

EXEC. PRODUCERS:	Glen A. Larson	PROD. #57830	
	Robert Foster	October 10, 1983	(F.R.)
SUPV. PRODUCER:	Joel Rogosin	Rev. 10/12/83	(F.R.)
CO-PRODUCERS:	Robert W. Gilmer	Rev. 10/14/83	(F.R.)
	Tom Greene	Rev. 10/17/83	(F.R.)
	Gian R. Grimaldi	2nd Rev. 10/17/83	(F.R.)
		Rev. 10/19/83	(F.R.)
		Rev. 10/21/83	(F.R.)

KNIGHT RIDER

KNIGHTMARES

by
Tom Greene
&
Janis Hendler

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. OPEN ROAD - DAY

as a new model jacked-up, four-drive pickup truck speeds past us. As it goes by, we rack focus to see in the distance, just appearing -- K.I.T.T., racing toward us with deadly accuracy. K.I.T.T. speeds past to:

HIGH ANGLE - ROAD - DAY

The powerful pickup turns sharply onto a dirt access road, sending up a wave of dust, then veers off onto an extremely rocky, wet and rough field. We see K.I.T.T. rapidly gaining.

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

as he maneuvers around rocks and mudholes. Devon appears on the monitor.

DEVON

Michael, are you still tracking the truck?

MICHAEL

Not any more -- I'm chasing it now. With a little luck my Swamp Fox technique will pay off.

K.I.T.T.

What on earth is 'Swamp Fox'?

MICHAEL

The greatest tracker of all time. My childhood hero.

DEVON

Please remember it's the catching that's the important part of the chase. Keep me posted.

And Devon's image vanishes from the monitor.

K.I.T.T.

'Swamp Fox.' Really, Michael.

Michael grins.

EXT. BEDFORD DAM - DAY

Jutting up from the green rocky fields is the abandoned Bedford Dam, its stark white concrete giving the entire area an eerie, ethereal feeling. The pickup bumps from the field onto the spillway spreading to the foot of the dam,

and comes to a halt by the center mound. A man we can't identify (whom we'll later know as Frank Poole) runs out and immediately begins up the mound via a ladder attached to its curving surface. We pick up K.I.T.T. as he charges down the spillway like a black bullet over a white frozen lake. He screeches to a stop next to the empty pickup and Michael climbs up, runs toward the center mound. As Michael begins to climb, the other man glances back from the top of the mound and disappears over the other side.

OTHER SIDE OF THE DAM

as we see Michael appear over the top and look down -- it's deserted -- just a smooth, semidry layer of earth jutting off to the horizon. Michael speaks into the comlink:

MICHAEL

Kitt, there's no sign of him -- not even footprints. It's like he was swallowed up by the dam. I'm going down to check it out.

Static issues from the comlink. Michael shakes it, then:

MICHAEL

Kitt, can you hear me?

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

parked on the spillway. We can hear the last static "transmission" from Michael.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I'm having trouble receiving you. Something in the dam is blocking transmission. I suggest you use extreme caution.

OTHER SIDE OF THE DAM - ON MICHAEL

He climbs to the bottom and walks against the wall of the mound, seeking an entry into the dam. He runs his hand across a row of bolts jutting out in a straight line the length of the wall. Long rust stains flow down from the bolts like red tears. Eyeing the bolts, Michael stops. We see what he's spotted -- a group of bolts exactly like the others, except that these do not have the rust stains under them. Beneath them, he discovers a space in the wall, like the crack of a door. Michael pries the crack with his fingers, finds a hidden release; applies pressure, and with a click, the concrete door comes ajar. He swings it open and carefully walks into the dam.

INT. CENTER MOUND - HYDRAULIC ROOM - DAY

Michael moves into the small room, the sunlight from outside sending thick beams into the room, casting strange

patterns on Michael's face -- and on a series of hydraulic gears behind him. Suddenly a shot rings out and shatters the floor in front of him. Across the room, in the shadows, he sees two figures moving -- Frank and Duke, the man with the gun. Michael ducks to the ground and rolls to safety behind the machinery. Another shot shatters something right over Michael's head.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

looking toward where the shot struck, as a sudden realization crosses his face.

MICHAEL

(in awe)

So that's it!

(into comlink)

Kitt, I've found it!

Through the comlink static, we hear Frank's footsteps overhead. Michael strains to see where Frank's going, then, as Duke fires again from the shadows, Michael turns and bolts back out of the dam, pursuing Frank.

EXT. DAM - BY CENTER MOUND - DAY

as Michael darts out into the sunlight and looks around, sees no one. He looks at the dam above him, but the sun shines directly in his face, blocking his view of the walkway above.

CLOSEUP - FRANK'S HAND

holding a concussion grenade. He pulls the pin and we widen just enough to see that Frank is on the walkway above Michael.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

shielding his eyes from the sun. Just as he makes out the form of someone on the walkway, the grenade hurtles toward Michael.

FULL - MICHAEL - SLOW MOTION

as the grenade explodes in front of Michael, in a massive orange ball of fire. Michael flies back from the power of the blast. As he hits the ground, Michael's head strikes the wall hard, and the explosion continues to reverberate in our ears.

CLOSE - COMLINK - SLOW MOTION

torn from Michael's wrist by the impact, shattering....

EXTREME CLOSEUP - MICHAEL'S FACE - SLOW MOTION

knocked unconscious as the explosion continues to roar in our ears. The rumbling takes on a surreal echo, like the distant shout of thunder. Through Michael's point of view, we begin a swirling montage:

MONTAGE

- A. INT. HYDRAULIC ROOM - SLOW MOTION - as the hydraulic gears, out of focus, swirl around like turning clockworks. We hear Michael's voice (echoed) calling, "Kitt, Kitt, can you hear me?"
- B. EXT. DAM - SKY - SLOW MOTION - as the face of a paramedic appears, looking down at Michael; behind him, lights of an ambulance flashing, the sounds of sirens....
- C. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SLOW MOTION - as the paramedic dissolves into a nurse looking down, the ambulance lights turn into fluorescent lights behind the nurse. As the image clears, resumes normal motion, we see Nurse Langly, heavily built, professional, strong features. Nurse Langly is dry and to the point. She's seen it all.

NURSE LANGLY

(echoed)

Checkout time's at twelve. Come on,
we need these rooms for a convention.

We end Montage as the rumble of the explosion fades out.

CLOSEUP - MICHAEL

suddenly opening his eyes and sitting up. He's sweating, his chest is bandaged.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - WIDER ANGLE

Small and private. The Nurse immediately looks at Michael's chart, then crosses to take his pulse. Over this:

NURSE LANGLY

Okay, we're looking at a mild
concussion, bruised ribs, nothing
broken. You're lucky to be in such
good shape. Are you a football
player or were you just born this
way?

MICHAEL

(slowly coming
out of it)

The case...I'm working on a case...
Getty Caulfield.

NURSE LANGLEY

Well, right now you're in Hoff
Medical Center, and all you should
be working on is getting better.

(beat)

Now, what's your name?

Michael's "waking up" a bit more; yet, he still has to
think.

MICHAEL

Michael. Michael Long.

NURSE LANGLEY

(writing it
on the chart)

L-O-N-G?

MICHAEL

(more definite)

Yes. I'm a police officer.

(starting
to get up)

And I've got to report in....

Nurse Langly gently pushes him down again.

NURSE LANGLEY

At the moment, 'Officer Long,' the
only ticket you're going to be writing
is the one on the nightstand for your
meals. And I'd suggest you stay away
from the chicken surprise. It'll only
keep you here longer, and the pretty
girl won't like that.

MICHAEL

Pretty girl? What pretty girl?

NURSE LANGLEY

The blond that's been asking for you
ever since you checked in last night.

MICHAEL

I...I don't know anybody....

NURSE LANGLEY

Well, let's not worry about that
right now. And I wouldn't worry too
much about Getty Caulfield either.
He's been dead for almost a year.

Michael looks at her, shocked.

MICHAEL

Dead?

NURSE LANGLEY

I read the papers.

She smiles kindly, then leaves. Michael immediately gets up. He has to sit back down for a moment as dizziness pours over him, but then makes his way to the closet to get his clothes. As he shuts the closet door, he sees himself in a mirror.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL'S FACE

looking at his own reflection with shock. Carefully touching his face:

MICHAEL

My God...my face...what happened to my face?!

TAXI DRIVER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, what's the matter with you?

ANOTHER ANGLE - DAY - CLOSE ON MICHAEL'S FACE

staring straight ahead, lost in thought. He looks up:

MICHAEL

What did you say?

EXT. SHOREBORNE AVENUE - DAY - CLOSE ON TAXI

as we see Michael inside a taxicab, as it pulls to the curb.

TAXI DRIVER

We're here. Comes to twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

We pull back to reveal a miniature golf course adjacent to the cab and a Mazda RX-7 pulling to the curb not far behind. Michael gets out of the taxi and looks around, confused.

MICHAEL

I told you to take me to 1834 Shoreborne Avenue.

TAXI DRIVER

That's where you are.

MICHAEL

But there's supposed to be an apartment building here. My apartment building.

TAXI DRIVER

(shrugs)

Look, buddy, what's supposed to be here's beyond my control. Now what about the twelve ninety-five?

Michael, still looking at the golf-course, reaches into his back pocket. There's nothing there. He searches all his pockets. Over this:

TAXI DRIVER

Don't tell me: 'My wallet was here a minute ago.' Look, I gotta make a living too, you know?

(disgusted)

Forget it.

He starts the cab up.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute. Just take me to the police station. Eleventh precinct. I work there....

TAXI DRIVER

Yeah. Sure.

He drives off.

MICHAEL

Wait!

Michael watches helplessly as the cab peels away, then:

FLASH CUT TO

K.I.T.T. - DAY - FLASHBACK

as the Trans Am peels away and we see the KNIGHT license plate.

Resume to:

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

shaking off the image, beginning down the street. Camera zooms behind him, to the RX-7 as the window rolls down exposing Cara, a pretty blond in her early twenties. She's obviously been watching Michael. Now, she starts her car and, staying a careful distance behind, follows him.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Nurse Langly is busy putting fresh sheets on the bed. Devon and April are at the foot of the bed.

DEVON

Gone? What do you mean he's gone?

NURSE LANGLEY

This is a hospital, not a high school. You don't need a note from your mother to come and go. He left AMA -- Against Medical Advice.

APRIL

How was he when you last saw him?

NURSE LANGLEY

A little scattered from the concussion. Nothing serious. Normal disorientation.

Devon glances at Michael's chart on the overbed, reacts.

DEVON

This chart states his name is Michael Long.

Nurse Langly snatches the chart away.

NURSE LANGLEY

In the absence of ID we generally take a patient's word. You'd be amazed at some of the names we get.

She leaves. April and Devon share a concerned look.

APRIL

Michael Long? Devon, what's happened to him?

DEVON

With a head injury, I'm afraid some form of amnesia would not be unlikely.

APRIL

When we picked Kitt up at impound all he could give us was the ambulance number to trace to the hospital. He couldn't have known this has happened to Michael....

DEVON

We must try to find him. Fast.

APRIL

He'd go where Michael Long would've gone -- his apartment....

DEVON

Possibly his old precinct...
(as they leave)

I fear Michael may be out there living
the life of a man who's been dead for
two years.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Michael's wandering, looking lost. Just as he's about to
cross the street, we hear a car's horn and a woman calling:

CARA'S VOICE

Michael, wait!

The RX-7 moves close to Michael, stopping him on the curb.

MICHAEL

Are you talking to me?

Cara doesn't answer, just takes something from the
passenger's seat and hands it out the window to Michael.
It's a small sports bag. She seems nervous, anxious to
go on her way.

CARA

Here, take it. Please.

Michael takes the bag and before Cara can drive away,
Michael reaches through the window, grabbing the steering
wheel.

MICHAEL

Who are you? Do you know me?

Cara glances in the rearview mirror, takes a breath,
searching for an explanation. Not finding one, she tries
another tack, affecting a playful, flirtatious air.

CARA

(mock
exasperation)

If I didn't have such a wonderful
self-image, I'd be crushed. You'd
think a man would be a little more
receptive when the girl he was with
returns his stuff. Call me, okay?

Before Michael can soak it all in, Cara jams the RX-7 in
gear and drives off.

CLOSE ANGLE - MICHAEL

Michael starts to go after her but the RX-7's faster, is
quickly out of sight. Michael opens the bag and pulls out
a wallet. It's new, its ID windows empty -- but contains
a large amount of cash. He now pulls out the second object

and we move in as Michael reacts to it -- a small caliber pistol. He glances around, slides the wallet into his pocket and conceals the gun in his jacket. Then, stuffing the bag into a nearby trash can, he moves up the street.

INT. ELEVENTH PRECINCT POLICE STATION - DAY

There's a Desk Sergeant, a large counter and a police radio continually squawking calls from the mobile units. To the right is a windowed office section with a rather worn AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL written on it. Inside working at a desk is Officer Bowman, early thirties, tall, fair-haired. We pick up Michael as he enters the station. He hesitates a moment -- there's something about the place that seems different. We play the moment, then Michael begins toward the windowed offices.

DESK SERGEANT

That's authorized personnel only.
Can I help you?

Michael stops and looks at the Desk Sergeant for a moment.

MICHAEL

Are you subbing for Jerry?

DESK SERGEANT

Jerry...you mean Sergeant Brinkman?
He's retired. What can I do for you?

Michael stops.

MICHAEL

Retired? What are you talking about?
Who are you? You've never worked
the desk before ---

DESK SERGEANT

Look, you've got a problem, I'm here to
help. If not, I've got a lot of
work to do.

Michael continues toward the windowed offices. Bowman, rising, crosses to the door, opens it to overhear:

DESK SERGEANT

(stronger)

I'm not going to tell you again --
you don't go in there.

That does it. Michael turns to the Sergeant.

MICHAEL

I've got business in there. My
name's Michael Long, serial number
1-0-5-0-9, badge number 8-0-4-3.

I don't know about you, but I work here.

He turns toward the windowed office and now sees his reflection in the glass. It's the second time he's seen it and it stops him cold. Bowman reacts to what he's overheard, reaches for a phone. Over this:

DESK SERGEANT

This is the wrong precinct to try and pass yourself off as Michael Long. He was a good cop. A lot of the guys took his death hard.

Michael reacts, stunned. Confused.

ANGLE - OFFICER BOWMAN

as he finishes dialing a number, looks out at Michael.

OFFICER BOWMAN

(into phone)
Devon Miles, please.

INT. FOUNDATION - DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY - FAVORING COMPUTER

Devon enters behind April, who's carrying maps and computer readouts.

APRIL

I've reprogrammed Kitt to seek Michael and self-activate if he finds him....

DEVON

Good, good.

The phone buzzes. Devon picks it up.

DEVON

Yes?

(listens;
reacts)

You're sure? See if you can keep him there until we arrive. Thank you, Officer.

Devon hangs up the phone, turns to April.

DEVON

Let's go. They've found him.

INT. ELEVENTH PRECINCT - DAY - FULL SHOT

Things have heated up. The Desk Sergeant is moving closer to Michael as Officer Bowman approaches from his office.

MICHAEL

Hey, I don't want any trouble. Just some answers....

OFFICER BOWMAN

(smooth, calming)

And we don't want any trouble, either. Come on, let me buy you a cup of coffee and we'll talk about it....

MICHAEL

Don't play 'good-cop' with me. I know all the games.

OFFICER BOWMAN

C'mon, fella, calm down....

With that, Bowman moves to grab Michael and Michael moves away, breaks free, rushing to the door. As the Desk Sergeant goes for him, Michael turns quickly, sending a filing cabinet crashing to the floor to block the Sergeant. In a flash, Michael's outside and gone.

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

April's at the wheel, Devon's beside her.

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

as the car turns onto the police station street. Devon and April are silent, clearly very worried.

K.I.T.T.

I wish someone would say something encouraging.

APRIL

We'll find him, Kitt. It won't be long now.

K.I.T.T.

I certainly hope so. The thought of Michael forgetting everything is quite distressing. If I were to experience total file loss, I would simply switch an auxiliary data bank.

DEVON

In a manner of speaking, that's just what Michael did. Only in his case, his auxiliary data bank is missing two years.

A beat, then:

K.I.T.T.

Poor Michael.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

K.I.T.T. comes to a stop and Devon and April get out, hurry up the precinct steps. We move in to K.I.T.T.'s scanner as it suddenly begins to pick up something.

K.I.T.T.

Devon, April, wait -- I've located Michael!

But Devon and April have already gone inside, shutting the door behind them. They don't hear K.I.T.T.'s plea.

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

where we see Michael running down a street near the police station.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, you need me. I must self-activate....

We see the windows darken, K.I.T.T. jam his gears into drive.

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

taking off, windows blacked out, moving down the street and turning the corner.

EXT. STREET BEHIND POLICE STATION - DAY

Michael walks quickly down the street. We rack focus to see K.I.T.T. behind him. Michael, sensing something, turns toward K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

(on PA)

Michael, please -- stop. It's me...Kitt.

Michael turns and races down the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STREET

Ahead, the street is closed off with barriers, behind which is some road equipment and three workers, eating lunch. Michael runs toward the barrier, K.I.T.T. following. As Michael darts past the barrier, K.I.T.T. turbo boosts and soars over the barrier, still pursuing Michael.

ANGLE ON THE THREE WORKERS

staring in amazement at the "flying" car.

ON MICHAEL

as he turns and sees K.I.T.T. following. Now, he turns right into an alley.

ON K.I.T.T.

following Michael, heading toward the alley.

IN THE ALLEY

as Michael finds himself facing a dead end. He stops for a moment to catch his breath and we see K.I.T.T. turn slowly into the alley.

CLOSER ANGLE - ON MICHAEL

turning toward K.I.T.T., tired of running. Michael pulls the gun out of his jacket and planting his feet, both hands steady on the gun, aims directly at the oncoming K.I.T.T. Seeing that the car isn't about to stop, Michael begins firing. We see the bullets shatter and spark like the Fourth of July gone mad on K.I.T.T.'s hood and windshield. The car races directly toward Michael, showing no sign of stopping, and as his black body fills the frame, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as K.I.T.T. screeches to a halt a few yards from the barrel of Michael's gun and idles, scanner flashing hypnotically. Michael stops firing and approaches, gun still trained on K.I.T.T. Suddenly the driver's door pops open.

MICHAEL

All right. Out. Hands away from your body.

K.I.T.T.

This is not quite the reunion I'd hoped for, Michael.

MICHAEL

I said get out of the car!

He reaches the driver's door and looks inside.

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

Empty, needless to say.

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

He stares into the car, bewildered.

K.I.T.T.
Michael, have you really forgotten
me?

CLOSER ON MICHAEL

We see again that something's prodding his memory:

FLASH CUT TO

FLASHBACK - STOCK FOOTAGE

As in slow motion, we see K.I.T.T. flying to Michael's
rescue in a spectacular stunt from a previous episode.

Resume to:

EXT. ALLEY - ON MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

as he closes his eyes, shutting out the confused memory.

K.I.T.T.
Are you all right?

Michael opens his eyes, struggling to understand what's
going on.

MICHAEL
No, I...I'm confused. Nothing
around me makes any sense. This
face...it's not my face. My past
seems to have disappeared and now...
(ironically)
I'm talking to a car.

K.I.T.T.
I think I can explain everything,
Michael....

MICHAEL
How do you know my name?

K.I.T.T.
We're partners, you and I. We're
a team. Please, let me help you.
Come inside.

Michael shakes his head, steps back.

MICHAEL

No thanks.

K.I.T.T.

As you pointed out, I'm only a car. Please. Trust me.

Michael hesitates, then slowly climbs into the car.

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

as Michael moves into the driver's seat, rests his hands on the steering wheel. Despite the strangeness of the interior, he feels a subtle familiarity, senses he's been here before. Eyeing the multitude of flashing controls:

MICHAEL

I've never seen anything like this.

Suddenly, the door shuts and locks. Michael tries to open it, finds he can't.

MICHAEL

Hey, what's going on? Let me out!

K.I.T.T.

I'm sorry, Michael, but I can't do that. April's programmed me specifically to help find you and return you to the Foundation.

MICHAEL

I said open the door!

K.I.T.T.

Please forgive me.

And the car starts to move.

INT. ELEVENTH PRECINCT STATION - DAY

As Devon and April are with Officer Bowman:

OFFICER BOWMAN

...and then he ran out. Since we didn't have a charge to hold him on....

Suddenly, K.I.T.T.'s voice echoes through the police band radio behind the Desk Sergeant.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Devon, can you hear me?

Bowman whirls toward the radio.

DEVON

Kitt's broadcasting on the police
frequency!

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

I have Michael and I'm returning him
to the Foundation. Please rendezvous
immediately.

Devon and April lock eyes, turn and hurry out of the
station as the astonished Bowman tries to retune the radio.

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON MONITOR SCREEN

showing a blowup of a news article, with the lead copy:

POLICE OFFICER VANISHES,
PRESUMED DEAD
Officer Michael Long was presumed
dead today when his car was found
in the desert....

And the article continues, in print too small to read, as
we hear:

MICHAEL'S VOICE

What is this -- what're you trying to
tell me, I'm dead?!

WIDER ANGLE ON MICHAEL, DEVON AND APRIL

Michael stares at the article, as Devon and April watch
him, obviously concerned.

DEVON

You were Michael Long, but you have
a new identity. A new purpose.
You're Michael Knight now.

Michael moves away from the monitor, begins to pace.

APRIL

Why would we go to all this trouble
if we didn't care about you?

Michael looks at her with the eyes of a stranger.

MICHAEL

I don't know. That's one of the
things I'm trying to figure out.

DEVON

At the time of the explosion you were
working on the Getty Caulfield case.
Do you remember that?

MICHAEL

(beat)

I...remember the name. What do you know about it?

DEVON

Getty Caulfield was a multimillionaire industrialist. At the time of his death, ten million dollars worth of his privately owned Alidium was stolen while in transit to a government facility.

APRIL

Alidium's an exotic alloy. It's a vital catalyst in the space program.

DEVON

The authorities had given up on finding it. They approached the Foundation, and that's how you became involved.

APRIL

You'd found the thief, remember? You were tracking him. You chased him to Bedford Dam, then we lost contact with you. Please try to remember....

Michael's incredulity has been taking over and now he shakes his head emphatically.

MICHAEL

No. No, I'm a cop. If I was looking for this...Alidium...it was police business.

APRIL

But, Michael....

MICHAEL

I work alone. Now, I'd like the gun back.

DEVON

I can't give it to you.

MICHAEL

Why not?

DEVON

Because it's not registered to you. You have no legal right to carry a gun.

Michael glares at him, whirls and heads for the door. April shoots a look at Devon and Devon steps in front of Michael, grabbing his arm.

DEVON

I can't let you just walk out of here
and wander the streets, not knowing
who you are....

MICHAEL

You can't stop me.

He removes Devon's hand from his arm and leaves.

APRIL

Oh, Devon -- what're we going to do?

DEVON

I'm afraid if we put more pressure
on him it will only drive him away.
We can only rest assured that, at the
very least, he won't be alone....

EXT. STREET ADJACENT TO FOUNDATION - DAY - ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he strides down a street (ostensibly near the Foundation,
although we don't see it), moves quickly up the attractive
residential street. A beat, then K.I.T.T. comes up behind
him, scanner flashing, and moves slowly after Michael,
following him like an adoring pet. Realizing he's being
followed, Michael whirls around to face K.I.T.T. and the
Trans Am stops.

MICHAEL

Leave me alone.

K.I.T.T.

I'm coming with you, Michael. We're
a team.

MICHAEL

Not anymore. Beat it.

He turns and starts to walk again and, again, K.I.T.T.
follows. Michael breaks into a run and rounds a corner and
K.I.T.T. picks up speed to follow.

ANOTHER ANGLE - AROUND THE CORNER

as Michael runs toward a mailman pushing a mailcart, pausing
to deposit some letters in a mailbox in front of one home.
He looks up as K.I.T.T. approaches; then, seeing no driver,
stares dumbfounded, tipping the mailcart so that several
letters fall out. After K.I.T.T. passes, the mailman comes
to his senses and guiltily gathers up the fallen letters,
hoping no one noticed.

ON MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

Michael stops abruptly and behind him, K.I.T.T. squeals to a halt. Michael moves to the driver's door, as if confronting a delinquent child inside.

MICHAEL

I'd tell you to get this through your head, but you can't 'cause you're a machine. So run this one through your data processor -- get lost!

K.I.T.T.

I can't do that, Michael. I'm programmed to respond to your needs. Despite your being unaware of it, you need me.

MICHAEL

What if I don't want you?

K.I.T.T.

I suppose I'll be quite hurt.

Michael thinks about this, realizing there's a definite "emotional" makeup to K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Well, we wouldn't want that.
(beat)
So you insist you're my car.

K.I.T.T.

I would hardly expend this energy for a stranger.

MICHAEL

It is pretty hard to get around without a set of wheels.

He opens the door and climbs in.

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

as Michael shuts the door behind him, revs the engine.

MICHAEL

I drive from here on.

K.I.T.T.

Absolutely. Providing you'll promise me one thing.

MICHAEL

What's that?

K.I.T.T.

Please do not refer to me as a car,
or a 'set of wheels'. It's most
demeaning. I'm the Knight Industries
Two Thousand. You've always called
me Kitt.

MICHAEL

All right, Kitt. Let's see what you
can do.

And he steps on the gas.

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

as the car bursts forward, moves quickly up the street and
hangs a screaming 180, now tearing back to pass by the
mailman again. At the sound of the approaching car, the
man once again stares.

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

Michael seems to be enjoying this, is eyeing the buttons on
the dash. He spots the Turbo Boost, reaches for it.

MICHAEL

What's this do?

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I don't think --

Too late. Michael hits the button.

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

as the car leaps from the road and becomes airborne. It
soars several yards over nothing, then drops back down in a
perfect landing.

INT. K.I.T.T. - ON MICHAEL

catching his breath, astounded by what he and K.I.T.T. have
just done.

MICHAEL

Wow! You're hot, Kitt!

K.I.T.T.

Quite true, Michael.

EXT. K.I.T.T. - ANGLE ON MAILMAN

Shocked beyond belief. As the Trans Am vanishes from
sight, the astonished mailman unconsciously releases the
mail cart. It rolls away, dumping letters as it goes.
The mailman notices -- and takes off after the cart.

EXT. HIGHWAY - ANGLE ON K.I.T.T. - STOCK

gliding expertly along.

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

Michael's driving smoothly, but his eyes are locked on something other than the road -- his fists, clenched around the steering wheel.

K.I.T.T.

Is something wrong? You're acting very strange, Michael.

We move in on Michael as his stare deepens, his thoughts turn inward....

FLASH CUT TO

CLOSE ON MICHAEL'S CLENCHED FIST - FLASHBACK

dissolving into something shiny which turns, like clockworks, then melting back into Michael's fist.

Resume to:

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

as Michael snaps out of it.

MICHAEL

It's something I keep seeing over and over again, Kitt. Something that doesn't make any sense to me -- a fist. My fist. The shape of it....

K.I.T.T.

Perhaps if we take a closer look....

ANGLE ON THE MONITOR

as a graphic drawing of a fist appears on the screen. We widen to include Michael, eyeing the monitor.

MICHAEL

How'd you do that?

K.I.T.T.

Computer graphics. It's one of my many functions, Michael. How about this?

As the rendering of the fist is rotated horizontally, revealing all sides of the fist, Michael watches the image, then shakes his head.

MICHAEL

I don't know...

(beat)

It's a terrible feeling...every time
I pass a mirror or see a reflection
in a window, I see a stranger's face.

K.I.T.T.

I wish I could help you regain your
memory, especially your memory of me.
We have quite a history together.

MICHAEL

That's why we're going back to the
dam -- to see if it'll help me remember.

EXT. BEDFORD DAM - DAY

looming silent and somehow ominous, despite the bright sun-
light bathing its granite walls in a white glow. A beat,
then the Trans Am approaches, gliding across the spillway.
K.I.T.T. stops at the foot of the dam and Michael climbs out.

CLOSER - MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

Michael peers up at the dam, eyes it thoughtfully. K.I.T.T.'s
scanner is flashing.

MICHAEL

This place has been deserted for eight
years. Why would the thief have come
here?

K.I.T.T.

My only information on Bedford Dam
is that it's marked for demolition.
Even its hydraulic works were recently
auctioned off.

MICHAEL

What was I doing here, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

Chasing the suspect, Michael. He
ran up that center lock....

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

as he moves slowly toward the dam, thinking back, poring
over his injured memory.

MICHAEL

Chasing...I was chasing him....

FLASH CUT TO

ANGLE ON FRANK POOLE - FLASHBACK

Not identifiable here, as, in slow motion, he scrambles up the center mound via a ladder....

Resume to:

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

pushing away the haunting memory, reaching the mound and glancing up at the ladder. He begins to climb....

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

as the scanner begins to flash madly.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, there's a man with a gun on the top of the dam. Michael? Michael!

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as a shot rings out and ricochets off the mound inches from Michael. Michael ducks out of the way and tries to hide behind the huge pillar of the lock.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - THE WALKWAY

where a man we will know as Duke stands, aiming a high-powered rifle at Michael. He's a very large man in his early thirties. As he pulls off another shot:

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

The shot narrowly misses him and he tries to scramble up the mound, slips back down. He glances over at K.I.T.T., parked across the spillway. He shouts out:

MICHAEL

Kitt! Give me a hand!

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

hearing Michael's cry as a vague echo across the spillway.

K.I.T.T.

It's about time.

And the engine revs as K.I.T.T. takes off, blasting directly toward the dam. He slips in between Michael and the gunfire, bullets bouncing off the molecular bonded shell. Michael ducks behind the car, stays down as the bullets spark around him.

ANGLE ON DUKE

as he ceases firing, scrambles down the backside of the dam and disappears.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

as Michael peers over K.I.T.T.'s hood.

MICHAEL
Why's he stopped firing?

K.I.T.T.
Quite possibly because he's gone.

MICHAEL
What do you mean? He can't be gone.
He doesn't even have a car.

K.I.T.T.
It doesn't matter, Michael. I'm not
picking up any human life readings
in this area. He's simply disappeared.

OMITTED

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

as this hits him.

INT. DAM HYDRAULICS ROOM - DAY

We see only low-voltage, caged lamps on the ceiling and Duke moving through the darkness, carrying his rifle. He's met by a second man, thirty-two years old, dark and handsome -- Frank Poole.

FRANK
Have you lost your mind? What were
you shooting at out there?!

DUKE
The guy in the black car. I told
you we should've checked the body.

FRANK
What're you talking about?

DUKE
He's not dead, Frank.

CLOSE ON FRANK

His face is hard, his eyes cold.

FRANK
Well, that's too bad for him. All
that trouble to stay alive and now
he's going to have to die again.

On his ominous look, we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. STREET - DAY - ANGLE ON K.I.T.T. - MOVING SHOT

as the car glides through a business area away from the dam.

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

Michael's inspecting the wallet Cara gave him with one hand, driving with the other.

K.I.T.T.

What exactly do you expect to find
in that wallet, Michael?

MICHAEL

I don't know, Kitt...hopefully some-
thing to identify the girl who gave
it to me. She's tied into this
thing one way or another. If only
I had access to the police lab, I
could run an analysis....

K.I.T.T.

We can do it right here, Michael.

And the chemical analyzer pops open. Michael looks at it.

MICHAEL

Thanks, I don't smoke.

K.I.T.T.

It's not an ashtray, it's a chemical
analyzer. With it, we can detect any
identifiable qualities to the wallet....

MICHAEL

You're a regular wonder on wheels,
aren't you?

K.I.T.T.

I like to think so.

Michael places the wallet on the chemical analyzer pad and it vanishes inside. Michael waits a beat, thinking. Then:

MICHAEL

You say that you knew me before the accident. What...was Michael Knight like?

K.I.T.T.

You were -- Michael Knight was bright, agile, often quite logical. He was also stubborn, impatient, readily distracted by pretty girls and he listened to possibly the most appalling music to ever shatter my air waves.

Despite himself, Michael grins.

MICHAEL

Sounds like my kind of guy.

K.I.T.T.

Yes, that's what I'm afraid of.

The chemical analyzer returns the wallet to Michael.

K.I.T.T.

It's an extremely high-grade leather, imprinted by a method used only by fashionable boutiques.

MICHAEL

Fashionable boutiques -- That leaves a lot of ground to cover.

K.I.T.T.

Under normal circumstances, yes. However, this particular wallet was purchased at a shop called 'Caine's.'

MICHAEL

(amazed)

I'm impressed. How did a chemical analysis identify the store?

K.I.T.T.

It didn't. Look.

INSERT - MONITOR

A slip reads "Made exclusively for Caine's by South Beach Leather."

BACK TO SCENE

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

Good work, Kitt.

As he turns the wheel, to head toward Caine's:

K.I.T.T.

One other thing about Michael Knight.

MICHAEL

What's that?

K.I.T.T.

I was extremely fond of him.

Michael's touched.

EXT. SMALL SHOPS - DAY

Michael crosses to K.I.T.T., climbs in.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

The lady who bought it lives at 1735
Hollyway Lane, apartment 335. Her
name's Cara.

(beat)

Cara Caulfield, as in Getty Caulfield.

As they drive off....

EXT. CARA'S SECURITY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

as the Trans Am pulls up the circular driveway, parks.

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

as he peers out at the building.

MICHAEL

Security system, and not a skeleton
key in sight....

Michael climbs out of the car.

EXT. K.I.T.T. - DAY - ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he climbs out of the car and heads for the front door.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T. - CLOSE ON THE SCANNER

flashing madly as the microwave jammer goes to work.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AT THE DOOR

He pauses, begins to examine the lock when suddenly it pops
open. Michael is amazed. He glances back at K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL
Should I say 'thanks?'

K.I.T.T.
If you do, I'll say 'You're welcome.'

MICHAEL
Thanks.

K.I.T.T.
De nada.

Michael smiles, goes in.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Michael knocks at a door with the number 335 on it. The door opens and we see Cara. Seeing Michael, her face goes blank.

MICHAEL
Hello, Cara.

We see an immediate change in Cara's expression as she struggles to overcome her surprise. She smiles brightly.

CARA
Michael, you're early! Come in.

And he follows her into the apartment.

INT. CARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A large nicely furnished studio-type apartment, with a dining area open to the living room. The dining room table is set for two. In the middle of the living room is a large sculpture, a construction of old machinery, sheet metal, etc. Michael glances at this as Cara speaks warmly, but a bit too cheerfully.

CARA
The lasagna won't be ready for another half-hour, so I hope you're not starving to death. Why don't we go ahead and open the wine....

MICHAEL
Who are you?

Cara deliberately avoids his gaze, laughs nervously.

CARA
Oh, look at that! I don't have a corkscrew. Be an angel and run down to the liquor store and get one for me, will you?

Michael steps directly in front of her, forcing her to look up at him.

MICHAEL

I don't know you...I've never been here before...you're not waiting for me.

(beat)

I want answers, Cara. Like why you handed me a wallet full of money and a gun....

Cara drops the flighty performance like a glass mask that shatters.

CARA

I was...trying to help you, that's all. Isn't that enough? Can't you just accept that and leave?

MICHAEL

It's not enough, Cara. It's the tip of the iceberg. What's your relationship to Getty Caulfield?

Cara pauses, then:

CARA

He was my grandfather. Now please, get out of here....

She looks up at him.

MICHAEL

Why, are you expecting someone?

She doesn't reply.

MICHAEL

Who's coming over?

CARA

(finally)

Frank.

MICHAEL

Who's Frank?

CARA

He's...my boyfriend. Was.

(desperate)

All right...I met Frank in college. He told me Grandpa was selling the Alidium to the military. He said it was wrong to use it to hurt people. He said he'd see that it got used for peaceful projects...

but the next thing I knew you'd been hurt, almost killed, and when I saw you in the hospital, so helpless....

MICHAEL

So you brought me the gun to protect myself against Frank.

CARA

(nods)

This thing's gotten so far out of hand. I want to tell Frank that it's over. That's what I'm going to tell him when he's here.

(then)

You've got to leave. Please. If he sees you here....

MICHAEL

What?

CARA

He'll kill you.

MICHAEL

I'll have to take that chance. Until I can find him, find out what happened back at the dam, there's a piece of me missing....

ANGLE ON THE DOOR

A key turns in the lock and the door opens, revealing Frank Poole. Seeing Michael standing across the room, his eyes grow wide.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND CARA

as she screams. Frank grabs a chair and lunges at Michael; hitting him with the chair, knocking Michael back against the large sculpture.

OMITTED

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

as his head strikes the metal of the sculpture. With the impact comes a sudden burst of memory:

FLASH CUT TO

INT. HYDRAULIC HOUSE - BEDFORD DAM - MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW
- FLASHBACK

In the darkness a gun flashes, partially illuminating Frank. We see the bullet blast metal near Michael's head, hear the metallic echo, over and over....

Resume to:

INT. CARA'S APARTMENT - CLOSE ON MICHAEL

covering his ears to shut out the screaming ring of bullet on metal.

WIDER ANGLE

to show Cara as she runs to the front door, throws it open and dashes out.

ANGLE WITH MICHAEL

recovering from the haunting memory and weakened by his previous concussion as Frank pushes him out onto the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Michael struggles to clear his senses as Frank presses him toward the balcony's edge. Realizing where he is, Michael calls out:

MICHAEL
Kitt! Kitt, get over here!

OMITTED

EXT. DRIVEWAY IN FRONT OF BUILDING - DAY - ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

People have come out of the building, clearly in response to the noise of the fight, and are craning in the direction of Cara's balcony. As Michael's voice echoes from the side of the building, K.I.T.T.'s engine revs and astonished people stare.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as the Trans Am takes off, tearing out of the driveway and heading to Michael's aid, we see that K.I.T.T. has opened his sunroof.

INT. K.I.T.T. - DAY - ANGLE ON MONITOR

as Michael's image appears, up on the balcony.

K.I.T.T.
He does choose the most precarious locations.

We now see a schematic drawing of the balcony with Michael indicated by a red outline; intersecting lines move closer and closer together until they cross the image of Michael.

OMITTED

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - DAY - ANGLE ON MICHAEL

Frank is pressing Michael over the balcony wall. From beneath, K.I.T.T.'s voice booms from the PA:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Michael -- jump.

Michael glances down, sees the car below. He looks up at Frank, shoves him away, then jumps.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Michael drops from the balcony and lands on his feet in the driver's seat, which hydraulically absorbs the impact. Michael slides down into the driver's seat.

ANGLE ON THE BALCONY

as Frank stares thunderstruck at the Trans Am. At this same moment, we suddenly hear police sirens drawing close. Frank ducks back into the apartment.

EXT. STREET - DAY

We now see K.I.T.T.'s sunroof is closed as two squad cars tear around the front of the building, forming a blockade before K.I.T.T. Two cops with guns immediately leap out of the cars and take aim at Michael.

OFFICER

You in the black car, come out with your hands up.

With a squeal of tires, Michael backs the car up fast, away from the police, rips a tight 180 and heads away up the street. The police leap into their cars and take up the pursuit.

EXT. STREETS - DAY - VARIOUS ANGLES

The two squad cars pursue K.I.T.T., who leads them on a merry chase, rapidly gaining distance on them.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

as the Trans Am, then the squad cars reach the broad stretch and pick up even greater speed.

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

Michael glances back into the rearview mirror. The squad cars are just a dot on the horizon.

MICHAEL

Kitt, does it always get this heavy?

K.I.T.T.

When we get a moment, I'll tell you stories that will stand your hair on end.

Michael again glances into the rearview mirror.

MICHAEL

I think we've lost him.

K.I.T.T.

I'm afraid not.

ANGLE ON MONITOR

showing a graphic visual of the highway, indicating the squad cars pacing some distance behind, but still coming.

K.I.T.T.

We've merely left them somewhat behind.

K.I.T.T. now runs up a second visual and we recognize a graphic of the Foundation semi in the vicinity. We widen as Michael's eyes return from monitor to road.

MICHAEL

I never thought I'd say this, but this is one time I'd like to see a couple of black-and-whites disappear.

K.I.T.T.

Would you settle for us disappearing?

MICHAEL

What've you got in mind? Magic?

K.I.T.T.

Keep your eye on the white handkerchief.

ANGLE ON THE FOUNDATION SEMI

moving along up ahead. The tailgate opens invitingly.

K.I.T.T. pulls in behind the semi and rolls up the ramp. The tailgate immediately closes behind it.

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

the door opens and Michael climbs out, wide-eyed with wonder.

MICHAEL

Wow.

K.I.T.T.

Welcome to the Foundation's mobil
unit.

EXT. FOUNDATION SEMI - DAY - ANGLE ON SQUAD CARS

as we see them burn up the highway toward the semi, then
whiz past, continuing on out of view.

INT. FOUNDATION SEMI - DAY - ON MICHAEL

as Devon and April approach Michael.

MICHAEL

You guys don't fool around, do you?

Michael approaches the computer terminal area, taking every-
thing in, while April runs a quick check on K.I.T.T.'s
functions. Devon watches Michael closely.

DEVON

Michael, are you beginning to
remember? You came here....

MICHAEL

Kitt brought me.

Devon's disappointment is palpable.

DEVON

I see...I was hoping you'd acted on
your own.

Michael sees the disappointment and responds:

MICHAEL

Devon...Were we friends before the
explosion?

DEVON

I like to think so.

MICHAEL

I'm glad to hear that.

He smiles. So does Devon. April approaches, looks from
Devon to Michael. She hands Michael a new comlink watch,
identical to the old one.

APRIL

This is a comlink. You had one
before, but this one has a boosted
intake receptor. With this, you can
talk to Kitt with less structural
interference. We don't want to lose
you again, Michael.

The sincerity of April and Devon touches Michael.

MICHAEL

I wish I could remember you two. I really wish I could...

(beat)

Kitt said the Bedford Dam was going to be demolished. I'd like to know all there is to know about it -- like who's bought the hydraulic works.

DEVON

(nods)

We'll check into it.

Michael eyes the computer bank.

MICHAEL

Looks like you're hooked up to every computer in the world. Think you could get me some background on a guy named Frank Poole?

APRIL

Let's see what we have.

April sits before the computer and punches in. A beat, then a mug shot of Frank appears, accompanied by a printout.

APRIL

Frank Poole, graduate student in art at Reed College for about ten years on and off. Apparently he was interested in more than art. He was founder of a radical political group -- and has three arrests: one for drugs, two for armed robbery.

MICHAEL

He won't let her go, Devon. He'll kill her.

He makes a decision, turns and climbs into K.I.T.T. We hold on Devon's and April's confused looks.

OMITTED

INT. CARA'S APARTMENT - DAY - CLOSE ON CARA

kneeling in her living room, hurriedly packing some belongings into a cardboard box. As she rises, we see that everything around her (except the large sculpture) is covered with sheets and ready for moving. Suddenly, she freezes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

to reveal Frank standing near the front door. He smiles coldly.

FRANK

Looks like you've chosen sides,
Cara....

Cara drops the box and tries to run past Frank and he grabs her, slams her back against the wall. She cries out....

FRANK

You and your friend Knight are the only loose ends left. You're going to be my bait, Cara. You're going to bring him to me, and then you're both going to die.

And as we move in on her terrified face, we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. CARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

as Michael drives K.I.T.T. up to the entrance, comes to a hard stop and jumps out. As Michael reaches the security door, K.I.T.T. again pops the lock and Michael enters.

INT. CARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

as Michael pushes the unlocked door open, looks around.

MICHAEL

Cara?

He moves into the apartment, sees the contents of the box spilled on the floor.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

(via comlink)

Michael, have you found her?

Michael looks around, realizes the voice is coming from the comlink. He speaks into it:

MICHAEL

She's gone and it looks like she left
in a hurry. She didn't leave much
behind....

He continues to look around, stops by the large sculpture.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute....

He kneels by the sculpture.

We can plainly see on the base a signature: F. Poole.

MICHAEL

Bingo! Poole was an art student,
he's probably got a studio. Let's
get an address, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Say no more, Michael.

We push in tight on the signature of F. Poole.

MATCH CUT TO

OMITTED

CLOSEUP - F. POOLE SIGNATURE - DAY

We pull back to reveal we are at:

EXT. POOLE'S STUDIO - DAY

The signature is on another sculpture similar in style,
which sits outside Poole's rustic studio in the hills. The
building is ND with a garage-like door in front. The Trans
Am drives up and parks outside the door. Michael gets out,
goes over to the door and begins to look for a way in.

MICHAEL

Looks like it's on remote control.
Can you do your magic on this one,
Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

With pleasure.

The door slips open as via a garage door opener. Michael
walks into the studio, with K.I.T.T. following.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

as Michael finds a light switch, turns it on. The large
room is scattered with all kinds of metal sculptures. A
workbench is cluttered with sculpting tools, etc. Michael
begins searching as K.I.T.T. drives further in.

K.I.T.T.

This place doesn't look like an art studio. It looks more like an industrial accident.

MICHAEL

Kitt, we're not here to critique his work.

K.I.T.T.

(continuing)

Whatever happened to the sensual lines of Henry Moore, or the clean whimsy of a Calder?

Michael looks over to K.I.T.T., who faces a piece of sculpture made up of automobile parts.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I ask you. Is nothing sacred? It is grotesque and absolutely humiliating.

MICHAEL

(preoccupied)

I kinda like it.

K.I.T.T.

Really? How would you like to see a facsimile of yourself with arms and legs scattered about like a disembodied scarecrow?

MICHAEL

(still searching)

Sounds like a Picasso to me.

K.I.T.T.

You are obviously the wrong person to discuss art with.

Suddenly we hear the sound of the garage door electronically shutting. even as Michael turns toward it, K.I.T.T. cries out:

K.I.T.T.

Michael, look out!

One of the sculptures near Michael tips over almost crushing him. Michael gets out of the way. Immediately, we see Duke, Frank's accomplice, charge Michael. Michael gives him a judo flip, and Duke flies over, hitting the ground. Just as Duke gets up, Michael gives him a powerful upper cut. He sends Duke back hard against the auto sculpture. Several pieces fall off as Duke falls into it and gets trapped in its midst.

K.I.T.T.
Thank you, Michael. You have improved
it immensely.

Michael looks down at the trapped Duke.

MICHAEL
I'll only ask you once. Where's
Frank Poole?

DUKE
At the dam. But you might as well
forget it. The girl's as good as
dead by now.

As Duke struggles fruitlessly to escape the sculpture,
Michael hurries to K.I.T.T., climbs in and revs the engine.

INT. K.I.T.T.

As Michael peers out the window toward the sealed garage
door.

MICHAEL
I've got a hunch that door's not
going to stand in our way, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.
Michael, this is beginning to sound
like old times.

EXT. FRANK'S STUDIO - DAY

as K.I.T.T. rips through the door and takes off.

EXT. ROAD BY BEDFORD DAM - HIGH ANGLE - DAY

as we see K.I.T.T. taking the same route as in the
beginning, racing down the access road towards the field.

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

as he drives onto the rocky field.

K.I.T.T.
Michael, I pride myself on never
pointing out the obvious, but I'm
afraid we're driving into a trap.

MICHAEL
I'm not worried. I have an edge.
A secret weapon.

K.I.T.T.
Really? What is it?

MICHAEL

You.

Michael gives K.I.T.T. a reassuring smile as he drives towards the dam.

EXT. FIELD - DAY - HIGH ANGLE

as we see K.I.T.T. heading toward the spillway.

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

Michael looks outside with extreme concentration.

MICHAEL

I remember getting inside the dam...
somewhere. There was an opening.
I'm sure of it.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I wish I could read minds,
but that's one power April has not
programmed me for. It's your turn.
You must remember what you did when
you got to the other side of the dam.

MICHAEL

Other side. That's it. The other
side of the dam.

FLASH CUT TO

CONCRETE DOOR - DAY - FLASHBACK

as it clicks open and becomes ajar.

Resume to:

INT. K.I.T.T. - ON MICHAEL

as he speeds across the spillway.

MICHAEL

The door is on the other side. I
remember now. Scan inside the dam
and see if you can find Cara.

We see a fuzzy infrared schematic of the dam. It goes in
and out of focus.

K.I.T.T.

Something is still interfering even
with my infrared, Michael. I can
only create an approximation based
on water and air displacement.

Michael looks out, concerned.

EXT. DAM - NEAR MOUNDS

Michael brings K.I.T.T. to a stop. He gets out and heads up the mound, like before.

OTHER SIDE OF DAM - ON MICHAEL

as he jumps down to where the concrete door is. He feels around the door to see how to get inside, finds the unrusted bolts as before. He tries the door -- a few attempts, then we hear a click. The door opens.

INT. HYDRAULIC HOUSE - DAY

as Michael goes in. This time he looks around and finds a light switch. A small caged-in industrial light on the wall comes on, filling the small room with a strange glow. We can hear a muffled cry. A woman's cry of help. Michael runs to the wall where it seems to be coming from.

MICHAEL

Cara! Can you hear me?

He pounds on the thick metal wall. Nothing. Michael suddenly remembers the comlink. He tries it:

MICHAEL

(into comlink)

Kitt, I'm in the hydraulic room. I can hear Cara. Can you detect anything?

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Negative, Michael. The dam is catacombed. That sound could originate from anywhere.

CLOSE ANGLE - ON MICHAEL - FAVORING HIS RIGHT HAND

as he stares at his fist below the comlink watch. We rack focus from his fist to the gears behind him. We can plainly see the largest gear: it is shaped in a half-crescent, with "teeth" on the curved side -- looking very much like a closed fist. Michael turns around. It hits him just as we see it. He walks over to the gear.

FLASH CUT TO

HYDRAULIC ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

as the bullet hits over Michael's head and he ducks behind the gears. But this time we play out the scene as Michael looks up at the same half-crescent gear and we can plainly see from where the bullet hit, the rusty-gray of the gear is only paint. Underneath is a brilliantly shiny, silver metal. We can hear Michael's voice: "That's it!"

Resume to:

MICHAEL

as he grabs the gear and a piece of the precious metal breaks off, weakened by the bullet crease. This valuable piece of the puzzle falls into place.

MICHAEL

Now I remember!
(into comlink)
Kitt! The gears are fake. Frank made them out of the Alidium.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

That's what has interfered with reception, Michael -- the exotic alloy.

MICHAEL

According to Devon's research, the hydraulics have been sold to the Middle-East -- so that's how Frank planned to get the Alidium out of the country! Some peaceful purpose, huh?

Suddenly we hear footsteps overhead. Michael looks up and sees grating on the ceiling, light filtering through. He leaps upward and pulls the grating loose, exposing a doorway to the walkway on top of the dam. Michael leaps up to the door, pulling himself through to the walkway outside.

EXT. WALKWAY - BY GRATING

as Michael comes through. Frank is across the walkway running away. Michael begins after Frank, catches him, giving him a body block to the legs. They both go down. There's a scuffle, then it becomes a turn around from the balcony with Michael in charge now.

MICHAEL

Where's Cara?!

FRANK

She's in a runoff pipe deep in one of the lock towers. Help yourself, man -- You'll never find her.

Frank begins to laugh.

MICHAEL

Don't count on it, man.

And with one angry punch he coldcocks Frank, leaves him on the walkway.

INT. RUNOFF PIPE - DAY

In the dark, small pipe we see Cara crying...terrified. She is standing on a filter grate -- trying to pry the grating above her loose with her hands...to no avail. Suddenly the water begins to shoot up from underneath, the powerful surge of water shooting up over her head to the grating above, making it hard for Cara to breathe. She begins screaming.

EXT. WALKWAY - ON MICHAEL

as he looks over the edge to K.I.T.T. He starts down, running.

MICHAEL

(yells)

Kitt. You said you can pick up
water displacement. Scan the dam
for any sudden activity!

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

as we see the same infrared schematic of the dam. Sure enough, on the far left-hand corner of the dam we can see a blue area. Over this:

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I've pinpointed it. In a
small pipe section, above the
aqueduct. It's fifteen feet in.

MICHAEL - INTERCUT WITH K.I.T.T.

as he reaches K.I.T.T. and jumps in.

MICHAEL

Cara's in there, Kitt. We've got to
find a way to break the pipe. Can
you use the laser?

K.I.T.T.

It will take too long.

MICHAEL

(a sudden
thought)

Kitt...If we can hit the outside
wall, wouldn't the impact create a
shock wave that would shatter the
pipe inside?

K.I.T.T.

It would if I could find a weak spot
in the internal wall structure, but
it's a long shot.

MICHAEL
It's our only shot, pal.

K.I.T.T.
I read you loud and clear, Michael.

Michael fires K.I.T.T. up.

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

They race backwards to the very edge of the spillway.

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

As we see the schematic of the aqueduct dam wall section instantly fill with line graphs of the internal structure. A small area suddenly blinks with a red circle and the word LOCK appears.

K.I.T.T.
I may have located a weak spot,
Michael.

MICHAEL
Let's go for it.

EXT. K.I.T.T. - HIGH ANGLE

With the tires smoking, the Trans Am speeds toward the wall of the aqueduct directly at the circled area.

OMITTED

LOW ANGLE - DAM - SLOW MOTION

as K.I.T.T. turbo boosts up, up, up right to the wall at the side of the dam, hitting the corner with a loud impact, causing the wall to crack around the area. Small bits of concrete fall to the ground below.

INT. RUNOFF PIPE

Just as Michael predicted, the shock from the impact of K.I.T.T. causes the pipe to crack, causing the water to subside. It also pops the grating above Cara.

OTHER SIDE OF DAM - SLOW MOTION

as K.I.T.T. lands, trailing the white dust from the cracked concrete. He does a sharp 180, turns, then stops, Michael leaping out.

OMITTED

ANGLE - MICHAEL

as he reaches the walkway above the walkway. He rips the loose grating up from the runoff pipe below and pulls Cara out. Soaked and scared she cries as Michael gives her a long reassured hug. He then turns toward K.I.T.T. below and gives him the thumbs-up sign.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

as his scanner flashes a salute and we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. FOUNDATION - DAY - ESTABLISHING - STOCK

as we zoom in on Devon's office window we hear:

DEVON (O.S.)

April, are you sure you've packed the correct release forms?

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

as we see a few suitcases, and Devon's brief case on the desk. The briefcase is opened, and Devon is looking through it. April shuts it.

APRIL

For the third time -- yes. As in Y-E-S.

DEVON

(locking the case)

I'm sorry, but one cannot be too careful. Especially when one is responsible for transferring the Alidium to its rightful home.

Just then Michael enters. He's all smiles. He walks over to the desk and sits on the corner.

MICHAEL

Hey, just thought I'd come over and say good-bye.

DEVON AND APRIL

Good-bye?

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, I thought you two could handle the trip. My memory's still not all here, and I figured I'd take a week or two to straighten everything out.

DEVON

(softens)

Well, of course, if you still don't feel up to par.

MICHAEL

Thanks. Thought I'd check out the beaches and try out some more of the old Swamp Fox techniques...you know, 'tracking.' Have fun.

He smiles, then leaves. April and Devon watch him go for a moment, then:

APRIL

Do you think he'll ever fully regain his memory?

DEVON

It's hard to say. Sometimes these things...

(suddenly)

Swamp Fox! Why that conniver! Don't you see...he's completely recovered. He remembers everything. He just wanted a vacation....

As April begins to laugh, we:

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T. - ON MICHAEL

as they speed down the street.

K.I.T.T.

Welcome back, Michael. I thought as a little present I'd play some of that appalling music you like so much.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Kitt. Come on, let's shatter some air waves.

Rock music blasts out of the speakers.

MICHAEL

You know, I've been thinking. I could have April install an electronic board in here, attach it to your speakers and ---

K.I.T.T.

Michael?

MICHAEL

Yeah, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

Don't press your luck.

Michael grins.

MICHAEL

Whatever you say, pal. Whatever you say.

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD - DAY

as they hit the road, picking up speed....

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

THE END