

EXEC. PRODUCERS: Glen Larson  
Robert Foster  
PRODUCERS: James M. Miller  
Gino Grimaldi

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KNIGHT RIDER

LOST KNIGHT

by  
Robert Foster  
&  
James M. Miller

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ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. DEMOLITION SITE - DAY

A large downtown building stands in the b.g. waiting to be turned into a pile of rubble, which will then be hauled off so that a modern hotel complex can take its place. The area is roped off, a crew goes about its business, and the usual safety precautions are in effect.

ANGLE ON MS. JORDAN

as she addresses a handful of VIPs representing various international construction and engineering firms, there to see a demonstration of a "new breed" demolition explosive. Ms. Jordan is twenty-seven and attractive. Also present, and wearing hard hats like the others, are Devon and Bonnie.

MS. JORDAN

Normally a building this size would require a minimum of a thousand pounds of dynamite to bring down. However, with the development of our new XPL nitro-plastique, we can accomplish the same job with just six of these packets, weighing a total of...thirty ounces.

A scattering of reactions, an ad-lib comment or two. Ms. Jordan smiles as though to good reviews.

MS. JORDAN

We at XPL knew you'd be favorably impressed. We also knew you'd have concerns -- serious concerns -- regarding the potential dangers of an explosive this compact, this versatile...This powerful. In that regard, we at XPL are consulting with a number of experts in a variety of fields. Today we're fortunate enough to be joined by Mr. Devon Miles of the Foundation for Law and Government.

Some applause, some "Who's he?" expressions. Bonnie nudges him.

BONNIE

You're on.

DEVON

So it would appear.

Devon smiles, steps forward.

DEVON

We at the Foundation welcome the opportunity to work with private industry toward developing adequate safeguards. In today's world, something as powerful as nitro-plastique isn't simply an explosive. In the wrong hands, it's a weapon.

MS. JORDAN

Well, I don't know if we at XPL would go that far....

She whisks him off with a smile, gestures to an XPL technician off to one side, not at all pleased by Devon's candor.

MS. JORDAN

Thank you, Mr. Miles. And now, for the event we've all been waiting for...it's ten seconds to detonation.

ANGLE ON BRONCO

turning into the demolition area. It's two-tone, red and white, and on the upper white half there's a sign reading: 'BOB'S PLUMBING SUPPLIES'. It stops just short of the cordoned off area.

Camera moves in close on:

FRONT WINDOW

Two men are in the front seat, and for some reason they wear ski masks. They will later be revealed as Bobby Pell and Julius Korso.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

Korso, behind the wheel, looking at LED clock ---

KORSO

Ten seconds. Bobby, this better work....

PELL

It'll work. Seven...six...five....

EXT. DEMOLITION SITE - DAY

MS. JORDAN

Four...three...two...one....

A terrifying explosion.

ON BUILDING

as it crumbles into a pile of dust and bricks.

INT. BRONCO

Korso accelerates.

EXT. DEMOLITION SITE - DAY - ON BRONCO

pushing through the barrier, and heads for a trailer marked XPL INDUSTRIES, HIGH EXPLOSIVES. It's parked off to the side, a distance from the demolition site.

ON TRAILER

as the Bronco roars up. Two security guards are quickly alerted, but before they can go for their guns, Korso and Pell jump out and level sawed-off shotguns on them.

PELL

Don't even think it! Drop the belts  
-- now!

The guards drop their belts as Korso disappears inside the trailer. Pell makes sure he keeps an eye on him through the open door.

PELL

C'mon!!

Korso pops out with a small steel case. Pell looks inside, sees the packets.

PELL

How do we know this is the stuff?

KORSO

It's the stuff! Let's go!

He darts for the Bronco. Pell follows, shotgun on the guards.

PELL

You got two choices -- stay put or  
kiss the holiday's good-bye.

He jumps into the Bronco and Korso peels out.

ON GUARDS

One scrambles for his weapon, while the other races to the trailer, pulls the alarm inside.

ANGLE ON BRONCO

It flies past.

ANGLE ON XPL SECURITY CAR

It roars out in pursuit, red lights flashing.

ANGLE ON DEVON, BONNIE AND OTHERS

reacting to the alarm.

BRONCO AND SECURITY JEEP

As the Jeep tries to cut the Bronco off Korso rams into it with his heavy bumper, sends it into a spin, causing it to crash into a fence. Korso hits the street.

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

MICHAEL (V.O.)

You know, Kitt, sometimes I feel a little guilty.

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

K.I.T.T.

Why's that, Michael?

MICHAEL

Well, here we are on the way to the beach, a full afternoon off, and Devon and Bonnie have to go and watch a building being leveled.

K.I.T.T.

If you feel so guilty, why didn't you accept Devon's invitation to go with them?

MICHAEL

Guilty, yes...crazy, no.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, Devon's calling.

MICHAEL

Why did I open my big mouth?

INSERT MONITOR

as Devon appears, a sense of urgency about him.

MICHAEL

Yo, Devon.

DEVON

Michael, the demolition site has just been robbed! Two men made off with a quantity of that new explosive. The police are in pursuit, but if you're anywhere in the vicinity, I

want you to assist in any way possible.

MICHAEL

What am I looking for?

DEVON

A red and white Bronco, with Bob's Plumbing Supply on the side.

MICHAEL

Did you get a make on the plate?

DEVON

Incomplete -- only the first three digits: 187.

MICHAEL

Kitt, pick up the police frequency, and plot an intercept course.

K.I.T.T.

Right away, Michael.

MICHAEL

I'll be in touch. Oh, and Devon... thanks for the afternoon off.

Michael accelerates.

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

leaving the other traffic far behind.

EXT. ANOTHER HIGHWAY - DAY - ON BRONCO

as it leaves the highway and turns onto a smaller road.

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

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Kitt, how're we doing?

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

A graphic appears on the monitor.

K.I.T.T.

I have the target vehicle's location, direction and approximate speed.

Michael looks at the graphic, studies it for a moment.

MICHAEL

That's heading into the Kirkland Dam area.

K.I.T.T.

Correct.

MICHAEL

We'll go as far as Temple Road, and  
try to intercept at Needles Ridge.

The speedometer rises.

CUT TO

EXT. KIRKLAND ROAD - DAY - ON BRONCO

speeding along.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Trans Am flies in from an intersecting road.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Michael is intent behind the wheel.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, my monitor....

MICHAEL

Gotcha.

Meaning the vehicle is in sight.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

Korso spots K.I.T.T. in the mirror, reacts.

KORSO

Behind us.

Pell looks.

KORSO

What is it, a cop?

PELL

No...some joker in a black T-top.  
Let's dust him.

Korso hits a switch on the dash.

ON HOOD

A custom air intake opens revealing a powerful supercharger.  
It whines.

ON SPEEDOMETER

It arcs up over 100, 110, 120....

INT./EXT. K.I.T.T. - CLOSE ON THE DIGITAL READOUT

The mph numbers rapidly clicking upward to 140. Camera draws back to catch Michael's reaction.

MICHAEL  
Kitt, we're not pulling like we should.

K.I.T.T.  
I don't understand it, Michael.

Michael presses buttons.

MICHAEL  
Let's see what we're dealing with here.

A graphic appears on the monitor.

K.I.T.T.  
The vehicle in question has a super-charger, mounted on a Hemi-head V-8.

MICHAEL  
Let's show 'em what super-charged is all about, buddy.

K.I.T.T.'S CONTROLS

As Michael hits Pursuit, K.I.T.T. catapults to 150, 160, 170....

EXT. ROAD - DAY - CHASE

INT. BRONCO

They're flying and Korso is scared beneath the conviction he will, in the end, tough-out any situation.

KORSO  
I thought you said nothing on the street could touch this!

Pell is starting to look desperate, too. He grabs one of the packets of explosives, snaps a contact detonator onto it.

PELL  
So whoever he is thinks he's a smart guy, let him think he's a smart guy.  
(yells)  
Eat this, smart guy!

He tosses a packet out of the window.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The packet hits the pavement and explodes, shaking K.I.T.T. violently, but not stopping him. It does tear up the road, however.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

They're shocked to see the Trans Am still behind them and gaining.

KORSO

Bobby, c'mon! Do something! Drop the guy!

Pell, totally frustrated, readies two packets of explosives.

PELL

If this doesn't stop him, pull over and put up your hands, the man is holy.

He flings them out.

OMITTED

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - DAY

The packets land between tall steel stanchions which support cross-country high voltage electrical transmission lines.

MICHAEL

slams on the brakes. Too late:

THE PACKETS

explode with tremendous force, sending a gigantic column of asphalt and debris upward. The power lines are severed.

K.I.T.T.

skidding, trying to stop. Can't. The whipping, arcing cables hit the Trans Am with a stunning flash. The car shudders with the impact. Michael hits his head, stunned. An intense, blue, aura-like field envelopes the outside.

ON BRONCO

disappearing over rise.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

Michael is almost blinded by the megavolt charges. He has the presence of mind to hold his hands away from any metal surface. Outside the heavy cables lash at the car. Sparks and smoke come from the dash. Then:

ON ONE OF THE STANCHIONS ABOVE

A huge transformer can blows up. The power is cut off. The lashing cables fall away from K.I.T.T. like dead snakes. Quiet.

MICHAEL

shaken, very dizzy, takes in the scene, then opens the door.

MICHAEL  
Kitt, you all right? Kitt?!

K.I.T.T.  
I am a...Knight Industries...I am  
a...I...would you please...repeat  
...the...question....

There's an electric sputtering from the dash, smoke, and silence.

MICHAEL  
Kitt, say something!

Silence.

MICHAEL  
Kitt!

Nothing.

MICHAEL  
Okay, pal, you stay right here.  
I'll go get us some help.

He gets out, feeling very weak himself. Spots a sign down the road: "REST AREA - PUBLIC PHONE - ONE MILE."

MICHAEL  
Now don't you go anywhere...I'll be  
right back.

And he starts off, half running, half walking, looking back every now and then to see that K.I.T.T.'s still there.

ON MICHAEL

beginning to feel very dizzy, but stumbling on.

ON K.I.T.T.

His surveillance light flashes, and he slowly leaves the road, heading into the rugged, mountainous terrain. Climbing the hillside, he stops as if to get his bearings -- suddenly spots something and holds.

WHAT K.I.T.T. SEES - A BOY OF FOURTEEN

stands on a distant hill looking at K.I.T.T. curiously.

BACK ON K.I.T.T.

looks at the boy a beat, then frightened, confused, K.I.T.T. heads up the rugged terrain to seemingly safer ground.

ON MICHAEL

Getting weaker by the moment, he stops, looks back, and reacts. K.I.T.T. is nowhere in sight. He begins running back, calling ---

MICHAEL

Kitt! Kitt!

Reaching the spot where he left him, he looks about, sees nothing but the rugged terrain. Calls again ---

MICHAEL

Kitt!!!

Then suddenly the entire earth begins to spin, as Michael slumps to his knees, barely conscious.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TERRAIN - DAY - ON BRONCO

as it turns off a fire road, and stops near a blue Blazer hidden in some heavy brush. Korso and Pell jump out. Remove their ski masks. Korso is thirty-five, hardened by too many years in prison, and brooding. Pell is twenty-seven, mercurial and deadly. The release of tension produces a momentary giddiness in him. He laughs.

PELL

Know why I like you, Julius? 'Cause next to you even I look good.

KORSO

A comedian. You're too good for this line of work, you should be on Saturday Night Live.

As Pell reaches inside the Bronco for the nitro-plastique both react to the sound of a twig snapping. Turn.

WHAT THEY SEE - DOUG WAINWRIGHT

the boy we glimpsed earlier is standing a short distance away. Doug is fourteen, affects a slightly rebellious, tough-edged look. He wears a baseball cap with the initials W-W on it, carries a small knapsack with a baseball jacket rolled up and strapped to the side. He looks at the men, takes the scene in, immediately turns and runs.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE KORSO, PELL

PELL

He made us!

Without hesitation Pell charges after him. Korso is amazed.

KORSO

Bobby, it's a kid! What're you doing?!  
Bobby!

No reply. Korso follows without as much conviction.

VARIOUS ANGLES OF CHASE

Pell is bigger, stronger, faster, leaping over brush and rocks. Doug, however, knows the terrain, weaves in and out. Still the terror builds as he sees Pell getting closer and closer.

ON DOUG

as he gets his knapsack caught on a branch and struggles to free it.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE KORSO

He pounds up the rugged terrain to join Pell.

CLOSER ANGLE ON KORSO AND PELL

They pause to look.

WHAT THEY SEE - WILD HILLSIDE

Doug has vanished.

BACK TO SCENE

Their eyes flash over everything. They're breathing hard.

PELL

He's gotta be around here somewhere.

KORSO

Yeah, but where? He's like a jack-rabbit. Forget it, it's only a kid.

MOUTH OF CAVE

It's covered with brush but behind its dense exterior we see Doug peering out, holding his breath.

PELL'S VOICE

You say that like kids don't count.  
like kids can't testify.

ANGLE ON KORSO AND PELL

They're right in front of the opening, not aware of it.

KORSO

Bobby, don't be crazy. You can't run around killing people because of what they might've seen.

(beat)

Relax. Calm down. You're too hyper.

Pell looks around, slowly crosses to join Korso, not satisfied.

PELL

I'm too hyper, yeah, an' you're too laid back. You're so laid back you won't know you been busted again 'til they slam the jailhouse doors.

MOUTH OF CAVE

to see Doug watching them, frightened to death.

CUT TO

EXT. KIRKLAND MEDICAL CENTER - DAY - ON ENTRANCE

Like the town of Kirkland itself, the medical center is small but fairly modern.

ON MICHAEL

as he comes out, tucking in his shirt, followed by a very large and commanding Nurse who is trying to change his mind.

NURSE

I'm warning you, Mr. Knight, you're leaving against medical advice ---

MICHAEL

I appreciate all you've done, Nurse Gilmore, but I feel fine.

NURSE

If you feel so fine, why were you found half unconscious babbling something about your car driving off by itself?

MICHAEL

It's a long story, but all I needed was a little rest and tender loving care, which you more than gave me. And actually my car did drive off by itself, but that's an even longer story. Thanks for everything, you're a credit to your profession....

He kisses her, leaves. She stands, still feeling his kiss on her cheek, not sure if she's shocked or grateful.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DEVON AND BONNIE

having arrived in a Foundation limo. They hurry to meet Michael.

DEVON

Well, I see you've been discharged.

MICHAEL

(re Nurse)

Escaped is more like it. What about Kitt? Any luck?

DEVON

No sign of him, Michael.

BONNIE

The voltage surge must've knocked out his homing device.

MICHAEL

Don't be surprised if that's not all. What else could be affected?

BONNIE

His memory modules, information banks ...Michael, how could you -- he's out there, damaged, alone ---

MICHAEL

Bonnie, give me a break. I was on assignment.

(then)

He's gotta be somewhere in those hills.

(starts toward

limo)

Devon, I'll need a car. Four-wheel drive ---

DEVON

(catching up)

Michael, we're doing everything possible to find Kitt. Right now our top priority is locating the stolen nitro-plastique.

MICHAEL

Maybe it's your top priority, but mine's Kitt. Let the police look for the explosives.

DEVON

They are, but they've also requested our help.

MICHAEL

As soon as I find him, I'll be glad  
to put in a double shift.

DEVON

(stops him)

There was enough nitro-plastique  
stolen to level this entire city.

MICHAEL

Devon....

DEVON

Believe me, under any other circum-  
stances, I'd say go out there and  
find Kitt and don't come back until  
you do...but this is different.  
This is an order.

The limo phone buzzes. Devon answers it.

DEVON

Yes...

(listens)

I see...Good.

He hangs up.

MICHAEL

What?

DEVON

The Foundation helicopter just spotted  
the abandoned Bronco.

CUT TO

CAVE AREA - DAY - ON MOUTH

Doug comes out cautiously, looks around, sees it's  
apparently safe, then heads back in the direction of the  
Bronco, still carrying his knapsack.

ANGLE ON BRONCO

as Doug approaches it cautiously, then looks it over  
appraisingly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

He looks inside, sizes up the radio, and toys with the  
idea of maybe pulling it out. But then he hears an  
approaching vehicle, looks through the opposite window.

DOUG'S POINT OF VIEW - MICHAEL

pulling up nearby in an open Jeep. He spots Doug.

BACK ON DOUG

He jumps from the Bronco and takes off.

OMITTED

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MICHAEL

giving chase. He quickly catches him, turns him around, and Doug comes out fighting.

DOUG

Let go of me! Get your hands off me!

MICHAEL

Easy, son. I'm not going to hurt you.

DOUG

Then let me go -- you got no right grabbing me! I didn't do anything!

MICHAEL

All right. Slow down.  
(beat)  
There's no reason to be afraid.

DOUG

Who said anything about being afraid?!

MICHAEL

Then why did you run?

DOUG

Because...  
(thinks)  
I thought maybe you were the game warden. He's always trying to bust me for fishing in the reservoir.

MICHAEL

(smiles)  
I'm not a game warden. My name's Michael Knight. I'm from the Foundation for Law and Government.

DOUG

Oh, I get it. Some kind of cop.

MICHAEL

No, not a cop. Not even close. What's your name?

DOUG

(hesitant)  
Doug. Why?

MICHAEL  
Good to meet you, Doug.  
(re cap)  
I see you're a ball player.

DOUG  
Yeah.

MICHAEL  
(patient)  
W-W. The name of your team?

DOUG  
Wainwright's Warriors. I play short-  
stop.

MICHAEL  
I used to play first base.

DOUG  
Must've been a long time ago.

MICHAEL  
Yeah. There were dinosaurs in the  
outfield.  
(beat)  
Doug, you know anything about that  
Bronco over there?

DOUG  
I didn't rip it off, if that's what  
you mean.

MICHAEL  
Never entered my mind. I was just  
hoping you saw the two men who left  
it there.

DOUG  
I didn't see anybody.

But he answered too quickly.

MICHAEL  
You're sure?

DOUG  
Yeah I'm sure. What is this? I  
thought you said you weren't a cop.

MICHAEL  
(studies him)  
If you did see them, you'd tell me,  
wouldn't you? These aren't the kind  
of guys you'd want to protect.

DOUG

I'm not protecting anybody. I gotta go.

MICHAEL

Then I guess you didn't see a black T-top, either?

DOUG

No!

(uncomfortable  
beat)

Look, if you're finished with the interrogation, I got things to do.

MICHAEL

(nods)

Thanks for the help.

He turns and goes off. Michael watches him curiously, then heads for the Jeep.

CUT TO

EXT. FLAT TERRAIN - DAY - ON DOUG

Knapsack in hand he moves toward a distant road having just come down the hillside. Sensing something, he suddenly slows his pace.

FULLER ANGLE TO SEE K.I.T.T.

tailing along behind him. Doug stops, afraid to turn. So does K.I.T.T. Then Doug continues. Then stops again, turns, reacts.

DOUG

Where'd you come from?

The scanner flashes. Doug doesn't know what to make of it so he walks faster; K.I.T.T. continues to follow.

DOUG

Look I don't like anyone tailing me, so bug off.

He walks on fast, building to a run. K.I.T.T. keeps up.

VARIOUS ANGLES

As Doug begins to run faster, faster, K.I.T.T. leaves the trail behind him. Tired, breathing hard, Doug stops, turns, to find that K.I.T.T. is gone. He can't imagine where. He turns to continue, reacts.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE K.I.T.T.

standing right in front of him, his scanner flashing.

K.I.T.T.

Help...me.

And as the two look at one another we ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

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

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Kitt's more than my partner,  
Devon....

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael, pacing the office, Devon behind his desk, tie askew, shirt uncharacteristically open at the throat. Both men are weary. Over this Bonnie enters, crosses to the computer.

MICHAEL

He's a friend. You've got to let  
me go out there and look for him.

DEVON

Not until we find that nitro-plastique.

MICHAEL

We don't even know what those two  
guys are driving anymore! Who they  
are, why they're here, what they  
want ---

DEVON

(crosses to  
Bonnie at  
computer)

In spite of the fact they've switched  
cars, we still have reason to believe  
they're in the Kirkland area.

MICHAEL

What reason? What are you talking  
about?

DEVON

I'm talking about this man. Bonnie?

Bonnie presses a button.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MONITOR

to see Conrad Marrs, forty, good-looking, rugged.

BONNIE

Recognize him?

MICHAEL

No, should I?

BONNIE

His name is Conrad Marrs. He's one of the premier explosives men in the business.

MICHAEL

So?

BONNIE

He flew in from Dallas this morning.

DEVON

Of course, it might just be a coincidence, Michael. But if you believe that stay away from people selling bridges in Brooklyn and swamps in Florida.

MICHAEL

Thanks for the advice. Any idea where he's staying?

DEVON

We're trying to find out now.

(slight  
beat)

Michael, have you any leads? Anything at all?

MICHAEL

No, not really....

BONNIE

(sensing it)

What?

MICHAEL

I'm not sure...it's just a feeling. I ran into this kid up near the abandoned Bronco. He said he was scared because he thought I was the game warden. He was scared all right, but that wasn't the reason.

DEVON

You think he might've seen the  
thieves?

MICHAEL

The more I think about it the more  
convinced I am he saw something....

CUT TO

EXT. CAVE AREA - DAY

K.I.T.T. sits in a small clearing in front of the cave.  
Doug, now wearing his baseball jacket, with "Wainwright's  
Warriors" on the back, is with him.

DOUG

You'll be safe here for a while. If  
anyone comes, all you have to do is  
back into the cave.

K.I.T.T.

Good idea. I'm sorry I frightened  
you earlier.

DOUG

Look, you didn't scare me. I...I...  
I just don't like people...things...  
sneaking up on me, that's all.

K.I.T.T.

Well, I can understand that. And  
under normal circumstances I would've  
introduced myself first. But I'm  
afraid these aren't exactly normal  
circumstances.

DOUG

You can say that again.

K.I.T.T.

I could, yes, but is there any need  
to?

DOUG

That's not what I mean, aww forget it.  
(shakes head)  
A talking car...if that's not a mind  
blower.

K.I.T.T.

I seem to recall I can do a lot of  
other things, too...if only I could  
remember what they are. What do you  
do?

DOUG  
I...Anything I want.

K.I.T.T.  
For instance?

DOUG  
For instance? Well...if I don't  
want to go to school I just split,  
come up here, or maybe hang out at  
the video arcade. Like I said,  
whatever I want.

K.I.T.T.  
But how do you learn anything if you  
'split' school?

DOUG  
You don't learn anything in school  
anyway. Not about real life.

Doug moves about him curiously, still holding his knapsack.

DOUG  
Do you always just follow behind  
people...or does someone get inside?

K.I.T.T.  
Let's find out.

The door pops open. Doug's eyes grow wide and he slides  
behind the wheel.

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

Doug looks at the dash; his eyes explode ---

DOUG  
Look at that dash! Your own TV...and  
all these buttons. What are all  
these buttons for? 'Pursuit...Scanner  
...X-ray...Infraray...Turbo-Boost....'

K.I.T.T.  
Don't touch Turbo-Boost. Something  
tells me you shouldn't touch Turbo-  
Boost.

DOUG  
What about, 'Eject -- Right and Left'?

K.I.T.T.  
I don't recall....

DOUG  
Well, there's just one way to find  
out.

Fortunately he presses Right...the roof pops up and his knapsack, which he placed on the seat, lifts off.

ANGLE ON KNAPSACK

It comes close to disappearing from sight.

BACK TO SCENE

Doug's mouth is open.

DOUG  
It's like a rocket!

K.I.T.T.  
It is rather remarkable, isn't it?

Doug watches the knapsack crash to the ground, shakes his head in wonderment.

K.I.T.T.  
By the way -- what's your name?

DOUG  
Doug.

K.I.T.T.  
A pleasure meeting you, Doug. My name is...is...  
(thinks)  
...Kitt! That's it, Kitt!

DOUG  
Nice meeting you...Kitt.

Doug hesitates, then places both hands tightly about the wheel.

DOUG  
If I could drive you to school, I'd go every day....

CUT TO

EXT. DAM - FULL ANGLE - DAY

CONRAD'S VOICE  
I'm impressed.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE PELL, KORSO, AND CONRAD

Conrad's sporty elegance makes him stand out from the casually dressed Pell and Korso. His rented white Cadillac is parked next to their Blazer. He examines one of the packets of nitro-plastique the way Pinchas Zukerman would handle a Stradivarius.

CONRAD

I know guys who've been in the business  
twenty years and even they can't get  
their hands on this stuff....

PELL

(defensive)

We're not exactly amateurs.

CONRAD

(an easy smile)

Good. Then I'll give you a real pro-  
fessional explosion. A symphony.

He unfolds a map/blueprint of the dam and town on the hood  
of his car.

KORSO

Don't get carried away. All we need  
is a nice civil emergency. Enough to  
knock out the power and draw the  
police, fire, and emergency units.

PELL

While they go crazy handling traffic  
and evacuations and a thousand haywire  
alarms, we hit the museum. Fifteen  
mil worth of Pre-Columbian artifacts.

CONRAD

(studies  
blueprint)

Dam's no problem...your basic earth-  
fill, structural steel, lots of  
concrete. They loved concrete in  
the '30s...

(then)

This quadrant ought to do it. It'll  
create a good spill and weaken the  
rest of the dam enough to worry them.

KORSO

All right. Then we're set for  
tomorrow.

CONRAD

I'll need an hour's notice. You know  
where to reach me.

He crosses to the Cadillac.

PELL

You didn't see a kid on your way up,  
did you?

Conrad stops. Korso throws Pell a hard look.

CONRAD

What kid?

PELL

When we ditched the Bronco this kid saw us, that's all.

KORSO

Forget him. He was scared stiff. C'mon, it's only a kid.

CONRAD

You telling me somebody made you?

KORSO

No. Not exactly....

PELL

Okay, so what? That's on us, not you.

CONRAD

I thought you said you weren't amateurs...

(beat)

You know why I'm the best? Because I'm careful. There aren't a lot of old explosives experts around. They're either dead or in the joint.

PELL

Okay. We'll find the kid!

CONRAD

(weighs it)

By morning or I'm gone. Believe it.

Conrad gets into his car and drives off. Korso turns on Pell:

KORSO

I don't believe you, Bobby. We got the guy in our pocket and you gotta ask him if he saw a kid on the way up!

PELL

So now we gotta find the kid, that's all.

(crosses

to Blazer)

We should've done it anyway. It's cleaner.

CUT TO

EXT. WAINWRIGHT NURSERY - DAY

A nice suburban establishment. Pan as Michael pulls up in the Jeep, heads for the entrance.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE JIM TURNER

late thirties, big, a no-nonsense sort of guy who helps run the place.

JIM

Help you?

MICHAEL

I hope so. I'm looking for the sponsor of a Youth League baseball team.

LORI'S VOICE

Sorry, but we've already got one.

Michael looks over.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE LORI WAINWRIGHT

She's thirty-two, pretty and bright. It soon becomes obvious that Turner feels very protective of her.

LORI

In first place, too.

MICHAEL

Wainwright's Warriors?

LORI

That's right.

MICHAEL

(reacts)

I'm looking for a boy named Doug. He plays short-stop. Do you know him?

Lori and Jim exchange troubled looks.

LORI

He's my son. Doug Wainwright.

JIM

What's this all about?

MICHAEL

Mrs. Wainwright, I'd like to talk to him. Is he here?

JIM

I asked you what this is about.

LORI

It's all right, Jim...why don't you help that customer over there.

A last look and Turner goes off.

LORI

He's...a good friend.

(steels herself)

What's he done this time? And who are you?

MICHAEL

My name's Michael Knight, I'm with the Foundation for Law and Government. We're trying to locate some stolen explosives and we think Doug may have seen something. Do you know where he is?

LORI

Probably in the hills. He and his father used to hike up there. They discovered a cave...Doug's been spending a lot of time there lately....

MICHAEL

Could you give me directions?

She hesitates.

MICHAEL

It's very important.

LORI

(beat)

I think I'd better draw you a map.

MICHAEL

(a smile)

I hope you draw better than I do.

She smiles, begins drawing a crude map on the back of a nursery receipt. Off to one side Jim watches, brow furrowed.

CUT TO

EXT. CAVE AREA - DAY

Doug slowly climbs out of K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.T.

Is something wrong?

DOUG

No...I gotta get home, that's all.

K.I.T.T.

What's 'home?'

DOUG

That's a place where...I don't know,  
where you go when there's no place  
else to go.

K.I.T.T.

'Home' doesn't sound like much fun.

DOUG

It used to be....

K.I.T.T.

What happened?

DOUG

Well, my dad got real sick...and  
everybody said he was gonna be  
okay...

(cuts it off)

What is this, the third degree?

K.I.T.T.

The third degree?

DOUG

Forget it.

He's succeeded in holding his feelings down. He grabs his  
jacket and knapsack, ready to leave.

DOUG

So, you going to be okay or what?

K.I.T.T.

I'll be fine. And I think my memory  
is improving.

DOUG

Good. I'll come back tonight -- late,  
when everybody's asleep.

He starts off.

K.I.T.T.

That sounds like fun. Good-bye,  
Elliot.

DOUG

Doug! My name's Doug.

K.I.T.T.

Then who's Elliot?

DOUG  
How do I know? I thought your  
memory was getting better.

K.I.T.T.  
Yes...well...at least it's not  
getting any worse.

K.I.T.T. flashes his scanner and Doug goes off.

CUT TO

EXT. FOOTHILL ROAD - DAY - ON MICHAEL

coming up the mountain, but still quite far from the cave  
area.

EXT. RUGGED TERRAIN - DAY - ON KORSO AND PELL

in their Blazer and searching the area. Tired as hell.

KORSO  
This could go on forever....

Pell spots something, points.

PELL  
Julius...look!

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - DOUG

only a short distance from the cave area.

BACK TO SCENE

Korso floors the Blazer.

ANGLE ON DOUG

hearing the Blazer, reacting, and running back toward the  
cave. They're close enough to read the "Wainwright's  
Warriors" on the back of his jacket.

PELL  
Don't let him get away!

ANGLE ON CAVE AREA

as Doug runs to K.I.T.T.

DOUG  
Kitt, they're after me!

K.I.T.T.  
Who?

DOUG  
Those two guys!

K.I.T.T.  
Get in.

The driver door pops open. Doug jumps in.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.  
Can you drive?

DOUG  
Are you kidding? I can drive anything  
on wheels.  
(looks)  
Where's the ignition?

K.I.T.T.  
On second thought, there are still a  
few things I remember. Hold on.

K.I.T.T. comes to life. Doug's eyes grow wide as K.I.T.T.  
pulls out.

EXT. RUGGED TERRAIN - DAY - ON K.I.T.T.

pulling from the cave area, and heading down a fire road.

ON KORSO'S BLAZER

Pell points.

PELL  
That's him! In the black T-top!

Korso takes off after K.I.T.T.

VARIOUS ANGLES OF CHASE

through the rugged terrain, intercutting with Doug's reac-  
tions. The kid's definitely softening up a bit.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL'S JEEP

coming up in their direction. However, he's still a good  
distance away.

MICHAEL  
Kitt!!

He goes after him.

VARIOUS ANGLES

as K.I.T.T. races toward the edge of the canyon.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Doug's reaction to the fast approaching edge:

DOUG  
We're coming to the edge!

K.I.T.T.  
I noticed!

DOUG  
It's not that I'm scared...but what  
are we gonna do?!

K.I.T.T.  
When I tell you, press Turbo-Boost!

DOUG  
You told me never to press Turbo-  
Boost!

K.I.T.T.  
I've changed my mind!

And right at the edge ---

K.I.T.T.  
Press!

Doug freezes.

K.I.T.T.  
Press!

ON DOUG

as he presses the button.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

shooting off into the canyon.

ON DOUG

eyes and mouth wide open, petrified, thrilled.

ON K.I.T.T.

As he heads for the opposite side of the canyon, we ---

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. CANYON - DAY

We resume action, K.I.T.T. flying over the canyon.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Doug is holding onto the steering wheel for dear life, terrified.

K.I.T.T.

I have the strangest feeling I've done this before.

DOUG

Not me!

ANGLE AT CANYON LIP

The Blazer screams to a stop, Pell and Korso staring in disbelief.

FAR EDGE OF CANYON

K.I.T.T. lands, bounces, gains traction and speeds off.

ANGLE ON PELL AND KORSO

Pell watches the disappearing K.I.T.T.

PELL

Did you see that?!

But Korso is more concerned with something else.

POINT OF VIEW - MICHAEL'S JEEP

on the winding road below racing toward them.

BACK TO THEM

KORSO

I'd swear that's the same idiot who chased us before.

ANGLE AT CANYON

Korso spins the Blazer around and hits the Supercharger.

ANGLE AT INTERSECTING DIRT ROAD

The Blazer hits the dirt road on two wheels, already going fifty, accelerating, and bearing down on Michael's Jeep.

VARIOUS ANGLES

as Michael first avoids being hit head-on by the much heavier wagon, and then becomes the aggressor in a duel in which he tries to put the Blazer out of commission.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Seeing they've met more than their match, Pell levels his sawed-off shotgun out the window, and fires at the Jeep as Michael makes a pass.

ON JEEP

as the radiator blows, and Michael slams the steering wheel in frustration.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE BLAZER

disappearing in the distance.

ANGLE AT CANYON EDGE

The Jeep churns to a stop, Michael leaping out. He runs to the canyon edge, looking.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - RAW HILLSIDE

Wild and untouched. Nothing moves.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

He tries the comlink.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Kitt! Kitt, it's me, Michael? Can you hear me?

Silence. Desperate, he cups his hands to his mouth.

MICHAEL

(hollers)

Kitt...Kitt, it's me...Kitt....

He pauses, listening. All he hears is his echo, faint. Hold on his face.

CUT TO

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

K.I.T.T. races along, a rooster tail of dust behind him.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

I have the strangest feeling....

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Doug gripping the wheel, eyes wide, but trying to be cool.

DOUG

I know -- you've done this before,  
too.

K.I.T.T.

I have that awareness also. This is  
different. I have the strangest  
feeling someone is calling my name....

But Doug's not listening, his eyes wander over the dash,  
amazed.

DOUG

I didn't know they made cars like  
this.

K.I.T.T.

I'm not sure they do.

DOUG

Kitt, you are rad-i-cal!

K.I.T.T.

If you say so.

DOUG

What's this?

He pushes Pursuit and K.I.T.T. accelerates, pushing Doug  
back against the seat.

DOUG

Thriller!

DIFFERENT ANGLES - MONTAGE

A dazzling display of K.I.T.T.'s capabilities intercut with  
Doug at the wheel, expression changing from fear to  
exhilaration to absolute wonder. This is an experience  
beyond his wildest dreams.

ON BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR

She's the dowdy type, overweight, and trying to net a  
butterfly. When K.I.T.T. makes a pass, she reacts, nets a  
limb instead, falling backwards into a muddy stream.

CUT TO

EXT. WAINWRIGHT BACKYARD - DAY (EARLY EVENING)

The backyard is just what you'd expect; pool, tropical  
landscaping, Malibu lights. Gathered around lawn furniture

on the patio are Lori, Jim Turner and Doug. Lori serves rice and vegetables and Jim finishes barbecuing chicken on a fancy unit. Doug looks alone, preoccupied, not a part of the occasion.

LORI  
How hungry are you?

DOUG  
What? Not very.

JIM  
Your mother went to a lot of trouble to fix this.

LORI  
It's all right.

Doug can't stand him, but for his mother's sake he tries not to show it. The doorbell rings.

LORI  
I wonder who that could be.

JIM  
I'll get it.

Doug looks worried. Jim crosses into the house.

ANGLE AT FRONT DOOR

He opens it to reveal Michael. Neither was expecting the other. Jim doesn't like Michael here and he doesn't try to hide it.

MICHAEL  
Hope I'm not interrupting dinner.

JIM  
You are.

MICHAEL  
In that case, I apologize. Is Doug home?

Jim sizes Michael up, takes his time answering.

JIM  
Just what do you want with him?

MICHAEL  
I want to ask him some questions.

JIM

(beat)

Lori's husband died a little over a year ago. She's been through a lot. I'm here to see no one takes advantage of her.

MICHAEL

I appreciate your concern. Maybe I didn't make myself clear. I'm not here to see Lori, I'm here to see Doug.

JIM

(beat)

I've got my eye on you.

ANGLE IN BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Doug fidgets, scared, trying not to show it.

JIM'S VOICE

Okay, ask away.

WIDER ANGLE

Michael opposite Doug, flanked by Jim and Lori. Jim looks deep into his macho role. Lori is concerned, not sure just what is what here.

MICHAEL

Doug, before we start, I'm sorry it has to be this way.

JIM

What's that supposed to mean?

Embarrassed, Lori tries to shush him. Doug avoids Michael's eyes.

MICHAEL

(to Jim)

It means this is tough enough person-to-person.

(to Doug)

Those men I'm looking for -- I think you saw them this afternoon.

Doug doesn't respond.

MICHAEL

They were chasing you, and you were in the black T-top.

Lori and Jim exchange an incredulous look.

JIM

Wait a minute here, the kid's fourteen  
-- he doesn't even drive.

DOUG

I can too! What do you know, anyway?!

JIM

Don't yell at me, I'm trying to  
protect you!

LORI

Jim, please!

JIM

(to Michael)

Are you satisfied? We're trying to  
have a nice family dinner here and  
thanks to you, people are yelling  
at each other!

DOUG

It is not a family dinner 'cause  
you're not part of the family!

He bolts for the house. The silence is painful. Lori looks  
to Michael.

LORI

I'm sorry...ever since his father  
died....

MICHAEL

I'm sorry I had to ask. Thanks.

(to Jim)

Take it easy.

JIM

Yeah. Right.

CUT TO

EXT. FOUNDATION - NIGHT

The light in Devon's office is on.

DEVON'S VOICE

We know where Conrad Marrs is  
staying.

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Devon finishes jotting it down on a slip of paper, hands it  
across to Michael, who looks skeptical.

MICHAEL

That's all? Just an address?

DEVON

What would you prefer, an arrest warrant? A grand jury indictment?

MICHAEL

Now that you mention it, yeah -- why not? Why not something tangible for a change?

DEVON

Because as far as the police are concerned, Marrs is clean. Innocent until proven guilty and all that.

MICHAEL

Yeah, that rings a bell. So, what am I supposed to do, take him to dinner?

DEVON

I'll leave the details to you. But Marrs has a reputation as a cautious man. If he bails out the whole operation may collapse.

MICHAEL

Whatever the 'operation' is.

DEVON

Indeed. I thought you said the boy is lying.

MICHAEL

Doug? I think he is.

DEVON

In that case I'd recommend a stake-out.

MICHAEL

Next on my list. Whatever he's got in mind, he'll wait until the house is asleep before he leaves.

(glances  
at watch)

I figure I've got a couple of hours yet.

(beat)

Devon, I know Foundation commitments come first, but I'm worried about Kitt. When I saw him today he shot past like I was a stranger.

BONNIE'S VOICE

You were.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE BONNIE

She enters with a small high-impact aluminum case. Realizing she's interrupted:

BONNIE  
(to Devon)  
Excuse me.

DEVON  
By all means. Perhaps you can make him understand.

BONNIE  
I'm a scientist, not a miracle worker.

Devon smiles, crosses back to his desk. Bonnie hands Michael the case.

BONNIE  
For you.

Michael opens it, sees the socket-like instrument inside. It looks small and insignificant.

MICHAEL  
Don't tell me this is Kitt's new memory.

BONNIE  
Absolutely. New and improved, with five thousand mega-bits of added information. The only problem now will be to get close enough to his CPU service port to install it.

MICHAEL  
Sound Freudian. Where is it?

BONNIE  
Facing Kitt, eight inches left of the power shift on the transmission.

MICHAEL  
(realizes)  
In other words, under Kitt?

BONNIE  
In other words. Don't worry, some of us spend a lot of time under Kitt.

MICHAEL  
(concerned)  
Not when he doesn't know who you are.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. LUXURY MOTEL - NIGHT

A suite. A pretty girl, Angel, bounces into the living room from the O.S. bedroom (and bathroom) where we hear a shower running. She's wearing something skimpy and cute. She crosses to turn on the TV when someone knocks.

ANGEL  
(calls off)  
Hurry up, it's here.

She moves to the door, opens it to reveal Michael.

ANGEL  
Hi! Where do I sign?

MICHAEL  
Where do you want to sign?

She gives him a dazzling smile and a quizzical look.

ANGEL  
For the champagne...Aren't you from  
the liquor store?

MICHAEL  
Not exactly. I'm here to see Conrad.

ANGEL  
He's taking a shower.

MICHAEL  
Mind if I wait?

CONRAD'S VOICE  
You got a problem? Angel?

MICHAEL  
(sotto voce)  
Let's have some fun with him -- tell  
him I need his signature.

ANGEL  
(unsure)  
He won't get mad?

MICHAEL  
Connie? C'mon, he's a fun guy.

She likes the idea.

ANGEL

Okay.

(calls off)

Honey, he says he needs your  
signature.

The shower stops, angry mumblings and Conrad enters, a  
towel wrapped around his wet body. Seeing Michael, he  
freezes midstep.

MICHAEL

Hello, Conrad.

CONRAD

(to Angel)

Who's this guy?

ANGEL

He's a friend of yours --

(to Michael)

Aren't you?

MICHAEL

(to Conrad)

Where are they?

CONRAD

I don't know what you're talking  
about. You're in my room, cowboy.  
Get out. Now.

MICHAEL

There's two of them -- they stole  
some experimental explosives called  
nitro-plastique. They run around in  
a supercharged four-wheel drive.  
They hired you.

CONRAD

I'm not for hire. I'm on vacation  
an' you're still in my room.

MICHAEL

Do yourself a favor. Go home.

Michael knows he's ready to throw a punch.

MICHAEL

Think before you swing, Conrad.

Conrad grabs the towel before it falls.

CONRAD

(furious,  
deadly)

Who are you?

MICHAEL

Just a guy who knows who you are.  
Be careful. Somebody's watching  
you.

He leaves without waiting for a response, winks at Angel on  
the way out. Conrad stares after him, angry. Shaken.

ANGEL

(weakly)  
I thought he was a friend of  
yours....

Conrad grabs the phone, begins to dial.

CONRAD

(to her)  
Pack my stuff.  
(into phone)  
When's your next flight to Dallas?

CUT TO

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY (EARLY AM)

It's early, this part of the world still asleep.

ANGLE ON WAINWRIGHT HOUSE

silent and dark inside.

INT. DOUG'S BEDROOM - DAY (EARLY AM)

Doug finishes dressing. He grabs his baseball jacket.

ANGLE IN HALL

The door to Lori's bedroom is open. We can see her in bed,  
beginning to stir. Pan to reveal Doug creeping down the  
hall, absorbed in the sense of high adventure. He reaches  
her open door, pauses, heart in his throat. She stirs,  
awakens, looks at the alarm clock: five thirty AM, and  
tries to go back to sleep. He drops to the floor and in  
commando-fashion wiggles across the open space. She sits up  
with a start, but can't see Doug pressed against the floor:

LORI'S VOICE

Doug?

He freezes. The moment passes. He crawls beyond the  
doorway to safety.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Sliding out into the early morning from the adjacent garage  
area is a bicycle, a stealthy figure aboard. It's Doug.  
He pedals furiously up the street.

REVERSE ANGLE

to see a Jeep parked at a safe distance.

ANGLE IN JEEP

Michael is behind the wheel. He's just seen what he suspected. What he's been waiting for. He starts the Jeep and pulls out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Doug pedals around a corner. Something's bothering him. He stops, looking back.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - THE CORNER

Nothing.

ANGLE ON DOUG

Satisfied, he continues.

ANGLE FROM CORNER

Michael's Jeep appears, quiet, following at a safe distance.

CUT TO

EXT. WAINWRIGHT NURSERY - DAY (EARLY)

Some early morning traffic, but here it's silent, a place apart. Something moves near the rear fence, a shadow, and we see Doug pull up on his bike. He stashes it, crosses to the fence and scrambles over.

CUT TO

ANGLE IN ALLEY

The Blazer is parked in the shadows.

PELL

So who do you think he is?

KORSO

Who?

PELL

That guy who keeps showing up. The guy who leaned on Conrad.

KORSO

I don't know, but I don't like it. I don't like snatching a kid, either ...if we ever find him.

PELL  
We'll find him. This place sponsors  
the team, the kid's got a jacket,  
he's on the team...  
(reacts O.S.)  
Julius, you're not gonna believe this  
...it's him! The kid!

KORSO  
Where?

PELL  
(points)  
Right over there.

CUT TO

ANGLE AT STREET

The Jeep pulls up a discreet distance away. Michael slides  
out, starts for the nursery.

CUT TO

ANGLE AT STORAGE SHED

Doug reaches it, pauses.

DOUG  
(whispers)  
Kitt? Kitt, don't be scared, it's  
me, Doug....

He unlocks the lock, slowly enters.

ANGLE IN SHED

K.I.T.T.'s scanner flashes red in the darkness. Doug slips  
in, turns on the light. He stares at K.I.T.T., still  
fascinated, still unsure exactly how to relate to his new  
friend.

K.I.T.T.  
Hello, Doug.

DOUG  
How you doing...okay?

K.I.T.T.  
I've been thinking about what you  
said, Doug. About 'home'....

DOUG  
What about it?

K.I.T.T.

Do I have one?

It's been on Doug's mind, his conscience. He wrestles with it, decides.

DOUG

I was gonna tell you anyway...Kitt, there's a guy looking for you named Michael. He says you're his.

K.I.T.T.

Really. What does he look like?

DOUG

I don't know...he's older, and tall. I guess he's okay. He was looking for you near the dam.

K.I.T.T.

What's a dam?

DOUG

You don't know what a dam is? -- Oh, I keep forgetting about your memory. A dam is a big thing that holds water.

K.I.T.T.

I thought that was a bathtub.

DOUG

No, it's bigger than a bathtub. Kitt, sometimes you're really weird.

K.I.T.T.

Losing one's memory is so embarrassing.

There's a sound outside. Curious, Doug crosses to the door, peers out.

ANGLE OUTSIDE SHED

Two figures suddenly leap at him. Doug tries to yell but they cover his mouth.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Approaching through potted ferns from the opposite direction is Michael. He hears the noises, reacts.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Pell and Korso wrestle Doug out to the Blazer in the alley as Michael races toward them, using plants and potted trees as cover. But Pell spots him.

PELL

Hey!

He points his shotgun and fires. Michael is forced to dive for cover.

ANGLE AT BLAZER

Korso shoves Doug in, starts the engine and pulls out, Pell leaping on as it moves past.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

He sprints after it, but it's hopeless. Hold on his face for ---

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. NURSERY - DAY

Michael hurries back to the shed, pauses.

MICHAEL

Kitt? Are you in there? It's me,  
Michael....

Silence. Michael slowly opens the door.

ANGLE IN SHED

K.I.T.T.'s scanner flashes. Michael grins, relieved.

MICHAEL

Kitt! I've been worried about you,  
buddy.

K.I.T.T.

Do we know each other?

Michael approaches him slowly, aware it may be a difficult transition for him. He takes the microchip unit from his pocket.

MICHAEL

Know each other? Did Butch know  
Sundance? Did Smith know Wesson?

Michael touches K.I.T.T.'s door.

K.I.T.T.  
I'd prefer it if you would kindly  
keep your hands to yourself.

MICHAEL  
(beat)  
Kitt, there's no time. Doug's been  
kidnapped. He needs us.

K.I.T.T.  
Do you know how many yard-feet of  
water it takes to irrigate the  
Imperial Valley in July?

Michael uses this opportunity to try to slip the memory  
unit under K.I.T.T.'s frame, but K.I.T.T. reacts like a  
wild horse. His systems come to life, he auto-starts and:

ANGLE OUTSIDE SHED FROM ALLEY

The shed wall splinters in all directions as K.I.T.T. flies  
out, turbines snarling.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael runs out, stops, facing K.I.T.T. He has an idea.  
He slowly crosses into the alley, directly in front of  
K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.  
Please remove yourself from my path.

MICHAEL  
No.

Michael slowly advances on him. The memory unit in his  
hand, ready.

K.I.T.T.  
Stay away from me.

MICHAEL  
Sorry.

Michael reaches K.I.T.T.'s hood. It's a dangerous  
stalemate.

K.I.T.T.  
I'll be forced to push you aside.

MICHAEL  
Go ahead. Your dominant program is  
the preservation of human life.

K.I.T.T.  
What's a 'dominant program?'

K.I.T.T.'s turbine revs up. He slowly advances. Michael allows himself to drop to the ground, K.I.T.T.'s hood and engine compartment passing over him.

K.I.T.T.  
Don't say I didn't warn you!

MICHAEL  
Don't run over my leg!

K.I.T.T. reacts, for one instant, stops.

INSERT - CPU SERVICE PORT

Michael deftly pops it open, removes the old unit over:

K.I.T.T.  
Move or I refuse to be responsible!

MICHAEL  
My leg! Please!

Over this, he shoves in the new unit. There's an unexpected silence, followed by:

K.I.T.T.'S DASH

exploding to life.

TO INCLUDE MICHAEL

MICHAEL  
Kitt?

K.I.T.T.  
Michael? Is that you?

MICHAEL  
(relieved)  
Yeah, pal. It's me.

He scrambles from underneath the car.

K.I.T.T.  
If I may be so bold, what on earth  
are you doing down there?

MICHAEL  
I'll explain later. Right now,  
we've got to save Doug.

K.I.T.T.  
Doug's my new friend. Where is he?

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Michael jumps in, activates various systems.

MICHAEL  
He was kidnapped, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.  
Kidnapped!

MICHAEL  
(punches  
  buttons)  
Let's access your audio banks, see  
if you picked anything up.

K.I.T.T.  
Good idea.

K.I.T.T.'s computers whir.

K.I.T.T.  
I think I may have something.

PELL'S VOICE  
'...The place sponsors the team, the  
kid's got a jacket....'

MICHAEL  
(buttons)  
Fast forward. There.

PELL'S VOICE  
'...No, Julius, this time you listen  
to me. the point is we do it here  
and it's murder. But if we take him  
up to the dam, and the dam 'mysteriously  
explodes,' he's just part of the natural  
disaster....'

K.I.T.T.  
Michael, they're talking about Doug?!

He slams K.I.T.T. into gear.

MICHAEL  
I'm afraid so, pal. Let's go!

K.I.T.T.'s tires spin, gain traction and they're off.

EXT. DAM - DAY

The Blazer speeds up a dirt road to the base of the dam  
area, stops. Korso and Pell get out with Doug, who has  
his mouth taped securely. Pell starts for a catwalk that  
circles the face of the dam. Julius hustles Doug down a  
steep canyon shoulder, below the dam.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

K.I.T.T. rounds a corner on two wheels, heading toward the hills above the city.

EXT. DAM - DAY

Pell takes the nitro-plastique, sets the timer for fifteen minutes. He attaches four strips to the concrete face and starts back.

ANGLE BELOW DAM

Korso ties Doug to a tree, double-cinches the last knot.

KORSO

So long kid. If you ever pass over  
St. Louis, wave.

He starts back up.

CUT TO

EXT. BASE OF HILLS - DAY

Michael and K.I.T.T. leave the last of the residential area behind, turbo over a steel rope guarding a dirt fire road and accelerate up, toward the dam.

CUT TO

EXT. DAM AREA - DAY

Korso and Pell meet at the Blazer, jump in and take off.

INTERCUT - NITRO-PLASTIQUE AND TIMER

The clock reads less than eleven minutes.

INTERCUT - DOUG

He struggles to escape but it's no use.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

barreling up the dirt road. Michael scans the area, pushes buttons.

MICHAEL

All right, Kitt, let's scan for the  
Blazer...Doug...any movement or  
activity.

K.I.T.T.

Michael!

INSERT - MONITOR

We see Doug tied to the tree, struggling.

BACK TO MICHAEL

He whips down another road.

MICHAEL

Good work, Kitt!

ANGLE AT BASE OF DAM

K.I.T.T. skids to a stop, Michael jumping out.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, wait!

INSERT - MONITOR

We see the strips of plastique and the timer.

BACK TO MICHAEL

He reacts.

MICHAEL

The nitro-plastique! Kitt, quick --  
how many minutes left on the timer?

K.I.T.T.

Just over seven.

MICHAEL

Can we disarm it from here?

K.I.T.T.

I don't think so.

MICHAEL

Then let's stop the clock.  
(pushes  
button)

Full power on microwave jammer.

Michael runs to the canyon shoulder for Doug. Hold on the jammer as it focuses on the timer. The timer begins to vibrate.

ANGLE ON DOUG

He stops struggling when, to his amazement and relief, he sees Michael coming down the ravine for him. Michael cuts the rope, pulls off the tape.

MICHAEL  
You okay?!

DOUG  
Yeah....

MICHAEL  
Let's go.

They start back up.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T. - ON THE MONITOR

We see the timer begin to shake violently, then disintegrate.

WIDER ANGLE

as Michael and Doug appear, climbing in.

MICHAEL  
(to K.I.T.T.)  
How'd we do?

K.I.T.T.  
Clock heaven. Hello, Doug!

DOUG  
Hi, Kitt!

MICHAEL  
All right. Now for our friends in  
the supercharged Blazer.

K.I.T.T.  
Blazer heaven?

Michael backs out in a cloud of dust.

MICHAEL  
Heaven's too good for 'em. I was  
thinking of jail.

CUT TO

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Blazer barrels along, unaware of:

ANGLE BEHIND

K.I.T.T. pulls into view.

MICHAEL  
Okay, Kitt. Shall we put these  
turkeys away?

K.I.T.T.  
I thought you'd never ask.

MICHAEL  
Doug, you do the honors. Press  
Turbo Boost.

Doug grins -- reaches for the turbo button, presses hard.

K.I.T.T.

zooms high over the racing Blazer, lands ahead of it,  
cutting it off.

ANGLE ON KORSO AND PELL

Korso cuts the wheel too sharply.

THE BLAZER

It flips and slides to a stop.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

Michael and Doug jump out. As the dust clears, Korso and  
Pell straggle out, dazed. Michael grabs Pell's .38.

MICHAEL  
Go ahead, Doug.

DOUG  
Aww, I don't know...Is it legal?

MICHAEL  
You're a citizen, aren't you?

DOUG  
I guess.  
(to Korso  
and Pell)  
This is Doug Wainwright, and I'm  
making a citizen's arrest!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. WAINWRIGHT HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and Lori, Doug and Michael come out, cross slowly to where K.I.T.T. is parked. Doug darts ahead to say good-bye to K.I.T.T.

LORI

He's like his old self again. He even offered to do the dishes this morning. I was shocked.

Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

I wouldn't count on that.

LORI

(laughs)

I've been a mother too long, don't worry. But it was nice. It felt good.

They smile, continue toward K.I.T.T. and Doug.

LORI

He's going to miss you. You and Kitt.

MICHAEL

According to Kitt, not for long. He's already made me promise to come by.

She pauses.

LORI

I've been doing a lot of thinking. About Doug...about Jim. I think it's still too soon. I think Doug needs more than I can give him with another man around...

(kisses him  
on cheek)

Bye. And thanks.

She goes back in. Michael watches her, pleased, then turns to Doug.

MICHAEL

(to Doug)

Sorry, partner. Time to go.

DOUG

I was just telling Kitt that maybe I'd start going to school a little more, maybe like even everyday.

MICHAEL

Sounds good to me. Sound good to you?

DOUG

I guess.

Michael smiles, gives him a thumbs up and climbs into  
K.I.T.T.

DOUG

Don't forget to come by!

K.I.T.T.

I'll see that he doesn't forget, Doug.  
Now that I've got my memory back, you  
can count on me.

Doug watches as they pull out and disappear down the street....

FADE OUT

THE END