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KNIGHT RIDER

KILLER K.I.T.T.

by
Si Rose

ACT ONE

FADE IN

OMITTED

EXT. COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

as the Foundation semi blows past camera.

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

hood open, Bonnie working underneath. She finishes, closes the hood and turns to Michael, talking with Devon in the b.g.

BONNIE

He's all set Michael.

ANOTHER ANGLE - RC3

visible through the spokes of a motorcycle wheel -- an old wreck he has broken down on a workbench. He's diligently cranking a ratchet, attempting to put the bike into running order. As Michael and Devon pass him on the way to K.I.T.T. ---

RC3

Hey, my man. I thought you were going to the Hotel Convention Center with us. Where you headed?

MICHAEL

Bonnie just fine-tuned Kitt's systems. I'm road testing him.

(winks at
Devon and
Bonnie)

You know -- engine running, exhaust throbbing, wheels turning ---

RC3

There are a lot of miles left in this baby. You'll see.

BONNIE

How much you pay for that, 'baby?'

RC3

Nothing. This guy gave it to me.

DEVON

Reginald, you were robbed.

RC3 looks hurt. Everyone else laughs. Michael crosses, gets into K.I.T.T. and starts his engine.

OMITTED

EXT. THE SEMI - DAY - TRAVELING

K.I.T.T. slides down the ramp and spins a 180 away. We follow as K.I.T.T. drives off, passing the maroon sedan in the opposite direction.

ANGLE

As K.I.T.T. pulls away, we stay with a maroon sedan that has been tailing.

INSIDE THE MAROON SEDAN

Gordon is behind the wheel, Farrell next to him.

FARRELL

That's him. Let's go. Move it.

Gordon whips the wheel, putting the car into a screeching U-turn. Farrell pulls a shoulder-mounted rocket launcher from the backseat and we go to:

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

the beach and crashing surf zipping by in the b.g.

MICHAEL

I'm ready whenever you are, pal.

K.I.T.T.

All systems 'go,' Michael, but there's a car behind us coming up very fast. I suggest we let him pass before we start.

Michael glances to the:

OMITTED

REARVIEW MIRROR

The maroon sedan accelerating rapidly.

THE SCENE

as the sedan pulls abreast of K.I.T.T. and Farrell thrusts the rocket launcher out the window, aimed right at Michael.

MICHAEL

reacts, slams on the brakes.

OMITTED

FARRELL

changes the angle of the rocket launcher tracking back with K.I.T.T. and fires.

K.I.T.T.

is nose diving to a fast stop. The rocket hits the tarmac right in front of him and explodes. K.I.T.T.'s momentum carries him right over the exploding mass.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

rocked by the explosion underneath, as Michael tromps on the accelerator.

MICHAEL

Give me a damage report, pal.

K.I.T.T.

Negative, Michael. All systems at optimum output.

MICHAEL

Good. Give me a video scan of that car.

Michael pushes buttons on his console and we are:

OMITTED

CLOSE ON THE SEDAN

Farrell looks back to see if Michael is pursuing.

FARRELL

He's coming! Go! Go!

Gordon tromps on the accelerator. The sedan takes off down the highway.

HIGHWAY - VARIOUS SHOTS

as K.I.T.T. pursues the maroon sedan.

A TRUCK

backs out of a street right in front of K.I.T.T. Michael slams on the brakes coming to a dead stop.

MICHAEL

No turbo-boost, pal. There are cars on the other side.

Michael pulls K.I.T.T. around the truck. The chase leads to ---

EXT. MALIBU PIER - DAY

as we pan across to establish and pick up the sedan,
approaching at high speed.

OMITTED

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the sedan rockets down the approach ramp and K.I.T.T.
pursues.

MICHAEL

We got them on a dead end, pal.

PARKING LOT ON THE PIER

as the sedan weaves between other cars and screeches to a
stop. Farrell and Gordon get out and run.

K.I.T.T.

screeches to a stop, right behind the sedan. Michael jumps
out and takes off on foot after the two men.

OMITTED

ON THE PIER

As Michael chases Gordon and Farrell past fishermen and by-
standers, etc., we are:

CLOSE ON K.I.T.T.'S HOOD

as his scanner pulses faster in response to an approaching
figure. The distorted reflection of a woman, "Bonnie,"
moves across K.I.T.T.'s hood and holds.

"BONNIE"

Hi, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

Bonnie? What are you doing here?

"BONNIE"

I was monitoring your channel and
overheard what happened. I brought
something that can help Michael.

CLOSE ON SHOULDER BAG

as "Bonnie's" hands remove an electronic box.

"BONNIE'S" VOICE

(continuing)

It's a CPU booster. Open your door.
It'll only take a second to install.

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T. - ANGLE ON DASH

Door opens. "Bonnie's" hands plug the electronic box into K.I.T.T.'s CPU (computer unit) then close the door.

K.I.T.T.
Is there anything specific I should
tell Michael about it?

ON "BONNIE"

who we'll soon reveal to be Bronwyn Appleby, attractive, late twenties, an appealing naivete. She reads from a file card and speaks into a pipe stem connected to a "Walkman-sized" device from which Bonnie's voice emanates.

"BONNIE"
That won't be necessary, Kitt. There's
no way he could overlook its impact
on you.

As "Bonnie" turns and crosses to:

A BLACK AND GRAY BUS

A mean-looking war wagon festooned with numerous antennae and radar dish. As "Bonnie" approaches the bus, we are:

CLOSE ON "BONNIE'S" NECK

as her fingers grasp the edge of a latex mask and begin peeling it off, revealing:

BRONWYN

as she pulls the mask completely off, then removes a wig. She glances back at K.I.T.T.; gets into the bus and drives off.

OMITTED

RESUME FOOT CHASE ON THE PIER

as Farrell and Gordon head down a staircase that leads beneath the pier.

A SMALL FLOATING DOCK

nestled between the pilings as Farrell and Gordon come off the stairs and dash across the dock and jump into a speed-boat. They rocket away from the dock seconds before Michael arrives -- too late to make the jump into the boat.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

They're in a speedboat, pal. Track 'em with your scanner for me.

OMITTED

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

to see an area scan of the pier and surrounding ocean, the radar sweep picks up a blip and we hear an electronic ping. But ---

K.I.T.T.

I'm sorry, Michael. I'm not picking up anything ---

MICHAEL

(react)

You can usually pick up an ignition from this distance.

The blip and ping continue on the monitor.

K.I.T.T.

It must be shielded, Michael. I'm not getting any signal.

K.I.T.T. shuts down his monitor. Michael tightens a fist in frustration as the speedboat vanishes in the distance.

EXT. THE PIER - DAY

K.I.T.T., parked adjacent to the maroon sedan as Michael approaches and examines the sedan.

MICHAEL

Scan for prints, pal.

K.I.T.T.

I already have, Michael. There aren't any.

MICHAEL

That's funny, neither one of those guys were wearing gloves.

Michael wonders a beat, shrugs, crosses and gets into K.I.T.T.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

Michael starts the engine, drives off and pushes some buttons on his console.

MICHAEL

Let's see what you picked up on video. Run the tape.

K.I.T.T.

My preliminary scan indicates -- the images will need enhancement beyond my capabilities.

MICHAEL

Okay, we'll let Bonnie do it in the semi.

(beat)

You know, I have a feeling she may have over-tuned your systems, pal. You're -- different.

OMITTED

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

The semi is parked outside as K.I.T.T. approaches and rockets up the ramp.

INSIDE THE SEMI - DAY

parked, as K.I.T.T. pulls to a stop. Michael gets out and is joined by Devon and RC3.

MICHAEL

Where's Bonnie?

DEVON

In the convention hall. I'm about due myself. She'll be back as soon as she's made certain the arrangements for Doctor Albert's press conference are going smoothly.

MICHAEL

Couldn't be going worse than Kitt's road test --

(off their looks)

-- couple of guys just tried to blow me away with a rocket launcher.

RC3

Not the kind of road test you had in mind.

DEVON

Any idea why, or who they were?

MICHAEL

(shakes no)

No, but I have a tape. The image needs to be enhanced, then, maybe we can ID them.

CLOSE ON MONITOR - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

to see a sharp videotape replay of the maroon sedan as it accelerated away after Farrell fired the rocket.

DEVON

Crystal clear, Michael. No need for enhancement.

MICHAEL

(baffled)

Yeah, look at that. Zoom in.

Devon stops the tape as Farrell looks back. We zoom into a closeup of his face. As Devon does some encoding ---

RC3

You could've watched this flick in Kitt, man. You into building mileage, or what?

MICHAEL

(shrugs,
puzzled)

Kitt said the image wasn't clear.

DEVON

Why would he say that?

MICHAEL

He's having a little attitude problem. It started right after the attack. The impact may have knocked Bonnie's adjustments out of line.

A mug shot of Farrell appears on the monitor with basic info.

DEVON

Ah -- one Nicholas Farrell. He has an extensive criminal record.

MICHAEL

And a lot of explaining to do. We'll postpone Kitt's checkup for now.

Michael crosses toward K.I.T.T. and we go to:

OMITTED

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

as K.I.T.T. blows past camera.

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

K.I.T.T.

I'm sorry about that, Michael. My video analyzer must have malfunctioned.

MICHAEL

No problem, pal. The important thing is ---

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ON BUS - TRAVELING

The war wagon, we saw Bronwyn get into on the pier earlier, barrels past camera.

OMITTED

INSIDE THE BUS

A sleek, hi-tech interior with an electronic command center that includes monitor, computer console, etc. Bronwyn is with Marco Berio, a brilliant, embittered electronics genius, who is at the command center, listening to ---

MICHAEL'S VOICE

(continuing)

-- we identified the guy who tried to kill me. And that's where we're headed now. Three seventeen Cloverfield Avenue.

BRONWYN

That's not good, is it, Marco? Can you do something?

Marco pushes a button that puts the audio intercept on hold.

MARCO

(shakes no)

I don't have control over the vehicle's behavior yet.

BRONWYN

But I thought you said you would.

MARCO

I will, Bronwyn. I will.

(fervently)

You see, at this very moment my analytical mode interceptor is breaking down each sub-set in the vehicle's program. It's already

tapped into the audio matrix. Next it will trans-polarize the millions of command module permutations and devise an override which will give me total control. Within hours the Knight Two Thousand will be responding to my voice commands.

BRONWYN

(nods blankly)

It's brilliant but I don't think you answered my question --

(off his

look)

-- about them going to Farrell's place?

Marco blinks, coming back to the moment. He turns, grabs the phone and punches out a number.

MARCO

Farrell? -- Yes. You'll be having a visitor -- Right, that's him -- I don't know how but he did. Be ready.

He hangs up thoughtfully and we:

RESUME INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

Michael pushes some buttons on his console.

MICHAEL

How much further pal?

K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

to see a grid map develop and a flashing rectangle that indicates their destination.

K.I.T.T.

Farrell's place is precisely 3.25 miles directly southeast of our position, Michael.

MICHAEL

Okay, plot me the most direct course.

K.I.T.T.

(put out)

Really, Michael, all you have to do is look at the monitor.

MICHAEL

(puzzled)

What?

K.I.T.T.

It's right there. You make a right at the second stoplight and proceed 2.90 miles down Cloverfield Avenue.

MICHAEL

What's wrong with you today, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

(hesitant,
puzzled)

I, I don't know Michael. I'm sorry, that just slipped out. I'm ---

INTERCUT - INSIDE BUS

Berio and Bronwyn listening, reacting as ---

K.I.T.T.

I'm feeling rather strange all of a sudden.

CUT TO

EXT. CONDOMINIUM COMPLEX - DAY

as K.I.T.T. pulls up and parks out front. As Michael gets out and crosses toward the complex:

MICHAEL

Keep your scanners peeled.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Michael crosses toward the entrance. He reacts to the sound of a revving engine and the screech of tires.

OMITTED

A SEDAN

not the maroon one seen earlier, Farrell and Gordon inside, rockets forward from a parking space and comes right at Michael.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STREET

as Michael dives to avoid being hit and the sedan sideswipes another car, just missing him. The sedan screeches to a stop. The passenger door opens. Farrell jumps out with an automatic rifle and fires ---

MICHAEL

scrambles to his feet and dashes to cover behind another vehicle. As the rounds stitch the sheet metal, we:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

as the bullets whiz past, Michael rolls away and dives behind a car. He calls urgently into his comlink.

MICHAEL
Come and get me, Kitt!

K.I.T.T.

as he auto-starts and goes roaring off, makes a screeching turn and goes barreling down the street.

RESUME MICHAEL

scrambling about, ducking behind cars, as Farrell fires.

K.I.T.T.

races down the street toward Michael, the rounds sparking off his shell, as Farrell whirls in reaction and fires.

MICHAEL
(into comlink)
Do a one-eighty and pin him to the car!

K.I.T.T.
I'm not so sure that's the best maneuver ---

MICHAEL
Do it, Kitt! Now!!

K.I.T.T. responds, stops on a dime, whirls and goes skidding sideways at Farrell. He fires at K.I.T.T., then dives out of the way as K.I.T.T. sideswipes the sedan just missing him.

GORDON
Come on! Let's get out of here!

Farrell jumps in the car next to Gordon, fires a parting burst at Michael, who hits the deck as the bullets just miss him. As the sedan roars away, K.I.T.T. drives up to Michael, who is getting up off the ground in pain, rubbing a banged-up knee.

MICHAEL

Thanks, buddy, you saved my hide. How did those two know we were coming?

K.I.T.T.

Does that mean you suspect me?

MICHAEL

(reacts, gives
him look)

No, I was just wondering out loud. You know, you're starting to get paranoid, pal.

K.I.T.T.

Well, it sounded like an accusation to me, Michael.

MICHAEL

(does a take)

Come on, Kitt ---

INT. BUS - INTERCUT - TRAVELING

as Marco and Bronwyn listen to all this on K.I.T.T.'s audio channel and react.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

(continuing)

Is that how a friend treats a friend?

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

There you go again -- more accusations.

MICHAEL

I don't have time to argue, pal. Get that sedan on the scanner for me.

K.I.T.T.

No, you'll have to learn to change your tone, Michael. I don't like being ordered about.

MICHAEL

Are you serious?

K.I.T.T. stonewalls it.

MICHAEL

Come on, Kitt talk to me.

Silence.

MARCO

(annoyed)
They blew it.

He angrily clicks off the audio intercept.

BRONWYN

I don't understand, Marco. I thought
you wanted them to get out of there.
Not kill the guy.

MARCO

(covering)
Of course. But Knight attacked them,
Bronwyn. What else could they do?

BRONWYN

I don't know. It didn't sound that
way to me.

MARCO

Hey, whose side are you on anyway?

BRONWYN

Come on, Marco. You don't have to
ask me that. You know how I feel
about what happened to you.

Marco glances at his watch and clicks a switch on the
command center console.

BUS MONITOR - INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

as comes to life with a local TV broadcast. Devon stands
inside the hotel with Dr. William Albert, a tall, ascetic,
older fellow in tweeds and mismatched socks. Convention
preparations going on in the b.g. A banner proclaims
Electronics Exposition.

DEVON

-- And tomorrow, it will be my
distinct pleasure to present the
Foundation's Man of the Year award
to the man most responsible for
FLAG's preeminence in the field of
computer technology -- the
distinguished -- Doctor William
Albert.

Devon gestures to Dr. Albert. Strobes flash. The crowd of
news people push in. Some applause breaks out.

MARCO

(seethes)

I haven't told you half of what they did to me.

BRONWYN

Marco, I know. But you're so close to getting the car. It's worth millions. Why worry about them?

MARCO

Because revenge, not money, is the cure for bitterness ---

He pauses and glances to the monitor, where Dr. Albert is basking in the media attention.

MARCO

-- And the better the timing the sweeter it gets.

He swings her a look, half-crazed, half-lust, and we:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - K.I.T.T.

blasts past camera.

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

as Michael pushes some buttons on his console.

MICHAEL

I want Bonnie to do a rundown on Farrell.

(purposely
polite)

Will you get her for me, pal, please?

K.I.T.T.

Not now, Michael. I have a headache.

MICHAEL

You know, you never acted this way before. That explosion must have shaken up your CPU more than I thought.

K.I.T.T.

I guess so. I've never felt this way before.

MICHAEL

Well, maybe a little Vivaldi will make you into a nicer person.

Michael clicks on the radio. The soothing strains of the Four Seasons waft from K.I.T.T.'s speakers. A few beats

before we hear fast blurts of various kinds of music and news as K.I.T.T. scans the dial, finally settles on a blasting loud, horrendous German Um-pah-pah band.

MICHAEL

What's that?

K.I.T.T.

Beer hall music. Nothing like a little Um-pah and a lot of brass.

MICHAEL

That's not your kind of music, Kitt. You've always hated tubas.

K.I.T.T.

Well, we're all entitled to grow.

The racket is deafening. The entire interior of the car vibrating. Michael winces in pain and clicks it off.

MICHAEL

Not at the expense of others, pal. Now, get me Bonnie.

K.I.T.T.

You can dial direct, Michael.

MICHAEL

That's it. I can't take this another minute. Sorry, buddy. But I'm shutting you down.

Michael reaches to the console and shuts down K.I.T.T.'s CPU.

EXT. STREET - DAY

as Michael parks K.I.T.T. near an intersection where a school crossing Guard is directing traffic with hand-held stop sign. She's wearing official jacket, reflective vest, peaked cap. Michael gets out of K.I.T.T. and walks toward a phone booth, down the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

the crossing Guard removes her cap and lays it and her stop sign on K.I.T.T.'s T-top. He darkens his windows as she leans against him and wipes her brow ---

GUARD

Boy, what a day ---

K.I.T.T.'S CONSOLE

as T-top lights up and flashes. K.I.T.T. talks to himself with a tinge of gleeful anticipation.

K.I.T.T.
It's not over yet, lady.

ON K.I.T.T.'S T-TOP

as it pops, sending the cap and stop sign sailing through the air.

PHONE BOOTH - MICHAEL

has just entered and lifted the receiver -- does a take.

THE GUARD

does a double take -- from the T-top to the flying objects and back to K.I.T.T.

GUARD
Who did that?

K.I.T.T.
I did. And unless you want to meet a similar fate, madam, I suggest you keep your ample derriere off my door.

GUARD
Watch your language young man, or I'll report you to the principal.

She turns in a huff to walk off.

K.I.T.T.'S DOOR

pops open and whacks her in the rear end. She jumps startled and hurries off.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. THE SEMI - DAY

The convention center in the b.g. The semi's phone is ringing as we move in.

INSIDE THE SEMI

as Bonnie crosses to a communications panel, passing RC3, who is still working on his motorcycle.

BONNIE
Give it up RC, that pile of junk will never see the open road again.

RC3
Yeah? Wait'll you see this pile of junk lean into a turn flat out, and ---

BONNIE

Didn't anyone ever tell you -- you
put junk into a turn, you get junk
out ---

Bonnie arrives at the console and answers the phone.

BONNIE

Hello?

INTERCUT - MICHAEL IN PHONE BOOTH

MICHAEL

Hi. It's Michael. I've got a major
snafu on my hands. Something's wrong
with Kitt's CPU.

BONNIE

Yes, RC told me what happened. But
that kind of impact shouldn't affect
Kitt's systems the way it ---

MICHAEL

I'm in a phone booth, Bonnie. He
refused to patch me through.

BONNIE

Oh, right -- I'll have to run an all
systems analysis. Better bring him
in.

MICHAEL

No, he's being a royal pain in the
tailpipe. I'll never get him into
manual. You'll have to bring him
in by remote control.

BONNIE

Okay, but that can get tricky without
communications.

MICHAEL

What about a direct patch through the
auxiliary channel in my comlink?

BONNIE

Good idea. Hang on a sec.

Bonnie sets down the phone; turns to the console, flips a
few switches, pushes a button or two. A couple of lights
flash. She lifts the phone.

BONNIE

Try it now.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL'S COMLINK

as he hits a button, switching to an auxiliary channel.

MICHAEL

How's that? Am I coming through?

Michael's voice now comes from Bonnie's console instead of the phone. And her's from Michael's comlink.

BONNIE

Loud and clear, Michael.

MICHAEL

Great. I'll get right back to you.

Michael hangs up, exits the booth heading for K.I.T.T. Bonnie turns her attention to her console and we go to:

ANOTHER ANGLE

as RC3 reacts to Devon's entrance.

RC3

You look great on the tube, boss.

DEVON

Why thank you, Reginald.

(reflecting)

You know, I used to ride one of those.

RC3

(skeptical
but hoping)

You're putting me on. You, on a chopper?

DEVON

Oh yes, during the war. One day while delivering a dispatch I heard the whistle of an enemy round. I dove for cover and when the smoke cleared -- my motorcycle looked just like yours.

RC3 sags in despair and we:

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

parked at curb...Michael gets inside.

MICHAEL

I'm back inside Kitt.

OMITTED

INT. SEMI - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Bonnie, with Devon standing alongside. RC3 has crossed from his cycle and joined them. As Bonnie reacts and encodes:

BONNIE
I'm setting up the remote control access now, Michael.

MICHAEL
(hands off wheel)
Good. He's all yours.

As Bonnie continues encoding on keyboard. They react as the monitor starts to break up.

BONNIE
There's a lot of interference on the board.
(beat)
I'm having trouble gaining access, Michael.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - THE BUS

barreling along at high speed.

INT. BUS - ANGLE ON COMMAND CENTER

Bronwyn next to Marco, listening and reacting, pleased; excitement building.

BRONWYN
Marco, does that mean the car is ours?

As the interference on their monitor suddenly clears and a picture of K.I.T.T.'s interior, with Michael appears. Marco swings an enthused look to Bronwyn.

MARCO
Yes, we're in! We have behavioral control.

Marco tightens a fist in triumph. Bronwyn shudders with delight and hugs him.

EXT. THE SEMI - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

parked outside the convention center.

INT. SEMI

Their monitor is still scrambled, as Bonnie taps away at terminal, Devon and RC3 watching anxiously. Bonnie is shaken.

BONNIE

I can't gain access. I've lost him.

RC3

You're always talking about system
bypasses, and auxiliaries. What
about them?

BONNIE

I tried all those channels. They're
blocked.

DEVON

Try again. You've got to key back
in somehow.

Bonnie resumes working at the keyboard.

INSIDE THE BUS - TRAVELING

BRONWYN

(elated)

Okay, come on, come on, bring him in!

Marco throws a switch on the command center with expectation.

MARCO

Knight Industries Two Thousand this
is your new command center. Do you
read?

K.I.T.T. answers in a modified voice, a malevolent tone
with an Exorcist hiss.

K.I.T.T.

Yes, I read you command center.

MARCO

You'll proceed to the coordinates I'm
about to transmit. Nothing. I repeat
nothing will cause you to slow or
stop.

K.I.T.T.

I understand. Ready to receive data.
Commence transmission.

As Marco encodes, we:

RESUME INSIDE K.I.T.T. - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

still parked at curb.

MICHAEL

(into comlink)

We're still dead in the water here,
Bonnie -- what's happening?

BONNIE

I'm not sure -- all of Kitt's major systems are malfunctioning. I have no access to him.

Suddenly, K.I.T.T. activates, his panel lighting up -- and he starts to move off.

MICHAEL

Whoa! Hold it, pal! Where are you going?

K.I.T.T.

(hissed voice)

That's classified information, Mr. Knight. Your access has been withdrawn.

MICHAEL

You must have keyed in something, Bonnie -- we're moving!

BONNIE

I didn't program it!

As K.I.T.T. picks up speed we:

OMITTED

INTERCUT - MARCO AND BRONWYN

pleased by what is taking place.

EXT. STREET - INTERSECTION - DAY

as the crossing Guard pushes a woman in a wheelchair across the street. She holds her stop sign up at ---

K.I.T.T.

who is accelerating down the street right for the intersection.

RESUME INSIDE K.I.T.T.

Michael reacts to the impending disaster.

MICHAEL

Kitt!! The intersection! Kitt!
Stop! Dead stop!!!

MICHAEL'S FOOT

slams onto the brake pedal; stomps on it repeatedly to no avail. K.I.T.T. continues to accelerate toward:

THE INTERSECTION

as the crossing Guard shoves the wheelchair with all her might and dives out of the way, K.I.T.T. blasts between them.

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.

keeps on accelerating down the street and we:

RESUME INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

real fast.

MICHAEL

(into comlink)

He just blasted through a school crossing. I can't stop him. He's picking up speed!

DEVON

Michael, you better get out of there!

Michael tries the car doors -- they don't budge.

MICHAEL

Easier said than done. He's locked up tight.

K.I.T.T.

That's right. As I said, your system's access has been nullified.

DEVON

We're in danger of losing both Kitt and Michael! Initiate emergency procedures, Bonnie!

BONNIE

Michael, I can open Kitt's T-top with the frequencies in your comlink. Bail out and we'll pick you up. Ready?

MICHAEL

Let 'er rip!

The T-top above Michael pops open.

K.I.T.T.

That system is not cleared for use.

Michael shakes his head at the Exorcist hiss; dismayed at what's happened to K.I.T.T. and at the idea of bailing out.

MICHAEL

No time to explain, pal. I've got to get out of here before you kill both of us.

K.I.T.T.

I've been instructed to warn you, you're making an unauthorized exit.

MICHAEL

I'll be back for you, Kitt. That's a promise. I'm sorry.

Michael starts to get out of the seat.

OMITTED

ON K.I.T.T.

as Michael climbs out the open T-top.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as he jumps free of K.I.T.T. and tumbles to a landing on the shoulder, and rolls to a standing position.

INT. BUS

as Marco and Bronwyn react to the monitor, which shows the interior of K.I.T.T. is now empty.

MARCO

Knight got out somehow.

BRONWYN

Great! Now you have exactly what you want!

MARCO

Yes, and I'm going to give it it's first search and destroy mission.

BRONWYN

You're going to kill him? Why? He hasn't attacked anyone this time.

MARCO

But he will.

(off her
look)

Precisely. We won't have a moment's peace. I'm doing this for us, Bronwyn. I have no choice.

She agonizes with uncertainty as he clicks on the mike.

MARCO
Command center to Knight Two
Thousand. Reverse direction,
immediately.

K.I.T.T.

does a tire-smoking 180 and heads for Michael.

ANGLE - MICHAEL

He smiles when he sees K.I.T.T.'s 180, calling out to him as
the car approaches.

MICHAEL
Well, that's more like it, buddy --
I guess Bonnie finally got through.

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR

Michael's picture is on the monitor.

MARCO'S VOICE
Michael Knight is your target.
Lock on and destroy.

The picture of Michael is overlaid with the "cross hair"
graphic of a pilot's missile tracking radar system. The
words locked-on appear and flash.

K.I.T.T.
Michael Knight sighted. Attack mode
engaged.

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

As his engine revs and he goes roaring forward.

ANGLE - MICHAEL

MICHAEL
(reacting, as
he realizes)
No, pal, no!

And, as K.I.T.T. comes charging at him and he reacts, we:

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. ROAD - DAY - VARIOUS ANGLES

As K.I.T.T. comes roaring at Michael, he is just barely able to dive out of the way of the onrushing car.

K.I.T.T.

comes to a screeching stop and spins about.

MICHAEL

scrambles to his feet and looks around desperately.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUS STOP

with bench, phone booth, etc., Michael behind it. K.I.T.T. comes roaring at him, goes off road and crashes through the bench, booth, etc. Michael is just able to run and dive to safety, inches ahead of K.I.T.T.'s bumper!

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

as he gasps for breath, he talks into his battered comlink.

MICHAEL

Somebody's got control of Kitt --
and that somebody wants me dead!

INT. BUS

MARCO

Recompute target position and adjust
for evasive action. Attack when
ready.

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

roaring towards Michael.

MICHAEL

Michael breathing hard, looks around anxiously, spots an abandoned structure nearby and runs toward it.

K.I.T.T.

takes off in pursuit. Michael reaches the structure; dashes beneath a loading dock. K.I.T.T. is right on his tail and smashes into the supports that hold up the loading dock. It collapses on top of Michael.

CLOSER - LOADING DOCK

Michael buried beneath it, unmoving.

INT. BUS - INTERCUT - ANGLE MONITOR

Marco looking at the image of Michael, lying there "dead."

MARCO

Mission accomplished. Return to base.

RESUME MICHAEL

as K.I.T.T. drives off, camera moves in on Michael, lying there inert, as he opens one eye cautiously, to see:

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

vanishing from view in the distance.

ANGLE - MICHAEL

as he crawls out from beneath the collapsed loading dock and shakes his bettered comlink in an effort to get it to work -- unsuccessfully.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD IN ANOTHER AREA - DAY - THE SEMI

as it barrels along.

INT. SEMI - TRAVELING

as Devon is busy at computer board, RC3 alongside, Bonnie is working scanner.

DEVON

Come in, Michael! Michael, do you read me?! The comlink is dead.

RC3

What about Michael?

DEVON

An inappropriate choice of words, RC.

ANGLE

As they all exchange an emotional look, Bonnie continues to study the scanner. Then she reacts.

BONNIE

I'm picking up something at 200 yards --

(does take)

It's Michael -- he's alive!

DEVON

Is he injured?

RC3

Not serious enough to keep him from
standing tall.

As they all react happily, Devon joins in momentarily, then
fixes RC with a stare and points him back to the cab.

ANGLE - ROAD - MICHAEL

as he spots the approaching semi and hails them.

CUT TO

EXT. RURAL ROADSIDE - DAY

The roar of a motor is heard and the driverless K.I.T.T.
speeds into the clearing and screeches to a stop next to
the bus, parked on the shoulder.

OMITTED

EXT. BUS - DAY

Marco and Bronwyn come out of the bus. Stand there looking
at K.I.T.T. for a few beats. A look of anticipation between
them before they move toward him ---

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

parked silently, scanner moving, looking dangerous.

BRONWYN

He's beautiful, Marco and he's ours.

MARCO

'It' is a tool, Bronwyn. 'It'
belongs to whoever controls it.

(beat)

And for whatever we choose to use it.

Bronwyn eyes Marco with uncertainty, and we:

CUT TO

INT. SEMI - TRAVELING

as all are gathered around Michael, reacting to what he's
saying.

BONNIE

Kitt tried to kill you?!

MICHAEL

I had to play dead to escape. I was
lucky they didn't have Kitt check my
vital signs.

RC3

Why would he turn into a mean dude like that?

DEVON

Bonnie, is it possible that someone has gained control of Kitt's CPU?

BONNIE

Yes, but only by attaching a component directly. There wasn't one when I fine-tuned Kitt this morning.

RC3

Then some dude got his hands on Kitt after that.

MICHAEL

(putting it together)

Yeah, while I was chasing those guys on the pier. That attack was a decoy to get me out of Kitt. Had to be.

DEVON

It's clear someone has Kitt. Where do we start?

MICHAEL

Farrell's my only lead. What else we have on him?

Bonnie crosses to her console and encodes. Data comes up on the monitor.

BONNIE

He works for manufacturer of high-tech systems, Berio Electronics.

DEVON

(blanches)

Did you say, Berio?

MICHAEL

Devon, you look like you've just seen a ghost.

DEVON

Worse -- an enemy. Before any of you joined the Foundation, when Kitt's systems were being conceptualized -- Marco Berio worked under Doctor Albert as a CPU specialist. To make a long story short, Berio claimed he didn't get the recognition he deserved and left, threatening to destroy FLAG.

MICHAEL

He's off to a heck of a start.

RC3

Next stop, Berio Electronics?

MICHAEL

Right. But I need wheels. I can't exactly sneak up on 'em in the semi.

RC3

(winces,
knowingly)

I knew I shouldn't have said that.

During the above, Michael reacts to RC3's motorcycle and slowly crosses to it. As he eyes it, RC3 shakes his head.

RC3

No, Michael -- no -- please.

As he looks pleadingly at Michael, Michael gets more and more interested in the cycle, as he examines it.

EXT. SEMI - NIGHT

As the ramp lowers and Michael, wearing a helmet, rides the motorcycle down onto the road, guns it and goes roaring off.

ANGLE MICHAEL ON MOTORCYCLE - INTERCUT - NIGHT - TRAVELING

BONNIE'S VOICE

Michael -- does your new comlink check out okay?

MICHAEL

(into comlink)

Receiving you fine. And tell RC his bike's running great. I'll take good care of his pride and joy.

RC3

(grin)

You hear that Bonnie -- my 'pile of junk' is humming along.

BONNIE

I heard, RC. Michael also said he'd take care of it --

(beat)

You know how he takes care of equipment ---

ON RC3

His look changes to one of fond memory.

RC3

My wheels ---

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

As Michael comes roaring along on the motorcycle.

EXT. BERIO ELECTRONICS PLANT - NIGHT

as Michael comes speeding up and stops at the fence that encloses the plant. A converted warehouse next to an alley.

MICHAEL

(into comlink)

I'm at the plant now.

INT. SEMI - INTERCUT - CLOSE ON BONNIE AND DEVON AND RC3

MICHAEL

The place looks clear. I'm going in.

Bonnie and RC3 share an anxious look.

OMITTED

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

as Michael remaining on the cycle opens the unlocked gate in the fence. He drives through to a roll-up truck door. Produces his lock pick and gets to work on the lock.

ON ROLL-UP DOOR

as Michael picks the lock, then rolls the door up just high enough to get beneath it.

RESUME MICHAEL

as he drives into the plant on the motorcycle.

OMITTED

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT - ON MICHAEL - VARIOUS SHOTS

as he drives between stacks of crates, equipment, etc. Eerily illuminated by the headlight on the cycle. The beam, finally comes to rest on ---

A CARDBOARD MOCK-UP

On a drafting table, is a detailed cardboard mock-up of part of a building -- (what we will later reveal to be the Hotel Convention Center).

OMITTED

NEW ANGLE - MICHAEL

flips on the lights in the building, then drives over to the mock-up. as he looks it over, not knowing what it means, but suspicion building, we go to:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

as a car's headlights blaze down the alleyway. The car pulls to a stop in the open gate. Farrell and Gordon get out and react to the light that spills out from beneath the roll-up door.

FARRELL

Nobody's supposed to be here. What's with the lights?

As they pull guns and cross toward the building.

RESUME MICHAEL

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Bonnie? I found a mock-up -- part of a building. I'll photo transmit via comlink.

He positions the comlink, presses a button.

INTERCUT - INSIDE SEMI

Bonnie codes some instructions as a linear schematic of the mock-up develops on the screen.

BONNIE

Got it, Michael.

MICHAEL

It may not be anything, but see if you can identify the building.

Michael reacts to a noise that alerts him to someone's presence in the building.

MICHAEL

I've got company, Bon. No Kitt. No scanners. No warning.

Michael quietly rolls the cycle behind a high wall of crates, moving out of view.

OMITTED

RESUME FARRELL AND GORDON

now inside the building, moving cautiously, guns ready, on the opposite side of the wall of crates. They react and look when they hear the roar of the cycle engine.

MICHAEL

does a jump over the wall of crates on the cycle, sailing right over Farrell and Gordon, knocking loose many crates from the top rows.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the crates come tumbling down on Farrell and Gordon on the other side, burying them.

ANGLE - MICHAEL

The bike lands and blazes past the heavies sprawled out on the ground. They fight their way free of the crates, and run after Michael.

OMITTED

EXT. PLANT - NIGHT - THE MOTORCYCLE

rockets out from beneath the roll-up door and drives right over the hood, roof and trunk of the sedan that is parked in the open gate blocking Michael's escape. Farrell and Gordon arrive and fire at Michael, drilling the sedan with rounds.

OTHER SIDE OF SEDAN

as the motorcycle comes off the trunk, lands hard and goes speeding out of the alley.

OMITTED

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

as we pan across and pick up the bus and K.I.T.T. parked nearby, his scanner pulsating. (His top is now fully closed once again.)

INSIDE THE BUS - DAY

Marco is on the phone, listening, displeased. He hangs up, turns to Bronwyn for ---

MARCO

Knight's still alive.

BRONWYN

Marco, we have the car, lets get in it and get out of here. No one will be able to stop us. Not even him.

MARCO

No, it must carry -- out it's primary mission, first.

BRONWYN

I don't understand. You said ---

He pushes past her to the command center. Clicks on the mike ---

MARCO

Knight Two Thousand, this is command center.

K.I.T.T.

(Exorcist hiss)

I read you command center.

MARCO

Your course is preprogrammed. Your target is the Convention Center.

Bronwyn reacts, lunges forward; grabbing his arm.

BRONWYN

No, no there are thousands of people in there. You'll kill them, you'll ---

He backhands her a shot that sends her sprawling.

MARCO

Not me! FLAG! Foundation vehicle goes berserk at Convention Center, dozens killed!

(back to mike)

Activate engine. Commence attack.

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

Affirmative. Estimated arrival time 4.75 minutes.

As his starter turns over, his engine starts and he moves off out of the clearing.

CUT TO

EXT. SEMI - DAY

parked outside the Convention Center.

INT. SEMI - TRAVELING

Bonnie, RC3 and Michael are gathered around the computer monitor.

MICHAEL
(incredulous)
The Convention Center? You sure?

ON THE MONITOR - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

To see a schematic line drawing of the mock-up Michael transmitted earlier. Now, another schematic in a different color moves across and matches it perfectly.

BONNIE
Positive. I cross referenced the mock-up with Building Department files.

RC3
Devon's in there. Kitt goes turbo-blasting into that main hall ---

BONNIE
But he wouldn't. Kitt's programmed not to take a human life. Let alone thousands of them.

MICHAEL
Bonnie, if Berio can program Kitt to attack me, he can program him to attack anything.
(off reactions)
Scan for Kitt's configuration.

Bonnie encodes at her console, a few beats before ---

BONNIE
I'm picking up one that matches Kitt's!

MICHAEL
Give us a closeup.

A grid map of the area branches across the monitor. A blip is pulsating. The image flips to a holographic outline of K.I.T.T.

RC3
It's him man!

BONNIE
He's 9.3 miles away -- and heading towards us!

RC3
He's either coming home or he's a torpedo.

MICHAEL
Do a target analysis, Bonnie.

BONNIE
That will take some time, Michael.

As Bonnie starts encoding at the console:

RC3
What if we run out of time? Gotta be
something we can do.

OMITTED

ON MICHAEL

His dilemma....

MICHAEL
There's one thing we can try.

They all turn to him....

MICHAEL
Destroy Kitt first ---

Reactions:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. SEMI - DAY

as all watch the monitor anxiously. As K.I.T.T.'s blip
moves closer to the Convention Center. Bonnie working at
the keyboard.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY - PODIUM

as Devon moves to it, to applause, adjusts the mike ---

DEVON
Thank you all very much. In getting
our awards program underway -- I'd like
to begin with ---

OMITTED

INT. BUS

Berio, Bronwyn, Farrell and Gordon in the b.g., watches the image of the Convention Center transmitted from K.I.T.T. It's coming closer and closer.

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

racing down the road that leads to the Convention Center.

INT. SEMI - INTERCUT - MONITOR AS NEEDED

MICHAEL

Anything yet?

Bonnie is encoding on the keyboard. A number of lines connect K.I.T.T.'s position to the semi and Convention Center, a triangulation of his course.

BONNIE

Yes, calculating from Kitt's moving position, through ours -- vectoring forward ---

Michael, Bonnie and RC3 react as a bright red line darts across the map on the monitor from K.I.T.T.'s position and bull's-eye the Convention Center.

RC3

The Convention Center.

BONNIE

Range -- 5.2 miles! He's gaining! He's unstoppable, Michael.

(beat)

What about evacuating the place?

MICHAEL

No. Not enough time. Come on, Bonnie think. Is there any way we can tap back into Kitt?

BONNIE

Not as long as Berio owns his mind.

Michael nods troubled, thinks a beat, then ---

MICHAEL

If we could switch Kitt's memory module we could regain control.

BONNIE

That's right, Michael. But how?

Michael swings an anxious glance to the monitor, before ---

MICHAEL

We have to try, Bonnie. Get the replacement, hurry.

As Bonnie moves off, RC3 turns to Michael.

RC3

Come on, Michael. You can't intercept
Kitt and stop him to change the module.
No way.

OMITTED

NEW ANGLE

as Michael crosses to the motorcycle.

MICHAEL

Then we do it on the move.
(to RC3)
Can you really handle this thing?

RC3

We're about to find out.

Bonnie returns with the computer module and gives it to Michael. RC3 rolls the motorcycle off its kick-stand and readies it.

BONNIE

Pull the module in Kitt's control
panel and replace it with this one.

MICHAEL

Got it. Let's roll, RC, we're running
out of space.

Michael and RC3 head for the motorcycle ---

OMITTED

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

as he makes a skidding turn onto a road that dead ends at
the main entrance to the Convention Center.

OMITTED

EXT. SEMI

The ramp lowers and the bike speeds down it and away.
RC3 is on the cycle racing the engine. Michael on the jump
seat behind him, both now with helmets on. They go roaring
off in the opposite direction from the Convention Center.

OMITTED

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Devon stands at the podium. Dr. Albert and a few
dignitaries seated behind him.

DEVON

-- and for those of you who aren't familiar with Doctor Albert's landmark achievements -- if that's even remotely possible -- I'd like to take a few moments to enumerate some of them. One of his earliest and most ---

As Devon continues, we:

CLOSE ANGLE - RC3 AND MICHAEL - TRAVELING

Michael reacts; shakes RC3's shoulder gestures when he sees:

ANGLE - ROAD AHEAD OF THEM - K.I.T.T.

comes speeding into view.

RC3 AND MICHAEL - TRAVELING

MICHAEL

-- Do your thing, RC!

RC3 cranks the throttle. The bike does a wheelie and takes off. As it settles down.

RC3

You okay back there?

MICHAEL

Yeah, just keep at least two wheels on the ground!

ANGLE - ROAD

RC3 does a skidding turnabout, guns his motor and goes roaring after K.I.T.T.

RC3 AND MICHAEL - TRAVELING

MICHAEL

Nice going -- now just hold her steady as you can!

He starts to climb up on the jump seat.

INT. SEMI - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

as Bonnie watches the monitor anxiously.

INT. BUS - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

as Marco reacts to monitor, sees the motorcycle.

MARCO
It's Knight again!
(beat;
into mike)
Adjust attack program to intercept
intermediate target.

ANGLE - K.I.T.T. AND MOTORCYCLE

as RC3 comes shooting up alongside K.I.T.T., Michael
balances himself precariously on the jump seat.

MICHAEL'S VOICE
Okay, Bonnie, blow the T-top....

The T-top flips open.

K.I.T.T.

swerves and tries to hit the cycle. RC3 backs off, Michael
almost falling, but recovering his balance. Then, as RC3
moves back alongside the speeding K.I.T.T.

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

RC3 is still racing alongside, Michael balances himself,
gauges the distance and leaps across the gap -- landing on
the speeding K.I.T.T.! K.I.T.T. swerves to throw him off.

MICHAEL
That's no way to greet an old buddy!

Michael scrambles to hold on and finally manages to climb
down through the open top. RC3 veers away on his
motorcycle, his job done.

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

as Michael lowers himself into the driver's seat and whips
off his helmet.

MICHAEL
How've you been, pal?

K.I.T.T.
I ain't your pal!

MICHAEL
You just said 'ain't'. You must be
sick!

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH
WINDSHIELD - THE CONVENTION CENTER

coming closer and closer.

RESUME MICHAEL

as he takes the replacement memory module from his pocket and starts to bend down to reach under the dash.

MICHAEL

Now, just relax, Kitt...easy.

INT. BUS - INTERCUT - MONITOR - TRAVELING

MARCO

He thinks he can sabotage us! Let's see if he can handle the electronic anti-theft system!

INT. K.I.T.T.

As Michael is reaching under the dash, suddenly there's a piercing alarm sound, lights flash and Michael's hands touching the dash are suddenly hit with an electric charge.

INTERCUT - ROAD SHOTS

The distance between the Convention Center and K.I.T.T. quickly diminishes.

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

as Michael fights the electric charge he's being subjected to.

INT. SEMI - TRAVELING

MICHAEL

Bonnie! I keep getting zapped by his anti-theft charge!

BONNIE

(into her
comlink)

The fuse box! Pull the red fuse!

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

Michael, reacts once to the electric shock then is barely able to reach down to the fuse box at the base of the seat.

INSERT - THE FUSE BOX

Michael pulls out the red fuse.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

The alarm effect immediately stops, as well as the electric charge -- and Michael tries to pull himself together. As he reaches under dash again ---

MICHAEL
You're not making this easy, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.
I don't intend to -- your weight is
slowing me down.

BONNIE'S VOICE
(on comlink)
How are you doing, Michael?

MICHAEL
(working away)
I've got hold of his memory module
but I can't get it loose.

BONNIE'S VOICE
Like a kid-proof medicine cap.
Push-in and twist it to the right --
and hurry.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

K.I.T.T. is closing on the Convention Center. Now
rocketing across the parking lot that leads to the
glass entrance doors.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY - PODIUM

DEVON
-- and of course, as tradition
dictates, the Foundation for Law and
Government's Man of the Year award
is always presented to an individual
who throughout his career has
furthered the cause of those
principles that we all ---

As Devon continues, we:

INT. BUS - TRAVELING - INTERCUT

Marco wracked by anxiety at the possibility of Michael
successfully making the module switch.

MARCO
(into mike)
Accelerate to maximum speed!

OMITTED

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

As "Pursuit Mode" lights up on the panel, the speedometer
climbs and the car really barrels along, Michael is still
working frantically under the dash.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MICHAEL

comes up from beneath the dash to check K.I.T.T.'s proximity to the building. His expression says -- holy shit!

THE GLASS ENTRANCE DOORS - THROUGH WINDSHIELD

closing fast -- really fast.

ON THE PODIUM

Devon is holding the plaque, building to the moment of presentation ---

DEVON

-- and now, it gives me great pleasure to present this award to a man of tranquility, a man of peace ---

Devon bites off the sentence and reacts as does everyone else at the presentation as:

K.I.T.T.

blasts through the entrance doors shattering the glass that explodes in every direction.

RESUME MICHAEL

as he dives back under the dash and is finally able to pull loose the memory module. Then, Michael jams in Bonnie's replacement module, K.I.T.T. suddenly speaks in his normal voice.

K.I.T.T.

Michael! Where have you been?

INT. SEMI

as Bonnie reacts to the computer board lighting up and the scrambled monitor clearing, showing Michael inside K.I.T.T.

BONNIE

Seconds left, Michael! Hurry!

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS

as K.I.T.T. blasts through the area destroying displays, tables, chairs and scattering conventioners attending the award presentation.

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

As Michael grabs the wheel and hits the button:

MICHAEL
Dead, stop, pal, now!!

K.I.T.T.
Hang on, Michael!

ANOTHER ANGLE - PODIUM

as Devon and Dr. Albert react, startled, stunned, frozen.
K.I.T.T. comes to a screeching stop. His nose cowling taps
the podium gently. It wobbles and falls over.

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T.

as Michael smiles and waves to Devon, then pats K.I.T.T.'s
dash.

MICHAEL
Welcome back, good buddy.

K.I.T.T.
What happened, Michael? What am I
doing in here? I had this terrible
nightmare.

MICHAEL
It's over now.

INT. SEMI

as Devon, and Bonnie react in relief.

ANGLE - IN THE GLASS SHATTERED ENTRANCE - RC3

on his motorcycle, he lets out a victory gesture and yell.

INT. BUS

MARCO
I lost access! I don't know what
happened!

BRONWYN
I do, you failed. I'm glad.

Ganz taps away frantically at keyboard ---

INT. K.I.T.T. - INSIDE THE CONVENTION CENTER

as Michael backs toward the entrance doors.

K.I.T.T.
It was horrible.

MICHAEL

You would have hated yourself. You even said 'ain't.'

K.I.T.T.

Eugh! Unforgivable! I feel violated. How did it happen?

MICHAEL

Marco Berio, and he's still on the loose.

As Michael stops next to RC3 and pops K.I.T.T.'s passenger door.

MICHAEL

Come on, RC. There's lots of them and only one of me.

RC3 jumps in and K.I.T.T. does a 180 and takes off.

INT. BUS

MARCO

They'll be coming after us! Let's get out of here -- fast!

BRONWYN

No. No, you're insane, Marco. You're a killer. I'm not going with you.

Marco pulls a gun and levels it at her. She freezes.

MARCO

Of course you are. You're my insurance policy.
(to driver)
Move it, let's go!

ANGLE - BUS

as it starts up and moves out of the clearing in brush, onto a road and goes speeding off.

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

MICHAEL

What are we looking for, pal?

K.I.T.T.

Their command post is a bus, Michael.

MICHAEL

Way to go, buddy. Let's find it.

K.I.T.T.

That won't be easy. There are 3,642 buses operating in this county.

MICHAEL

Not carrying the kind of electronic gear Berio had to be using.

K.I.T.T.

Good thinking, Michael. I'll scan for microwave emissions.

ANGLE - MONITOR - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

as the tracking scope lights up and a hologram of intersecting streets and roads appears.

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

as a blip lights up on the tracking scope and flashes red.

K.I.T.T.

I've made contact, with a vehicle emitting a very high level, Michael. It's traveling at excessive speed too.

MICHAEL

Nice work. I'm betting you haven't lost your touch. Let's go get them.

INSERT

He hits "SUPER PURSUIT MODE" on control panel.

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

The changes take place, then K.I.T.T. surges forward, swings onto another road and goes racing off.

INT. BUS - TRAVELING

as they speed along, Marco looking out rear window, reacts.

MARCO

Knight's tracked us down!

Farrell, Gordon and Marco take out guns, a bazooka and open rear windows.

ROAD - FULL ANGLE - VARIOUS SHOTS - INTERCUT - WITH INTERIOR SHOTS

As Michael and K.I.T.T. come speeding up on the bus, Berio, Farrell and Gordon fire away at them. The bus driver tries to slam into K.I.T.T. But K.I.T.T. evades him, cuts in front of the bus and forces it to the side of the road.

ANGLE - SIDE OF ROAD

As K.I.T.T. pulls up to the bus, Berio appears at an open door and starts firing at Michael -- but the bullets bounce off K.I.T.T. Michael keeps buttoned up, talks on PA.

MICHAEL

You've had it, Berio. The police are on their way -- so give yourself up.

MARCO

Something you don't know, Knight. I have a hostage in here! Out of my way or she's dead!

He nods to Farrell ---

ANOTHER ANGLE - BUS WINDOW

as Farrell appears and pulls Bronwyn into view threatening her with a gun.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

as Michael reacts:

MICHAEL

I lied about the police, pal. But they don't know that, do they?

K.I.T.T.

That's absolutely right, Michael. Ready when you are.

Michael pushes some buttons on his console.

CLOSE ON K.I.T.T.'S CONSOLE

as a harmonic synthesizer illuminates. Suddenly the sounds and sirens of police vehicles approaching and coming closer blasts from K.I.T.T.'s speakers.

INSIDE THE BUS

as Farrell is distracted, and Bronwyn reacts, shoves him with all her might. He pitches forward half out the window. She runs.

MICHAEL AND RC3

are already out of K.I.T.T. Michael grabs the driver's arm and flips him out of the window and shoves him at RC3.

MICHAEL

Yours RC!

As RC is putting away Farrell, Michael collars Gordon who dashes from the bus with Marco Berio, who eludes Michael's grasp. As Michael takes on Gordon.

K.I.T.T.
I'll take care of Berio, if you don't
mind, Michael.

MICHAEL
All your's pal!

As K.I.T.T. rockets off after Berio, Michael finishes off the driver with a karate combination.

ANGLE - MARCO

As K.I.T.T. cuts him off, both his doors swing open. As Marco tries to avoid him, K.I.T.T. spins around so that one of the doors whacks Ganz.

K.I.T.T.
That's for making me say 'ain't!'

As Marco gets up and tries to run again, K.I.T.T. spins and whacks him with the other door.

K.I.T.T.
That's for making me attack Michael.

As Marco gets up groggily and still tries to escape, K.I.T.T. spins and whacks him one last time.

K.I.T.T.
And that's just for computer lovers
everywhere!

As Marco goes down and stays down....

ANGLE - MICHAEL

as he gives a thumbs-up gesture to K.I.T.T. and RC3 who returns it. We hold a beat and then we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

OMITTED

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

With order fully restored, K.I.T.T. and Michael have arrived to greet Bonnie, Devon, and RC3 who have just successfully concluded and adjourned the Man of the Year ceremony.

MICHAEL

Well, Devon, when the Foundation throws a party -- it throws a party.

DEVON

Please, Michael. Don't remind me.

K.I.T.T.

I agree. To think I introduced myself to the man who designed my systems by -- toppling his podium.

BONNIE

He understands, Kitt. In fact, Doctor Albert and I will be working on some safeguards so they will never be tampered with again.

RC3

See? You ain't ever gonna be guilty of such hideous behavior like ---

K.I.T.T.

(interrupting)

Very funny, RC3. I have the feeling I 'ain't' ever going to hear the end of this.

MICHAEL

Don't worry, pal. We promise never to hold anything you said in captivity against you.

K.I.T.T.

Thank you, Michael. Now if you'll all excuse me, this has been a most harrowing experience and I'm still feeling somewhat unnerved.

MICHAEL

(mischievous
twinkle)

Well, maybe a little music will turn you into a nicer person ---

Michael reaches into the dash, turns on the speakers -- and out blares the German oom-pah music.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, please turn that elephantine trumpeting off!

BONNIE

Kitt, I thought you liked tubas?

MICHAEL

Right, nothing like a little oom-pah and a lot of brass. You said so yourself.

K.I.T.T.

But I wasn't myself ---

RC3

Hey, man, we're all entitled to grow. Could be the next new wave.

DEVON

(in agony)

Could be the last thing any of us ever hear.

K.I.T.T.

(sighs)

Forgive them, Vivaldi. They know not what they do ---

Over everyone's laughter, we:

FREEZE FRAME

THE END