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KNIGHT RIDER

KNIGHT IN DISGRACE

by  
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ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - DAY - HELICOPTER SHOT - STOCK

The high wail of a Dixieland clarinet. Swooping low over the Pontchartrain Bridge and establishing New Orleans.

OMITTED

EXT. CATFISH'S DIXIELAND BAR - DAY

Sign establishes. One can only imagine what's going on inside at this moment. But the music's hot, and it floats clear out onto the street.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

parked at a safe stakeout distance from the entrance.

DEVON'S VOICE

Maybe we're just wasting time.

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

Devon's on the monitor from his Foundation office.

MICHAEL

If you've gotta waste time, Devon, there's no better place to do it than New Orleans.

DEVON

I'm sure you're right, but you've been tailing this Willis character for almost twenty-four hours now and all you've got to show for it is a tour of the city.

MICHAEL

He likes to enjoy himself, no question about that. But if we want to put Lasalle out of business we've got to squeeze his key people -- people like Willis.

DEVON

All right, Michael. Keep me posted.

Devon disappears from the screen.

K.I.T.T.

To tell you the truth, Michael, it's not the waiting that bothers me. It's the Dixieland jazz that goes

with it. If I hear 'When The Saints  
Go Marching In' one more time....

But Michael spots something O.S., interrupts:

MICHAEL  
Kitt...there he is.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - WILLIS

coming from Catfish's Bar and moving toward a fast sports car parked at the curb. He's thirty, wears designer jeans and shirt. Nice looking in a rough sort of way. He carries an overnight bag. The lovely young lady clinging to his arm is Ginger, twenty-five, blonde, a woman who's seen both ends of Bourbon Street.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
Michael, he didn't have that case when  
he went in.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL  
You got that right. Let's take a peek  
inside.

He presses the X-ray mode.

INTERCUT - MONITOR

as a computer-generated image moves through the case and focuses on a plastic container filled with white powder.

K.I.T.T.  
A kilo of pure heroin, Michael.

MICHAEL  
Known on the street as 'China White.'

ANGLE TO INCLUDE WILLIS THROUGH WINDSHIELD

shooting from behind as Michael sees Willis kiss Ginger good-bye.

K.I.T.T.  
I didn't think Lasalle was involved  
with drugs.

Willis starts toward the driver's side.

MICHAEL  
Why not, he's into everything else.

ANGLE ON WILLIS

As he starts to open the car door something suddenly

catches his eye.

WILLIS' POINT OF VIEW - K.I.T.T.

Michael behind the wheel.

BACK TO WILLIS

He debates, then suddenly takes off on foot.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

MICHAEL

He made us! Notify Devon, then cut  
Willis off.

Michael jumps out and races after Willis.

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

to see the accelerator depress and light up.

BACK TO SCENE

as K.I.T.T. pulls out.

VARIOUS ANGLES OF CHASE

Willis is big, agile and fast, making use of sidewalk artifacts -- trash cans, bicycles, vendors racks, etc. -- to keep Michael off balance.

ANGLE AT CORNER

Willis is about to cross the street when K.I.T.T. suddenly pulls up and cuts him off. Willis turns to run the other way when Michael manages to tackle him and bring him down. And as he does:

TIGHT ON HIGHLY POLISHED BOX

as it falls to the sidewalk from Willis' pocket.

ANGLES ON FIGHT

Willis catches Michael in the midsection with his foot, sending him sprawling on his back. Michael quickly springs to his feet, drops the charging Willis with a right, and as police sirens are heard arriving he lifts Willis up, pins his arms around his back and slams him against the brick wall.

ANGLE ON POLICE CARS

screaming up, lights flashing. Several police officers jump out, revolvers drawn.

SERGEANT

Police officer! Hands up against the wall! Legs spread.

Willis obeys with the help of another armed officer. A third officer takes the case, begins working to pry the locks with a penknife.

SERGEANT

That goes for you, too!

MICHAEL

Officer, my name's Michael Knight, I'm with the Foundation for Law and Government ---

SERGEANT

You heard me. Spread 'em!

Michael obeys.

CLOSER - SERGEANT

as he spots the box near their feet, picks it up and opens it.

INSERT - KEY

It's unusual, highly tooled and sophisticated.

FULLER ANGLE

The Sergeant takes it out. To Michael:

SERGEANT

This yours?

MICHAEL

His.

As the Sergeant returns the key to the box, puts it in his pocket and begins patting Michael down:

POLICE OFFICER

(re heroin)

Sergeant, looks like heroin.

MICHAEL

It is heroin. I've been tailing him.

But the Sergeant pulls something out of Michael's jacket pocket.

SERGEANT

You've been tailing something, that's for sure.

He shows Michael a small plastic bag of heroin. Michael looks at it in total shock and disbelief.

SERGEANT  
You're under arrest.

CUT TO

EXT. FOUNDATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING

MICHAEL'S VOICE  
Suspension?!

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

Devon is near his desk, looking terribly distressed, at the same time toying thoughtfully with the key.

DEVON  
I'm sorry, but until this mess is straightened out I have no other choice.

MICHAEL  
(hot)  
But I was framed! He must've slipped that heroin into my pocket while I was busting him!

DEVON  
Michael, please. I want to believe you but we need proof...  
(re key)  
And at this moment, the Foundation must concentrate all its efforts on this key.

MICHAEL  
Key? I'm suspended and you're worried about a key they found on Willis?

DEVON  
(patient)  
Michael, the police have requested that I use all our resources to find out just what this key unlocks. If Lasalle has anything to do with it, it has to be important.

MICHAEL  
Devon, in case you've forgotten, I'm one of those resources.

DEVON

Not under the present circumstances!  
(softer)

Michael, the Foundation has people to answer to. We're a visible organization. If we let these charges against you pass without an investigation, it would be looked upon as a cover up.

MICHAEL

All right, investigate all you want, just don't keep me from doing my job.

DEVON

(difficult  
beat)

I'm sorry, but my decision is made.

MICHAEL

Well, I've got news for you, I've made a decision, too. I've been framed and there's just one person who can clear me.

He grabs his stuff, starts for the door.

DEVON

Willis is sticking to his story.

MICHAEL

I'm not talking about Willis. I'm talking about his boss -- Lasalle.

DEVON

(concerned)

Michael, the Foundation cannot operate above the law.

MICHAEL

But I'm no longer with the Foundation, remember...I'm on suspension.

A last look at Devon and he starts out.

DEVON

Whatever you do, Michael...however you do it...it will have to be without Kitt.

MICHAEL

I figured. Anything else you'd like to strip away while I'm still here?

(contrite)

I'm sorry, Devon, we've been friends for a long time, I shouldn't have said that.

DEVON

In your position I might have said  
the same thing.

(forces smile)

Believe me, in a week or so we'll  
all have a good laugh about this.

(smile fades)

But until that time, Michael...I'm  
truly going to miss you.

They look at one another...then Michael leaves.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. FOUNDATION GARAGE - DAY - SHOOTING OUT DOOR

to see Michael approaching and entering.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE K.I.T.T.

parked in the service stall as Michael moves to him.

K.I.T.T.

Well, Michael, I'm glad you got that  
little matter straightened out.

MICHAEL

The only thing I got was a suspension.

K.I.T.T.

A suspension? But how can that be?

MICHAEL

It's a long story and I don't want  
to bore you with it.

(difficult beat)

I'm leaving, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

Where are we going?

MICHAEL

Not we. I'm going alone.

K.I.T.T.

Alone? But Michael, we're a team.

MICHAEL

You belong to the Foundation, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

But, Michael, without you....

MICHAEL

I know, pal, I feel the same way.  
It's not over yet. Not by a long  
shot.

(beat)

Until then, take care.

He grabs a casual jacket from the backseat, starts down the  
long driveway.

K.I.T.T.'s red scanner light slows and then stops.

CUT TO

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

Dixieland jazz over.

INT. FRENCH QUARTER BAR - NIGHT - STOCK

Tastefully crude, smoky and colorful, with foggy mirrors and  
ceiling fans. The funky piano man, sleeves pulled up, nurses  
a shot as he plays his music.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

having just entered and stepping up to the bar. He hasn't  
shaved and his clothes look as if he's slept in them. He's  
also had a few drinks, although he's far from drunk. Gino,  
the bruising bartender, spots him, shakes his head, and  
comes up to him.

GINO

You again. You're worse than a bad  
dream.

MICHAEL

All you gotta do is tell me where I  
can find Lasalle and I'll be glad to  
take my business down the street.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DANTON

seated in a nearby booth. Huge and black with muscles  
bulging inside his three-piece suit. With him is a  
beautiful young woman named Linda. Both watch Michael's  
action, Danton with interest, Linda without.

GINO

I told you, I don't know what Lasalle  
you're talking about.

MICHAEL

How many Lasalle's own a big chunk of  
the French Quarter, including this  
joint?

GINO  
Look, you wanna drink or not?

LINDA'S VOICE  
Sure he wants a drink.

Michael turns as Linda slides up.

LINDA  
I don't think he's here for the  
scenery.

She smiles. He relaxes some, returns it.

MICHAEL  
A beer for me...a mint julep for  
Blanche here.

Linda laughs.

LINDA  
I love a man with a sense of humor.  
Make mine a gin and tonic, Gino.

Gino pours Michael a beer and Linda a gin and tonic.  
Michael holds the glass for a toast.

MICHAEL  
To a long friendship.

LINDA  
Even if it lasts all night.

Michael grins, and they drink. After which Linda moves in  
for a kiss. Michael doesn't fight it. As Linda kisses  
him with surprising passion:

CLOSE ON HER HAND

slipping over Michael's beer and dropping in a quick-  
dissolving tablet.

FULLER ANGLE

They finally break, smiling, tasting the kiss. She touches  
the rim of his glass, and they drink, Michael polishing off  
his beer.

MICHAEL  
You know, I've kissed a few ladies  
in my life....

LINDA  
(smiles)  
Really? Could've fooled me. Tell  
me all about it...lady by lady and  
kiss by kiss....

MICHAEL

But you, you're the...the....

He's having trouble focusing; feeling a bit dizzy.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - LINDA

out of focus, getting fuzzier, spinning.

BACK TO MICHAEL

He tries to speak, can't, slowly slips to the floor.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - BAR LIGHTS ON CEILING

out of focus, spinning into:

DISSOLVE TO

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - DAY

Soft focus of sunlight playing on crystals. We tilt off the chandelier tinkling in the breeze down to the morning sun shining through the eight-foot beveled glass windows and backlighting Linda. She wears a simple, yet sexy white summer dress.

LINDA

I thought you were dead.

MICHAEL

Who says I'm not.

It's an elegant room filled with tasteful antiques and classical paintings. Michael sits up painfully.

MICHAEL

If I didn't know better I'd think somebody put something in my drink last night.

LINDA

Now why would anyone want to do that?

MICHAEL

You tell me.

LINDA

Boyd's waiting for you on the veranda.  
(motions to  
closet)  
There's some clothes in that closet.

She leaves. On his reaction:

CUT TO

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

Boyd Lasalle, a powerful, handsome man in his early fifties, is having coffee and reading a newspaper. Linda is seated next to him having juice. Danton, always formally dressed, sits on the balcony railing nearby, a faithful and fierce watchdog. Lasalle glances up to see the freshly shaved Michael heading their way. He wears a casual but expensive outfit.

LASALLE

You must be Michael Knight.

MICHAEL

How'd you guess?

LASALLE

I'm Boyd Lasalle, and this is Linda.

MICHAEL

We almost met earlier.

Michael and Linda exchange looks until:

LASALLE

Darling....

Knowing what's coming, she gets up:

LINDA

I know. Business.

One last look at Michael and she goes toward the house. Michael watches her; she moves like a thoroughbred.

LASALLE

Now, I understand you've been looking all over New Orleans for me. Why?

MICHAEL

Because one of your errand boys framed me, that's why.

LASALLE

(shrugs)

Willis? So what do you want from me?

MICHAEL

I want my suspension lifted and my name cleared. I want you to talk to him, tell him he made a big mistake.

LASALLE

But you and I are natural enemies.  
As long as you're on suspension I  
sleep better at night.

MICHAEL

I'm not going to be on suspension  
forever.

LASALLE

No, you aren't. As a matter of  
fact, your status at the Foundation  
has taken another turn for the worse.

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

Over this a twenty-three-year old computer expert, thin,  
long hair, John Lennon glasses, crosses from the house  
carrying what appears to be a briefcase. He places it  
on the table.

LASALLE

Thanks to my electronic wizard here,  
I've recently gained access to the  
Foundation's inner sanctum. We  
actually use your surveillance  
equipment to spy on you.

Poole smiles and opens the top of the briefcase to reveal  
a state-of-the-art portable TV monitor.

LASALLE

Watch.

He motions to Poole to turn it on. Michael reacts to what  
he sees on the screen.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SCREEN

A freeze frame of Devon talking to Bonnie in his office.  
There's a time and date readout at the top of the screen.

LASALLE

As you can see, this was recorded  
just over an hour ago.

INSERT - SCREEN

as seen on the monitor. Both Bonnie and Devon are terribly  
upset.

BONNIE

But Devon, you can't just fire him!

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

with Michael's reactions.

DEVON

It's the board's decision, Bonnie,  
not mine.

BONNIE

But why? He was supposed to be  
suspended pending the results of the  
investigation!

DEVON

The consensus was that Michael has  
been compromised. I'm sorry. I  
argued against it. I did everything  
I could.

BONNIE

(beat)

Have you told him?

DEVON

I'm trying to locate him now.

BONNIE

But what are we going to do?

DEVON

Do? We're going to replace him.

BONNIE

Just like that?

DEVON

We've no other choice. Bonnie, I'm  
going to miss him, too...but the  
integrity of the Foundation is more  
important than any one man -- including  
Michael Knight.

LASALLE

Seen enough?

Michael glances at him, stunned. He nods. Poole turns it  
off.

LASALLE

I can imagine how difficult this is  
for you. Fortunately I think some  
good can come out of it after all.

MICHAEL

(beat)

I can't imagine what.

LASALLE

I can use a man of your talent.

Michael regards him with contempt.

MICHAEL

What do you think I am, for sale to the highest bidder? No questions asked?

LASALLE

You haven't heard my offer yet.

MICHAEL

Save your breath.

Angry, he starts away.

LASALLE

Then what are you going to do for a living? With your present security rating you couldn't get a job as a rent-a-cop.

No response.

LASALLE

I'm willing to pay you fifty thousand dollars for an hour's work.

Despite himself Michael pauses.

MICHAEL

(beat)

What kind of work?

LASALLE

Stealing something I want very much.

(motions

to screen)

Come here. I'll show you.

Michael crosses back. Poole presses another of the remote buttons. Michael reacts to what he sees.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - K.I.T.T.

inside the Foundation garage, being worked on by Bonnie.

LASALLE'S VOICE

The Knight Industry Two Thousand.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MICHAEL AND LASALLE

Michael reacts.

LASALLE

Or as you so fondly call it...Kitt.

Lasalle looks to Michael and smiles.

FREEZE FRAME

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

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

as he races behind two trucks running alongside each other,  
then lifts up on two wheels and skis right between them.

ANGLE ON TRUCK DRIVER THROUGH WINDSHIELD

reacting.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

No, Charles, Ski Mode is used only in  
emergency situations....

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

Charles, thirty, looking every bit an FBI agent, sits  
behind the wheel, eating up every moment of his adventure.

CHARLES

Just checking out the equipment,  
little buddy.

K.I.T.T.

(appalled)

Little...buddy?

CHARLES

And, by the way, you can call me  
Chuck.

K.I.T.T.

I can, yes, but why would I want to?

CHARLES

Well, if I'm going to be your new  
partner....

K.I.T.T.

(interrupting)

Unless I'm mistaken, Chuck, at this  
point you're simply one of many  
candidates being considered for the  
job.

CHARLES

That's true, but when Chuck Wallyburton goes after something, he usually gets it.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MONITOR

as Devon appears, sitting behind his desk.

DEVON

Well, I see you and Kitt are getting to know each other, Charles.

K.I.T.T.

You can call him Chuck, Devon.

Devon raises his eyebrows.

CHARLES

We're getting along just fine. And I must say, this is some organization you run, Dev. Just give me the word and it's good-bye Feds, hello Foundation.

DEVON

Yes...well...you realize we're still in the process of interviewing possible replacements....

CHARLES

Like I always say, why shop for ground round when you've got top sirloin right on your plate.

DEVON

That's...what you always say, is it?

CHARLES

And what does this little button do?

CLOSE ON BUTTON

as Charles reads:

CHARLES

Eject...left.

FULLER ANGLE

K.I.T.T.

(pregnant pause)

Why don't you check it out Chuck?

Devon raises his eyebrows.

CHARLES

Now you're talking, little buddy.

He pushes eject button.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

as Chuck is ejected skyward.

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

Devon has mixed feelings.

DEVON

Kitt, I didn't see that.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY - ON CHARLES

having landed in a soft area, unhurt, and dusting himself off.

CUT TO

EXT. MANSION VERANDA - DAY - ON MICHAEL

as he studies a blueprint labeled, F.L.A.G. Garage.

OMITTED

ANOTHER ANGLE

Linda comes out the french doors with that same look, never fully making eye contact with him.

LINDA

Danton's ready to take you to the plane.

MICHAEL

What if I'm not ready to be taken?

LINDA

Are you asking a question or making conversation?

MICHAEL

Maybe a little of each. Is that allowed?

LINDA

If it makes you feel better.

She turns to go back in but Michael lightly catches her arm.

MICHAEL

What is it with you? Do you have  
contempt for everyone, or am I  
special?

She looks at him fully for the first time, a long enigmatic  
look, then turns and walks inside without replying.

OMITTED

EXT. F.L.A.G. GARAGE AREA - DAY

A limo pulls up and Michael quickly crosses toward the  
building. (Note: This limo should not have Louisiana  
plates.)

CLOSE ON COMPUTER LOCK

as Michael punches in 2, 1, 6, 7 and the garage door opens.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Caruso is singing, otherwise, K.I.T.T. is alone.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Been taking voice lessons?

Caruso shuts off abruptly.

K.I.T.T.

Michael!

Michael slips in through the door.

K.I.T.T.

I thought I'd never see you again!

MICHAEL

Hey, pal, you can't get rid of me  
that easy.

K.I.T.T.

You've talked with Devon. It was a  
misunderstanding. Everything will  
be the way it was.

MICHAEL

No, Kitt, it'll never be the way it  
was.

Stunned.

K.I.T.T.

Then why did you come back?

MICHAEL

To get you.

K.I.T.T.  
I don't understand.

MICHAEL  
You said it, Kitt: we're partners.

He presses his hand on the pressure plate but the door doesn't open.

K.I.T.T.  
Michael, this is all very confusing.

MICHAEL  
(reaching for  
the driver's door)  
Come on, Kitt, we've got things to  
do. Places to go.

K.I.T.T.  
I am the property of the Foundation  
for Law and Government.

MICHAEL  
Kitt, open the door. Let me in....

He tries again: nothing.

MICHAEL  
This is it, pal. I won't ask again.

He tries again. Intercut Michael's face, his fingers, K.I.T.T.'s dash...and then the sensors keyed to his touch flash. He opens the door and jumps in.

MICHAEL  
All right, Kitt! Butch and Sundance,  
back in the saddle! Rock-n-roll!

K.I.T.T.  
Michael, if you'd only try to  
appreciate 'Il Travotore.'

From a different area Bonnie suddenly appears.

BONNIE  
Michael! Kitt, no ---

Michael hits a button and the garage doors slowly open. Then he hits the throttle.

EXT. TWO LANE ROAD - DAY

K.I.T.T. flashes by, heading back for New Orleans.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael smiling, taking it all in.

MICHAEL

It feels great. Come on, admit it.

K.I.T.T.

There is an undeniable nostalgia.  
Unfortunately it's clouded by your  
recent behavior.

MICHAEL

My recent behavior's history. We've  
got a whole life ahead of us.

K.I.T.T.

It would seem as fugitives.

OMITTED

EXT. MANSION GATES - DAY

A high open wall surrounds the huge estate. The Trans Am  
stops at the open gate guarded by two burly security officers.

MICHAEL

Michael Knight.

GUARD

(very polite)

I don't see your name on the guest  
list, Mr. Knight. Are you here for  
the birthday party?

MICHAEL

What birthday party? I work for Lasalle.

GUARD

(tense)

Please wait here.

He goes back to the security office, picks up the phone,  
glancing suspiciously at Michael.

MICHAEL

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

K.I.T.T.

Quite possibly.

MICHAEL

Shall we? Just for old time's sake?

Michael drives through the open gate. The Guard calls out,  
still holding the phone:

GUARD

Hey, you, stop!

He hangs up the phone, starts after K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, it is good to have you back.

Michael laughs.

ANGLE ON GUARDS

running after K.I.T.T.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

Michael hits the throttle, then pushes Turbo Boost.

INTERCUT - GUARDS

They stare.

ANGLE FROM GATE

The Trans Am arcs up and heads toward the manicured hedges.

ANGLE FROM MANSION GROUNDS

A Dixieland band, dozens of guests, vats of jumbalaya, crawfish pies and file-gumbo.

The pool and lawns are crowded with party-goers, and there's more than an ample supply of beautiful young women.

ANGLE ON LASALLE AND LINDA

Lasalle is holding court with influential guests. Linda is breathtaking. At the whine of a turbine approaching they turn.

WHAT THEY SEE - K.I.T.T.

He soars over the hedges and slides to a dramatic stop. The door pops open and Michael steps out. The jaded crowd applauds, assuming it's part of the festivities. Michael bows, smiling, then to K.I.T.T.:

MICHAEL

Guess they don't allow parking on the grass, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

Don't worry, I'll find a place for myself, Michael.

LASALLE

A new business associate...

(smiling)

...who favors dramatic entrances.

K.I.T.T. goes off and Michael approaches Lasalle. He catches Linda's eye. This time there's another brief, mysterious contact before she turns away. Lasalle shakes Michael's hand. The ever present Danton materializes from the crowd, watching Michael.

LASALLE  
Congratulations.

MICHAEL  
As agreed.

LASALLE  
As agreed, yes. But considering we live in a time where agreements are broken as often as honored, I'm impressed.

MICHAEL  
The price was right.

LASALLE  
Is that a hint?

MICHAEL  
No. I'd like my money.

Lasalle seems to enjoy Michael's brashness, guides him toward the house, away from the guests. Michael glances across at Linda, sees her react to something off. He looks.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - A LIMO

It glides through, darkened windows concealing who or what is inside. It continues past, disappears toward the rear of the estate.

ANGLE ON LINDA

She immediately excuses herself, hurries off in the direction of the limo.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T. ON THE LAWN

near a clump of trees, away from the party.

K.I.T.T.  
Oh my....

REVERSE ANGLE

A huge alligator lumbers out of the trees, coming toward K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.  
Scat! Scedaddle!

The alligator continues to come closer.

K.I.T.T.

Adios, arrivaderci, ciao, sayonara,  
aloha, bug off!

The alligator is nose-to-nose with K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

I support endangered species, but  
this is ridiculous.

ANGLE INSIDE K.I.T.T.

He auto-starts, shifts into reverse and backs up.

ANGLE ON ALLIGATOR

He comes forward again. His jaw opens revealing rows of  
huge teeth.

K.I.T.T.

This calls for extreme measures.

K.I.T.T.'s hood pops open, jaw-like and huge. The  
alligator thinks it over, does an about-face and heads back  
toward the trees, out-jawed.

K.I.T.T.

Thank goodness.

OMITTED

INT. MANSION - DAY

Lasalle counts out fifty thousand dollars in stacks of  
hundred dollar bills onto a table. Michael watches.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

He picks up the bills and puts them in his pocket.

LASALLE

That's all?

MICHAEL

Did I forget something?

LASALLE

Let's not play games. Without you  
the car is virtually useless. You  
know that and I know that. It's a  
means to an end. What will it cost  
me?

MICHAEL  
What do you want done?

LASALLE  
Something dangerous.

MICHAEL  
I figured.

Interrupted by Danton running in, concerned. He pulls Lasalle aside, whispers something in his ear.

LASALLE  
Excuse me. I won't be a minute.

He hurries out with Danton. Michael watches them go outside, cross quickly toward the rear of the mansion -- the direction the limo went.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Just as Michael is ready to leave, a pretty dark-haired girl enters from the party outside. Her name is Carmen.

CARMEN  
Hi.

MICHAEL  
Hi.

CARMEN  
Could you tell me where the salle de bain is? That's French for bathroom.

MICHAEL  
I figured.

He points down the hall. She smiles, starts down the hall, aware he's watching her walk.

CARMEN  
Don't run off.

MICHAEL  
I wouldn't think of it.

As soon as she's gone, he darts out.

EXT. REAR AREA OF MANSION - DAY

Michael appears, cautious. He hears a woman scream, men's voices. He pushes through trees and undergrowth.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - LINDA

Danton and another security guard are dragging her away from the limo kicking and screaming. Lasalle watches, grim. The darkened window electrically rises, a child's face glimpsed briefly before it's obscured. The limo pulls out.

ANGLE ON LINDA

She's hysterical, kicking and biting. In the fury the locket she wears is ripped off, forgotten in the dirt. Danton looks to Lasalle.

LASALLE

Go ahead.

Danton pulls a syringe out of a case in his pocket. Linda screams. The other guard holds her down while Danton injects her with a powerful tranquilizer.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

He watches, hating the helplessness he feels.

ANGLE ON LINDA

She goes limp, and Danton and the guard carry her off, followed by Lasalle.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael appears from the trees, moves to where the locket fell. He finds it, picks it up and opens it.

INSERT - LOCKET

Inside is a picture of a beautiful little girl, the same little girl who was in the limo.

CUT TO

INT. MANSION - DAY

The doors to the study/communications room open, Danton coming out.

DANTON

He'll see you now.

REVERSE ANGLE

Michael pacing, restless, crosses to enter the study.

INT. STUDY/COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

Michael enters, followed by Danton who secures the door behind them. Lasalle watches Michael's reaction to the room; it looks like a cross between a state-of-the-art

telecommunications center and the war room at the Pentagon. Every electronic surveillance device known to man. A variety of images flicker across a dozen TV monitors.

MICHAEL

Now I'm impressed.

LASALLE

Thank you.

Whether it's the incident at the limo with Linda or not, Lasalle seems more abrupt, less willing to spend time being charming.

LASALLE

Shall we get down to business?

MICHAEL

I already got down to mine.

He pats the pocket with the 50,000, smiles.

LASALLE

That's nothing -- six months if you're not too extravagant. I'm prepared to make you a wealthy man.

MICHAEL

Care to be more specific?

LASALLE

Five times that. Two hundred and fifty thousand cash.

MICHAEL

Who do I have to kill?

He smiles. They don't.

MICHAEL

That was a joke.

Lasalle smiles thinly, crosses to the array of electronic wizardry.

LASALLE

What you see here is the state of the arts in digital communications. With it I can detect and monitor and electronic transmission in the world.

(points to  
underwater  
diving sequence)

A treasure hunt off the coast of Haiti. A gamble, but if we hit the jackpot is enormous.

(points to

another monitor)  
And that one could be even bigger.  
(beat)  
Now, tell me what you know about the  
Bohr-Fellows lock?

MICHAEL  
It's the most impregnable lock ever  
designed. Titanium alloy tumblers,  
a coded magnetic key...  
(the slightest  
hesitation as  
he begins  
putting it  
together)  
...that's next to impossible to  
duplicate.

LASALLE  
Excellent. And I was this close to  
getting my hands on one...until Willis  
decided to moonlight a drug deal on  
his own....

MICHAEL  
And the rest is history.

LASALLE  
History I intend to rewrite. I want  
that key back, Michael...and we both  
know who has it. Danton ---

Danton types in an access code on the computer. The  
underwater diving sequence is replaced by:

ANGLE ON MONITOR

The Foundation office with Devon busy at his desk.

MICHAEL  
He'll die before parting with it,  
Lasalle.

LASALLE  
Yes...I imagine he will.

Lasalle grins, and ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

OMITTED

EXT. FOUNDATION PERIMETER - DAY

Michael appears, slips in and deactivates the perimeter surveillance system.

ANGLE ON INNER WALL

A grappling hook arcs through the air, hooks onto the wall...and Michael appears, pulls himself up, vaults over onto the grounds.

OMITTED

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

at his desk, trying to catch up on paperwork. He hears someone on the veranda, glances up, reacts.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael enters through French doors. The two men stare at one another.

DEVON

Michael! What are you doing?!

MICHAEL

It turns out we have some unfinished business.

Devon rises, furious.

DEVON

The only 'unfinished business' we have is your theft of Kitt -- That and breaking into my office! I demand an explanation.

MICHAEL

Sorry, Devon -- your days of 'demanding' are over. I don't do your bidding anymore, I do my own.

Over this Michael sees Devon's foot moving surreptitiously under the desk. He pulls the pistol from his belt, grabs Devon and pulls him roughly away.

MICHAEL

Don't step on the alarm.

DEVON

I can't believe you're doing this!  
Michael, for God's sake, stop this  
insanity before you do something you  
truly regret.

MICHAEL

Save the moral indignation. I've had  
enough to last a lifetime. Open the  
safe.

DEVON

Why?

MICHAEL

Open it!

Devon moves to the wall, removes a book which reveals a  
hidden wall safe. He punches the digital combination,  
opens it.

DEVON

What is it you want? Money?

MICHAEL

The key.

Devon reacts, horrified. Tries to cover.

DEVON

What key?

MICHAEL

(angry)

Don't press your luck. The key they  
found on Willis.

DEVON

(deadly calm)

Michael, listen to me....

MICHAEL

(holds out hand)

The key, Devon. Now.

No choice, Devon reaches into the safe.

ANGLE IN SAFE

Secreted there is a small revolver. Devon surreptitiously  
reaches for it.

WIDER ANGLE

as he turns, concealing the revolver:

INTERCUT MONITOR IN LASALLE'S COMMUNICATION ROOM

Lasalle, Poole and Danton watch as Devon spins around, the pistol in his hand. Michael reacts, fires his revolver before Devon can get off a shot. Devon stumbles, collapses, mortally wounded. Michael steps over his body and reaches into the safe.

ANGLE ON LASALLE

He looks at Poole, pleased.

LASALLE  
Phase two is complete.

CUT TO

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

K.I.T.T. arcs up the long driveway, pulls to a stop.

ANGLE ON UPSTAIRS BALCONY

French doors open and Linda moves out, watching Michael.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

He climbs out, starts for the house.

OMITTED

CUT TO

INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

The box is placed on the table.

MICHAEL'S VOICE  
If you don't mind, I think I'll turn in. It's been a long day.

Lasalle opens the box, admires the key.

LASALLE  
Good idea. We complete the third and final phase tomorrow. Be ready to leave at seven AM.

MICHAEL  
Mind telling me what the 'third and final phase' is?

LASALLE  
From now on, information will be on a need-to-know basis.

MICHAEL  
I need to know.

LASALLE  
You do, but not tonight.

Michael starts out.

LASALLE  
Was it difficult for you?

MICHAEL  
What?

LASALLE  
Dealing with Devon Miles.

Michael glances knowingly at the monitor screen, then:

MICHAEL  
Yeah...it was. But I did it.

He turns and leaves. Hold on Lasalle, fingering the titanium key, thoughtful.

CUT TO

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Later, quiet, only a few lights on. Honeysuckle in the air.

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

He is in the process of taking his jacket off, when he hears something outside, a sound. He crosses cautiously to the French doors, opens them.

ANGLE FROM BALCONY

as Michael comes out. At first he doesn't see anything. Then he does.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Linda is barely visible, half-hidden by potted palms a few yards away.

LINDA  
Don't say anything, you're on the surveillance system. I have to talk to you.

(beat)  
Someone...left something in my bedroom. If it was you, show me. Do something to let me know.

Michael yawns and stretches, pretends to look out into the Bayou night. He unobtrusively speaks into the comlink.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Kitt, I want you to knock out the system monitoring my room.

INTERCUT - K.I.T.T.

His systems come to life.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, this is a very sophisticated operation. The old saying 'easier said than done' comes to mind.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Buzz me twice when it's okay.

Graphics appear on K.I.T.T.'s monitor.

ANGLE IN COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Danton is monitoring security. One of the monitors shows Michael's room, Michael at the balcony as before. Suddenly a soccer game appears on all the screens. Danton reacts, punches buttons to no avail.

ANGLE ON BALCONY

Michael's comlink buzzes twice.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Thanks, pal.

(to Linda)

It's safe now.

LINDA

(cautious)

Are you sure?

Michael nods, crosses to meet her as she approaches.

LINDA

I want to believe you, but I can't take any chances. What did you leave in my room?

MICHAEL

A birthday card with something inside.

LINDA

What was inside?

He touches the locket which is back around her neck.

MICHAEL

This.

For a moment it looks as if she will cry. He wonders if he's ever seen such beautiful eyes, such pain, an anguish that goes right to her heart.

CUT TO

ANGLE IN COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Frustrated, Danton picks up a phone and buzzes Poole.

DANTON

(phone)

You'd better get down here, genius,  
all I can see is soccer.

(beat)

Soccer -- you know, where you hit  
the ball with your head.

He hangs up.

CUT TO

ANGLE IN MICHAEL'S ROOM

Linda moves absently around the room, too frazzled to sit.  
Michael watches her, waits.

LINDA

(finally)

Who are you?

MICHAEL

Someone you can trust.

LINDA

That doesn't tell me who you are.

MICHAEL

If you can trust me, who I am  
shouldn't matter.

(beat)

I'd like to trust you, too. If only  
you hadn't slipped whatever you did  
into my drink....

LINDA

Boyd told me to.

MICHAEL

And like a good little girl you  
always do what he says.

LINDA

You don't refuse Boyd.

(beat)

He's sick. You know that, don't you?

Michael refrains from answering.

LINDA

I didn't. When I met him I thought he was...different. A savior. I guess if you're looking for a savior you'll see one whether he's there or not.

MICHAEL

Who's the little girl? Your daughter?

LINDA

Mary Beth was three when I met Boyd. I was divorced, working in one of his clubs on Bourbon Street, trying to support us...keep Mary Beth in preschool...Boyd told me he'd take care of everything if I moved in with him. I should've said no, I wanted to, but I didn't.

(beat)

Then, when I tried to leave, it was too late.

MICHAEL

What happened at the limousine?

LINDA

He'd promised I could see her on my birthday. Then when she came I found out he'd told them no more than ten minutes -- he thought it might be 'too upsetting.' I guess I just...went a little crazy.

MICHAEL

So to make sure you never leave him, he's keeping Mary Beth prisoner.

LINDA

Yes.

MICHAEL

Do you know where?

LINDA

Somewhere outside the city. He'd never tell me.

MICHAEL  
Maybe I can trace it through the  
limousine's license.

The comlink buzzes.

MICHAEL  
(comlink)  
Yeah.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
They're working on the system. I  
can't hold the override more than  
another ten or fifteen seconds.

MICHAEL  
(comlink)  
Thanks, pal.

LINDA  
What was that?!

MICHAEL  
A friend. Quick.

He hustles her out the French doors.

ANGLE IN COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

Poole, at the controls, brings the signals back. Michael's  
room is empty. At the balcony Michael yawns, stretches,  
comes back inside as if nothing's on his mind but a good  
night's sleep.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

From out on the grounds a figure turns, leaving. It's  
Lasalle. What he's seen, or hasn't, isn't clear.

CUT TO

EXT. MANSION - DAY

It's early. Lasalle and Danton accompany Michael to  
K.I.T.T. Lasalle hands Michael the twin keys.

LASALLE  
Good luck.

MICHAEL  
Yeah. I'd feel a lot better if I  
knew where I was going...exactly  
what I'm supposed to do.

LASALLE  
When the time is right, you'll know.

Beat. Michael climbs into K.I.T.T., pulls out. Lasalle watches him leave.

CUT TO

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - DAY

K.I.T.T. glides by.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Michael is behind the wheel.

K.I.T.T.  
Well, Butch, where now?

MICHAEL  
Kitt, I meant that as an example of  
friendship. Partnership. We're not  
outlaws.

K.I.T.T.  
What would you call us? Models of  
civic responsibility.

MICHAEL  
(beat)  
I wouldn't go that far.

K.I.T.T.  
I thought not. In fact....

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - DAY

Poole presses Audio Override as Lasalle watches.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
How very odd....

INTERCUT - MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

LASALLE'S VOICE  
(overriding  
K.I.T.T.)  
Michael, can you hear me?

His voice is coming from K.I.T.T.'s speaker box, which  
flashes as if K.I.T.T. is talking.

MICHAEL  
(surprised)  
Lasalle?

LASALLE  
(microphone)  
Listen carefully. You are fifteen  
point three miles from Fire Mountain

Chemical Facility. After penetrating security, proceed to Delta Level refrigerated storage vault, which can be opened by punching the code -- 3-2-8-1. There, inside the Bohr-Fellows wall depository, you'll find our target object -- a canister of Tri-Hydrosulfate-G. You'll receive additional instructions when needed.

Lasalle clicks off...and K.I.T.T. reappears.

K.I.T.T.

(outraged)

How dare that person override me!?!

MICHAEL

Kitt, what's Tri-Hydrosulfate-G?

K.I.T.T.

Coming right up.

INTERCUT - MONITOR

Holographic models of four separate molecules combining into a single, snake-like chain rotating on the screen.

K.I.T.T.

Tri-Hydrosulfate-G is an experimental genetically engineered amino acid being tested as a bacteriological agent. It is quantumly more powerful than anything that is presently in use.

MICHAEL

(tightening)

Biological warfare?

K.I.T.T.

To say the least. If one litre were accidentally released into the atmosphere, no living organism within a thousand square miles would survive.

MICHAEL

(after a  
beat)

You have a site map of the Fire Mountain facility?

No response from K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

Michael, given the severity of the situation, I can no longer support your actions.

MICHAEL

I'll manual override.

K.I.T.T.

What you do is sadly beyond my control. But I cannot and will not aid in anything that could jeopardize a human life.

MICHAEL

Last chance, Kitt.

No response. After a beat Michael programs a manual Map Search into the system.

INTERCUT - MONITOR

Maps flash by. Michael presses Freeze. Hold on a map of Fire Mountain Facility. Michael studies it, then presses Pursuit.

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - DAY

The Trans Am leaps up the road.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael behind the wheel.

EXT. FIRE MOUNTAIN - DAY

As the Trans Am approaches the security fence it suddenly accelerates, smashing through it.

ANGLE AT SECURITY STATION

A Guard on routine duty looks up and reacts, stunned. He grabs a phone.

GUARD

Someone just busted through the north fence, get on over here!

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Trans Am heads directly for the chemical facility.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Michael grips the wheel.

MICHAEL

Kitt, we're about to hit three feet  
of reinforced concrete wall. I'll  
abort if you say you can't do it.

Silence from K.I.T.T.

WIDER ANGLE

The Trans Am hurtles toward the wall and slams directly into  
it, concrete and steel girders flying in all directions.

INT. FACILITY - DAY

K.I.T.T. comes to a stop across from a large security vault  
labeled DELTA LEVEL CHEMICAL STORAGE. Michael climbs out  
of the Trans Am, a little shaken, punches the code, 3281.  
The huge vault door swings open revealing a cloudy cold  
room with a tamper-proof Bohr-Fellows depository box in the  
wall, along with several sophisticated gauges recording  
temperature, earth movements, etc.

ANGLE IN COLD ROOM

Michael enters.

DEVON'S VOICE

Hello, Michael.

It's Devon, bundled up in a parka, emerging from the cold,  
cloudy shadows of the room.

FREEZE FRAME

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. COLD ROOM - DAY

With various alarms sounding over, Devon embraces Michael:

DEVON

Good to see you, Michael.

MICHAEL

Me too, Devon. I see you also dis-  
covered what the key unlocks.

DEVON

Just a short time ago. He's after  
the Tri-Hydrosulfate-G.

Michael nods, moves to the depository box, fits the key  
into the Bohr-Fellows lock.

DEVON

Any idea what he's going to do with it?

Turns the key:

MICHAEL

Ten to one sell it to the highest  
bidder.

He opens the box, removes a canister smoking with frost.  
Looks at it, reflecting on its horrifying capabilities.

DEVON

I know what you're thinking, Michael  
-- what if he outsmarts us and gets  
away with it?

MICHAEL

(looks at Devon)

I'd sure feel a lot safer if this  
were filled with shaving cream.

DEVON

That makes two of us. Only Lasalle  
wouldn't get thirty days for master-  
minding the theft of a can of shaving  
cream. But once he takes possession  
of that Tri-Hydrosulfate-G, we're  
talking about a life sentence.

MICHAEL

Just make sure you have the  
authorities there to arrest him.  
Wherever there is.

DEVON

We'll be able to track your  
destination by monitoring Kitt's  
homing signal.

They react to the O.S. voice:

GUARD'S VOICE

Take the labs. We'll check out the  
cold storage vaults.

DEVON

Now go! And for heaven's sake,  
Michael, do be careful with that.

Michael nods and hurries out.

ANGLE DOWN CORRIDOR

Several security guards are racing toward them carrying automatic weapons. One of them spots Michael ---

GUARD

You! Don't move!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MICHAEL

leaping into K.I.T.T. He puts the canister on the passenger seat, waits for K.I.T.T. to start up. When he doesn't:

MICHAEL

Kitt, this is no time to hold a grudge!

(starts him  
manually)

All right, we'll talk about it later.

Michael hits the throttle.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE SECURITY GUARDS

firing. The bullets bounce off K.I.T.T. as he blasts through hole.

EXT. CHEMICAL FACILITY - DAY

The Trans Am emerges from the building, races toward the hole in the fence as automatic weapon fire ricochets off.

CUT TO

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY - ON K.I.T.T.

moving fast down the highway.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

As Michael glances over at the canister a red light near the speaker begins to flash.

LASALLE'S VOICE

(over speaker)

Well done, Michael.

MICHAEL

(eyeing canister  
nervously)

Where do I get rid of this thing?

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - DAY

Lasalle is on a panel microphone, tracking K.I.T.T. via a monitor screen. Poole is nearby.

LASALLE

I can see where you might be a little nervous. Continue on I-10 for another thirty minutes at your present speed.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

You got it.  
(to K.I.T.T.)  
You heard the man.

K.I.T.T. remains silent.

ANGLE IN COMMUNICATIONS CENTER

Lasalle takes a last look at K.I.T.T. on monitoring screen, then turns to Linda.

LASALLE

Ready for our little trip?

LINDA

Where are we going? Boyd please... what about Mary Beth? Let her come with us, she won't be any trouble, I promise.

LASALLE

Oh, it's not Mary Beth I'm worried about. It's you, Linda...you and Michael Knight...and your little rendezvous behind my back.

Danton enters the room.

DANTON

The chopper's ready, sir.

LASALLE

Then let's get started.

LINDA

I'm not going, Boyd -- no! You can't make me!

LASALLE

Danton.

Danton grabs Linda by the arm and all but drags her out. Lasalle watches her a beat and then follows.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY - ON K.I.T.T.

moving fast.

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY - IN FLIGHT

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Danton at the controls. Lasalle takes the microphone.

LASALLE

Michael...Boyd.

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

MICHAEL

I hear you.

Intercut as needed:

LASALLE

You should be approaching Laffite Crossing. Turn off there, then take a left onto the old River Road. Follow it to the end.

MICHAEL

You're the boss.

LASALLE

And just so you don't forget that, Michael...I've decided to take out an insurance policy -- Linda and her daughter.

MICHAEL

What are you getting at?

LASALLE

Call it the paranoia of a suspicious mind...but if anything goes wrong... if for some reason I don't get that canister...Linda and her daughter will die.

Michael thinks fast, then forces a small laugh:

MICHAEL

Hey, Boyd, she's your girl friend, not mine. What do I care what happens to her?

LASALLE

(looking  
at Linda)

Somehow, Michael, I don't believe you mean that. That's why I'm sure you won't let anything go wrong. Anything at all.

He clicks off. Michael weighs his words a beat, then reaches for a dash button:

OMITTED

INSERT - HOMING BUTTON

as Michael presses it and the green light turns to red, signaling it's off.

OMITTED

EXT. OLD RIVER ROAD - DAY - ON K.I.T.T.

His wheels bounding along a road that's little more than a dirt path, overgrown with swamp vegetation. He splashes through a deep puddle.

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

Michael has his hands full controlling the wheel.

MICHAEL

They call this a road...even an alligator would have a hard time around here...sorry, Kitt.

(then suddenly  
sees something  
up ahead)

Well, what do you know.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD - DISTANT CLEARING

It's actually been hacked out of the swamp. Linda, Lasalle and the armed Danton stand outside the helicopter. Michael also sees a couple of Bayou boys, Cajun swamp boatmen obviously moonlighting for Lasalle and armed with shotguns.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Kitt, I think it's time we had a little heart to heart.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL

I wasn't suspended from the Foundation. Devon and I planned this whole thing so I could infiltrate Lasalle's operation, put him away.

K.I.T.T.

What about the heroin the police found in your jacket?

MICHAEL

I put it there myself. It was all part of the plan.

K.I.T.T.

But why didn't you let me in on it?

MICHAEL

We were afraid Lasalle might've tapped into you, too. We couldn't tell anyone. Not even Bonnie.

K.I.T.T.

(slight beat)

Michael, I recall you turned off my homing signal. I truly hope part of your plan wasn't to have Devon monitor our position.

MICHAEL

You got it, buddy. But after what Lasalle said I couldn't risk Linda's and her daughter's life.

K.I.T.T.

No, of course you couldn't, Michael.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

K.I.T.T. pulls up near Lasalle and Linda.

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

MICHAEL

Well, at least we're partners again.

K.I.T.T.

Butch and Sundance.

OMITTED

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Michael gets out.

LASALLE

There's not much time. Where's the canister?

MICHAEL

(holding it)

Right here.

(then)

On one condition, Lasalle.

LASALLE

What's that?

MICHAEL  
You let Linda go.

LASALLE  
(beat)  
You ask too much.

MICHAEL  
(re canister)  
I've got the ace in the hole.

LASALLE  
I could kill you now and just take  
it away from you.

MICHAEL  
In that case I better just open it  
up right here.

He makes a motion as if to release the valve. The Bayou  
boys back off some. Quickly.

LASALLE  
No. Wait. I expect to get about  
ten million dollars for that  
canister.  
(beat)  
You have a deal.

MICHAEL  
(to Linda)  
Get into the car, Linda.

She hurries over and gets in.

MICHAEL  
Get her out of here, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.  
But Michael...!

MICHAEL  
You heard me.

Hearing K.I.T.T. talk, the Bayou boys back up more, appear  
to discuss with themselves if they really heard what they  
heard. In Cajun.

K.I.T.T.  
But what about you?

MICHAEL  
I can take care of myself, now go.

As K.I.T.T. starts to move off, the Bayou boys do the same  
thing, heading back for the swamps.

LASALLE

Where are you going?!

BAYOU BOY

No one said anything about poison  
gas and a talking car.

MICHAEL

Just can't get good help anymore.

LASALLE

The canister.

Michael proffers it.

MICHAEL

All yours.

Beat, then Lasalle takes it. To Danton:

LASALLE

Kill him.

But as Danton's levelling his automatic:

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

diving behind some brush, turning a somersault, getting to  
his feet and racing toward K.I.T.T. who has circled around  
behind Lasalle. Danton fires several wild shots, then  
Michael dives into K.I.T.T.

OMITTED

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

MICHAEL

That's the old team work, pal.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, look.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - LASALLE AND DANTON

getting into the helicopter, and starting to lift off.

BACK TO SCENE

as Michael starts after it.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

The helicopter's about ten feet off the ground now.

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

MICHAEL  
Kitt, microwave jam the copter and  
bring her down.

OMITTED

EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

as the helicopter begins to drop toward the ground out of  
control.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Danton struggles with the controls.

LASALLE  
Pull up!

DANTON  
I can't!

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

The helicopter lands. Michael runs to meet Danton coming  
out with his weapon.

MICHAEL AND DANTON

Michael grabs hold of the weapon, using it to throw Danton  
off balance, and then doubles him up with a blow to the  
midsection with the stock.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE LASALLE

getting out the other side and starting to run with the  
canister.

MICHAEL  
Kitt!

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

to see the accelerator depress and light up.

BACK TO SCENE

as K.I.T.T. cuts Lasalle off, and Michael comes up behind  
him, spinning him around and slamming him back against the  
Trans Am.

MICHAEL  
I'll take that, Lasalle...Kitt has  
enough photographs of you with it to  
put you away for a long time.

Michael takes the canister.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - DAY

Michael is with Linda. K.I.T.T. is nearby.

MICHAEL

All your things packed?

LINDA

Yes...by evening this will only be a bad dream...thanks to you.

MICHAEL

I couldn't have done it by myself.

K.I.T.T.

And I hope you remember that, Michael.

MICHAEL

Kitt, I promise I'll never keep anything from you again.

K.I.T.T.

Well, I certainly hope not.

Linda sees Devon's limo pulling up. She tenses:

LINDA

Michael....

He puts his arm around her comfortingly.

ANGLE ON LIMO

Bonnie gets out with Mary Beth. The child runs to her mother:

MARY BETH

Mommie, Mommie....

ANGLE TO INCLUDE LINDA

as she hurries to her daughter, embraces her, picks her up.

LINDA

Mary Beth...sweetheart...oh, my  
darling, we're never going to be  
away from each other again.

She swings her around in her arms.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as Bonnie joins him.

MICHAEL

Thanks for finding her, Bonnie.

BONNIE

My pleasure. And I even forgive you  
for not letting me in on your little  
secret. Devon told me Kitt might've  
sensed I was keeping something from  
him.

MICHAEL

Where is Devon anyway?

BONNIE

Helping the authorities prepare  
their case against Lasalle, Danton,  
and all the others who worked for  
him.

K.I.T.T.'s red scanner suddenly begins to flash.

K.I.T.T.

Oh, no.

Michael looks over.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - THE ALLIGATOR

heading to visit with K.I.T.T.

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL

Kitt, the alligator only wants  
to be friendly.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, it's not the alligator  
I'm worried about.

They turn to look.

AND WHAT THEY SEE - CHUCK WALLYBURTON

coming from his official Fed car.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE OUR PEOPLE

BONNIE

Oh, I forgot to tell you -- Chuck  
Wallyburton is handling the case  
for the Feds.

Chuck spots Kitt, waves ---

CHARLES

Little Buddy...look who's here!

As all but K.I.T.T. enjoy the moment, we ---

FADE OUT

THE END