

ACT ONE

FADE IN

OMITTED

EXT. ROAD (OR RACEWAY) - STOCK

As a hot looking car roars around the track, running a trial heat.

CAR - ANOTHER ANGLE - STOCK

Impressive, aggressive...pouring it on...going into a curve...then....

INSERT - INT. CAR

The driver's foot hits the brakes...nothing!

BACK TO SCENE - STOCK

The car skids out of control, flips -- bursts into flame!

CUT TO

EXT. TRANS AM - NIGHT - STOCK

Michael is heading for a rendezvous.

OMITTED

EXT. SEMI - NIGHT

It is wheeling down the road. Its ramp descends.

EXT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

It approaches the semi and gracefully glides up the ramp.

INT. SEMI - NIGHT

Pull back from a panted up (a la, kidnappers) note: STOP YOUR RACE OR SOMEONE WILL DIE!

We widen, see Devon, Michael, Bonnie.

DEVON

(in midspeech)

Leslie Wendall was lucky he walked away from that trial heat alive.

BONNIE

If his car ran on gasoline instead of his special formula, he wouldn't have lasted a second.

Michael takes the note, ponders it.

MICHAEL

When was the first one of these notes delivered?

DEVON

Three months ago...the day Doctor Kempler announced the Alternative 2000 race.

MICHAEL

Maybe there's no awesome plot here, Devon. You've got a two hundred thousand dollar purse, not to mention millions in potential profits for the winner. I'd say that's sufficient incentive for slipping a little boronic acid into your neighbor's brake fluid.

DEVON

You're absolutely right, Michael.

BONNIE

All we're saying is that there are other...forces...who would not want to deal with an affordable alternative to the internal combustion engine.

MICHAEL

Are you saying that the oil companies, or Detroit, are out to sabotage this race?

(beat)

Isn't that a little farfetched?

DEVON

Farfetched or not, our goal is to insure that no further disruptions occur. Therefore, you've joined the field as my personal entry.

MICHAEL

Great. Kitt could win that race with one booster tied behind his back.

DEVON

Your job is not to win the race. It's to determine if there is indeed a saboteur. And if there is, to put him out of business.

MICHAEL

In other words...I wait for the other shoe to drop.

DEVON

Yes. Very simple.

MICHAEL

Very dangerous.

DEVON

Bonnie can fill you in on Kitt's additions. Good luck...and remember ---

MICHAEL

I know...Don't win....

Michael gives Devon a smile and moves over to Bonnie and the car as Devon exits.

MICHAEL

What you got cooked up here?

BONNIE

I've augmented Kitt's scanning system with a special infrared Tracking Scope.

Bonnie flicks a switch on the dashboard.

INSERT - VIDEO MONITOR

We see a grid that looks like a combination radar screen/video racing game.

BONNIE (V.O.)

By monitoring the heat from their engines, you'll be able to track the other cars within a ten-mile radius.

BACK TO SCENE

An impressed Michael gives Bonnie a hand as she climbs out of the car.

MICHAEL

That's great. Now how about some dinner when you finish up here?

BONNIE

I'd love to, Michael, but I'll be spending the night with Kitt.

MICHAEL

Okay, I was just asking. You two have a good time together.

BONNIE

Michael, I'm just going to convert his engines to run on liquid hydrogen. Then I've got to reprogram his....

MICHAEL

Hey...you don't have to explain to me...Kitt, don't take advantage of her.

K.I.T.T.

I won't.

BONNIE

(laughing)

Will you get out of here?

He smiles and leaves.

BONNIE

Kitt, I hope you're not picking up his warped sense of humor.

K.I.T.T.

I'm trying my best not to.

Bonnie sits in the driver's seat.

BONNIE

Good.

Suddenly she jumps a little like she's been pinched on the bottom.

BONNIE

Kitt! Try a little harder.

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.'S SCANNER

He flashes it devilishly.

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY - STOCK

It's the next morning and Michael is on his way to the race.

INT. K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

Music is playing. Michael taps the wheel in time...the music cuts out.

K.I.T.T.

Michael...if I may interrupt your 'boogying'...I can serve you better if I'm familiar with your strategy.

MICHAEL

Good point, Kitt. Our game plan is simple. We lie low, blend in with the other racers. Get to know them -- on and off the course. Wait for the saboteur to make that fatal slip.

K.I.T.T.

In other words, Michael...as usual...
we're winging it.

Michael laughs.

EXT. STAGING AREA - DAY

The camera's sweep takes in the bustle and activity. Mechanics, onlookers and participants mingle around the cars. There are vendors selling junk food.

ANGLE - TRANS AM

Michael pulls into the staging area and parks near to where Devon stands talking to Dr. Kempler, the sponsor of the race.

DEVON

(to Kempler)

Ah, they're here.

Michael gets out of the car.

DEVON

Michael, I'd like you to meet Doctor
Kempler.

They shake hands.

KEMPLER

I've heard a lot of good things
about you, Michael.

MICHAEL

I hope I can be of some help.

DEVON

Yes, we all do.

KEMPLER

Devon, we better get to that paperwork.
I still need your signature on the
entry forms.

MICHAEL

See you later.

Devon and Kempler walk away. Some of the spectators see K.I.T.T. and come over and ogle. Among them is a bouncy young lady in tight jeans and a racing jacket. She is Liberty Cox, a hip twenty-five-year-old photojournalist for New Wheels Magazine. She carries a large, well-worn, multi-zippered leather bag slung across her shoulder.

An expensive camera dangles from her neck. Standing a few feet away from Michael, she silently lines up a shot with her camera. When it clicks, Michael turns around.

LIBERTY

Nice body.

Liberty runs her hand along K.I.T.T.'s fender.

LIBERTY

(smiles)

Nice car, too.

(beat)

You must be the late entry. I'm
Liberty Cox....

She extends her hand. Michael shakes it, admiring her charms.

MICHAEL

Michael Knight....

Liberty is intrigued by K.I.T.T., starts looking at the
dashboard.

They smile at each other, expressing a mutual interest.

PA VOICE

Will all drivers please report to
the main tent. All drivers to the
main tent. Thank you.

LIBERTY

It's just over there.

We see the tent nearby and the various drivers streaming
toward it. Liberty starts walking with Michael.

LIBERTY

You win the prize for wildest
dashboard, hands down.

MICHAEL

Yeah? Where do I pick it up?

LIBERTY

I'll find out and let you know.

They arrive at the tent as the last of the drivers enter.
There is a lean, authoritative man standing at the entrance
to the tent. He is Ed Shaw, the race coordinator.

MICHAEL

Hi, I'm driving for Devon Miles.

SHAW

So you're Michael Knight....

Shaw extends his hand. They shake.

SHAW

Ed Shaw. Race coordinator.
(re: K.I.T.T.;
admiringly)
I'd say whoever built your car knew
what he was doing.

MICHAEL

He sure did.

Michael starts to enter tent.

SHAW

Best of luck.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

He is about to enter the tent with Liberty right behind
him. Shaw puts out a hand, stopping her.

SHAW

Where do you think you're going?

LIBERTY

I beg your pardon.

SHAW

This meeting is for drivers only.

LIBERTY

(bluffing)

Do you happen to know who I am?

SHAW

I sure do, lady. That's why you're
staying put right here.

MICHAEL

(to Liberty)

Catch you later.

ANGLE - LIBERTY

She gives Shaw a dirty look as Michael enters. Follow her
as she goes back to K.I.T.T., looks at the car for a beat,
then goes for the door handle.

INSERT - HANDLE

She is unable to open it.

BACK TO SCENE

Frustrated, but undaunted, Liberty takes her lens cap off,
focuses up close and tries to get a shot of K.I.T.T.'s
dashboard through the window. She is startled to see the

window suddenly darken, preventing her from taking a picture. She reacts to the amazing transformation.

INT. TENT - DAY - (OR BRIEFING ROOM)

Shaw stands near a map of the race. Tighten on the map to see the course of the race is a circle. The starting line is the same as the finish line. The drivers are assembled in front of the map. They eye each other distrustfully. Michael reacts to the tension. We pick Shaw up as he finishes diagramming the race.

SHAW

Now, remember, you'll be clocked at the two overnight pit stops...The first day every car is handicapped according to its starting position and its own specs. The next two days are a flat out race for the flags. Two thousand miles over all...Doctor Kempler and I have designed this course to challenge you. Not every road is going to be in top notch condition. Now, I realize what's at stake...but let's be careful out there....

The drivers start for the door.

SHAW

One more thing. In case you haven't already noticed, we have a new driver. Meet Michael Knight.

Everyone looks at Michael, no one is elated to see a new driver.

KEMPLER

Ed, just a second. Before you go I'd like to introduce Clark Sellers. If it weren't for his generous contribution you'd be racing for a lot less than two hundred thousand dollars.

ANGLE - CLARK SELLERS

SELLERS

(joking)
Yeah, about a hundred ninety-five thousand dollars less.

The drivers laugh.

SELLERS

But seriously folks, I consider that a bargain to get the exclusive world wide television rights to this race. I think it's going to be an exciting

event and the Sellers Cable Network is proud to be broadcasting it. Now go out there and show the world that the future is alternative energy -- and cable television.

OMITTED

EXT. STAGING AREA

Michael is holding his piece of paper as he walks toward K.I.T.T. He sees Dorothy giving her car a once-over and approaches her.

MICHAEL

Hi, there. What's your starting position?

DOROTHY

Mr. Knight, before you go any further, I think you should know I have no intention of making friends here. I'm interested in two things: Finishing first -- and doing so in one piece. Now if you don't mind....

She gets into her car.

MICHAEL

I guess I'll see you at the finish line.

Liberty enters the shot as Michael walks over to K.I.T.T.

LIBERTY

Nice try. But she's not your type.

Michael walks around K.I.T.T. checking to make sure he's ready to go.

MICHAEL

Who are you anyway?

LIBERTY

I already told you. Liberty....

MICHAEL

Cox. I know. What I meant was, why were you trying to sneak into that meeting?

LIBERTY

I'm covering the race for New Wheels Magazine.

She unsnaps her jacket, revealing a tee shirt embossed with the logo-lettering of New Wheels Magazine.

LIBERTY

Ever read it?

MICHAEL

Once...or twice.

LIBERTY

Actually, I'm not going to just cover the race, I plan to experience it. If you know what I mean...give my readers a little insight into what it's like to ride in an event like this. I imagine it's terrifically stimulating.

MICHAEL

It is.

LIBERTY

How would you like to show me?

Michael and Liberty stare into each others' eyes as she waits for an invitation to join him. None is forthcoming.

MICHAEL

Sorry. I travel solo.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Prince brothers drive up in the Charger like they were cruising Van Nuys Boulevard. Sonny pounds the side of his door and leans out the passenger side, calling out to Liberty.

SONNY

Hey, sweetheart, how'd you like to ride in the lead car?

LIBERTY

No thanks, boys.

(to Michael)

Believe it or not, that car's supposed to run on moonshine.

LESTER

Hey, sugar, you don't know what you're missing.

MICHAEL

Sounds like they're already halfway through their fuel supply.

Helmut Gras, in his Porsche, pulls up behind the Charger and honks his horn loudly.

GRAS
(angrily)
Get out of the way, you fool.

SONNY
Who you calling a fool, schnitzel
breath.

As they argue, Michael gets into K.I.T.T., shuts the door.

MICHAEL
(to Liberty)
See you at the pit stop.

Michael drives away. Liberty watches him go, curses silently, then goes over to the Japanese, Hito Osaka, who drives a Toyota. She sticks out her thumb and Osaka gestures for her to join him.

OMITTED

ANGLE - STARTING LINE

The cars file into line. The Charger is first. Kempler holds the flag. Shaw has a stopwatch and clipboard.

PA VOICE
Ladies and gentleman, in car number
one, fueled by their uncle's original
recipe, Sonny and Lester Prince.

Kempler drops the flag. Shaw starts his stopwatch, and the race begins. As the Princes drive off with a rebel yell, a stash of balloons is released, television cameras roll and the audience applauds.

PA VOICE
In car number two, driving what
might be the most advanced electric
automobile in the world, from West
Germany, Helmut Gras.

Kempler indicates he can start and Gras quickly accelerates, Shaw recording his starting time. (He follows the same procedure for all six cars, and it happens very quickly.) Osaka pulls up to the starting line. Liberty is with him. After the intro, each car takes off.

PA VOICE
In the third car, from Japan,
running on propane, Hito Osaka...
In a solar-powered vehicle we have
Dorothy Arnold....

OMITTED

ANGLE - TRANS AM

waiting to start.

MICHAEL

Ready, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

Michael, do you realize that this whole race is unnecessary?

MICHAEL

How's that?

K.I.T.T.

The car of the future is already here. Me.

PA VOICE

From Los Angeles, running on liquid hydrogen, Michael Knight.

MICHAEL

Let's go.

Michael takes off as the Islamic Dune Buggy drives up.

PA VOICE

Next up from the Sheikdom of Kuwait, Hashi Al Qatar.

He takes off leaving one ND car -- that of Andy Russel -- left to start. But we....

CUT TO

EXT. RACE - VARIOUS ANGLES - DAY

The cars are bunched as they head into the open spaces. We see that each driver is very intense as they jockey for position. They come close to bumping each other.

ANGLE - DUNE BUGGY

Hashi has been driving particularly ferociously. As he spins around a turn and heads up toward the highway, he pulls abreast of the Porsche which is in the lead. As they barrel down the road we see that two lanes narrow into one.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the two cars come toward the camera, it's neck and neck to see who gets the inside track on the lane and wins this initial game of chicken.

ANGLE - PORSCHE

as it overtakes the dune buggy, gains the single lane and causes Hashi to swerve and spin out on the side of the road.

ANGLE - HASHI

as he mutters silent oaths to the aggressive driver of the Porsche. He watches as the other cars pass then pulls back onto the road and joins the race.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael has just witnessed the incident.

MICHAEL

No doubt about it, these guys are playing for keeps.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

From a high angle, we see the Toyota, Porsche and Charger in the lead positions.

ANGLE - TRANS AM

by itself.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, why do you have my engines on half-throttle?

MICHAEL

Because we're gonna lay low in the middle of the pack and wait for the saboteur to tip his hand.

K.I.T.T.

Of course, your infamous 'plan.'

MICHAEL

What's wrong with it?

K.I.T.T.

Nothing, if your intention is to tie the hands -- so to speak -- of the world's most remarkable automobile.

MICHAEL

Take it easy, Kitt. We're under strict orders from Devon not to flaunt it. Now hit the data banks and give me a rundown on the competition.

K.I.T.T.

As you wish, Michael. Beginning with the letter 'A' there's Dorothy Ackridge, the woman you attempted to pick up....

INSERT - VIDEO MONITOR

We see a photo of Dorothy Arnold.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Kitt, I was just trying to be
friendly.

K.I.T.T.
Whatever. She is the daughter of
Henry Ackridge.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL
Henry Ackridge? The President of
Ackridge Automotive?

K.I.T.T.
Incorporated.

MICHAEL
Hmm, kind of makes you wonder why
she's driving a solar-powered car.
(beat)
Do you have a read on her?

Michael pushes a button on the dash.

INSERT - VIDEO MONITOR

We see the tracking scope in action.

K.I.T.T. (V.O.)
She's approximately two miles behind
us. I'll decrease my speed so she
can catch up to us.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL
Good idea.

EXT. SOLAR CAR

Dorothy is tooling along.

OMITTED

ANGLE - TRANS AM

It passes in front of a hill. We pull back to a vantage
point from atop the hill. Presently a rifle enters the
shot. (The camera is over the shoulder and we can't see
who's holding the gun.)

ANOTHER ANGLE THROUGH A TELESCOPIC LENS

The sniper is lining up the Trans Am. As it enters the center of the target and the sniper is about to fire....

FREEZE FRAME

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY - ANGLE TRANS AM

It is racing down the road when a shot rings out.

INSERT - K.I.T.T.'S TIRE

A bullet hits the indestructible tire and ricochets.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Kitt, what was that?

K.I.T.T.

A bullet. We're being shot at Michael.

ANGLE - GUNMAN - OVER THE SHOULDER

Seeing that the Trans Am has not been damaged, the gunman spots the solar car, takes aim and fires.

ANGLE - TRANS AM

Michael stops the car.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, there's been another shot.

INSERT - VIDEO MONITOR

The dot representing Dorothy's car swerves.

K.I.T.T. (V.O.)

The solar car's been hit.

ANGLE - SOLAR CAR

Dorothy is fighting to regain control of her vehicle. She is unable to and the car swerves to the right, then does a quick, out-of-control three-sixty. She continues to spin out, crossing the highway and crashing through a protective barrier and off the side of the road.

ANGLE - CAMERA CREW

Tucked along the side of the road two men have their camera set up to record the action. When they see Dorothy in jeopardy, the Director excitedly points to the scene and exhorts his partner to get it on film.

DIRECTOR

Are you getting all of this? Zoom in on the solar car. Damn. This is better than the French Connection. And it's for real. I love it!

The operator swings the camera and films Dorothy's spin-out.

OMITTED

EXT. TRANS AM

It arrives on the scene, pulls to a stop. Dorothy's car is teetering on the edge.

OMITTED

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

The grappling hook shoots out and ---

ANGLE - SOLAR CAR

The hook wraps around the rear bumper.

THE SCENE

Michael backs K.I.T.T. up, pulling the solar car back up the hill.

INSERT - K.I.T.T.'S WINCH - STOCK

winding up cable, smoking from the effort.

BACK TO SCENE

The solar car reaches the security of the plateau. Michael jumps out of K.I.T.T., helps Dorothy out.

MICHAEL

You gonna be okay?

DOROTHY

Yeah. As soon as I stop shaking. Thank you. After the way I acted before...You're very kind.

MICHAEL

You'd do the same for me.

Dorothy knows she wouldn't, so she doesn't respond.

MICHAEL

Wait here. I want to take a look at
your car.

OMITTED

ANGLE - MICHAEL

He goes to the tire of her car and sees a gaping hole.
Michael removes something from the mangled tire.

INSERT - MICHAEL'S HAND

He cups the remnants of a bullet.

OMITTED

EXT. FURNACE SPRINGS SPA PARKING LOT - DAY

All the drivers except Michael have arrived. There is much
commotion and activity in the parking area. Shaw is getting
all the times recorded, the cameras are running. The mechanic
crews check out each car. A banner proclaiming "Welcome
Alternative 2000" is strung above the site (or lettered on
the hotel marquee).

OMITTED

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Trans Am enters the parking lot. Michael passes Shaw,
who records his time, then pulls up next to the semi where
Bonnie is waiting along with Clark Sellers. Liberty, a
camera crew and various curious onlookers rush over as
Michael and Dorothy get out.

LIBERTY

There she is!

As Dorothy gets out of K.I.T.T., she is mobbed.

LIBERTY

Dorothy, can I ask you a few questions.

ANGLE - SELLERS

He fights through the crowd to get to Dorothy.

SELLERS

Can I get through. Will you clear a
path...Thank you.

He arrives just as Liberty is about to finish her question.

SELLERS

Stop this at once.

Liberty backs off. Sellers is indignant. Kempler joins the crowd.

SELLERS

How can you hound her like that after what she's been through?

LIBERTY

Hey, I'm just trying to find out....

SELLERS

Your questions can wait.

KEMPLER

Come on, Dorothy. They're ready for you at the first aid station.

DOROTHY

I'm all right. I'm really more concerned about my car.

KEMPLER

Your crew's already working on it. They'll have you back in the race tomorrow.

As Kempler directs Dorothy to the hotel, Sellers taps his Director on the shoulder.

SELLERS

As soon as she comes out, get some quotes to go with that footage. And make it big. Milk her for all she's worth.

The Director gives him the okay sign.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael and Bonnie watch the carnival-like atmosphere of the group surrounding Dorothy.

BONNIE

How's Kitt holding up?

MICHAEL

Fine. But you might want to run a check on his grappling winch.

BONNIE

That's probably a good idea.

Michael takes the bullet from his pocket and discreetly places it in Bonnie's hand.

MICHAEL

And while you're at it, run a check
on this.

As Bonnie looks at the bullet and then at Michael with
uncertainty....

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. HOTEL BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. HOTEL BAR

As the camera pans the room, we see Michael at a table with
Gras, Hashi and Osaka. At another table Devon sits with
Kempler. Through the glass we see Liberty and the Prince
brothers in an outdoor Jacuzzi.

OSAKA

You have to be disappointed with
your time today.

MICHAEL

Don't worry about me. I'll catch up.

GRAS

(smiling)

I'm sure you'd have finished sooner
if you hadn't stopped to help poor
Miss Arnold.

HASHI

We know you would never have stopped
to help her.

GRAS

(irked at
the Arab)

Accidents are a part of every race.

OSAKA

The question is, will they continue
to happen in this race.

HASHI

(pointing
angrily at Gras)

They will the way he drives.

The German and the Arab glare at each other. Michael gets
up to leave, raises his glass and toasts.

MICHAEL

Guys, here's to good sportsmanship.

No one drinks.

MICHAEL

Adios.

He walks toward the outdoor area.

OMITTED

ANGLE - HOT TUB

LESTER

Hey, what's with all the questions?
We thought you wanted to party.

LIBERTY

Wrong.

Liberty sees Michael. She rises out of the tub wearing a clinging tank suit. She grabs a towel.

SONNY

Hey, you don't have to get out.

LIBERTY

Oh, I do. You guys are so unbearably
sexy I don't think I can control myself
much longer.

She heads over toward Michael who has come outside.

SONNY

I told you she's got the hots for us.

LESTER

Then why's she going over to him?

ANGLE - MICHAEL AND LIBERTY

He smiles as she walks up to him. During their conversation he sips a beer while she dries herself and puts on a robe.

LIBERTY

You seem rather calm for a man who
may be the next one to go.

MICHAEL

I take it you're referring to Dorothy
Arnold's accident.

LIBERTY

Call it a journalistic hunch, but I
think someone's out to win this race
by whatever means it takes...like by
eliminating the competition.

OMITTED

ANGLE - ED SHAW

He enters the bar, looks around, sees Kempler and heads for the table.

ANGLE - DEVON AND KEMPLER

The doctor looks like he's under major stress.

KEMPLER

Devon, in light of what your driver discovered...I'm in a total quandry. I'm afraid I'm going to have to....

DEVON

...Call off the race?

KEMPLER

You disapprove?

DEVON

That's not for me to say, Gordon. But I'd hate to see your dream die this easily. Give Michael a little more time.

KEMPLER

Can we afford to do that?

Shaw arrives.

SHAW

Doctor Kempler, I have to speak to you. In private.

KEMPLER

Ed, I'm not going to keep any secrets from Devon. Sit down and let's hear what you have to say.

SHAW

I think you better come with me. Both of you.

The men exchange looks, then get up from the table.

ANGLE - MICHAEL AND LIBERTY

They see the three men exit.

LIBERTY

Ah, ha. I knew it. Something's up.

CUT TO

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Devon, Kempler and Shaw stand solemnly around the bed. A nervous Spanish chambermaid figets nearby. On the bed is a small, unopened rifle case.

SHAW
(to the maid)
You can go now.

The maid nods and hastily makes her exit.

SHAW
She said she found it under the bed.

Shaw flips open the case.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The maid comes out of the door.

LIBERTY
Senora, uno momento, por favor.

Liberty motions for the maid to join her and they duck into the supply room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The case is now open, revealing a disassembled rifle, the one we saw fire at the solar car.

KEMPLER
What is it?

DEVON
A collapsible Rexman. A highly sophisticated, long-range sniper's rifle. Not at all common.

KEMPLER
Devon, could this rifle be the one that shot at Dorothy's car?

DEVON
According to the test Bonnie ran... definitely.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Hashi enters the room. He stops dead in his tracks.

HASHI
What is the meaning of this? What are you doing in my room?

DEVON
We're wondering what this is doing in your room.

Shaw points to the gun. Hashi sees the weapon and gasps in surprise.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Michael is talking to Devon but we cannot hear what they are saying. After a beat, Devon pats Michael's shoulder, smiles and leaves. Michael walks down the hallway.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Liberty is lying on the bed writing in a notebook when the door opens and Michael enters. She smiles excitedly.

LIBERTY

(talking fast)

You can breathe easy again. The ordeal is over. Naturally my hunch was right on target. Turns out it was the Arab, though I kind of thought it might be the German....

She writes something on her pad.

LIBERTY

Anyway they just found the smoking gun in his room so it looks like the crisis is over. And I've got a hell of a story...the dark side of competitive ---

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

What are you doing in my room?

LIBERTY

(looks up)

I thought I'd surprise you. I hope you don't mind.

MICHAEL

As a matter of fact, I do.

LIBERTY

Hey, I was just trying to be spontaneous. I figured this would be a great opportunity to find out what makes a man like you tick.

MICHAEL

I don't think your readers would find me all that interesting.

Liberty closes her notebook, gets off the bed and approaches Michael seductively.

LIBERTY

Who cares about my readers. I think you're very interesting.

She puts her hands on Michael's waist.

LIBERTY

Are you going to be mad at me all night?

MICHAEL

Unless you give me a reason not to be.

She puts her arms around him and kisses him passionately.

LIBERTY

Is that reason enough?

MICHAEL

No, but it's a start.

Michael returns the kiss.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Devon stands with Kempler and Sellers as they watch two policemen lead Hashi through the lobby. Hashi is visibly enraged.

HASHI

(screaming)

This is an outrage. I've never seen that rifle before in my life. You can't do this to me. I warn you. If I'm jailed my country will lodge a formal protest.

As the drivers in the bar watch, Hashi is taken out the door.

SELLERS

(to Kempler)

I wish you would have told me. I could have gotten this on film.

KEMPLER

It's bad enough publicity as it is.

SELLERS

Doctor, there's a fine line between publicity and news.

DEVON

Call it what you will...I think we can all finally breathe a sigh of relief.

KEMPLER

I hope so. All this commotion is making me a nervous wreck.

DEVON

You can relax now. I think it's safe to say this case is closed.

INSERT - HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON AN ENGINE

All we can see is the engine of a car. We don't know which car. A pair of hands enter the shot and place a small device, obviously some kind of compact explosive, inside the motor. Hold on the unidentified hands doing their dirty work and....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. MOTEL STAGING AREA - DAY

The cars are being rolled into position, Shaw supervising the crews, giving last minute instructions to the drivers etc. The assembled press is being rounded up and forced to gather behind a rope barricade.

OMITTED

INT. SEMI - MICHAEL AND DEVON

DEVON

The police did ballistics tests on the rifle and the bullet. They matched.

MICHAEL

That still doesn't mean Hashi pulled the trigger.

DEVON

No, but just because he was driving doesn't mean he didn't, either. He could have pulled off the road, assembled the rifle, fired, and in the confusion slipped back into the race. Don't forget, he comes from one of the leading petroleum exporting countries in the world.

MICHAEL

It's too perfect, Devon. I should stay in the race until we're sure that all the shoes have dropped.

DEVON

Are you sure it's not because you want to win?

MICHAEL

Devon! Don't you know me?

DEVON

(smiling)

I certainly do. That's why I asked.

Michael grins, exits.

EXT. SEMI - LODGE PARKING LOT

Michael heads towards K.I.T.T.

LIBERTY'S VOICE

Michael!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE LIBERTY

She bounds over from the staging area, tote bag over her shoulder, looking lovely and fresh in her T-shirt and jeans.

MICHAEL

Good morning.

Liberty kisses Michael, joins him.

LIBERTY

No, a glorious morning! A double-header -- I get you and a ride in that mysterious black beauty. I've arranged for sandwiches, a cooler, fried chicken, iced tea ---

MICHAEL

(pained)

Liberty...I'm sorry, but you can't ride with me today.

LIBERTY

What?!

She stops in her tracks. Michael inhales.

MICHAEL

It's not my decision, it's my sponsor...Mr. Miles'. Insurance...you know.

LIBERTY
I don't believe you.

MICHAEL
It's true. He ---

LIBERTY
Didn't last night mean anything to
you? Don't answer that.

She storms off to the staging area.

MICHAEL
Liberty ---

LIBERTY (O.S.)
I don't beg rides, Michael Knight.
Rides beg me.

The door to the Charger pops open and Lester and Sonny jump
out. Lester falls to his knees in a begging position.

ANGLE - FEATURING MICHAEL

crossing to K.I.T.T., he can't help but watch. He sees
Sonny and Lester do their MOS act to persuade her. She
looks defiantly at Michael and joins them. Lester lets
out with a rebel yell.

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

Michael slides in, surprised to see Bonnie under the dash.
She comes up, smiles. Ad-lib hellos.

BONNIE
All set. I wanted to see if I could
extend the Tracking Scope's range.

MICHAEL
Did you?

BONNIE
No. But I see you extended yours.

She glances in the direction of Liberty, climbing into the
Charger. Michael laughs.

She leaves. Michael starts K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.
Busy morning?

MICHAEL
You could say.

K.I.T.T.

Did Liberty Cox ever find out what makes you tick?

Michael double takes his comlink, then K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Kitt, didn't anyone ever tell you not to eavesdrop?

K.I.T.T.

I had no choice. After all, I was in Surveillance Mode.

MICHAEL

Then you should have noticed...she left and I went to bed.

Michael pulls over to the starting line.

ANGLE AT STARTING LINE

The various cars gear their engines. Ed Shaw stands facing them, waving a starting flag in the air. At his signal the cars roar off in a cloud of dust.

CUT TO

EXT. RURAL ROADS - DAY - VARIOUS ANGLES

The race is going full tilt through the rustic terrain. From a high angle we see the Toyota, the Charger and the Porsche vying for the lead. The Trans Am places itself strategically between the lead cars and the rest of the pack.

OMITTED

ANGLE IN TRANS AM

Michael is keeping pace. He presses K.I.T.T.'s computer console button.

MICHAEL

Let's run profiles on the remaining drivers and key personnel.

K.I.T.T.

Does the phrase 'key personnel' include Miss Liberty Cox?

MICHAEL

Good idea, Kitt. Let's start with Miss Cox.

The computers whir and flash.

K.I.T.T.

Shall we begin with personal data or
criminal activities?

MICHAEL

(reacts)

Criminal activities? Surely you
jest. The lady may be many things,
Kitt, but she's no criminal...is she?

K.I.T.T.

You tell me. June, 1980, breaking
and entering. Bailed out by her
editor. September, 1980, malicious
mischief. Bailed out by her
publisher....

EXT. RACE - DAY

The Trans Am continues, moving away from camera. The
litany continues.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

January, 1981, invasion of privacy.
Bailed out by her father. May,
1981, breaking and entering again....

Continuing, the voice fades.

CUT TO

EXT. CHARGER - DAY

It rattles and bangs over the bumpy road, the sound of
laughter over.

ANGLE IN CHARGER

The Prince brothers are having a great time in the front
seat. Lester is at the wheel. Liberty rides shotgun. A
discontented Sonny is in back, which is a makeshift bed-
room on wheels.

Sonny hoists a plastic fuel can and drinks from it, offers
it to Liberty. She stares, appalled. Lester isn't
drinking.

SONNY

Sure you don't want a pull? Gets
your motor running, that's for sure.

They howl at her reaction.

LIBERTY

It's people like you who give some-
thing serious like alternative fuel
a bad name.

LESTER

Bad name hell -- we love it.

They drink more from the fuel can. Sonny tries to sneak a kiss.

LIBERTY

Okay, that's it. Stop the car.

LESTER

Are you kidding? After we win this race and get all that publicity, we're goin' to Hollywood. Gonna get us our own TV show.

At the mention of the word they emit earsplitting rebel yells. Lester keeps a close eye in the rearview mirror.

SONNY

Pucker up, pretty.

With that Sonny lunges for her, wet mouth all over her face and neck. She fights back.

LIBERTY

I'll have you busted for abduction!

SONNY

What's that?

LIBERTY

Kidnapping, you moron!

OMITTED

ANGLE IN TRANS AM

Michael sees what's happening ahead.

MICHAEL

Looks like little Liberty bit off more than she can chew.

K.I.T.T.

If you have any thoughts of rescuing her, Michael, I'd advise you to check my schematic visuals.

The road narrows drastically just ahead.

MICHAEL

I see what you mean. In that case, we'd better step on it.

He does.

THE TRANS AM AND CHARGER - MOVING SHOT

The Trans Am leaps forward. Lester floors the Charger, Liberty inside trying to fight off Sonny.

HIGH SHOT

The road narrows to one lane a hundred yards ahead. The Trans Am barrels past the Charger, swerves in ahead and slows. The Charger bangs into it but the Trans Am continues to slow, forcing the Charger to do the same. Lester and Sonny yell and curse.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Trans Am stops. Lester throws the Charger into reverse, backs up, the passenger door opens and Liberty comes flying out. Michael gets out but before he can reach the Charger it's in motion, Sonny throwing her tote bag out, which spills on the ground. The Charger speeds off with rebel yells, leaves them in a rain of dust.

ANGLE ON LIBERTY

Furious, she quickly gathers her stuff. Michael approaches, her back to him.

LIBERTY

(angry)

I don't need your charity!

MICHAEL

Looks like you need somebody's.
Unless you want to sit here and
eat more dust.

ANGLE AHEAD

We see the Charger coming, Lester's foot on it all the way. Camera pans to reveal a camera crew just ahead, filming this particular leg of the race. Camera continues panning past the camera crew, zooming in on something high on the hill above. It's the figure of a man, his back to us, unclear. He's got something in his hand.

CLOSE ON HIS HANDS

The man presses a button on the small unit.

ANGLE ON CHARGER

A rebel yell for the camera crew as the Charger passes. Then a blinding flash of light and a thunderous explosion. The Charger becomes a ball of flame.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND LIBERTY

They react.

LIBERTY

My God...!

Michael grabs her and pulls her to the Trans Am. They leap in and leave with tires spinning.

OMITTED

ANGLE AT CHARGER

It burns out of control as the Trans Am barrels in, slides to a stop, Michael leaping out, Liberty not far behind, camera clicking off photos.

OMITTED

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael tries to approach, but the flames are too intense. He backs off, realizing there's no hope anyway.

LIBERTY'S VOICE

A little to your left.

Michael turns, sees Liberty busily taking photos. He stalks past her, slides into the Trans Am, pushes the auto phone button.

MICHAEL

Devon, it's Michael. You'd better get a wrecker and a coroner's van out here. There's been another 'accident.'

He starts back out, is stopped by K.I.T.T.'s voice.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, that was no accident.

MICHAEL

What? How do you know?

K.I.T.T.

My electronic sensors picked up a detonation signal two milliseconds before the explosion.

Michael assimilates it, climbs out.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Kitt.

He moves to where Liberty stands, the camera to her face but no longer taking pictures.

MICHAEL

Is that all this is to you? An
eight-by-ten glossy?

She lowers the camera, turns to face him, and he sees the tears running down her cheeks. She starts to say something, can't find the words. He relents, puts his arms around her and comforts her.

ANGLE ON CAMERA CREW

Excited, they film every moment.

OMITTED

EXT. PLUSH DESERT MOTEL - CIMARRON LODGE - DAY

The staging area is the parking lot, banners flying in the late afternoon breeze. Because of the accidents there's noticeably more interest, more people, national coverage, trucks from several networks present, lots of technical people running around intermixed with various spectators.

VOICES

Here they come! Look -- over there.
Where? Who's leading? (etc.)

People push forward for a better view.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Devon and Dr. Kempler appear, Kempler looks depressed.

KEMPLER

What a disaster. Look at this --
not a sober journalistic face to be
seen. Not a scientific quarterly
writer for miles. It's turned into
a blood and guts destruction derby,
a car-crash carnival ---

Sellers appears behind them, hurries over.

SELLERS

Doctor, you're not going to cancel
the race....

KEMPLER

I don't know what else to do.

SELLERS

There's got to be another alternative.
If you cancel now, it'll be interpreted
as the failure of alternative energy.
The entire concept will be set back
ten years.

DEVON

Gentlemen, may I make a suggestion?
Since our primary concern is the
safety of the drivers, why not let
them decide?

QUICK CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

The room has a step-up stage with a microphone, several dozen metal folding chairs, an accordion-like screen that serves as a room divider. Present are Devon and Sellers, who flank Dr. Kempler at the microphone. All drivers are present, including Michael. Ed Shaw stands to one side.

KEMPLER

(into mike)

Thank you for coming, gentlemen...
As you can imagine, there's been a
considerable amount of concern over
what's happened. And a variety of
opinion as to whether or not the
race should be allowed to continue.
Devon Miles came up with what I
believe to be the best solution --
since it's really your race, and
certainly your lives, he suggested
you be the ones to decide whether we
continue or not.

A buzz of reaction between the drivers. Kempler waits until it subsides.

KEMPLER

All right, gentlemen. Those in
favor of continuing, please raise
your hands.

Virtually all hands go up.

KEMPLER

(to the rest)

All right, we'll continue as
scheduled. All drivers at the
staging area at seven am sharp for
the last and final leg of the race.
Good luck.

ANGLE OUTSIDE BANQUET ROOM

The drivers exit, talking quietly among themselves.
Michael and Devon appear.

DEVON

We need to talk.

MICHAEL

Just let me catch a quick shower.

Devon nods. They go their separate ways.

ANGLE IN BANQUET ROOM

The room is empty except for Sellers and Shaw, who is leaving.

SELLERS

Where do you think you're going?

ANGLE BEHIND ACCORDION SCREEN

Liberty is hiding there with a tape recorder, ready to leave herself when she hears Seller's voice. She stops, puts her recorder on record.

ANGLE ON SELLERS AND SHAW

Shaw turns to face him, not intimidated.

SHAW

Out. Why?

SELLERS

Why? Shaw, how can you act like it's business as usual?

(exploding)

You killed two people today!

SHAW

Keep your voice down.

SELLERS

To hell with my voice! I hired you to arrange an accident or two, a near miss, a little excitement so I'd at least walk away with a promotable show. Not death! Not murder and mayhem!

SHAW

(face-to-face)

You know what's wrong with guys like you, Sellers? You want to have your cake and eat it too. You want accidents and explosions and thrills and chills so you can sell what would've been a turkey and keep your sinking little cable network alive. But you don't want any part of the responsibility when --

(react)
What was that?

He looks in the direction of the accordion screen.

ANGLE ON LIBERTY

Her tape recorder has run out of tape. It clicks, and the record button pops up. She's afraid to breathe. She hears movement.

INTERCUT - SHAW

He whips the screen back. She's close enough to touch.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She gasps and runs but Shaw grabs her from behind, claps a hand over her mouth. She struggles to no avail.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. CIMARRON LODGE

The remaining five or six race cars are being tuned up and primed for the next leg of the race. K.I.T.T. is notable for its absence.

PA VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, the final leg of the Alternative 2000 will begin in thirty minutes. Please check the starting line up.

OMITTED

INT. LIBERTY'S ROOM - DAY

We hear a knock.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Liberty.

He knocks again. The door swings open.

MICHAEL

Liberty, where are you? I've been looking for you all ---

He stops, having made the rounds of room, bath and kitchenette. No one's home.

He shrugs, starts to leave...then stops. His eye has fallen on the night stand. He crosses to the drawers, opens them ...and is surprised to find them empty.

Michael goes to the closet...also empty. But Liberty's single piece of luggage -- the soft-sided over-the-shoulder thing we saw earlier -- is on the floor. He picks it up, puts it on the bed...rummages through it...stops as he finds something unusual.

CLOSER SHOT

It's a grey piece of electronic equipment with a collapsible antenna...the same transmitter that blasted the Prince brothers to Confederate heaven (although Michael doesn't know that.)

As Michael reacts, intrigued, we:

CUT TO

INT. CIMARRON LODGE - SHAW'S ROOM - TIGHT ON LIBERTY

as a wide band of adhesive tape is placed across her mouth. We widen, see that her wrists and ankles are bound and she's laying on a bed.

Ed Shaw rolls her roughly over, checks the binding on her wrists. Clark Sellers pours himself a very high highball, wipes perspiration from his forehead. He chugs the drink, pours another.

Liberty makes some muffled cries, beats her still-mobile calves and feet against the bed. Shaw rises from the bed.

SHAW

I honestly think she makes more noise with her mouth shut than she did with it open....

CLARK

Shaw...what do we do with her? We can't leave her like this forever....

SHAW

We won't. We have to get rid of her....

CLARK

(aghast)
Three deaths? Ed, no ---

SHAW

Damn it, Clark, will you face reality? She can burn us!

CLARK

Yeah? The reality is she's practically a celebrity herself! There'll be questions...an inquiry! The woman can't just disappear from the face of the earth...!

During Clark's speech, above, Liberty has been making grunts and thuds akin to "right on! You tell him!" etc.

SHAW

She won't just 'disappear'...they'll find her...or what's left of her... at the site of the next 'accident.'

Clark is puzzled. Liberty's SFX become downright indignant.

CLARK

You can't be serious.

Shaw comes closer to Clark, intent. He's spitballing.

SHAW

Listen. Everyone's looking for a mysterious saboteur, right? Well... we're going to give them one...a dead one.

SELLERS

You think the police are that stupid?

SHAW

I think we don't have a lot of options. This lady's already had a few scrapes with the law...The police will come to the only conclusion possible: She made a mistake setting a bomb...a fatal mistake.

SELLERS

(thinking
about it)

Some evidence would help....

SHAW

(smiling)

I already planted some.

CUT TO

INT. K.I.T.T.'S SEMI - DAY

Pull back from the electronic device, again in Michael's hand. Devon and Bonnie look on, interested, as Michael presses the button in front of K.I.T.T.'s scanner. A light goes on on the device and we hear an electronic "hummm."

MICHAEL

Well?

K.I.T.T. makes some computing sounds, then:

K.I.T.T.

No doubt about it, Michael. That is identical to the signal I monitored two milliseconds before the Prince brothers were...what is the phrase...?

BONNIE

Blown to smithereens?

Devon looks at Michael expectantly. Michael averts his eyes.

DEVON

Michael...it appears we've found our saboteur.

MICHAEL

Really? Then who's she working for? Detroit? The Mid East? It just doesn't track -- motive, for one thing.

DEVON

I'll give you motive, Michael...and it's not nearly as Byzantine as the ones we've considered.

Devon turns, makes his point like a debater.

DEVON

When this race started, it was of interest only to idealists and dreamers ...but thanks to the events of the past few days, it's news...and Liberty has a camera bag chock full of negatives that could command a fortune from magazines and newspapers all over the world.

MICHAEL

I'm not sure, Devon. It's too easy ...it's Hashi Al Qatar and the rifle all over again. And why wasn't her bag unpacked? Or her bed slept in? Where did she go?

Outside, we hear a klaxon-like signal. Devon sees Michael is adamant, takes another tack.

DEVON

The racers are lining up...Michael, whether we're right or wrong about Liberty Cox, our saboteur may be planning more surprises for the last leg of the race...you'd better go.

MICHAEL
So that you can issue an APB for
Liberty after I leave?

DEVON
What would you do?

A moment. Michael sighs.

MICHAEL
The same thing.

It's almost an apology. Devon extends his hand.

DEVON
Good luck.

BONNIE
Be careful, Michael.

He kisses her on the cheek, hops into K.I.T.T.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. CIMARRON LODGE

Ed Shaw drops the flag. The five remaining cars leap away
from the starting line.

EXT. DESERT - RACE FOOTAGE

Each car jockies for position...we follow the action,
then....

CUT TO

EXT. CANYON - DAY

Where a narrow defile is the only route through.

Camera tilts up to show a SCN van approaching the rim of the
canyon.

CLOSER SHOT

Sellers and Shaw get out of the van, go to the back.
Inside is a laundry bin...your basic hotel type. And
inside the laundry bin is Liberty. As she mutters barely
audible expletives, they haul her from the van and Shaw
cuts the bindings on her feet with a pocket knife. Shaw
grabs a canvas bag of gear and then he and Sellers manhandle
her towards some boulders.

SHAW

Don't make it any harder, okay?

She resists. Shaw adjusts his grip...She suddenly kicks out. Shaw dodges just in time, laughs.

SHAW

You're a hot one, sweetheart. If we had a little more time I'd help you work off that energy.

He puts her down behind a large boulder...reties her legs. Then he starts on the bomb.

SHAW

(working)

I'm setting this one with a fuse...
When the dust settles they'll
figure she screwed up and couldn't
get out of the blast area in time....

Liberty squirms, yells through the gag. Shaw takes out dynamite, attaches a fuse to the sticks.

SELLERS

We have to hurry...I told the camera crew to get some runbys, but they'll be here in ten minutes.

SHAW

Twenty minutes. I took care of it.

SELLERS

You took care of it? Who do you think you are?

SHAW

The new Vice President of Sellers Cable Network. Hand me that roll of adhesive tape, will you?

As Sellers reacts, we:

CUT TO

EXT. DESERT - RACE ACTION

Runbys of all our vehicles...K.I.T.T. in the middle of the pack.

CUT TO

EXT. CANYON RIM - DAY

Pull back from the dynamite, which is wedged well up under a rock. We continue widening, see that a long fuse runs

from the dynamite to Liberty, who is a good ten-feet from the charge.

Shaw lights a match. Liberty cringes. Shaw touches it to the fuse, which immediately burns upwards.

SHAW

Come on, let's go!

Liberty mutters something the program standards won't pass if we heard it. Shaw and Sellers run to the truck, drive away.

OMITTED

EXT. DESERT - DAY

More race runbys...then....

LIBERTY

struggling futilely against her bonds, eyeing the fuse... and suddenly reacting to the roar of an engine.

OMITTED

EXT. BLUFF

The camera crew is setting up.

CAMERA MAN

Here they come...!

The camera pans to shoot ---

OSAKA, GRAS, K.I.T.T.

entering the canyon in above order.

LIBERTY

Hearing the cars below her, she tries to call for help....

K.I.T.T.

roars through the canyon.

LIBERTY

Her head sags in despair. The fuse burns on.

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

K.I.T.T.

Osaka has taken the lead, Michael.
He's just crossed Apache Wash and
entered the final stretch.

MICHAEL

Kitt, somehow, I know we've missed
something. Run the stats on everyone
left in the race...the race course...
everything.

K.I.T.T.

Very well.

Data begins appearing on the screens (all a replay of what
we saw in Act Two).

EXT. FINISH LINE

(Note: As indicated earlier, this is the same place the
circular race began, and also the same place where the
scribe began.)

Red, white and blue bunting is on the grandstand. A big
"ALTERNATIVE 2000 FINISH LINE" banner waves over the
grandstand.

CLOSE ON DEVON AND BONNIE

PA VOICE

The racers have just turned into the
final stretch. Helmut Gras is in
the lead, followed by Hito Osaka and
Michael Knight.

DEVON

(aside to
Bonnie)

Uh-oh.

BONNIE

What's wrong?

DEVON

I just realized...I told Michael not
to win...but I don't think I said
anything about 'place' or 'show....'

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

as a map of the race course appears. Several green lights
mark all the acute turns and hills.

MICHAEL

Kitt, I think you made a mistake here. There's only been three accidents...not....

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I was about to say that this is a readout of all the SCN camera positions.

Michael sits up alert. Points.

MICHAEL

But...this one...this one...and this one...they're all in the same places the accidents took place...That's why I thought....

He stops, getting an idea.

MICHAEL

Kitt!..give me an overlay of the accident sites...and leave up the camera positions.

K.I.T.T.

Right away.

On K.I.T.T.'s screens, three red blips blink near three green ones.

MICHAEL

Kitt, every accident has been right in front of a camera crew!

K.I.T.T.

Michael, the odds against a freak accident being synchronistic with a random deployment of cameras is ---

MICHAEL

I know what it is...suspicious! Remember what Devon said...about why Liberty might have sabotaged the race?

K.I.T.T.

To make her film more valuable?

MICHAEL

Well, the same theory applies to our friend Mr. Clark Sellers...in spades! Where's the nearest camera position?

K.I.T.T.

We just passed it...Apache Wash.

Michael throws the car in a U-turn, roars away.

OMITTED

LIBERTY

The fuse burns shorter...shorter....

INT. K.I.T.T.

approaching canyon.

MICHAEL

Kitt...give me a readout on this
canyon with all your scanners...
visual...infrared...chemical
detectors...the works!

K.I.T.T.'s screens zoom in on the canyon...one screen is
normal telephoto, the other a graphic.

K.I.T.T.

Michael! There's an explosive
charge there...and a person too!

MICHAEL

What? Go to maximum enlargement!
(beat)
Wha...It's Liberty!

K.I.T.T.

Michael, at the rate that fuse is
burning...we have less than twenty
seconds to stop it!

OMITTED

LIBERTY

She's lost all hope...then she looks up, hearing ---

HER POINT OF VIEW - K.I.T.T.

appearing turning, and ---

THE SCENE

Slamming to a halt. Michael jumps out, reaches for the
fuse...just as it burns so short under a rock that he
can't reach it!

MICHAEL

Kitt! I need some help!

NEW ANGLE

As K.I.T.T. rolls forward and the front bumper makes contact with the boulder. We hear K.I.T.T.'s motor strain, then the boulder rolls aside. Michael brakes the fuse off the charge with seconds to spare.

Liberty watches all this, amazed.

EXT. FINISH LINE - DAY

The SCN van with Sellers and Shaw arrives here, parks. Sellers and Shaw get out and climb up the bandstand, shaking hands with various people as they do...including Devon and Bonnie!

PA VOICE

All the cars have made it through
Apache Wash...they're now entering
the final leg of the race.

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

Liberty is struggling without success to untie her hands enough to remove her gag.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I'm monitoring the signal
from the SCN cameras.

CLOSER SHOT - SCREEN

We see Sellers there...and Shaw, in the f.g.

K.I.T.T.

Clark Sellers is waiting there.

Liberty pounds excitedly on the screen, pointing with her pinky at Shaw.

MICHAEL

Huh? What? Shaw? Shaw was in on
it, too? Thanks, Liberty.

Liberty mumbles, gestures.

MICHAEL

Huh? Oh, yes...the car talks...I
guess Sellers caught you snooping
around, huh? What? Oh, you want me
to take off the gag?

(smiling)

I don't think so. This is the first
conversation I've ever had with you
where I got a word in edgewise. Kitt,
Sellers and Shaw will head for the

hills the minute they see us. Give me some overdrive.

Camera tightens on Michael.

MICHAEL

We're gonna give Mr. Sellers a real big finish!

EXT. DESERT

As K.I.T.T. becomes a blur, passes Andy Russell...then Dorothy Ackridge.

OMITTED

EXT. FINISH LINE - DAY

PA VOICE

And there they are! Osaka and Gras are neck and neck....

Shaw has joined Sellers near Devon and Bonnie. Devon and Bonnie share a pair of binoculars...Sellers has another pair.

PA VOICE

No, wait...Osaka has taken the lead... two lengths...three lengths...he's way out in front! The Japanese entry is going to take the gold!

Sellers nods approvingly, passes the binoculars to Shaw.

SELLERS

That's another ten million in the Pacific market right there.

PA VOICE

(suddenly)

No...wait...another car is coming up...the speed is...off the scale...! It's number eight....

Devon and Bonnie react, startled; Sellers and Shaw (and everyone else) react as interested fans.

PA VOICE

Michael Knight...he's passing Helmut Gras...He's passing Osaka! Michael Knight is in the lead!

DEVON

I'll kill him!

Shaw looks through his binoculars, makes a strangled cry.

SELLERS

What's wrong?

BINOCULAR SHOT - SHAW'S POINT OF VIEW - LIBERTY

is clearly visible in the passenger seat.

BACK TO SCENE

SHAW

He -- He's got the girl!

The two men look at each other, suddenly scramble down the grandstand, knocking people aside.

Sellers and Shaw run to a SCN vehicle, jump in. They roar out of the parking lot, swerve around the grandstand....

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T.

All of the above is visible on the screens.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, they're getting away.

MICHAEL

Then we'll cut them off!

K.I.T.T.

But the grandstand is in our way!

INSERT - CONTROLS

"Turbo Boost" is hit....

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Not any more...!

K.I.T.T. - SLOW MOTION

leaps into the air, tears down the "FINISH LINE" banner, sails over the grandstand with room to spare and ---

NEW ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

lands in front of the escaping van, immediately throws a ninety...The van swerves to avoid a collision and ---

SCN VAN - SLOW MOTION

It skids and rolls into a refreshment stand. Soda pop and orangeade turn into liquid firework.

THE SCENE

Sellers and Shaw are dazed. Michael jumps out of K.I.T.T. as the crowd surges forward. Liberty is finally unbound. She rips the tape off her mouth.

LIBERTY

Ow!

Michael runs to the van, pulls Shaw and Sellers out. Shaw falls to the ground, dazed. Michael holds Sellers up by the lapels...and then suddenly Michael is surrounded by well wishers...a trophy cup is pushed into his hands. Liberty grabs a camera from someone.

LIBERTY

Mr. Sellers! Mr. Sellers!

Sellers turns, a bit dazed.

LIBERTY

Say 'Levenworth'.

As her flash illuminates the scene we:

FREEZE FRAME

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY - TIGHT ON THE TROPHY

from the Alternative 2000. Widen to reveal Michael behind it, standing proudly. Bonnie is at his side. Liberty is taking pictures. The phone rings.

LIBERTY

Hold it. One more.

Bonnie picks up the phone.

BONNIE

(into phone)

Hello...No. It's Bonnie...Oh, hi,
Doctor Kempler....

She beginstaking notes as Devon enters the room not at all pleased by the presence of the trophy -- or Liberty, for that matter.

MICHAEL

Well, Devon, what do you think?

Michael indicates the impressive trophy.

DEVON

(grumpy)

It goes against my grain to see a man rewarded for insubordination.

BONNIE

(into phone)

Can you run that by me one more time, Doctor. I'm not sure I heard you right.

MICHAEL

Okay, Devon. I apologize for winning the race. But how else was I supposed to nail Sellers and Shaw?

DEVON

I have no intention of discussing the case any further. Now would you please tell me what she's doing here?

LIBERTY

I came to find out what you told my editor. I had the world's greatest racing scoop. Murder, mayhem and a talking car to the rescue.

DEVON

I simply told him that we are involved in sensitive areas here and that publicity is something that we could all do without.

LIBERTY

That explains why he killed my story.

BONNIE

(cupping phone
in her hand)

It's alive again.

She hands Devon a note.

LIBERTY/MICHAEL/DEVON

What?

Devon reads the note, keeping Michael at arm's length.

DEVON

(pleased)

Well, well, it seems Hashi Al Qatar's ambassador got in touch with

