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KNIGHT RIDER

KNIGHT AND THE GYPSY

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ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. STREET - DAY

We pick up a well-worn van, smoking and wheezing, as it winds through the midmorning traffic. On the side of the van, a faded sign introduces "The Amazing Banducci Brothers -- World's Smallest Circus".

ANGLE ON THE VAN

Inside, we get a glimpse of three men, all of them are wearing outlandish clown masks: big red noses, white faces, oversized mouths, curly orange hair. To all the world, it looks like the Banducci Brothers, but we'll know them as Casey, Skip and Paolo. As the van coughs past camera, we go to:

EXT. BANK - DAY - ON ARMORED TRUCK

An armed guard stands watch at the rear of the truck as his two partners unload the truck.

WIDER ANGLE TO REVEAL A BANNER

stretched across the front of the bank heralding a "Grand Opening." Balloons and bunting add to the festive feel. An anxious Assistant Branch Manager poses, checking his watch. Then, a smile breaks out on his face as he sees:

THE AMAZING BANDUCCIS

as they round a corner, head for the bank. The manager steps forward to greet them. The van skids to a halt, the doors fly open and the clowns, wearing gas masks over their clown masks, hit the street. Before the manager or the startled guards can react, tear gas grenades hit the ground at their feet, enveloping them in choking smoke. One of the clowns leaps into the truck, begins tossing out bags. A second clown disarms the guards while the third tosses the bags into the van. The operation goes like clockwork and in seconds the transfer has been made.

CLOSER ANGLE

As Skip reaches down to grab a last bag from the grip of one of the guards, he spots a gold watch on his wrist, kneels and begins to pull it off. Casey shouts at him:

CASEY

What're you doing?

SKIP

I've always wanted a gold watch
...always.

Skip grabs the watch as Casey grabs him by the collar, yanks him to his feet.

CASEY

Wadda you, nuts? You can buy a million watches...later!

Skip shoves the watch into his coat pocket and he and Casey jump into the car. The third clown, Paolo, is behind the wheel. Doors slam and the van lurches off, tires squealing.

CUT TO

EXT. FUNERAL PARLOR - DAY - CLOSE ON DOOR

At first, we see nothing but a beautiful Christmas wreath adorning the front door. Then, as we pull back, we see it's the front door of a funeral parlor. At the same time, we pick up a scruffy-looking gypsy kid, about fourteen, walking down the sidewalk. This is Tino. He stops outside the funeral parlor, stares at the wreath for a beat. Then, he takes the gum he's chewing out of his mouth, sticks it to the underneath of the funeral sign and walks inside.

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Dark, somber and quiet. Organ muzak plays softly in the b.g. In the middle of the room stands a casket. It's open and the body, though not quite visible, is covered with a variety of untraditional funeral offerings: coins, beads, pictures, race stubs, flowers.

ON TINO

as he walks into the room, steps up to the casket and stands for a long beat. He reaches deep into his coat pocket, comes up with a single coin, stuffs it disgustedly back into his pocket. He takes a chain and religious medal from around his neck, kisses it lightly, then places it on the hands of the deceased. A beat, then:

TINO

Sorry, but that's all I got.

(beat)

But, I'm gonna get some money, I'm gonna make sure Marta's okay, then I'm getting outta the city.

(defiantly)

So I can be a real gypsy. You'll see ...you'll be proud. I promise....

Tino steps back, turns to leave. At the door, he hesitates, turns back to the casket:

TINO

Bye, Papa.

With that, he turns and leaves. As he does, we:

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - DAY - ON THE TRANS AM

traveling through the city. Hopefully, we can see some kind of Christmas decorations along the way. We hear a Christmas carol playing, and:

MICHAEL'S VOICE

I love Christmas...the lights and trees and music. The whole spirit of the season makes me feel great....

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael's smiling, humming along with the carol.

K.I.T.T.

It confuses me. What could a paunchy man in a red suit possibly have to do with the birth of a religious leader?

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

Lots. Christmas is a time for giving, Kitt...and Santa Claus is the greatest giver of them all. Speaking of which, we've only got...
(checking watch)
...seven days until he loads up his sled.

K.I.T.T.

And three days before the Foundation Conference. I trust you haven't forgotten.

Michael glances at K.I.T.T., shakes his head.

MICHAEL

You're getting more like my mother everyday, you know that.

K.I.T.T.

I'm simply reminding you, Michael.

MICHAEL

It's been on my calendar for months. Besides, I promised Devon....

K.I.T.T.

You promised Devon last year, and the year before. This year, you're actually going to be there...

(beat)

Because I promised Devon.

MICHAEL

You promised Devon?

K.I.T.T.

Well, one of us has to be responsible. Now, about your tux... I've already located several formal wear shops.

On the monitor, we see a grid of city streets, with blinking red lights signifying the stores. Michael stares at it a beat.

MICHAEL

Yep. Just like my mom....

Off Michael's look:

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - UPTOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

where we pick up Tino wandering aimlessly down the street. He stops now and then to test the doors of the several cars parked on the street, but nothing gives. He checks the coin returns in a row of pay phones. Empty. As he turns away in frustration, we see:

THE BANDUCCI VAN

as it roars past Tino, pulls down an isolated side street and parks in front of a white convertible. Paolo, Skip and Casey, without their clown masks jump out and begin transferring canvas bags from the van into the convertible trunk.

ANGLE - CLOSER ON THE MEN

completing their work. Skip bends over to toss the last bag into the trunk. As he does, the gold watch slips, unnoticed, out of his pocket. As the three men jump into the convertible and take off, we see:

TINO

round the corner and come walking, head down, up the street. The convertible spins a U-turn, roars past him. The heavies don't even notice the kid, but Tino notices the man, intrigued by it.

Off this:

CUT TO

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

as Casey, Paolo and Skip cruise through town. Casey turns to Skip in the backseat, snaps his fingers.

CASEY
Gimme the watch, Skip.

SKIP
What're you talking about, Casey.
It's mine.

CASEY
The guard's gonna tell the cops you
lifted it...which makes it the one
thing that links us to the robbery.
(snapping
fingers)
Come on, banana-for-brains...the
watch.

Skip mutters to himself, reaches for the watch. Can't find it. Pales.

SKIP
It's gone!

CASEY
Wadda you mean, gone?

SKIP
I must have dropped it when we were
making the switch.

CASEY
It's covered with your prints! The
cops get a hold of it and it buys us
twenty years...
(to Paolo)
Get back there!

Paolo spins a U-turn, roars off in the other direction.

CUT TO

EXT. DESERTED STREET - DAY

where we pick up Tino wandering down the street. He stops by the Banducci van, fascinated by the circus signs and decoration. Something catches his eye in the gutter. He bends over, picks up the gold watch. He stares at it, wide-eyed in wonder at his good luck. Behind, the screech

of tires turns his head and he spots the white convertible speeding toward him. Casey half stands in the front seat, yells at Tino:

CASEY
Hey, you! Come here...!

Tino's no dummy. He turns, watch in hand, and sprints down the street. As the convertible speeds after him:

CUT TO

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

Driving down the street, Michael's looking to either side trying to find a place to park.

ANGLE DOWN THE STREET

Tino comes racing out of an alley, frantically looking for an escape route. He glances over his shoulder at the heavies gaining on him, then sees the Trans Am heading toward him.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael's shaking his head.

MICHAEL
There's no place to park, Kitt.
Maybe we'd better forget it....

K.I.T.T.
Absolutely not, Michael. My sensors
indicate...
(alarmed)
Michael, in the road...look out!

Michael looks up just as Tino darts into the street, slams on the brakes.

EXT. STREET - DAY - ON THE TRANS AM

as the car skids to a halt, inches from Tino. What Michael can't see and we can, is Tino hitting the side of the car with his hand, then collapsing on the ground as though he's been hurt. Michael jumps out of K.I.T.T., hurries to Tino's side. Tino's moaning, holding his leg.

TINO
My leg! You broke my leg...
You gotta get me to a hospital....

MICHAEL
You're going to be okay. Just calm
down.

Michael helps Tino to his feet and into the Trans Am. He hurries to the driver's side, jumps in.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as Michael fires up the Trans Am and starts driving. Tino stares with fascination at K.I.T.T.'s dash, while feigning pain.

MICHAEL
Kitt, give me a readout....

K.I.T.T.
Michael, I find no broken bones, no abrasions, no physical trauma whatsoever. Which isn't surprising, since I didn't touch him.

Tino sits up as though he's been kicked.

TINO
You got a talking car?

K.I.T.T.
In other words, this little con artist is lying through his teeth.

TINO
Who you calling a liar?

K.I.T.T.
You.
(urgent)
Michael, more importantly, my sensors indicate a problem...directly to our right.

Michael and Tino look over to see:

THE WHITE CONVERTIBLE

racing forward veering toward the Trans Am, then falling back. Threatening, challenging, but not attacking.

RESUME SCENE

Michael doesn't get a good look at them, but Tino does. He flinches. Michael notes his reaction.

MICHAEL
What's the problem? Those guys hassling you?

TINO
No. Yeah. Well, sort of...look, I'll make you a deal. Lose those

creeps and I'll forget about the hospital, the lawsuits, everything....

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I don't think this is a good idea.

TINO

Who asked you?

MICHAEL

Calm down, guys...looks like they're leaving.

EXT. STREET - ON THE CONVERTIBLE

as it speeds ahead of the Trans Am, then suddenly skids broadside across the street, blocking both lanes.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as Michael sees what's happening. He doesn't care for it.

MICHAEL

Those guys sure don't have the Christmas spirit.

(punching
buttons)

Let's make like Donner and Blitzen,
Kitt....

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I hardly think that is an appropriate response....

MICHAEL

Come on, pal...it's Christmas.

(to Tino)

Hold on....

Michael punches the turbo boost as the Trans Am races toward the convertible.

EXT. STREET - DAY

as the Trans Am turbos over the convertible.

ANGLE ON THE CONVERTIBLE

as Paolo and the others stare, open-mouthed, as the Trans Am sails over them and roars down the street.

INT. THE TRANS AM - DAY

Tino whoops with excitement. He can't believe what he's just seen.

TINO

Wow! How'd you do that?

MICHAEL

Got the tires inflated with helium.
More the point...who are those guys?

Tino hesitates, then:

TINO

Punks. Real punks. Think they own
the town. I'm out cruising, right?
Minding my own business, doing a
little window shopping. I'm wearing
my 'Tino' jacket, like always....

Tino leans forward, points to the Tino stitched on the back.

TINO

Those guys were Bombers. Supposedly
this is their turf. They start
hassling me, and I tell 'em....

K.I.T.T.'s lights blink, and we hear:

K.I.T.T.

I show no record of any local gangs
called the Tinos or the Bombers.

TINO

Wadda you know! You're a car....

K.I.T.T.

I'm a computer! Michael, I think
you should ask our young friend
about the gold watch he's carrying
in his right front pants pocket....

Tino glares at K.I.T.T.

TINO

Hey, that's an invasion of privacy!

MICHAEL

A gold watch, huh?

K.I.T.T.

Eighteen carat gold. With a value
in four figures.

MICHAEL

Not exactly the kind of watch I'd
figure you for....

Tino's starting to sweat a little, but he covers it well.

TINO

Look, it's none of your business,
but the watch happens to belong to
me...to my family, actually. See,
those creeps cheated my brother
Mario, who's sorta slow in the head,
outta lots of money in a crooked
card game. Mario got scared and
stole that watch so he could pay 'em
back...

(sniffing)

Broke Papa's heart. On his deathbed,
he made me swear I'd get that watch
back, no matter what...and I did.
The creeps weren't happy.

Michael studies Tino for a beat.

MICHAEL

That's some story.

TINO

Look, you don't believe me? Fine.
Thanks for the lift....

He tries to get out. The door won't open. We hear:

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I've just monitored a police
band broadcast...there was a bank
robbery just ten blocks from here.
In addition to a great deal of money,
a gold watch was stolen from a guard.
The criminals are still at large.

Now, Tino's really working to get out. He pounds on the
door.

TINO

Lemme out of here! This is kid-
napping! You can't keep me here....

MICHAEL

Kitt, give me a rundown on the guys
who knocked over the bank....

TINO

Wait a minute! I didn't rob no
bank...honest!

K.I.T.T.

Any bank. For once, he seems to be
telling some fraction of the truth.
Though they were wearing clown
masks, witnesses said the three
robbers were older and bigger than
this little delinquent....

Tino brightens, pounds the dash excitedly.

TINO

Clowns! Yeah...that's right where I found this...

(pulls
out watch)

Right next to this crazy van that belonged to a circus.

MICHAEL

I thought the watch was your dad's....

Tino looks sheepish, for about a second, then:

TINO

Look, I found the watch, okay? That's no crime. Finders keepers, right? And then you and the computer start talking like you're gonna take it...

(intensely)

Look, man, I need this watch....

MICHAEL

So do the police.

TINO

(groaning)

The police? You gotta be kidding....

MICHAEL

Nope. And if those guys chasing you were the bank robbers, you're gonna need their help.

Off Tino's dismayed look, we:

CUT TO

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - STOCK

Your basic stock police station, with black-and-whites parked in front.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Michael's talking with a Lt. Weber. In the b.g., through a glass partition, we can see Tino being interrogated by another officer. Michael's upset.

MICHAEL

But, there's got to be something you guys can do to protect him.

WEBER

Not really.

MICHAEL

Look, those guys figure Tino's got the watch, can maybe even ID them. If they find him....

WEBER

I know, and I wish we had the manpower and the bucks to take care of the kid. Fact is, we're under-budgeted and understaffed -- have been for years.

MICHAEL

But, you can't just turn him loose on the street.

WEBER

The kid's got a sister...a Marta Petro. He'll have to stay with her.

Michael glances over at Tino, shakes his head.

MICHAEL

A fourteen-year-old kid and his sister aren't going to be much of a match for those guys....

As Michael speaks, the door opens and Tino comes walking out, trying to look cool and together. But, for a moment, we can see him as he really is: a young, scared kid.

WIDER ANGLE - FEATURE MICHAEL

seeing the same thing, and it touches him. Tino walks up to him, once again on top of it. He smiles.

TINO

Piece of cake. Just like I knew it would be.

(snapping
his fingers)

I'm out of here. See you around.

MICHAEL

Hey, hold on. You're going to your sister's place. I thought I'd give you a lift.

Tino frowns.

TINO

I don't want Marta to get involved with this...it's my business.

MICHAEL

It's not that easy, Tino....

Tino stiffens.

TINO

I'm a gypsy. I can take care of myself.

MICHAEL

Maybe, but the police department has rules and regulations they've got to follow.

(beat)

Look, I've cleared it with them. You can ride over with me...or in the back of a black-and-white. It's up to you.

Tino considers the alternatives, hesitates and then nods.

TINO

Let's go.

With that, he turns and splits. Michael follows him out the door. As they exit, we:

CUT TO

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY - ON THE TRANS AM

as Michael and Tino cross to the Trans Am, climb inside. K.I.T.T.'s not pleased.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, perhaps we should let the police handle this.

MICHAEL

Kitt, Marta's store is three blocks from the nearest tux shop. Right on our way. Besides, it's....

K.I.T.T.

I know...it's Christmas. But, there must be a limit to good will somewhere.

Tino, meanwhile, is busy with K.I.T.T.'s dash. Loves it. Twisting knobs, pushing buttons.

K.I.T.T.

Would you mind keeping your grubby little hands to yourself?

TINO
(ignoring
K.I.T.T.)
Hey, which one's the radio, man?

Off Michael's bemused smile, we:

CUT TO

EXT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

A fancy little dress shop in a nice part of town.

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

where we find Tino's sister, Marta, putting the finishing touches on a display. She's pretty, carefully, if inexpensively dressed, in her midtwenties. Right now, she's frowning, shaking her head, as she talks to a man in his thirties, David.

MARTA
I just can't do that, David I'm
sorry.

DAVID
Sorry. You're always sorry. Come
on, Marta...a hundred bucks. Seventy-
five then. Until the weekend. It's
important, baby....

MARTA
No, and don't call me 'baby.'
That's over....

CUT TO

EXT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

as the Trans Am pulls up and parks. Michael and Tino
climb out, and Michael follows Tino into:

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

As Tino comes into the store, he and David exchange a look
of mutual dislike. Marta smiles at Tino, but her smile
fades as Michael comes into the store.

MARTA
Oh, Tino...what's wrong now?

TINO
Nothing. Don't go getting all
upset, Marta....

Marta looks to Michael.

MICHAEL

My name's Michael Knight. There was
a bank robbery this morning....

MARTA

(stunned)

What?

MICHAEL

Tino wasn't involved with it...he
found a watch stolen during the
robbery. It's become an important
piece of evidence....

Tino paces around the room, clearly uncomfortable with
everything that's happening.

TINO

Look, I said it's no big deal. It's
all over....

David snickers, turns and heads for the front door.

DAVID

Robbing banks is a big deal.
Especially for a punk kid....

TINO

I didn't rob any bank! Can't you
hear...?

But David's not listening. He's out the door, slamming it
behind him. Marta turns to Tino, close to tears.

MARTA

Tino, Tino...what am I going to do
with you?

TINO

Nothing. I can take care of myself
but nobody believes me! You, him,
the cops...nobody.

Tino turns and wanders toward the back of the store as
Michael and Marta continue to talk.

MICHAEL

Marta, I was with Tino at the police
station today. It's going to be all
right....

MARTA

At the station? Are you a policeman?

MICHAEL

No...I'm with the Foundation for Law
and Government....

ANGLE - FEATURE TINO

glancing over his shoulder as Michael and Marta talk. They don't notice as he slips into the back of the store and exits.

EXT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

as Tino comes racing around from the back of the store, hits the sidewalk and then tears down the street. K.I.T.T.'s scanner lights flash, and we hear:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE
Michael! Michael, Tino's escaping...!

ON TINO

disappearing over the fence. In a second, he's gone.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Same neighborhood, different street. We pick up David walking slowly down the street. Suddenly, a car stops next to him. It's the white convertible. Paolo leans across the window to David.

PAOLO
Hey, David...come here.

David cautiously approaches the car, glances warily at Casey and Skip.

PAOLO
We're looking for someone. It's very important. Worth some money....

David nods, shrugs.

PAOLO
A kid. Fourteen, fifteen. Dark hair. Curly. One of the gypises. Took my watch....

David studies them, not showing a thing.

PAOLO
You hang out with their people. Maybe you heard something, huh? We want the watch...real bad.

Paolo takes out a thick wad of bills, waves it under David's nose. Hold on David, watching the cash move back and forth, and then:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

Marta's standing in front of the store as Michael comes walking up the street. He crosses to her.

MICHAEL

He's nowhere in the neighborhood.

MARTA

That's just like him. You can't do a thing to help him...even when he's in danger.

Marta's talking angry, but it's easy to see she's upset, close to tears.

MICHAEL

Look, we're going to find him...I promise you.

Marta turns and looks carefully at Michael.

MARTA

Why are you doing this? I mean, you hardly know us....

MICHAEL

(smiling)

Better than you think actually, Tino reminds me a lot of another kid about his age.

MARTA

Your brother?

MICHAEL

No...me. A few years back. Couldn't do a thing for me, either.

(thinking)

Look, lots of kids have a place they go to where they need some time alone ...what about Tino?

Marta nods, shaking her head.

MARTA

Are you kidding? Ever since our father died, Tino's been dreaming about leaving the city and living like a real gypsy -- with our Uncle Stephano.

(beat)

Until he can, he insists on living like a gypsy right here in the city.

MICHAEL

Where?

MARTA

There's a vacant lot over on Butte... about a mile from here. He built a shed there...that's been 'home' for months.

Michael listens, fascinated by the story. He smiles.

MICHAEL

I had a place up in the attic over the garage. Once I spent a whole week up there. My mom thought I was nuts....

MARTA

Tino's not crazy, Michael. He just wants to be a gypsy more than anything in the world....

MICHAEL

That can't be easy.

MARTA

He doesn't want to know that....

Michael nods, understanding.

MICHAEL

I'll find him. Don't worry....

With that, Michael turns and leaves. Hold on Marta, watching him leave, and then:

CUT TO

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as Michael drives.

K.I.T.T.

I don't want to sound like your mother, Michael, but we shouldn't have gotten involved.

MICHAEL

Probably not, but it's kind of a touching story.

(smiling)

Marta told me a lot about Tino...all he ever talks about is heading to the country to be a real gypsy, just like his Uncle Stephano.

K.I.T.T.

How very...quaint. And, Michael, speaking of stories, good luck with yours.

MICHAEL

Mine?

K.I.T.T.

Yes...Devon's calling.

Michael punches the necessary buttons.

MICHAEL

Devon...Season's Greetings!

Intercut with:

INT. FOUNDATION - DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY - ON DEVON

speaking into the monitor.

DEVON

Same to you, Michael. I trust you're en route back to the Foundation.

MICHAEL

(hesitating)

Heading in that direction.

DEVON

Good...what's your estimated time of arrival?

Michael thinks about this for a beat, then:

MICHAEL

That's kinda difficult to say. See, something's come up. Sort of....

DEVON

Something? Sort of? Precisely what do you mean?

(beat)

If this has to do with a woman....

MICHAEL

No! No women. Devon, I ran across this gypsy kid. Actually, he ran into me, at first that is...anyway, he's become a material witness in that big bank robbery. Problem is the robbers are looking for him, and....

DEVON

(interrupting)

Michael, none of this sounds like it warrants Foundation attention. Why not let the police handle it?

MICHAEL

I tried that. They don't have the time or the money. Meanwhile, this kid and his sister are pretty much all alone.

DEVON

His sister? As I suspected, there is a woman.

(firmly)

Michael, the Foundation Ball is at two o'clock Sunday. I've decided to seat you between Lady Cornwall and the Duchess of Chipstead. I am depending on you. Is that clear?

MICHAEL

It sure is and I'll be there, Devon. You can trust me.

DEVON

I wish it were that simple. Oh, one more thing...the dress is black tie.

MICHAEL

Right. Tuzedo. No problem, Devon.

Devon doesn't bother to dignify this last comment with a response. As he fades out:

K.I.T.T.

There is one problem, Michael...you still don't have a tuxedo.

MICHAEL

I'll get one, I'll get one. Trust me.

K.I.T.T.

Where have I heard that before?

Off Michael's smile:

CUT TO

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

where we see Tino's ramshackle shack. Not much more than four walls and a scanty roof creating one room. Coming from inside the tiny building, we hear the tiny sound of a cheap portable radio. Suddenly, the music clicks off and we see Tino peering through a crack in the door at:

MICHAEL

climbing out of the Trans Am which is parked at the curb, and starting to cross the cluttered lot toward Tino's shack. K.I.T.T.'s scanner flashes.

ANGLE ON THE SHACK

as Tino makes an unobtrusive escape out the back of the building, hiding in the shadows of the neighboring buildings. Michael doesn't see him leave as he walks up, knocks on the front door.

MICHAEL

Tino...hey, Tino....

No answer, but Michael probably didn't really expect one. He tries the door, opens it and steps inside. As he does, we go to:

K.I.T.T. AT THE CURB

His scanners are picking up something. Down the block we see exactly who.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

I think we have company.

THE WHITE CONVERTIBLE

heading toward the empty lot. It screeches to a spot near the Trans Am. Inside, we see our three heavies. They check out K.I.T.T. Casey nods to Paolo who's behind the wheel.

CASEY

They gotta be inside. Go for it....

PAOLO

You're sure...?

CASEY

I said, hit it!

Paolo exchanges an uneasy look with Skip, throws the convertible in gear and floors it. The big white car jumps the curb, heads across the lot toward the shack.

INT. TRANS AM

We hear:

K.I.T.T.

Michael, get out of that shack!

ON THE SHACK

as Michael comes to the front door of the shack, looks out to see:

THE CONVERTIBLE

bearing down on him. There's no time to run. Michael slams the flimsy door shut.

ON TINO

watching, wide-eyed in terror, as the convertible roars toward his shack.

WIDER ANGLE

as the big car hits the shack, ripping through the left side of the building and collapsing it. Wood, dust and glass fly everywhere. The convertible hits the alley behind the vacant lot and disappears.

ON THE SHACK

or what's left of it. Tino comes running out of the shadows, hurries to the pile of debris.

TINO

Michael! Michael...!

No answer. Tino starts frantically digging through the rubble. Suddenly, an arm appears, pushing off boards. It's followed by a battered, dusty and very shaken Michael. Tino rushes to his side, grabs his arm, helps him out of the mess.

TINO

Michael you okay?

MICHAEL

I don't know. It's the first time the roof's ever really fallen in on me....

Michael looks around, speaks into his comlink:

MICHAEL

Kitt, get over here....

ON K.I.T.T.

firing to life, backing up and bumping over the curb and across the field. As he does, a surf punk on a skateboard wipes out in the middle of the sidewalk as he stares in totally blown-away amazement at the driverless Trans Am.

ON MICHAEL AND TINO

as K.I.T.T. comes roaring across the field to them. Michael leans inside.

MICHAEL

(to K.I.T.T.)

You get anything on that convertible, buddy?

K.I.T.T.

I've run the plates, Michael. Unfortunately, they were stolen from another car yesterday...

(beat)

Are you all right?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Except those jokers are starting to take some of the thrill out of Christmas for me.

Michael turns to Tino.

MICHAEL

You finally getting the message from those guys? They thought you were inside there with me.

Tino nods without speaking. He glances at the remains of his shack. He's suitably impressed. Without Michael telling him, Tino crosses to the Trans Am, climbs inside, then leans out the window.

TINO

Well, what're you waiting for? Let's get out of here.

Michael hides a smile as he gets into the Trans Am. As the car bounces back onto the street and takes off, we pan in the other direction and see:

THE WHITE CONVERTIBLE

with the guys watching. They don't look happy.

CUT TO

EXT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

The Trans Am is parked in front, and we go into:

INT. BOUTIQUE - DAY

where we find Michael talking with Marta and Tino.

MICHAEL

Tino gave the police a good description of those guys. Plus, they probably lifted some prints off that watch....

TINO

So, their goose is cooked, right?

MICHAEL

Sure. But, until they're safely behind bars, it's your goose I'm worried about.

Tino starts to respond, but Marta cuts him off.

MARTA

Enough, Mr. Smart Guy. You listen for a while....

Tino grumbles to himself as Michael continues.

MICHAEL

What we need is someplace where you're going to be safe.

(to Marta)

Is there any place he could go to? Friends? Relatives?

Marta thinks for a beat, shakes her head. Tino lights up.

MARTA

Not really....

TINO

Yeah! Uncle Stephano's!

MARTA

Tino, don't be silly. You hardly know Stephano. Besides, I'm not sure he's the best....

TINO

Sure I know him...he's my uncle! And he always tells me to come see him. This is the perfect time, Marta, it is!

Marta looks doubtful. Michael thinks for a moment.

MICHAEL

Actually, it's not a bad idea.
Where is Stephano?

MARTA

Right now, they're camped for the
winter out by Lockett...about five
hours east of here.

MICHAEL

Sure would be a good place for Tino
to keep a low profile...and you
could stay in touch in case the
police need him.

TINO

Yeah! A gypsy Christmas! Then it's
all set...?

Before Marta can respond, Tino throws his arms around her,
gives her a big hug.

TINO

You're the greatest, Mart...
(to Michael)
You're not bad, either.

Michael and Marta look at Tino. His enthusiasm is
infectious.

MICHAEL

If you'd like I can drop Tino
off...I'm heading that direction
anyway.

MARTA

But, you've done so much for us
already.

MICHAEL

It's no problem. Really....

Marta looks from Michael to Tino, then nods.

MARTA

All right. But, only until this
thing is cleared up.

Tino shouts with excitement, runs to the Trans Am and
jumps inside. Marta turns to Michael.

MARTA

You really are being sweet.

MICHAEL

I'm happy to help. We'll swing by
Tino's, pick up some clothes and

head out to Lockett. I'll phone
when we arrive.

Marta nods, bends over to wave to Tino, then gives Michael
a quick, spontaneous kiss. Then, embarrassed, she turns
and leaves. Michael smiles to himself, gets into K.I.T.T.
As he does:

CUT TO

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY - ON THE TRANS AM

parked at the curb next to Tino's lot. The trunk is open,
and Michael is crossing the lot with an armful of --
things -- clothing, books, a frying pan, an old
basketball. As he dumps them in the back of the Trans Am,
we hear:

K.I.T.T.

Michael, this really is the last
straw....

Michael smiles, moves over to the passenger's side, opens
the door and sits down.

MICHAEL

Come on, Kitt. Where's your Christmas
spirit?

K.I.T.T.

Gone! I'd like to see you 'deck the
halls' if some mud-covered moppet was
filling your trunk with junk.

MICHAEL

Shhh...you're going to hurt his
feelings. It's not junk...it's his
personal belongings.

K.I.T.T.

It's still junk. Also, Michael, you
still have an outstanding obligation....

MICHAEL

How could I forget?

K.I.T.T.

Very easily. The stores are closing
in less than an hour.

MICHAEL

(pleased)

Guess we'll have to stop somewhere
tomorrow.

K.I.T.T.
Tomorrow? Michael, you're
incorrigible. Worse than the boy.
No wonder you're so fond of him.

MICHAEL
He kind of grows on you.

K.I.T.T.
So does fungus....

In the b.g. we see Tino, with the final load, come staggering across the lot under a big load. He dumps it unceremoniously in the trunk, tries to close it. The back's too full, so Tino tries to cram it shut.

K.I.T.T.
Gently, you little barbarian.
Gently!

With Michael's help, Tino closes the trunk. As he and Michael get into the Trans Am, we:

CUT TO

EXT. MARTA'S DRESS SHOP - DAY

The door is shut. A sign reading "closed" sits in the front window.

CUT TO

INT. DRESS SHOP - DAY

as a mannequin is knocked to the ground, hits with a thud. We hear a frightened little scream, and pull back to reveal Marta flattened against the wall, facing Casey, Paolo and Skip. She looks terrified.

CASEY
That could've been you, lady. You
want it that way? Huh?

Marta doesn't respond. Paolo steps up to her.

PAOLO
Your brother, he's a thief. He
steals things, see? What good's it
gonna do you, letting a little thief
hide behind your skirts?

Still, Marta doesn't respond. Casey shakes his head.

CASEY
I'm getting tired of asking her to
help. She needs some encouragement....

As Casey moves toward Marta, the door suddenly flies open as David hurls himself against it and into the room. He glances at the men, then quickly crosses toward Marta, stands near her almost protectively.

DAVID
I told you to leave her alone.

CASEY
(shrugging)
We don't listen too good.

DAVID
The kid's split. He told one of the punks at the park he's going to his uncle's.

CASEY
Where's that?

DAVID
Stephano's got a caravan of gypsies. They spend every winter camped out by Lockett....

The heavies smile, head for the door. Casey stops, tosses David a wad of money.

CASEY
A deal's a deal, David. Thanks....

They leave. Marta stares at David, furious. He fumbles with his money, avoiding her eyes.

MARTA
How could you, David?

David doesn't answer.

Marta grabs her purse and keys, rushes past David out the front door. Hold on him, and then:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY - ANGLE ON TRANS AM

gliding along at a nice, even speed of about ninety-five mph.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael's driving and Tino's checking out the various controls in K.I.T.T.'s interior.

TINO

What's this?

K.I.T.T.

None of your business.

MICHAEL

That's a chemical analyzer.

TINO

Oh. Yeah....

MICHAEL

You put things in and the computer tells you what they are.

TINO

I could tell you by just lookin' at 'em.

K.I.T.T.

(very droll)

Bully for you.

Tino cocks his head toward the dash.

TINO

I don't think you like me, car.

K.I.T.T.

I live in mortal terror of what you might do next.

TINO

You're scared of me, huh? That's pretty funny.

K.I.T.T.

A boy named David killed Goliath with one rock.

TINO

(to Michael)

I don't know those guys. What's he talking about?

MICHAEL

It's from the Bible. Haven't you ever read anything?

TINO

Sure. But, I don't have to brag about it....

Michael grins, pulls a map out of the backseat and offers it to Tino.

MICHAEL

Speaking of reading, take a look at this and tell me where we're going.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, surely I can do that....

TINO

(quickly)

So can I.

He grabs the map, unfolds it and spreads it out, eyes it intently. It's obvious he can't read. Michael sees this.

MICHAEL

It probably looks better this way....

Michael turns the map right side up. Tino, caught and hating it, glares at Michael, tosses the map away.

TINO

Who cares about an old map, anyway?

Tino stares out the window, pouting, then starts fiddling with K.I.T.T.'s dash.

MICHAEL

You know, to use all these buttons and stuff, you've got to know a couple of things. Like how to read.

TINO

I could handle this baby with my eyes closed.

K.I.T.T.

Perish the thought.

MICHAEL

It's not as easy as it looks.

TINO

Try me.

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

as it screeches to a stop by the side of the highway. Michael climbs out and a suddenly hesitant Tino and he exchange seats.

K.I.T.T.

This is a truly terrible idea,
Michael. He can't possibly drive....

As the doors close, the Trans Am blasts away with a scream like an off-the-line drag racer, fishtailing up the highway.

ANGLE ON A FARMER

some distance ahead, driving a very old pickup truck across the highway. He hears a roaring sound approaching and turns toward it, shading his eyes from the sun.

ANGLE ON THE TRANS AM

still seemingly out of control, barrelling up the highway.

ANGLE ON THE FARMER

Realizing the car's heading straight for him, he jams the accelerator to the floor and the truck tears from fifteen mph to a death-defying twenty-five mph.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Tino's like a madman at the wheel. Michael spots the farmer up ahead.

MICHAEL

Tino! Watch out...!

TINO

No problem. I've got it totally under control.

Michael doesn't share his confidence, and reaches for the turbo boost.

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

as the car's nearly on the poor farmer and he leaps out of the truck. Even as he hits the dirt, the Trans Am turbo boosts and leaps over him, heads on up the highway.

ANGLE ON THE FARMER

curled up in bomb-alert position, realizing he's still alive. He looks after the vanishing Trans Am, then back to his truck, which is now driving off the highway, alone, plowing through someone else's field. The farmer leaps to his feet and takes off after the truck.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP - DAY

A collection of trailers, trucks and old Cadillacs, camped in an open field, near a stream if possible. A collection of scroungy dogs, kids and adults moves through the camp which is centered around a scruffy trailer larger than the others. All in all, not an impressive sight.

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING THE TRANS AM

as it skids into the camp and stops. Several gypsies look up, stare at the car.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael looks like he's in the process of recovering from near heart failure. Tino stares at the gypsy camp around them.

TINO

Look at them -- real gypsies! I'm going to find Uncle Stephano!

Tino bolts out of the car.

K.I.T.T.

I hope you're satisfied. He probably destroyed my entire transmission.

MICHAEL

Yeah. I'm a little concerned about mine, too.

Michael climbs out of the car.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP - DAY - MOVING WITH MICHAEL

following the path Tino took through the camp, toward the large trailer. He attracts a lot of attention -- dogs bark, people stare, some kids follow in his footsteps, mimicking his long stride. Good-natured laughter from the adults. Michael turns, sees the kids, smiles, too. Meanwhile:

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

also attracting a lot of attention, namely from a handful of young gypsy teenagers, who descend upon the fancy black car like a swarm of locusts. Two of them go for the hubcaps, one tries to pry open the hood, another the door. Needless to say, no one's having any luck. Finally:

K.I.T.T.

I've got a fortune for you fellows....

They all stop in midsteal.

K.I.T.T.

I see police, iron bars and bread
and water, unless you get your hands
off me, now!

Everyone jumps away from the car, turns and hustles back to
the camp as we go to:

EXT. STEPHANO'S TRAILER - DAY

The big one. As Michael approaches, Tino comes out with
Uncle Stephano. Stephano is in his early fifties, small,
slightly stooped. He's got a slight limp and a persistent
cough.

TINO

This is my pal, Michael.

STEPHANO

You bring my nephew to me. From the
bottom of my heart, I thank you!

Stephano grabs Michael's hand with both of his, holds it as
he talks.

MICHAEL

Nice to meet you.

STEPHANO

(coughing)

My brother never tells me he has
such a big boy. Now, Tino is here,
where he belongs -- with his people.

MICHAEL

Good...that's where he wants to be.

Tino is watching Uncle Stephano carefully as the older man
talks. We can see the surprise and disappointment in the
boy's eyes.

STEPHANO

(to Michael)

Come, we are about to eat. You are
the guest of honor at our table
today.

MICHAEL

I'd like to, but -- you wouldn't
believe how late I am getting to
work.

STEPHANO

Of course, of course.

(to Tino)

I leave you to say good-bye.

And Stephano strides off, leaving Michael and Tino alone. Confronted with the reality of parting with his newfound friend, Tino finds it hard to look in Michael's eyes.

CLOSER ON MICHAEL AND TINO

as Tino does a close inspection on his shoes, the ground....

MICHAEL

Are you going to be all right here,
Tino?

TINO

(without
much
conviction)

Sure, all my life I want to be
here. It's...great.

MICHAEL

You sure you're okay?

Tino shrugs, nods.

TINO

You gonna come visit me?

MICHAEL

If I can, sure...

(beat)

You keep your hands off other
people's watches, okay?

The boy appears to be fighting back tears.

TINO

Don't run down any little kids.

Michael grins, ruffles Tino's hair. Then, he crosses to the Trans Am, climbs in. Tino watches him drive off, more than a little sadly. Finally, he turns and walks toward the communal dining table where many of the gypsies have gathered. Suddenly, he stops in his tracks when he sees:

ANGLE ON PAOLO

standing in front of him. In a flash, Tino turns to run and nearly collides with Skip. Tino tries to wriggle out of Skip's grip, but Paolo's on him, wrestling him back between the trailers, out of view of the other gypsies.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ANGLE ON TRANS AM

quickly leaving the gypsy camp behind.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as Michael drives in silence, seemingly lost in thought.

K.I.T.T.

I think at the very least, you could have stayed for dinner, Michael.

MICHAEL

What happened to the desperate search for a tux?

K.I.T.T.

I've located several stores nearby, all open until six o'clock. We have plenty of time.

MICHAEL

You're worried about Tino, aren't you.

K.I.T.T.

I'm not programmed to worry.

(beat)

But the boy was distressed by our departure. His vital signs were highly elevated.

The Foundation "hotline" buzzes.

MICHAEL

Speaking of elevated vital signs, here comes Devon.

Devon appears on the vidscreen.

DEVON

Well, Michael, I was half hoping to see you coming out of a formal wear shop.

MICHAEL

Don't worry, Devon. We've wrapped things up here and Kitt's plotting a direct route to patent leather shoes even as we speak.

DEVON

Yes. Well, in the event that his routes lead astray, allow me to show you this.

Devon holds up perhaps the worst-looking rental tuxedo in the world. Michael grimaces.

MICHAEL

Did somebody die in that?

DEVON

No, but somebody might. It's what you will wear, if you're unable to find a suit on your own.

Devon fades from the vidscreen. Off Michael's reaction we:

CUT TO

EXT. GYPSY CAMP - BEYOND THE TRAILERS - DAY

where Paolo and Casey have Tino cornered. His clothes are torn, dishevelled. He's been roughed up pretty badly.

PAOLO

He doesn't have it. He must've ditched it someplace.

Casey grabs Tino by the face, squeezes his cheeks.

CASEY

Come on, you little punk. Where's the watch...open your mouth....

Which Tino does, biting Casey hard. Casey yells, lets go of Tino and he takes off. Runs directly into the arms of Uncle Stephano as he appears between the trailers. Tino grabs the older man, holds onto him tightly.

TINO

Uncle Stephano, help!

Before Stephano can respond, Skip appears right behind him, a gun in his hand. Stephano shakes his head sadly.

STEPHANO

We cannot help...these men, with their guns....

Tino looks at his uncle, shaken, disbelieving.

TINO

But, there's fifty of you and three of them....

Stephano just shakes his head. Casey laughs harshly.

CASEY

What he's saying, kid, is he's afraid to fight. Isn't that right, old man?

Casey crosses to Stephano, laughs in his face. The laugh turns to a snarl as he turns to Tino.

CASEY

So don't think you can hide behind
Uncle Stephano's skirts, kid...

(grabbing him)

Now, where's that watch?

TINO

On your mother's grave....

Casey pulls back his hand to slap Tino, but Stephano grabs it. They wrestle for a moment, but Casey pushes the older man to the ground. Paolo steps up to Casey.

PAOLO

I bet he left it with his sister.

TINO

(alarmed)

No!

The men look at Tino. Casey smiles.

CASEY

Guess that rang a bell, huh?

He pats Tino's cheek, turns to the others.

CASEY

Let's take the kid home.

TINO

I told you, she doesn't have it. I
gave it to the cops.

That stops Casey in his tracks.

CASEY

For your sake, that better not be
true. Without that watch, you're
dead, kid.

He grabs Tino roughly by the arm, starts to drag him kicking and squirming, toward the convertible. Uncle Stephano and several other gypsies watch helplessly.

ANGLE ON TINO

as he turns, glances over his shoulder at Stephano. His eyes are filled with tears of disappointment. As Casey tosses him into the convertible, we:

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ANGLE ON TRANS AM - STOCK

as it cruises along. Again, we hear the strains of a Christmas carol, hopefully "Frosty the Snowman" or "Jingle Bells."

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael's enjoying the music. We hear:

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I've noticed that so many of the Christmas songs we've been hearing mention snow.

MICHAEL

Sure. Snow, sleds, snowmen... Christmas is in December, after all.

K.I.T.T.

In case you didn't notice, there's no snow in sight and the temperature outside is nearly seventy degrees. It must be difficult to get in the mood....

Michael laughs, nods.

MICHAEL

That's part of the price we pay for living in this part of the country.
(beat)
Of course, there're some advantages ...like being able to surf all year.

K.I.T.T.

Surfing. Oh, goodness, let's not get started on that....

Michael's attention is distracted by a car parked at a small gas station, its hood up.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

We see a woman talking anxiously to a station attendant. It's Marta.

BACK TO MICHAEL

craning over his shoulder to see the woman.

MICHAEL

Kitt, wasn't that Marta?

K.I.T.T.

And a very uncomfortable automobile.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY - TRANS AM

as it whirls around on the highway and pulls into the station, stopping beside the overheating car. As Michael climbs out, Marta looks up from beneath the hood. She's very surprised to see Michael.

MARTA

Michael!

She rushes over to him.

MARTA

Those men -- they came to my store, looking for Tino. David told them you were taking him to the gypsy camp.

Michael stiffens as the gravity of the situation hits him. He immediately moves toward the Trans Am. She follows, grabbing the handle of the passenger door.

MARTA

I'm coming with you.

MICHAEL

Let's go.

They climb in.

WIDER ANGLE

as the Trans Am screeches backward out of the gas station, screeches a one-eighty in the middle of the highway and roars back in the direction of the gypsy camp.

ANGLE ON THE STATION ATTENDANT

watching the Trans Am in awe, then looking back at the overheating clunker. He realizes the car's been ditched on him and starts to run after the Trans Am; quickly realizes it's useless and turns back to the clunker. He gives it a good kick and the bumper falls off. He looks disgusted.

EXT. GYPSY CAMP - DAY

or what's left of it. Everyone's packed up and moved on, leaving little more than the ashes of the early dinner fires. In the b.g., the Trans Am comes roaring down the road, onto the field.

ANOTHER ANGLE FEATURING THE TRANS AM

as Michael pulls the car to a stop where the camp should have been. He and Marta climb out, look around.

MARTA

Are you sure this is where they were?

MICHAEL

Positive. They must've moved on
right after I left.

MARTA

But what about Tino?

MICHAEL

We'll find him, Marta, I promise.

But from the look on Michael's face, we can see he's not so
sure they will. Hold on the two of them and then:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. GYPSY CAMP - DAY

Michael and Marta are walking slowly through the gypsy
camp, looking for anything that might tell them Stephano
and the others have gone.

MICHAEL

I've been over this place three
times...they didn't leave a thing
behind.

MARTA

Gypsies have learned to move
quickly, and quietly.

(beat)

Their lives often depend on it.

MICHAEL

Right now, it's Tino's life I'm
worried about.

Michael's attention is suddenly diverted to a small puddle
of something on the ground. He kneels, gets a finger full,
smells it. He stands up, thinking hard.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

as Michael turns, hurries to K.I.T.T., sits down in the
driver's seat.

MICHAEL

Kitt, you got any idea what this is?

K.I.T.T.

My chemical sensors indicate a petroleum-based product of relatively high viscosity....

MICHAEL

In English that means oil, right?

K.I.T.T.

Yes. An inexpensive commercial grade...and filthy, I might add.

MICHAEL

Think you could follow a trail of this stuff?

K.I.T.T.

Goodness, yes...the stench is enough to twist my turbine.

Michael starts to get out of K.I.T.T., only to find a thoroughly dumbfounded Marta staring over his shoulder into K.I.T.T.

MARTA

Tino was right...it does talk.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I know...it's pretty incredible. But, it works. And he's got a nose sharper than a bloodhound's....

Marta's now confused beyond explanation.

MICHAEL

Climb in...we're going after Stephano.

Marta nods, hurries around to climb into the Trans Am. Michael slams the door, fires the car up.

MICHAEL

All right, buddy, sic 'em! Or fetch or whatever the appropriate phrase is.

As the Trans Am roars off, we hear:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

I don't believe there is an appropriate phrase...although you might consider 'please.'

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ANGLE ON CONVERTIBLE

moving along in the sunlight -- with the top up.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Casey's at the wheel, Skip's beside him. Paolo's in the back with Tino. The windows are rolled up and it's sweltering inside.

PAOLO

It must be a hundred and fifty in here.

CASEY

Keep that window shut! I'm not giving the kid one shot at making more trouble.

TINO

I don't feel so good. I think I'm getting carsick....

The men exchange ominous looks of dread. Paolo hurriedly rolls down the back window a crack.

PAOLO

Here, kid...suck up some air.

TINO

I gotta have something to drink.

SKIP

You had two sodas already.

TINO

I'm still thirsty.

CASEY

We're not stopping again.

TINO

(groaning)

I don't think I can make it....

Skip and Paolo exchange another look.

CASEY

I'm sick of listening to that brat.

He turns on the radio, flicks channels, as:

TINO

I gotta get to the bathroom, I'm not kidding....

Casey reaches a news station and as Tino groans in back, he turns up the volume so that we hear:

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE

The watch recovered by the police department was definitely identified today as that stolen from Richard P. Henzer, driver of the Securvan that was robbed in broad daylight in one of the most daring armored truck robberies this year....

Casey snaps off the radio. Tino's stil ad-libbing groans and gripes as Casey turns to Skip.

CASEY

The cops do have the watch.

SKIP

I heard.

CASEY

Then what do we need this pain in the neck in the backseat for?

Skip shrugs; he has no answer. Tino hears Casey, suddenly stops groaning.

EXT. CASEY'S SEDAN - DAY - A SMALL TRUCK STOP CAFE

as Casey pulls the sedan off the highway, has to wait for an incredibly slow driver parking a very rundown pickup truck in front. As the driver of the truck climbs out, we recognize the beleaguered farmer who Tino drove off the highway earlier. He enters the cafe and we angle to:

CASEY'S SEDAN

as Casey and Skip climb out, followed by Paolo. Tino starts to climb out and Casey stops him.

CASEY

This is a private conversation.

TINO

You're gonna be real sorry when I get sick.

Casey pushes him back into the car and locks the doors. He pockets the keys and he and his partners move away from the car. We hold on Tino as he begins fighting the doors, trying to open them. When they don't open, Tino jumps into the front seat, starts fiddling under the dash.

ANGLE ON CASEY, SKIP AND PAOLO

forming a huddle some distance from the sedan.

SKIP

You talking about killing him?
We're not murderers.

PAOLO

Yeah...besides, the cops have the
watch.

CASEY

The watch is one thing. The kid can
ID us. It's a lot safer if he can't
talk. Do I make myself perfectly
clear?

As Skip and Paolo contemplate this, we hear the sound of
the engine igniting, turning over, then catching. They
turn to see:

THE CONVERTIBLE

whipping out backwards, right toward them. They have to
jump out of the way as the car screeches past, and they get
a very good look at Tino as he flicks his hand across his
chin and takes off up the highway. Casey pulls his gun and
runs after the fleeing sedan, sees it's hopeless. Paolo
and Skip amble over to him.

PAOLO

What do we do now?

CASEY

What do you think? We steal a car!

As they turn toward the line of parked cars, we:

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - TRANS AM

moving along the highway, still scanning the oil spots,
approaching the outskirts of a small town.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael scans the road ahead. Marta's all nerves.

MICHAEL

You're doing great, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

I'm glad someone thinks so.

(beat)

The density of these oil spots seems
to be growing rather than diminishing,
Michael.

MICHAEL

Just keep your nose to the hardtop,
pal.

K.I.T.T.

And to think some poor animals are
forced to do this for a living.

(beat)

Thank goodness...we seem to have come
to the end of the line.

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

as it pulls off the road, into a gas station. A "closed"
sign sits in the window and an old, faded car with charms
and doodads decorating the rearview mirror and windows sits
on the apron of the station. The Trans Am stops beside the
car and Michael and Marta climb out. Michael peeks under
the car, to see a very large oil spot.

MICHAEL

Looks like the end for this fella,
all right.

MARTA

We'll never find Tino.

Michael puts a comforting arm around her shoulders.

MICHAEL

I don't think your uncle and his
people would leave a car far behind.
Let's head into town.

As they start to climb into the Trans Am:

K.I.T.T.

Precisely where in town, Michael?

MICHAEL

Just follow your nose, pal.

K.I.T.T.

I beg your pardon.

MICHAEL

Kitt, just go!

As the Trans Am roars off, toward town, we:

CUT TO

EXT. ANOTHER STRETCH OF HIGHWAY - DAY

as Tino, behind the wheel of the convertible comes speeding
past camera.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

The radio blares rock 'n roll, Tino's beating out the rhythm on the dash, having a ball. Although Tino doesn't notice, we have a look at:

THE GAS GAUGE

riding heavy on "E."

BACK TO TINO

smiling, singing to himself. Off this, we:

CUT TO

EXT. TRUCK STOP CAFE - DAY

The place Tino escaped from. Out comes the farmer, carrying armloads of take-home food. He walks over to where his truck was parked, then stops -- the truck's gone. The farmer stands, staring at the empty space. He finally nods his head tolerantly and starts up the highway on foot.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - THE FARMER'S PICKUP TRUCK

somewhere behind Tino, moving slowly along, smoking, sputtering.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Our three heavies are crammed in, earlobe to elbow, each with the same look of silent fury on his face. Casey's driving. The speedometer reads just over thirty.

CASEY

Of all the stupid cars to take, we gotta nab one that died ten years ago.

SKIP

The rest were locked.

CASEY

We'd catch that kid faster if we walked, which is what you're gonna do if I hear another dumb word outta either one of you.

Paolo and Skip exchange a hurt look.

EXT. STREET IN SMALL TOWN - DAY

The Trans Am cruises through a suburban neighborhood.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael and Marta peer anxiously through the windows.

MICHAEL

Picking up anything promising, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.

Noxious is more like it. The air in this town is simply rampant with hydrocarbons, being heated to approximately....

MICHAEL

Straight goods, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

Asphalt, Michael...the sort of material used in paving streets.

MARTA

Or driveways -- repaving driveways is one of Uncle Stephano's favorite scams!

MICHAEL

Then that's it! Let's sniff out Uncle Stephano, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

And this time, we can follow your nose.

Michael hits the accelerator and the car darts away, to:

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

where a handful of gypsy men are hard at work on a driveway, laying down the cheapest, skimpiest layer of asphalt imaginable. Nearby is Stephano's trailer, canopy billowing in the breeze. Stephano sits imperiously at a table, watching the work. The Trans Am screeches up and Michael jumps out, hurries over to Stephano. Marta stays near the car, unwilling to confront her uncle.

ANGLE ON THE TRAILER

as Michael pushes past two of Stephano's people, confronts the older man.

MICHAEL

Where's Tino? What happened to him?

Stephano regards Michael for a beat, then shakes his head.

MICHAEL

Don't give me that...he was here.

Suddenly, Stephano looks very guilty and ashamed.

STEPHANO

He was here, yes. Then three men
came and took him from us.

(beat)

They had guns, and we do not. There
was nothing we could do....

MARTA

Did you phone the police, Stephano?

STEPHANO

Gypsy learned long ago not to
bother with the police...unless we
want more trouble than we already
have.

MICHAEL

Where'd these guys take Tino?

STEPHANO

North. They seemed to be heading
back toward the city....

MICHAEL

(to Marta)

Let's go.

As Michael and Marta turn to leave, Stephano takes
Michael's arm.

STEPHANO

Perhaps we can come with you, help
somehow...?

MICHAEL

No, I don't think that's....

But before Michael can finish his sentence, most of the
gypsy men are piling into a couple of old trucks. As
Stephano shuffles over to one of them, Michael and Marta
jump in the Trans Am and lead the small caravan down the
street.

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ANGLE ON THE CONVERTIBLE

sputtering to a stop by the side of the road. An old barn
with two grain threshing machines outside is the only sign
of habitation. On either side of the road, grain fields
high with oats or wheat stretch toward the horizon.

CLOSER ANGLE ON THE CAR

as Tino frantically tries to start it. No luck. It's bone
dry. Tino climbs out, gives the car a kick -- then he

looks around and starts walking. Behind him, he hears the sound of a backfire, turns to see:

AN OLD PICKUP TRUCK

coming up the highway toward him like a slow-moving mirage.

ANGLE ON TINO

starting toward the approaching truck, grinning and waving his arms. As the truck comes closer, Tino stops and stares.

ANGLE ON THE TRUCK

with Casey, Paolo and Skip inside, now bearing down on Tino.

ANGLE ON TINO

realizing his salvation's turned to a nightmare, breaking into a run away from the highway, toward the barn, as we:

CUT TO

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

tearing down the highway away from the small town. In the distance, we see Stephano and his people.

EXT. BARN - DAY

as Tino races toward it, tries to get inside -- it's locked. He turns to see the old truck rumbling toward him. Looking around desperately for a place to hide, he sees nothing but the field of wheat. He races for it, stumbles, twists his ankle badly. He pulls himself to his feet and, limping badly, staggers toward the field and disappears into the tall grain as the truck pulls up and the heavies pile out.

ANGLE ON THE HEAVIES

seeing Tino vanish into the field.

CASEY

We'll never find him in there --
it's too thick.

Casey looks around, sees the threshers.

CASEY

There's more than one way to skin a
cat.

He and Skip run to the threshers, jump up and fire them up as Paolo pulls a gun. At that moment, the barn doors fly open and the farmer we've met twice before comes out, holding a pitchfork. Paolo whirls toward him, aiming the

gun, and the astonished farmer stares, then jumps back into the barn, locking the door.

ANGLE ON THE THRESHERS

Big, noisy and very lethal looking. As the giant blades start to hack through the wheat, we see:

TINO

crouched in the middle of the field. He rises at the sound, sees the threshers coming toward him. He starts to run and the top of his head becomes visible -- Paolo spots him and fires a shot. Tino ducks back into the field.

WIDER - FEATURING THE THRESHERS

mowing through the field, heading for Tino. Then, in the b.g., we see:

THE TRANS AM

streaking along the highway past the field.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Marta stares ahead, shaking her head worriedly. Michael's glancing out the window, toward the field.

MARTA

We should've seen something by now.

ANGLE - WIDER

as the Trans Am nears the barn. Paolo sees the car, opens fire on it. Bullets harmlessly bounce off K.I.T.T. and Paolo turns to run, just as the farmer opens the barn door to peek out at the action. The door slams into Paolo, knocking him to the ground as the Trans Am slides sideways, avoiding the barn and doubling back toward the field.

ANGLE ON THE FARMER

looking at the car, at the dazed Paolo struggling to his feet -- then quickly going back into the barn, locking the door again.

ANGLE ON THE TRANS AM

nearing the field. The threshers are ahead, Tino is invisible.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as Michael punches turbo boost.

MICHAEL

Let's do a little harvesting of our
own....

EXT. FIELD - ON TRANS AM

lifting into the air and soaring over the crushed field,
bumping down just feet in front of the startled Casey and
Skip, between the threshers and Tino.

ANGLE ON TINO

still on the ground, realizing he's being saved. He cheers.

CLOSER ANGLE

as Casey tries to drive his thresher through or over the
Trans Am. Bad choice -- the thresher's blades grind and
the machine seems to crumble, as Casey leaps to safety in
the grain. Skip, deciding he's no dummy, leaps from his
thresher and takes off on foot.

WIDER ANGLE

As the Trans Am screeches to a halt and Michael jumps out,
runs after the escaping Skip and Casey. When he catches
them, it's two against one. And these guys know how to
fight.

ACROSS THE FIELD

We see the gypsy caravan pull up. The gypsies pile out
and head across the field toward the fight. One of them
stops to handle Paolo on the way, and the others, led by
Stephano, head for:

MICHAEL

who's grappling with Skip and Casey. Michael flips Skip
with a judo toss, only to find that Casey's got him in a
bear hug from behind. Skip's on his feet, moving toward
the helpless Michael when suddenly Tino's on his back,
riding him like a bucking bronco. Michael jerks free from
Skip, turns and drops him with a solid right. Meanwhile,
the gypsies have surrounded Skip and with Tino's help have
him on the ground.

ANGLE - WIDER

as Tino hops off Skip, whooping with excitement. He sees
Stephano and runs to give his uncle a big hug. Tino's
beaming when Michael crosses to them.

MICHAEL

You guys all right?

TINO

All right? We're gypsies...we know
how to handle ourselves.

As Marta comes running up to join them.

TINO

Don't ask...we're doing just fine.

Tino laughs, throws his arm around Stephano and then one
around Marta. As they all grin back at Michael, we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. MARTA'S DRESS SHOP - DAY

The Trans Am's parked in front, the passenger door's open.
Michael hoists a large box out of the back, carries it to
the dress shop as Marta comes out to take it. Even as they
struggle with the box, Tino comes out, brushing his hands
and rubbing his back as if he's done all the work.

MARTA

Not so fast! Carrying the stuff
inside's only half the job...putting
it away comes next.

She smiles at Michael, then goes inside. Tino eyes her
skeptically.

TINO

I'm still not sure moving in with my
sister's such a great idea.

MICHAEL

Hey, you're the man of the family --
Marta needs you.

Tino likes this. Expansively ---

TINO

Yeah, that's right.

MICHAEL

So, what're you going to do with all that reward money, bigshot?

TINO

Well, I've been thinking. You know, I think school's for kids and all -- but I really think I could do okay with computers...after I buy me a car! A big one with fuel injection, four on the floor, an AM/FM cassette player and....

MARTA'S VOICE

...that's not going to happen for years.

Michael and Tino turn to see Marta walking out of the store.

TINO

(to Michael)

See? I told you this wasn't a good idea.

(dramatically)

Women...they don't understand what a man needs.

MICHAEL

(smiling)

Yeah, well, when you're old enough to know, you be sure and tell her....

Tino frowns at Michael for a beat, then breaks into a grin. Marta and Tino turn to Michael.

MARTA

Thanks for everything, Michael. Without you....

MICHAEL

Hey, Tino saved my neck....

Tino beams proudly. Marta gives Michael a little kiss and hug. Michael turns to Tino, sticks out his hand.

MICHAEL

See you later, pal.

TINO

(shaking his hand)

Yeah. If you're ever stuck again and need a hand....

MICHAEL

You'll be the first to know.

Tino hesitates, then gives Michael a big hug. Michael loves it. He smiles, waves good-bye, then crosses to the Trans Am, climbs inside.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as Michael starts it up.

K.I.T.T.

They're very nice people.

MICHAEL

Yeah, they sure are.

K.I.T.T.

I've been thinking about fortune-telling, Michael. I think it can be done, with some accuracy.

MICHAEL

Listen to you -- we've got a believer.

K.I.T.T.

For instance, I can predict with absolute certainty what's going to happen to you when Devon sees you.

MICHAEL

Devon! I forgot all about him!

K.I.T.T.

I'm afraid all the tux shops are now closed.

Just as K.I.T.T. says this, the lights on the dash start to blink.

MICHAEL

Don't answer it!

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I'm shocked!

MICHAEL

Give me a prediction on how far we can get before he finds us....

EXT. TRANS AM - DAY

As it roars away from camera, into the sunset, we hear:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

My crystal ball seems to be clouding over.

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Kitt...!

On this plaintive cry, we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

THE END