

KNIGHT RIDER
VOODOO KNIGHT

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ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

INT. TOWERS GEM STONES - NIGHT

Jeremy Towers, a man of taste and means, enters the main office of Towers Gem Stones. He is with Jarrett and Max, who like Towers are wearing tuxedos. All three of the men have glazed looks on their faces...almost as if they just hopped off the bus from Rajneesh Puram. (Note: Establish that all three of them are wearing the same kind of ear clips that are used to discourage smoking, drinking and motion sickness.) They are crossing the room toward a wall safe when suddenly a Guard rushes in via a side door with his gun drawn.

GUARD

Nobody move!

The three intruders stop. Jeremy Towers turns to face the Guard, who immediately recognizes Towers -- his boss. The Guard lowers his gun, embarrassed.

GUARD (cont'd)

Mr. Towers. I didn't know it was you.

Towers moves directly past the Guard without speaking...He heads for the safe. The two heavies follow...so does the Guard.

GUARD (cont'd)

Mr. Towers, are you all right?
What are you doing?

But Towers is a man with a mission. It's as if he doesn't even hear the Guard. The Guard pushes past Jarrett and Max.

GUARD (cont'd)

That's the safe.

Jarrett pushes the Guard away, like swatting a gnat.

GUARD (cont'd)

Mr. Towers. You know the rules --
you made them. I can't let you
open that unless you give me a good
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD (cont'd)
 reason. Mr. Towers! It's Friday
 night, the silent alarm'll....

Max stops the Guard midsentence, by picking him up by the collar and hurling him across the room where he lands unconscious.

CUT TO

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - STOCK

ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" plays as K.I.T.T. drives through the downtown skyscrapers.

INT. K.I.T.T. - NIGHT (POOR MAN'S PROCESS)

Michael doesn't keep time to the music. His thoughts seem far away. There are shopping packages in the backseat.

K.I.T.T.
 What's the matter, Michael?

MICHAEL
 What makes you think anything is the matter?

K.I.T.T.
 When a song like this is on the radio, my steering wheel normally takes a beating.

MICHAEL
 I'm trying to decide whether or not to buy that jacket I saw this after- noon at Lorenzo's Boutique for Men.

K.I.T.T.
 Do you need it?

MICHAEL
 No one needs a black eel-skin bomber jacket. That's not the point.

K.I.T.T.
 What is the point?

MICHAEL
 I want it. It matches my boots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

K.I.T.T.
Your boots are a long way from your
jacket -- do you think anyone will
notice that they match?

MICHAEL
Kitt...You'll never understand.

ANGLE - DASH

as a red light comes on.

K.I.T.T.
Michael, my surveillance scanners
are picking up a silent alarm.

MICHAEL
Where?

K.I.T.T.
Towers Gem Stones, Inc. It's right
around the corner. Nineteenth
floor.

MICHAEL
Let's go.

INT. TOWERS GEM STONES - SAFE - NIGHT

Towers and the other two men stand in front of the vault
door. Red lights silently flash as Towers turns the dial of
the combination lock.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - STOCK

K.I.T.T. screeches to a stop.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
The police ought to be here any
minute. I'm going up.

ON TOWERS

as he places his hands on the hand-print panel next to the
safe.

ANGLE ON SAFE

as the door pops open. Towers methodically removes and drops the contents of the safe on the floor. Beautiful priceless necklaces, etc. Jarrett and Max barely react. Towers opens a special drawer, and pulls out a small red velvet bag.

Towers hands the red velvet back to Jarrett, who doesn't seem surprised or even pleased to get it. They turn to leave.

INT. TOWERS GEM STONES - NIGHT

Michael enters and immediately notices the unconscious Guard. Then reacts to Towers and the other two.

MICHAEL
What's going on?

The three of them say nothing. Michael notices that their faces are expressionless, as though he isn't even there.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
The police are right outside, so
let's just ---

Michael bars their exit through the door.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
...sit down and make ourselves....

Jarrett grabs Michael by the throat and lifts him high off the ground, pinning him against the wall. Michael tries to speak but all he can do is choke.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - JARRETT

He notices the ear clip.

RESUME SCENE

as Jarrett hurls Michael across the room. He crashes into a desk, clearing it and sliding off the other side. Max and Jarrett run from the room. Michael shakes off the fall and gets to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL
 (into comlink)
 Two of 'em are coming your way,
 Kitt!

Michael reacts to Towers crossing the room behind him.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
 One of 'em's here!

Michael turns toward:

OMITTED

TOWERS

standing in front of an open window. He pauses, looking down as if he's looking into the afterlife.

MICHAEL
 Whatever it is -- it can't be that
 bad.
 (beat)
 Hey, I don't have a gun -- let's
 talk.

Towers moves closer to the window. Michael stops dead in his tracks.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
 Please, don't!

Towers turns and gives Michael one last look. It is a look that will burn in Michael's mind forever. The look of the damned. Towers turns back.

TOWERS' POINT OF VIEW - A DIZZYING THREE-HUNDRED-FOOT DROP TO THE STREET BELOW - STOCK

BACK TO SCENE

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE
 Michael, the two men are heading
 for their van.

MICHAEL
 Stay put. Don't move.

Michael takes a step closer to Towers and he dives out the window. Michael lunges for him -- too late.

ANGLE - TOWERS - STOCK

falling nineteen stories.

OMITTED

BACK TO SCENE

for Michael's reaction.

CUT TO

EXT. DONALD CRANE'S HIGH RISE - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

INT. DONALD CRANE'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

There are lots of pre-Columbian art objects and sculpture. Host Donald Crane, host a little Truman Capoteish man, is addressing guests at a small dinner party. The men dressed in tuxedos, women in chic evening gowns.

CRANE

You all know me as a collector of
'special' people around whom I
build these intimate evenings.
Fortune tellers of every stripe.
Pyromancists, telekinetists, table-
rappers, psycho-metrists,
levitationists, clairvoyants ...but
in my voyage through the borderline
sciences, none has intrigued me so
much as the person you will meet
tonight ---

As Crane drones on, we go to:

CUT TO

EXT. CRANE'S HIGH RISE - NIGHT

A car pulls up at the entrance. A gruff-looking macho-type, Claude Watkins gets out, wearing a tuxedo. Elizabeth Wesley, hurries up to Watkins, from the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH

Mr. Watkins, I'm Elizabeth Wesley. It wasn't easy to find you again, so please, don't send me away. I know what they say about my father isn't true, but I have to talk to someone who was on the expedition with him to prove it. Towers... yourself, or whoever the fourth man was.

WATKINS

Miss Wesley, I informed you by letter and I told you countless times I have nothing to say.

ELIZABETH

My father wouldn't kill himself. What happened? His research was very precise. You had to have found Tequatl's crown. Where is it?

Watkins tries to push past her, gestures the doorman join them.

ELIZABETH (cont'd)

(getting angry)
I didn't come all the way from St. Louis to be protected from the truth! Tell me what happened. Please!

The doorman puts a peremptory hand on her arm.

WATKINS

Keep her out of the building.

Watkins turns and enters the high rise. The doorman ushers Elizabeth away from the entrance.

CUT TO

INT. CRANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Watkins enters and Crane reacts and greets him.

CRANE

You came after all, Claude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATKINS
Business is business.

Blowing smoke in Watkins' face from his ivory cigarette holder:

CRANE
Dear boy, if it weren't for our mutual affection for money you'd be doomed to die of boredom.

Crane turns to the other guests ---

CRANE (cont'd)
Now that we're all here --
(beat)
Ladies and gentlemen, the guest of honor, from the island of Haiti, I bring you... Harana, Princess of Voodoo!

ANGLE ON STAIRS

as Harana appears, immediately silencing the crowd with her overwhelming presence and ebony beauty. She radiates sensuality in her exotic primitive dress, gliding into the room, surveying with dark and mysterious eyes.

CRANE
Harana has graciously consented to give, those of you who wish it, spiritual guidance...a peek into your very own futures. Enjoy.

Applause and shrieks of delight. A few of the braver partygoers approach Harana. Crane retreats to Watkins in a corner drinking a martini.

CRANE (cont'd)
Well?

WATKINS
You've outdone yourself. She's ridiculous. Sexy, but ridiculous.

CRANE
Sex is never ridiculous, dear boy.

WATKINS
Exactly. I want to meet her before I leave. Where the hell is Towers
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATKINS (cont'd)
and let's get the meeting over
with.

CRANE
I don't know. He was here
earlier....

Crane moves off.

HARANA

surrounded by a knot of admirers, reacts, O.S. when she
sees:

JARRETT AND MAX

enter. They look around the room, the familiar glazed look
in their eyes, as they lock on:

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - HARANA

talking to the admiring group around her.

HARANA
Excuse me for a moment.

She moves off toward:

JARRETT AND MAX

as Harana joins them.

HARANA
(smiles)
Gentlemen, you have a small gift
for me.

MAX
Yes, a gift....

He looks expectantly to Jarrett who reaches into his pocket
and extracts the velvet bag, giving it to Harana.

HARANA
Thank you. I'll open it later.

As she talks she touches a strange-looking brooch on her
dress.

INSERT

She turns the top of the pin, as if winding a watch.

AS BEFORE

Jarrett and Max suddenly lose "the look" and it is replaced by confusion and embarrassment; then that passes and it is as if nothing untoward has occurred. Max turns to Jarrett.

MAX

Nice party. Gotta try the chopped liver, it's nothing but great.

Max takes his arm and they start to move off, two old friends out on the town.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - STOCK

as K.I.T.T. drives past camera.

INT. K.I.T.T. - MOVING (POOR MAN'S PROCESS)

His mood is thoughtful.

MICHAEL

His name was Jeremy Towers, with a home address on Park. See what you can get on him, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

I have a Jeremy Towers at that address whose business is wholesale jewelry. He owns, correction, owned the building we just left.

MICHAEL

Go on....

K.I.T.T.

Towers left a considerable estate, over half of which comprises priceless artifacts from archaeological expeditions abroad. The most recent of these was on a search for the crown of the fabled Mayan King, Tequatl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

(musing)
He had the best life can offer...
must have had a zest for adventure,
too. Why would he jump like that?

K.I.T.T.

Michael, your tone suggests that
you feel responsible.

MICHAEL

Maybe, maybe I was.

CUT TO

INT. CRANE'S MANSION - MAIN ROOM - ON HARANA

Harana is with Watkins who is more interested in his
martini.

HARANA

Oh, I know many things about you,
Mr. Watkins. For example, you have
a lifelong quest that's gone
unfulfilled.

Watkins looks up from his drink, smiles, coming onto her.

WATKINS

That's usually my line, honey.
Look I don't believe in voodoo,
okay?

HARANA

(nods, unruffled) I also know, the
archeological treasures of Atlantis
are the object of that quest.

WATKINS

Right. I'm an archaeologist.
(facetiously)
Very good. What else did Donald
tell you about me? That I've got
two ex-wives, that I bet the
horses, that I'm a connoisseur of
beautiful women. You qualify.
What's your time like?

HARANA

(smiles)
What is your time like Mr. Watkins?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATKINS

You name it.

HARANA

Tomorrow evening. Here. I think
you'll find it very exciting.

WATKINS

Wouldn't surprise me.

Smiling, he hands his martini to Crane and takes her hand,
kissing it, then moves off.

Crane appears at Harana's side.

HARANA

A stupid man who confuses sex with
business. But, no matter. He'll
be dead this time tomorrow night.

She looks at Crane and he chuckles, sharing a joke that only
they understand.

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. ROAD - DAY - STOCK

as the semi blows past camera.

INT. SEMI - DAY

Michael is reading the morning paper.

MICHAEL

'Jewel tycoon Jeremy Towers, fifty-two, plunged nineteen stories to his death last night; an apparent suicide. Family and friends could provide no clue as to why Towers would take his own life.'

Michael looks up, still plagued by self-doubt. He puts the paper aside. Devon picks it up and peruses it, as:

MICHAEL (cont'd)

(flat; down)

I spooked him.

RC3

Come on Michael. He was already spooked. There's got to be something weird behind it.

Devon looks up from the newspaper.

DEVON

It says here Towers had just left a party where the guest of honor was -- a voodoo princess?

RC3

I had a great aunt who dabbled in stuff like that. She was no princess, but she was a hell of a lady.

MICHAEL

Come to think of it, those two guys with Towers sure looked like they were stoned on something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVON
(admonishing)
Michael, really....

MICHAEL
One of them had the strength of
three men.
(to Devon)
Where was this party?

DEVON
At Donald Crane's. According to
the society page, there's another
this evening. Crane is listed on
the Board of the City Museum. His
wealth is in pre-Columbian art. He
is a member of the
Parapsychological Society.

RC3
(an aside)
Whoa, Kitt, how's that in English?

K.I.T.T.
Parapsychology is the study of
phenomena not explainable by known
natural laws, RC.

RC3
Voodoo.

MICHAEL
I've got to clean this up in my
mind, Devon. I think you
understand that.

DEVON
(a beat)
I suppose we could stretch a point
and make Towers' death our concern.

MICHAEL
(smiles)
Thanks.

DEVON
Mark you, I don't relish having to
justify it to the Foundation.

MICHAEL
Could you stretch the point some
more and get me into Crane's party
tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVON
That's a tall order, Michael. But
I have an idea or two.

On Devon's look we:

CUT TO

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - WATKINS

A well-endowed and pretty secretary is making notes on a clipboard as Watkins peruses the artifacts in the warehouse. He looks up as Crane enters.

CRANE
(abruptly)
I got your hysterical message.

WATKINS
(to secretary)
Please excuse us, Miss Lorimar.

The secretary closes the files and moves sexily past Crane, exiting, her physical attractions not lost on him.

CRANE
You're inexhaustible, Claude. Can
she at least type?

WATKINS
(impatient)
Towers is dead. What the hell do
we do now?

CRANE
Unless you can raise the poor
fellow from the dead, dear boy,
absolutely nothing.

WATKINS
What about his key?

CRANE
What about his key?

WATKINS
The vault requires three, remember?
Yours, mine and Towers? Without
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATKINS (cont'd)
any one of them the others are
useless.

CRANE
It's merely a postponement.

WATKINS
Merely?! That's a ten-million-
dollar tiara you're talking about!

CRANE
Towers left a will in which the
purpose of the key will almost
certainly be mentioned. We'll have
ourselves a new partner, that's
all.

WATKINS
You'd better be right -- for both
our sakes. We took part in a
murder for a piece of the crown.

CRANE
And you'll have that piece.

They hold a look. Watkins breaks it off and exits in the
same direction the secretary did earlier. When he's out of
sight, Crane picks up the phone, dials ---

CRANE (cont'd)
It's Crane.

CRANE'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT - HARANA

HARANA
Well?

CRANE
He's nervous. But he'll be there
tonight.

She smiles, pleased by the message.

CUT TO

EXT. CRANE'S HIGH RISE - NIGHT

K.I.T.T. pulls up with Michael, who steps out, dressed for
the occasion in a tuxedo.

CLOSER - K.I.T.T. AND MICHAEL

MICHAEL
 (to K.I.T.T.)
 Stay close, buddy.

K.I.T.T.
 Certainly, Michael.

As Michael moves toward the entrance, Elizabeth appears at his side, takes his arm.

ELIZABETH
 Hi.

MICHAEL
 (stopping)
 Well, hi.

ELIZABETH
 (rapid fire) You're going to Donald Crane's party, aren't you? Well, I noticed you don't have a date, and I always wanted to meet Harana and -- Would you mind?

Michael eyes her appreciatively, offers his arm.

MICHAEL
 Not at all. I'm Michael Knight.

ELIZABETH
 Elizabeth Wesley.

MICHAEL
 Shall we?

They enter the high rise.

INT. MAIN ROOM - ANGLE TO ENTRANCE

A small dinner party with guests dressed similar to those at the previous party. One of them is Watkins. Michael and Elizabeth enter and are immediately joined by Crane, who is suspicious of them.

CRANE
 This is a private party. Perhaps you got off the elevator on the wrong floor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

One of your guests, Geoffrey Twilliger, asked me to sit in for him. Nasty case of the flu.

CRANE

Oh dear, poor Geoffrey. What do you do, Mr. -- ?

MICHAEL

Knight. I'm a freelance writer. I'm working on a series of articles for Psychic Review with an emphasis on para-ecclesiastical ascension to a higher plane.

CRANE

How fascinating. I'm Donald Crane.

MICHAEL

Pleasure. This is Elizabeth, my research assistant.

Crane gestures, they enter.

CRANE

Please, enjoy ---

Michael and Elizabeth cross toward the other guests.

ANOTHER ANGLE - WATKINS

as he spots Elizabeth; avoids her and crosses toward Crane.

WATKINS AND CRANE

WATKINS

That girl -- that's Wesley's daughter.

CRANE

(blanches)
Wesley's daughter?!

WATKINS

Yes. She's been hounding me for weeks. What's she doing here?

CRANE

Haven't the foggiest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATKINS

Who's the big guy with her?

CRANE

Quite obviously a phony.

WATKINS

(vehemently)

Get them out of here!

There is a sudden burst of applause and both men turn to see:

HARANA'S ENTRANCE ON THE STAIRS

Everybody in the room turns to face the gorgeous Voodoo Princess. She makes her regal entrance, immediately surrounded by admirers.

MICHAEL AND ELIZABETH

MICHAEL

Let's go meet the guest of honor.

Michael takes Elizabeth's reluctant hand and they move off toward Harana.

ANGLE TO HARANA

amid her coterie of admirers. Michael steps in, Elizabeth behind him. He extends his hand.

MICHAEL

Harana, I'm Michael Knight. This is Elizabeth Wesley.

Harana smiles at Michael, liking what she sees. She takes his hand.

HARANA

A pleasure. (looks down at his hand; seductively) What extraordinary psychic energy, Mr. Knight. You'd make a very good subject for my special brand of magic....

MICHAEL

I'd like to try it sometime. But right now I'm concerned about a
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (cont'd)
friend of mine. Jeremy Towers. He
was here last night, and ---

Elizabeth has been kicking the back of Michael's leg for
attention. Finally, with a wince, Michael turns.

ANOTHER ANGLE

On both sides of them are Jarrett, Max and a third man.
Michael recognizes Max and Jarrett immediately. All three
wear the clips on their left ears. Crane is nearby.

MICHAEL
(to Max)
Haven't I met you fellows someplace
before?

CRANE
Pardon me. But you're both
uninvited guests and must leave
immediately.

MICHAEL
We'll be happy to leave, but not
until I've asked your friends some
questions.

CRANE
(to Max)
Help them to the door.

ANGLES ON FIGHT

Max relishes the idea and winds up to deck Michael, but
Michael ducks and throws a punch into Max's middle. He
catches a punch from Jarrett and lands a haymaker knocking
Jarrett into the table of hors d'oeuvres. Then he turns to
meet the charge of the third man. They wrestle to the
floor. A crowd gathers.

ANGLE TO ELIZABETH

as the Servant comes up to her. He takes her arm and starts
to move her toward the entrance. She looks back helplessly
at:

THE FIGHT

Michael finishes off the third man and gets up off the floor. Max is coming at Michael again as:

MICHAEL
 (to Crane)
 Everything they say about your parties is true.

He turns and pastes Max one more time.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
 (continuing)
 They're a real bash.

Michael turns from Crane; scans the area ---

MICHAEL (cont'd)
 Elizabeth?

He realizes she's gone; turns and heads for the door.

EXT. CRANE'S MANSION - NIGHT

Michael comes out, enters K.I.T.T. and drives off.

INT. K.I.T.T. - TRAVELLING

MICHAEL
 A young woman left just before I did, pal. Did you see her?

K.I.T.T.
 Yes. She drove off in a VW convertible. She's out of scanner range by now. She seemed quite upset.

MICHAEL
 That makes two of us.

K.I.T.T.
 I thought I detected a lack of hospitality in there.

MICHAEL
 That's putting it mildly, buddy. But it had its rewards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Michael reaches into his pocket and comes up with an ear-clip he grabbed during the fight.

MICHAEL (cont'd)
(continuing)
Let's see what Devon can tell us
about these things.

EXT. CITY STREET - K.I.T.T. - STOCK

zooms past camera.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT - FULL

A servant is cleaning up the mess and the party has returned to normal. The guests surround Harana. We see Crane making his way back to Watkins.

CLOSER - CRANE AND WATKINS

Crane keeps a happy face to his guests, as:

WATKINS
Who was he?

CRANE
He called himself Michael Knight.
He was asking Harana about Towers.

Harana moves into shot.

CRANE (cont'd)
(continuing)
Ah, Harana, darling.

HARANA
So many questions, so many lost
souls seeking guidance. It saps my
psychic energy....

CRANE
You two whisk off someplace cozy
while I man the barricades.
(to Harana)
Why don't you show Claude 'The Room
of Dreams'?

He winks at Watkins. Harana smiles, and Watkins smiles back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATKINS
Sounds promising.

HARANA
Come....

She moves off, Watkins following.

CUT TO

EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - NIGHT - PARKED SEMI - STOCK

MICHAEL'S VOICE
Both guys were wearing one behind
their ear....

INT. SEMI - MICROSCOPE SHOT - THE CLIP

A tiny grid of wires comes into focus.

ON DEVON AND MICHAEL

Devon is adjusting the focus on the microscope. Widen to include RC3 in b.g. as:

MICHAEL
(continuing)
...same as last night, only this
time they didn't act like
sleepwalkers and they didn't pack
the same punch.

DEVON
(looking up)
They appear to be receivers of some
kind. See for yourself. (as
Michael moves in) Given a certain
frequency, they could create
electrochemical responses in the
brain.

RC3
People wear those for seasickness.
My uncle used one to quit smoking.

DEVON
I have a suspicion, RC, that these
stimulate an overproduction of the
brain's neurotransmitters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Like endorphin...It kills pain.

DEVON

They could also produce a surge of Adrenalin and any number of other responses.

RC3

Which explains the way that guy threw you across the room last night.

MICHAEL

Devon, if these clips work the way you describe, wouldn't it take an outside source to activate them?

DEVON

Indeed.

MICHAEL

So if you fed whatever you've got on this thing into Kitt's CPU he could monitor that source.

DEVON

It could take some time.

MICHAEL

How about ten minutes? I've got to get back to that party.

DEVON

(teasing)
Anything else?

MICHAEL

As a matter of fact, yes. I ran into a girl at the party but by the time the smoke cleared, she was gone.

RC3

Story of his life.

MICHAEL

That's enough, RC.
(to Devon)
Name's Elizabeth Wesley. See what you can find out about her.

INT. THE ROOM OF DREAMS - NIGHT - HARANA AND WATKINS

It is decorated exotically, like an Aubrey Beardsley drawing. It is semilit with candles and incense smoke lies heavily in the air. Harana and Watkins are seated face to face on a tasseled pillow. Harana's eyes are closed, her voice is honeyed and sensual, and Watkins has a condescending smile on his face.

HARANA

I see you on an expedition.

WATKINS

That's past history. Let's get to the present. You and me.

HARANA

No. What I see is yet to come. You are in a world of untold treasure. A world no one has touched in many centuries. The Lost City....

WATKINS

Atlantis?

HARANA

I can lead you there because it is your destiny.

WATKINS

(chuckles)
You have a map?

Harana opens her eyes and stares levelly at him.

HARANA

There is no need for one. I see it very clearly. And so may you. With this....

She produces one of the ear clips and holds it out to Watkins.

HARANA (cont'd)

Just put it on your left ear and you will see what I see.

WATKINS

Anything you say....

He puts the clip on his left ear, amused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WATKINS (cont'd)
 (continuing)
 Now what?

HARANA
 (smiles)
 Now I turn this....

She reaches for her brooch and turns the top of it. Watkins' eyes glaze over. Harana slaps Watkins sharply across the cheek, looking for a response. There is none.

MAX AND JARRETT

enter, eyes also glazed. They lead Watkins from the room. Harana smiles triumphantly.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING - STOCK

INT. K.I.T.T. - NIGHT - MOVING (POOR MAN'S PROCESS)

MICHAEL
 Okay, back to the party....

K.I.T.T.
 Michael, what makes you think you'll be any more welcome now than before?

MICHAEL
 I'll worry about that when I get there.

He presses a button on the dash.

INSERT - SCREEN

The ear clip appears as a three-dimensional hologram graphic.

AS BEFORE

MICHAEL
 Devon established the frequency and sync rate of the clip. Let me know if anything like it is activated within two miles of us.

EXT. CRANE'S HIGH RISE - NIGHT - FULL

Watkins exits along with Max and Jarrett. They enter a car, Jarrett behind the wheel, and pull away. A moment later, Elizabeth's VW pulls out of a parking place and follows.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - K.I.T.T. - STOCK

speeds toward the party.

INT. K.I.T.T. - NIGHT - TRAVELLING (POOR MAN'S PROCESS)

An electronic warning sounds.

K.I.T.T.

Michael...three of the clips have been activated and are within the two mile radius.

MICHAEL

Locate them on your grid map.

GRID MAP GRAPHIC

shows a pulsing light moving toward the industrial section.

AS BEFORE

MICHAEL

They're all three in one vehicle.

K.I.T.T.

My monitors detect a four-cylinder, foreign vehicle following them....

MICHAEL

So much for the party. Let's get on their tail.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - K.I.T.T. - STOCK

takes a sharp right and picks up speed.

EXT. WATKINS' WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jarrett's car pulls up.

INSERT - AUTOMATIC DOOR OPENER

as the button is depressed.

THE VEHICLE ENTRANCE DOOR

rolls aside, fully opening.

RESUME JARRETT'S CAR

He, Max and Watkins get out and enter the warehouse. A moment later, Elizabeth's car ghosts up beside the building.

CLOSER - ELIZABETH

as she cases the building, gathers up her courage and enters.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - ELIZABETH

as she enters the cavernous interior. It is dark and spooky. From a distance, she hears the footsteps of Watkins, Max and Jarrett making their way to Watkins' office. She follows, and in her effort to see where they're going, knocks over an antique vase.

ANOTHER AREA - ON WATKINS, MAX AND JARRETT

as the three react to the sound. Max and Jarrett exchange a hard look and start back toward Elizabeth, Watkins following.

ON ELIZABETH

as the trio approaches her. She takes cover behind a crate.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - K.I.T.T.

pulls up.

INT. K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

That's an odd place to rendezvous
after a party....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

K.I.T.T.

My scanners show four people in the building, three of them wearing the transmitters. The fourth is the girl who entered the party with you.

MICHAEL

Elizabeth? You're sure?

K.I.T.T.

Unless she has a twin with identical DNA structure. And Michael, her heart rate is above normal. She's frightened.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - ON ELIZABETH

hardly daring to breathe. The three men are lurking on the other side of the crate.

MAX

looks down and sees:

POINT OF VIEW - ELIZABETH'S PARTY SHOES

are reflected in an antique mirror at one side of the crate.

AS BEFORE

The three move around the crate, discovering Elizabeth. She smiles bravely.

ELIZABETH

I know, I know. 'Break it, you've bought it.' Listen, Watkins, it doesn't do you any good to run away from me. I'll keep coming and ---

Max and Jarrett grab her roughly.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - K.I.T.T.

Michael gets out, starts toward the building.

INT. WAREHOUSE - ON MICHAEL

as he enters the dark interior, via the vehicle entrance, pausing to get his bearings. He hears Elizabeth scream.

MICHAEL
(shouts)
Elizabeth!

He starts to run toward its source. Another scream is cut off, as:

ELIZABETH

has been gagged by Jarrett and is bound to a pillar. Jarrett hears Michael's approach and moves off into the shadows. Elizabeth is struggling, trying to talk through her gag. Intercutting:

MICHAEL

following these sounds, trying to locate her in the huge interior.

INT. WATKINS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Watkins removes a piece from an intricately carved artifact that looks like a Chinese puzzle. A tiny door snaps open, out of which recess he takes a small velvet bag, producing the key. He gives both to Max, who pockets them. They exit.

MICHAEL

finally locates Elizabeth a short distance away. He is moving toward her when Jarrett suddenly appears in the aisle ahead of him. He recognizes Jarrett's glazed look.

MICHAEL
Oh-oh...All pumped up again?

Jarrett charges, grabbing Michael like a rag doll and throwing him onto a nearby crate, which breaks his fall.

SHOT - MICHAEL

picks up one of these and hurls it at Jarrett. The big man is still unfazed. Michael dodges his next charge and grabs a 2X4.

SHOT - JARRETT

He charges at Michael who sidesteps, swings the 2X4 and belts Jarrett over the head with it. The wood snaps and Jarrett shakes his head, unaffected. He is about to charge again when he sees:

WATKINS AND MAX

marching like automatons toward the exit, mission accomplished. Jarrett ignores Michael and falls into step with them. He and Max take off running and leave Watkins behind.

MICHAEL

moves quickly to Elizabeth, releasing the gag and the ropes, as:

MICHAEL
(into comlink)
Kitt...I need you!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - K.I.T.T.

starts up, screeches toward the vehicle entrance, passing Max and Jarrett on their way towards the exit.

INT. WAREHOUSE - K.I.T.T.

careens through the aisles of crates, coming finally to:

MICHAEL AND ELIZABETH

who clamber into the car. Michael takes the wheel and turns toward the exit.

INT. K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.
They're escaping, Michael.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Keep the car on your scanners.
Silent Mode. I want to shadow
them, pal.

ELIZABETH

(confused but excited) This is your
pal?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

as Max and Jarrett emerge on the run; get into Jarrett's car
and drive off.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

K.I.T.T. wheels around and heads for the entrance door.
Michael reacts to something up ahead and slams on the brakes
when he sees ---

POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - WATKINS

is standing in the entrance blocking their way.

RESUME INSIDE K.I.T.T.

ELIZABETH

That's Watkins! That's the man I
have to talk to!

MICHAEL

That makes two of us.

They get out of K.I.T.T.

THE SCENE

as Michael and Elizabeth approach Watkins, who stands like a
zombie in the doorway.

MICHAEL

Mr. Watkins ---

Michael bites off the sentence when ---

WATKINS

slowly pulls a gun from inside his jacket. He holds it to the side, looking at it mysteriously.

MICHAEL

reacts; knows what's coming.

MICHAEL
Not again. No! Mr. Wa ---

Michael's words are drowned out by a gunshot that echoes in the warehouse interior.

WATKINS

is on the ground, gun in his hand, dead.

ON MICHAEL AND ELIZABETH

as they react, horrified, aghast. Hold a beat, and:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

as Michael and Elizabeth come out of the Lieutenant's office and walk down the corridor toward some vending machines.

ELIZABETH

Poor Mr. Watkins. It was all my fault. I kept after him and after him. But I had to know what happened to Dad.

Michael puts his arm around her, comforting.

MICHAEL

(gently)
Hey...You're making the same mistake I did, blaming yourself. He wasn't in control, any more than those other two guys. Maybe you'd better tell me how you got involved in the first place.

ELIZABETH

They were on an expedition together. My father, Watkins, and two other men.

MICHAEL

One of them being Jeremy Towers.

ELIZABETH

Yes. And a fourth. No one has been able or willing to tell me who that was. Towers said my father committed suicide, drowned in rapids deep in the jungle, his body never recovered. Dad wouldn't have done that, Michael. He had too much to live for.

MICHAEL

You're saying he was murdered.

ELIZABETH

(nods)
Dad was certain they would find Tekatal's crown. The expedition

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH (cont'd)
 was founded on his research. It
 was his dream to give it to the
 museum, but the others were against
 that. They found the crown, I just
 know it.

Michael pops some change into one of the machines; hands her
 a coffee.

MICHAEL
 And killed your father to keep it
 for themselves. Kitt, find out if
 Tequatl's crown turned up recently
 in any museum or private
 collection.

K.I.T.T.
 I find the last major acquisition
 of that kind recorded in June of
 last year, Michael. The crown of
 Santa Isabella was donated to the
 Chicago Museum by a Mrs. Darla
 Blackman.

MICHAEL
 (to Elizabeth)
 If your theory is correct, the
 fourth man has it all to himself
 now.

ELIZABETH
 (determinedly)
 I'm going to find him. When I do,
 I'll find the crown, too, and
 fulfill Dad's dream.

MICHAEL
 (smiles)
 Judging past performance, I've got
 a sneaking hunch you'll get your
 way.

She turns into him and looks up.

ELIZABETH
 Thank you for being my friend,
 Michael.

She kisses him. Then Michael kisses her. On the break:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

To be on the safe side, you'd better plan on staying with me tonight.

ELIZABETH

(flirtatiously)
How safe will that be?

They hold a look and we:

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. CITY ROAD - DAY - THE SEMI - STOCK

parked.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Crane has to be the common denominator in this, Devon....

INT. SEMI - DAY - MICHAEL, ELIZABETH, RC3, AND DEVON

enjoying an early morning cup of coffee. Devon works at the computer.

MICHAEL

It's more than coincidence that both Towers and Watkins died after one of his parties....

RC3

And those two jokers who threw you around must have been his boys for sure.

MICHAEL

Right. Which brings us to Harana. If she's a voodoo princess for real, she's created a couple of zombies. We know they can't be for real....

DEVON

Nor is Harana. I ran her profile through the physiognomy banks last night....

He punches buttons on the console.

INSERT - THE MONITOR - INTERCUTTING

shows Harana's likeness, then various police mug shots with appropriate legends beneath them.

DEVON

Her real name is Bonita Vance. She has a brilliantly inventive mind which she turned to crime. Mostly confidence schemes. Last year they arrested her in Miami for impersonating a North African empress.

RC3

Man, that lady doesn't shoot low.

MICHAEL

Any results on that ear clip?

DEVON

I'm afraid not. It's in the analyzer. I'll let you know as soon as some- thing comes through.

MICHAEL

Devon, I've got to see this thing through. Not just for myself....

He looks across at Elizabeth, and their attraction is not lost on Devon.

DEVON

Doctor Wesley intended Tequatl's crown for the city museum. I think that makes it Foundation business.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Devon. Now, it's time I had a heart-to-heart with Mr. Crane.

He starts for K.I.T.T.

CUT TO

EXT. CRANE'S HIGH RISE - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

INT. ROOM OF DREAMS - DAY - ON CRANE

entering, carrying a briefcase. He looks across at Harana.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRANE

It was just confirmed on the radio.
Claude Watkins shot himself last
night.

HARANA

Then it's time to settle our
accounts.

Crane hefts the briefcase with a smile, moves to place it on
a low table.

CRANE

It's been a very fruitful
collabora- tion, Harana. I detest
the act of murder. Still do.
Induced suicide is so much more
civilized.

He snaps open the briefcase in such a way the lid obscures
its contents from Harana.

INSERT - INTERIOR OF BRIEFCASE

empty except for a pearl-handled nickel-plated .38. Crane's
hand reaches for it, as:

CRANE'S VOICE

A million dollars was our
arrangement, I believe....

BACK TO CRANE

as he brings the gun up and levels it at Harana.

CRANE

...which I've decided is too steep
a price. Now if you'll hand over
the two keys, I'll thank you to
leave the premises. And take your
Neanderthal bullies with you. Any
tricks, and you'll have to explain
to the police about Towers and
Watkins.

Crane puts out his other hand for the keys, but Harana
simply smiles at him, and looking past him ---

HARANA

He's not aware of his destiny,
gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CRANE
(angrily)
Don't test my patience, Harana!

Max and Jarrett suddenly appear behind Crane and quickly disarm him. He struggles in their grip, as:

HARANA
You'll pay a heavy price for your greed, Donald.

She produces one of the ear clips and moves toward him.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - K.I.T.T. - STOCK

moves past.

INT. K.I.T.T. - DAY - MICHAEL

is deep in thought.

K.I.T.T.
And when this is all over, she'll probably go back to St. Louis.

MICHAEL
Yeah, I suppose so.

K.I.T.T.
Is this what they call fate, Michael?

MICHAEL
Yeah, buddy. The downside of fate.

INT. CRANE MANSION - THE MAIN ROOM - DAY

Crane has a clip on his ear. He is glassy-eyed. Harana, Sebastian, Max and Jarrett follow him across the room to:

ANOTHER ANGLE - A PAINTING

Crane swings it aside to reveal a wall safe.

INT. K.I.T.T. - ANGLE - MONITOR

as Devon's image burns into view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVON
Michael, I finally have some
results on the ear clips.

ON MICHAEL

MICHAEL
Great. What have you got?

DEVON
I've found they can be deactivated
with a high-frequency tone, but ---

MICHAEL
Okay. Patch it through to Kitt.

DEVON
I'm still running a series of
combi- nations through the banks.
When I have it, you'll have it.

MICHAEL
Thanks.

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY - CRANE

has the safe open. He removes a small red velvet bag and
hands it to Harana.

HARANA
Take your car and go to 121 Wall
Street. Enter the basement and
there you will find....

INT. K.I.T.T. - TRAVELLING

A warning beeper goes off from the dash.

K.I.T.T.
I'm reading three of those
activated clips within a two-mile
radius, Michael.

MICHAEL
Locate them on the grid.

INSERT - STREET GRAPHIC

Three flashing lights are clustered at the location of Crane's high-rise.

AS BEFORE

MICHAEL

That's Crane's high-rise. Let's move it!

K.I.T.T.

Michael, it would be less than rational for you to go against three such anthropomorphic robots....

MICHAEL

No choice. If the pattern holds and they leave the house, there's likely to be another murder.

EXT. CRANE'S HIGH-RISE - DAY

Crane exits the building; gets in his car and pulls away as K.I.T.T. approaches.

INT. K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

That was Donald Crane!

K.I.T.T.

He was 'under the influence,' Michael.

MICHAEL

Give me a reading in the house.

K.I.T.T.

Two of the activated clips remain there with a woman.

MICHAEL

Harana...She's the key. If I can get to her, maybe we can prevent more mayhem.

K.I.T.T. pulls up near the front entrance. Michael gets out.

INT. CRANE'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - DAY

as Michael comes through the door. The room is empty. He spots the open safe and moves toward it.

HARANA'S VOICE
You might at least have called
first, Michael Knight.

Michael swings around as Harana, Max and Jarrett appear nearby. Harana moves sultrily toward him.

MICHAEL
Just the lady I wanted to see.

She runs her fingers lightly over Michael's face.

HARANA
Correct me if I'm wrong. It was
not my charm that brought you back.

MICHAEL
You know it wasn't.

HARANA
Pity.

MICHAEL
Tell me about those ear clips,
Harana. Donald Crane just left here
hell-bent for something, and I'll
lay money he was wearing one of
them.

HARANA
Donald has an appointment with
destiny.

MICHAEL
You mean an appointment with
murder, don't you? Harana, stop
him now, while there's still time.

HARANA
You force me to do something I know
I'll regret.

She steps back, nodding at Jarrett and Max, who move quickly toward Michael.

MICHAEL
My favorite tag team, Hulk Hogan
and Sergeant Slaughter....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're on him in a flash. Michael throws a punch at Jarrett that could drop a horse, but he is unfazed. Max comes up behind and wraps his arms around Michael, holding him power- less against Jarrett's knockout blow.

EXT. MANSION - DAY - K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.
Michael...I'm reading diminished
functions in your vital signs....

INT. MAIN ROOM - AS BEFORE

Max and Jarrett watch as Harana, kneeling, attaches an ear clip to Michael. She turns the dial on her brooch, as:

K.I.T.T.
Donald Crane has gone out of the
two- mile radius, but now I'm
reading a third activated clip in
the house....

Harana takes off the comlink and examines it curiously.

K.I.T.T. (cont'd)
Michael?

She smiles, then puts it on the floor and Max stomps on it, smashing it.

ON MICHAEL

as he comes to. His eyes are blank. Harana comes in close, stroking him with her long fingernails.

HARANA
Such a shame, Michael. We would
have had a glorious destiny
together.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. CRANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Michael stands in the middle of the room. Harana walks around him, giving him orders.

HARANA

You will take your car and go to
121 Wall Street.

Michael barely nods.

HARANA (cont'd)

There you will join Donald Crane in
the basement and wait for further
orders.

Michael turns to leave. Harana looks regretfully after him,
then turns abruptly to Max and Jarrett.

HARANA (cont'd)

We've earned a bonus. Take the
cream of Crane's collection --
whatever we can carry. Then we go
for the crown.

EXT. DONALD CRANE'S MANSION - DAY

Michael climbs into K.I.T.T.

INT. K.I.T.T. - DAY

as Michael starts the engine.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I was worried sick.

Michael does not respond...only drives away.

EXT. DONALD CRANE'S MANSION - DAY

Michael drives carefully out of the driveway onto the
street.

INT. K.I.T.T. - DAY

Michael's eyes are fixed on the road ahead. He is a man with a mission.

K.I.T.T.
Where to, Michael?

MICHAEL
(stonily)
121 Wall Street, pal.

K.I.T.T.
We lost contact. Did something go wrong with the comlink?

Nothing from Michael.

K.I.T.T. (cont'd)
I still read three activated clips.
Michael...
(beat)
Michael, didn't you hear me?
What's the matter. Why won't you answer me?

INSERT - DASH

K.I.T.T. scans all of Michael's vital signs, spots the ear clip.

K.I.T.T.
Michael! You've become one of them!

RESUME SCENE - STOCK

as Michael drives. Not reacting to K.I.T.T.

EXT. CITY STREET - THE SEMI - STOCK

parked.

K.I.T.T.
(urgently)
Devon...come in....

INT. SEMI - DEVON

crosses to the console. Behind him are RC3 and Elizabeth.

DEVON
Yes, Kitt, what is it?

K.I.T.T.
Michael has one of those clips on.

ELIZABETH
Is he all right?

K.I.T.T.
Well, physically, he's all there
Elizabeth. But technically he's
non compus mentis.

RC3
Hey, stop with technical! What's
wrong with him?

DEVON
(concerned)
Kitt means that Michael doesn't
have all his mental faculties.
Where are you headed Kitt?

K.I.T.T.
121 Wall Street. I took the
liberty of checking the location
and that building is scheduled for
demolition.

RC3
Holy ---

RC3 starts to move toward his motorcycle.

DEVON
Where are you going?

RC3
Sorry, boss. I can't just sit here
and listen when Michael's in that
kind of trouble!

He hops on the bike, donning the helmet.

EXT. STREET - DAY

as RC3 turns a corner on his bike and roars past camera.

INT. SEMI - DEVON AND ELIZABETH

Devon is still punching keys on the computer.

DEVON

What in heaven's name does he think
he's going to do?

ELIZABETH

I don't know. But I feel a lot
better knowing he's trying....

Devon turns his attention back to the computer; a few beats
before ---

DEVON

Kitt, I've got a frequency for you.
I was testing it now, but I guess
we don't have time for the results.
Hold on....

EXT. BUILDING - 121 WALL STREET - DAY - STOCK

An abandoned building awaiting destruction.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE - DAY - CRANE

Dark and musty. A sign reads "Keep out. This building is
scheduled to be demolished. Trespassers will be
prosecuted". Another sign reads, "High Explosives Present...
Hard Hat Area. Hudson Demolition Company". We see many
stanchions sup- porting the building. Crane, in trancelike
state, is seated, awaiting his explosive demise.

INT. K.I.T.T. - DAY - INTERCUTTING SEMI

Devon is on the monitor.

DEVON

Set your electronic Field Disrupter
at a frequency of sixty-four mega-
hertz.

K.I.T.T.

Done.

DEVON

Two nano second blasts followed by
one long one...approximately 2.978
seconds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Elizabeth is wringing her hands.

We hear the sound of two short blasts and one long one. Michael's head snaps back and his eyes close, when they open he is back to normal. Michael reacts to his new location.

MICHAEL

How'd we get here, buddy?

K.I.T.T.

A new kind of auto pilot.

DEVON

Michael, check your left ear.

Michael pulls the clip off.

MICHAEL

Harana must have sent me on another of her murderous errands.

He reacts; hits the brakes. K.I.T.T. screeches to a stop in the street outside the building.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Scan the building.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED - K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR - DONALD CRANE

sitting calmly. Unaware he is about to die.

K.I.T.T.

There's one person inside....

MICHAEL

Donald Crane, I'll bet.

K.I.T.T.

...and a massive deployment of explosives. Michael, this building isn't scheduled for demolition today, but the system has just been primed.

MICHAEL

Locate the detonator and neutralize it, buddy.

K.I.T.T.

I can't. It's at a remote location. The countdown is already

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

K.I.T.T. (cont'd)
started and is irreversible from
here!

MICHAEL
If Crane dies, so does Elizabeth's
dream of vindicating her father....

K.I.T.T.
We're going in?

MICHAEL
Yep.

K.I.T.T.
I was afraid of that. Forty
seconds and counting, Michael.

He tromps on the accelerator, and K.I.T.T. surges toward the
garage entrance.

OMITTED

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING

as Michael drives K.I.T.T. directly toward the entrance to
the underground garage.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE
Here goes.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY - STOCK (1985)

as K.I.T.T. smashes through the door into the underground
garage.

INT. GARAGE - CRANE

doesn't bat an eyelash as K.I.T.T. screeches to a stop.
Michael gets out and runs to Crane.

MICHAEL
Come on. We have to get out of
here.

Crane looks glassily at him.

K.I.T.T.
Thirty seconds, Michael.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

as RC3 approaches on his motorcycle, zips through the opening K.I.T.T. blasted in the fence earlier and roars toward the entrance to the garage.

RESUME MICHAEL AND CRANE

Michael is pulling him to his feet; reacts to the screech of tires and roar of an engine as:

RC3

rockets into the garage on his motorcycle and screeches to a stop next to Crane and Michael.

MICHAEL

What are you doing here?!

RC3

Helping you.

MICHAEL

Let's get him in the car. This place is going up.

RC3

Or coming down, man. I'm not sure which.

Michael and RC3 grab Crane and lead him to K.I.T.T.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

as they put Crane in the back and Michael and RC3 get in.

Michael looks back at Crane, who sits expressionless.

MICHAEL

Can you bring Crane out of that, pal?

K.I.T.T.

Devon has provided me with a decoder. It worked on you, and -- Ten seconds to go, Michael -- nine -- eight ---

MICHAEL

We better go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RC3
I sure second that motion.

Michael slams K.I.T.T. in gear and stomps on the accelerator.

K.I.T.T.

takes off like a rocket and heads for the entrance.

INSIDE - ON ENTRANCE TO GARAGE - STOCK (1985)

as K.I.T.T. rockets out of the building toward the street.

K.I.T.T.
Five -- four -- three ---

RC3

suddenly reemerges.

RC3
Hey, wait a minute! My bike!!

RC3 looks back in agony to see:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - 121 WALL STREET - DAY - STOCK

Charges detonate; the sound of numerous explosions that rock the building. It crumbles into itself like a house of cards. Then a huge cloud of dust rises, billowing through the air.

EXT. STREET - DAY

as K.I.T.T., shrouded by dust and smoke from the explosion and demolition of the building screeches to a stop.

INT. K.I.T.T.

Smoke and dust from the explosion outside his windows.

RC3
All right, Kitt!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

K.I.T.T.

No applause...just a wash and wax,
please.

MICHAEL

Let's bring Mr. Crane back from Oz.

The sound of two short blasts then one long blast.

ON DANIEL

as his eyes click open...he is back to himself. Daniel
looks around. Sees the building, the look of the car and
Michael staring at him.

CRANE

To quote Blanche DuBois, 'I've
always depended on the kindness of
strangers.'

MICHAEL

You're welcome. Just tell me where
Tekatal's crown is.

CRANE

I'm afraid, I don't know what
you're talking about.

MICHAEL

Can it, Crane. Harana just tried
to kill you. You want her to have
it?

Daniel thinks a moment. He looks at the building, pulls the
ear clip off his ear.

CRANE

The private vault company on South
Ridge Drive.

OUTSIDE K.I.T.T.

as Michael peels out, through the hole in the fence and onto
the street.

STREET - DAY - K.I.T.T. - STOCK

as K.I.T.T. blasts past camera.

EXT. PRIVATE VAULT COMPANY - DAY

K.I.T.T. screeches to a stop in front of the building.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harana comes out of the building carrying the box that contains the crown and starts down the steps. Jarrett and Max wait at their car.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

There they are!

Harana sees Michael and K.I.T.T. She turns the brooch pin and says something to Jarrett and Max, who head straight for K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Let's try that decoder again, pal.

The sound of two short blasts and one long blast.

ANGLE TO JARRETT AND MAX

as the decoder works. They pass through that momentary confusion, then start toward K.I.T.T. again.

AT K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

(getting out, to Crane) Consider yourself in protective custody.

Michael and RC3 close the doors. Daniel vainly tries to get out.

THE FIGHT

as Michael and RC3 meet Max and Jarrett head on. The clips being ineffective, the latter are no match for Michael and RC3. They are quickly put away.

ON HARANA

Seeing this, she runs for her car, climbs in, and starts the motor.

MICHAEL

runs to K.I.T.T. and gets in, gunning after Harana's car.

ANGLE ON ACTION

as K.I.T.T. catches up to Harana's car and pulls in front of it, forcing Harana to screech to a dead stop.

ON HARANA'S CAR

She is slumped defeatedly over the wheel as Michael gets out of K.I.T.T. and crosses. He opens the door and helps Harana out, taking the box from her. He opens it.

OMITTED

INSERT - THE BOX

as the lid opens revealing the fabulous, jewel-encrusted crown.

ON MICHAEL

admiring the crown.

MICHAEL

Now I can understand what all the fuss was about. Sorry, Harana, but a stolen crown never made a man a king, nor a woman a princess....

HARANA

Shakespeare? Richard Nixon?

MICHAEL

No -- Michael Knight.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. SEMI - STOCK

parked.

RC3'S VOICE

I had to lay some bread on the
demolition guys, but at least they
found it in one piece....

INT. SEMI - CLOSE ON RC3'S BIKE

in one piece, all right. But it is a horrendous specter of
blackened, mangled metal, hardly recognizable. Widen to see
a glum, but hopeful RC3 hunkered down beside it, with
Michael and Elizabeth trying to cheer him up, as:

MICHAEL

You did say last week that the
timing was giving you trouble.

RC3

Yeah, true.

MICHAEL

(brightly)
Well, now you can fix it.

RC3

(unconvinced)
Right. It'll take a little work,
but she'll be good as new in no
time.

Devon enters, sees the bike.

DEVON

Great Scott. What's that?

The others flash warnings. Devon takes a closer look.

DEVON (cont'd)

Oh, sorry.
(grimly)
That is what it is, isn't it? But
cheer up, all of you. I've come
from the museum, and they plan to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEVON (cont'd)
feature Tekatal's crown in a
special Mayan exhibit next month.
(to Elizabeth)
Your father would be very pleased,
my dear.

Elizabeth smiles and kisses Devon on the cheek.

ELIZABETH
Thank you so much, Devon.

MICHAEL
And proud...of his daughter.

Elizabeth turns to Michael.

ELIZABETH
Oh, Michael. How can I ever thank
you enough?

MICHAEL
Hey, this isn't good-bye, is it?

DEVON
(coughs)
I've booked a flight for you,
Elizabeth. As you asked.

Michael looks at Devon, then at Elizabeth, disappointed.

DEVON (cont'd)
An early plane seemed a trifle
premature. The police will have
further questions, after all...
and -- well, I thought --
(lamely)
-- three days?

MICHAEL
(brightening)
Why, Devon. I think that shows
incredible insight.

He takes Elizabeth's hand. She's smiling, too.

ELIZABETH
Yes, incredible.

They embrace. The others share their happiness, as we:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END