

EXEC. PRODUCERS:	Glen A. Larson	PROD. #57833	
	Robert Foster	November 11, 1983	(F.R.)
SUPV. PRODUCER:	Joel Rogosin	Rev. 11/16/83	(F.R.)
CO-PRODUCERS:	Robert W. Gilmer	Rev. 11/17/83	(F.R.)
	Tom Greene	Rev. 11/18/83	(F.R.)
	Gian R. Grimaldi		

KNIGHT RIDER

DIAMONDS AREN'T A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

by  
Robert Foster  
&  
Robert W. Gilmer

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ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. MANSION - NIGHT - CLOSE ON CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE

as the cork is popped and a tray full of empty glasses is filled to overflowing with bubbly. We pull back to reveal a very uptown party in progress: the setting is elegant, the people beautiful. Particularly the women, most of whom are models with the Michels Agency, very simply the agency to be with if one wants to be a star. Holding court in the midst of several aspiring stars is:

BERNIE MITCHELL

in his late forties, handsome in a rough sort of way, brash, confident. Mr. Wit and Charm. He's got a long-legged lovely on his arm and he's displaying her to the onlookers as he talks:

BERNIE

So, I looked Mr. Hollywood Producer right in the eye and I said, 'Do you really expect to put a price on beauty like this? That's like trying to sell the sunrise.'

The blonde blushes on cue and Bernie smiles a warm, almost paternal smile at her. He puts his arm around her protectively, turns back to his audience.

BERNIE

So Mr. Producer nods and says that's precisely what he expects to do. They call it show business, he tells me, not show art. What could I do? I smiled diplomatically and said, 'What a shame. If that's the way you feel...'

(dramatic  
pause)

'...make sure it's a big price.'

Bernie's delivery is impeccable. The girls giggle, the men smile appreciatively. Behind Bernie, surveying the party and watching her girls, is Nina Jurgenson. She's Bernie's lieutenant, and the woman who really runs the agency. She's in her forties, a bit severe. She's heard Bernie's stories a hundred times and she's not laughing. As her glance sweeps the party, we pan:

ACROSS THE ROOM

where a beautiful young model, Rachel Robinson, is arguing quietly, but intensely, with her boyfriend, Chris Carlsen.

CHRIS

Rachel, it's our chance to get  
out of here...it's what we've been  
hoping for.

RACHEL

It's not right. Not this way.  
Chris, we can wait....

CHRIS

What for -- old age? A rich uncle  
to die?

RACHEL

There's got to be another way. I  
can't. I'm sorry.

With that, Rachel turns and hurries across the room.  
Halfway toward the door, she's intercepted by Lauren Janes,  
another of Bernie's models.

ANGLE ON THE GIRLS

Lauren looks at Rachel, concerned. Rachel's almost crying.

LAUREN

Rachel, are you okay?

RACHEL

Yes...no...I don't know.  
(beat)  
Lauren, I'm going home.

LAUREN

I'll drive you.

RACHEL

No, it's okay...you shouldn't leave.

LAUREN

I'll hardly be missed. C'mon, I'll  
take you and come right back.

Before Rachel can protest, Lauren's leading her unobtrusively  
out the door. As they disappear, we:

CUT TO

EXT. LAUREN/RACHEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

as Lauren and Rachel pull up in a late model sports car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Rachel's crying. Lauren looks at her.

LAUREN

You want to talk about it?

No response.

LAUREN

You and Chris, hassling again?

Rachel looks at Lauren a beat, thinking hard.

RACHEL

Sort of. Lauren, something's happened, something really strange...

(beat)

But, I shouldn't involve you.

LAUREN

Hey, we're roommates. Maybe I can help.

RACHEL

(hesitating)

Look, you'd better get back. I'll see you when you get home.

(beat)

But, don't say anything to Bernie. Promise? You've got to promise....

Lauren studies Rachel, worried.

LAUREN

Rachel, are you going to be all right?

Rachel nods, gets out of the car. Lauren watches as Rachel heads for the front door of the building. As she disappears inside:

EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

as Rachel hurries to the door, stops to fumble for her key, finds it and starts to unlock the door.

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

as the door opens and Rachel steps inside, feels for the light switch. Before she finds it, a shadow moves toward her.

CLOSE ON RACHEL

as a gloved hand grabs her, covering her mouth and stifling a scream. As Rachel struggles with her unseen assailant, we:

CUT TO

EXT. PARK - DAY - CLOSE ON MODEL

At first, all we see are legs. Six of them. Then arms. Six more. Over this, we hear the sound of a motor-driven Nikon whirring and up-beat rock music. We pull back to reveal three ravishing models, one of them Lauren, as they go through their routine for a Photographer. Her litany provides the back beat for their moves. If possible, we should freeze frame periodically as a picture is taken. In the b.g., watching every move, is Nina Jurgenson.

PHOTOGRAPHER

That's it...good, good...very nice  
...beautiful...keep moving girls,  
nice and smooth, nice and sexy...  
that's right. Fantastic! I love  
it...good, good!

Then she straightens up, snaps her fingers.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right, ladies. Take a break....

The girls stop their posturing. The brittle smiles turn into tired grimaces. Lauren sees someone O.C. and smiles, this one genuine. Then she hurries across the lawn into the arms of:

MICHAEL KNIGHT

Lauren gives Michael a big hug, then a kiss. They look just like any couple in love.

OMITTED

CLOSER ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND LAUREN

in each other's arms, whispering sweet nothings. Lauren's on edge, nervous.

MICHAEL

By the way, I'm Michael Knight.

LAUREN

After all this, you'd better be.  
Mr. Miles described you perfectly.  
Thanks for coming.

MICHAEL

My pleasure.

LAUREN

I told everyone you were an old flame  
...it'll help explain you being here.  
(beat)  
That's what the hug and kiss was all  
about.

MICHAEL

(smiling  
slightly)

Not a bad cover.

Lauren glances around, takes Michael's hand.

LAUREN

Let's go somewhere we can talk.

Lauren leads Michael across the park. As she does, we see:

NINA

watching them from a distance. Not particularly pleased.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

parked near the shoot site. A couple of the models come walking by, and one of them stops to fiddle with her hair, using her reflection in the driver's side window.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Looking out at the beautiful woman.

K.I.T.T.

Glad to be of service.

EXT. K.I.T.T.

as the window rolls down. The girls exchange a surprised look, and we go to:

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND LAUREN

away from the others. Lauren's more reserved. And angry.

LAUREN

I don't care what the police report says -- Rachel didn't commit suicide!

MICHAEL

Lauren, I didn't say she did. All I'm saying is everything points to that: no forced entry, no sign of a struggle, nothing stolen...an empty bottle of sleeping pills.

LAUREN

She'd had those pills for a year!

(beat)

Michael, the night she died she was really upset. More than upset -- scared. She mentioned arguing with her boyfriend Chris, but it was more than that. She said something had happened,

something 'really strange...'

(beat)

I told the police but they'd already made up their minds. That's why I came to the Foundation.

Lauren turns, faces Michael. She's intense.

LAUREN

Rachel Robinson was my best friend. She couldn't have killed herself. She was happy, she had everything to live for...

(beat)

I want to find out who killed her, Michael, who and why.

MICHAEL

Me, too. That's why I'm here.

Lauren senses the sincerity in Michael's voice. She nods, relaxes slightly.

LAUREN

Okay. Thanks.  
(glancing  
around)

I'd better get back.

Michael nods and they turn and walk back toward the shooting area. We see Nina barking orders, getting things organized. Michael watches her.

MICHAEL

Who's the quarterback?

Lauren smiles.

LAUREN

Nina Jurgenson. She's Bernie's right hand.

MICHAEL

Bernie Mitchell -- 'The Man Who Makes The Stars Shine.' Isn't that what he calls himself?

LAUREN

That's some press agent's creation. Bernie's actually a very sweet guy who happens to be a genius at developing talent.

(sadly)

Rachel was one of his favorites.

As Michael and Lauren approach the shooting area, Nina claps her hands at Lauren.

NINA

Lauren, darling, I said take a break,  
not a vacation.

Lauren skips ahead to where the other models are waiting.  
Nina eyes Michael appraisingly. And approvingly. She  
smiles very correctly, extends her hand.

NINA

Nina Jurgenson, Mr. Knight. Lauren  
mentioned you.

MICHAEL

Michael. Nice to meet you.

Nina holds Michael's hand just a beat too long. Enough to  
be noticed.

NINA

We don't encourage boyfriends to  
attend the sessions...the girls tend  
to lose their concentration....

MICHAEL

(a smile)  
We wouldn't want that, would we?

NINA

Certainly not.

Nina smiles, then turns back to the shoot. As Michael  
starts to walk away, we see Nina turn and glance after  
him. Michael continues on toward:

THE TRANS AM

parked nearby. Michael approaches, climbs inside.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as Michael fires it up.

MICHAEL

Get me an address on Chris Carlsen,  
Kitt.

A grid of city streets appears on K.I.T.T.'s screen and we  
hear:

K.I.T.T.

The address is 997 Grandby Street.

Michael throws it in gear, drives off. As he does:

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I didn't realize you knew  
that young woman.

MICHAEL  
Lauren? I don't. Didn't.

K.I.T.T.  
For two strangers, you appeared awfully...familiar.

MICHAEL  
(smiling)  
Were you spying on me?

K.I.T.T.  
(defensively)  
I was simply monitoring you. It's part of my job.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, well, what you were monitoring was part of my job.  
(another smile)  
Nice work when you can get it.

K.I.T.T.  
I was also monitoring those models. What were they wearing?

MICHAEL  
Next spring's fashions. Why?

K.I.T.T.  
Next spring's fashions? The clothing last spring seemed satisfactory. Why create new apparel?

MICHAEL  
People's tastes change, Kitt. They like new designs, new lines...same thing happens with cars every year.

K.I.T.T.  
As far as I'm concerned, that practice is criminal. Why can't people be content with what they have?

MICHAEL  
Think of it this way. If Detroit had been content, you'd still be a Model T.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. CHRIS CARLSEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

as the Trans Am pulls up. Michael parks, gets out and walks to the front door of the apartment building. He checks a name on the mailbox, "Carlsen - 3B," then heads toward:

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE ON THE DOOR

It reads "3B." Michael comes up, knocks. No answer. He glances around, and then goes to work on the door with a pick. In a second, he's got the door open. He steps quickly into:

THE APARTMENT

A small studio, sparsely furnished. Michael closes the door, looks around the room. He checks a picture of Carlsen and Rachel on an end table. As he does, we hear a phone ring. Michael turns, crosses to a wall phone near the kitchenette. Into his comlink:

MICHAEL

Kitt, trace this call.

Michael then answers, gruffly, disguising his voice.

MICHAEL

Hello?

Through the phone, we hear the crackle of long distance and a Man speaking with a distinctive accent (Swiss/French).

MAN

Monsieur Carlsen, please.

MICHAEL

(a beat)

Speaking.

RAMBEAUX

Mr. Carlsen, this is Phillip Rambeaux. We have received your telegram regarding the diamond necklace and earrings. If the gems are of the quality you indicated, we would be most happy to represent them for you.

MICHAEL

Good.

RAMBEAUX

Your telegram indicated you might be in Europe as early as next week. I look forward to hearing from you.

MICHAEL

Okay. Good.

RAMBEAUX

Au revoir.

Michael hangs up the phone. Into his comlink:

MICHAEL

Any luck?

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

(via comlink)

It was placed from the offices of  
Rambeaux and Sons...in Geneva,  
Switzerland.

The information registers on Michael's face. We hold on  
him for a beat, and then:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. STREET - NEAR LAUREN'S - DAY

as the Trans Am cruises down the street. Michael and  
Lauren are inside, and we hear:

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Rambeaux and Sons is one of the  
biggest jewelry houses in Europe.

EXT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - DAY - ON THE TRANS AM

The same place Lauren dropped Rachel off. The Trans Am  
pulls up and parks. Michael and Lauren continue talking.

LAUREN

But that doesn't make any sense.  
Rachel and Chris put every penny  
they earned into the bank -- to buy  
a farm back in Ohio.

(shaking  
her head)

The closest Rachel ever came to  
diamonds was the costume jewelry  
Bernie gave us to wear in the photo  
sessions.

Michael reacts to this:

MICHAEL

Gave to you? You mean, to keep?

LAUREN

Sometimes. In fact, Rachel just  
came back from France with a really  
beautiful necklace.

MICHAEL  
I'd like to see it.

LAUREN  
Okay, but why?

MICHAEL  
I'm not sure. A hunch....

But Lauren's already thinking, her mind racing.

LAUREN  
Wait a minute. If that junk was  
real, it'd be worth a fortune.

MICHAEL  
(nods)  
Easily worth a trip to Switzerland.

LAUREN  
But, why would Bernie give it to  
Rachel and not tell her?

ANGLE ON ENTRANCE TO APARTMENT BUILDING

as Michael and Lauren reach the entrance of the apartment  
building, a man comes hurrying out the door past them.  
Neither Michael or Lauren gets a glimpse of his face, but  
as they head inside, we follow the man, named Miller, to:

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF THE APARTMENT - DAY

where he crosses to his car, parked directly in front of  
K.I.T.T. He jumps inside, turns it over. It won't start.  
He tries it again, then again, getting increasingly angry.  
Behind him, K.I.T.T.'s scanner flares.

ON K.I.T.T.

monitoring Miller's frustrated attempts to start his car.  
We hear:

K.I.T.T.  
If you keep abusing that vehicle,  
I'm going to report you to the auto  
club.

ANGLE ON MILLER

as he looks around, startled by the voice. Off his look,  
we:

CUT TO

INT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

as Lauren and Michael step into the apartment. A look of stunned disbelief passes over Lauren's face. And for good reason: the place has been completely ransacked. Drawers emptied, cushions slit open, tables overturned.

LAUREN

Oh my God.

Michael stares at the apartment, thinking, then races for the window, talking into his comlink:

MICHAEL

Kitt, the man who just left the building...ID his car.

Michael turns to race out of the apartment.

MICHAEL

Stay here, and don't touch a thing.

Michael's out the door. Lauren looks at the dishevelled room. Scared, confused. Off her look, we:

CUT TO

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

as an old Dowager, Mable, with her pet dog, Maurice, is at the curb. Maurice is one of those little happy things about the size of a slipper, wearing a little blue ribbon in his hair. Mable's carrying a pooper-scooper. We see Michael rush through the entrance behind them. Mable turns to see:

MICHAEL

talking into his comlink:

MICHAEL

Over here, Kitt!

Mable stares at Michael like he's nuts. She's then distracted by:

K.I.T.T.

driverless, roaring back toward Michael. The Trans Am screeches to a halt, and the door pops open. Michael races by Mable and Maurice, both of whom are watching, transfixed. He jumps into K.I.T.T. Maurice starts whining. He sounds like a travel alarm clock going off.

CUT TO

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael talking to K.I.T.T. Outside, Mable moves closer to the car, watching Michael. Maurice is starting to bark.

MICHAEL

What've you got?

K.I.T.T.

The plates on the car were stolen.  
It's heading north, approximately  
one hundred and fifty yards ahead.

Michael nods, puts the pedal to the metal.

ON MABLE AND MAURICE

as the Trans Am squeals away, Mable turns to Maurice.

MABLE

That young man was talking to his  
car, Maurice. Can you imagine  
talking to something that can't talk  
back?

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - DAY

Another part of town, as the Trans Am roars past camera.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael's bent over the wheel. We hear:

K.I.T.T.

Michael, the car we're pursuing just  
parked.

We see K.I.T.T.'s monitor blink on. A grid of city streets  
is shown, with a red light designating the car.

MICHAEL

That's where Rachel's boyfriend Chris  
lives.

ANGLE ON TRANS AM

as Michael takes a hard right, squeals around a corner,  
and disappears.

CUT TO

EXT. CHRIS CARLSEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Miller's car is parked in front as the Trans Am roars up.  
In a second, Michael's out, racing for Chris' apartment.  
We follow him to:

EXT. APARTMENT

as Michael runs up, then slows and cautiously approaches. The door to the apartment is partially open. Michael creeps up, then kicks it open and rushes into:

INT. CHRIS' APARTMENT

where we see Chris Carlsen's body stretched out on the living room floor. Obviously very dead. Michael steps up to the body, leans down to check for a pulse. Doesn't find one. We hear:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
(via comlink)  
Michael, be careful. My sensors indicate....

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

Suddenly, he's struck across the neck. Hard. He collapses to the ground, stunned, as a figure rushes past him and out the front door. Michael struggles to his knees, then finds his feet.

MICHAEL  
(into  
comlink)  
Kitt, meet me in front!

Michael stumbles out of the apartment.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

as Michael emerges, we see Miller's car speed away from the curb. K.I.T.T. squeals up to Michael, pops the door.

INT. TRANS AM

as Michael reaches the car, climbs inside.

K.I.T.T.  
Michael, are you all right?

MICHAEL  
No. Let's go!

With that, the Trans Am speeds off down the street after the sedan.

EXT. STREET - DAY

as Michael speeds through traffic. The sedan has got a good lead, but the Trans Am is closing fast. A yellow light turns to red, though, and the sedan sneaks through at the last second. Suddenly, the intersection is blocked by cross traffic, and the Trans Am is speeding toward the cars.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as Michael sees the traffic in front of him.

MICHAEL

Too late to slow down, pal....

K.I.T.T.

And it may be too late to turbo,  
Michael....

MICHAEL

It better not be.

Michael hits the turbo button.

EXT. TRANS AM

roaring toward the intersection. At the last possible moment, it lifts off, barely missing the car in front of it. At the apex of the jump, we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. STREET - DAY - ON THE TRANS AM - CONTINUOUS ACTION

as the Trans Am hits the pavement just the other side of the crowded intersection and races after the ND sedan.

ANGLE ON THE SEDAN

skidding around a corner, heading down another street. A couple of beats later, the Trans Am roars around the same corner.

WIDER ANGLE

as the two cars race down the street, the Trans Am gaining fast. Suddenly, from an alley, a moving van begins backing into the street, blocking one lane and moving into the other.

ON THE SEDAN

slamming on its brakes, skidding sideways, barely missing the van, but somehow getting around it.

ON THE TRANS AM

A beat too late. By now the van fills both lanes of the street. There's no way around.

INT. TRANS AM - ON MICHAEL

having to make a split-second decision. K.I.T.T. gives him a hand.

K.I.T.T.  
Michael, we can't!

MICHAEL  
Gotcha, pal.

Michael stands on the brakes.

EXT. TRANS AM

as it comes to a screeching halt inches from the moving van.

INT. TRANS AM - CLOSE ON MICHAEL

taking a real deep breath, shaking his head. Off this, we:

CUT TO

EXT. FOUNDATION - DAY

Over, we hear:

DEVON'S VOICE  
It doesn't make sense, Michael. Why all this intrigue over costume jewelry?

CUT TO

INT. FOUNDATION - DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael is talking with Devon and April.

MICHAEL  
What if the costume jewelry wasn't just cut glass? What if it was real?

Devon and April exchange a look. As Michael continues, April starts punching into her computer.

MICHAEL  
I did some checking...it turns out Rachel's boyfriend, Chris, was an amateur rock hound.

APRIL

(intrigued)

Then he could have recognized real  
jewels.

MICHAEL

He could've...and if he did, and wanted  
to sell them, that could explain why  
Rachel was so worried the night she  
was killed.

DEVON

You aren't suggesting he killed her?

MICHAEL

No. Rachel came home early that night  
...unexpected. What if she surprised  
someone in her apartment -- someone  
looking for the jewelry....

April turns to Devon and Michael.

APRIL

You could be right, Michael.

(looking  
at screen)

In the last year and a half, six  
models from the Michels Agency  
have been robbed...and each of them  
reported costume jewelry missing.

Michael and Devon exchange a look. Michael's excited.

MICHAEL

That's it, Devon. She surprised the  
guy, he killed her and made it look  
like a suicide. Problem is, he couldn't  
find the necklace....

DEVON

Which would explain the man you  
encountered at Lauren's apartment.

MICHAEL

(nodding)

But he still couldn't find it. He  
figured Rachel's boyfriend had to  
have it, and headed over there.

DEVON

Unfortunately for him.

(thinking)

Beautiful models carrying fortunes in  
jewels in from foreign countries...  
only to have them stolen. Intriguing,  
but I still don't understand why.

What possible purpose could it serve?

MICHAEL

That's what I'd like to ask Bernie Mitchell.

As Michael starts for the door:

MICHAEL

I think I'll track this bear into his lair. I've always wanted to see how the other half lives.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

as the Trans Am cruises by, and we go to:

INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

Michael's dressed in a tux.

K.I.T.T.

I suppose this party is another phase of your 'undercover' work with Lauren.

MICHAEL

(smiling)

It's a tough job, pal, but....

K.I.T.T.

I know...someone's got to do it.

(beat)

I am delighted to see you wearing a tuxedo, though.

MICHAEL

I thought you weren't into fashions.

K.I.T.T.

I'm not 'into' the irrational need to constantly change the design of clothing.

MICHAEL

Oh. Excuse me.

K.I.T.T.

The tuxedo, however, is a classic that has changed very little during the past hundred years.

MICHAEL

Yeah...it's always been stiff, scratchy and hot.

K.I.T.T.

A small price to pay for style and elegance.

MICHAEL

That right? Maybe we should fit you with a Continental Kit and a pair of mud flaps, and see how you like it.

K.I.T.T.

You wouldn't dare! Would you...?

Michael just grins, turns into:

OMITTED

EXT. BERNIE'S MANSION - COURTYARD - NIGHT

The Trans Am pulls in, parks. Michael gets out and enters:

INT. BERNIE MICHEL'S MANSION - NIGHT

Michael enters, crosses through the hall to the living room where another one of Bernie's famous parties is happening. Bernie himself is stretched out on a sofa, once again the center of a gaggle of sycophants. And loving it.

BERNIE

It was October of '51. We'd just parachuted fifty kilometers behind North Korean lines. The three guys I'd jumped with bought it...pow! Pow! Pow! Just like that. And old Bernie picked up about four pounds of shrapnel in parts of the body that I'm reluctant to mention...

(perfect pause)

...in front of gentlemen.

More laughter. Bernie chuckles, leans over and whispers something in the ear of a perfect blonde to his left. She gasps, her eyes go round, and she covers her mouth. Blushing wildly. Bernie pats her, turns back to his audience.

BERNIE

But, I lived, right? No problem, except when I've gotta go through one of those metal detectors at the airport. you should see the looks I get.

More laughter. Bernie beams at the blonde. Off this, we go to:

NINA

standing across the party, talking with a man who's back is initially to us. He turns and we see it's Miller, the man we first saw outside of Lauren's. As they talk, they glance across the room where Michael is talking with Lauren.

MILLER

I don't know who he is, or what he's up to, but I don't like it.

NINA

He didn't pass security, either. He could be a problem.

MILLER

He's already a problem.

Nina nods, glances over at Michael, thinking.

NINA

If he's something other than what he says he is, we'll find out.

Miller nods, moves away from Nina. We follow her glance toward:

MICHAEL AND LAUREN

in a quiet corner, sipping champagne. Lauren's upset.

LAUREN

I just can't believe it's Bernie -- he's been like a father to us. Why? Why, Rachel?

MICHAEL

That's what we're here to find out.

Before Michael can continue, Lauren's started across the room, heading directly for Bernie. Michael recovers, grabs her by the arm.

MICHAEL

Lauren....

LAUREN

Let go! I'm going to find out what's going on.

MICHAEL

That's not the way to do it, believe me.

Lauren slowly relaxes. A beat, then:

LAUREN

I talked to Rachel's mom and dad on the phone today. It's hard enough for them to lose her, but the thought she might have killed herself is just destroying them....

MICHAEL

(quietly)

We're going to find out what really happened. I promise.

(beat)

One step at a time. First, I want to have a look around. Where does he do his business?

LAUREN

His study. It's at the end of the hall.

(beat)

Michael, I'm coming with you.

MICHAEL

No. I need you to keep an eye on things out here.

Lauren starts to protest, but Michael leans over and kisses her.

MICHAEL

We're supposed to be in love, remember?

(kisses her  
again)

The first commandment of undercover work is never blow your cover.

(smiles)

I'll be right back.

With that, Michael turns and heads slowly across the room.

OMITTED

MOVING WITH MICHAEL

as he gradually heads for the hallway, grabbing another glass of champagne off a passing tray -- just for the looks. Suddenly, Nina appears at his side. Friendly. Warm. And right in his way.

NINA

Enjoying yourself?

MICHAEL

Oh, yeah. Terrific. Bernie really knows how to throw a party.

NINA

Bernie's a warm, generous person.

(beat)

What about you, Michael? Who are  
you?

Michael studies Nina for a beat. The smile is still in  
place, but there's something chilly behind her eyes.

MICHAEL

Me?

NINA

Yes, you. As part of our normal  
security procedure, we ran a back-  
ground check on you. Until two  
years ago, you didn't seem to exist.

Michael looks at Nina, apparently dumbfounded. Then he  
takes a gulp of champagne, smiles crookedly. Looking a  
little in the bag.

MICHAEL

Could've fooled me.

Michael laughs. Nina doesn't. Michael takes another sip  
of the bubbly.

MICHAEL

(conspiratorially)

Actually, it's true...I'm two,  
just big for my age. They call  
it...prodigious...

(hesitating)

...no, percerous...

(straining to

think)

...uh, old for my age.

He goes to take another sip of champagne and spills it.  
Michael grins apologetically.

MICHAEL

Then again, some people call it  
'drunk.' No, that's not true...but....

Michael looks around the room, then turns back to Nina.

MICHAEL

You wouldn't happen to know where  
the bathroom is, would you? Just in  
case?

NINA

Down the hall. Second door to your  
right.

Michael grins again, turns and walks, with some unsteadiness, down the hall. Nina watches him for a moment, then turns back to the party. She catches Miller's eye across the room, nods to him. As she does, we go to:

MICHAEL

Rounding, and he hurries to the end of the hall and disappears into the corner of the hallway. The act is gone.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

The door opens and Michael slips inside. He switches on a small desk lamp, starts searching through the room and turns up a wall safe cleverly hidden behind an exotic collection of masks. Michael studies the safe, then:

MICHAEL

(into comlink)

Kitt, I'm gonna need some help.

We intercut with:

INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT - ON K.I.T.T.

His dash lit up, the monitor on. Michael holds the comlink up to the safe, starts turning the dial.

K.I.T.T.

Slowly Michael. Good. There: Forty-three. Now to the right...there: Twenty-seven. To the left...that's it: Eleven. Now to the right again... Seventeen. Voila!

MICHAEL

Good work, pal. Now, keep an eye out. Let me know if anyone's coming.

Michael reaches into the safe, pulls out a beautiful bracelet and an equally gorgeous necklace. Studded with expensive looking stones. attached to each is a label. On one, "Humberto Orozco, Mexico City." On the other "Eduardo Ferrara, Puebla."

Michael studies the necklaces. Into his comlink:

MICHAEL

Kitt, these jewels...are they real?

K.I.T.T.

Yes. Real glass.

(then urgent)

Michael...someone is approaching!

Michael quickly closes the safe, switches off the light, and hurries for a closet. Just as he ducks inside, the door opens. For a moment, we're not sure who it is, but then a man and a woman, whispering and giggling, step inside and close the door behind them. They fall into a passionate embrace.

OMITTED

INT. HALLWAY

as Miller comes round the corner, stops. Listening. He moves slowly toward the study door and we go to:

INT. CLOSET - ON MICHAEL

Stuck. Outside we hear giggles.

MICHAEL

Kitt, I'm in trouble.

Intercut with:

INT. TRANS AM

as K.I.T.T. responds.

K.I.T.T.

My sensors indicate they're not armed, Michael.

MICHAEL

Not that kind of trouble. I'm stuck in the closet.

K.I.T.T.

Are they holding you captive?

MICHAEL

They're too busy holding each other to worry about me. Just do something...create a diversion.

K.I.T.T.

Oh, dear...what kind of diversion would be appropriate?

MICHAEL

I don't care! Just get them out of here.

INT. DEN

where the man and woman are on the sofa, embracing. Suddenly a light near the sofa blinks on. They jump apart, startled. The man finds the light switch, plunges the room into darkness. Then a light on the other end of the sofa blinks on.

Again he switches them off, but just as quickly the overhead lights come on. By now the couple is thoroughly spooked and they turn and hurry out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY

The couple almost runs over Miller standing outside the door. They hurry away. Miller glances after them, sneaks a look in the study, then heads back to the party.

INT. DEN - ON THE CLOSET

as Michael opens the door, peeks out. He smiles to himself, quickly crosses to the door, checks the hallway. By now it's clear and as Michael exits the den, we:

CUT TO

EXT. SEMI - DAY - STOCK

cruising down the highway.

INT. SEMI - DAY

where we find Michael, Devon and April. Spread out in front of them are a series of photos, blow-ups of the pix Michael took. (Note: we don't have to actually see the pix themselves). April hands Michael a computer print-out.

Michael whistles as he studies the print-out.

MICHAEL

Dummy corporations and numbered bank accounts in the Grand Caymans. He's a busy man.

DEVON

And extremely wealthy if those figures are accurate.

MICHAEL

The Grand Caymans are the Caribbean version of Switzerland...a perfect place to hide money you don't want anyone to know about...

(beat)

Or launder the stuff you shouldn't have.

Michael thinks for a beat, then turns to April.

MICHAEL

April, can you give me an idea where Bernie's models have traveled in the last year?

April nods, punches into the computer. A beat, then:

APRIL

According to our information, they've been to Spain, France, Greece, El Salvador, Peru and Chile.

MICHAEL

(excitedly)

Devon, don't those countries have currency restrictions?

DEVON

(nods)

Exceedingly strict, as I recall. It's illegal to transfer money out of the country.

Michael turns, grabs a picture of the necklace and bracelet he saw in Bernie's safe. Devon and April begin to follow Michael's train of thought.

MICHAEL

But if you used that money to buy expensive jewels....

DEVON

And then switched the real jewels in place of costume jewelry....

MICHAEL

You could probably wisk them right through customs....

APRIL

On the necks of beautiful American models.

MICHAEL

And once they're in the states, Bernie converts the jewels back to cash and has the money transferred to those private accounts in the Caribbean -- after he takes a percentage off the top.

Devon glances at the picture of the necklaces.

DEVON

If you're on the right track, these necklaces are for Bernie's next customers.

April turns, punches into her computer. On the screen, we see pictures of two Mexicans. Under each is a name: Eduardo Perrera, Humberto Orozco.

APRIL

Orozco and Perrera certainly fit the profile: wealthy industrialists trying desperately to get money out of Mexico....

Michael looks at April, suddenly concerned.

MICHAEL

The next agency shoot is in Mexico City. Lauren's scheduled to leave tomorrow.

Now it's Devon's turn to look concerned.

DEVON

She shouldn't be down there alone, Michael. She knows entirely too much for her own good....

Michael's already heading for the car.

MICHAEL

I'll brief her.  
(to April)  
Get me on a plane, April. First thing in the morning.

As April nods, Michael jumps in the Trans Am, fires it up.

EXT. SEMI - DAY - STOCK

as the Trans Am backs out, roars off.

OMITTED

EXT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mabel and Maurice are coming out of the apartment building. Maurice has a little sweater on and the old lady's got her trusty pooper-scooper. As they start toward the sidewalk, the Trans Am comes roaring up and Michael jumps out. Mabel jerks Maurice to a halt, watches him apprehensively. Maurice whines, straining at his leash.

MICHAEL

Keep an eye on things, Kitt.

The scanner flashes. Mabel cranes her neck to see it and Maurice starts growling, then barking. Michael walks past them into the building. The old lady glances over her shoulder, then peeks inside the car. Shakes her head at Maurice, who suddenly goes for K.I.T.T.'s front tire, trying to bite it with his little teeth. We hear:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
Keep that up and you'll be on the  
wrong end of a 'Car Bites Dog' story!

Maurice backs away, his barks fading to a whimper. Mabel  
is stunned. Off her look, we:

CUT TO

INT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A knock on the door. Then the doorbell. A beat later and  
the door opens. Michael puts his pick back in his pocket  
as he hurries inside.

MICHAEL  
Lauren...Lauren!

No answer. Michael hurries through the apartment, checking  
the living room, the bedrooms. Nothing.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

coming down the hall, passing the bathroom. Something  
catches his eye and he stops. He turns, walks into:

THE BATHROOM

where we see a hastily written note scrawled on the  
bathroom mirror, in lipstick. It reads: "Mexico City.  
Casa Hermosa. Hurry!"

ON MICHAEL

taking in the note. Off of his worried look, we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

OMITTED

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - STOCK

as the semi rolls by. We hear:

MICHAEL'S VOICE  
He forced her to go with him!

OMITTED

INT. SEMI - DAY

Michael and Devon are talking. April's working on K.I.T.T.

DEVON  
(concerned)  
Michael, the Foundation has no legal  
authority once you cross the border.

Michael nods. We see he's concerned too.

MICHAEL  
Neither does Bernie Mitchell. Devon,  
I can't leave her alone with him down  
there. We don't have a choice.

K.I.T.T.  
You may not but I certainly do.

Everyone looks over at K.I.T.T. His scanner is flashing.

K.I.T.T.  
For the record, I do not intend to  
set one wheel inside an airplane.

MICHAEL  
Kitt, I'll need the Spanish April's  
programming you with. Why don't you  
want to go?

K.I.T.T.  
(reluctantly)  
Because...I don't like flying.

APRIL  
Kitt, you've never flown before.

K.I.T.T.  
One doesn't have to be bitten by a  
dog to dislike dog bites. Besides,  
if cars were meant to fly they would  
have been made with wings.

Michael, Devon and April exchange a glance, try to suppress  
grins. Michael shrugs.

MICHAEL  
Well, if that's the way you feel,  
pal, I'll go alone. Pick up a  
rental car in Mexico City.

K.I.T.T.

(aghast)

A rental car? Michael, you wouldn't.

(beat)

Perhaps I could make this one flight  
an exception.

Everyone laughs.

MICHAEL

Thanks, buddy.

Devon turns to Michael.

DEVON

Given what's happened, I'm still  
concerned about sending you down  
there alone. Particularly without  
some kind of plan.

Michael looks at Devon, smiles slightly.

MICHAEL

Funny you should mention that, because  
I've got an idea how we can make this  
a team effort...and get the kind of  
hard evidence we'll need to nail  
Bernie once and for all.

Michael grins at Devon and April, who exchange a confused  
look. Off their reaction, we:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. MEXICO CITY AIRPORT - DAY - STOCK

EXT. MEXICO CITY STREET - DAY - STOCK

Lots of cars, honking, congestion. Music over.

EXT. CASA HERMOSA - DAY - ESTABLISH

then pan as K.I.T.T. pulls up in front of this beautiful  
Mexican casa, Michael behind the wheel.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

That wasn't so bad, was it?

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

Three hours in a cargo hold was  
bad. Two hours in a Mexican traffic  
jam was bad.

MICHAEL

Sorry, pal.

K.I.T.T.

I only hope there was good reason  
for all this.

Michael smiles, punches a button on the dash that reads:  
"Record".

MICHAEL

You bet...I need you to record  
everything that goes on inside.

K.I.T.T.

It would have been far easier and  
cheaper, to bring a tape recorder.

MICHAEL

Sure but it wouldn't be the same  
without your cheery personality.

K.I.T.T.

Very funny.

Michael laughs, gets out and heads into:

INT. CASA HERMOSA - COURTYARD - DAY

A photo shoot is underway. A photographer jockeys for  
position. Beautiful models, including Lauren, pose in a new  
line of clothes by a prominent Mexican designer. As the  
camera angle widens we see we're in the courtyard of the  
house, the delicate fashions displayed in contrast to the  
rough stone and brick architecture.

ANGLE ON LAUREN

posing for photographers. She is wearing the stunning  
diamond necklace we saw in Bernie's safe. Looking off, she  
reacts when she sees:

MICHAEL

coming into the courtyard. He spots her just as she sees  
him, breaks into a grin, hurries toward her. Lauren  
excuses herself, moves to Michael. They embrace. Just a  
little too tightly, just a bit too long, for acting. They  
both realize it, try to cover.

LAUREN

You got my message -- Thanks, I had  
no idea you were so...dedicated.

MICHAEL

My middle name. Are you all right?  
What's been happening?

Lauren glances around, takes Michael by the hand.  
They walk and talk.

LAUREN

I don't know where to start, it's  
all been so strange. Something's  
happening, Michael -- something  
important. Bernie's throwing a big  
party tonight for some Mexican  
businessman.

MICHAEL

(thinking)

Their names wouldn't happen to be  
Perrera and Orozco, would they?

LAUREN

(surprised)

Yes...how'd you know? Michael, what  
did you find out?

Michael glances over, sees Nina heading their way.

MICHAEL

Here comes the quarterback. I'll fill  
you in later....

Nina arrives, gives Michael a cold look.

NINA

I suppose you were just passing  
through town.

MICHAEL

It's a nice day for a drive.

NINA

It's lovely you don't have to work  
for a living, but Lauren does...

(to Lauren)

Need I say more?

Lauren nods, gives Michael a little peck and heads back to  
the shoot. Nina turns to Michael. Her smile is a little  
forced. Brittle.

NINA

You're becoming more trouble than  
you're worth.

MICHAEL

I think Bernie'd be a better judge  
of that. I've got a business propo-  
sition for him.

NINA  
(tries to head  
him off)  
Mr. Mitchell doesn't do business  
with his models' boyfriends.

MICHAEL  
Don't put money on it.

Michael brushes past Nina, who glares at him.

MOVING WITH MICHAEL

heading for Bernie's suite. Into his comlink:

MICHAEL  
Pop in a cassette, buddy...you're  
about to earn your keep.

As Michael disappears into the house, we:

CUT TO

INT. BERNIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Bernie looks angry.

BERNIE  
All right, what do you want?

WIDER ANGLE

We see Michael across from him, two Mexican bodyguards in  
close b.g., Miller close by. The house is spectacular.  
Michael indicates the bodyguards.

MICHAEL  
It's confidential.

BERNIE  
What, you got a social disease? You  
want to borrow twenty dollars for  
cab fare? Spit it out, lover-boy,  
I've got things to do.

MICHAEL  
I thought we'd discuss money, Bernie.  
Lots of it. tucked away in cozy  
little accounts in the Grand Caymans...  
(off Bernie's  
look)  
Ring any bells?

Bernie's eyes bore into Michael.

BERNIE

You got no idea what you're talking about.

MICHAEL

No? Five accounts in the Chartered Bank of Grand Cayman. Sequentially numbered, 0-10-12-62 thru 66. That's for starters.

BERNIE

(beat)

Who are you?

MICHAEL

More than a persistent boyfriend. Just like you're more than the owner of a modeling agency.

BERNIE

What is this, extortion? You want a payoff or what?

MICHAEL

Bernie...such paranoia, such distrust. I represent a wealthy English expatriot who has vast holdings in Mexico. He's planning to leave the country...and he'd like to take his money with him when he goes.

INTERCUT - K.I.T.T.

He is recording the conversation.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

I have letters of introduction. Check him out.

BACK TO SCENE

Michael hands Bernie several sealed envelopes.

BERNIE

I will, believe me.

MICHAEL

He's looking forward to meeting you. Tonight.

Michael turns and exits. Hold on Bernie, staring after him, then:

CUT TO

EXT. CASA HERMOSA - NIGHT - ON K.I.T.T.

We find K.I.T.T. parked near the entrance to the casa. The sounds of music drifts through the open windows. A couple of young Mexican boys, parking cars for the party, have spotted K.I.T.T. and are trying to get inside for a better look. The doors don't budge, but they don't give up. Finally, K.I.T.T. loses patience:

K.I.T.T.  
(rapid-fire  
Spanish)  
All right, get your hands off me  
and get back to work!

Though most of us won't understand the words, we get the message, just as the two kids do. In a second, they're gone. K.I.T.T. sighs.

OMITTED

INT. CASA HERMOSA - NIGHT

Where a chic party is in progress, a combination of rich Americans and rich Mexicans. A mariachi band plays a lovely slow waltz and as we pan the party, we pick up:

MICHAEL AND LAUREN

dancing in the middle of the floor. Cheek-to-cheek. Obviously enjoying every second of it.

LAUREN  
Do you think our cover's working?

MICHAEL  
So far, but we can't let down our  
guard for a second.

He holds her closer. She smiles.

LAUREN  
You take your work very seriously,  
don't you?

MICHAEL  
(smiling)  
I'm a dedicated professional. Almost  
compulsive sometimes.

LAUREN  
I'm starting to like all this under-  
cover stuff. Think I could make a  
career out of it?

MICHAEL  
With practice and qualified instruc-  
tion.

They smile, kiss, continue dancing and we pan past them toward the entrance to the room.

DEVON AND APRIL

as they make a grand and smashing entrance. Devon looks perfect in his tux and April like a princess in a gorgeous dress, with jewelry dripping off her. Several men turn to appreciate her beauty as she and Devon step into the room. As they do, we pick up:

NINA

watching them as they cross to the center of the party, and are greeted by Michael and Lauren. She gestures to someone across the room.

ANGLE - CLOSER

as Michael, April and Devon go through their charade.

MICHAEL

Senor Miles...senorita.

Michael takes April's hand, kisses it over ad-lib greetings.

ANGLE - WIDER

as Bernie steps up to them. Though he greets Devon, his real attention is always on April.

BERNIE

Senor Miles, how good of you to join us.

(to April)

Enchante, mademoiselle....

He takes April's hand, kisses it. She blushes with its intimacy. Bernie loves it.

BERNIE

I spend my life around beautiful women. How could I have missed you?

APRIL

Ships in the night perhaps.

BERNIE

You, my dear, could be a star.

Devon glances at Michael, increasingly irritated. He checks his watch.

DEVON

Mr. Mitchell, we only have a limited amount of time.

Bernie doesn't take his eyes off April. He frowns slightly.

BERNIE

Business, business, business. So  
little time for life's true pleasures.

Another kiss to April's hand, then Bernie turns and gestures for Devon and Michael to follow him. As they do, we stay with Lauren and April for a moment.

APRIL

You must be Lauren. I'm April.  
Michael's told me so much about you.

LAUREN

(pleased,  
embarrassed)

I didn't think there was that much  
to tell.

APRIL

According to Michael there is.

April looks at Lauren, sees the apprehension in her eyes.

APRIL

I know how hard this must be for you.  
It'll be okay. Believe me....

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Michael and Devon are across from Bernie in the richly appointed room. A bodyguard stands at the door. Bernie has Devon's letters of introduction open in front of him. He looks at them briefly, then suddenly rips them in half.

BERNIE

Letters of introduction can be  
forged. Phone calls can't. Let's  
see if Senor Perez really wrote this  
letter.

He picks up the phone and begins to dial. Michael and Devon exchange a panicky look. Michael turns, casually moves across the room. As he does, he whispers quickly into his comlink:

MICHAEL

Kitt, intercept this call.

During this sequence, we intercut with:

INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT - ON K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

Intercept it? And then what...?

There's not much time to consider. We hear the phone being dialed, and then it starts ringing. K.I.T.T.'s computer comes to life, whirring and blinking as he intercepts the call.

K.I.T.T.

I hope my Spanish is up to par.

K.I.T.T. simulates the sound of a phone being answered.

K.I.T.T.

(in Spanish)

Hello.

BERNIE

(in Spanish)

Alfredo Perez. Bernie Mitchell calling.

K.I.T.T.

(in Spanish)

I'm sorry...he's out for the evening....

Devon and Michael watch nervously as Bernie continues.

BERNIE

Do you speak English?

K.I.T.T.

(with accent)

Yes. Mr. Perez is out for the evening.

BERNIE

It's important that I speak with him. Do you know where he is?

K.I.T.T.

Yes, he's visiting his nephew, Arturo, and then he's meeting Senor Devon Miles for a late supper.

BERNIE

I see...okay, thanks.

BACK TO SCENE

Bernie hangs up, looks at Devon, who's expecting the worse.

BERNIE

My apologies, Mr. Miles.

DEVON

Pardon?

BERNIE

You're having a late supper with  
Alfredo? Please. Tell the restau-  
rant to bill me.

Devon is amazed, but recovers beautifully. Michael hides a  
knowing smile.

DEVON

If you insist. Now, if we may  
conclude our business? I'd hate to  
keep Alfred waiting.

BERNIE

By all means. Cognac, gentlemen?

Off Bernie's warm, embracing smile, we:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. LAX - DAY - STOCK

as a 747 lands, taxis down the runway.

EXT. AIRPORT - ND LOADING DOCK - DAY

It could be anywhere. A limo's parked, a driver waiting  
behind the wheel. We see Nina, Bernie, Miller and Lauren  
come hurrying over and get into the car. A porter puts  
their bags in the trunk and the limo silently moves off.

ANOTHER PART OF AIRPORT - ON A PHONE BOOTH

Michael's involved in an urgent call to Devon.

MICHAEL

No, that part went like clockwork.  
Lauren sailed through customs  
wearing a fortune in jewels and no  
one looked twice.

Intercut with:

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

Devon's on the phone.

DEVON

Good. Now all you need to do is  
wait until Bernie Mitchell makes  
a move to retrieve the jewels.  
Once he does, he's ours.

MICHAEL

That's the problem, Devon. We're stuck in customs. There's a small army going over Kitt with a fine tooth comb, and they won't take no for an answer.

DEVON

(angrily)

We'll see about that.

Stay with Devon. He pushes another button.

DEVON

Get me the senior officer in Customs.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lauren, followed by Bernie and Nina, come into her apartment. Bernie's carrying Lauren's bag. He sets it down. Lauren looks at him a little apprehensively, but she's covering her fear.

LAUREN

Thanks for the help, Bernie.

BERNIE

Are you kidding. For my favorite model, I'd move mountains....

Big grin. Lauren tries to respond, manages half a smile.

NINA

We'd better get going, Bernie.  
You've got a dozen meetings today.

Bernie nods, turns to Lauren.

BERNIE

You were sensational, sweetheart.  
Take a few days off, get your beauty rest, huh?

Lauren nods, turns her cheek awkwardly as Bernie gives her a little peck. He turns to go, then stops.

BERNIE

Oh, one more...let me have that costume junk you're wearing.

Lauren looks startled, but she covers nicely.

LAUREN

Bernie, you said I could keep it.

BERNIE

Yeah, but I've been looking at it...it's not you. Much too gaudy....

Bernie moves to reach for the jewelry, and Lauren stiffens, moves away. An almost involuntary reaction, but a telling one. Bernie stops, smiles at her. Coldly.

BERNIE

All right, darling, the charade's over. And Bernie's very disappointed in you.

LAUREN

What do you mean, Bernie?

BERNIE

I was watching you on the flight back, Lauren. I've given women diamonds before and I know how a woman acts when she's wearing them. There's a special quality in her eyes, a luminescence.

(smiling)

I saw that look in your eye. I saw it and I said to myself, 'This beautiful young woman should think she's wearing glass. Why do I keep seeing that look in her eye?' That's when I realized that you knew what was happening, my sweet...you and your friends.

Lauren suddenly lashes out to hit Bernie, but he catches her hand as deftly as if he was swatting a fly off the wall.

LAUREN

You killed Rachel! You murdered her...!

Bernie's smile freezes to a cold, cruel stare.

BERNIE

I'm sorry you said that, lovely Lauren. For your sake...

(beat)

It could cost you your life.

Lauren struggles to get loose, but Bernie's steel grip holds her fast. Off her terrified look, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

as the Trans Am roars by, and we hear:

K.I.T.T.

It was absolutely outrageous!

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael's driving intently. K.I.T.T.'s complaining bitterly.

K.I.T.T.

They poked and prodded me like I was  
a common getaway car.

Michael checks his watch.

MICHAEL

How much further to Lauren's?

K.I.T.T.

Approximately eleven minutes.

Michael slams the dash in frustration.

MICHAEL

Just when we were ready to close in  
on Bernie.

There's a beat, then:

K.I.T.T.

You're worried about Lauren, aren't  
you?

MICHAEL

Bernie's killed two people, Kitt.  
It wouldn't be hard to make it three.

Off this ominous note, we:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

as the Trans Am speeds by camera.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

wheeling the Trans Am around a corner. Suddenly, he slows, peers down the street at:

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - IN FRONT OF LAUREN'S APARTMENT

where we see the limo speeding down the street.

RESUME SCENE

as Michael watches the action.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, they have Lauren in that vehicle.

MICHAEL

That's what I was afraid of.

Michael starts off down the street, following the limo from a safe distance.

K.I.T.T.

What are you planning to do?

MICHAEL

Can't do much except follow them and wait for an opening. He could kill her if we made a move now.

(beat)

Wish we had a little leverage. An ace in the hole....

K.I.T.T.

I recognize the tone in your voice, Michael. Do you have an idea?

MICHAEL

We'll see, pal. Tell me what you know about banks.

K.I.T.T.

Banks?

MICHAEL

Banks -- and the electronic transfer of money.

CUT TO

EXT. BERNIE'S MANSION - DAY - ON THE GATE

as the limo pulls through the gates and they swing closed behind it.

ON THE MANSION

The limo stops and Nina, Bernie and Lauren get out. Miller goes for the bags and the others head inside.

EXT. ROAD TO MANSION - DAY

K.I.T.T. roars by.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Sequential numbers flash past on the monitor.

MICHAEL

Any progress?

K.I.T.T.

I'm a computer, not a miracle worker.

MICHAEL

Don't count miracles out -- we may need one.

Michael peers through the windshield, sees the gates to the house.

MICHAEL

There's Bernie's mansion...let's see how he feels about party crashers.

He presses pursuit.

EXT. IRON GATE TO MANSION - DAY

K.I.T.T. smashes through the iron gate.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

K.I.T.T. roars to the house, pulls to a stop. Michael climbs out of K.I.T.T., leans down to say:

MICHAEL

So far so good.

Then, we hear:

BERNIE'S VOICE

So far, not so good, lover boy.  
Freeze....

Michael turns to see Bernie facing him, an automatic in his hand. Michael fixes him with a cold stare.

MICHAEL

I want Lauren.

BERNIE

Don't we all.

(beat)

Unfortunately, we don't always get what we want in this life.

MICHAEL

Either turn her over, or add kidnapping to your list of charges.

Bernie laughs.

BERNIE

My 'list of charges?' What list? It'll take months to bring banking charges against me. And I plan to be out of the country within an hour.

(a smile)

A lovely little spot in the Carribean. I call it paradise.

We hear Michael's comlink buzz, then:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Michael, I've done it!

Michael nods, smiles, turns to Bernie.

MICHAEL

Sorry, Bernie. I just got word there's trouble in paradise.

BERNIE

What're you talking about?

MICHAEL

You're broke. Seems all the money's been transferred out of your numbered accounts. Some sort of computer mix-up.

Bernie laughs, a bit uncertainly. Michael grins.

MICHAEL

You don't believe me, check your records.

Bernie hesitates, then gestures at Michael to start moving.

BERNIE

Inside. Move it!

Michael, followed by Bernie, walks into:

OMITTED

INT. MANSION - DAY

Michael sees Lauren, with Nina holding a gun to her, coming into the living room. Miller is also inside, but without a gun.

MICHAEL

Lauren! Are you all right?

Lauren nods, but doesn't respond. Bernie pushes Michael into:

OMITTED

INT. DEN - DAY

Miller follows Michael and Bernie in. Nina and Lauren stay in the living room. Bernie crosses to his computer, punches up his access code, adds his account numbers. He stares, dumbfounded at:

INSERT - COMPUTER

The account shows \$1.00.

BACK TO SCENE

Convinced he's made a mistake, he punches it up again. The result is the same.

BERNIE

There's only a dollar left!

Michael grins.

MICHAEL

Maybe you could write one of those travel books. The Grand Caymans on a Dollar A Day. Course, you'd have to write it in one day.

Bernie stares at the computer, stunned.

BERNIE

What is this, some kind of joke?  
You can't do this! It's illegal!

He turns to Michael, forgetting for a moment, his gun, which he put down next to the computer.

ON MICHAEL

seeing the gun and seizing the moment. He steps forward, kicks the gun out of reach, then lands a karate chop to Bernie's neck. As Bernie stumbles backwards, Miller moves on Michael from behind.

ANGLE - WIDER - ON THE FIGHT

It's Michael against Miller and Bernie, with the gun lying on the floor just beyond anyone's reach. Though it's two against one, Michael handles himself beautifully, combining his skill with the martial arts with his longer reach. Bernie finds himself flying against the far wall of the den. He gets up and rather than help Miller, he turns and ducks out the door.

ON MILLER

as he grabs a poker from the fireplace (or an ornamental sword if there's no fireplace) and faces Michael with it. He swings, Michael ducks, and Miller swings again, narrowly missing. It throws him off balance, though, and Michael catches him with a one-two combo that sends Miller down for the count. Into his comlink:

MICHAEL

Kitt, Bernie's trying to escape...  
stop him!

INT. LIVING ROOM

as Michael races from the den. Nina's waiting for him, gun raised, ready to fire. Lauren sees Michael, shouts:

LAUREN

Michael, look out!

Michael sees Nina, ducks and rolls as she fires. Lauren jumps on Nina as she shoots again, knocking the gun from her hand, and wrestling her to the floor. Michael gets on his feet, hurries for the gun.

OMITTED

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Meanwhile, Bernie's raced outside, jumped in the limo and started for the gate. K.I.T.T.'s a step ahead of him, though, and heads him off. Bernie reverses the limo, tries an end run. No good, because K.I.T.T.'s again just a little too quick, like a sheep dog handling a flock of ewes.

ON BERNIE

staring at the driverless car, astonished. He moves to the right and K.I.T.T.'s there. To the left and K.I.T.T.'s also there.

ANGLE - WIDER

Finally, Bernie decides the only way around K.I.T.T. is through him. He backs up, facing K.I.T.T. who's parked in the driveway, the small lake in front of the house right

behind him. Bernie slams the limo into drive, roars for K.I.T.T.

ON K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T. activates "Oil Slick"...waiting for just the right moment, and then deftly backing up, out of the path of the oncoming car.

ANGLE ON PAVEMENT

The oil spreads as the limo races ahead.

ANGLE ON BERNIE

He slams on the brakes, to no avail. His eyes go wide.

ON THE LIMO

as it sails past K.I.T.T. and into the pond, slowly settling into the muddy water.

ON THE MANSION

as Michael comes racing out, sees what K.I.T.T.'s managed to orchestrate. He laughs, waves.

MICHAEL

Nice going, pal!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE K.I.T.T.

his scanner flashing.

K.I.T.T.

You can always bank on me, Michael.

Hold on K.I.T.T. and Michael, with a big grin on his face, then:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

OMITTED

EXT. LAUREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A moving van is parked in front of the apartment. K.I.T.T. is nearby. As two movers come struggling out under a heavy load of furniture, we see Michael and Lauren following them.

ANGLE - CLOSER

as they watch the movers load the things into the van.

MICHAEL

It didn't take long for Nina to start singing like a canary. She started at 'A' and went from there.

(smiling)

There's half a dozen state and federal agencies lined up and waiting for a piece of Bernie Mitchell.

Lauren nods, not really listening to Michael. She's staring sadly, wistfully, at the movers. She turns, stares at the apartment building.

LAUREN

I remember when Rachel and I first moved in...we had such high hopes, grand illusions....

MICHAEL

Lauren, you didn't pick the wrong profession...just the wrong people.

Michael puts his arm around her, gives her a little hug.

MICHAEL

And you've got a new apartment, a new agency...you are going to stay, aren't you?

She looks up at him, smiles. And nods.

LAUREN

Will I see you again?

MICHAEL

Unless you change your name and move to Okinawa.

Lauren smiles her beautiful smile, hesitates a beat, then:

LAUREN

Know what I really want -- now that we don't have to do things for effect anymore?

MICHAEL

What?

LAUREN

Do it for real.

She leans over, lifts her face and kisses Michael. And it's clear she's not acting. And neither is Michael. They share a moment after the kiss, ad-lib good-byes, then Lauren crosses to the movers. Michael turns, moves to K.I.T.T.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

where Michael is confronted by Mable and Maurice. Mable shakes her pooper-scooper at Michael while Maurice growls malevolently at K.I.T.T. K.I.T.T.'s scanner flashes with irritation.

MABLE

Maurice and I reported you and that talking car to the authorities.

MICHAEL

Talking car? Cars don't talk...  
(turning to  
K.I.T.T.)  
...do they?

K.I.T.T.

Absolutely not. No self-respecting car, that is.

Michael grins, starts to get in the car. Mable's stunned and Maurice furious. He starts barking. Suddenly, much to his surprise, K.I.T.T. barks back. Loudly. Maurice shuts up, even whimpers. As the Trans Am pulls away from the curb, we hear:

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Took the words right out of my mouth, pal. Well put.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Thank you, Michael.

As the Trans Am pulls off down the street, we:

FADE OUT

THE END