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KNIGHT RIDER

KITTNAF

by
Skip Webster

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A large maximum security prison somewhere in California.
The time is midmorning.

EXT. INSIDE PENITENTIARY MAIN GATE - TWO GUARDS

react as a sedan with an official insignia that reads
Department of Corrections slowly approaches. This is the
Commissioner's car and is on its way out. As the sedan
comes to a stop, a guard respectfully salutes what is
presumed to be the Commissioner behind those tinted windows.

GUARD #2

I'm sorry for the delay, Commissioner
but it's procedure.

The guard opens the rear door of the sedan to inspect it.

REAR OF SEDAN - GUARD'S POINT OF VIEW

The real driver is tied and gagged on the floor, guarded by
Lukas, a black convict who wounds both guards with a pistol
the instant he opens the door.

THE SCENE

as the guard goes down and Lukas emerges from the backseat
and activates the gate opener. The driver, a convict named
Jeffery Cavanaugh, thirty, fast-talking street survivor,
stomps on the gas pedal the instant the gates are open.

TOWER GUARDS - VARIOUS SHOTS

All hell has broken loose and confusion reigns. They are
shouting, running, phoning and shooting.

THE SEDAN

Already on the move as Lukas scrambles back inside.
The sedan rockets down the road that leads away from
the prison.

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD - DAY - K.I.T.T.

moves along in convertible mode.

K.I.T.T.

The air temperature is 93.367 degrees.
Water, 71.893 and the winds are from

the southwest at 6.789 knots. This data indicates ---

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELLING

Michael, in a jogging suit, is with Karen Forester, twenty-three, an attractive young lady in beach wear.

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

I think he's trying to tell us it's a perfect day for sailing.

K.I.T.T.

And for a painful sunburn. My dermal scan indicates Karen hasn't been exposed to the sun for quite some time. I recommend a screen of PH20 or higher.

KAREN

He doesn't miss a thing. Are his scanners programmed for continuous surveillance, or ---

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

I thought we agreed to put the shop talk on hold for today. You know what they say about all work and no play.

KAREN

Yes -- it's a prerequisite for a doctorate in criminology. Right, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

I refuse to answer on the grounds it constitutes an invasion of privacy.

MICHAEL

Loosen up, pal. Devon gave Karen full approval to study your equipment and capabilities for her thesis -- but not today.

They both laugh. As Michael pulls into a Marina area, and parks, K.I.T.T.'s monitor chirps.

OMITTED

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

to see Devon in his office.

DEVON

I'm sorry to intrude, Michael, but it's of the utmost urgency.

MICHAEL

I had a feeling you were going to say that.

DEVON

Less than an hour ago, while the Commissioner was conducting an inspection of the state penitentiary, two inmates abducted his chauffeur, shot a guard, and escaped in the Commissioner's car.

MICHAEL

I understand your concern, Devon, but it sounds like a matter for the State Police to me. What makes it Foundation business?

DEVON

One of the felons is Jeffery Cavanaugh.

MICHAEL

(searching)

Cavanaugh, Cavanaugh. Oh, yeah. I remember him.

(off Karen's look)

Syndicate hoodlum. I had the pleasure of putting him away last year.

DEVON

When last sighted, Cavanaugh and his cellmate, Lukas were headed your way. Good luck, Michael. And -- caveat emptor.

Devon disappears from the screen.

MICHAEL

Whatever happened to -- 'be careful'?

KAREN

That's what he said -- in Latin. Literally translated it means 'let the buyer beware.'

MICHAEL

Good advice. We're talking about a couple of killers, Karen. I'm going to drop you someplace safe.

KAREN

I'm not interested in being safe,
Michael. It's now or never for me,
I have four days to finish my thesis.
I mean, what do I tell the head of
the department? When it got dangerous,
I went to the ladies' room? I'm not
getting out of this car. I'm ---

MICHAEL

Okay, okay. On that condition --
whatever happens, you stay in Kitt,
deal?

Karen nods emphatically. As Michael hits some buttons on
his console:

MICHAEL

Let's button up, pal.

OMITTED

K.I.T.T. - RAPID FIRE SERIES OF SHOTS

as he transforms from convertible to T-top mode.

RESUME INSIDE K.I.T.T.

As Michael slams him in gear, backs out of the parking spot
and takes off:

MICHAEL

First order of business is to access
the police band and get an updated
position on the getaway car.

KAREN

Michael, this country is a maze of
streets and freeways with millions of
vehicles in transit. Are you saying
that Kitt can ---

MICHAEL

Watch ---

Michael hits some buttons on his console.

OMITTED

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

A grid map of streets and freeways appears. Pulsing blips
mark the various positions as K.I.T.T. responds.

K.I.T.T.

The vehicle was last spotted here.
Then turned east onto this secondary
road, toward Soledad Canyon.

MICHAEL

Plot every escape route Cavanaugh has
available, then give me the most
probable point of intercept.

A few beats before a very fast moving blip appears on the
map on K.I.T.T.'s monitor.

K.I.T.T.

I'm onto him, Michael.

Michael swings a look to Karen whose attention has been
riveted on the monitor.

KAREN

Incredible! Out of all those cars
he can tell which one Cavanaugh's
driving?

MICHAEL

No, but he can tell there's only one
going ninety-five miles an hour.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. ROAD - DAY

as the sedan barrels along.

INSIDE THE SEDAN

Cavanaugh driving with obsessive fervor. Lukas nervous,
curious.

LUKAS

Come on, Cavanaugh. How much longer
before we make this connection you
keep talking about?!

CAVANAUGH

(checks his
watch)

Cool it, Lukas! I got you out,
didn't I?! Now back off!

Cavanaugh pulls a walkie-talkie from a pocket.

CAVANAUGH

This is Cavanaugh. Estimated time of arrival, forty-five seconds. You there?!

VOICE

Ready to rendezvous. Come on in.

Cavanaugh suddenly reacts to something in the rearview mirror. Blood drains from his face; looks over his shoulder.

LUKAS

What is it man?!

CAVANAUGH

That car tailing us! I know that car!

Cavanaugh stomps on the gas pedal.

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.

accelerates after the sedan weaving between other cars. The sedan fishtails into a processing plant. K.I.T.T. right behind.

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELLING

K.I.T.T.

Shall I microlock his brakes, Michael?

MICHAEL

No, we don't know what's in those tanks, pal.

OMITTED

ANOTHER ANGLE - PROCESSING PLANT

The sedan approaches at high speed, K.I.T.T. in pursuit.

INSIDE THE SEDAN

as Lukas reacts.

LUKAS

What are we doing in here, Cavanaugh!
What is this?!

CAVANAUGH

The end of the line!

Cavanaugh slams on the brakes.

THE SCENE

as the limo swerves, smashes into some crates, Cavanaugh pops the door and runs. Lukas, stunned by the crash, slowly stumbles out, spots K.I.T.T. and empties his gun as he approaches, then runs.

INTERCUT - INSIDE K.I.T.T.

Karen ducks as the rounds hit and spark off the windshield.

K.I.T.T.

He's out of ammunition by my count,
Michael.

MICHAEL

Let's get him, pal!
(to Karen)
Stay put!

K.I.T.T.

screeches to a fast stop behind the sedan. Michael jumps out, and goes after the fleeing Lukas. Michael dives at him. The two men go down. They scramble to their feet and grapple for an advantage.

K.I.T.T.

Michael! Cavanaugh's getting
away!!

Michael wheels around, Lukas springs from a crouch and plows ahead first into Michael's midsection. Michael half slips the attack and finishes Lukas with a Karate combination; then takes off after:

CAVANAUGH

who pops out from behind some processing equipment and runs, seemingly trapped. Michael is about to catch up when he reacts to the O.S. approach of:

A HELICOPTER

appearing from behind one of the huge tanks. Descending fast with horse-collar loop in lowered position. Cavanaugh slips into the horse-collar loop and is plucked from the ground as Michael approaches on the run.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - CAVANAUGH

being quickly whisked away by the helicopter. As it soars out of sight.

MICHAEL

raises his comlink.

MICHAEL

What are the chances of microlocking
that chopper, pal!

K.I.T.T.

Negative, Michael. He's behind those
tanks and out of my line of transmis-
sion.

Michael angrily settles for a beat and, we:

CUT TO

EXT. MARINA - DAY

as we pan across and come upon a sign that reads:
ENTERPRISES, INTERNATIONAL and see that this is a boat
yard which caters to the custom made trade of luxury
craft. The pan moves onto a warehouse structure.

INT. STRUCTURE - DAY

Julian Martin, forty, slick, clotheshorse, polished veneer,
is with Cavanaugh. Who's changing into street clothes.
Snyder, Martin's enforcer opens an attache case on a table
revealing neatly packaged currency and documents.

MARTIN

Three hundred thousand, new identity,
passport, ticket to Paraguay. That
was the deal.

CAVANAUGH

For three months in the joint. You
let me rot in that hell hole for over
a year, Julian. And it's going to
cost you.

MARTIN

Come on Jeff. I mean, what do you
want me to say? I had a judge in my
pocket and I lost him to a coronary.
It was an act of God. There was
nothing I could do. I ---

CAVANAUGH

(interrupting)

Bull! I knew Julian Martin when he
was Julio Martinez, and didn't have
a green card, remember?! When he
hit a grocery store for a couple
of six packs and thought he scored
big! So don't try and snow me, now.
You sat on your hands until I
threatened to go to the DA. I
could've copped a plea and walked

with what I have on you! -- and I still can!

(beat)

A flat million, that's the deal.

MARTIN

(flares)

You ungrateful little punk! If it wasn't for me you'd still be hustling in the old neighborhood. You're pushing real hard for a guy who screwed up!

CAVANAUGH

What're you talking about?!

MARTIN

Your friend, Knight. Took me two years to get him out of my hair. You're out of the joint an hour and you bring him down on me again.

CAVANAUGH

That's your problem, Julian. I'll consider this a down payment. Have the rest by the end of the day.

Cavanaugh reaches for the attache case. Snyder pulls it back in response to:

MARTIN

(in Spanish)

Snyder. Hold the money.

(to Cavanaugh)

Banks are already closed for the weekend, genius. Besides, nobody takes my money and leaves me holding the bag. I'll take care of Knight. But you're not going anywhere, until he's dead.

CAVANAUGH

One call, my friend sends a package to the DA, Julian. I can drop a dime on you just like that.

MARTIN

And blow a cool million? You're stupid, Jeff, but not that stupid. And don't leave here. If you get busted now, we both go down.

Cavanaugh meets Martin's angry gaze without flinching. Then watches Martin and Snyder go. A few beats before he anxiously crosses to a phone.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. FOUNDATION HEADQUARTERS - DAY - STOCK

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

A very agitated Michael is reporting in to Devon.

MICHAEL

That chopper scooped Cavanaugh right out of my hands, Devon! This was a lot more than a couple of cons making a run for the fence.

DEVON

I agree, Michael. Cavanaugh must have made some powerful connections while behind bars.

MICHAEL

(shakes no)

I think he had them before he went in, Devon. Let's check his record.

They cross to Devon's computer terminal and we go to:

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

parked near some bushes ostensibly outside Foundation Headquarters. Scruffy a loveable little mutt who's on the lam, runs up to K.I.T.T., paws at the door.

K.I.T.T.

Go away, please.

Scruffy continues pawing. Desperate. Looks up at K.I.T.T. with plaintive eyes.

K.I.T.T.

I have no intention of giving your fleas sanctuary in my upholstery.

A uniformed animal control officer (dog catcher) rounds the corner with his loops snare searching for Scruffy.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

But under the circumstances ---

K.I.T.T.'S DOOR

pops open. Scruffy jumps in. The door closes.

OMITTED

THE DOG CATCHER

spots K.I.T.T.; senses Scruffy's inside. Scruffy barks.

K.I.T.T.

I know, I know. I'm working on it.

K.I.T.T.'s window darken. The dog catcher flinches, steps back, then cautiously tries to see through the windows. As he walks off, bewildered, K.I.T.T.'s door pops open.

K.I.T.T.

All clear, pooch. But please don't make this a habit, my auto-vac system isn't programmed for paw prints.

Scruffy barks a "thank you," jumps out, and races off.

RESUME DEVON'S OFFICE

Michael and Devon are at the computer terminal reacting to data they have come up with. Michael's tapping on the screen indicating a name.

MICHAEL

That's the one -- Julian Martin -- two years ago he and Cavanaugh were knotted tighter than a family of snakes.

DEVON

But since, Martin has cleverly adopted the guise of model citizen and respected businessman making absolutely certain nothing soils his hands. Why would he take a chance by breaking a low-life like Cavanaugh out of prison?

MICHAEL

Maybe he had no choice.

(off Devon's
look)

The guy Cavanaugh killed was an accountant, remember? He'd blown the whistle on a number of Martin's operations; claimed they were syndicate laundries. But we never came up with the records that tied Martin to the victim.

DEVON

Good point. These records indicate, the prosecutor's office was forced to drop the charges against him for lack of evidence.

MICHAEL

Could be something to do with that.

As Michael and Devon consider this notion, RC3 and Karen enter the office. RC's draining a soft drink from a can; sets it on Devon's desk. During ---

DEVON

That's merely a theory, Michael.
What we need is enough evidence to
convince a jury.

MICHAEL

Yeah, and Martin's just given us a
way to get it. We nail Cavanaugh,
we nail him -- and vice versa.

RC3

Hey, you can't take on that Martin
dude without some heavy-duty backup,
my man.

KAREN

He already has all the backup he can
handle, RC.

(to Michael)

Remember what you said, Michael, I go
with you as long as I stay in Kitt.

MICHAEL

Hang in there RC. I'm saving you
for the double heavy-duty action.
You dig?

Devon eyes the soft drink can; Lifts it from the desk with two fingers like he has a dead rat by the tail. Hands it to RC3.

DEVON

Kindly refrain from desecrating my
office with your culinary litter.

(smiles

affectionately)

You dig?

RC3

You got it, skipper.

(sotto to

Michael)

What'd he say anyway?

MICHAEL

You just got a 'D' in neatness.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

A posh, Spanish-style country club. Two brawny "doormen" flank the entrance. Next to them is a sign that reads -- MEMBERS ONLY and a podium with computer screen and keyboard as well as a clerk in official blazer. K.I.T.T. arrives and pulls to a stop in the drive lined with expensive cars.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

Karen in the seat next to Michael as they roll to a stop and notice the sign.

MICHAEL

I get the feeling non-members get hit for some heavy dues by those characters, pal.

K.I.T.T.

I agree, Michael.

KAREN

How do you plan to get inside?

MICHAEL

Through the main entrance -- access their membership roster, Kitt.

Michael pushes some buttons on his console.

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

to see the alphabetized roster. A blur of names flashes past. Stops on the K's.

MICHAEL

Okay. Insert my name between King and Kortner.

Michael's name appears on the roster. As he gets out of K.I.T.T. and heads for the entrance.

MICHAEL

Keep your scanners peeled.
(to Karen)
And you ---

KAREN

(anticipating)
Stay put. I know.

CUT TO

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB SWIMMING POOL AREA - DAY

as beauty contestants in bikinis parade past a panel of judges.

ANGLE ON JULIAN MARTIN

one of the V.I.P. judges eyeing the contestants. Martin leans to a city Councilman next to him and indicates an especially exotic contestant who pirouettes suggestively in front of them. Snyder stands in the b.g. behind Martin.

MARTIN

She's the one I was telling you about, Councilman.

(beat)

By the way, I hear more and more talk about off-shore drilling areas. If those tide lands just happened to be rezoned for commercial exploration ---

COUNCILMAN

Why, Julian you know my commission can't compromise its objectivity in this matter ---

MARTIN

Of course not, Councilman. But as you very well know, everyone profits from a healthy economy.

While the Councilman considers this and eyes another stunning contestant who parades before him. Snyder spots Michael approaching and moves forward to Martin.

SNYDER

What's he doing here? I've got people looking all over for him.

MARTIN

(in Spanish)

He saved you the trouble. Find out how he got past the guards.

Snyder moves off. Martin turns to Michael for ---

MARTIN

I don't know how you got in here Knight but it's time to leave.

MICHAEL

Soon as you tell me where to find Cavanaugh.

MARTIN

(feigns he can't remember)

Cavanaugh -- Cavanaugh. Doesn't ring a bell.

MICHAEL

Don't give me that, Martin. I know you broke him out. And I know why.

The Councilman blanches at the mention of Cavanaugh's name.

COUNCILMAN

Jeffery Cavanaugh -- ?

(beat)

Don't tell me. I'd prefer not to know.

The Councilman gets up to leave. Martin tries to stop him.

MARTIN

No problem, Councilman I'll have this cleaned up in a minute.

MICHAEL

Right. Laundry's your specialty, isn't it Martin. You came out squeaky clean two years ago. But this time I'm going to be on you until your neck's in the wringer.

The Councilman eyes Martin coldly and leaves. Snyder returns from the main entrance.

SNYDER

His name was on the roster.

MICHAEL

Frankly, Martin, the thought of belonging to a club that'd have you for a member turns my stomach.

Michael burns him with a look; turns and leaves. Martin turns to Snyder for ---

MARTIN

Cancel his membership.

SNYDER

That's no ordinary hit, Julian. If you want to get Knight you have to deal with that car of his at the same time.

MARTIN

He's got to have a weak spot. Find it.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. ROAD - DAY

as K.I.T.T. comes through a turn.

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELLING

Karen seated next to Michael who pushes some buttons on his console.

MICHAEL

Get me Devon, pal.

OMITTED

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

as Devon appears.

DEVON

Some progress to report, Michael?

MICHAEL

Yeah. I pushed Martin's button and he came right at me.

DEVON

Sounds like he has something to hide.

MICHAEL

And it's name is Cavanaugh. Question is, where? I need the locations of all of Martin's operations.

DEVON

He has numerous fronts and dummy corporations, Michael. This could take some time. I'll get Bonnie working on it right away.

Devon clicks off. Michael turns to Karen for:

MICHAEL

I'm sorry about all this.

KAREN

You kidding. I've already got enough material for two PhDs. But I think I've had enough for today.

MICHAEL

Me too. I'll drop you at home. Nothing much will happen until I get that data from Devon.

KAREN

Good. I make the best pasta prima vera this side of the Spanish Steps. What do you say?

Michael considers a beat; feigns pushing some buttons on console ---

MICHAEL

Plot me the most direct course to the Spanish Steps, pal.

Karen chuckles, and we go to:

EXT. CITY - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL AREA - DAY

Martin is joined by Snyder.

MARTIN

You find a way to get to Knight?

SNYDER

Two of 'em.

Snyder flips two photos on the table....

CLOSE ON TWO SNAPSHOTS

One of Bonnie, one of Karen.

SNYDER

(continuing)

He works with one. Plays with the other.

We hold a beat on Martin's look and then we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. CITY - SUNRISE (EARLY MORNING) - TO ESTABLISH - STOCK

EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

as K.I.T.T. parks out front and Michael gets out and crosses to the entrance.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sun streaming into this simple but comfortable room. Michael pushes open the door and enters as Karen pours coffee from an espresso pot and hands Michael a cup.

MICHAEL

Espresso?

KAREN

After yesterday I figure I'd better start off wide awake today.

MICHAEL

Pasta for dinner, espresso for breakfast -- you must've been an Italian in a former life.

KAREN

This life. I lived in Rome for almost a year. I loved it.

MICHAEL

Karen, I'm getting the feeling there's a whole side of you I don't know yet.

KAREN

Not really. Italian law enforcement agencies have a lot of experience with terrorism. I was studying their techniques.

(beat)

See, Michael, you were right -- all work and no play.

MICHAEL

I wouldn't go quite that far.

She smiles shyly. He reaches out and sits her down next to him. Their playful laughter segues into soulful eye contact. As they hold a look ---

K.I.T.T.'S SCANNER

pulses faster and faster -- a few beats before:

SCRUFFY

runs up to K.I.T.T. and paws at his door.

K.I.T.T.

You again?

The dog catcher barrels around a corner in pursuit. Scruffy paws frantically at K.I.T.T.'s door.

K.I.T.T.

And him again. Doesn't he ever give up? Come on, get in.

K.I.T.T.'s door opens. Scruffy scoots inside. The dog catcher approaches K.I.T.T.; pulls on a door handle. K.I.T.T.'s "Burglar Alarm" goes off, briefly. The dog catcher jumps back, startled.

K.I.T.T.
Kindly keep your 'paws' to yourself,
sir.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE MODULE

comes alive followed by three sharp barks.

THE SCENE

as the dog catcher reacts, looking to houses across
the street, as a few more barks emanate from that area.

K.I.T.T.
(continuing)
I believe the one's you're after are
scurrying between those houses across
the street.

As the dog catcher charges off:

K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR

chirps and Devon appears. Right in front of Scruffy who's
in Michael's seat.

DEVON
Good morning, Michael.

Scruffy tilts his head thoughtfully and barks.

DEVON
Michael? Michael are you all right?
You seem to be looking rather --
'scruffy' this morning.

RESUME MICHAEL AND KAREN

They're now locked in a tender embrace. A beat before
Michael's comlink chirps.

MICHAEL
(comlink;
dreamily)
Yeah, yeah, buddy, what is it?

K.I.T.T.
Devon just called. I gave him
Karen's number. He should be ---

K.I.T.T. is interrupted by the ring of the phone. Michael
snaps to. He and Karen disengage, as he answers it.

MICHAEL
Yo, Devon.

DEVON

Ah, there you are Michael. I had some trouble getting through. Julian Martin just called. He wants to see you right away. I'm afraid I'm still working on that data you requested.

MICHAEL

Maybe we won't need it, Devon. Sounds to me like Martin's going to roll over on Cavanaugh.

(to Karen)

I'll check this out and come back for breakfast.

He kisses her and hurries off.

EXT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

as Michael exits on the run, and opens K.I.T.T.'s door. Scruffy scoots out. Michael does a take.

MICHAEL

Did I just see what I think I saw, pal?

K.I.T.T.

What do you think you saw, Michael?

MICHAEL

(ponders)

Never mind, Kitt. Forget it. I think maybe I should have finished that cup of espresso.

He shakes it off, gets inside and takes off, passing a van parked down the street. We hold on the van as doors pop open revealing marine hardware, repair tools, cans of paint and varnish inside. Snyder and the two guards from the club get out and head toward Karen's hotel.

OMITTED

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - POOL AREA - DAY

Martin is at a table having breakfast, reading the paper as Michael approaches.

MARTIN

Sit down, Mr. Knight. Order something, the food here is excellent. I like to see a new member get everything he has coming to him.

MICHAEL

This powwow was your idea, Martin.
Get to the point. I don't have time
to play games.

MARTIN

You had plenty when you embarrassed
me in front of the Councilman yester-
day. Now it's my turn to make you
squirm.

(waggles the
newspaper)

Seen the paper? Every once in a
while I run across a nasty story
about someone I know.

MICHAEL

I'm working on one right now. The
headline reads -- Julian Martin
Indicted.

MARTIN

Check tonight's edition, you'll find
one that says -- Graduate Student
Abducted. I think her name was --

(snaps
fingers)

-- Karen, Karen something.

Michael lunges forward to grab Martin; regains control as
Martin moves a towel on the table revealing a handgun.

MICHAEL

You can't shoot me here, Martin. And
you know it.

MARTIN

I can if you attack me.

MICHAEL

I'll do more than that if you've hurt
Karen. There's no place on this earth
you'll be able to hide. And if you
think kidnapping her will make me
back off, you're wrong. You just gave
me another reason to keep on coming.

MARTIN

Hey, take it easy, it was only a
rumor. I probably made a mistake.

MICHAEL

That's two mistakes counting
Cavanaugh. And I'm gonna use both of
'em to nail you to the wall mister!

Michael burns him with a look and leaves. Martin wonders thoughtfully, and we:

CUT TO

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Trashed, evidence of a struggle; chairs overturned, cups, dishes, etc. from breakfast scattered on the floor as Michael picks his way through.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Looks like Karen put up a fight, but came out second best. I want a complete scan of everything in sight, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

I'm too far away to get any detail, Michael.

MICHAEL

Okay, buddy, we'll work through my comlink.

Michael moves about the room passing his comlink over surfaces, windows, etc. As he passes the front door ---

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

As graphics on a schematic of the hotel room come alive.

K.I.T.T.

Hold it, Michael. Right there. I just picked up a handprint on that window.

MICHAEL

Good going. Run a comparison. Start with Martin, Snyder and Cavanaugh. I want as much hard evidence as I can get.

Michael reacts to something he notices on the glass.

MICHAEL

What's this, pal?

K.I.T.T.

A smear of some kind, Michael. It's still wet and appears to be a manufactured substance. It's probably nothing important.

MICHAEL

(thoughtful)

Maybe, maybe not. Do a chemical analysis. Maybe it'll give us a fix on where they've taken Karen.

CUT TO

INT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - DAY - KAREN

is here, hands manacled, with Snyder and the two guards from the club. Martin pulls in. He gets out, crosses to Karen.

MARTIN

Sorry but you can thank your boyfriend for the inconvenience.

KAREN

I'll make sure to mention your name.

Martin burns her with a look, glances around. Frowns.

MARTIN

Hey, where's Cavanaugh?

SNYDER

The word is he made a call and split. He could be anywhere.

MARTIN

Jeffery and I go way back. Whenever we were up against it, the first thing we did was make sure our insurance was still in force. Under the circumstances, I'm betting he's with his friend who has the evidence that's keeping him alive.

SNYDER

What do you want to do, Julian?

MARTIN

Have your lady at the phone company trace the call. Get an address.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

EXT. TOP LEVEL - DAY

as a car pulls in and parks. Jodi Hopkins gets out. She's a vulnerable, likeable woman of thirty-five who looks around anxiously and brightens when Cavanaugh steps out from behind a concrete column where he's been waiting. They run into each other's arms. Kiss, embrace. But, Cavanaugh is nervous just being here.

CAVANAUGH

Oh, baby, I still don't believe I'm holding you.

JODI

Oh, Jeffery, Jeffery. In spite of what everyone said, I always knew you'd get out and we'd be together.

CAVANAUGH

The waiting's over, Jodi. The minute Julian pays up, we're outta here.

JODI

Out of here? You've been saying that since we were kids, Jeffery. I don't know why, but I believed you then and I still do.

CAVANAUGH

That's because I always meant it. Now I've got the bucks to back it up.
(beat)
You all packed?

JODI

My suitcase has been ready to go for twenty years.

She kisses him blissfully. He's distracted, glances anxiously to a grimy, dirty, 1980, green Chevy sedan parked nearby.

CAVANAUGH

Everything cool?

JODI

Of course. It's in the trunk right where you left it. I check every month when I pay the parking fee.

CAVANAUGH

Hey, after what I've been through, seeing is believing -- the key.

Jodi pulls some keys from her purse, gives them to Cavanaugh. As they cross to the green Chevy, he opens the trunk and examines an accordion manila folder that contains an accountant's ledger records, file folders, papers, documents, etc. Pleased, relieved.

JODI

You giving it to Julian in exchange for the million?

CAVANAUGH

(flares)

You nuts? He'd blow me away if he ever got his hands on this.

(beat, softens,
realizing)

I'm just wired. I got to go. I'm sorry.

He closes the trunk, leaving the manila folder inside. He kisses her briefly, but she prolongs it -- hungrily.

JODI

I love you, Jeffery ---

CAVANAUGH

I love you too, babe.

We hold a beat on their look and:

CUT TO

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

moving along. Michael behind the wheel.

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

to see Devon in midconversation.

DEVON

Karen kidnapped?! That's very distressing, Michael. I can't help feeling I should have foreseen the possibility. Have you reported it to the authorities, yet?

MICHAEL

No. I think we should hold off. I don't want to make it easier for Martin to kill her than keep her.

DEVON

Do you have any leads as to her whereabouts?

MICHAEL

Kitt came up with a couple of things. Anything yet, pal?

K.I.T.T.

Yes, Michael. The hand print belongs to Snyder, Martin's bodyguard. I've also determined the substance is a varnish of some kind. I'm still breaking down its chemical composition.

MICHAEL

Pull out the stops, pal.

DEVON

And also have him clear a channel,
Michael. I'll transmit that data
on Martin's operations. Perhaps it
will help.

MICHAEL

Let's hope so, Devon. I got Karen
into this. I've got to get her out.

Michael pushes some buttons on his console and we:

CUT TO

EXT. MARINA - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

INT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - DAY

Martin is writing on a yellow legal pad. He changes a
few words. Satisfied, he tears it off, hands it to Snyder.

MARTIN

This ought to do it. Now, what about
that address your friend is running
down for us?

SNYDER

She was off duty when I called. Took
a while to track her down. She's
working on it now.

They react to Cavanaugh who slips into the building.

MARTIN

I thought I told you not to leave!!

CAVANAUGH

Worried I got hit by a bus or some-
thing? If you're thinking about
arranging a little accident, Julian,
forget it. If anything happens to me,
the ledger goes to the DA. I want
my money.

MARTIN

Knight's about to become history.
Stick around and watch. Then you
get your money.

Cavanaugh nods. Snyder crosses, takes Karen by the arm and
leads her to a phone. He pulls a gun, threatens her with
it. Then hands her the sheet from the legal pad Martin
gave him.

SNYDER

Here's the speech. You make it.
Like you mean it. Clear?

Karen nods, torn between spitting in his eye and fearing
for her life.

CUT TO

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

on the move. Michael driving.

K.I.T.T.

Sorry it took so long, Michael.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

(continuing)

I finally identified the chemical
composition of that varnish. It's a
polycarbonic compound with a densely
packed molecular structure very
similar in profile to polymers
used to ---

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

Come on, pal. The bottom line.

K.I.T.T.

It's a special custom-made marine
varnish.

MICHAEL

Way to go! We just narrowed the
search to the Marina area.

Michael is about to reverse course when K.I.T.T.'s monitor
chirps.

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

as Devon appears on screen.

DEVON

Michael. Karen's calling. I'll make
it a three-way patch.

Though we still see Devon, we only hear a stressful ---

KAREN'S VOICE

(filtered)

Michael?! Michael, Martin's people
grabbed me. But I escaped. They ---

MICHAEL
(interrupting)
Where are you?! Are you okay?!

KAREN'S VOICE
Just listen. I don't have much time!
They came after me. I'm trapped in
this shipping place -- Ludlow and the
waterfront. Hurry!

MICHAEL
On my way!

KAREN'S VOICE
And Michael -- caveat emptor.

The phone clicks and Karen's gone. Michael's head tilts thoughtfully. Then he pushes some buttons on his console.

MICHAEL
Okay, pal, super pursuit mode.

K.I.T.T.

his nose cowling elongates, spoilers deploy, etc. He explodes down the road and we:

CUT TO

INT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - SNYDER

gun in hand, has just taken the phone away from Karen.

SNYDER
(nods)
He took the bait.

MARTIN
Reel him in and gut him.

Karen eyes them with hatred as they move to manacle her, then:

CUT TO

EXT. CONTAINER STORAGE AREA - DAY - A SIGN WITH LOGO

proclaims Enterprises, International. We pan across to see a large crane for lifting the large sea-going containers. A flatbed truck. Other tools of the trade.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

as K.I.T.T. rolls to a stop a distance from the site.

K.I.T.T.

There doesn't seem to be anyone around, Michael. Why are we stopping out here?

MICHAEL

You heard Karen, pal. Caveat emptor -- she was warning us it's a trap. Scan this place. See if you can locate her position for me.

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

as a schematic of the site forms and is broken up by zig-zagging interference lines.

K.I.T.T.

It's no use, Michael. I'm getting too much interference. There's a concentration of lead in the area.

MICHAEL

You go in up the middle and keep them busy. I'll come in from below.

K.I.T.T.

But if it's a trap, you'll be a lot safer in me!

MICHAEL

Safe and predictable. I'm the one they want. While they're coming at you, I'll be searching for Karen.

Michael pushes some buttons on his console.

MICHAEL

Tinted windows, pal.

K.I.T.T.'s windows darken as Michael slips out of K.I.T.T. who slowly heads into the maze of containers on auto-pilot, as Michael moves off in a different direction.

INTERCUT MICHAEL

moving around the perimeter. Toward an office trailer on the far side of the large storage area. Via comlink we hear ---

MICHAEL

Any sign of them yet?

K.I.T.T.

Negative Michael. I'm beginning to think Martin's playing games with ---

K.I.T.T. breaks off, reacting to ---

A MASSIVE BULLDOZER

coming straight at K.I.T.T.'s nose.

K.I.T.T.

Michael! Michael, there's a giant
forklift coming straight at me.

MICHAEL

Keep it busy, pal. I need all the time
you can give me to search for Karen.

THE SCENE - K.I.T.T.

spins a series of 360s. Running circles around the
charging machine until a second massive forklift comes
at him.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Make that two giant forklifts!

The two forklifts bear down on K.I.T.T. from opposite sides.

K.I.T.T.

I'm in trouble, Michael! They're
going to scoop me off the ground with
their forks!!

EXT. OFFICE TRAILER - DAY

As Michael approaches searching for Karen. He makes a
180 degree and runs into the maze of containers after
K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

On my way, but you better turbo out
of there!!

ANGLE ON THE COMBATANTS

as K.I.T.T. turbos straight ahead, his body scraping against
the forks of the forklifts on both sides. He runs the
gauntlet unaware the forklifts have purposely herded him
in the direction of ---

A HUGE TIGER PIT

camouflaged by sheets of dirt covered plywood that collapses
under his weight. K.I.T.T. suddenly drops down ---

INSIDE A LARGE STEEL SHIPPING CONTAINER

as K.I.T.T. falls from above and lands with a loud crash in
the bottom of the container.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE
I've literally fallen into a trap of
some kind, Michael! They've got me!

As a metal lid comes down atop the container and, unbeknownst
to K.I.T.T. and Michael, cuts off all transmission.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

barking into his comlink.

MICHAEL
Where are you, buddy? Talk to me!

No response. As Michael runs between the stacks of
containers, K.I.T.T. replies assuming Michael can hear
him.

ON K.I.T.T.

inside the container, as K.I.T.T.'s head and taillights
come on.

K.I.T.T.
I'm in a large steel box. I'm going
to turbo blast my way out if I can.

K.I.T.T.'S WHEELS

explode with power, burn rubber, smoking.

MICHAEL

still moving between the containers.

MICHAEL
I can't hear you, pal! What's going
on?! Kitt? Kitt?!!

K.I.T.T.

as his nose cowling rockets forward into the steel wall
of the box but to no avail.

K.I.T.T.
It's no use. I can't get a running
start to generate power to penetrate
the steel. Do you have any sugges-
tions?
(beat)
Michael? Why aren't you responding,
Michael? Michael?!

THE CONTAINER

hoisted aboard a waiting flatbed truck by a crane. The
hooks and cables are released. The truck drives off with

K.I.T.T. silently imprisoned in the container on its bed.

MICHAEL

stands dwarfed and surrounded by the containers. Looks around. Nothing. Nobody. A ghost town.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Kitt? Talk to me, Kitt? Kitt?!!

Where are you?!!

Michael sags with the realization he has now lost Karen and K.I.T.T.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. CONTAINER STORAGE AREA - DAY

The F.L.A.G. semi has been pulled into the area.

BONNIE'S VOICE

(continuing)

I've scanned the area and reconstructed the movement of the vehicles.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED - SEMI'S COMPUTER MONITOR

to see various sets of tire tracks made by the forklifts and K.I.T.T., in schematic graphic form.

BONNIE'S VOICE

(continuing)

These tread marks were made by the forklifts. These are definitely Kitt's.

INT. F.L.A.G. SEMI - DAY

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

BONNIE

(continuing)

It looks like they trapped him in some sort of pincer movement.

MICHAEL

Yeah, and it worked. They gave him one escape route. He took it and ended up in that hole.

RC3

Clever dudes, man. But where'd he go?

MICHAEL

Judging from these other tracks, into one of the containers, and trucked away. Kitt's out there somewhere. Let's get a fix on his location.

Bonnie encodes at the keyboard in search of K.I.T.T.'s audio signal, and we:

CUT TO

INT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - DAY - ON FLATBED

arriving with the container. Martin, Cavanaugh, Snyder, the two guards and Karen are here. While a crane prepares to lift the container from the flatbed, Martin turns anxiously to Snyder.

MARTIN

I'm going to handle this one myself.
(in Spanish)
Give me the Uzi.

Snyder hands Martin the compact automatic rifle he's holding, and we:

CUT TO

INT. F.L.A.G. SEMI - DAY - BONNIE

is utilizing her electronic equipment to pick up K.I.T.T.'s audio signal. Her face tells us that she's not finding it.

BONNIE

Nothing! Even if Kitt's voice module malfunctioned, his homing transmitter would be putting out a signal I could trace.

RC3

Maybe the signal's being scrambled by the steel container, you dig?
(off looks)
My electronic expertise goes beyond ghetto blasters.

BONNIE

(frustrated;
wired)

I wish you were right RC, but Kitt should be transmitting, regardless. This doesn't make any sense, Michael!

MICHAEL

(putting it
together)

Lead -- that container must be lined with lead. Kitt had problems scanning because of it.

(beat, infuriated)

Karen, now Kitt. I'm the one they want. I should just go to that creep Martin and offer him an exchange.

RC3

I'm into chivalry myself, my man. But Martin's the kind of dude who'd say come ahead then blow you all away.

Michael nods his agreement, stymied, and we:

CUT TO

INT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - DAY

The container has been unloaded from the flatbed truck. The crane is about to lift the lid from the container. Martin, Cavanaugh, Snyder, Karen and the two guards watch. Martin is moving in anxiously with the Uzi.

MARTIN

Come on, come on! Let's get this over with!

He checks the clip in the Uzi. Slams it back into the breech.

CLOSE ON THE CRANE

It now starts to lift the lid just barely and we:

CUT TO

INT. F.L.A.G. SEMI - DAY - BONNIE

as one of her monitors picks up an audio signal.

BONNIE

It's Kitt! He's alive! He's transmitting a signal.

Michael and RC3 converge and study the monitor.

MICHAEL

All right! Pinpoint its location.

Bonnie encodes at her keyboard. A map grows across her monitor.

BONNIE

Somewhere northwest of here. Signal's too weak to compute exactly where.
(frustrated)
That's all we've got.

MICHAEL

No, it isn't, Bonnie. We narrowed the search for Karen to the marina area. Chances are that's where they've taken Kitt.

BONNIE

You're right. That data I transmitted earlier listed numerous Martin operations on the waterfront.
(beat)
What are you going to use for transportation?

On Michael's look and RC3's grin, we:

CUT TO

EXT. CONTAINER STORAGE AREA - DAY

The tractor of the F.L.A.G. semi has already been disconnected from the trailer and is pulling away. RC3 behind the wheel; Michael next to him.

CUT TO

INT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - DAY

The top of the container opens fully to reveal a very vulnerable K.I.T.T. below.

MARTIN

perches atop the wall of the container and blasts away with the Uzi. The rounds spark and ricochet off K.I.T.T.

MARTIN

It's bulletproof -- Rip open the T-top!!

The two guards jump down atop K.I.T.T.'s roof and go to work with pry bars.

ON THE T-TOP

as the pry bars push into the edge of the top and bend when leverage is exerted.

THE SCENE

as the guards hold up the bent pry bars.

MARTIN

Open up, Knight. Otherwise we kill the girl.

ANGLE WITH KAREN

KAREN

No! Don't do it, Michael!

MARTIN

Last call, Knight. Open up or she dies!

K.I.T.T.

A few beats then the T-top pops open. Widen to include Martin as he pumps a barrage of bullets into K.I.T.T.'s driverless cockpit. Cavanaugh watching anxiously.

INTERCUT - INSIDE K.I.T.T.

as the rounds puncture the upholstery of Michael's seat. The smoke clears, revealing Michael isn't inside.

MARTIN

Knight's not in there!!

RESUME SCENE

CAVANAUGH

Great move, Julian. Your clowns kidnapped an empty car!

All stand there in disbelief except ---

KAREN

who smiles, relieved, knowing that Michael is alive.

CUT TO

EXT. VARIOUS MARINA AREA STREETS - DAY - ON SEMI'S TRACTOR

RC3 drives. Michael operates the portable scanner.

RC3

This is great. I mean, like I been kinda missing the Street Avenger action. You know action...you and me....

MICHAEL

That's not what we're doing, RC.
This is a professional operation.

RC3

I know, man, I know. I just mean
doing something that counts. I like
the way it makes me feel.

MICHAEL

(nods)

In that case, I know where you're
coming from, believe me.

Michael reacts to something on the scanner.

MICHAEL

We're getting close. Kitt's signal's
dead ahead. Hang a right at the
next corner.

As RC3 complies ---

CUT TO

INT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - DAY

Cavanaugh's sounding off. On the receiving end are Martin
and Snyder, both of whom are growing livid. Snyder drops
off to answer the phone that rings.

CAVANAUGH

I'm up to here with waiting, Julian.
And don't give me that stuff about
banking hours. You've got cash
planted all over town. I want mine
now.

MARTIN

I said when Knight's dead. And I
meant it.

CAVANAUGH

So did I about my little friend giving
the DA those records. You've got 'til
noon today. That's it.

Cavanaugh moves off to join the guards. Snyder returns
from the phone.

MARTIN

Little punk's got me between a rock
and a hard place. That's what I get
for dragging his butt out of the
joint. Nothing I'd like better than
to pull his plug.

SNYDER

(smiles)

Start pulling. No more rock, no more hard place. His 'little friend's' name is Jodi Hopkins. Got the address right here.

MARTIN

(thoughtfully;
remembering)

Jodi, Hopkins --

(beat)

Cavanaugh? I've got some news -- good news.

OMITTED

ANGLE

Cavanaugh joins Martin. The latter puts his arm around Cavanaugh's shoulder. Pals.

MARTIN

This 'little friend' of yours -- somebody we grew up with, isn't it?

CAVANAUGH

Maybe. What's it to you? What's this all about?

MARTIN

Blackmail. Every time you tighten the screws, you mention a little friend. Naturally, I'd be interested in getting reacquainted with any person who can lay their hands on evidence to put me away for life.

CAVANAUGH

(sarcastically)

You're a genius, Julian. I'll bet you even figured out that's why I skipped the reunion.

MARTIN

(shakes no)

Can't say I blame you for keeping her to yourself, Cavanaugh. I mean, Jodi Hopkins always was one of those special girls, wasn't she? Any message I can pass on when I see her?

(off Cavanaugh's
reaction)

See, I had good news ---

A gunshot rings out.

MARTIN

And bad news.

We're momentarily uncertain where it came from. Cavanaugh a look of disbelief on his face, slumps to the floor -- dead. And we now see that Martin is holding the gun.

FLASH REACTION SHOTS - KAREN, SNYDER, THE GUARDS

As Martin and Snyder move to the car....

MARTIN

We got one more piece of business with Jodi.

(to guards)

Wait a few minutes then dump that car in the ocean. Let Cavanaugh drive and our favorite graduate student can enjoy the view.

They drive off through a rear exit....

EXT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - DAY

as the semi's tractor rolls into view and stops.

INSIDE CAB OF SEMI

MICHAEL

That building there -- it's got to be the one.

RC3

Let's rev this baby up and blow right through the doors.

MICHAEL

Let's not. Just sit here with your hands folded. Got it?

RC3 nods contritely and pulls to the curb. Michael raises his comlink.

MICHAEL

Kitt? Talk to me, pal. Can you read me?

INTERCUT - CONTAINER - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

as we move in to K.I.T.T. inside.

K.I.T.T.

Like you were next to me, Michael.

MICHAEL

I am, pal, right outside.

K.I.T.T.

(sigh of
relief)

Oh, I was hoping you were going to
say that.

MICHAEL

What's going on in there? Is Karen
okay?

K.I.T.T.

I think so but I can't be certain.
I'm still inside this claustrophobic
container and can't send lateral
transmissions.

MICHAEL

Not much longer, pal. Can you tell
me how many of Martin's men are in
there?

K.I.T.T.

Three, from the sound of their voices,
Michael.

MICHAEL

It'll take me a few minutes to get
into position. Hang in there. I'm
going to need your help.

RC3

I want to go in with you, Michael.

MICHAEL

Need you outside. First, you go to
that pay phone, call Devon and
request police backup. Then, back
me up out here.

RC3

You got it, my man.

MICHAEL

Told you I was saving you for the
heavy duty stuff.

Michael and RC3 get out of the semi's tractor. RC heads
for the phone, Michael toward the marina building. Along
the way he picks up a small Danforth anchor and attached
long rope. He tosses it like a grappling hook to the roof
of the building and rappels up the wall on the rope.

MICHAEL ON THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING

as he comes over the parapet and taking the rope and anchor
with him, crosses to an open skylight, looks in to see ---

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - THE SCENE BELOW

He sees: the fallen Cavanaugh; Karen manacled to some pipes; the three guards crossing to her, ostensibly to put her in the container with K.I.T.T. for transport to a watery grave; and K.I.T.T. in the open container.

INT. MARINA BUILDING - DAY

As Michael comes in from the skylight, lowers himself on the rope to a cantilevered balcony below. As he touches down and moves to the edge of the balcony with the anchor rope in hand ---

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Kitt? I'm coming in from up top.
We're going to 'raid' the place.
Understand?

K.I.T.T.

I'm reading you loud and clear.

MICHAEL

Ready -- now!

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

As he activates his anharmonic system and emits blasting police sirens, numerous tire screeches, door slams, the guards pull guns and take cover.

K.I.T.T.

(bullhorn voice)

This is the police. You're surrounded.
Throw out your guns and come out with
your hands up!!!

MICHAEL

grabs the anchor rope, loops it around the end of the crane boom, and swings on it from the cantilevered balcony toward:

THE CONTAINER

as Michael sweeps into the shot and kicks loose the steel handle that holds one end of the container in place.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the end of the container falls open hitting the floor with a crash like a boarding ramp. K.I.T.T. explodes out of the container.

MICHAEL
Take the other guard!!!

MICHAEL

drops from the rope and brings down one of the guards who fires at him as he sails through the air. As Michael puts him away with a karate combination, the second guard runs for the access door.

THE THIRD GUARD

turns his gun on Karen. K.I.T.T. swings around, rounds sparking off his skin as he races past Karen and sideswipes the guard, knocking him down and out cold.

MICHAEL
Way to go, buddy!

As Michael runs to Karen's side:

EXT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - DAY

As the second guard runs from behind the building and bowls over RC3, who comes at him. RC scrambles to his feet, vaults the hood of a car and brings down the guard with a flying tackle, putting him away with a single punch.

RC3
My man said you stay and you're staying!

OMITTED

RESUME THE SCENE INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE

MICHAEL
Karen's cuffs need some attention, pal.

K.I.T.T.
No problem, Michael. They're standard issue.

The cuffs pop open with appropriate sound effects. Michael helps remove them and embraces Karen, comfortingly.

MICHAEL
You okay?

KAREN
(nods, shaken)
Yes, yes, Michael. I'm fine but Martin's gone!

MICHAEL
You know where?

KAREN

(nods)

I'll tell you on the way. Head
downtown.

Michael and Karen get into K.I.T.T.

OMITTED

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

as Michael settles behind the wheel, fires up the engine
and pushes some buttons on his console.

MICHAEL

Super Pursuit Mode, pal. We don't
have a lot of time.

K.I.T.T.

as his nose cowling elongates, spoilers deploy and he
explodes forward.

EXT. MARTIN'S MARINA BUILDING - DAY

as K.I.T.T. rockets out the doors into the street in Super
Pursuit Mode and accelerates away.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. ROAD - DAY

as K.I.T.T. barrels past in super pursuit mode.

K.I.T.T.'S SPEEDOMETER

rapidly approaches 300 mph and continues past.

MICHAEL AND KAREN

She's more than impressed, eyeing the speedometer with
disbelief. As K.I.T.T.'s speed evens out and they ease into
normal seating positions, Michael swings a look to Karen.

MICHAEL

You said you'd tell me about Martin
on the way. I'd say it's time to
start talking.

KAREN

If this isn't 'on the way,' what
is. Wow!

(beat)

Martin's after evidence, Michael.

MICHAEL

That's what I figured all along.
Cavanaugh must've used it to
blackmail Martin into breaking him
out. We've got to beat him to it,
Karen. Where's he headed?

KAREN

To see somebody named Jodi Hopkins.
That's all I've got.

Michael pushes some buttons on the console.

MICHAEL

Maybe that's all we'll need. Jodi
Hopkins, pal. I need an address.
Make it fast.

And as they rocket off into the distance ---

CUT TO

EXT. FRONT OF JODI'S HOUSE - DAY

Martin's car cruises past, Snyder at the wheel.

INSIDE MARTIN'S CAR

MARTIN

Park around back. I don't want to
be announced.

Snyder turns into an alley.

CUT TO

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

rockets down a straightaway in SPM.

K.I.T.T.

I've found Jodi Hopkins, Michael.

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELLING (SPM)

K.I.T.T.

But there are three listings. Bel Air,
Beverly Hills and Southgate.

MICHAEL

Good work. Question is, which one?

KAREN

I don't know if this will help, Michael.
But I overheard something about Jodi
and Cavanaugh growing up together.

MICHAEL

He didn't strike me as a guy who grew
up in a chic neighborhood, Karen.

(beat)

Plot me the most direct course to
the Southgate address, pal!

K.I.T.T.

accelerates down the road and we:

CUT TO

INT. JODI'S HOUSE - DAY

She's preparing to leave, stuffing a few last items into her
suitcase. She reacts to a noise on the back porch and
turns to the door.

JODI

Jeffery? Be with you in a ---

ANOTHER ANGLE - DOOR

It explodes open as Snyder lunges into the room with his
gun. Martin's right behind him.

THE SCENE

Jodi starts to scream. Snyder cups a hand over her mouth.
Shoves her back inside and slams her against a wall. He
holds her there and threatens her with the gun as Martin
moves to her.

MARTIN

I'll get straight to the point, Jodi.
For openers, your blackmailing boy-
friend's dead.

JODI

(jolted)

Jeffery? Dead?! No! No!!

MARTIN

You're next if you don't hand over
those records he gave you.

JODI

But, but I don't have them.

Snyder moves the gun closer. Jodi eyes it. Sags, capitulating.

JODI

Even if I did know where it is.
You'll kill me the minute I tell
you. I know you will.

MARTIN

There's only one way to find out,
isn't there?

Jodi ponders the offer as we:

CUT TO

EXT. STREETS - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS - K.I.T.T.

races in Super Pursuit Mode.

CUT TO

EXT. FRONT OF JODI'S HOUSE - K.I.T.T.

arrives in Super Pursuit Mode and deploys breaking fins and roof flap to come to a fast stop.

MICHAEL

I don't see Martin's car. Scan the
place for me.

Michael pushes buttons on K.I.T.T.'s console.

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

to see a schematic of the house develop and representational figure of Jodi.

K.I.T.T.

I'm picking up only one person,
Michael. A female who appears
nervous but uninjured.

MICHAEL

Thanks, pal. Keep your scanners
peeled.

(to Karen)

And you ---

KAREN

(anticipating)

Stay put, I know.

Michael dashes out of K.I.T.T.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. JODI'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jodi's stunned but unharmed. As Michael rushes to her.

MICHAEL

Jodi? Jodi, where's Martin? Tell me
you didn't give him that evidence.

JODI

(shakes no;
nervously)

I -- I couldn't, I don't have it. But
I told him where. You the police?

MICHAEL

No. No time to explain. Where'd he
go, Jodi? Where?!

EXT. JODI'S HOUSE - DAY - ON K.I.T.T.

is still in Super Pursuit Mode. Michael exits on the run;
jumps behind the wheel next to Karen and takes off.

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING (SPM)

MICHAEL

The evidence is in a green '78 Chevy,
in a downtown parking structure.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T. FROM THE STREET

as Michael hits the accelerator so hard that K.I.T.T. damn
near does a wheelie.

INTERCUTTING BOTH CARS - VARIOUS STREETS - VARIOUS ANGLES

Each heading for the parking structure at high speed.

EXT. TWO PARKING STRUCTURES - DAY

Next to each other...Martin's car arrives and rockets up
the east ramp.

K.I.T.T.

coming on strong after two-wheeling another corner.

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - TRAVELING

K.I.T.T.

The parking structure is dead ahead,
Michael.

Through the windshield we see first one parking structure, then a second next to it is revealed as K.I.T.T. completes his approach.

KAREN

Michael, there are two....

Michael hits a button on his console.

K.I.T.T.

deploys braking fins and roof flap and comes to a screeching EBS stop in front of the two parking entrance ramps that branch off left and right.

MICHAEL

Back into cruise mode, pal.

RAPID FIRE SEQUENCE OF SHOTS - K.I.T.T.

as he transfers from super pursuit to cruise mode.

RESUME INSIDE K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Now, give me a quick scan for that Chevy.

Michael hits buttons on his console.

K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR

comes to life. A schematic of the buildings traces out. A pulsing blip appears on the west tower.

K.I.T.T.

I've picked up a green '78 sedan atop the west structure, Michael.

MICHAEL

Way to go, buddy!

THE SCENE

as Michael floors the accelerator and K.I.T.T. races up the ramp that leads to the West Tower.

EXT. TOP OF WEST STRUCTURE - K.I.T.T.

careens off the ramp onto the top level, races between rows of cars. Brakes next to a green '78 Chevrolet sedan. Simultaneously, a woman gets out of the sedan, locks the door, walks off.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

That's a green sedan all right but
that sure isn't Martin and Snyder!
What's going on, pal?!

K.I.T.T.

My scanner just picked up an identical
vehicle on the opposite tower.

They look off to see ---

LONG SHOT - THEIR POINT OF VIEW - A DUPLICATE CHEVROLET
showing two indistinguishable men.

RESUME INSIDE K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Give me a closeup of that, fast!

K.I.T.T.

Right away, Michael!

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

to show Snyder prying open the trunk of the Chevy. Martin
reaches inside, and removes the manila accordion folder.
Chock full of the accountant's records.

K.I.T.T.

They've got it, Michael.

MICHAEL

Too late to cut them off down below.
Think we can make it, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

It's twenty feet more than my
previous record.

KAREN

(incredulous)

You're not doing what I think you're
doing.

MICHAEL

Records are made to be broken --
Hang on!

Michael backs up to get more "runway" space. Guns the
engine.

MICHAEL

Give me all the turbo boost you've
got, pal!

Hits turbo boost.

K.I.T.T. IN SLOW MOTION

rockets across the parking structure, launches into the air and zooms off the edge of the West Structure into space.

FLASH CUT - MARTIN

reacting to K.I.T.T. while heading for his car.

MARTIN AND SNYDER'S POINT OF VIEW - K.I.T.T.

heading straight at them.

KAREN

wide-eyed with fright and wonder.

MARTIN

shakes off his incredulity. Snyder starts shooting at K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

The bullets sparking off his skin as he makes a perfect four-wheel landing on the East Structure. Martin is heading to his car as K.I.T.T. screeches to a stop directly behind it, precluding a getaway.

MICHAEL

Take Snyder, pal! Martin's mine!!

THE SCENE

Martin takes off across the structure. Snyder is running past K.I.T.T. when his passenger door pops open and clobbers him. Snyder goes down and stays down.

MICHAEL

dashes out of K.I.T.T.; catches Martin from behind with a shoestring tackle. Then puts him away with a karate combination.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael pulls him to his feet for ---

MICHAEL

I can't wait to see the headline in tonight's paper, Martin.

On Martin's reaction ---

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

INT. SEMI - DAY - GROUP SHOT

K.I.T.T.'s the center of attention with Michael, Devon, Bonnie and Karen semicircled around the Trans Am.

MICHAEL

Kitt was like a gazelle...what a jump.

K.I.T.T.

Michael I prefer to be likened to a rocket. Cars with animal names are very common.

KAREN

You're right, Kitt...You're one of a kind. Sort of a national treasure and you've earned your privacy.

DEVON

What are you going to use as the basis for your thesis?

KAREN

(with a look)

Michael Knight. Sexiest crime fighter in America.

MICHAEL

Then the final interview should be at a private party on a very private sailboat.

K.I.T.T.

Karen, thank you, but would you consider doing me another favor?

KAREN

Anything....

K.I.T.T.

Would you adopt a small dog? You might say he's a friend of mine....

MICHAEL

So, I did see what I thought I saw. That's why I'm a little itchy.

K.I.T.T.
Sorry, Michael, he needed a place to
hide and fleas are not a serious
ailment.

Reaction and laughs ---

ON MICHAEL

as he turns to look at K.I.T.T., then shrugs to Karen:

MICHAEL
Sorry, Karen. Guess we'll be having
some extra company on that boat ---

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END