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KNIGHT RIDER

SHORT NOTICE

by
Robert Foster

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. RESORT AREA STORE - DAY

Quaint and old, off a two-lane highway, signs advertising various beers, night-crawlers and a special on salmon eggs. A young woman exits with a sack of groceries, a Sportsac bag over her shoulder. Her name is Nicole. It's a beautiful day. She inhales the fresh air, starts toward a cluster of rental cabins a hundred yards down the road.

ANGLE AT RENTAL CABINS

A white Cadillac is parked in front of one, engine running, a large bearded man at the wheel. The cabin door is open. From inside a man exits with a six-year-old girl, Dana. She's protesting but he ignores her, forces her into the car.

ANGLE ON NICOLE

Fifty yards from the cabins, she glances ahead, reacts.

HER POINT OF VIEW - THE CADILLAC

It pulls out in a spray of gravel, heading for the road.

ANGLE ON NICOLE

Color leaves her face. She drops the groceries, runs toward the car, screaming. The Cadillac accelerates, passes within a few yards of her.

OMITTED

HER POINT OF VIEW - THE CADILLAC

The men inside are still just two large, dark figures, but Dana's face appears at the window, distressed, looking back at Nicole as the car picks up speed, disappearing down the road.

CLOSE ON NICOLE

She stumbles, stops running, tears and dust streaking her face. She turns and runs back toward the cabins. She suddenly stops cold.

OMITTED

HER POINT OF VIEW - HER CAR AND SURROUNDING AREA

A chopped Harley is parked a short distance away, partially obscured. Camera pans, picks out a second Harley, then

zooms in on two dark, burly men nearby. They are staking out her car.

ANGLE ON NICOLE

Heart pounding, fearful, she turns and starts back, away from the cabins, toward the highway. She walks over the scattered groceries, forgotten in the dirt.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trans Am appears, loafing along about sixty.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael is behind the wheel, window down, enjoying the scenery and fresh air. In the backseat is camping gear, a fishing rod, etc.

K.I.T.T.

...I don't understand the concept of fishing, Michael.

MICHAEL

What don't you understand?

K.I.T.T.

According to my information, the object of fishing is to catch fish.

MICHAEL

Right.

K.I.T.T.

But we've been gone two days, and despite all the time you spent fishing, you didn't catch any fish.

MICHAEL

They just weren't biting. That's how fishing is, Kitt -- sometimes they bite, sometimes they don't. Either way it's fishing.

K.I.T.T.

It's simply not logical, Michael.

MICHAEL

(smiles)

No one ever accused fishermen of being logical.

Michael notices something ahead.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - HITCHHIKER

A figure stands at the side of the road, hitching.

BACK TO MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Feel like company?

K.I.T.T.

Not particularly.

Michael smiles, slows and pulls over.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trans Am pulls to a stop on the soft shoulder. The hitchhiker is Nicole. She looks wary, glances in at Michael before opening the door.

MICHAEL

Hi.

NICOLE

How far are you going?

MICHAEL

How far do you want to go?

NICOLE

L.A.

MICHAEL

I'm going through L.A.

She nods, still wary, glances up and down the highway. She gets in. The Trans Am shoots back onto the road.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Nicole glances at Michael but generally avoids eye contact. Michael can feel the tension in her.

MICHAEL

Nice day.

She glances at him, the irony of the words a flash of pain across her face. She doesn't reply. He notices she keeps the Sportsac gripped firmly.

MICHAEL

Car trouble?

NICOLE

You could say.

MICHAEL

(beat)

Are you all right?

NICOLE

I've...got some problems. When I've got problems I don't make very good company.

She glances out the window, in effect sealing the conversation. Michael decides not to push it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET - STOCK

The Trans Am is backlit by a rosy sunset. It heads into the night.

EXT. LONG PINE MOTEL - NIGHT

The Trans Am is stopped in front of the office. The office door opens and Michael comes out, steps to the car where Nicole waits.

MICHAEL

Only one room left.

NICOLE

Wonderful.

MICHAEL

It's got two single beds. It's up to you. I don't mind if you don't.

NICOLE

I've never known a man who did.

He sees, for the first time, the suggestion of a smile from her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Dark. The door opens, light switched on, and Michael and Nicole enter. She's got her Sportsac, he brings in his fishing rod and an overnight bag. As promised, there are two single beds.

MICHAEL

Take your pick.

NICOLE

Pardon? Oh. This one's fine. Thanks.

She sits on one of the beds, opens the Sportsac. Michael takes the other one, dumps his gear on it.

NICOLE

Going fishing?

MICHAEL

(smiles)

Not a bad idea. Couldn't do any worse than the last couple of days. Actually I thought I'd clean up my gear.

(beat)

I'll flip you for who gets the first shower.

NICOLE

You go ahead, I've got to make a phone call.

She goes to the door, pauses.

NICOLE

Do you want anything from the office?

MICHAEL

How about a New York steak medium-rare, baked potato and a bottle of good wine.

NICOLE

(smiles)

I'll see what I can do.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Phone call finished, Nicole crosses from the office toward their room. She carries her Sportsac and a paper bag. Pan as she passes, and then hold on K.I.T.T., parked nearby.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON A CAN OF BEER

as it's popped open. Pull back and we see Michael and Nicole are sitting opposite each other on Michael's bed, legs crossed, a six pack of beer between them.

NICOLE

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

MICHAEL

Short notice is good with me.

They clink cans and drink. Michael can see she's a little more at ease, a little less ready to bolt.

NICOLE

Thank you.

MICHAEL

For what?

NICOLE

For giving me a ride, letting me stay with you, putting up with my attitude.

MICHAEL

What is your 'attitude'?

NICOLE

I'm afraid I'm...not much fun to be with, that's all.

MICHAEL

You buy good beer.

She smiles, appreciating his gentleness with her.

MICHAEL

You've got a pretty smile. You ought to smile more often.

(beat)

You said you had problems...feel like talking?

NICOLE

No.

MICHAEL

Feel like going fishing?

She laughs.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Later, early am, all the lights out except for the motel sign. The sound of a motorcycle pulling off the main road and a chopped Harley appears, idles past the office, swings past the row of guest cars. The biker is huge, Michael's height and twice as deep. He sees the Trans Am, pulls in and stops.

ANGLE ON BIKER

He studies the Trans Am for a moment, notes what number parking spot it is in, looks across at the units.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - MICHAEL'S ROOM

The number on the door corresponds. The lights are out.

ANGLE ON BIKER

He kicks it into gear and pulls away.

EXT. LONG PINE MOTEL - DAY - EARLY MORNING

The sun just rising, long shadows slanting across the motel. A rooster crows nearby. Pan the solitude toward the road to the office as two Harleys appear. As they approach the units they cut their engines and silently coast in. One is the biker who was here earlier, Singleton, and the other is James "Jungle Jim" Ferris. They glide in next to K.I.T.T., dismount and take off their jackets, their "colors."

Whatever it is they have in mind has been discussed; there's no conversation, just movement. Ferris stays on his Harley as lookout while Singleton pulls a .38 from his boot and walks to Michael's door. He quietly tries the door.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

It's dark, the heavy curtains drawn. Michael is asleep in his bed, Nicole in hers. The slight sound of Singleton trying the door a second time causes Michael to stir. He looks over at the door.

INTERCUT - SINGLETON

convinced it's locked, he steps back and kicks the door with the heel of his boot.

INTERCUT - MICHAEL

He bolts out of bed, pants on. Nicole screams. Michael reaches the door just as Singleton kicks it a second time, splintering it open. Michael sees the gun, grabs for it. Singleton fires, missing him. They struggle for the gun, falling over furniture, crashing over beds. The gun fires a second time. Now there's silence. A figure rises. It's Michael. He crosses to the light, switches it on, the .38 in his hand.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Singleton lies between the beds, motionless. Michael crosses, checks his pulse; he's dead. It's a difficult moment for him, painful.

INTERCUT - FERRIS

On his Harley, tense. He's heard two shots, the fight, now silence. He doesn't know who survived.

BACK TO MICHAEL

He realizes Nicole is nowhere to be seen.

MICHAEL

Nicole?

He moves to the closed bathroom door.

MICHAEL
Nicole, it's okay....

INTERCUT - FERRIS

He hears Michael's voice, reacts.

BACK TO MICHAEL

He opens the bathroom door, peers in. It's empty. A small window above the shower is open. The sound of Ferris' Harley starting up outside and Michael reacts.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Ferris barrels out on the Harley as Michael appears at the door, sees him leaving. He darts back in, reappears a moment later with his jacket, no gun. He puts it on while running to K.I.T.T., jumps in. A woman in the adjacent cabin pokes her head out, stares.

ANGLE ON ROAD TO MOTEL UNITS

The Harley roars past the office onto the two-lane highway. Hold, and the manager appears from the office with a shotgun, starts running toward the units as K.I.T.T. appears. The manager plants himself and waves his arms for Michael to stop. Michael swerves to avoid hitting him, races past.

EXT. NARROW TRAIL OFF HIGHWAY - DAY

Ferris appears on the highway, sees the trail and turns in.

INTERCUT - K.I.T.T.

on the highway, a good one hundred yards behind Ferris.

ANGLE FROM NARROW TRAIL

as Ferris roars by, camera angles to the Trans Am as it turns onto the road, still a good distance away.

EXT. RAIN WATER STREAM - DAY

The Harley goes through it fast, spraying water.

ANGLE ON NARROW TRAIL

The Trans Am fights it way up on uneven ground and soggy soil.

EXT. FALLEN TREE - DAY

The Harley slows, circles around it on a narrow lip of clear road.

ANGLE AT STREAM

The Trans Am appears, slashes through.

EXT. OFF-ROAD TERRAIN - DAY

The Harley finds a narrow, steep trail down the side of a mountain. Ferris uses the hog like a dirt bike, starts winding his way down.

ANGLE AT FALLEN TREE

The Trans Am approaches the tree, can't pass. Michael hits Turbo Boost and it flies over.

ANGLE AT OFF-ROAD TERRAIN

The Trans Am approaches, slows; nowhere to go.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

MICHAEL
(frustrated)
Kitt, can you give me a visual on
his route?

K.I.T.T.
You won't like it.

INSERT - MONITORS

The trail is impossible for anything other than a motorcycle.

BACK TO MICHAEL

MICHAEL
Any chance we could make it?

K.I.T.T.
Not on your life, Michael. Or mine.

MICHAEL
Thanks anyway, pal.

OMITTED

EXT. MOTEL ROAD - DAY

The Trans Am comes up the road to the cabins.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE
Does this mean another stay in one
of those dreary police impounds?

ANGLE FROM CABIN AREA

shooting past two police cars as the Trans Am approaches.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

They can't put you in jail for self-defense, Kitt.

As the Trans Am pulls in two officers run to either side of the parking area, guns drawn.

OFFICER

Come out with your hands up! Do not make any sudden moves!

Michael slowly opens the door, steps out.

MICHAEL

Look, fellas ---

OFFICER

Face the car, hands on the roof!

Michael complies, assumes the position.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Kitt, call Devon.

EXT. LONG PINE CITY JAIL - DAY

Devon's car is parked outside. Further down, we see K.I.T.T.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Devon waits, pacing. He glances over, sees Michael being led out.

DEVON

If this is your idea of a few days relaxation, I think it's time for a serious chat.

MICHAEL

Thanks for coming, Devon.

ANGLE AT WINDOW

The desk officer hands Michael a manila envelope with his personal effects. Michael signs a receipt, puts on his belt and watch over:

MICHAEL

They've charged me with second-degree murder.

DEVON

I'm well aware of that, Michael. Unfortunately, in the absence of

witnesses self-defence is rather sticky to prove.

MICHAEL

Devon, there was a witness -- the hitchhiker. Nicole.

DEVON

The girl who went out the bathroom window.

MICHAEL

You make it sound like a story.

DEVON

The fact it sounds like a story has nothing to do with me. It succeeds on its own.

(holds
open door)

After you.

EXT. JAIL - DAY

They come out, cross toward Devon's car.

MICHAEL

Who's side are you on?

DEVON

Michael, it's quite difficult enough providing adequate support for you when you're on assignment. When you succeed in being arrested on your own, it can be virtually impossible.

MICHAEL

Devon ---

DEVON

Let me finish. Despite your convictions otherwise, the county prosecutor has a respectable case in the making. The biker had a record, but your fingerprints are on the gun. And it's unregistered. There's no way to prove it was his.

They reach Devon's car, pause.

DEVON

The preliminary hearing is set for Thursday next. If you're bound over for trial the prosecutor will commence a full investigation into your past. I don't have to tell you

how difficult that could be -- for the Foundation, for the future of our work together.

MICHAEL

(beat)

Nicole can prove it was self-defense.

DEVON

Unless you can produce a body to go with the name, Michael, 'Nicole' is nothing more than a desperate man's fantasy.

OMITTED

EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - DAY

The Trans Am pulls in and stops. Michael gets out, crosses to the office when the door opens, the manager standing in the doorway with his shotgun.

MANAGER

I don't want any trouble.

MICHAEL

I'm not here to cause trouble. A girl came in last night about nine to make a call. Did you place it for her?

MANAGER

(points)

She used the pay phone. How'd you get out so soon?

MICHAEL

Bail.

Michael doesn't like the look in the Manager's eyes. He crosses to the pay phone, jots the number down on a note pad. When he turns to leave, the Manager is still watching him.

MANAGER

It's just like they say...The criminal justice system these days. It's a revolving door.

Michael steps on a temptation to reply, leaves.

ANGLE FROM K.I.T.T.

Michael climbs into K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Kitt, patch me through to Devon.

K.I.T.T.
Right away, Michael.

The Trans Am pulls out, heads for the highway.

OMITTED

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - STOCK

The Trans Am heads across the desert toward Los Angeles.

INT. TRANS AM - NIGHT

Silence as they drive across open expanses of high desert.
Michael is preoccupied, thoughtful.

K.I.T.T.
Since you haven't asked, I'll tell
you. It was demoralizing.
Demeaning.

MICHAEL
What?

K.I.T.T.
Police impound.

MICHAEL
You had me worried for a minute.

K.I.T.T.
Michael, I don't think you have any
idea what those places are like. I
was surrounded by criminal-types
with dented fenders and bullet holes.

MICHAEL
Jail was no picnic either, pal.

K.I.T.T.
Devon's calling.

MICHAEL
(punches
buttons)
Any luck?

INTERCUT - DEVON ON MONITOR

DEVON
The number Nicole called is in Los
Angeles.

MICHAEL
Address por favor!

DEVON

4518 Sumatra Drive -- Michael, before you rush headlong into this, there's something you should know. The dead man has been identified as Arlon Singleton. He's a member of the 'Devil's Deciples' motorcycle club -- which is currently under Federal investigation for everything from contract murder to extortion. If your assumption that Singleton was after Nicole is correct, she could be a very dangerous young lady to be associated with.

MICHAEL

I'll keep that in mind, Devon.
Thanks.

He hits Pursuit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - STOCK

The Trans Am accelerates, is soon a black speck in the distance.

EXT. EXPENSIVE HOUSE - DAY

A world apart from backroads and small motels. A flashy sports car pulls in and parks, a beautiful girl getting out, crossing toward the front door. It takes a moment to realize it is Nicole, so great is the change, the clothes she wears, the ambiance.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

As she enters, the maid, a black woman named Thelma, appears. Ad-lib hellos, the feeling of a long-standing affection between them.

THELMA

Before you run off, an old friend
came by to say hello.

NICOLE

(cautious)
Who?

ANOTHER ANGLE - MICHAEL

appears. On her reaction:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. HOUSE - DAY

As before, Michael and Nicole face to face, silence all around. Thelma knows immediately.

THELMA

(to Michael)

Did you lie to me? If you lied to me, I'll skin you alive.

MICHAEL

I'm a friend.

(looks to
Nicole)

Wouldn't you call me a friend?

NICOLE

We'll see. It's all right, Thelma.

EXT. HOUSE POOL AREA - DAY

Michael and Nicole sit by the pool.

NICOLE

...I walked for miles, I was afraid to even hitchhike, then I saw your car and decided to take a chance....

MICHAEL

I don't understand. If your ex-husband kidnapped your daughter, why haven't you gone to the police?

NICOLE

He has temporary custody and I don't have the money to fight him in court.

MICHAEL

(looks
around)

You don't look like a candidate for Legal Aid.

NICOLE

This is my father's house.

MICHAEL

He won't help you?

NICOLE

We don't get along. It's very complicated. I wouldn't even be here, but he's in Palm Springs on business.

(beat)
You never told me what you want.

MICHAEL
I want you to come back to Long Pine
with me for the preliminary hearing.

NICOLE
I can't do that.

MICHAEL
Why?

NICOLE
(beat)
My ex will have me killed.

MICHAEL
Why?

NICOLE
You just don't give up, do you?

MICHAEL
I'm facing a murder charge. Why?

She thinks it over before replying.

NICOLE
I have something he wants. Something
that could hurt him.

MICHAEL
Why not just give it back?

NICOLE
It's the only weapon I have. When I
get what I want, he'll get what he
wants.

MICHAEL
And you want Natalie.

She nods. A moment between them, an impasse.

MICHAEL
I could have you subpoenaed.

NICOLE
You'd have to find me first.

MICHAEL
All right, I'll make you a deal.
I'll help you get your daughter
if you'll come back to Long Pine
with me.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Nicole is on the phone, dialling a number. Michael sits across from her.

NICOLE

(phone)

Harold, this is Nicole. Don't talk, just listen to me. You can have it one of two ways. You can give me Natalie and get the film, or you can refuse and I'll go to the U.S. Attorney and give the film to him. It's up to you.

ANGLE ON HAROLD T. TURNER

He is a big hard man in his early forties. A tattoo of a snake coils up his left arm with the words "Don't Tread On Me." Like Sonny Barger of the Hell's Angels, Harold T. is a former president of an outlaw motorcycle club. From manufacturing and distributing bootleg bathtub amphetamines in the 60s, Harold T. has come a long way, though at heart he is still an "outlaw."

He is on the phone with Nicole. The house where he lives and his associates will be described later.

HAROLD T.

You go to the U.S. Attorney on me and Natalie's gonna be looking for a new mama. What you got in mind?

(listens)

Go on.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND NICOLE

NICOLE

(phone)

...a friend of mine will make the exchange. His name is Michael Knight ...Harold, this is our last chance. If you screw this up we'll both end up getting hurt.

(beat)

Can I talk to Natalie for a minute?

The line goes dead. Nicole slowly hangs up, looks at Michael.

NICOLE

Eleven o'clock tomorrow morning.

Michael nods, somber.

ANGLE ON HAROLD T.

As before, having just hung up, long legs with cowboy boots propped up on an antique rolltop desk.

WIDER ANGLE

We are in the living room of a large, expensive ranch-style house somewhere in the hills surrounding the San Fernando Valley. It's a masculine house, a pool table and dogs, somebody else's furniture and, at the moment, two biker confederates nearby. One of them, a 260 behemoth called Tiny, looks over. The other one we recognize as Ferris.

TINY

She comin' alone?

HAROLD T.

She ain't coming at all. She's sending a 'friend.'

(beat)

What's the guy's name -- the guy who wasted Arlon up in Long Pine.

FERRIS

Some joker named Knight -- why?

HAROLD T.

Michael Knight?

Ferris nods.

HAROLD T.

(to Tiny)

You ain't gonna have to hunt that boy down after all. He'll be here tomorrow...eleven o'clock.

On their reaction:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Nicole walks Michael outside. A limousine approaches, turns into the driveway. Nicole reacts.

MICHAEL

What's the matter?

ANOTHER ANGLE

The man climbing out of the limo is angry. He is Nicole's father, Arthur Wexley.

WEXLEY

What are you doing here?!

NICOLE

I thought you were in Palm Springs until tomorrow and ---

WEXLEY

And what? You thought you'd bring
your latest boyfriend by for a
quickest?

Michael feels compelled to respond, but when these two meet
no one else exists.

NICOLE

You've got your women confused again
-- this is Nicole, not Darlene.

WEXLEY

I see very little difference.

NICOLE

You see very little period.

Tight-lipped, Wexley steps directly in front of her.

WEXLEY

The real victim of your unfortunate
life isn't you. It's Natalie.

She slaps him hard. Michael's a little shocked, certainly
surprised. Wexley grabs her wrist.

MICHAEL

(pries them
apart)

Now wait a minute, this is getting
out of hand ---

WEXLEY

Get your hands off me.

MICHAEL

(drops his
hands)

I can do better than that.

(to Nicole)

I'll see you tomorrow.

He turns and leaves, walking out the long driveway.

OMITTED

EXT. FOUNDATION - NIGHT - STOCK

DEVON'S VOICE

Absolutely not!

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Devon is surrounded by computer print-outs. Bonnie is
feeding him additional information as it appears. Michael
paces, frustrated.

MICHAEL

I made a deal with her!

DEVON

Then unmake it!

(turns)

Michael, what earthly purpose does it serve to research what you're up against if you simply choose to ignore the results?

MICHAEL

I'm not ignoring them, Devon.

DEVON

You are.

MICHAEL

All right, so Harold T. Turner's a hard guy. We've been up against hard guys before.

DEVON

Turner is more than just a 'hard guy,' Michael -- as former president of the 'Satan's Stompers' motorcycle club he has at his disposal over 300 'hard guys' -- not to mention whatever other resources his various underworld activities provide.

BONNIE

He's right, Michael.

(referring to
print-out)

According to the Federal investigation, the 'Satan Stompers' have developed extensive ties with major criminal organizations. It's not like Peter Fonda riding around on a chopped Harley with a heart of gold underneath a two-day growth of beard.

MICHAEL

Look, I'm not trying to talk you into a project. I'm trying to save my own skin. And the Foundation's. You said it yourself, Devon -- if we don't kick the charge loose at preliminary hearing, and I'm bound over for trial, the prosecutor will go over my past with a magnifying glass.

A quiet moment; what he says is true.

DEVON

I won't forbid it, Michael. I can't.
Not when it's your future at stake.
But I want to make absolutely certain
you know what you're getting into.
Dealing with this Harold T. Turner
on a purely professional basis would
be dangerous enough...add the fact it's
highly personalized -- a war between
husband and wife -- there's no way
to predict what will happen. As a
former police officer you know that.
What's the most lethal call an officer
can get?

MICHAEL

(beat)

Domestic dispute.

Devon nods, point made.

DEVON

I rest my case.

(beat)

All right, let's get to work. I
want Kitt to be as fully prepared
as humanly possible.

EXT. RURAL AREA - DAY - STOCK

The semi rolls along, the ramp descends and the Trans Am
rolls out, accelerates, headed for Los Angeles.

EXT. TRANS AM DRIVING SHOT - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS - STOCK

bringing us into the city.

OMITTED

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael is at the wheel. K.I.T.T.'s computers are in full
operation.

K.I.T.T.

What next, Michael?

MICHAEL

(weary)

There's more?

K.I.T.T.

Aside from an aerial view of the
house, I have a topographical map
and floor plans.

MICHAEL
(punches
buttons)
Let's try the floor plans.

INSERT - MONITOR

Floor plans appear on the monitor, various colors at various points.

K.I.T.T.
For your convenience, all entrances and exits are outlined in green.

BACK TO MICHAEL

MICHAEL
What are the red dots?

K.I.T.T.
Security installations.

EXT. STREET - DAY - STOCK

The Trans Am passes.

MICHAEL'S VOICE
All right, let's review 'em one by one.

EXT. CITY MOTEL - DAY

The Trans Am pulls into the parking area. One of the motel doors opens and Nicole comes out, cautious. She looks around, approaches the car with her Sportsac.

ANGLE AT TRANS AM

Nicole reaches Michael, behind the wheel. Ad-lib hellos, strained. She reaches into the Sportsac, hands him a tiny Minox camera.

NICOLE
This is it.

MICHAEL
(takes it)
What are the pictures of?

NICOLE
The inside of his safe. He keeps records of every transaction he makes -- names, times, places...he'd do twenty years behind what's in that camera.

Michael inhales, remembering what Devon said. A pause. He glances at his watch.

MICHAEL
Meet here afterwards?

NICOLE
I'll be waiting.

Michael nods, starts the engine.

NICOLE
I'm...sorry about yesterday. My father and I....

MICHAEL
One thing puzzled me. You said something about him confusing you with Darlene. Who's Darlene?

NICOLE
My mother. She left him when I was about Natalie's age. He never forgave her. Or me.
(beat)
Good luck.

Michael nods. She leans in, impulsively kisses him quickly on the mouth and leaves. The Trans Am pulls out.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - DAY - STOCK

The Trans Am climbs up a narrow road, winding higher and higher into the hills.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE
Shall we review again, Michael?

MICHAEL'S VOICE
I think I've reviewed about as much as I can, Kitt. From here on its just you and me, pal.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP HOUSE - DAY

The Trans Am turns off the narrow street onto a private road, stops at an imposing iron gate. He presses a talk box.

MALE VOICE
Yeah?

MICHAEL
Michael Knight. Harold T. Turner's expecting me.

No reply, but the iron gates swing open. The Trans Am drives through and the gates close.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP HOUSE - DAY

A circular drive swings past an ornate fountain and pool, continues to the main entrance and then circles back. Several expensive late-model cars are parked near the front, including the white Cadillac we saw take Natalie. Also several chopped Harleys. The Trans Am circles in and parks. Michael climbs out, pauses at K.I.T.T.'s hood.

MICHAEL

No naps.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Perish the thought.

The scanner flashes, ready. Michael smiles, starts toward the entrance. It's strangely quiet.

MOVING SHOT

Michael hears his heart pumping in his ears. The silence is penetrating.

ANGLE AT FRONT DOOR

He reaches it, rings the bell. Footsteps, heavy. The door opens, revealing a mountainous man in Levis and an open snakeskin vest. It's Tiny. He stares at Michael with a particular hatred.

TINY

I'll be damned.

MICHAEL

What.

TINY

You showed up.

Michael doesn't like it. He can almost feel the hatred emanating from Tiny. He pats Michael down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Tiny enters, Michael behind him, we see the full room, the pool table, a beautiful view with a sloping backyard outside. Ferris is there idly shooting balls. At the rolltop desk is Harold T. Turner. He gets up, moves to where Michael stands.

HAROLD T.

Tiny didn't think you'd show up. He said nobody's that stupid.

He smiles, eyes like nails.

MICHAEL

(eyes on
Harold T.)

Sorry to let you down, Tiny.

Tiny doesn't like the reply, grabs a pool cue and comes at Michael swinging, Ferris yelling, grabbing him from behind. Harold T. grabs him from the front and together they hold him back. Michael stands his ground.

HAROLD T.

You gotta understand Tiny -- one of his brothers got wasted the other night up in Long Pine. He's been real jumpy ever since....

Michael has a sinking feeling; they know.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

All systems are on alert.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Sorry to hear that.

ANGLE IN HOUSE

Harold T. walks with Tiny to a glass door outside. A few MOS words between them and Tiny goes out. Harold turns to look at him.

HAROLD T.

How long you known my wife?

MICHAEL

(beat)

I know someone named Nicole. What she is or isn't to you is none of my concern.

HAROLD T.

Where's the camera?

MICHAEL

Where's Natalie?

HAROLD T.

(holds out
his hand)

Outside. Tiny's watching her. He's real good with kids....

The hand stays out. Michael decides it would be useless to risk a confrontation now. He reaches into his jacket, hands

Harold T. the Minox. He hands it to Ferris, who promptly disappears into another room.

HAROLD T.

He'll find out if what Nicole said is on the film. Anybody can buy a camera.

(beat)

Won't take long. You want a beer?

MICHAEL

No thanks.

HAROLD T.

(opens a beer)

How long you known my wife?

MICHAEL

(beat)

Not long.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

incongruous in this setting is a brand new swing set, super deluxe. Natalie swings while Tiny reads her a story, slowly. Camera pans to a nearby hill and slowly zooms in: A figure appears in the undergrowth. It's Nicole. She carries a pair of binoculars and a .32 in her belt. She pauses, looks through the binoculars.

OMITTED

HER POINT OF VIEW - TINY AND NATALIE

As before, Natalie swinging and asking questions Tiny can't answer.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND HAROLD T.

Michael waits. Harold T. drinks his beer, eyes never leaving Michael.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

His scanner flashes.

ANGLE IN HOUSE - MICHAEL AND HAROLD T.

They turn as Ferris comes out with a wet contact sheet. He shows it to Harold T.

FERRIS

She did it.

HAROLD T.

She surely did.

He looks from the sheet to Michael.

HAROLD T.

One thing about Nicole, she's been
bad news for every man she's ever
known....

He takes a .357 Magnum from a drawer, points it at Michael.

HAROLD T.

What made you think you'd be
different?

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Harold T. has the Magnum trained on Michael.

MICHAEL

I'm unarmed. Do I get Natalie or not?

HAROLD T.

You get what you deserve. You think
Nicole deserves Natalie?

MICHAEL

You made a deal. She trusted you.

HAROLD T.

The woman is my wife, cowboy --
She's sleeping in my bed when I'm
there and when I'm not she's into
my safe with a camera!

(beat)

Don't talk to me about trust.

(to Ferris)

Go tell Tiny we'll be back directly.

(to Michael)

After you take me to Nicole, we'll all
come back here and watch you tell Tiny
how sorry you are you wasted his brother.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and Michael comes out, followed by
Harold T. and Ferris.

ANGLE IN BACKYARD

Tiny and Natalie are playing ball. Natalie throws it past him. Tiny mumbles under his breath, goes to the fence to get it, reacts.

REVERSE ANGLE

Nicole is holding the .32 on him.

NICOLE
Don't yell. I don't want to hurt
you....

NATALIE'S VOICE
Mommy!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Natalie runs up to the fence.

NICOLE
Hi, baby. Just be quiet for a
minute, okay? Tiny, get the ladder.

TINY
I've never seen a woman get herself
into so much trouble so fast.

NICOLE
Get it.

ANGLE IN FRONT OF HOUSE

Michael and Ferris climb into K.I.T.T. Ferris reacts.

FERRIS
What the hell kind of car is this?

MICHAEL
It's full of surprises.

ANGLE IN BACKYARD

Natalie is climbing up the ladder.

NICOLE
That's it, honey...you're such a big
girl....

Natalie is at the top. One eye on Tiny, Nicole stands on a rock and reaches up, reassuring her. When Natalie is on the ground, Nicole faces Tiny again.

NICOLE
Throw the ladder over.

ANGLE IN FRONT

The Trans Am and the Cadillac slowly pull out, the Cadillac in the lead. They circle past the pool.

ANGLE IN TRANS AM

Michael driving, Ferris with the .38 on him.

MICHAEL

How about some music?

FERRIS

You're a condemned man. You want music, go ahead.

INSERT - CONTROL PANEL

Michael presses the Eject button.

ANGLE ON TRANS AM

The sunroof pops open and Ferris flies out, arms flailing. He lands in the pool.

ANGLE ON HAROLD T.

He looks back, slams on his brakes, just where the circular driveway returns to the main driveway out.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

Michael backs up, turns, swings around the opposite way. Harold T. jumps out of the Cadillac and fires at the Trans Am with his Magnum. Tiny appears from the house, also fires.

ANGLE FROM CADILLAC

as K.I.T.T. accelerates, headed directly for it. Harold T. empties the Magnum and dives out of the way.

INSERT - TURBO BOOST

Michael presses it.

WIDER ANGLE - THE TRANS AM

flies over the Cadillac. Harold T. watches, incredulous.

OMITTED

ANGLE AT ELECTRIC GATE

The Trans Am smashes through the gate, leaving spaghetti bars behind.

OMITTED

EXT. CITY MOTEL - DAY

The Trans Am appears in traffic, turns in fast. Michael jumps out, hurries to Nicole's room, knocks on the door.

MANAGER'S VOICE

She's gone.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MANAGER

approaching.

MICHAEL

(reacts)

Gone for a while?

MANAGER

Gone gone. She checked out about an hour ago.

He's been double-crossed. Betrayed. It sinks in.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

OMITTED

EXT. WEXLEY HOUSE - DAY

The Trans Am pulls up in front. Michael gets out, crosses to the front door. Rings the bell. Arthur Wexley opens the door. They regard each other for a moment.

MICHAEL

Is Nicole here?

WEXLEY

What makes you think she'd be here?

MICHAEL

Mr. Wexley, I don't know what's between you and your daughter, but we had an agreement. I lived up to my part, I want to make sure she lives up to hers.

WEXLEY

(beat)

Come in.

OMITTED

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

as they enter.

WEXLEY

Is she in trouble again?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

(beat)

Yeah, I think so. Have you heard from her? Do you know where she is?

Wexley pauses, faces Michael. In b.g., we can see Thelma pass from one room to another.

WEXLEY

No.

MICHAEL

No idea where she might go? Who she might see?

WEXLEY

(shakes
his head)

Nicole's not a girl to leave bridges intact once she passes over them.

His face changes. He turns, crosses toward the French doors, away from Michael's eyes.

WEXLEY

Do you understand women? I do not understand women. I thought loving a daughter would be easier than loving a wife. Less apt to fail. I was wrong. It isn't. And its failure is no less painful.

MICHAEL

For what it's worth, I don't think Nicole's across that bridge yet. Not all the way.

Wexley looks at Michael.

WEXLEY

Why, did she say something? What did she say?

MICHAEL

She said you'd never forgiven Darlene. Or her.

WEXLEY

That's not true.

Michael shrugs, suspecting it is.

WEXLEY

In fact, if anything it's the opposite. I gave her everything, every opportunity. I wanted her to know she could be the best.

(beat)

She fought me from the beginning. From the day she entered school... Look at her now. Who she married, how she lives. The terrible waste her life has become.

Michael debates whether to say anything or not.

MICHAEL

She's struggling. She's not happy. But she's determined to be a mother to her child. And she's strong.

(beat)

Who knows, maybe that's enough.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens and Michael comes out.

WEXLEY

Will you call me when you find her?

MICHAEL

I'll tell her you want me to. If she agrees, I will.

(beat)

If I find her.

He heads for K.I.T.T. Wexley closes the door.

THELMA'S VOICE

Mr. Knight.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THELMA

She comes over from the garage area.

THELMA

I think you're what you said, a friend. She needs a friend.

She hands him a slip of paper.

THELMA

She called a while ago. Asked me to mail the rest of her things there....

MICHAEL

(reading)

Why Spencer, Arizona?

THELMA

(shrugs)

I don't ask any more. All I know is
she's got Natalie with her.

On Michael's reaction:

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY - STOCK

The Trans Am heads out of Los Angeles.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - STOCK

The Trans Am is on U.S. 15 headed toward Barstow, then due
east on U.S. 40 to Arizona.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael drives with the windows down.

K.I.T.T.

...from the way you describe it, I
get the distinct impression Nicole
used you as a diversion.

MICHAEL

Kind of looks that way, doesn't it.

K.I.T.T.

That's quite unscrupulous.

MICHAEL

(a smile)

Does it shock you, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

After a year on the road with you,
Michael, nothing shocks me.

(beat)

May I make a suggestion?

MICHAEL

Suggest away.

K.I.T.T.

Since your future may rest on
Nicole's testimony, or lack of it,
may I suggest Pursuit Mode. It will
cut down our travel time considerably.

MICHAEL

Plot me a course off major highways
and we'll do it.

OMITTED

INSERT - MONITOR

An alternate course is plotted.

BACK TO MICHAEL

MICHAEL
Arizona, here we come.

He hits the Pursuit button.

OMITTED

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY - STOCK

The Trans Am hurtles down the road.

EXT. SPENCER, ARIZONA - NIGHT

The Trans Am idles through the town.

EXT. THE LITTLE NASHVILLE BAR - NIGHT

The Trans Am pulls in and parks. Country and Western music inside, pickups and 4-wheel drives outside. Michael goes in.

INT. THE LITTLE NASHVILLE BAR - NIGHT

The "in" spot in Spencer, The Little Nashville Bar is crowded and noisy, a small dance floor, a smaller stage where a three-piece band plays country rock.

ANGLE AT BAR

Two pitchers of beer and glasses are put on a tray. We see the waitress who picks it up is Nicole. Camera pans her to a table where four men sit. She puts down the beer, collects money. She notices a new customer at an adjacent table, turns.

NICOLE
Can I help you?

ANOTHER ANGLE

The man is Michael. Nicole looks like she is seeing a ghost, recovers, starts to leave. Michael grabs her arm.

MICHAEL
Sit down, Nicole.

NICOLE
I'm working. Let go of my arm.

MICHAEL
(eyes on her)
You owe me.

NICOLE

If you're talking about testifying in Long Pine, I'm sorry. I also owe my daughter.

She tries to jerk her arm free, but Michael won't release her. The movement causes a glass to fall. Several people look.

NICOLE

(angry)

Either you let go of my arm or I scream. You'll have twenty cowboys on you before you reach the door.

A final look between them and Michael releases her.

NICOLE

I'm sorry.

She hurries away, back to the bar area.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Kitt, when you see me head for the door, be there.

INTERCUT - K.I.T.T. - STOCK

Several shots as his scanner activates, then his instrument panels.

K.I.T.T.

Will you be alone?

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Not if I can help it.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I hope you know what you're doing. If I end up in police impound again I'll be forced to lodge a formal complaint.

BACK TO BAR

Nicole waits for an order, uncomfortable. Michael appears behind her.

MICHAEL

Sure I can't change your mind?

NICOLE

(not turning)

Positive.

The bartender is about to put pitchers on her tray.

MICHAEL
(to bartender)
Cancel that order.

Michael grabs Nicole, throws her over his shoulder and runs for the door. She screams and kicks.

REACTION SHOTS

People stare. Men jump to their feet, stumble over chairs and spill beer to get at Michael.

EXT. THE LITTLE NASHVILLE BAR - NIGHT

The Trans Am roars up, both doors popping open as the front door is kicked open and Michael runs out with Nicole. He throws her into the passenger side and the door closes and locks immediately. Men pour out of the bar as Michael dives into the driver's side and hits the gas. Some run after the Trans Am, some throw beer bottles. Others run for their trucks.

INT. WEXLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

The doorbell rings. After a moment, Thelma appears from another room, crosses to the door.

THELMA
Yes?

MAN'S VOICE
Is Mr. Wexley home?

THELMA
No, he's out for the evening. Can I help you?

MAN'S VOICE
I've got a telegram for him. Can you sign for it?

THELMA
(suspicious)
Who's it from?

MAN'S VOICE
Somebody named 'Nicole.'

Thelma debates, unlocks the deadbolt and opens the door. Standing there is Tiny and Ferris. Thelma gasps, tries to slam the door but Tiny pushes in and grabs her.

OMITTED

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael and Nicole approach the Trans Am, Michael carrying a suitcase, Nicole with Natalie in her arms. Michael puts the suitcase in back and Nicole puts Natalie inside. They go back inside for the rest.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Natalie looks at K.I.T.T.'s dash in wonderment. She stares at the monitor screens.

NATALIE

You have such big eyes....

INTERCUT MONITOR SCREENS

They seem to stare back at her. K.I.T.T. decides to have a little fun. He materializes big eyeballs, one on each screen.

NATALIE

They are eyes!

The one on the left winks, then both fade.

NATALIE

What else can you do?

INTERCUT SCANNING LIGHT

A red line arcs across the dash. Natalie is spellbound. K.I.T.T. decides to go all out, activates all systems. It's a dazzling array of lights and sound.

NATALIE

Wow...my mom's car won't do any of this stuff. What else? Can you talk?

K.I.T.T.

Natalie, you know cars can't talk.

NATALIE

Some cars do. They say 'Please close the door' and...you talked!

Silence from K.I.T.T.

NATALIE

Didn't you?

(decides)

You did. What's your name?

K.I.T.T.
Kitt. It's short for 'Knight Industries
Two-Thousand.'

NATALIE
Wait til I tell my mom.
(looks)
Here they come!

K.I.T.T.
Natalie, lets keep it a secret.

NATALIE
Why?

K.I.T.T.
Just for fun.

NATALIE
That's no fun.

K.I.T.T.
Try it. Just for me.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael and Nicole put the last of her luggage in, climb
in themselves.

NATALIE
Guess what?

NICOLE
(distracted)
What, honey?

NATALIE
I know a secret.

NICOLE
Good. Wouldn't you be more
comfortable in back?

Disappointed, she climbs in back. Michael starts the car.
Natalie looks at K.I.T.T.'s dash.

NATALIE
See -- It's no fun.

NICOLE
What?

NATALIE
I was talking to the car.

WIDE ANGLE

The Trans Am pulls away from the rooming house, heads toward the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - STOCK

As the sun rises in the east, K.I.T.T. heads west.

EXT. THE LITTLE NASHVILLE BAR - DAY

A biker on a chopped Harley pulls in front of the bar, dismounts. His name is Donny and he's a member of the Arizona chapter of the "Satan's Stompers." He goes in.

INT. THE LITTLE NASHVILLE BAR - DAY

The Bartender is attempting to fix a broken chair from last night, one of several. Donny comes up to him.

BARTENDER

We're not open.

DONNY

You got a girl named Nicole working here?

BARTENDER

Did. Why?

DONNY

I'm looking for her. That's why. Where'd she go?

BARTENDER

That's a good question. Some guy in a Trans Am came in last night and hauled her off. Cost me two busted chairs, eight glasses and three pitchers of beer.

INT. HAROLD T.'S HOUSE - DAY

The phone rings. Harold T. picks it up. Tiny and Ferris watch.

HAROLD T.

(into phone)

Hello.

OMITTED

INTERCUT - DONNY

He's at a pay phone outside the bar.

DONNY

(into phone)

She was here last night until some guy
in a black Trans Am bagged her and
took off.

FEATURE HAROLD T.

on the phone.

HAROLD T.

(into phone)

All right, Donny...yeah...Listen,
you tell Dirty Bob I'll be down for
some dove shooting one of these days
soon....

He hangs up, looks at Tiny and Ferris.

HAROLD T.

Knight's got her. From the way he
took her, he wants her real bad.

TINY

You think he's taking her to Long
Pine for the deposition?

HAROLD T.

I think he's gonna try.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY - STOCK

The Trans Am passes.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael drives, Nicole looks out the side window, remote,
troubled. Natalie sleeps in back.

NICOLE

Whether you believe it or not, I
didn't double-cross you.

(looks at him)

I didn't know he'd go back on his
word. Believe it or not, Harold
takes great pride in honoring his
word.

MICHAEL

You didn't know it, but you were
around back with a .32 just in case.

NICOLE

I wanted my baby. I don't apologize
for that to you or anyone else.

A silent moment passes.

MICHAEL

Your dad and I had a talk when I
went by.

She doesn't respond.

MICHAEL

I think he's tired of the fight.

NICOLE

You don't know him like I do.

MICHAEL

Maybe that's an advantage.

She looks across at him.

NICOLE

What's that supposed to mean?

MICHAEL

Maybe I can see things in him you
can't.

NICOLE

I can't imagine what.

MICHAEL

He loves you, Nicole. He loves you
so much its eating him up.

NICOLE

If it's eating him up, how come I'm
the one who walks away feeling like
I've been run over by a lawnmower?

She looks at him with hard eyes, defiant, but her face gives
way to another feeling, softer, and her face colors.

NICOLE

I used to love him so much. I don't
ever want to love someone that much
again....

MICHAEL

I think that's how he felt when your
mother left. If you don't like what
it did to him, you'll hate what it'll
do to you.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - STOCK

Several shots as the Trans Am moves from desert terrain to
the wooded mountains approaching Long Pine.

OMITTED

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Trans Am appears, slows to a stop because of county maintenance signs blocking the road. One reads "ROAD CLOSED DUE TO SLIDE" and another "TAKE ALTERNATE ROUTE" with an arrow pointing to a small road. The Trans Am takes the one-lane road, a nearby sign proclaiming "AUTHENTIC WESTERN MOVIE SET" -- CALAMITY, CALIFORNIA -- 2 MILES!"

Camera pans the Trans Am until it disappears, then pans to the closed road, a four-wheel drive appearing. A scruffy biker gets out, moves the signs from the main road to the road to Calamity, in effect sealing it off.

OMITTED

EXT. NARROW ROAD - DAY

The Trans Am drives by a sign which says "AUTHENTIC WESTERN MOVIE SET 100 YARDS AHEAD!"

EXT. CALAMITY - DAY

Pan the street of false fronts, past the one functioning store in town, to the Trans Am as it comes down the street.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Any requests?

NATALIE'S VOICE

Ice cream!

MICHAEL'S VOICE

One ice cream, coming up.

The Trans Am pulls to a stop in front of the store.

NATALIE'S VOICE

Two.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Now wait a minute.

Michael and Nicole get out of the car, Nicole laughing. They go into the store. She's beginning to move differently, lighter.

OMITTED

INT. STORE - DAY

It's small, sparsely stocked. As they enter a bell rings overhead.

CLERK'S VOICE

(from rear)

Be with you in a minute.

MICHAEL

What can I get you?

NICOLE

How about a New York steak medium-rare, baked potato and a good bottle of wine?

MICHAEL

(laughs)

I'll see what I can do.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

Natalie is staring at the monitor screens. She sticks out her tongue.

K.I.T.T.

My, what large tonsils you have.

NATALIE

I don't think you're very funny.

K.I.T.T.

Natalie, are you mad at me?

NATALIE

Yes. Can't you tell?

K.I.T.T.

I most certainly can. Will you tell me why?

NATALIE

You wouldn't talk, and it wasn't any fun keeping it a secret.

K.I.T.T.

I'm sorry, Natalie, I try not to talk in front of adults. Sometimes they don't understand.

NATALIE

I understand, don't I?

K.I.T.T.

From the moment we met.

K.I.T.T.'s scanner alarm sounds.

INSERT MONITOR

Tiny hides behind a building. Camera moves to the second monitor, which reveals another biker in hiding. K.I.T.T. beeps Michael.

INTERCUT - MICHAEL IN STORE

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Yeah, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

There are men with guns hidden
outside, Michael.

Michael reacts, looks at the Clerk, who is coming in from
the back. It's James Ferris.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Kitt, Devon's waiting in Long Pine!
Take Natalie to him!

FERRIS

Howdy, folks.

He has a pistol on them.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

He self-activates, goes into reverse, tires spinning.

ANGLE IN STORE

Ferris reacts. So does Nicole.

NICOLE

Natalie!

Ferris fires at the Trans Am outside and Michael capitalizes
on the diversion, throws a stand of post cards at him and
lunges.

ANGLE IN STREET

As the Trans Am accelerates, leaving, four men appear at
various points, firing at the car as it passes.

HAROLD T.'S VOICE

Don't hit Natalie!

Bullets ricochet off the wheels and fenders. The men stare
as K.I.T.T. speeds away.

TINY

What the hell kind of car is that?

ANGLE IN STORE

Michael and Ferris struggle for the gun. Michael stuns him
with a punch and grabs the gun.

NICOLE
(distraught)
What happened to your car? Where's
Natalie?!

MICHAEL
It's okay, she's safe. I'll
explain it when I can. C'mon.

He grabs her hand and they run.

OMITTED

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

The driverless Trans Am flashes by.

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

Natalie sits alone, her mouth open as scenery passes outside.

K.I.T.T.
Having fun?

NATALIE
I don't know. Where are we going?

K.I.T.T.
To meet a friend in Long Pine. It's
nothing to be concerned about. I
have just the thing to help you relax.

A Brahms symphony fills the air. Natalie sticks out her
tongue.

K.I.T.T.
Perhaps not.

EXT. MOVIE SET - MAIN STREET - DAY

deserted. Then, at the far end, we see Tiny run from one
old building to the next, a pistol in his hand.

ANGLE BEHIND LIVERY

Michael and Nicole appear. Michael is halfway to the front
door when a shot rings out. He dives back in, grabs Nicole's
hand and they run out the back way toward the next building.

ANGLE ON HAROLD T.

He is edged along an old building. He motions off with his
hand.

ANGLE - ACROSS STREET

A biker, Terrance, points down the street, indicating the direction Michael and Nicole went.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harold T. runs across the street to where Terrance is. He carries a sawed-off shotgun. They split up, Harold T. going around back, Terrance cautiously along the front of rundown stores.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

Peering out a dirty broken window, he raises the gun and carefully aims. Fires.

ANGLE ON TERRANCE

He dives into the nearest window, missed by inches.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND NICOLE

She comes up behind him.

NICOLE

Did you hit him?

Michael shakes his head, counts the bullets.

MICHAEL

Just tried to give him a message.

(beat)

Five bullets, four of them. We've only got one message left.

ANGLE ON TINY

He edges around a building, peers ahead, silently continues.

ANGLE ON HAROLD T.

He moves cautiously forward.

ANGLE ON TERRANCE

He appears from inside a building, starts out. Michael steps from nowhere and crowns him with an old bandana filled with rocks.

OMITTED

ANGLE ON HAROLD T.

He pauses to listen.

ANGLE ON TINY

He pauses to listen.

ANGLE ON TERRANCE

He falls against the building, making noise.

OMITTED

INTERCUT - HAROLD T.

He reacts to the sound.

HAROLD T.

Tiny?

INTERCUT - TINY

The next building over.

TINY

Yeah?

HAROLD T.

Get the car. I know where they are.

Harold T. looks across the street, aims.

OMITTED

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND NICOLE

A bullet crashes through an old window, narrowly missing Nicole. Michael grabs her and pulls her down.

MICHAEL

He's got us pinned down.

NICOLE

What's wrong?

MICHAEL

There's nowhere left to run. We're in the last store.

They hear the sound of a car. Michael finds another window, cautiously looks.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - UP THE STREET

at the far end of town, is the white Cadillac, Tiny at the wheel.

HAROLD T.'S VOICE

(hollars)

They're in the last store. Drive the car right into it!

NICOLE

Michael, what are we going to do?

The sound of the Cadillac approaching.

INTERCUT - CADILLAC

It starts down the street.

INTERCUT - HAROLD T.

He waits, poised, shotgun ready.

MICHAEL AND NICOLE

Michael takes her hand, ready to sprint and take the chance when he hears a familiar sound: K.I.T.T.'s turbos.

ANGLE ON HAROLD T.

K.I.T.T. crashes through the building, airborne, bringing a rain of boards and debris on Harold T. He collapses, half-buried.

ANGLE ON STREET

K.I.T.T. lands, brakes to a stop. His turbos snarl.

REVERSE ANGLE

The white Cad faces him. Tiny guns the engine, drops it in drive. K.I.T.T. shoots forward.

DIFFERENT ANGLES

The cars come closer, closer....

INTERCUT - MICHAEL AND NICOLE

They watch.

THE TWO CARS

At the last moment, Tiny swerves the wheel. The Cadillac crashes to a stop, Tiny slumped behind the wheel.

ANGLE ON STORE

Michael and Nicole come running out, toward K.I.T.T.

HAROLD T.'S VOICE

Knight!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harold T. comes out of the debris like an apparition. He charges Michael in a fury.

SEVERAL ANGLES - THE FIGHT

They stand in the middle of the street, trading punches, and it could be a hundred years ago. They both land hard punches, but Michael lands a combination that staggers Harold T. Then one good right puts him down. Michael gasps, gets his air.

MICHAEL

(to K.I.T.T.)

How's Natalie?

K.I.T.T.

Safe and sound with Devon in Long Pine.

NICOLE

(stares)

The car...talks?

MICHAEL

The car talks. I'd explain it, but it's kind of like your relationship with your father. Very complicated.

NICOLE

But not impossible.

MICHAEL

(smiles)

No, not impossible. Hey, hitchhiker. Want a lift?

She laughs. Michael holds out his hand.

LOW ANGLE

She takes his hand and they walk away from camera, toward K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

I certainly hope this means no more police impound for a while, Michael.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. WEXLEY HOUSE - DAY

K.I.T.T. is parked in front along with Devon's car. The front door opens and Natalie leads Bonnie and Devon out.

NATALIE

...and it drives by itself and it talks.

DEVON

A car that talks?

BONNIE

And drives by itself? That's pretty hard to believe.

NATALIE

He doesn't like to talk in front of adults, but maybe he will for me.

They laugh, follow her to K.I.T.T. Michael, Nicole and Wexley come out, pause in front.

MICHAEL

If I never see Long Pine again, it'll be too soon. Thanks for your help.

NICOLE

I'm sorry I made you work so hard to get it.

MICHAEL

You had other things on your mind.

They smile.

MICHAEL

The last time I saw you two together here I felt like a referee in a street fight.

They laugh, glance at each other.

WEXLEY

She's too tough for me. I quit.

NICOLE

Me, too.

(to Michael)

Does that mean we lose a good referee?

Michael smiles. She puts her arms around him and hugs him tightly.

ANGLE FROM K.I.T.T.

Natalie is with Devon and Bonnie as Michael comes over.

NATALIE

Come on, Kitt, say something.
Please?

BONNIE

Maybe he's not smart enough to talk.

DEVON

Yes, perhaps that's the problem.
Pity.

Michael climbs in, starts the engine. Devon and Bonnie
ad-lib good-bye to Natalie, start toward Devon's car.

K.I.T.T.

Good-bye, Natalie.

NATALIE

He talked!

Devon and Bonnie ad-lib exclamations. From Natalie's happy
face:

LONG SHOT

The Trans Am pulls out, heading into camera.

FADE OUT

THE END