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KNIGHT RIDER

JUNKYARD DOG

by  
Gene Hanson

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ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. ROAD THROUGH REMOTE TERRAIN (DESERT OR ?) - DAY

Camera pans the idyllic countryside, finding a rabbit at roadside. Pan continues, and finds a tanker truck some distance down the road, barreling this way.

CLOSER - THE TRUCK

A logo identifies INTERSTATE WASTE DISPOSAL CO.

INT. THE CAB

We meet the driver, Chuck, a hard-looking man who's doing a dirty job and doesn't mind a bit. He stares ahead at the road.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

No traffic ahead.

BACK TO DRIVER

glancing at rearview mirror.

REARVIEW MIRROR

No traffic seen behind.

BACK TO DRIVER

he reaches for a wire pull release under the dash, pulls this.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY - INSERT - A VALVE

as it is opened by the pull release, and a viscous liquid spills out.

ANGLE ON THE ROAD

The fluid striping the roadside as the truck drives off. Camera pans down to the fluid; the sound of the truck fades to nature's silence again, then:

ANGLE

The rabbit moves out of the terrain flanking the road, to the liquid staining the roadside, sniffs at the mess, staggers, stumbles and finally falls -- dead.

CUT TO

ANOTHER AREA OF ROAD - DAY

The truck barrels past some cattle on graze land -- still gushing its poison.

ANGLE WITH SOME OF THE CATTLE

There's a plaintive lowing, and we know these beeves are a goner.

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD THROUGH DIFFERENT TERRAIN - DAY

A runby of K.I.T.T.

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

Michael facetiously bantering with K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

I'm telling you, pal, I've seen custom paint jobs that'd stop your heart.

K.I.T.T.

I haven't got a heart, Michael. I haven't got a paint job either. I have a molecular bonded shell.

MICHAEL

So what would be so wrong if we maybe airbrushed a little surfing scene on the doors, wrote your name on your side window -- Kitt: the love machine!

K.I.T.T.

Michael, even in jest this line of conversation strains my audio sensors.

MICHAEL

O.K., Kitt, we'll stick with basic black.

K.I.T.T.

Thank you.

MICHAEL

Maybe just a little pin striping.

K.I.T.T.

(beat)  
Devon is calling.

INTERCUT - THE MONITOR

as Devon's image appears:

DEVON

Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL

Hello yourself, Devon. If you'd waited another few minutes, we could've talked face to face. We're almost back to the semi now.

DEVON

That's why I'm calling. I won't be there. I've injured my back. No jokes, please, about falling off a barstool or chasing blondes.

MICHAEL

Somehow, the image didn't occur.

DEVON

Bonnie will be doing double duty. Taking my place. She'll fill you in on what we've got.

MICHAEL

On what case?

DEVON

Acid John Birock.  
(to Michael's  
reaction)  
You can pat yourself on the back for putting the Foundation onto him.

MICHAEL

I'll pat myself on the back when we put him out of business.

DEVON

It took considerable research and surveillance, but I think we have a handle on how to do just that. Good luck, Michael.

MICHAEL

Feel better, Devon.

And the screen goes to black.

POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD TO SEMI  
ahead.

BACK TO MICHAEL

He tromps on the gas.

ANGLE ALONG THE ROAD - STOCK

Michael drives K.I.T.T. into the semi, and we see the tailgate raise, etc. Finally we go:

INT. SEMI - DAY

Michael hurriedly emerging from K.I.T.T., meeting Bonnie, who's putting a video disc (or VCR cassette) into the machine.

BONNIE

I think you're going to like our movie selection for the day.

MICHAEL

So Devon said. Tell me you've caught Acid John in the act.

BONNIE

No such luck. But we have put a lot of pieces together.

Bonnie hits the lights, and we:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. INTERSTATE WASTE DISPOSAL CO. - DAY

The United truck enters the complex, moving past a sign that identifies the place, and a guard gate. The guard has a pistol on his hip, and in the facility we are aware of a lot of security. We establish the facility as we follow the truck in, and:

ANGLE IN THE COMPLEX TO FEATURE THE MONSTER MACHINE

It's (literally) a custom tractor truck, (figuratively) the meanest "junk yard dog" to K.I.T.T.'s "pedigree." Angle adjusts as it hauls some barrels of God knows what on a flat, to an area of drums...tires throwing up rooster tails of sand or mud, engine screaming as it plows its way through the toxicity it's grown used to and now calls home. We never see who's at the controls of the thing, but it pulls its load past:

ANGLE AT THE ACID PIT

as Monster Machine moves past, a workman is finishing a beer, tossing the can in the pit.

ANGLE IN THE ACID PIT

The beer can smokes and dissolves...and is gone in a malevolent burp of bubbles.

CUT TO

INT. SEMI - DAY - OPEN CLOSE ON A VIDEO SCREEN

Seeing various angles of the United Waste dump operation,  
plainly taken surreptitiously.

BONNIE (V.O.)

...the waste disposal site itself,  
where acid is presumably contained,  
but is actually leaching into the  
ground waters of the area...barrels  
of toxic waste...rusted, leaking, a  
nightmare.

On a clear shot of Birock himself entering his Century City  
office building:

MICHAEL (V.O.)

There's our man! John Birock ---

ANGLE ON SCENE

Michael here with K.I.T.T. and Bonnie watching the film.

MICHAEL

-- Acid John. Owner of Interstate  
Waste Disposal. King of the polluters.

BONNIE

Your friend and mine.

MICHAEL

Chemicals that kill tossed in your back  
yard, or dumped in your lakes and  
streams. He likes his manicures today,  
but he came up from the streets and  
there's a lot of dirt under those  
fingernails. Tell me you've found a  
way, Bonnie.

BONNIE

We concentrated on finding his records.  
They'd show a jury what chemicals came  
in to the disposal site, and what were  
unaccounted for ---

MICHAEL

Yes, dumped. Bonnie, we've been all  
through that. The District Attorney  
subpoenaed his records.

BONNIE

And Birock was happy to give him a  
set -- a nice clean phoney set from  
his nice clean offices.

(re film)

Here ---

And she slo-mo's the film. We see Birock entering his (dump) office, briefcase in hand.

BONNIE

Here's why Devon brought you in. For obvious reasons Birock stays as far from that dump as he can get. But we caught him there on two separate occasions. Both times carrying something....

MICHAEL

You think the real records are in that dump of his.

BONNIE

We think they're in that office. If we can confirm, the DA says he'll jump on Birock with both heels....

Michael considers the image of Birock on the monitor, and we:

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD - DAY - STOCK

K.I.T.T. slides out of the semi, and heads on his way.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. ROAD AT GRAZE LAND - DAY

Panning to see a number of cattle, dead in the graze land here.

INCLUDE FRAN

A pretty lady in her late twenties, now moving away from her camper (parked at the roadside), filling with fury at the sight of the dead cattle. She hears a pathetic bawl, looks to:

POINT OF VIEW TO A CALF

Miraculously, one calf has survived.

CUT TO

ANGLE ON THE ROAD - FEATURING THE DEAD RABBIT

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

BACK INSIDE K.I.T.T.

Michael reacts to an odor.

MICHAEL

I think we just entered enemy territory,  
pal. Can you give me a reading?

INTERCUT - K.I.T.T.'S SCOPE

Showing computer versions of various molecular structures,  
as:

ON SCENE

K.I.T.T.

The road's surface is covered with  
benzene and PCBs...polyvinyl chloride  
...C-56...all in all, a highly toxic  
combination.

Michael suddenly becomes alert to a sight ahead:

POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - A CAMPER

is parked at roadside. On the road, Fran is moving after  
the calf that is staggering, attempting to get hold of the  
thing.

BACK TO MICHAEL

as he slows K.I.T.T.

ON THE ROAD

Fran manages to get hold of the calf, which has faltered  
and fallen. Michael pulls up, emerges, moves to her.

MICHAEL

Need a hand?

FRAN

Who're you?

MICHAEL

Just a guy passing by.

FRAN

You might as well just keep going.  
There's nothing you can do. Nothing  
anyone can....

She barely holds back the tears. Michael is looking about,  
stunned by the sight of:

SEVERAL DEAD CATTLE

lying near the roadside.

BACK TO SCENE

as Fran collects herself, indicates the calf.

FRAN

He's too heavy for me. Can you get him in my camper? I'll take him to a vet...for all the good it'll do....

Michael picks up the calf.

ANGLE

as they walk to her camper:

MICHAEL

Is this your ranch?

FRAN

I'm not a rancher. I'm a wildlife photographer. I'm beginning to feel like an endangered species -- the illegal dumping of toxic waste is on its way in, and wildlife is on its way out.

Michael loads the calf into the back of the camper, ad-libbing: "There you go." "Be all right, little feller." etc.

FRAN

Everyone knows what's happening, but no one does anything. Everyone is just 'passing by.'

MICHAEL

(can't spell  
it out)

I'm not so sure about that.

She enters the cab, starts it, then pauses.

FRAN

I'm sorry. Thanks for your help.

MICHAEL

It was no trouble.

She nods her thanks again, drives off. Michael watches her go, then heads back to K.I.T.T., gets into the car.

K.I.T.T.

Who was she, Michael?

MICHAEL

A lady with a point of view. Let's go, Kitt. We've got business.

And they head off.

CUT TO

EXT. INTERSTATE WASTE DISPOSAL CO. - NIGHT

Quiet but the feeling it's a security-conscious, well-armed camp.

OMITTED

ON THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE DISPOSAL SITE

K.I.T.T. cruises by, slowly, scanning.

INT. K.I.T.T. - MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

survey the place.

POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD TO COMPLEX

The guard at the complex is armed. Other security personnel are apparent.

MICHAEL

You get the feeling they don't want company.

K.I.T.T.

More to the point, who'd want to visit?

MICHAEL

Let's find the office, Kitt.

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

Seeing a schematic of the disposal site, as it is completed.

BACK TO SCENE

K.I.T.T.

That's it -- upper left quadrant.

MICHAEL

What kind of security?

K.I.T.T.

There's a Bell model 211-403 safe, and a Marco steel and rock fireproof file cabinet, complete with combination lock.

MICHAEL

Looks like we've got our work cut out for us, pal.

EXT. INTERSTATE WASTE DISPOSAL - NIGHT

The place is lit in patches with work lights. The office building is quiet; sounds of a poker game emanate from a back shed. Off to the side are rows of barrels of God-knows-what, stacked near the ominous acid pit.

THE MONSTER TRACTOR TRUCK

is parked, quietly, concealed by the barrels: the sleeping junkyard dog.

OMITTED

MICHAEL

appears near the chain-link fence ringing the place. To comlink, surreptitiously:

MICHAEL

I'm going in, Kitt.

And with a commando's moves, he's up and over the fence. He moves through the shadows until he's outside....

OMITTED

THE OFFICE BUILDING

Michael ducks aside as a Security Man passes, then uses a lock pick, breaks in.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT - MICHAEL

entering. He turns on a flashlight, goes through the place, checking the desk, and the file cabinets...but of course it wouldn't be so easy.

MICHAEL

(into comlink)

Kitt, I need a hand with this lock.

INT. K.I.T.T.

The monitor shows K.I.T.T. going through the mathematical permutations possible, and:

BACK WITH MICHAEL

at the file cabinet. The combination lock is worked by K.I.T.T.'s invisible hand, and finally, Michael hears the lock open. He hauls open the drawer, examines the papers there, and is well satisfied by what he sees.

MICHAEL  
(comlink)  
Activate photo-scan, Kitt. We've hit  
the mother lode.

Michael uses the comlink to scan the files, and:

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T. - NIGHT

He monitors the records, commits these to his computer memory.

BACK TO MICHAEL

Suddenly Michael is pausing in his work, closing the file,  
as he hears a ruckus outside.

FRAN'S VOICE  
No! Let me go!

Michael moves to the window, sneaks a look out at:

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - THE YARD

Fran has been doing some skulking too; she's dressed in  
dark garb and is now wrestling in the ham-like arms of  
Chuck, the tanker driver.

MICHAEL

is exasperated at the turn of events. Into comlink:

MICHAEL  
Kitt, we've got trouble. Get in  
here!

K.I.T.T.

All systems come to life as he auto-starts.

K.I.T.T.  
Right away, Michael.

And with a squeal of tires and a burst of speed K.I.T.T.  
heads for:

VARIOUS ANGLES - THE CHAIN-LINK FENCE

with a crash and a clang of grinding metal, K.I.T.T.  
barrels through the fence.

ON THE SHED

Reacting to the noise, three of Birock's bruisers emerge  
from their poker game and see the onrushing headlights.  
They start racing for the office building but K.I.T.T.

slides into the fray. The lead bruiser gets through but the other two find themselves being backed up by the ominous black Trans Am.

K.I.T.T.

Going somewhere, fellows?

As they start to back away....

BACK TO FRAN AND CHUCK

He's got her and is now holding her camera by its strap.

CHUCK

Camera? Who are you?

She bites his hand and saves the camera but doesn't get free. Suddenly:

MICHAEL'S VOICE

That's no way to treat a lady.

Chuck whirls as:

REVERSE ANGLE - MICHAEL

unloads on Chuck before he can respond. There's a brief fight, and Chuck gets knocked out. Michael grabs Fran's hand.

MICHAEL

Come on!

But before they can start away, the lead bruiser grabs Michael from behind, and a second fight starts.

ANGLE - THE JUNKYARD DOG

Mysteriously, as if with a life of its own, it starts up with the sound of a grinding diesel, belching flames and smoke from its pipes.

ANGLE ON THE DRUM AREA

K.I.T.T. continues to corral the two other bruisers, who keep backing toward the drums of waste.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

In a way, you two qualify as toxic waste, so....

K.I.T.T. revs his engine and sends up a rooster-tail, lunging for them. The two men turn and leap over the barrels for cover. K.I.T.T. stops, satisfied, but just then....

THE JUNKYARD DOG

snarls and roars its way out of concealment behind the barrels, pushing them out of the way like so many aluminum cans. Before the Trans Am can react, it drives its forklift blades under the car, lifting it off the ground, its tires spinning freely.

K.I.T.T.

Michael! Help!

MICHAEL

applies a roundhouse right to the bruiser's chin, sending him out alongside Chuck, when he hears K.I.T.T.'s cries.

MICHAEL

Come on, Fran! This way.

They race off toward:

FULL SHOT - JUNKYARD DOG AND K.I.T.T.

The Trans Am is suspended helplessly above the ground as the demon machine carries it to the edge of the bubbling acid pit.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, hurry....

But it's too late as:

VARIOUS ANGLES

The Junkyard Dog dumps K.I.T.T. splashing down into the acid waste and stands over K.I.T.T., almost glowering, belching smoke in triumph. It starts backing out of sight as:

MICHAEL

reaches the pit and looks into it, seeing K.I.T.T. sinking deeper and deeper.

MICHAEL

Kitt, hold on!

K.I.T.T.

(weak)

Michael, I can't....

K.I.T.T.

sinks deeper and deeper into the ooze. It's over his door panels.

MICHAEL

is joined by Fran. In the distance we hear:

CHUCK'S VOICE

Call Birock! We got a break in!  
Get the dogs out here!

Along with other ND voices sounding the alarm. Michael ignores them, dying inside at his inability to help K.I.T.T. Fran grabs him.

FRAN

They're coming! We've got to get  
out of here! Let's go!

K.I.T.T.

(weaker)

Michael....

Michael can't bear it. Before he turns:

MICHAEL

I'll be back, Kitt. I'll be back.

He grabs Fran's hand and they run off into the darkness, toward the gate, toward freedom.

OMITTED

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

The last of him sinks into the bubbling smoking mess... and, finally, his red scanner grows pale, then stops as he disappears from sight.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. INTERSTATE WASTE DISPOSAL CO. - DAY - OPEN CLOSE ON K.I.T.T.

being hauled out of the acid pit by a F.L.A.G. tow truck. Adjust to find an anxious and disheveled Michael on the bank, Bonnie with him, giving instructions to F.L.A.G. technicians who wash off the chemicals with huge steam/solvent guns. Fran watches in close b.g.

ANGLE ON THE BANK

as K.I.T.T. -- or the shell of K.I.T.T. -- comes to rest on the bank. Michael and Bonnie move slowly to the car, examining K.I.T.T., hearts breaking, as they see:

VARIOUS ANGLES

K.I.T.T. has only (steel belt) shreds of an interior left. Shreds of other "stuff" (trim, wiring) hang festooned from the car. There are only blotches of paint. There is no upholstery. The car might well have been burned to its metal skeleton, which, in fact, is pretty much what happened.

ANGLE

Michael exchanges a somber look with Bonnie, moves to look at the empty interior. Blanches. Finally, he is gently calling:

MICHAEL

Kitt...Kitt....

There is no answer. Michael reaches out and touches the voice box.

MICHAEL

Kitt?

INSERT - THE VOICE BOX

which crumbles at Michael's touch.

BACK TO MICHAEL

absorbing this, now running his hand along the car as if looking for some sign of life. There is none.

THE MONSTER TRACTOR/TRUCK

looks on from nearby, belching exhaust, flanked by several workers and security guards. They seem to be enjoying themselves.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND BONNIE

Their eyes meet again.

MICHAEL

Let's get him out of here.

BONNIE

(nods)

The sooner the better.

ANGLE ON LIMO

Long and sleek, sparkling, it pulls up and stops. Doors open. A chauffeur/bodyguard stands aside as John Birock and his Attorney, Arthur Stiles step out. Birock is a big man, well-dressed but tough, a street survivor who lets nothing stand in his way. Birock has an MOS brief exchange with his Attorney, who doesn't want Birock talking to Michael. Birock brushes his Attorney aside, and:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Birock crosses to Michael, the Attorney in his wake.

BIROCK

You know me? You got some beef with me?

MICHAEL

The same beef the rest of the world has.

BIROCK

Now what is that supposed to mean....

ATTORNEY

(overlapping)

Mr. Birock, there's no reason for you to be talking to this person!

BIROCK

(overlapping)

All right, all right...

(to Michael)

I don't know who you are, or what you want, and I don't care, but I'll tell you what -- don't come back here.

ATTORNEY

(to Michael)

You know what a restraining order is?

BIROCK

You hear what I'm telling you?

MICHAEL

(returns Birock's stare)

I hear just fine.

ATTORNEY

Step foot on this property again and I promise you'll be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Michael doesn't dignify the outburst; would turn to go, but the Attorney puts a hand to his chest.

ATTORNEY

You got that?

MICHAEL

Take your hand off me, or you're going to be flat on your back in the mud. Have you got that?

The Attorney quickly removes his hand.

BIROCK

Don't press your luck. You're walking away this time. This one's on me.

MICHAEL

Next one's on me.

Their eyes lock. Any spark could let it off. Bonnie breaks the moment:

BONNIE

Michael...let's get Kitt out of here. Please....

A last look and Michael turns, crosses to join Bonnie at the truck. Hold on Birock, staring after him.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The semi roars by.

INT. SEMI - DAY

Bonnie is going over what is left of K.I.T.T. with diagnostic instruments. Michael watches her, waiting... almost not daring to ask.

MICHAEL

(finally)  
How bad is it...?

Bonnie sighs, pauses, tries to find the right words. For a moment Michael thinks he sees tears in her eyes.

BONNIE

It's...gone, Michael. Destroyed. Everything, but his shell, his frame....

Michael looks to her for clues.

MICHAEL

How long will it take to repair him?

BONNIE

Michael, I don't think you understand.  
It's not a question of 'repairing' him,  
it's a question of recreating him.  
There are only the barest shreds of  
his memory banks left....

It sinks in.

MICHAEL

But he can be recreated...he can be  
reborn.

It's half a question. Bonnie has trouble meeting his eyes.

BONNIE

With a lot of help, a lot of  
work...and time, yes....

Michael senses it.

MICHAEL

'But.'

BONNIE

But Kitt was greater than the sum of  
his parts. We can recreate the  
parts...but whether they will equal  
'Kitt' I just can't say....

MICHAEL

(beat)

We'll do it, Bonnie. Whatever it  
takes, we'll do it.

(then)

You said a lot of help -- how much?  
Who?

BONNIE

The original team that Wilton Knight  
assembled -- Von Voorman, Yamata and  
Breeland.

MICHAEL

Where are they?

BONNIE

Von Voorman's living in Berne,  
Switzerland. I don't know where  
Yamata and Breeland are.

Michael crosses to the computer, punches up Devon, whose  
face appears on the monitor.

DEVON

Michael, I've been waiting to hear.  
How is he?

MICHAEL

Not good, Devon. We need the original team -- I don't care where they are, what you have to do -- we need 'em and we need 'em fast.

On Devon's look:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. F.L.A.G. FOUNDRY - DAY

A hi-tech complex in a tranquil setting.

INT. FOUNDRY - DAY

Various angles of sparks and molten metal being worked; reconstruction from the skeleton up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A crew of technicians in coveralls muscles (with a dolly or forklift, or chain hoist) the shell of K.I.T.T. off toward a waiting (what we'll call) "Emergency Room." An anxious Michael and Bonnie follow in their wake.

AT THE "EMERGENCY ROOM"

As the doors are opened we find a team of white-coated technicians and scientists, high-tech automotive equipment -- scopes and racks and wires and gauges and you-name-it -- all in a "clean room" kind of setting. As the technicians get K.I.T.T. into the room, Michael -- inclined to follow -- is halted by Bonnie, who puts a firm hand on his chest.

BONNIE

There's nothing you can do in here, Michael. Please....

He subsides...finally nods his understanding. Bonnie turns, hurries into the room after the technicians. The best Michael can do is go to the door and stare through the glass inset.

POINT OF VIEW - THE EMERGENCY ROOM

as K.I.T.T. is hooked up to wires and scopes, and one of the technicians lights a cutting torch under Bonnie's MOS direction.

REVERSE TO MICHAEL AT THE WINDOW

Camera moves in on his troubled look.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT - VARIOUS ANGLES - A TECHNICAL MONTAGE

opens up angle on the glare of a work light, as the technician bends into camera, handling some tools.

K.I.T.T.'s hood and doors are off. A technician is attaching a number of wires from a hand truck of batteries operated by another technician.

Bonnie sits at a computer console, wires running into K.I.T.T.'s interior where we see a makeshift speaker box set up where K.I.T.T.'s voice used to emanate from. Bonnie types on the screen:

YOU ARE THE KNIGHT INDUSTRIES TWO-THOUSAND. WHO ARE YOU?

Bonnie waits, but...there's no response from the speaker box except electronic static. Bonnie tries again.

WHO ARE YOU?

Bonnie waits again, watching the cursor blipping, awaiting instructions. But again the only response is electronic static.

ANGLE WITH MICHAEL

in the hall. Moving away from the door as a technician hurries out on some important mission. Motivated away from the door, he now moves off into the hall, and paces.

ANGLE IN THE HALL

As Michael sees white-coated Von Voorman and Yamata moving into the emergency room.

BONNIE (V.O.)

Dr. Von Voorman! Doctor Yamata!  
Thank goodness!...

VON VOORMAN (V.O.)

We came as quickly as we could.

MICHAEL

moves to the emergency room window, sees:

POINT OF VIEW TO BONNIE

MOS orienting the two scientists to K.I.T.T.'s situation.

BACK TO MICHAEL

turns away from the window; it's too painful.

DISSOLVE TO

BACK IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM

It's later. Breeland arrives, and is greeted by Bonnie. She shows him to a table filled with micro-chips and schematic designs, where she's been using a soldering iron to create a complex circuit. He now assists, adds another capacitor (or micro-chip) to the circuit.

Von Voorman and Yamata wheel in a cart, and put it next to the engine compartment. On the cart, once the toweling draping it is pulled aside, is an exotic-looking engine part; the two technicians begin removing and transplanting this new one, working with all the precision one would expect of a technical "first team." And all the while:

ANGLE IN WAITING AREA

Michael is waiting...and waiting, hating it.

The door opens and Bonnie comes in, exhausted, but determined.

BONNIE

Hi....

MICHAEL

Hi.

(beat)

Coffee?

BONNIE

No thanks.

Both are reluctant to address it.

MICHAEL

How's it...coming?

BONNIE

It's coming. 'How' we won't know for a while. Why don't you go get some sleep?

MICHAEL

If there's nothing I can do....

BONNIE

There isn't.

MICHAEL

(nods)

I could use an hour or two.

BONNIE

Good. I've been trying to think of  
a polite way to kick you out of here.

They share a smile. It's been a while. It feels good. She  
starts back in, when:

MICHAEL

Bonnie?

She turns.

MICHAEL

It's funny....

BONNIE

What?

MICHAEL

I guess sometimes it takes something  
like this to make you realize how you  
can take people for granted. I've been  
watching you. I'd forgotten how good  
you are.

She almost blushes.

BONNIE

Thanks.

She goes back inside. Michael grabs his jacket and leaves.

OMITTED

EXT. FOUNDATION - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH - STOCK

MICHAEL'S V.O.

Thanks for coming over. I know it's  
late.

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael escorts Fran into Devon's office. She notes the  
opulent surroundings.

FRAN

I owed you one. Nice place, but...  
somehow it's not you.

MICHAEL

Hardly. Did you bring the photos?

She reaches into her bag, presents Michael with a set of  
8 x 10s.

FRAN

Right here.

MICHAEL

(as he  
examines)

Are all these from the Birock dump  
site?

FRAN

(nods)

More to add to my collection -- some  
not so good, some kind of good --  
but none good enough to make the  
cover of a national magazine and  
have people sit up and take notice.  
I have a dozen portfolios full of  
shots just like these.

MICHAEL

Sounds like you've made Birock a  
personal crusade. Why?

FRAN

I came home the summer after my first  
year as a professional in New York.  
My father had died the year before.  
I went out to the lake where we used  
to go hiking and fishing on the week-  
ends. I hadn't been there for years.  
I couldn't believe the change -- the  
trees were either dead or dying, there  
weren't any more fish in the lake...  
the old caretaker who rented cabins  
was sick. He had a 'cough' he just  
couldn't get rid of. He'd had it  
for a year.

MICHAEL

Birock had a waste disposal place  
nearby.

She nods.

FRAN

I extended my vacation. I made phone  
calls. I contacted every city and  
state official I could. Finally,  
eighteen months later, the Department  
of Health got a search warrant. The  
night before they were to exercise it,  
the place inexplicably burned down.

MICHAEL

Arson?

FRAN

I didn't know for sure. Not then.  
But in the two years I've been  
following his operation, I've seen it

happen three times -- you fight the local bureaucracy. The red tape, you're in a position to move on him and suddenly a mysterious man shows up...and that night there's a fire that destroys everything.

A sober, reflective moment between them. Michael crosses to her.

MICHAEL

I've got an idea how to nail Birock.

FRAN

It'll take eighteen months.

MICHAEL

No it won't. Not if it works.

FRAN

You have no idea how involved due process is when it comes to toxic waste.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I do. That's why I leave it to people with more patience and more time.

(beat)

I want you to tell me all you know about Birock -- don't judge it, don't screen it -- whether you think it's important or not, I want to know everything you know.

On her puzzled look:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. F.L.A.G. FOUNDRY - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

OMITTED

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Michael enters with Bonnie. She looks cautiously optimistic. He reacts.

WIDER ANGLE

leaner now, no more "stuff" festooned from him, but in place of all that, are even more wires, etc. As K.I.T.T. is hooked up to a myriad of machines and pneumatic gadgets, looking very antiseptic (draped with drop cloths, etc., and very pathetic). A couple of technicians are cleaning

up, packing away some ugly looking cutting tools, and some precise-looking scientific ones. They finish packing up their gear, and finally leave the room.

Michael turns to Bonnie.

MICHAEL

You sure it's okay...?

She nods, a hint of a smile.

BONNIE

Just don't ask him to turbo boost.

With that, she too leaves, disappearing out a far door. Michael cautiously crosses to K.I.T.T.

THE SCOPES

K.I.T.T. is hooked up to a couple of scopes, which read flat at the moment, and one which clearly shows electrical amperage, the needle moving rhythmically in time with the pneumatic tube, cooling the exposed circuitry. Also exposed, and not in its usual place, K.I.T.T.'s voice box. Assorted battery packs are about, and alligator clips are everywhere, tangled -- octopus ganglions of life support.

ON SCENE

Michael is affected by the sight, but manages:

MICHAEL

Hey, pal...it's me, Michael.

There is a long beat as he waits. Then, as if with great effort, K.I.T.T. speaks. Except, it's K.I.T.T. speaking out of a temporary speaker, and under various "boosters," and so it hardly sounds like K.I.T.T. at all. And every line could be his last.

K.I.T.T.

Hello, Michael....

Michael closes his eyes in gratitude for a moment, in spite of the weakness in K.I.T.T.'s voice. Tries to rouse good spirits.

MICHAEL

How you doing, buddy? Ready for a little turbo boost? Maybe a couple of one-eighties?

There is no response. Michael's smile fades, replaced by concern.

MICHAEL  
Kitt, I was just kidding.  
(beat; worried)  
Kitt?

K.I.T.T.  
I guess my humor mode needs a little  
more work.  
(then, with  
concern)  
Where's Bonnie? Did Bonnie leave?!

MICHAEL  
No -- no, she's right outside.

Michael feels uncomfortable. Doesn't know what to say.

MICHAEL  
As a matter of fact she tells me  
you're doing fine. You're gonna  
pull through, buddy. Good as new in  
no time.

Again, no response.

MICHAEL  
Kitt?

K.I.T.T.  
Yes?

MICHAEL  
Did you hear me?

K.I.T.T.  
Yes, Michael.

Another silence. Michael tries to hide his concern, fakes cheerfulness.

MICHAEL  
Well, I just wanted to come in and  
see you...got a lot of people out  
there anxious to get back in here  
and...finish you.  
(beat)  
So. I'll see you soon, huh?

K.I.T.T.  
Good-bye, Michael.

MICHAEL  
You take care, pal.

He rises, torn, unsure what to do. He touches K.I.T.T.'s fender, then turns and leaves.

OMITTED

ANGLE IN THE HALL

Michael emerges, plainly shaken, pauses as Bonnie crosses from technicians to join him.

BONNIE  
(encouraged)  
Well?

Michael looks at her, can't fake it.

MICHAEL  
It's...not him, Bonnie.

She reacts as if slapped, hurt.

BONNIE  
What do you mean it's 'not him?'  
It's him. It's Kitt.

MICHAEL  
It is, but it isn't. There's  
something wrong.

BONNIE  
Michael, how can you say that?! Of  
course there's something 'wrong' --  
you saw what happened to him! How  
insensitive can you be!

MICHAEL  
Bonnie, I'm not criticizing you --  
I'm not criticizing Kitt ---

BONNIE  
He's not finished yet! He's still  
weak, he still needs work! What did  
you expect, jokes and pratfalls?

She doesn't wait for a reply, pushes back into the emergency room. He's tempted to stop her, explain, but she's gone. Hold on his face, the secret knowledge he's right. Or is it just his imagination?

CUT TO

EXT. CENTURY CITY TYPE OFFICE - DAY

A bright, upscale location.

THE FRONT DOORS

Emerging from the high wood and glass doors is John Birock. On his arm is a lovely, well-dressed young woman, Tori, who hangs on his every word.

BIROCK

You'll love it -- forty-eight feet,  
twin diesels, fly bridge. That's  
where my captain sits running the  
boat.

TORI

While we're down below -- partying.

BIROCK

We'll leave Friday about noon. Hey,  
and why not bring that cute little  
friend of yours for Eddie.

TORI

You mean, Melissa. The one who does  
the bikini ads?

BIROCK

As I think of it, let's leave Eddie  
home!

As they head for Birock's limo a hand grabs Birock's  
shoulder and whirls him around.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Birock finds himself face to face with a haggard and  
intense Michael Knight. Tori steps aside, and looks on  
during:

BIROCK

What do you want?

MICHAEL

I'm going to talk and you're going  
to listen.

BIROCK

Get away from me.

MICHAEL

You're finished, Birock. You may  
know how to deal with red tape and  
cracks in the law, but you don't  
know how to deal with me.

BIROCK

Don't let the limo and the suit fool  
you, chum. I know how to deal with  
you. I just don't have to deal with  
you.

MICHAEL

Your operation is dirty. I'm gonna  
close it down.

BIROCK

Be my guest. All you need is some evidence.

Birock would head away to the limo once again, but Michael has him halting.

MICHAEL

My little trip out to your acid pit might have been a lot more productive than you think.

BIROCK

Go ahead, Knight. Talk tough. Threaten me. Every word's a nail in your coffin.

MICHAEL

I'll see you arrested, I'll see you prosecuted and I'll see you put in jail. The law's a two-edged sword, Birock -- you've been sitting pretty on one side of it too long. Time's run out. Now you're gonna taste the other side, the side that cuts.

Michael doesn't wait for a reply, turns and stalks off. Hold on Birock feeling a fury he hasn't felt in years.

OMITTED

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. F.L.A.G. FOUNDRY - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

K.I.T.T. is looking more finished now. All his glass is back in. Tires on. The body is filled out with grey lead and primer. The interior is still makeshift and full of wires, but seats are in it, and the wiring suggests most of the components (and abilities) are back. K.I.T.T.'s hood is up, his engine racing, as a technician bends over the engine compartment, monitoring everything, revving the engine at the carburetor, watching the scopes, etc. Bonnie stands with Dr. Von Voorman nearby, supervising and noting all the results on a clipboard, stoic.

VON VOORMAN  
Response time is better, yes?

BONNIE  
(nods)  
Kitt, what's the square root of 256  
and the capital of Montana?

K.I.T.T.  
Bonnie, really....

Bonnie smiles. He's sounding a lot more like the K.I.T.T.  
we know and love. But she stays firm.

BONNIE  
Kitt, do you know the answer?

K.I.T.T.  
Can Michael Jackson moonwalk?  
(proudly)  
Sixteen and Helena, population  
22,730. The city boasts some lovely  
old mansions along Power Street.  
Police chief Bill Ware keeps the  
streets safe. And it's not as cold  
up there as they say it is. Shall I  
go on?

BONNIE  
You got it!

MICHAEL'S VOICE  
Did I hear what I think I heard?

REVERSE ANGLE - MICHAEL

enters the room from the glass doors. He's up and excited  
at K.I.T.T.'s "progress."

MICHAEL  
What say, old buddy? How do you  
greet an old friend?

K.I.T.T.  
(excited)  
Michael! I'm so glad to see you! I  
have new diodes and circuit boards  
and....

MICHAEL  
Whoa there, pal...don't wear  
yourself out.  
(to Bonnie and  
Von Voorman)  
Seriously...how's he doing?

Von Voorman and Bonnie trade cautious looks.

BONNIE

Well, we're still not sure. You can see there's been improvement....

K.I.T.T.

Improvement? That's an understatement. We're planning a test run on the track in two hours, Michael. Can you be there?

MICHAEL

Wouldn't miss it for the world.

He means it. Michael looks to Bonnie to share his hopefulness. Her reaction tells him and us she's still not sure. Michael moves off, and we:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. STREET - DAY

Fran and Michael at the back of her van, checking over her camera equipment.

MICHAEL

I did just what I told you -- I rattled Birock's chain, but good. Now, let's see if you were right.

FRAN

He's going to do it -- like he's done it every time someone's gotten close before. He's going to burn that toxic waste site to the ground, and go find a new place to poison.

MICHAEL

I wouldn't ask you to tail him, but he'd be watching for me now.

FRAN

(holds up  
camera)

I'll be the eyes and ears for both of us.

MICHAEL

Both of us? The man hasn't got a chance.

There's a chuckle, and a warm moment between them, then Michael turns serious again.

MICHAEL

It may take a while. We don't know  
just when he'll make his move.

FRAN

I've been waiting years.

MICHAEL

You watch yourself. I don't mind  
telling you the guy scares me.

FRAN

Welcome to the club.

There's a moment between them, then Fran moves to the  
driver's seat and drives the van off. Michael watches her  
go a beat, then walks off and we:

CUT TO

EXT. TEST TRACK AREA - DAY

Bonnie and Michael emerge from the large, well-equipped  
Foundation tow truck in the middle of a large open testing  
area. They're met by Von Voorman.

VON VOORMAN

This is fine. Right here.

MICHAEL

(looking  
around)

I don't get it. Where's Kitt?

BONNIE

He wanted to show you himself.

Suddenly, K.I.T.T. roars out of nowhere and slides a ninety  
degree to face the group. He still sports primer and  
patchwork.

K.I.T.T.

Ta da!

They all applaud. And K.I.T.T. takes off, down the track.  
All watch, as:

ANGLE ON THE TRACK

K.I.T.T. goes through the paces. And he looks pretty good,  
at first.

INTERCUT - MICHAEL, ET AL

At first ad-lib jubilation at seeing K.I.T.T. back in  
action again. Bonnie's face tries for enthusiasm, but  
Michael's starts to fall.

BONNIE

Looks pretty good....

MICHAEL

Bonnie...before, he would have gone through that trap at a hundred. Not doing more'n sixty, now.

BONNIE

(reaching)

Just warming up? Suspension too stiff, maybe?

MICHAEL

(sadly)

Bonnie, that's not it. Look at him.

K.I.T.T. continues through the course, but he does it the way your car would...missing pylons, skiing erratically. The group's faces confirm the sad story.

VON VOORMAN

I was afraid of this.

MICHAEL

Of what? Keep talking.

VON VOORMAN

He's been hurt. It's not surprising he doesn't want to be hurt again.

BONNIE

You mean...he's lost his nerve?

VON VOORMAN

(nods)

In layman's terms...yes. He'll never admit it, but you watch. He'll find some excuse to stay out of the action.

Bonnie and Michael try to digest this.

BONNIE

Maybe if I reformat the software....

VON VOORMAN

(shakes his

head;

interrupts)

Miss Barstow, I'm sorry.

(beat)

I'll have to recommend he be reclassified for light duty.

Michael is rocked by this.

MICHAEL

Light duty?!

VON VOORMAN

A utility vehicle, perhaps.  
Recreational use. It's still a fine  
automobile....

MICHAEL

(hot)

Fine automobile! Kitt's a thorough-  
bred. You wanna make a golf cart out  
of him!

VON VOORMAN

(gestures re  
K.I.T.T.)

Look at him. He's playing the brave  
soldier...for you, I suspect.

(beat)

But he cannot be trusted under  
pressure. He just doesn't have it,  
anymore.

ANGLE

K.I.T.T. roars up in "triumph," stands in front of them.

K.I.T.T.

A little rusty...but not bad, eh,  
Michael?

MICHAEL

Looking good, Kitt.

(testing)

You ready for business?

K.I.T.T.

Just as soon as you can get me out of  
here. I have been poked and prodded  
and violated....

Suddenly there's a backfire, and K.I.T.T.'s engine runs  
rough. And then another backfire. Which causes sparks and  
fire at K.I.T.T.'s muffler.

K.I.T.T.

Oh...oh my...!

BONNIE

Fire!

Michael grabs a fire extinguisher off the tow truck and  
douses the flames before they spread.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Michael stands and surveys the car.

K.I.T.T.

(weakly)

Maybe they should tow me back to....

MICHAEL

(firmly)

No.

He moves to the car and opens the driver's door.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, what are you doing?

MICHAEL

No one is going to tow you anywhere.  
We are going back to bay three and  
we are going to put you in shape  
and we are going to run this test  
again until we get it perfect. You  
got that straight, Kitt?

VON VOORMAN

With all due respect....

MICHAEL

Keep your respect, Doctor Von Voorman.  
We don't deserve it...yet. Come on,  
Bonnie.

And he gestures her into K.I.T.T., guns the engine, and screeches off. Von Voorman looks after them, shakes his head.

CUT TO

OMITTED

MONTAGE - REBUILDING K.I.T.T. - IN REPAIR BAY

Wider tires are wheeled in. Michael uses pneumatic tool on the lug nuts. Michael uses a grinder to sand a portion of K.I.T.T.'s body. Finally, Michael sprays black paint onto bare metal and into camera...K.I.T.T.'s bonded shell...the finishing touch. Michael stands by K.I.T.T., admiring his work, as K.I.T.T. looks like his old self again. We can almost hear the "Rocky" theme, as we:

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BIROCK'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Hustle and bustle as yuppies and working types move in and out. Camera moves in among them to find Fran maintaining a low profile, dressed unassumingly in jeans, sweater,

sunglasses. But around her neck is a professional's 35mm camera with a good-sized lens. Suddenly her attention is riveted to:

OMITTED

BIROCK'S LIMOUSINE - BIROCK AND ZOORMAGIAN

As it reaches the curb, Birock exits the limo with a small, dark weasel of a man -- Mike "The Torch" Zoormagian. They move quickly, furtively.

FRAN

recognizes her target, starts snapping away; moto-driving shot after shot.

WHAT SHE SEES - CAMERA MATTE

In a series of freeze frames, we see Birock and Zoormagian as they head into the building.

FRAN

lowers her camera, showing a satisfied smile.

FRAN

Gotcha!

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. FOUNDATION TEST TRACK - DAY

K.I.T.T. tears around the track with Michael at the wheel. This time, all the maneuvers are being executed perfectly.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Way to go, buddy! Looking good.

K.I.T.T.

Nice to have you back at the controls, Michael.

MICHAEL

Nice to be here. Just one more test.

He swings the wheel toward:

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - A CONCRETE WALL

K.I.T.T.

Oh, Michael...that's fourteen inches  
of reinforced concrete.

MICHAEL

No sweat. We've penetrated twice  
that much.

He bears down on the pedal.

INTERCUT - BONNIE AND DR. VON VOORMAN

looking on, pleased with the testing. Even Von Voorman is  
impressed, until....

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

A button labelled "abort" lights up and:

K.I.T.T.

screeches to a stop just short of the cement wall.

MICHAEL

rocks in his seat, controls his frustration.

MICHAEL

Kitt, what happened?

K.I.T.T.

Michael, at this stage of my  
recovery....

MICHAEL

Kitt, you would've gone through it  
like shaving cream. Trust me.

K.I.T.T.

I do trust you, but....

Silence from the car. Michael sags, it was going so  
well....

K.I.T.T.

I'm sorry, Michael.

MICHAEL

It's okay, pal.

He climbs out of the car, shuts the door softly.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE BONNIE AND VON VOORMAN

running up to man and car.

BONNIE

What happened? Why didn't you  
finish the....

But a look at Michael's discouraged face tells her all she  
needs to know. As they ponder their dilemma:

FRAN'S VOICE

Michael! We got him!

They turn to see Fran running up to them.

NEW ANGLE - FRAN AND MICHAEL

Michael reacts to the importance of her news, pulls her  
aside.

MICHAEL

What? Show me, tell me.

But Fran's already pulling a couple of 8 x 10 glossy  
pictures out of her satchel. Hands them to Michael.

ADJUST TO INCLUDE THE PICTURES

grainy, but unmistakable: Birock and Zoormagian.

MICHAEL

(responding)

That's him. That's Mike Zoormagian.

BONNIE

Who?!

MICHAEL

Aka 'The Torch.' The most wanted  
arsonist in the country. Meeting  
with Birock today.

FRAN

It worked!

MICHAEL

Birock's gonna blow the Interstate  
yards. And we're gonna catch him  
doing it!

He plants a big kiss on Fran, and strides back to:

BONNIE AND K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Get ready for a ride, buddy. The  
ride of your life.

BONNIE

Michael, you can't take him!

MICHAEL

You bet I can!

BONNIE

He might give out on you, just when  
you need him most! Or he might try  
to work for you, and try too much!

Michael is ignoring her and climbing into K.I.T.T., though  
the door is open and Bonnie and Fran are on hand for:

ANOTHER ANGLE

K.I.T.T. has his own thoughts, and (plainly) fears:

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I'm not sure I'm ready.

MICHAEL

Are you kidding?! We're partners,  
aren't we?

K.I.T.T.

Yes.

MICHAEL

We're a team, right?!

K.I.T.T.

Yes.

MICHAEL

I know you better than anyone, don't  
I?

K.I.T.T.

Yes.

MICHAEL

Then believe me when I tell you, pal  
-- this is it!!!

Michael slams the door and, with a roar and a squeal of  
tires, he speeds off in K.I.T.T., Bonnie and Fran watching  
them go. On the vanishing tail section, we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

OMITTED

EXT. INTERSTATE WASTE DISPOSAL CO. - DAY

The Monster Junkyard Dog belches, growls, and bullies its way through debris on its appointed rounds.

OMITTED

ANGLE AT THE PITS

Chuck is swinging up into the cab of the tanker truck.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

Michael and K.I.T.T. are observing from a vantage point that overlooks the waste disposal yards.

K.I.T.T.

I was hoping I'd never see this place again, Michael.

MICHAEL

I know how you feel, buddy. If things work out -- this'll be the last time.

(reacts to O.S.)

Here we go.

MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.'S POINT OF VIEW ON BIROCK'S LIMOUSINE

as it pulls into the yard. Birock gets out. The tanker truck rumbles up to Birock. Chuck is behind the wheel. They have a brief MOS conversation.

Chuck gives Birock a thumbs up. As the tanker heads toward the main gate, Birock goes into the office.

OMITTED

RESUME MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Kitt, is that tanker full or empty?

INTERCUT - K.I.T.T.'S SCREEN

as it comes to life -- a graphic of the tanker indicating a liquid inside followed by the diagrammatic molecular structure of the chemical.

K.I.T.T.

To the brim.  
(pauses,  
distraught)  
Michael, its contents are identical  
to those awful chemicals in the pit.

MICHAEL

Get me Bonnie.

Monitor comes on.

BONNIE

I'm here with Fran, Michael.

MICHAEL

Bonnie -- It's going down. There's a  
fully loaded tanker heading out right  
now.

OMITTED

INTERCUT - BONNIE ON MONITOR - IN SEMI

BONNIE

I'll relay the information to the state  
police. They're ready to set up the  
roadblock.

MICHAEL

Tell 'em to hustle. You know where  
to find me.

BONNIE

That's what worries me. You two take  
care of yourselves.

FRAN

Here, here!

A half smile and her image fades.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I just detected tumblers  
opening the security locks in that  
office.

MICHAEL

Birock cleaning house. It's all  
falling into place, Kitt. Birock's  
covering his tracks with his usual  
M.O. All the evidence will go up in  
flames when Zoormagian does his bit.

INT. INTRASTATE WASTE DISPOSAL CO. OFFICE - DAY

as Birock unlocks and opens the fireproof security files;  
pulling the drawers all the way out, exposed, ready for the  
fire. Dumping other files on the floor.

RESUME IN K.I.T.T.

as Michael sees a car pulling into the dump.

MICHAEL  
That'll be Zoormagian. Right on cue.

OMITTED

ANGLE AT UNITED

A car pulls up, drives in. Stops. Zoormagian gets out, is  
joined by Birock from the office, MOS dialogue between them.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Michael watching every move.

MICHAEL  
There's a pretty picture. Partners  
in crime. Let's get it all for  
posterity, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.  
Not to mention the DA.

K.I.T.T.'s monitor shows the Birock/Zoormagian scene  
below.

MICHAEL  
Video and audio.

K.I.T.T.  
I remember the plan, Michael.

INSERT - THE MONITOR

seeing Birock and Zoormagian below.

ANGLE AT DRUM STORAGE AREA - DAY

Hundreds of fifty-gallon drums filled with chemicals;  
stacked three, four, five high. Zoormagian moves between  
the drums. He stops and we are:

CLOSE ON A DRUM

as Zoormagian uses a small pry bar to pop the steel plug in  
the center of the drum. The volatile waste chemical begins  
pouring out onto the ground.

BIROCK

Be careful with that stuff -- or  
we're both history.

ZOORMAGIAN

You hire an expert, then you have no  
faith....

ZOORMAGIAN

crosses to another drum and does the same, Birock watching.

BIROCK

I've got a one thirty flight. I  
don't want anything to happen until  
I'm gone.

(looks about)

Beautiful...it was a gold mine.

(beat)

Burn it to cinders.

ZOORMAGIAN

It'll be like it was never here.

BIROCK

Two minutes. I've got to clean out  
the safe.

He hurries back inside. Zoormagian continues his  
preparations for the fire.

OMITTED

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

watching the monitor. Michael flips some switches.

MICHAEL

Birock just talked himself right  
into jail. You ready, pal?

K.I.T.T.

What...exactly are we going to do,  
Michael?

MICHAEL

Kitt? You were just bragging about  
your memory.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, if you're suggesting I'm  
afraid, nothing could be further  
from the truth. I don't experience  
fear. I do, however, abide by my  
dominant program: the preservation  
of human life.

(beat)  
You could be hurt down there.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, I could be. But so could you...  
(beat)  
Kitt, I'm not saying you're afraid.  
But if you were, that'd be okay,  
too. It's no crime. If it were,  
we'd all be guilty.

(beat)  
Before we met, when I was still  
Michael Long...what am I telling you  
for, you know what happened. But  
maybe you don't know all of it...When  
I regained consciousness days later,  
I could still see that muzzle  
flash. I couldn't get it out of my  
mind. For months afterwards I'd  
flinch when someone lit a match,  
when a car's headlights would flash  
in my face....

K.I.T.T.  
(long beat)  
How did you overcome it, Michael?

MICHAEL  
I didn't. It overcame itself. All  
I did was refuse to give in to it,  
and do what I knew had to be done.

A thoughtful pause before K.I.T.T.'s scanner flashes. His  
voice takes on a more determined, confident tone.

K.I.T.T.  
Speaking of what has to be done, I  
believe we have an arsonist to stop.

The image on the monitor zooms in until a blowtorch nozzle  
and flame become visible. The flame sharpens to a blue-  
white pinpoint as Zoormagian turns up the flow of gas.

MICHAEL  
(a smile)  
Gotcha. Ready?

K.I.T.T.  
(beat)  
Yes, Michael, I am.  
(then)  
And Michael? Thanks.

Michael pops the clutch; slams the accelerator to the floor  
and:

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.

takes off down the road at high speed toward the entrance to the yard and we go to:

EXT. DRUM STORAGE AREA - DAY

Waste chemicals flow from a dozen drums, forming puddles on the ground between the stacked drums. Zoormagian, torch in hand, is following a narrow river of the chemical that flows in a tire rut. He allows this "fuse" to lengthen for a few beats, then lowers the torch toward it.

ANGLE AT GATE

K.I.T.T. speeds through.

ANGLE WITH ZOORMAGIAN

Ready to ignite the chemicals, he reacts as K.I.T.T. roars up, Michael leaping out.

Zoormagian comes at him; throws a punch. Michael blocks it and puts Zoormagian away with a roundhouse right to the jaw. Zoormagian goes down and stays down. Michael crosses toward K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.  
Nicely done, Michael.

MICHAEL  
Thanks, buddy. But we're not  
finished. Gotta find Birock ---

K.I.T.T.  
Michael!

OMITTED

ANGLE - THE MONSTER FORKLIFT

blasts through some drums of goop, climbs over these, bearing down on them.

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.'S POINT OF VIEW - THE MEANEST MACHINE AROUND

stares right at him, exhausts growling, ready to eat up the pedigree in front of him.

BACK IN K.I.T.T.

He's a little uncertain; takes a moment to gather his courage, then:

MICHAEL  
We could micro-lock his brakes!...

K.I.T.T.  
That wouldn't prove much, would it?

MICHAEL  
It's you and me, buddy. Let's go!

Michael tromps on the accelerator. K.I.T.T. surges ahead.

OMITTED

THE JUNKYARD DOG

rocks toward K.I.T.T., intending to spear K.I.T.T. with the massive forks that jut out from the front of the monster vehicle, but:

K.I.T.T.

turbo boosts right over the top of the Junkyard Dog.

OMITTED

INTERCUT - BIROCK

reacting with amazement to this maneuver, while:

THE JUNKYARD DOG

continues to blast forward to where K.I.T.T. would have been. Its momentum driving the massive forks into another car, or Birock's limousine, or the guard shack, whatever is feasible. As the monster vehicle backs away from its skewered victim, we are:

OMITTED

ON MICHAEL

As K.I.T.T. lands, he's clearly euphoric at K.I.T.T.'s performance.

MICHAEL  
Yeah! Way to go, pal!!

K.I.T.T.  
Oh, I must admit, this is a good feeling, Michael.

Michael flips some switches on the console.

K.I.T.T.

does a screaming one-eighty; circles the monster vehicle and blasts right in front of it at high speed and we are:

OMITTED

ON THE MASSIVE FORKS

as K.I.T.T. lops them right off the front of the Junkyard Dog, and:

ANOTHER ANGLE

as K.I.T.T. swings around; aligns his front bumper with the front of the monster vehicle and plows it into the bubbling acid. There's a roar that sounds like pain as its engine tries to race out, then coughs and dies.

ANGLE

Birock manages to scramble out onto the top of the cab, as Michael is getting out of K.I.T.T. Birock considers his position and blanches with mortal terror.

BIROCK

Pleeeeee!...

FRAN'S VOICE

Hold it! Perfect!

Michael turns to see:

BONNIE AND FRAN

are arriving, Fran with her camera ready.

MICHAEL

(reacts)

What're you two doing here?!

FRAN

Getting my shot for Newswatch magazine, what else?

As Fran clicks off shot after shot of Birock atop the Junkyard Dog being destroyed by the ooze in the acid pit.

BIROCK

(calls out)

Come on, get me out of here! What is this?

MICHAEL

I believe it's called hazardous waste disposal.

(to K.I.T.T.)

Wouldn't you agree?

K.I.T.T.

I most certainly would.

BIROCK

His jaw drops.

MICHAEL

grins, swings a look to K.I.T.T., then Bonnie and Fran,  
and we:

OMITTED

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Open close on a magazine cover -- the masthead proclaims  
NEWSWATCH. The cover is Fran's. A photograph of Birock  
atop the Junkyard Dog sinking into the acid pit. We widen  
out to include Michael and Fran on a blanket having a picnic  
and looking at the magazine. K.I.T.T. is parked close by.

FRAN

Been a long time coming ---

MICHAEL

Well, I'm glad we're the ones who  
made sure he finally got -- wasted.

Fran and Michael laugh, but K.I.T.T. maintains a serious  
demeanor.

K.I.T.T.

Yes, well, unless my speed reading  
program has developed a glitch, I  
can't find anything in the accompany-  
ing article that indicates who put  
those Neanderthals into that acid pit.

FRAN

Why, Kitt, I think I detect a subtle  
craving for recognition in that  
statement.

K.I.T.T.

After what I've been through, a little  
publicity might help reinforce my  
self image.

MICHAEL

Gee, Kitt, I'm sorry.

(winks to Fran)

I mean, I thought you were one of those old-time heroes who just drove off into the sunset, secure in the knowledge that you can handle any situation that might arise.

OMITTED

ANGLE WITH K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

I don't know if those old-time heroes were so much. I mean, they always drank sasparilla and never kissed the girl. What was all that about? Michael? Michael?...

WITH MICHAEL AND FRAN

This hero is kissing the girl....

K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.'s light waves a "wink" at us, and we:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END