

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. AAA WAR SURPLUS SALVAGE YARD - NIGHT

A hangar sits center among a group of outbuildings and an open-air tent. Under the tent are crates. Not far from the tent are parts of old military equipment, an airplane tail section, covered military trucks and a functional tank. The entire compound is enclosed by a barbed-wire-topped mesh fence. Two guards, Richards and Layton, patrol the grounds. Each carries a sidearm.

Above the main gate is a sign, "AAA SURPLUS", highlighted by a spotlight.

ANGLE - BACK FENCE

A shadow moves stealthily close to the fence. Once it steps into the reflected light, we see that the figure is a handsome woman in her late forties, her hair up in a bun. This is Amelia Clermont. She carries a camera with a telephoto lens. When she sees that a back gate is locked, she attempts to focus the camera through a fence link. She can't get a good shot and as she climbs atop an old piece of equipment lying outside the fence, she slips and knocks something over.

ANGLE - THE GUARDS

They snap to attention and run over to the back fence, just as Amelia races out of the light, towards the desert. Richards brings a Handi-talkie to his lips.

RICHARDS

It's that prowler again. What d'you
want to do?

INTERCUT - JACK KRAGEN

A grim-faced, ruggedly good-looking man in his forties. He stands by a workbench in a hangar.

KRAGEN

(Handi-talkie)
I'll take care of it.

And he picks up a pilot's helmet, sitting on the workbench.

ANGLE - AMELIA

She runs past a gully to the road and climbs into her sports car, hidden behind some sagebrush.

INT. AMELIA'S CAR - NIGHT

She guns the engine, throws the car into first, then rips out onto the two-lane road. The quiet of the desert soon envelopes the car and she is able to breathe a sigh of relief.

EXT. WAR SURPLUS SALVAGE YARD - NIGHT - ANGLE ON HANGAR

A loud thumping sound is heard from inside the hangar.

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT - ANGLE IN SX-411 COCKPIT

The noise is much louder. The cockpit is a metal and glass cocoon, the main section of a helicopter which we will not see in its entirety now, but which we will come to know as the SX-411. Inside the cockpit, in his pilot's helmet, is Jack Kragen, his face bathed by the satanic red glow of the instrument panel.

INT. AMELIA'S CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Amelia reacts to the loud, muffled sound. The panic comes back: flat tire? Engine trouble? Then the noise becomes deafening. A light shines above the car like a halo. Amelia reacts, now very frightened.

INT. SX-411 - NIGHT - KRAGEN

He presses a red button on the control stick in his right hand.

INSERT - GATLING GUN

as it begins to flash, spurting forth the 20mm cannon fire.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT - AMELIA'S CAR

The gunfire forces Amelia to spin the car off the road.

EXT. CANYON - NIGHT

The sports car goes over an embankment and comes to a stop. The helicopter's spotlight goes out, but the thumping sound is still close by. Amelia is terrified.

INT. SX-411 - KRAGEN

He presses a black button on the fire control panel.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

A missile spits from the helicopter, crashes into the car and rips it in half. The car becomes an inferno. The thump-thump-thump of the helicopter fades into the distance, leaving the desert to its solitude. The orange flames from the car continue to burn in the black night.

EXT. FOUNDATION HEADQUARTERS - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

Devon and April are looking at the computer terminal, set up near the door, which is slightly ajar.

APRIL

...and in the tests involving the prototype ultra-magnesium charges, Kitt performed beyond expectations.

DEVON

(with a smile)

Despite his strong-willed driver?

APRIL

Maybe because of his strong-willed driver.

DEVON

I'm shocked. You're actually giving Michael credit?

APRIL

(half-smile)

Only because he's not around to hear it.

There's a slight knock at the door. As they look over, into the frame of the doorway steps Camela (pronounced Pamela with a "C") Clermont, beautiful, reserved and sophisticated, a younger version of Amelia Clermont. When Camela pronounces the word "Mama," the accent is on the second syllable. April moves toward the door, during:

CAMELA

Excuse me...the outer office was empty and....

Devon looks up and reacts, disbelieving. When Devon doesn't respond:

APRIL

May I help you?

CAMELA

I'm looking for Devon Miles.

DEVON

I'm Devon...do we know each other?

CAMELA

I'm Camela Clermont. I believe you know my mother, Amelia.

DEVON

Yes...yes, of course.
(warmly)

You'll have to forgive me...you look so much like Amelia. Camela, this is April Curtis.

They shake hands, ad-lib hellos.

DEVON

Where is Amelia? Is she with you?

CAMELA

I live in Paris with my grandmother. I was supposed to visit Mama after I graduated from the University. We had everything planned. Then her letters stopped. When I couldn't reach her on the phone, I flew to Phoenix...She's disappeared.

DEVON

Camela, your mother was liberated when the phrase still referred to countries. As I recall, it wasn't unusual for her to simply pack up and leave for days at a time.

CAMELA

It's been three weeks.

She looks close to tears.

APRIL

Have you contacted the police?

CAMELA

They took a report...I'm sorry to bother you, but I don't know who else to turn to....

Devon comforts her.

DEVON

You've come to the right place... don't worry, we'll straighten this out.

(beat)

Camela, how did you get my name?

She takes a packet of letters from her purse.

CAMELA

These...your love letters to my mother.

On April's surprised reaction, we:

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - STOCK

From out of the horizon comes a speeding car; the Knight 2000. And from O.S., we hear a few beats of a "surf" song by the Beach Boys, Jan and Dean, or a like group. The music abruptly stops.

K.I.T.T. (V.O.)
Time's up, Michael.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
It's coming...flash from the past....

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

Michael is at the wheel, a beat more as he tries to remember the song title; still trying, until:

K.I.T.T.
'California Girls' by the Beach Boys.

MICHAEL
Took the words right out of my mouth.

K.I.T.T.
Michael, I fail to see the appeal of these songs. They're all about surfing, sun, and girls in bikinis. What exactly is the allure of Southern California?

MICHAEL
(smiling)
You just said it, pal. And thanks to the Foundation, that's our next stop.

K.I.T.T.
Have you ever considered broadening your cultural horizons? Perhaps we could start with something in Baroque, and segue to....

We hear Devon's tone. Michael quickly pushes the buttons on the roof.

MICHAEL
Sorry, Kitt, duty calls. Go, Devon.

INTERCUT - DEVON

As he comes up on the monitor screen, April can be seen in the b.g. on the computer console.

DEVON
Michael, I have an urgent matter for you to attend to. You are to reverse course and head for Phoenix immediately.

MICHAEL
Phoenix? The new assignment's in
California, land of ---

DEVON
California can wait.

Michael realizes how serious and worried he is.

MICHAEL
What's up?

DEVON
A woman named Amelia Clermont has
disappeared. Her daughter, Camela,
will fill you in. I put her on the
Foundation jet. She'll meet you in
Phoenix.

(beat)
Michael, I want you to do every-
thing you can to find Amelia. This
one is personal. This one is for
me....

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - STOCK

K.I.T.T. burns a 180 and heads back the opposite way.

EXT. HIGHWAY - VARIOUS ANGLES - DAY - STOCK - DRIVEBYS

as desert changes to city, Phoenix, Arizona.

EXT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY

K.I.T.T. pulls to a stop in front of this pleasant condo-
minium, a squat structure replete with small balconies on
every floor.

INT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY

At the sound of the doorbell, Camela opens the door as far
as the latch-chain will allow. Michael peeks through the
opening.

MICHAEL
Camela Clermont?

CAMELA
Yes?

MICHAEL
I'm Michael Knight. I work with
Devon Miles.

She hesitates.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

We don't go to the same tailor.

She smiles, unlatches the door.

CUT TO

INT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DINING ROOM - DAY

Begin on a small collection of elegant French ceramics which sit on the dining room hutch. Camela's hand picks one up, she muses over it, touches her mother's belongings as we widen to see Michael at the table, buried in his research of Amelia's papers, during:

MICHAEL

All right...the last letter you got in Paris from your mother was September 28th. She was still working full-time at the library and doing volunteer work for Congressman Ebersol on Saturday, October 11th.

(beat)

What's the date of the last call on her phone bill?

Startled out of her reverie, she picks up the phone bill.

CAMELA

October 11th.

Michael jots the information on a pad he has started. Camela picks up several tickets.

CAMELA

Look at these...tickets for a play, a symphony, a lecture for Green Peace ...I never realized how many interests Mama and I had in common.

MICHAEL

At least we know she wasn't planning on dropping out of sight.

(on her

confused look)

The tickets...the theater's tomorrow night...and the symphony isn't until next month.

(beat)

Camela, why did you go to school so far away?

CAMELA

It's where I live. My mother and my father divorced when I was nine

...My father's family is very rich
...it was decided I stay with them
in Paris.

Michael nods. She looks back at the envelope, then takes out the tickets.

CAMELA

Oh, Michael...these tickets were to celebrate my arrival. 'An evening with George Gershwin -- 'An American In Paris.'

Because she is staring down at the tickets, Michael cannot at first see that she is crying. Then she drops the tickets and quickly wipes away a single tear.

MICHAEL

Camela...there's got to be a logical explanation for this...It may take some time...but we'll find answers, believe me.

She nods. He clasps his hand around hers. She takes it, holds on tight.

EXT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY

Camela talks MOS to an elderly lady who is walking into the building. The woman is animated, but, after a pause, shakes her head "no."

CUT TO

INT. EBERSOL'S OFFICE - CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Michael speaks to a young, pretty campaign worker outside a glass-partitioned office at the "Ebersol for Congress" reelection campaign headquarters. Inside the office is Albert Ebersol, a distinguished-looking man in his forties. He is on the phone and is signing some papers at the same time. There are posters everywhere of Ebersol, captioned "Re-Elect Albert Ebersol -- A Good Man." The girl shakes her head "no."

CUT TO

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Camela stands on the corner. Michael pulls to the curb and she gets in.

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

Michael is at the wheel, Camela on the passenger side, pre-occupied.

MICHAEL

Any luck?

CAMELA

Everyone was very nice...but no one's heard from her in three weeks...Mrs. Farrell at the library told me that Mama was the 'most cultured lady in Phoenix.' She said everyone liked her.

Michael smiles, tries to make eye contact, but it's brief.

CAMELA

When I was growing up, Mama worked at the central library in Paris. I used to spend afternoons all curled up in one of the alcoves and listen to the echo of her footsteps. I could always tell her footsteps...

(preoccupied;
looks at dash)

What an...unusual car. Are all American cars like this now?

MICHAEL

Not quite. Camela, meet Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

I was wondering when you were going to introduce me to this charming, cultured young woman. Hello, Camela.

CAMELA

Where did that voice come from?

MICHAEL

A computer.

CAMELA

It...talks? All by itself?

MICHAEL

To a fault sometimes.

K.I.T.T.

(in French)

Camela, am I correct in assuming you speak French?

CAMELA

(in French)

Yes. Actually, I think of English as my second language...

(realizes, to
Michael)

He speaks French!

MICHAEL
Fluently, I'm afraid.

K.I.T.T.
I've tried to interest Michael in
the romance languages, but he prefers
things like rock 'n' roll and girls
in bikinis.

MICHAEL
(warning)
Kitt, that'll do.
(to Camela)
Hungry?

CAMELA
I hadn't thought of it. Why?

MICHAEL
I cook a dynamite cheeseburger.

K.I.T.T.
(to Camela)
See what I mean?

Camela laughs.

CUT TO

INT. AMELIA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Michael comes in the door, carrying two big bags of
groceries and the mail. Camela looks up from the piano,
absorbed by what she's found -- a diary.

MICHAEL
Cheeseburgers, home fries, apple pie
...as they say, 'When in Rome....'

He puts the bags and mail down on a table.

CAMELA
When I was little I hated to prac-
tice...Mama used to hide treats in
the piano bench, as incentives...
(indicates
the bench)
I found this. Her diary....

MICHAEL
That could be the break we've been
looking for.

CAMELA
Michael, this has my mother's private
thoughts...what she liked, what she

didn't...What she thought of things.
Of me.

(beat)

I can't just...read it.

MICHAEL

Camela, if there's anybody in the
world your mother would want to share
it with, it's you.

She nods, then slowly opens it. As she does, a photograph
and a technical drawing fall out.

Michael picks them up: we see that the photo is a fuzzy,
distorted area of fenced landscape and buildings, but we
cannot make out anything with specificity. The technical
drawing is a diagram of electronic circuitry which we will
later learn are blueprints for the guidance system of the
Sledgehammer missile.

MICHAEL

Hard to tell what the photo's of...

(re drawing)

This is a blueprint of some kind...
I'll see what we can come up with.
In the meantime, a bill came today.
Gas credit card.

He picks it up, tears it open, rifles through the receipts.

MICHAEL

She bought all her gas at a station
in town...except the last time the
card was used. It was in Electra,
Arizona. A place called Elmo's Garage.

CAMELA

I don't understand -- what difference
could that possibly make?

MICHAEL

I'm not sure, but the date was Saturday,
October 11th.

CUT TO

OMITTED

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

K.I.T.T. flies down the highway.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Elmo's Garage sounds like the kind
of place I was programmed to avoid.

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

MICHAEL

Come on, Kitt -- stretch a little.
They say traveling broadens your
horizons.

K.I.T.T.

I believe they say it about places
like Champs Elysees or Trafalgar
Square. I don't believe they say it
about places like Electra, Arizona.

Michael smiles.

K.I.T.T.

Since you haven't asked, I was quite
impressed by Camela.

MICHAEL

I figured.

K.I.T.T.

She's a very nice girl, Michael.

MICHAEL

I know that, Kitt.

A beat.

K.I.T.T.

Frankly, it's beyond me how you
could prefer bubble-heads in
bikinis over....

MICHAEL

Kitt, I like Camela, okay? And just
because a girl wears a bikini, it
doesn't mean she's a 'bubble-head.'

(beat)

Who told you that, anyway? April?

K.I.T.T.

I'm capable of drawing my own con-
clusions.

MICHAEL

It was April.

CUT TO

EXT. ELMO'S GARAGE - ELECTRA, ARIZONA - DAY

A throw-back to the Fifties, an ancient gas station as
weather-beaten as its owner, Elmo Warshaw, a reed-thin man
in his sixties. Elmo, in a greasy baseball cap, whistles
in appreciation as Michael drives up and stops.

Elmo crosses over.

ELMO

Fill 'er up?

MICHAEL

Thanks, I'm just looking for a little information....

Michael holds out a photo of Amelia.

MICHAEL

I'm trying to find this lady. Credit card billing says she bought gas here on October 11th. Do you remember her?

Elmo, however, is staring past the photo to K.I.T.T.'s dash.

ELMO

You goin' to the moon?

MICHAEL

What? Oh, my car -- I like gadgets. Did you see her?

ELMO

(still staring)

Must be a real thrill drivin' a car like this, TV and all.

MICHAEL

It has its ups and downs. Have you seen this woman?

ELMO

(looks at photo)

Matter of fact, yeah...had a sporty little car with a chunk outta the left front tire size of a half-dollar. Couldn't sell her a tire, though. Haven't sold a tire in three years.

MICHAEL

Did you notice which way she went?

ELMO

(points)

That way.

MICHAEL

What's down there?

ELMO

Let's see...There's a salvage yard. If you really want to see something nice, go see 'Big Buck's Roadside Zoo.' Now that's really something.

MICHAEL
Sounds terrific. Thanks.

Elmo waves, as Michael pulls out.

CUT TO

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - DAY

Michael and K.I.T.T. stop on a hill overlooking the war surplus salvage yard in the distance.

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

Michael peers out through the windshield.

K.I.T.T.
Big Buck's Roadside Zoo was an experience I do not care to repeat. That ugly gila monster slithered all over my hood while you were in there 'jawing' with Big Buck.

MICHAEL
See if you can bury that gila monster in your microchips, pal, and bring up that picture from Amelia's diary for me.

The fuzzy picture comes up on one of the monitor screens. Michael looks hard out of the windshield.

MICHAEL
All right...now give me a visual on the surplus yard.

K.I.T.T.
Oui. That's French for 'yes.'

MICHAEL
Kitt?

K.I.T.T.
Yes, Michael?

MICHAEL
I don't want to learn French. Not today.

K.I.T.T.
But Michael ---

MICHAEL
Kitt, remember one thing. The Beach Boys are only a button away.

Now the second monitor screen brings up the surplus yard landscape. K.I.T.T. zooms and adjusts the monitor screen pictures and we see two exact landscapes.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, this is virtually the exact picture that Amelia took.

MICHAEL

You got that right. Now the question is why.

He pulls out.

CUT TO

EXT. AAA WAR SURPLUS SALVAGE YARD - MAIN GATE - DAY -
CLOSE ON PICTURE OF AMELIA

Pull back as Richards hands it back to Michael.

RICHARDS

Haven't seen her. We don't get much company out here.

MICHAEL

(studies him
for a beat)

Okay, thanks for your time.

Richards nods. Before Michael pulls out, he takes note of a Bentley automobile parked by the hangar. Hold on K.I.T.T. moving down the road. Then follow Richards to his Jeep. He picks up the Handi-talkie.

INT. HANGAR - STORAGE AREA - CRATE - DAY

Hands and a crowbar pry open a crate revealing a Sledgehammer missile. Adjust to see the handler is Kragen. Edward Strock, a man in his fifties, steps in with a Handi-talkie. Strock's beginnings were mean streets, but now he hopes his fancy car and Armani suits will cover his origins.

STROCK

There was a guy out there looking for Amelia Clermont.

KRAGEN

Don't worry about it. He'll poke around, find her missing and that'll be that.

STROCK

It better be. It's bad enough your little 'target practice' delayed delivery.

KRAGEN

It was a good test...Now I can personally guarantee the effectiveness of the Sledgehammer to the General.

STROCK

He'll be here Thursday.

KRAGEN

We'll be ready.

CUT TO

OMITTED

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

K.I.T.T.

The guard's voice modulation indicated stress variables, Michael.

MICHAEL

That leaves two questions. Why would he lie...and why would Amelia be interested in a war surplus yard?

CUT TO

EXT. TWO-LANE ROAD - DAY

Michael and K.I.T.T. travel down the desolate road. They pass the area where Amelia skidded off.

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

Michael slows as he passes the skid marks.

He throws the car into reverse and comes back to the skid marks.

MICHAEL

Kitt, give me a reading on those skid marks. How long ago were they made?

K.I.T.T.

Somewhere between two weeks and a month ago -- however, my scanners indicate the presence of copper-jacketed twenty millimeter projectiles lodged in the asphalt.

Michael, puzzled, pulls the car off the road, parks and gets out.

EXT. INCLINE - DAY

Michael walks to the lip of the incline. When he looks down, he reacts as we adjust to see the burned-out hulk of a barely recognizable car. He has a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. He returns to K.I.T.T., opens the door, leans in and punches up K.I.T.T.'s X-ray capabilities.

MICHAEL

I've activated your X-ray mode, Kitt.
The car down there...is there any
trace of...human life?

K.I.T.T.

I'm sorry, Michael...I detect only
the remains of human life.

Michael sighs, shakes his head. This will be difficult.

MICHAEL

Better get me Devon, pal.

OMITTED

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. DESERT - DAY - MICHAEL

Michael and K.I.T.T. as before.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Devon's not at the Foundation,
Michael.

CLOSER ANGLE ON MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Where is he?

K.I.T.T.

Phoenix. He flew in this morning.

MICHAEL

(reacts)

He's probably with Camela right
now....

K.I.T.T.

Do you want me to call him?

MICHAEL

(punches
buttons)

Yeah....

OMITTED

INT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY

Camela has the phone in her hand.

CAMELA

It's for you...it's Michael.

Angle widens to include Devon as he crosses, takes the phone.

DEVON

Thank you.

(phone)

Hello, Michael. Camela tells me
you've introduced her to a car that
speaks fluent French and cheeseburgers
large enough to....

He doesn't finish, interrupted by Michael. As he listens
his expression changes noticeably. Camela is aware.

DEVON

(phone)

You're quite sure?...I see...yes, of
course...good-bye.

He hangs up, shaken.

CAMELA

Devon, what is it? Did he find
something?

No choice, Devon faces her.

DEVON

He found Amelia's car....

Camela stares at him, suddenly unnaturally calm.

CAMELA

She's...dead, isn't she?

Devon nods. Their eyes hold for a long moment.

DEVON

Camela....

He reaches to touch her but she abruptly moves away, stops,
her back to him.

CAMELA
I'm all right. Really, I'm
perfectly capable of....

WIDE ANGLE

Devon can see she is crying. He moves to her, gently puts his arms around her. This time she doesn't resist. They hold each other, Camela crying. Devon's tears still inside.

CUT TO

EXT. DESERT - DAY

K.I.T.T. is parked on the road, scanner flashing, as Michael tries to piece it all together.

MICHAEL
No cannon fire could've destroyed a
car like that -- even twenty milli-
meter.

He slowly moves back toward K.I.T.T., thinking, observing the area.

MICHAEL
Got any ideas?

K.I.T.T.
None, I'm afraid.

MICHAEL
I'll settle for a probable location
of the weapon.

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

K.I.T.T.
Point of impact analysis indicates
the weapon could only have been
fired from one position.

MICHAEL
C'mon, Kitt -- spit it out.

K.I.T.T.
Directly above.

Michael reacts, looks up. All he sees is sky.

INT. CONDO - NIGHT - ANGLE ON DEVON

as he comes out of a bedroom, quietly closes the door behind him. As he crosses to the coffee table, we widen to see Michael there, seated, waiting for him. Devon's face shows the day's toll.

MICHAEL

Is she asleep?

DEVON

Finally. Thank God.

Devon sits down next to Michael.

DEVON

Amelia, I wonder what it is you found this time.

MICHAEL

This time? There were others?

Devon smiles, in remembrance.

DEVON

She was the most inquisitive woman I ever knew. She had a childlike curiosity to know people, to know the world.

MICHAEL

You loved her, didn't you.

DEVON

(beat)

Yes. I did. I think I always had it in the back of my mind that someday...

(doesn't finish,
pauses)

I first met her in Washington, DC. On the steps of the Capitol Building. We were both hurrying somewhere. We collided on the steps. And fell, quite literally, in love.

(beat)

But she desperately wanted to go to Europe. After the war...I had seen quite enough of it. We both knew the timing wasn't right. We wouldn't see each other for years, and yet when we did it was as though we'd never been apart.

There's a long beat. Devon looks at Michael:

DEVON

When you're young, you think yourself invincible. We were. For a time.

For a moment, it looks as if Devon might cry, but he doesn't. He turns back to the business of it. He picks up

the technical drawing Michael discovered in Amelia's diary, puzzled.

DEVON

I called a friend in the State Department...He said this diagram appears to be the guidance system for a Sledgehammer missile. Michael, do you realize what this means? The Sledgehammer is a high priority top-secret weapon.

MICHAEL

Devon...this Sledgehammer...what's it fired from?

DEVON

...A helicopter called the SX-411. The most advanced attack helicopter in production today. Why?

Michael thinks for a beat. Disturbing thoughts.

MICHAEL

I think I know what Amelia was after out there...and what destroyed her.

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - STOCK - RUNBY

K.I.T.T. flashes by, into the desert evening.

INT. K.I.T.T. - NIGHT

Michael drives, pensive, alone with his thoughts.

K.I.T.T.

You're awfully quiet tonight.

MICHAEL

Guess I am, pal...got things on my mind.

K.I.T.T.

A French lesson might cheer you up.

MICHAEL

Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

Perhaps not.

A moment of silence as they drive.

K.I.T.T.

It must be very difficult to...erase
people...from one's memory banks.

MICHAEL

That's the problem, you don't. You
can't.

K.I.T.T.

If that's true, they become a per-
manent part of you.

MICHAEL

The best of them do, Kitt. The best
of them do just that.

CUT TO

EXT. WAR SURPLUS SALVAGE YARD - NIGHT

Layton and Richards patrol on foot.

OMITTED

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T. drives up to the gulley near the back gate.
Michael slips out silently ---

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

He runs across the gulley to the back gate. At the fence,
he talks into the comlink.

MICHAEL

Kitt, I need a locksmith. Fast.

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

On one monitor screen comes the lock, as K.I.T.T. infrarays
it. On the other monitor screen, combinations of numbers
speed by.

By the fence, Michael spots Richards and Layton on their
rounds, walking towards him. Into the comlink:

MICHAEL

Kitt, hurry up.

Suddenly, the gate pops open. Michael creeps inside the
fence. Michael runs to the hangar.

ANGLE ON GUARDS

Layton listens, taps Richards on the arm.

LAYTON

I hear something. Check out the
back. I'll go up front.

Richards hurries stealthily to the back gate. Layton
starts towards the hangar.

OMITTED

INT. HANGAR - NIGHT

Michael comes through a back door and is bathed in an eerie
blue light. He stops and stares up in awe.

ANGLE ON RICHARDS

He sees the back gate unlocked.

ANGLE ON LAYTON

as he sneaks around to the front of the hangar.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as he views the different parts of the SX-411. The design,
the technology. He is awed. Then, to one side, under a
single bright light, is a new Sledgehammer missile in the
process of being fitted to an MER (Multiple Ejection Rack).

K.I.T.T. (O.S.)

(comlink)

Michael, a guard is approaching.

Michael listens.

ANGLE ON LAYTON

outside the hangar, carrying a flashlight. He starts to
turn the knob to the front door.

MICHAEL

Kitt, create a diversion.

K.I.T.T. (O.S.)

Anything in particular?

MICHAEL

Use your imagination.

OMITTED

ANGLE ON TANK

silent and unmoving.

INT. K.I.T.T. - NIGHT - ON MONITOR SCREENS

The microwave ignition sensor goes to work.

ANGLE ON TANK

The engine growls to a start.

ANGLE AT HANGAR DOOR

Layton has opened the door, but now he shuts it and runs to the tank.

ANGLE ON RICHARDS

He does the same, hurrying from the back gate.

OMITTED

ANGLE ON TANK

It rumbles along, smashing things. Layton appears, jumps on it, struggles to control it.

OMITTED

ANGLE AT OPPOSITE END

K.I.T.T. appears out of the darkness, turbo boosting over the fence. He skids to a stop, the door pops open and Michael jumps in.

ANGLE ON TANK

Layton shuts it off. Richards, approaching, thinks he hears something. He turns.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - K.I.T.T.

leaps over the fence, into the night.

CLOSE ON RICHARDS

He stares in disbelief. And alarm.

OMITTED

INT. CONDO - NIGHT - DEVON AND MICHAEL

trying to keep their voices down despite the sense of excitement and tension.

MICHAEL

Devon, I saw it....

DEVON

(paces)

I don't doubt you, Michael. The point is without a serial number or some

kind of firm ID, a Federal judge isn't likely to issue a search warrant.

MICHAEL

Look, it's there now. If we're right about the yard being a front to sell illegal weapons, it might not be there long.

DEVON

(thinking)

I do know a U.S. Attorney based here...

(looks for

number in

book)

Perhaps with his influence....

He finds the number, begins to dial. Pauses.

DEVON

The last thing Camela said before she went to sleep was she couldn't bear to think her mother's death had been in vain. I told her I'd see to it. With your help, it's a promise I intend to keep.

He finishes dialling.

CUT TO

EXT. SALVAGE YARD - DAY

Richards stands by the guard gate with Strock, who is fuming. His Bentley is parked nearby. A Federal sedan with two Federal Agents and Devon stops at the gate.

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

K.I.T.T. is parked on the hill overlooking the yard. On K.I.T.T.'s monitor screens we see pictures of the sedan being let in, of the Agents and Devon getting out of the car, and of Strock angrily talking to them.

In a taut, emotionally drained voice:

CAMELA

This is where Mama...searched....

Michael takes her hand.

CAMELA

And that's the man....

Indicates Strock on the TV monitor screen.

MICHAEL

One of them...I have a feeling this thing's like crabgrass. It has a lot of runners.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

Strock, livid, stands with Richards, Devon and the two Federal Agents.

STROCK

I want to know what grounds you've got for a search warrant.

DEVON

I assure you the grounds are both sufficient and legal.

FEDERAL AGENT #1

Please open the hangar now.

STROCK

(to Devon)

I don't know who you are, but I plan to find out.

As Strock starts to open the door, he smiles, ever so slightly, at Devon. Devon's puzzled. He and the Agents step inside.

INT. HANGAR - DAY

Except for scattered pieces of old military equipment, the hangar is empty.

CLOSE ON DEVON

He is stunned.

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

Devon is incredulous. The Federal Agents are perplexed and angry. Strock and Richards look self-satisfied.

DEVON

Who was on duty last night?

RICHARDS

I was. Why?

Devon takes Federal Agent #1 aside. Strock and Richards exchange a puzzled look.

ANGLE WITH DEVON AND THE FEDERAL AGENT

They huddle. Devon speaks in a hushed tone, barely controlling his anger.

DEVON

I did a routine check on Strock's employees. If you run a make on the guard I believe you'll find he's an ex-convict.

FEDERAL AGENT #1

So?

DEVON

Unless I'm mistaken, he's carrying a weapon.

CUT TO

EXT. HILL ABOVE YARD - DAY - ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Michael and Camela are getting impatient, watching the monitor screens.

CAMELA

What's going on?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

CAMELA

Why aren't they arresting anyone?

MICHAEL

I don't know that, either.

They continue to stare at the screens. Michael senses something is wrong.

CUT TO

EXT. HANGAR - DAY

Strock and Richards are getting fidgety. Federal Agent #2 stands with them. Federal Agent #1 comes from his car.

FEDERAL AGENT #1

(to Devon)

You're right.

Devon crosses to face Strock and Richards, followed by the Agent.

DEVON

Mr. Richards, you are aware that the possession of a firearm by a felon is a violation of the law?

Before he or Strock can react, Federal Agent #2 has spun Richards around into the "position."

STROCK

What is this?!

(to Richards)

I'll have you out on bail before they finish their paperwork!

The Federal Agents start to lead Richards away. Strock faces Devon.

STROCK

This is harrassment. When my lawyers are through with that Foundation of yours, we're going to own it -- and you.

DEVON

We'll meet again, Mr. Strock. Good day.

Devon stalks away. Strock watches him, furious.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY

Michael, Devon and Camela enter in the living room from outside.

DEVON

I'm afraid the only option remaining is to force their hand.

(beat)

Michael, I want you to go undercover.

MICHAEL

Devon, come on -- if you're right about Richards spotting Kitt last night, my cover wouldn't last an hour.

DEVON

I've made some arrangements in that area. I have it on excellent authority that Sam Richards will be shuttled from jail -- 'salted' as it were -- for at least twenty-four hours.

He smiles. Michael shares it.

MICHAEL

You never cease to amaze me.

CAMELA

(concerned)

Michael, I want to see those men arrested and finished more than anything...but I don't want any more...deaths.

MICHAEL

Neither do I, Camela. But thanks to Devon we've got one more shot -- and twenty-four hours. We can't let it slip away.

After a beat, she nods.

CAMELA

A few days ago, you two were strangers. And now you're willing to risk your lives...

(to Devon)

I can see why Mama loved you so.

They all share the moment.

OMITTED

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

K.I.T.T. speeds down the highway to the awaiting semi. He shoots up the ramp inside.

INT. SEMI - DAY

As Michael gets out of the car, April steps up to him. She has in her arms a load of clothes. They ad-lib greetings. She hands him the clothes.

MICHAEL

What's this?

APRIL

A complete mercenary's outfit. It comes presoiled.

He smiles, then follows her to the lounge area.

NEW ANGLE

She presses a button on the TV console.

APRIL

I have something interesting to show you....

On the screen comes a picture of Jack Kragen, in military garb, holding a rifle, in some jungle.

APRIL

We were able to dig up three names of black market arms dealers in the Phoenix area. One of them turned up on the list of employees at Strock's Surplus Yard: Jack Kragen.

MICHAEL

The circle closes.
(a beat)
Then he's where I start.

APRIL

After you learn the cover I've prepared for you. I've got names, dates, battles, slogans....

MICHAEL

Not to mention dirty laundry....

She smiles.

CUT TO

EXT. SEMI - DAY - RUNBY

INT. SEMI - LOUNGE AREA - DAY - LATER

Michael, dressed in his mercenary outfit -- fatigue jacket and scruffy clothes -- rubs his eyes, then clicks off the TV set.

APRIL

How's it going, Hutch?

MICHAEL

All right. A lot to learn -- the entire history of Dan Hutchinson's Black Snake Commandoes. The only question I have left is how these

guys get their hands on things like state-of-the-art attack helicopters and missiles.

APRIL

I'm still working on that one. The conventional answer -- military theft -- doesn't adequately explain it. By the way, Devon's called three times since you arrived. I've never seen him so...driven.

MICHAEL

Amelia Clermont was a bridge that crossed a lot of years and a lot of memories. I think he always expected to cross that bridge...but not like this.

A beat more, then Michael walks to K.I.T.T. Before he gets in the car:

K.I.T.T.

April, do I get a cover too?

APRIL

You don't need one, Kitt. You're already classified information.

MICHAEL

By the way, did you tell Kitt something about 'bubble-heads in bikinis?'

K.I.T.T.

I told him you didn't, April, but he refuses to believe me.

APRIL

Kitt's right, Michael. I'd never say something like that. After all, I wear a bikini.

MICHAEL

Yeah? When?

APRIL

(a smile)
Off-duty.

MICHAEL

Wouldn't you know.

And he gets into K.I.T.T. and backs out. On her amused reaction:

CUT TO

STOCK - DRIVEBYS

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

A rundown area.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, why is it every time you go undercover, you dress in the least attractive outfits imaginable? Why is it you never go as an aristocrat or a count?

MICHAEL

Good question, Kitt. Gonna have to ask Devon about that.

They slowly drive past the Hillside Bar, an ND bar with no windows.

K.I.T.T.

I'll bet not a soul in there speaks French.

Michael pulls K.I.T.T. into a dark, dank alleyway next to the bar. Parked, or rather abandoned, not far away, is a totally stripped car.

K.I.T.T.

And look at this alley. Look at the last car that was left here.

MICHAEL

Keep your headlights open, pal.

Michael smiles, clicks on Surveillance Mode and gets out of the car.

INT. HILLSIDE BAR - NIGHT

As Michael walks into the bar, conversation becomes muted. Eyes on him. The bar itself is not large, but most of the clientele are. Michael spots Kragen playing darts near a back booth. Conversation starts up again, in low, hushed tones. Michael taps Kragen on the shoulder. He turns around.

MICHAEL

Jack Kragen?

KRAGEN

Who wants to know?

MICHAEL

Machete Tom Merton.

KRAGEN

You ain't him.

MICHAEL

No -- but he sent me. My name's
Hutchinson. We're old friends -- we
fought together against the Rebels
in San Victoria.

Kragen eyes Michael.

KRAGEN

Black Snake Commandoes, huh? Machete
made up a saying. I liked it a lot.
If you fought in San Victoria, you
know it.

Some of the bar patrons begin to gather around Michael and
Kragen, waiting, probably hoping for a fight. Michael
looks around the room, clears his throat, then:

MICHAEL

'Good luck is a fantasy for fools
who expect it. Don't expect it,
don't need it.'

A beat. No one responds. Michael begins to think he made
a fatal mistake.

KRAGEN

Buy you a drink, Hutch?

Michael nods, relieved.

CUT TO

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - ON K.I.T.T.

A shabbily dressed Derelict stumbles into the alleyway.
He holds a bottle of whiskey. He looks at K.I.T.T. then
tries to sleep on his hood. K.I.T.T. backs away. The
Derelict stumbles, but maintains his precarious balance.

K.I.T.T.

Shoo. Shoo.

DERELICT

Who said that?

K.I.T.T.

I did. Kindly remove yourself.

The Derelict tries again to cuddle up to K.I.T.T. This
time K.I.T.T. pulls back even further. The Derelict goes
down to the ground with a thud.

CUT TO

INT. HILLSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Michael and Kragen are drinking beers at a back booth. The booth is secluded; you can't easily see who is at this table from the front bar area.

KRAGEN

...all right, say I've got the contacts to deliver...What you got in mind?

MICHAEL

Two MERs -- Multiple Ejection Racks -- adapted to handle Sledgehammer missiles.

Kragen regards him for a long moment.

KRAGEN

You saying you've got Sledgehammers?

MICHAEL

I didn't say that. What my contact has or doesn't have, I don't ask. I take orders. He ordered two MERs. Machete Tom said you might have... access.

(beat)

If I can deliver 'em by tomorrow noon, I get a fifty thousand dollar bonus.

KRAGEN

Don't pressure me.

MICHAEL

Hey, no pressure. Just want to let you know if you help me meet my deadline, I'll split the bonus with you.

KRAGEN

I'll let you know.

Michael nods, gets up from the table. He hands Kragen a slip of paper.

MICHAEL

This is my girl friend's number. Tell her if it's on. She'll tell me.

He exits. Kragen watches him go.

EXT. HILLSIDE BAR - ALLEY - NIGHT - ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Michael climbs in the car.

MICHAEL

Kitt, there should be a call going out on a pay phone from the bar. Trace it.

After a beat:

K.I.T.T.

You're right, Michael. The call is to a phone at 7113 Church Street.

MICHAEL

Church Street? That's where Ebersol's Reelection office is....

K.I.T.T.

Shall we go there?

MICHAEL

No. We can't risk being spotted. But this sure opens up some interesting questions, pal.

(a beat)

Let's call it a night.

CUT TO

EXT. EBERSOL'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

STROCK'S VOICE

He has a buyer for a couple of Multiple Ejection Racks....

INT. EBERSOL'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The office is empty, save Ebersol and Strock, who are talking in the glass-partitioned office.

EBERSOL

I don't want to know the details -- That's your end.

(beat)

Does the buyer check out?

STROCK

Kragen's working on it now.

EBERSOL

Tell him not to make a move unless he's absolutely sure the buyer's straight. Somebody's salting your guard, Richards...until we find out why, I want to be doubly careful.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY - CLOSE ON TELEPHONE

As we pull back, we see Michael, Devon and Camela in the living room, waiting around the phone.

CAMELA

What if he doesn't call? Do we have any other options?

Neither of them want to deal with that possibility.

MICHAEL

Let's give it more time. He still has over an hour.

She sighs, anxious, nods. She picks up the diary from the table and glances through it. Devon sees the love letters. He carefully looks through them.

CAMELA

Devon, may I ask you a personal question?

DEVON

Of course. What is it?

CAMELA

Why didn't you and Mama marry?

Devon and Michael exchange a look of surprise.

DEVON

Amelia was the perfect woman for that time of my life...a wonderful time of discovery and excitement...As I told Michael, I always felt that someday ---

He breaks off, startled by the phone ringing. Michael grabs it.

MICHAEL

April?...

INTERCUT - APRIL

in the semi.

APRIL

He said he'd meet you at 11:30 at the Hillside Bar.

MICHAEL

Are you sure the call wasn't traced?

APRIL

Positive. He even asked me how long we've been dating.

MICHAEL

Thanks, April.

APRIL
Good luck, Michael.

MICHAEL
'Good luck is a fantasy for fools....'

APRIL
(smiles)
Well said, Hutch.

He puts the phone back in its cradle. To Devon and Camela:

MICHAEL
It's on.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. HILLSIDE BAR - DAY

K.I.T.T. is parked in the alleyway not far from the abandoned vehicle. His scanner light flashes.

K.I.T.T.
Oh, no.

NEW ANGLE

From inside the abandoned vehicle comes a groan. The Derelict sits up, yawns, and rubs his eyes. He squints, trying to adjust to the morning light. Then he spots K.I.T.T.

He grabs his bottle of booze, climbs out of the car and approaches the Trans Am, looks it over, starts to say something, shakes his head, walks off, stops; can't stand it, has to ask.

DERELICT
I gotta know somethin' -- I mean I know cars don't talk, but did you talk to me last night?

No response.

DERELICT
See -- I was right. I'm okay. I know cars don't talk.

Satisfied, the Derelict starts away. He uncaps his bottle, brings it to his lips, as:

K.I.T.T.
You really should give up the sauce, sir.

The Derelict spins around and sees no one but K.I.T.T. Eyes wide, he pours out the contents of his bottle onto the ground. He carefully disposes of it in a garbage can, then walks, straight as he can, quickly away.

INT. HILLSIDE BAR - DAY

Michael is seated at the bar when Kragen enters. They ad-lib greetings.

MICHAEL
I'm ready when you are.

A pause.

KRAGEN
I have someone I want you to meet first.

He motions Michael to a back table. Michael follows.

ANGLE AT TABLE

As they approach, we see a man waiting there, seated, his back to us. As if on cue, he rises, turns, smiling at Michael. Hold on Michael's reaction: the man is Richards.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

INT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY

The phone rings and Camela answers it.

CAMELA
Hello?
(to Devon)
It's for you.

She holds it for Devon. He crosses and takes it.

DEVON
Devon Miles here....

As he listens, his face goes white.

DEVON

What happened! You guaranteed he'd
be incommunicado for twenty-four
hours!

(listens)

Find out who arranged it.

He hangs up and quickly dials a number over:

CAMELA

What is it, Devon? What's wrong?

DEVON

The guard -- Richards -- he's been
released on bail.

She reacts, frightened.

CAMELA

Oh, Michael....

DEVON

(into phone)

April, I can't go into details --
contact Kitt immediately. Get
Michael out of that bar.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. HILLSIDE BAR - DAY - ANGLE ON DOOR

The bartender bolts the door shut.

ANGLE AT BACK BOOTH

Kragen and Richards watch Michael carefully.

KRAGEN

I don't know who you are, 'Hutch' --
but I'm gonna show you what I do to
people who set me up. And if I ever
see your face again, I'll kill you.

Just as they both move towards Michael, the comlink beeps a
distress signal, distracting them. Michael makes a run for
the door, but it's blocked by the bartender. He swings.
Michael ducks, connects and knocks the bartender to the
floor.

Kragen and Richards rush Michael. Michael tosses a barstool
at Richards, knocking him down. Kragen swings and misses.
The bartender gets up, grabs at Michael, ripping off the
comlink. Michael's knocked off balance. He scrambles to
his feet, reacts.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - THE THREE MEN

come towards him. He is trapped against the bar.

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

K.I.T.T.

Michael, please respond! This is
an emergency. Are you there?!
Michael...?

No response.

OMITTED

CUT TO

INT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY

Camela opens the door and Michael enters. He's a mess. His
clothes are torn, his face is bruised.

DEVON

Michael...!

CAMELA

My God, are you all right?

They help him to the couch.

MICHAEL

I'm okay...just sore. Real sore.
(a beat)

I have one question, Devon: What
happened?!

DEVON

I don't know. All the Federal Agent
could tell me was that whoever arranged
it had a great deal of clout...I'm
sorry, Michael.

Something clicks.

MICHAEL

Clout...someone like Congressman
Ebersol?

DEVON

Why Ebersol?

MICHAEL

A call went out from Kragen last night
-- to Ebersol's campaign office.

CAMELA

Ebersol was the coauthor of the Congressional Report on illegal arms sales!

MICHAEL

I'll bet you won't find Strock's name in that report.

CAMELA

Then that's what Mama must have found -- something that linked them together.

DEVON

That might explain the technical drawing of the Sledgehammer's guidance system. Maybe she found out how Strock gets his top-priority weapons....

MICHAEL

If you're right, it's with Ebersol's help.

A silent, thoughtful moment.

CAMELA

My mother had the courage to risk her life to get evidence against them. And you did, too. Isn't there something more we can do?

Michael considers it.

MICHAEL

There's something we can try. But it's a longshot, a real longshot... and it could be dangerous.

CAMELA

What do you want me to do?

CUT TO

INT. EBERSOL'S OFFICE/HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A hectic place of ringing phones and hurrying people. In a glass-partitioned office are Ebersol and Strock, going over some papers. Outside the office, Camela enters, dressed and made up to look exactly like Amelia. She hands a letter to a campaign worker and waits as she delivers it to Ebersol. The worker points out at Camela, and Ebersol and Strock stare, transfixed.

With a wisp of a smile, Camela vanishes. Ebersol and Strock move out after her, trying not to attract attention to themselves. They see a back door close.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - DAY

Camela gets into K.I.T.T. and Michael speeds down the alley. When Ebersol and Strock come out of the door, all they see is the departing Trans Am.

EBERSOL
You said she was dead!

STROCK
That's what Kragen told me!

EBERSOL
Did he see the body?

STROCK
No one could have escaped that inferno. Kragen hit her with a Sledgehammer missile.

EBERSOL
Did he see the body?!

All Strock can do is shake his head. He opens the letter.

EBERSOL
What does she want?

STROCK
\$500,000 dollars. Cash.

They look at each other, considering options.

STROCK
I've got an idea how to solve this problem...once and for all.

CUT TO

EXT. SEMI - DAY - MOVING

INT. SEMI - DAY

April is working on K.I.T.T. Michael is preparing himself for the job ahead.

APRIL
Do you think they'll take the bait?

MICHAEL
I wish I knew.

APRIL

I hope Camela will be all right. Of course, she'll be in good hands -- right, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

As am I, April.

She smiles.

APRIL

I'm increasing the microwave jammer three times its normal strength, Michael. If they use the SX-411 helicopter, it should knock out the coils in the turbines.

K.I.T.T. AND MICHAEL

Should?

APRIL

The only problem is you'll have to get considerably closer than you normally would.

MICHAEL

How do we do that without getting blown up in the process?

K.I.T.T.

A very good question, Michael.

APRIL

Unfortunately, I don't have a very good answer. I've outfitted Kitt with those prototype ultramagnesium charges we tested. They weren't designed to deflect heat-seeking missiles but if all else fails they might work.

MICHAEL

Might?

APRIL

It's the best I can do on short notice.

MICHAEL

Why don't I feel reassured?

APRIL

Good luck, Michael.

She impulsively kisses him on the cheek.

MICHAEL

(climbing
into K.I.T.T.)

You know what the Black Snake
Commandoes say about luck....

APRIL

Yes, but they didn't have Kitt.

She smiles, bravely, but the worry is there. Michael
backs the car out of the semi.

CUT TO

EXT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY - LATER

An ND car pulls up behind and down the street from the parked
Trans Am. Richards is in the driver's seat, Layton is in the
passenger's seat. The car is equipped with a CB. Camela,
dressed as Amelia, steps outside and walks to K.I.T.T.

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

Camela climbs in the driver's side. She nervous, fright-
ened, but determined.

K.I.T.T.

Bienvenu, Camela. Put your hands on
the wheel, sit back and leave the
driving to me.

K.I.T.T. pulls out. The ND car pulls out behind them.
K.I.T.T. tries to calm her.

K.I.T.T.

Would you like me to play a Beethoven
symphony? Perhaps something by
Brahms....

CAMELA

(preoccupied)

Thank you, Kitt.

The music instantly comes through K.I.T.T.'s sound system.

K.I.T.T.

This is Bach's well-tempered clavicord.
It's one of Michael's favorites.

CAMELA

Really? I thought he liked rock-
n-roll and girls in bikinis.

K.I.T.T.

I just like to tease him, sometimes.
Actually, Michael's a man for all

seasons. He's forever carrying on
about museums and ballets....

CUT TO

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

As K.I.T.T. approaches a four-way intersection, we see the
Knight semi lumbering out.

K.I.T.T. (O.S.)
Hold on, Camela.

K.I.T.T. accelerates, cutting in front of the semi, which,
moving slowly, causes the ND car to stop.

ANGLE ON DEVON AND MICHAEL IN A RENTED CAR

parked at the curb on the opposite side of the semi as
K.I.T.T. pulls to an abrupt stop. Michael exits the rented
car, Camela exits K.I.T.T. Both enter the other car,
quickly, and move out down the street, as:

THE SEMI

as it clears the intersection, Richards screams out after
K.I.T.T., taking no note of the slower moving rental car
driven by Devon.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A largely deserted road. K.I.T.T. and the ND car are the
only two vehicles on the highway.

DAY - RUNTHROUGHS

The ND car stays behind K.I.T.T. The desert becomes much
more desolate.

INT. ND CAR - DAY

Richards talks into his Handi-talkie.

RICHARDS
We're clear. She's all yours.

As the ND car drops out of sight, K.I.T.T. is alone on the
highway.

K.I.T.T.
Michael, I believe we've lost our tail.

MICHAEL
I believe you're right, pal. What-
ever they've got planned for us
shouldn't be long now....

Suddenly, a loud muffled sound is heard.

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - THE SX-411

seems to appear out of nowhere, filling the screen with its huge presence. In the daylight, out in the open, it is awesome, a full-blown attack helicopter, the K.I.T.T., as it were, of helicopters.

K.I.T.T.

Oh, my.

VARIOUS ANGLES - THE CHASE

K.I.T.T. hits pursuit and Kragen unleashes the fury of the mighty Gatling gun on the car. The bullets merely spark off. K.I.T.T. zig-zags on the road.

OMITTED

INT. SX-411 - COCKPIT - DAY

Kragen, wearing a pilot's helmet, presses a black button on the fire control display panel.

SLEDGEHAMMER MISSILE

spits from the underbelly of the SX-411.

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

Michael races the car away, but the missile stays on his tail. It's coming closer...closer...Michael hits a button on the dash.

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

An ultramagnesium charge is ejected from K.I.T.T. Drawn by its heat, the Sledgehammer smashes into the ground where the charge fell and explodes in a wrath of fire.

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

Michael slows K.I.T.T. off the road into the canyon, and starts to drive him around in a circle. The SX-411 hovers above, the Gatling guns pounding away with cannon fire.

MICHAEL

Okay, buddy, let's knock out his coils.

He hits the microwave jammer button and on the monitor screens, they go to work.

INT. SX-411 - COCKPIT - DAY

Kragen listens as one of his engines starts to sputter.

Reflexively, he pulls the helicopter up. Once out of K.I.T.T.'s jammer range, the turbines purr normally.

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

Michael races K.I.T.T. towards the chopper.

MICHAEL
Kitt, we're not bringing him down!

K.I.T.T.
I gave it everything I had, Michael.
We simply must get closer.

MICHAEL
Easy for you to say.

INT. SX-411 COCKPIT - DAY

Kragen hits the black button again.

SLEDGEHAMMER MISSILE

comes straight at K.I.T.T.

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

At the last minute, Michael hits the "turbo boost" button -- and K.I.T.T. jumps out of the way, just in time. The Sledgehammer explodes under the car, nearly causing it to turn over.

Michael maneuvers the car towards the edge of the canyon.

MICHAEL
All right, pal -- let's give him
some smoke.

Michael hits the "smoke screen" button on the dash.

OMITTED

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

A billow of smoke envelopes the car. Kragen heads for the car.

INT. SX-411 - COCKPIT - DAY

Kragen hits the black button and a rocket fires....

ANGLE ON SMOKE SCREEN

The Sledgehammer smashes into the smoke screen. The explosion is loud and blinding.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

climbing up a side road to the top of the canyon where the sides are no more than fifty feet across. Michael revs the car up, starts it to the canyon wall....

MICHAEL

This is as close as we're going to get, Kitt. Give me everything you've got!

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

...and hits the "turbo boost" button. The car heads up, up and over the canyon and the SX-411...Then Michael hits the microwave jammer button. On the monitor screen, the jammer appears, goes weak, appears again, as sparks fly from under the hood.

INT. SX-411 - COCKPIT - DAY

As the turbines sputter, Kragen tries to take the chopper up -- but it won't go. Panicked, he hits every emergency switch, but nothing works.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

As it lands on the other side of the canyon, safe, Michael starts the car back down to the bottom of the canyon.

ANGLE ON SX-411

The chopper auto rotates and lands at the canyon floor with a thud.

EXT. CANYON'S FLOOR - DAY

Kragen jumps out of the SX-411 and starts to run. Michael and K.I.T.T. scream alongside. Michael cuts him off, jumps out of the car and tackles Kragen. They both get to their feet, circle -- and Kragen brings up his fists.

Kragen swings, Michael deflects it. Kragen attacks again, Michael ducks, then smashes him with one punch. Kragen goes down, out cold. Motionless.

CUT TO

INT. EBERSOL'S OFFICE - CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ebersol and Strock are looking over some papers, when they hear a knock at the door. Devon enters. Ebersol and Strock stand up.

DEVON

I'm sorry to disturb you, but there's someone I'd like you to meet.

He opens the door to reveal Camela, dressed as Amelia. She undoes her hair, takes off her glasses so they see that it is, indeed, Camela.

DEVON

Gentlemen, meet Camela Clermont,
Amelia's daughter.

The two Federal Agents enter the office and grab Strock. Before they can take him out:

DEVON

It was only a matter of time, Strock.
And it will be again -- in your case,
I would think about twenty years.

The Agents take him out. Ebersol is very shaken, pale.

CAMELA

I'm not the only one in disguise,
Congressman: people believed in you
...my mother believed in you...I'm
going to make sure your disguise
comes off, too. Publicly.

DEVON

We don't have all the pieces yet, but
sooner or later we will. And when
we fit them all together, you'll join
Strock in federal prison. That's our
campaign promise to you, Congressman.

We hold on Ebersol's shocked reaction and we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. AMELIA'S CONDO - DAY

Michael, Devon, April and Camela step outside. A cabbie grabs Camela's suitcase and loads it in his taxi, which is parked a few car lengths from K.I.T.T. Camela is dressed in her traveling best.

CAMELA

I want to thank all of you. I came here to find my mother...and even though I lost her, you helped me discover who she really was.

APRIL

What are your plans now?

CAMELA

I'm going back to Paris, tie up a few loose ends. Then I'll come back to the States. Mama never lost her fascination with America. Mine is just beginning.

(to Michael)

Besides, we have symphonies to go to, not to mention plays, museums, ballets, the opera....

DEVON

It looks as though you're going to have a full social calendar when Camela returns, Michael.

With a smile and a look towards K.I.T.T.:

MICHAEL

C'est la vie.

They all laugh. She gives Michael a kiss on the cheek, a warm hug. Then she steps up to April and Devon. She hugs April, then turns to Devon. They hug, tightly, then kiss, a father's kiss for a daughter. As she moves toward the waiting cab:

CAMELA

(calling)

Au revoir, Kitt!

K.I.T.T.

Au bientôt, Camela!

The cabbie wonders what the hell is going on.

ANGLE AT K.I.T.T.

Michael, April and Devon watch as she gets into the cab.

DEVON

Giving up the past is very difficult. But...not so difficult when some of it lives on in the present.

They wave one last time to Camela. The cab turns a corner and is gone.

MICHAEL

Why don't you two follow us to
Southern California?

APRIL

Hey, that's a terrific idea.

MICHAEL

With a little luck, I'll get to
see you in a bikini.

APRIL

You know what they say about luck.

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

Michael laughs, climbs in. April and Devon lean into the
other window. Suddenly, a "Beach Boys" tune starts to play
through K.I.T.T.'s dash.

DEVON

What on earth is that?

K.I.T.T.

A California song, Devon. It extolls
the attractions of that particular
area: surfing, sun, and girls in
bikinis.

Michael starts the engine. April likes it. Devon, however,
does not.

DEVON

My dear boy, I think for the next
case, I'll send you to Paris.

MICHAEL

You'll get no argument from me there.

K.I.T.T.

If we go to Paris, Michael, can we
stop at Le Mans?

As they all laugh, we:

FADE OUT

THE END