Hey, Carney?

CARNEY

in the car next to logan yells back.

CARNEY

Yeah....

LOGAN

I figure this hotshot's trying to
horn in on my money that rightly
belongs to one of us. You get my
drift?

CARNEY

Loud and clear. Let's give him a
little room to get through.

The two cars separate allowing Michael to shoot up between
them.

ON MICHAEL

in the car.

MICHAEL

Now, why are they being so generous?

BUDDY
They're chicken.

MICHAEL
I wonder.

THE TRANS AM

as it shoots up the middle, we see the two cars close the gap, banging in to catch the car in a pinzer.

BACK INSIDE THE CAR

BUDDY
Look out....

Michael hits a button....

ON THE TRANS AM

as it leaps over the other two cars.

ON THE TWO DRIVERS

gaping out and over as the car hits the track in front of them....

CARNEY
How'd he do that?

LOGAN
I don't know...But nobody makes a fool out of me. I'm going to get him.

ON LOGAN

as he races up behind Michael and begins banging into the back of the car.

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

BUDDY
He can't do that...It's against NASCAR regulations.

MICHAEL
I don't think this is a regulation race.

They get punched again from behind....

BUDDY

looks at the various buttons on the console.

BUDDY

Wow...if that last button made this
thing fly...I wonder what this one
would do....

Buddy pushes a button.

MICHAEL

Hey, don't start pushing things. I
don't even know what those do.

ON THE BACK OF THE TRANS AM

to see a pipe reveal itself and begin spewing out a
continuous stream of thick oil.

ON A CORNER

as Logan races up to pass the Trans Am, suddenly hits the
oil slick and spins out, doing a one eighty.

ON LOGAN

LOGAN

Hey...what's happening....

ON BUDDY

looking back.

BUDDY

Wow...All right....

CARNEY

CARNEY

Okay, pal. Now you're up against
number one.

ON BUDDY

BUDDY

Here comes the other dirty rat who
tried to cut us off....

MICHAEL

Just sit tight and don't touch
anything.

ON BUDDY

eyeing Michael warily. Then looking at the buttons,
breaking into a smile.

INSERT - A BUTTON

SMOKE SCREEN

ON CARNEY

as he races up towards a corner.

ON A SMALL FINGER

pushing a button.

ON A SMOKE SCREEN

pouring out of the back of the Trans Am.

ON CARNEY

CARNEY

Hey...I can't see.

ON CARNEY'S CAR

as it crashes straight ahead, missing a turn, and plowing through a wall.

ON THE FLAG MAN

as he starts to raise a black flag.

ANNOUNCER

Oh, oh, ladies and gentlemen, that
flashy Trans Am has apparently blown
an engine and is about to get the
black flag disqualifying it....

INSIDE THE CAR

MICHAEL

Buddy. Take your finger off that
button.

Buddy's hand jerks back as if touching a hot stove.

ON THE TRANS AM

as the smoke abruptly stops.

ON THE FLAG MAN

looking puzzled.

ANNOUNCER

An amazing turn of events as the
lead car is apparently all right,
after all.

The flag man scratches his head and puts down the black flag
and reaches for the checkered flag.

ANNOUNCER

We're coming up on the end of the
race with only six cars still in the
running.

ON THE FIGURE-EIGHT INTERSECTION

as two competing cars arrive at precisely the same time
resulting in a total head-on with both cars skidding off in
opposite directions, rolling over and over, clearly out of
the race.

ANNOUNCER

The field has narrowed to but six
cars, ladies and gentlemen, and oh,
oh...here go two more.

ON THE TRANS AM

as it heads into a certain collision at the figure-eight.

MICHAEL

punches up a button....

THE TRANS AM

leaps the intersection, vaulting over the other car.

ANNOUNCER

I saw it ladies and gentlemen, but I
don't believe it. Apparently a bump
in the road allowed the Trans Am to
go airborne, completely escaping
certain destruction.

ON THE LAST CARS

mangled messes, bumping and shoving one another as steam and
oil flow from the cars in all directions.

ANNOUNCER

As a matter of fact ladies and gentle-
men, from here, it doesn't look like
the Trans Am has a mark on it.

BENJAMIN

is looking at the track through field binoculars.

BENJAMIN

That car's incredible, Tanya. I want
to know all about that young man.

TANYA

That makes two of us.

As Benjamin exits, Tanya moves over to Wilson, but before she can speak, Michael intercepts her.

MICHAEL

You just saw what I'm selling. If you want to know more, meet me at the Rising Sun -- tonight -- eight o'clock.

Michael walks off and Tanya resumes with Wilson.

TANYA

What have you found about about him.

WILSON

He doesn't exist. We've run his credit card numbers from the club, car license...Everything. Up until three months ago, there was no Michael Knight.

She looks at Wilson...then back to the track.

TANYA

Phony credentials don't surprise me. He says he's here to sell me something.

WILSON

Since when did we go public?

TANYA

Since I saw that car perform.

WILSON

It's one thing to sneak out of a development lab with secrets to sell. It's quite another to steal an entire prototype. This smells like a setup.

TANYA

Did you run his fingerprints?

WILSON

I don't have them, and in any event that's a fallacy. Fingerprints are only on file if someone has a criminal record.

TANYA

Or has worked for the government in some law enforcement capacity.

WILSON

Well, I can only think of one way to get his prints and it could get messy.

TANYA

I leave it entirely in your hands.

IN FRONT OF MAGGIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Trans Am pulls up to the curb, and almost before it can come to a stop, Maggie's boy is jumping out of the car.

MAGGIE

Buddy, you come back here and say thank you.

BUDDY

Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mr. Knight...I gotta go tell everybody....

On his exit there is a pregnant pause.

MICHAEL

You don't look very happy. I thought it was a real nice day.

MAGGIE

Who are you really?

MICHAEL

A friend.

MAGGIE

Michael. Do you know what you're up against? I still hurt from the last man who made me feel...I can't go through it again.

She reaches over and kisses Michael on the cheek and exits as he stares after her.

ON THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN - DAY

Michael pulls up and climbs out and enters.

INSIDE THE RISING SUN - DAY

It is like a scene from an old Western, as the place seems to come to a halt when Michael enters to find himself looking into the faces of all the truck drivers who raced against him. They are a Rogues Gallery of misfits and criminal-types.

MICHAEL

Hi, fellas. Nice race.

DOLAN

Let's talk about it outside.

MICHAEL

Sorry. I'm here to meet a young lady.

CARNEY

Miss Walker got the message. She sent us to pick you up.

MICHAEL

Tanya did that? You work for her, too?

DOLAN

She suggested we show you what we think of outsiders coming into our little town and taking away our prize money.

MICHAEL

Oh, didn't Tanya tell you, I'm donating it to the charity.

CARNEY

Yeah, well we've each got a little donation for you, too.

MICHAEL

Fellas -- I hate to mention this, but I'm kind of heavily into martial arts.

They smile.

DOLAN

Yeah?

Reactions as we see Maggie, Lonnie and others gasp as drivers fly through air across tables, out doors, etc.

OMITTED

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN

ON THE TRANS AM - DAY

as it is being towed through the gates of the large modern factory bearing the Logo of Com Tron Industries.

ON FRED WILSON - DAY

as he exits the office building section in the company of Tanya. They move towards the car which is being towed towards some opening doors in the factory.

TANYA

I want that car examined from top to bottom. Inside and out.

WILSON

What's that going to tell us?

TANYA

Who Michael Knight is working for.

WILSON

The car is going to tell us that?

TANYA

Even cars that are specially engineered require stock parts and they have serial numbers. Benjamin's engineers should be able to give us a pretty good idea where the work was done and by whom.

ON DEVON INSIDE THE KNIGHT MANSION (SHOT)

He is standing at a window, speaking into the telephone with a look of grave disappointment on his face.

DEVON

You're where?

INSIDE THE JAIL - TO INTERCUT (SHOT)

Michael is in a holding cell, using the telephone.

MICHAEL

Jail. But it's a trumped up charge.

DEVON

It always is.

MICHAEL

Look, I'm dead serious. These people we're after are practically running the town.

DEVON

Where is the Knight 2000?

MICHAEL

I...I'm not sure.

DEVON

What do you mean you're not sure.
Mr. Knight practically went to his
grave creating that marvelous machine.
How can you call me long distance and
tell me you've misplaced it.

MICHAEL

I didn't misplace it. They impounded
it. The trouble is, I think Com Tron
talked the Sheriff into letting them
check the car out.

DEVON

Congratulations. You've managed to
live up to my every expectation.

MICHAEL

This is no time to be trading insults,
Devon. What are we going to do.

DEVON

Wonderful. Now it's we. A few
hours ago you practically drove over
my foot to be on your own.

MICHAEL

I was a little hasty.

Deke moves up.

DEKE

Your time's up, boy. Let's get back
to the cell.

MICHAEL

I'm counting on you, Devon. We've
got 'em right where we want 'em if
you come through.

DEVON

It'll take me awhile to get there.
We may have to rely on other...means,
temporarily.

MICHAEL

What do you mean by that. Devon...
Devon...Hey you guys cut me off...
I demand another phone call.

Deke opens the holding cell door and stands impatiently.

IN AN ORDINARY CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Michael is deposited in a cell adjacent to a second cell in
which we see Carney who was arrested in the same brawl.
Deke turns and walks away as Carney moves to the bars

between the two cells.

CARNEY

Hey, cowboy.

Michael folds onto his bed.

CARNEY

Hey. I'm talking to you. I want to know what that machine of yours is made of.

MICHAEL

Sit and spin.

OMITTED

EXT. COM TRON - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. GARAGE - ON THE TRANS AM

as a team of auto experts buzz around the machine like a swarm of bees. Unfortunately, nothing is getting accomplished. A man on the door is trying to drive a crowbar into the door. A second man, assisted by a third is attempting to penetrate the hood with a diamond bit drill. Two more crewmen with acetylene torches are trying to burn their way into the car through the windows and trunk.

ON TANYA

watching impatiently.

SYMES

We've gone through three diamond bit drills.

TANYA

It's impossible. Just plain impossible.

WILSON

arrives hurriedly.

WILSON

Maybe I can explain it.

He hands a wire to Tanya....

TANYA

I don't understand what this means.

WILSON

The Sheriff fingerprinted Knight when he was arrested. These are the results.

TANYA

What does this mean? No identification possible.

WILSON

Keep reading....

She reads on, then suddenly pales.

TANYA

Altered?

WILSON

Expertly done. But still not the man's own prints.

Tanya moves off to herself.

TANYA

It's unraveling. Someone on a very high level is breathing down our necks. It's time to get out.

WILSON

A few days from penetrating all of Com Tron's secrets?

TANYA

We can go for the main one. I got the access code for the bubble memory chip from Benjamin. It's worth more than all their other patents combined. We can get it out of the computer and fly out tonight.

WILSON

Tanya...You're panicking over nothing. If he had any proof of anything, he wouldn't be wasting time in demolition derbies or letting himself get locked up. He'd tell the Sheriff why he was here.

TANYA

Trust me, I could feel it when I looked into his eyes. He's not an ordinary cop. He's far more dangerous. He has to be eliminated.

(a long pause)

Now go get Michael Knight out of jail while I start clearing out the records.

ON THE JAIL - NIGHT

CARNEY

You're just making it worse. This your first time in the can?

MICHAEL

No. I used to nose around for Army
Intelligence back in 'Nam. I got
caught once by the Cong.

CARNEY

What happened to you?

MICHAEL

I had to punish them.

Carney nods...then does a take, looking at his cellmate
with a new kind of respect.

CARNEY

I hope you didn't take what we did
to you tonight, personally.

MICHAEL

No. You look like you already paid
a pretty good price.

CARNEY

You got any friends on the outside
at all? I mean you did make the one
call, but no one seems to have shown
up.

MICHAEL

I have one friend.

CARNEY

That's good.

MICHAEL

But we aren't on the best of terms.

CARNEY

That's bad.

INSIDE THE FACTORY - ON THE TRANS AM

as the light hoods shift up and the lights flash on. We
push in closer and hear the powerful engine turn over.

INSIDE THE CAR - ON THE NORMAL DASH

We see the dash convert to Super. Then we see the micro-
processor shift from normal to pursuit. The brake lights
go out as the transmission light shifts to low gear.

INT. GARAGE (SHOT)

as the car burns rubber and lurches forward.

ON THE GARAGE DOORS (SHOT)

as they shatter into the sky and come bounding down in the wake of the Trans Am which disappears off into the night.

BACK INSIDE THE JAIL - NIGHT

Michael moves from the window to lie on his cot.

MICHAEL

The other drivers. The ones that beat me up. They local boys?

CARNEY

Naw. We all got hired by Wilson, the new security chief. I heard about it in stir as I was getting my parole. They pay good and you don't have to break too many laws.

MICHAEL

Sounds great. Ever wonder why a nice polite electronics company needed strong-arm boys?

CARNEY

I don't ask questions like that.

OMITTED

ON THE TRANS AM

as it cruises slowly down main street. It stops at the entrance to the alley.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

as a Com Tron security car pulls up in front and Wilson gets out leaving Gray at the wheel. He enters the building.

ON THE SUPER DASH (SHOT)

as microprocessors are sensing directions and opportunities. Lights change and the Trans Am turns down the alley. Suddenly it stops...guns its engine and hauls for all its worth towards a brick building at the end of the alley.

ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

His eyes are shut.

IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE (SHOT)

WILSON

Deputy. I have a court order for Mr. Knight's release.

DEKE
Okay...I guess he's yours.

BACK ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

He rolls over, his back to the window. Suddenly his eyes open as he hears the screaming whine of an engine growing louder and closer.

Suddenly:

THE WALL BEHIND MICHAEL (SHOT)

explodes, sending bricks everywhere.

IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE (SHOT)

Deke, Wilson, react, as dust drops in from the ceiling.

WILSON
What the hell was that?

Deke turns to rush back to the cell block. Wilson looks and races after the deputy.

BACK IN THE JAIL CELL (SHOT)

Michael climbs out from under a layer of red chalk and stares in disbelief.

MICHAEL
I don't believe it.

CARNEY
Must be a drunk. See if he hurt himself.

Michael climbs across the bricks to the door and opens it. The front seat is empty.

MICHAEL
I won't even ask how you did this, Kitt.

CARNEY
Who you talking to? There's nobody in there.

The deputy rushes up to the door, Wilson behind him.

DEKE
Hey...what in the....

With that Michael jumps into the machine and throws it into reverse, roaring back into the alley.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

as the Trans Am brodies out into the main street and flashes past Gray as Wilson rushes out and jumps into his car. Gray spins a fast U-turn and takes off in pursuit.

OMITTED

ON THE TRANS AM

screaming down the dark highway.

ON THE SECURITY VEHICLE

as it tries vainly to catch up.

INSIDE THE SECURITY VEHICLE

WILSON

It isn't any use trying to catch that machine.

GRAY

Then how do we stop him? He's got to be heading out of town. There's nothing else out this way.

WILSON

Oh, yes there is.

ON COM TRON INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

situated handsomely amongst its well-manicured grounds, illuminated only by exterior ground lights. Only the executive floor is lighted with a single car out on the parking lot.

THE TRANS AM

pulls into the parking lot and moves up beside the single vehicle in front of which we see the sign:

TANYA WALKER

MICHAEL

looks up at the lighted top floor and a security fence which surrounds the building. He drives on around the side of the building.

ON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING

Michael looks up. It's a long way to the roof and the fence whose top is laced with razor wire prohibits any intruders with a bent for climbing.

MICHAEL

examines the Super dash.

MICHAEL

Now how am I going to get up there?
It's times like this that I wish I'd
listened a little more closely to
Devon.

K.I.T.T.

Might you entertain a suggestion?

Michael takes a deep breath.

MICHAEL

Yes...yes. It's all right. I have
to get up to a roof about one hundred
feet straight up!

K.I.T.T.

Very well, if you'll set the
pressure adjustment for precisely
six hundred pounds, you should land
quite gently.

MICHAEL

That's it. I just set the pressure
and hit the button?

K.I.T.T.

It would help if you also open the
sun roof.

MICHAEL

Smart aleck car....

Michael quickly sets the button and opens the roof. He
takes a deep breath and pushes the button.

ON MICHAEL

as he is catapulted high into the air and onto the roof.

ON A NIGHT WATCHMAN

who steps out of a door and looks around. He spots the car
and quickly runs toward it.

ON THE SUNROOF

as we see it slowly closing on its own.

THE GUARD

rushes up and looks at the vehicle. He tries it, then grabs
his walkie-talkie.

GUARD
You guys aren't going to believe
this, but it's back.

IN THE GARAGE

portion of the building where the shattered doors are bathed
in lights as guards stand gaping at the damage done by the
missing vehicle. Tanya grabs the walkie-talkie from the
Guard and barks into it.

TANYA
What do you mean, it's back? Back where?

ON THE GUARD

GUARD
Right out here on the south parking
lot.

TANYA

looks at the assorted guards around her and charges out the
door.

INSIDE THE OFFICE BUILDING

An air duct is pulled up, and Michael Knight lowers himself
to the floor. He moves to the nearest desk, looks amongst
the directories in a file stand and opens one marked Com
Tron Industries.

MICHAEL
Let's see. Data Processing. Ninth
floor.

Michael turns and hurries to a staircase and down into the
darkness.

ON THE TRANS AM

as all the guards try in vain to open the car. Headlights
suddenly bathe the scene in light as the security car races
to a stop.

TANYA
Where's Knight?

WILSON
I dunno. He busted out of jail.

TANYA
You think he's here?

Wilson turns and looks up at the lighted executive suite on
the top floor.

WILSON

There's no way he could get in. Not without being seen.

TANYA

How much do you want to stake on that? I'm going back up and secure the microchip design. You give the guards orders to shoot to kill. This is a serious breach of national security.

Tanya enters the building as....

WILSON

You heard her, gentlemen. We've got a man in that building trying to get at our top secrets. We've got to stop him.

(turning to
a guard)

You stay by this vehicle and shoot anyone who attempts to come near it.

Wilson removes the gun from his shoulder and cocks it and takes off on the dead run.

OMITTED

TANYA

enters the office, punches an identification code into a desk top computer as the phone rings. She answers.

TANYA

It's okay. I've accessed the design specifications on the new memory chip. I'll be leaving for the airfield now. Alert the pilot -- I'm flying out on Benjamin's orders. You get Knight and meet me at the field.

She hangs up and reaches for her gun which is lying on the desk. As she does so....

MICHAEL'S HAND

reaches under her arm and picks up the gun. She spins around, startled half out of her wits. He looks at her with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

MICHAEL

Very kind of you to organize the evidence for me, Tanya.

TANYA

Look. Don't do this. Whoever
you're working for -- it can't be
worth what I can do for you.

He raises the gun to her face.

MICHAEL

Would you rather I did this, Tanya?
It's not a starry night in Nevada,
but it'll hurt just as much.

She pales.

TANYA

Michael Long?...

ON TANYA

She gasps.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN

IN THE OFFICE

TANYA

You don't want to do this. Look,
I can share millions with you. All
the money we took out of Consolidated
and Knight Industries is safely out
of the country. Please don't do
this...please.

Michael lowers the gun almost imperceptibly. Tanya takes
it as a sign of weakening and presses her case.

TANYA

I didn't want to hurt you, Michael,
but I had no choice. If I hadn't
done it, Wilson would have. Those
were his orders.

MICHAEL

Come on, Tanya. How can we share
the millions if someone else is
giving the orders? You're the boss,
Tanya. No one else.

TANYA

Okay. I'm the boss. But we could
use someone like you.

(seductively)

I promise you ours would be a very
rewarding partnership.

OVER MICHAEL'S SHOULDER

We can see Symes in the corridor, moving towards the suite,
his gun drawn.

MICHAEL

Not this time, Tanya. You see, I work
alone.

Standing close to him, he holds the gun at her belly.
Suddenly Michael catches a glimpse of movement out of the
corner of his eyes. He dives as a shot rings out spinning
him around.

FROM THE FLOOR

Michael fires at Symes who is himself firing while going
down. Recovering first, Michael races for a door as Tanya
rises up and races towards the fallen Symes. She grabs the
gun and fires it into the door after Michael. Slowly she
moves to the door and opens it.

ON AN EMPTY CORRIDOR

Tanya spins around and races for the elevator.

ON WILSON

running down a corridor. He stops as a Guard rounds the
corner surprising him.

WILSON

Where'd the shot come from?

GUARD

I couldn't tell.

WILSON

Get every guard to check in.

OMITTED

IN A THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR

Michael rushes towards a stairwell, starts down, then jumps
back at the sound of voices coming towards him.

GUARD #1

I'll take Personnel. You take
Accounting.

Michael ducks back into an office alcove as a guard rounds the corner. His hand suddenly shoots out and grabs the man by the mouth and pulls him back into the alcove.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

as Tanya exits, jumps into her car and takes off.

ON A GUARD

racing down a corridor.

ON ANOTHER GUARD

in the garage area.

ON MICHAEL

as he steps out of the alcove in a guard's uniform.

IN A STAIRWELL

as Michael struggles hurriedly down. Suddenly his walkie-talkie squawks.

GUARD #1
Nothing in Personnel. What about
you Baker?...Baker...Baker....

Michael looks down at his nameplate.

MICHAEL
Nothing.

ON WILSON

standing with another guard. Symes rushes up.

WILSON
That wasn't Baker.

ON THE PARKING LOT

A Guard paces by the Trans Am as across from him a silhouette appears at one of the doors. A figure exits. The Guard raises his weapon.

MICHAEL
Don't shoot. It's Baker....

The Guard is momentarily fooled by the uniform, but he relaxes only slightly, squinting against the back-lighted man in uniform.

GUARD #2
What's going on?

MICHAEL
Wilson wants you upstairs.

As Michael is almost close enough to make a move...the walkie-talkie on his side begins to squawk.

WILSON
All guards be aware that Baker's uniform has been stolen. Repeat... suspect is now wearing a guard's uniform....

GUARD #2
Hold it right there, Knight.

Holding the weapon in one hand and raising his own walkie-talkie with the other, he chortles into his instrument.

GUARD #2
I got him. Dead in my sights. Right out here by his car.

ON WILSON

as he turns, excitedly inside the building.

WILSON
Don't let him move so much as an inch and you've got yourself ten thousand dollars, boy...
(then to Symes)
Let's go.

GUARD #2
Yes sir.

BACK TO THE GUARD AND MICHAEL

GUARD #2
You almost made it...But I was too smart for you, fella.

MICHAEL
Sorry. You'd better look behind you.

GUARD #2
Oh no. There's no one behind me for two hundred yards.

MICHAEL
What about the car?

GUARD #2
There's no one in the car, either. I checked.

Michael nods silently. Then....

ON THE TRANS AM

as the headlights suddenly snap on and the engine starts.

ON THE GUARD

as his knees weaken and his mouth falls open.

GUARD #2

Don't kill me. I have dogs at home
and a sick mother.

MICHAEL

Just lay right down and toss your
weapon over here.

He falls to the ground and hurls his weapon. Michael picks
it up as guards led by Wilson and Symes race out of the
building.

MICHAEL

turns and moves painfully to the car...touches the lock. It
opens to his touch. He enters...backs up and spins around,
races off.

WILSON

You idiot. How'd you let him get
away?

GUARD #2

He had help. There musta been
dozens of 'em.

WILSON

Get to the cars. And alert the two
guarding the driveway.

ON THE TWO SECURITY CARS AT THE DRIVEWAY

as the Trans Am races towards the entrance without slowing.
The guards in both cars hold their guns steady, and commence
firing, round after round.

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

Ping, ping, ping, as the two cars loom up less than thirty
yards ahead.

ON THE CARS

as at the last possible moment, the security guards leap out
of their vehicles narrowly making it to safety as the
two cars explode sending flames high in the sky.

BACK TO WILSON AND SYMES

driving looking at the entrance in disgust.

WILSON

Forget trying to catch him in
security cars. There's only one way
to stop him now.

Wilson turns and hurries towards the building.

ON THE HIGHWAY

The Trans Am races along.

INSIDE THE CAR (SHOT)

Michael is faltering behind the wheel.

MICHAEL

Kitt? You there?

K.I.T.T.

Where would I go?

MICHAEL

Look, I know we've had some misunder-
standings, but I'm not sure I'm
going to be around at the end of
this trip.

K.I.T.T.

If you're suffering from any form of
trauma, you should seek immediate
medical attention.

MICHAEL

We can't stop, pal. They're going to
be coming at us from all directions.

K.I.T.T.

What can I do?

MICHAEL

Is there any way to get in touch with
Devon?

K.I.T.T.

Mr. Devon is en route to Millston now.
You could communicate quite easily
by phone.

MICHAEL

Do it. Do it fast.

ON THE KNIGHT 2000 JET (SHOT)

streaking through the night sky.

ON DEVON

seated in an executive interior. A veritable war room.

DEVON

What in the name of heaven is
going on?

TO INTERCUT WITH MICHAEL IN THE TRANS AM

He speaks without using a hand phone and fights off
dizziness.

MICHAEL

They were going to kill me. Would
have if it weren't for Kitt.

DEVON

Michael. What's wrong? Kitt.
What's wrong with Michael?

K.I.T.T.

I'm afraid Mr. Knight's been injured.
His vital signs are deteriorating
rapidly. He's losing blood. I really
feel I should take over.

MICHAEL

You aren't taking over anything. You
hear?

DEVON

Michael...Forget everything. Save
yourself. We'll regroup to fight
another day. Remember -- Wilton
Knight had a dream for you that goes
well beyond Tanya and her sordid
rabble.

MICHAEL

He was a great man, Devon. I'm
proud he chose me to help him. But
I'm afraid I'm not going to be
around to help with his dream.

DEVON

Michael, don't talk like that. Kitt!!

K.I.T.T.

What can I do? He's still overriding
me.

MICHAEL

Don't worry Devon, I'm going to take us out winners -- for Wilton, for you -- for Kitt....

DEVON

Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

Given his signs, I suggest you hear him out -- quickly.

DEVON

Michael, what does this mean? What have you learned?

MICHAEL

That Tanya and her buddies are about to rip-off Com Tron.

DEVON

Can you prove it?

MICHAEL

Right now they're trying to get away with millions of dollars worth of Com Tron's secrets. We have to catch them in possession.

DEVON

I'll contact the local police immediately.

MICHAEL

Forget them. They've been bought. Get to the State Police or the FBI. Have them standing by.

DEVON

Standing by where?

MICHAEL

They're making a run for it. To the airport. I'm going after them.

DEVON

Kitt. Can he make it?

K.I.T.T.

You want the truth -- in front of him?

MICHAEL

You can both take a flying leap -- If I'm going out -- I'm taking those vultures with me.

DEVON

Michael -- Michael -- I forbid it.
You'll destroy everything.

K.I.T.T.

Listen to him, Michael. He's not
just talking about me.

OMITTED

IN A COM TRON HELICOPTER

Wilson is in the passenger seat beside Gray who is piloting
the bird. Wilson calmly talks into the headset.

WILSON

This is Chief of Security Wilson.
Patch me into Com Tron truck dis-
patch. I want everything we've
got on the road to stand by for
special instructions.

BACK IN THE TRANS AM - NIGHT

racing through the night. Michael trying to hang on.

DEVON

Michael, are you there? Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

He's still conscious, sir and
insisting on maintaining control
of the vehicle.

MICHAEL

And that's another thing that gripes
me.

DEVON

What's that?

MICHAEL

I don't want to have anything to do
with a car that takes off on its
own. That can listen to my thoughts
and make its own decisions.

DEVON

You're giving it far too much credit.

MICHAEL

I don't think so. I can see myself
out on a dance floor sometime and my
car comes up and cuts in on me.

K.I.T.T.

Amusing, but not factual.

DEVON
It's all right, Kitt. Keep him
talking.

MICHAEL
Anything to keep me awake, Kitt...to
keep me angry....

POINT OF VIEW - A GIANT SEMITRUCK AND TRAILER (SHOT)

is racing towards an intersection. The logo on the truck
reads Com Tron Industries.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL
Great. Just great....

DEVON
What is it?

MICHAEL
I just figured out how they intend to
keep me from getting to the airport.

Michael slows down to a stop as he sees the semi's next move
as it moves into the intersecting highway.

THE SEMI (SHOT)

stops, completely blocking the intersection.

ON THE TRUCK DRIVER (SHOT)

as he looks out his window smiling and we recognize him as
Dolan, one of the drivers who gave Michael such a beating.

DOLAN
Come on, big shot. Come to papa.

ON MICHAEL (SHOT)

MICHAEL
Okay, Kitt, here goes nothing.

K.I.T.T.
With all due respect, you aren't
possibly considering....

Michael floors it.

K.I.T.T.
Oh my word, you are.

ON THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

as it accelerates towards the intersection, faster, faster....

ON DOLAN (SHOT)

as his look turns sour....

DIVER

Hey...is he nuts?...

ON THE TRANS AM (SHOT)

as it hits a dip in the road and goes airborne, directly into the logo on the side of the truck.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRUCK (SHOT)

as the Trans Am exits and continues on up the highway leaving a gaping hole in its wake.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

I gotta admit. This car is something.

K.I.T.T.

Bold of you.

MICHAEL

Don't rile me, Kitt. Don't rile me.

K.I.T.T.

But that's the whole idea. Your condition should improve drastically when you get angry.

ON DOLAN (SHOT)

as he stares back at his trailer in disbelief.

INSIDE THE CAL TRON HELICOPTER

WILSON

Dolan. Dolan. Did you get him?

DOLAN'S VOICE

I blocked the road and cut him off.

WILSON

Good work.

DOLAN

But he went right through my trailer.

WILSON

Have you been drinking?

DOLAN

Not yet, but I plan on it. You
aren't going to stop that thing.

POINT OF VIEW OF THE CAR

from the copter.

BACK TO WILSON

WILSON

Attention all drivers. Anybody wanting
a fifteen thousand dollar bonus is to
smash that Trans Am head on. Do you
hear me? Head on. He's currently
moving north on Highway 17.

RED

This is truck forty-one coming up 17
and you're nuts. What good is fifteen
thousand dollars if you're dead?

WILSON

Jump clear, you idiot. Just be sure
you level that Trans Am.

OMITTED

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

RED

Forget it.

WILSON'S VOICE

Make it twenty-five thousand to the
first man that nails him head on.

Michael reacts to the radio.

MICHAEL

Did you hear that, Devon?

DEVON

I'm afraid so.

MICHAEL

Well? You know what Kitt can do.
Can he do it?

K.I.T.T.

Yes, can I?

DEVON

I can't recall having put him to that
precise test.

MICHAEL

Great.

K.I.T.T.

I suggest we'd better reach the
airport before we reach the truck.

MICHAEL

You know something? I think you're
right.

OMITTED

ON THE TRANS AM

racing along the highway....

OMITTED

ON THE COM TRON TRUCK (SHOT)

racing along the highway in the opposite direction.

ON THE COM TRON HELICOPTER

WILSON

Where are you, forty-one?

DRIVER #2'S VOICE

Just coming up to the airport turnoff.

OMITTED

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

WILSON

I see you. You've got him. He's
just over the next rise.

Wilson smiles at Gray (pilot) next to him. The pilot takes
a shotgun from its rack and places it in a handy position.

GRAY

Just in case he gets by.

WILSON

No one survives a head-on collision
with a semi.

Wilson smiles securely.

BACK ON THE TRANS AM

barrelling down the highway.

MICHAEL

We should be seeing him any minute.

ON THE TRUCK - FROM MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW

coming in the opposite direction.

DRIVER #2'S VOICE
I got him in sight. He's coming
over the rise now.

ON WILSON IN THE HELICOPTER

WILSON
Remember, twenty-five thousand big
ones if you nail him.

DRIVER #2
Consider him nailed.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

K.I.T.T.
Mr. Knight. This is foolhardy. I
really must assume control.

ON THE PANEL

as we see the light go from manual to automatic.

MICHAEL
Negative. I'm driving this machine.

Michael pushes the manual button back in. The light reverts
to manual control.

K.I.T.T.
Mr. Devon. Michael is in no
condition to be making decisions.

ON DEVON

DEVON
Kitt, I'm afraid so long as he is in
the driver's seat and conscious, we
have no choice.

K.I.T.T.
An absurd set of circumstances.

MICHAEL
Too bad, Kitt. But the guy who
designed you believed in the
strength of the individual. We
may have to put it to the test.

ON WILSON

looking down.

WILSON
He isn't stopping.

GRAY
Man's nuts.

WILSON
I hope so.

OMITTED

INSIDE THE TRANS AM

MICHAEL
Any last thoughts, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.
I wish you hadn't put it that way.

ON THE SCENE

The Trans Am coming from the left. The truck from the right. Closer...closer...closer....

Intercut:

POINT OF VIEW FROM COPTER

as it lights the scene as the truck and car hurtle towards each other. Closer and closer. We reveal an intersection with a left turn towards the airport. It's even money which vehicle will make it first.

Intercut:

THE CAR AND TRUCK CLOSING FROM BOTH POINTS OF VIEW

POINT OF VIEW FROM THE COPTER

as the two vehicles close, the car at the last possible moment swings left up the airport road as the truck hurtles by.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

MICHAEL
Now that's about as close as it can get.

K.I.T.T.
Tell me about it.

OMITTED

AERIAL VIEW OF MICHAEL'S CAR

weaving up the airport road.

ON WILSON

WILSON

Take her down. It's up to us.

ON THE TRANS AM

as it continues on the road.

ON MICHAEL

as he continues trying to hold himself together as he continues towards the airport.

ON THE HELICOPTER

as it drops to running parallel and very close to the car and Wilson lifts the shotgun and fires point blank at Michael's head through the open side of the copter.

ON THE WINDOW

as the myriad lethal pellets ricochet back into the chopper.

INSERT - SMOKE

pouring out of the chopper.

GRAY

WILSON

He hit us --

GRAY

No, you hit us!

WILSON

Shut up and make another pass.

GRAY

You want to make another pass. You jump out. We'll be lucky to make the airport.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Tanya's car slams to a stop next to the whining jet, as the chopper lands.

TANYA

You get 'im?

WILSON

Does it look like it? Roll this machine.

TANYA
Not until I finish Michael Knight.

She suddenly reacts:

HER POINT OF VIEW

of the rapidly approaching distant headlights of the Trans Am.

BACK TO SCENE

as Wilson and Gray dash towards the jet, physically grabbing Tanya.

As the hatch closes the jet starts to roll out.

THE TRANS AM

as it screams through the airport gates towards the runway.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW OF THE JET

taxiing fast.

INT. CAR - CLOSE ON MICHAEL

bathed in a cold sweat.

K.I.T.T.
Better let me take over. Your
reflexes can't handle it.

MICHAEL
It's two out in the bottom of the
ninth, Kitt. I'll finish the game.

K.I.T.T.
I'll bet nobody talks that way to
Tommy Lasorda.

WIDE SHOT

As the jet reaches the end of the runway and swings around for take-off, Michael swings the car towards the plane and aims toward it. They are both starting towards each other from virtually opposite ends of the field.

INTERCUT

1. Michael's point of view of the approaching jet.
2. The Pilot's point of view of the approaching car.

OMITTED

CLOSE ON THE CAR

as it closes with the jet's wingtip.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD OVER MICHAEL'S SHOULDER

as the car reaches and tears off the jet's wingtip as the rest of the wing explodes.

WIDE SHOT

as the car turns off as the plane does a 180 and comes to a stop, the burning wing o.c. The door opens and Tanya, Wilson and Gray stumble out followed by the crew as the plane blows up in the b.g.

As sirens begin to be heard in the distance:

WILSON

Run for the hangar -- we've got to find another way out.

ON TANYA

as she cold-bloodedly starts across the apron towards a pair of closing headlights, slowly removing the gun from her fur coat pocket, the same gun she used to forever destroy Michael Long.

TANYA

I'll get you a way out of here, that nothing can stop.

GRAY

Tanya, come back here.

THE TRANS AM

screeches to a halt. Michael Knight looks out through half-opened eyes.

TANYA

raises the gun to the side window at point blank range.

TANYA

You lose, Michael!

MICHAEL

No Tanya, don't....

WILSON

The windows are ---

Tanya smiles and fires. Michael grimaces. Tanya's hands clutch her once beautiful face.

ANGLE ON THE GATE

as three police cars, sirens screaming and red lights flashing, pour onto the runway.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - MICHAEL

looks down with empty satisfaction.

MICHAEL

It's done, Kitt. And now it's all yours.

He passes out. There is a short beat as we see steam pouring out from under the hood.

ANGLE ON THE SUPER DASH

as the car shifts from manual to automatic.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

as it slowly drives off as the police stare after it.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

CLOSE ON EMERGENCY ENTRANCE

as the car slowly pulls up to a stop, the horn honks and the door opens to reveal Michael. Michael stirs and comes to slightly.

MICHAEL

Where are we?

K.I.T.T.

Emergency hospital. They should be able to take care of you.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

K.I.T.T.

While you're in there, see if they've got room for me.

MICHAEL

What's your problem?

K.I.T.T.

Acute exhaustion.

He honks again as a couple of attendants come out, discover Michael, load him in a gurney and rush him inside. There's a beat, then the door closes and the car slowly moves out of frame. Hold on emergency room doors as we:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT SIX

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

OMITTED

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A nurse is rewrapping Michael's bandages as Michael stands next to his hospital bed.

MAGGIE

Michael, are you all right?

MICHAEL

Well I'm a little stiff and sore but the Doc says I'm mobile.

MAGGIE

I don't know what I'm going to do with Buddy now that you're leaving.

MICHAEL

I'd keep him. He's a pretty good kid.

MAGGIE

You know what I mean. He needs a man. I can see that. I thought I could just go on not caring....

MICHAEL

...and not looking?

MAGGIE

Stupid, huh? Here I had a prime candidate right under my nose and I chased him away.

MICHAEL

Don't consider it a permanent condition.

MAGGIE

You mean that? I mean, you might come back to see us?

MICHAEL
Tell Buddy it's a promise.

Michael leans over and kisses Maggie who tears up.

MAGGIE
You know Buddy was hoping you'd take
him for one last ride in your car.

MICHAEL
Well that might be a small problem....

DISSOLVE TO

CLOSE ON DEVON (SHOT)

driving the Trans Am.

DEVON
Only you could have put a dent in
that machine.

Pull back to reveal that the Trans Am is being towed through
the gates of the airport towards a ramp, leading up into a
waiting truck bearing the logo, KNIGHT INDUSTRIES.

MICHAEL
Hey. Nothing's perfect. When do I
get it back?

DEVON
Who said anything about getting it
back?

MICHAEL
Devon. It's my car. I have the
registration.

DEVON
We'll have to talk about that!

The tow truck comes to a stop. Michael and Devon climb out
as workers, wearing the Knight Industries logo, begin pre-
paring the car to be winched up into the waiting semi.

OMITTED

ON THE LEAR JET

as it streaks off into the air.

INSIDE THE JET

MICHAEL
Now then, about my car.

DEVON

Well, simply stated, Wilton Knight was my friend as well as my employer. It's my legacy to see that his final dream is faithfully pursued, like it or not.

(beat)

You on the other hand, have no such obligation, your options are still open. You don't have to....

MICHAEL

Devon. The old man wanted me. It was his dying request.

DEVON

Yes, of course. To rid the world of Tanya and her friends -- The rest of his dream would bore you to tears -- just a sort of insignificant foundation.

MICHAEL

Tell me about it, Devon -- Tell me about the foundation. What's it for?

DEVON

For law and justice. But largely paperwork. The major part of our activity involves legal research, class action suits, strictly bureaucratic....

MICHAEL

What else, Devon?

DEVON

What else?

MICHAEL

The part he wanted me for. The truth!

DEVON

The truth. Well, Mr. Knight also believed that there are certain situations in which direct action might provide the only feasible solution. That's what the Knight 2000 was designed for. The pilot program is to consist of one man and one car. Absurd really -- who'd want to take that on ---

MICHAEL

I was supposed to be that man, wasn't I?

DEVON

Well, I ---

MICHAEL

The truth.

DEVON

He did seem to feel you were singularly well qualified to go it 'alone' as he put it. But!!!

MICHAEL

But, what?

DEVON

Who could expect it of you? I mean you barely came through this misadventure with your life -- not to mention the damage to the Knight 2000.

MICHAEL

I don't have any more choice than you do, Devon.

DEVON

You don't?

MICHAEL

Think about it. I've spent years knocking my head against criminals of one type or another who've always had the upper hand. Now this.

DEVON

Now what?

MICHAEL

The answer! A loner's dream. I've had it all handed to me on a silver platter. A completely free hand. The world's most fantastic car. All the money and resources of the Knight Foundation, and most of all, the best chance I'll ever get to prove that one man really can make a difference.

DEVON

An admiral ambition in theory -- however....

MICHAEL

I don't think we're ever going to get along too well, Devon. But you're straight and you're honest. And you know I'm what Wilton Knight wanted. So you've got no choice

about me. Not until I decide to
leave. And that may be a long time
coming. After all -- I gave Mr. Knight
my word on his deathbed.

Devon nods in resignation and pours a couple of drinks.

DEVON
I was afraid that might be your
attitude.

He hands Michael a glass.

DEVON
Well, shall we drink to what could
be the start of....

MICHAEL
(interrupting
lightly)
Of what?

DEVON
Of one man's dream.

MICHAEL
And to our future! No matter who it
may take us up against -- or where.

Devon nods. For once they are in complete agreement. As
they touch glasses:

FREEZE FRAME

THE END