

EXEC. PRODUCERS: Glen A. Larson  
Robert Foster  
(F.R.)  
SUPV. PRODUCER: Joel Rogosin  
CO-PRODUCERS: Robert W. Gilmer  
Gian R. Grimaldi

PROD. #57829  
September 28, 1983

Rev. 9/29/83 (F.R.)

KNIGHT RIDER

SOUL SURVIVOR

by  
Robert W. Gilmer  
&  
Robert Foster

---

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. VAN - DAY - CLOSE ON COMPUTER MONITOR

We open very close on a computer monitor screen displaying a series of complicated equations. As the equations multiply, we hear the sound of a computer keyboard over, and pull back to reveal three other monitors. Technical data on one, mechanical schematics on the other two. Always, we hear the sound of the keyboard as someone works feverishly. Pull back further to reveal:

RANDY MERRITT

seventeen. Dishevelled hair and clothing, with an old baseball hat riding low on a pair of glasses. The kind of kid who lives and breathes computers. He takes a swig of a soft drink, stuffs a piece of candy in his mouth, but his eyes never leave the monitors in front of him. A small smile of excitement flashes across his face now and then. Behind him someone steps into the van. Randy turns expectantly.

WIDER ANGLE

At first all we see is the backlit and shapely figure of a tall, sensuous woman. As she steps into the light surrounding the monitors, we see a beautiful woman in her late twenties. This is Adrienne Margeaux, a woman of commanding presence. Confident, in control. She smiles a breathtaking smile at Randy. He grins back, very much infatuated.

ADRIANNE

Don't let me interrupt.

RANDY

(excited)

I was just about to call you! I've completely debugged the algorithmic system analysis program, Adrienne. It's going to work...I know it is. Look....

Randy turns back to the computer, starts typing rapidly. In front of him, the monitors start flashing a series of numbers, equations. As he works, Adrienne moves close to him, one hand resting on his shoulder. Casual, yet intimate. Randy notices it, and so do we.

ADRIANNE

(purring)

I knew you could do it.

RANDY

(pleased)

I wasn't so sure...I've never written  
a program for something like this.

With that, he punches another button on the keyboard.

ON THE MONITORS

As all three screens go blank and then flash computer  
pictures of -- K.I.T.T.! A front, side and rearview of  
Trans Am. Off this, we:

OMITTED

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - CLOSE ON A SIMILAR PICTURE OF K.I.T.T.

as the Trans Am moves down the highway. Over, we hear the  
characteristic jingle of "Pac-Man" or some other appropriate  
video game, and we hear:

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Gotcha! Did you see that, Kitt?

INT. TRANS AM - DAY - CLOSE ON MONITOR

where we see a video game in progress, preferably Pac-Man.  
As the little creature gobbles baddies, pull back to reveal  
Michael playing the game, laughing delightedly.

K.I.T.T.

I've seen nothing else for three hun-  
dred miles. Don't you think you've  
had enough?

MICHAEL

What's the problem? I thought you'd  
appreciate me getting into computers....

K.I.T.T.

Playing a video game where circles  
eat blobs is hardly 'getting into  
computers.' Michael, a computer is  
a sophisticated, very complicated  
piece of equipment....

MICHAEL

You want to talk complicated? Try  
getting twenty thousand points on  
this thing....

K.I.T.T.

Never. But, if you can tear your-  
self away, my sensors are picking up  
a disabled automobile ahead....

Michael looks up to see a beautiful black Bentley parked by the side of the road its hood up. Someone is bent over the engine, though we can't see who. Shapely legs indicate it's a woman.

MICHAEL

Let's see if we can lend a hand....

Michael pulls to the side of the road, behind the Bentley.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

as Michael parks, gets out of the Trans Am, walks to the Bentley. As he approaches, the woman under the hood looks up. It's Adrienne. She flashes Michael another blinding smile.

ADRIANNE

Help!

MICHAEL

What's the problem?

ADRIANNE

It won't go.

(smiling)

I'm not so hot with mechanics....

MICHAEL

Sort of like me and cooking...I get stuck at 'bring water to boil.'

Adrienne laughs. Michael smiles, moves to the engine, looks in, studies it for a moment.

MICHAEL

Ah ha....

ADRIANNE

'Ah ha?' As in, 'I think I see the problem?'

Michael nods, reaches in, fiddles.

MICHAEL

Your distributor cap was loose.

Michael climbs in, tries the car. It starts. Adrienne beams.

MICHAEL

You probably weren't getting any juice from your induction coil to your plugs.

Michael climbs out, closes the hood, as Adrienne studies him. She clearly likes what she sees.

ADRIANNE

It seems like just saying 'thanks'  
isn't nearly enough.

MICHAEL

It was my pleasure.

ADRIANNE

Look, my place is right down the  
road. How about letting me buy you  
a drink?

MICHAEL

That's very thoughtful, but....

ADRIANNE

Oh, come on...what self-respecting  
knight denies his damsel a chance  
to thank him?

(coyly)

Besides, what if this stupid car  
stops again and you're gone?

She holds Michael's look for a beat, smiles. As Michael  
smiles back, we:

CUT TO

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Something luxurious. In front we see the Trans Am parked  
next to the Bentley. We should see a garage in the b.g.  
with its doors closed.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Beautifully furnished. Plants. Carefully chosen prints  
on the walls. A magnificent sound system, highlighted  
by two very large speakers mounted on the walls. Michael  
is walking around, admiring the room as Adrienne comes in  
carrying a tray with drinks, hors d'oeuvres.

MICHAEL

You have a beautiful place.

ADRIANNE

I'm an art dealer. I love having  
beautiful things around me.

Adrienne sets down the tray, hands Michael a glass.

ADRIANNE

Art and music. They're two of the  
three essential ingredients in my  
life....

Adrienne lets her last line sink in, then moves to a reel-to-reel tape recorder. As she switches it on, we notice her quickly place plugs in both her ears. As she does, we go to:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

as a van pulls up the driveway, parks next to the Trans Am. It's got a huge termite on the roof, and a sign on the side that reads, "Rodent Raiders -- If It Crawls, It Falls." The door opens and Randy jumps out. He crosses to the Trans Am, peers in the window like a kid at a candy store, then moves toward the house. We hear the faint sound of synthesized music (a la "Vangelis" or "Tangerine Dream"), and go to:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The music fills the room, Michael stands, listens intently, seemingly lost in the melody. Adrienne's at his side, smiling warmly. He catches himself drifting, shakes his head, stands shakily.

MICHAEL

Strange...music.

ADRIANNE

I find it so...soothing. Relaxing.

Michael looks at her sharply. She gestures for him to sit.

ADRIANNE

Come and sit down.

She takes his arm, very gently leads him toward the sofa. Michael's distracted by the music again, then brings himself back to reality. He looks at Adrienne, then over to the tape recorder.

MICHAEL

I've had enough music.

He turns, lurches toward the door. Again, Adrienne very calmly takes his arm.

ADRIANNE

(crooning)

Michael...I want you to relax.

MICHAEL

(groggy)

Who are you? What are...you...  
doing?

ADRIANNE

Making you comfortable. Helping  
you...relax....

He tries to break free from her grasp, but he's weak as a kitten. She leads him back to the sofa, sits him down. Her hand caresses his face. He tries to get up, but can't find the strength. Adrienne caresses his face.

ADRIANNE

Don't...Stay here...with me...

(beat)

Just...relax...relax.

The front door opens and Randy steps into the room. Adrienne and Michael turn to see him. Adrienne nods that everything's all right. Randy hesitates for a moment, a frown on his face, taking in the scene. Finally, he backs out and closes the door. Michael sinks back on the sofa, closes his eyes. Adrienne smiles at him, and we:

CUT TO

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

as Randy comes out, crosses directly to the van and climbs inside.

INT. VAN - DAY

Not a rodent control van at all, but a mobile computer center. We realize it's the setup from the opening sequence. Randy sits down, punches into the keyboard. A schematic of K.I.T.T. appears on one of the monitors. Intercut with:

INT. TRANS AM - DAY - ON K.I.T.T.

blinking to life.

K.I.T.T.

(surprised)

I beg your pardon! What do you think you're doing?

K.I.T.T.'s monitor blinks to life. As Randy types into his computer, we see words appearing on K.I.T.T.'s monitor.

K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR

The words read, "Hello. My name is Randy. I want to be your friend. Don't resist. It won't do any good."

BACK TO K.I.T.T.

blinking in alarm, his voice box activating.

K.I.T.T.

I'm highly classified material...

Now get out of here, before I...

(a beat)

We hear a rapid succession of electronic pulses. K.I.T.T.'s lights blink in alarm.

K.I.T.T.  
Michael, someone's trying to gain  
access to me...!

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON MICHAEL

as we hear K.I.T.T. over Michael's comlink:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
Michael, can you hear me! Help...!

Michael slumped over on the sofa, completely mesmerized by the music. Adrienne's standing over him. As she turns and walks out of the room, we go back to:

INT. VAN - DAY

Randy types on his keyboard. A monitor shows a schematic of K.I.T.T., focusing on a door handle.

EXT. TRANS AM - CLOSE ON DOOR

As the electric lights in the handle begin to blink, signifying Randy trying to get inside. We hear:

OMITTED

EXT. TRANS AM - ON THE HANDLE

as it suddenly pops open.

INT. TRANS AM - ON K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.  
(shocked)  
How did he do that?

INT. VAN - ON RANDY

smiling delightedly. He punches another series of buttons. Adrienne appears behind him, watching intently.

EXT. TRANS AM - ON THE HOOD

as it pops open. We hear:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
Oh, no, you don't....

The hood slams shut again.

INT. VAN - ON RANDY

frowning with irritation. He punches in another combination of numbers.

EXT. TRANS AM

The hood pops open.

INT. TRANS AM - ON K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

This is getting very irritating.  
(fiercely)

But, that's all he's going to get.

INT. VAN - ON RANDY

working feverishly over his keyboard. The monitors in front of him reflect the interior of the Trans Am.

INT. TRANS AM

as the dash lights come on, the gear shift moves, the windshield wipers activate, the horn honks. Then the ignition turns, catches and the Trans Am roars to life. K.I.T.T. is powerless to stop it. The gear shift moves into drive and the Trans Am lurches forward, stops, reverses, stops. The movement is awkward, jerky, but K.I.T.T.'s under Randy's tentative control.

OMITTED

INT. VAN

Randy whoops, pounds the table with his fist. He turns to Adrienne, whose eyes are burning with excitement. Spontaneously, she hugs him.

ADRIANNE

You've done it, Randy!

RANDY

Part of it. I've got control of the car. Once I get into the central processing unit, I've got control of the computer, too.

Randy punches in a series of numbers, followed by a phrase. "Designate Access Code." A beat, then we hear:

K.I.T.T.

I am the Knight Industries Two  
Thousand. My serial number is Alpha  
Delta Two Two Seven Five Two Nine.  
I am unauthorized to allow access to  
Central Processing Unit.

Randy shakes his head, punches in another series of letters and numbers. As we hear K.I.T.T.'s voice, repeating the previous phrase; Adrienne frowns with irritation.

ADRIANNE

Your computer controls the car,  
Randy. We don't need someone else's.

Randy looks up at her, his face filled with innocent excitement.

RANDY

But, Adrienne, you told me the Knight  
Industries Two Thousand is one of the  
most fantastic computers in the world.  
I've gotta get inside, get to know it....

ADRIANNE

(interrupting,  
harsh)

That's not necessary! Destroy what  
we can't use....

RANDY

(shocked)

Destroy it? You've got to be  
kidding....

Adrienne senses Randy's mood, changes tactics. She leans over, her face close to Randy's. Suddenly, she's pure sensuality.

ADRIANNE

(softer)

Randy, because of you, your bril-  
liance, we don't need that computer.

(beat)

I don't need anything, or anyone  
else. Just you....

She leans closer, kisses him, softly. Randy melts, and as we hold on his face, then:

CUT TO

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

A two-lane blacktop somewhere out of town. Lightly traveled. As our camera pans slowly down the side of the road, we suddenly see:

MICHAEL

Just off the shoulder of the road, looking like a bum sleeping off a binge. Not moving, so we worry he might be hurt, even dead. Then, slowly, he moves, struggles to sit up. Suddenly, he's on his feet, grabbing for his comlink.

MICHAEL  
Kitt...Kitt, can you read me? Come  
in, Kitt!

Dead silence. Michael scans the horizon in every direction,  
then turns and starts walking down the road. As he breaks  
into a run, we:

CUT TO

EXT. FOUNDATION - DAY

Over, we hear:

DEVON'S VOICE  
You've lost Kitt!?

CUT TO

INT. FOUNDATION - DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael's standing in front of Devon's desk, still dusty  
and disheveled from the road. April stands behind Devon,  
just as stunned as he.

APRIL  
(dismayed)  
To a woman who picked you up on the  
side of the road?! Michael, how could  
you...?

Michael holds up his hands, frustrated, angry.

MICHAEL  
I know how it sounds, but....

DEVON  
It sounds rather fantastic, frankly.  
A long-legged mermaid hypnotizes you  
with her siren's song....

MICHAEL  
It had to be some kind of ultra low  
frequency sound, subliminal thing...  
(shaking  
his head)  
That music, and her voice...it liter-  
ally drained the strength out of me.  
It was incredible....

April and Devon exchange a look. Michael's starting to  
fume.

MICHAEL  
Look, we can debate this later! The  
fact is, Kitt's gone and I want him  
back...

(to April)  
April, how far could they really get  
with Kitt? I mean, he's programmed  
to respond only to me....

APRIL  
That's right. But, if someone changed  
that program....

Michael glances at Devon, then back to April.

MICHAEL  
What're the chances of that?

DEVON  
Infinitesimal. But they exist. And  
the thought of Kitt in the wrong  
hands disturbs me greatly.  
(urgently)  
Do you think you can find the house?

Michael thinks for a beat, nods.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, but that's about it. Once she  
turned on that music, I was gone....

DEVON  
And now so is Kitt.  
(to April)  
Notify the authorities. I want an  
APB out on Kitt immediately.  
(to Michael)  
Let's go, Michael.

As Michael and Devon hurry out of the room, we:

CUT TO

EXT. ADRIANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

deserted as a red Mercedes convertible pulls up the driveway  
and stops. A "For Sale" sign is planted on the front lawn.  
The garage doors are open. Devon and Michael get out,  
hurry to the front door. Michael rings the bell. No one  
answers. Michael goes to work with a key pick and in a  
second the front door opens. He and Devon enter to:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Completely empty. Michael and Devon stand in the middle of  
the room. Michael's fuming.

MICHAEL  
She was here, Devon. This place was  
completely furnished...and it wasn't  
for sale.

Devon glances around the empty room.

DEVON

If that's the case, this young lady obviously went to some trouble to snare you and Kitt. Why?

MICHAEL

(grimly)

We're gonna find that out, Devon. I promise you that....

Michael wheels and walks out of the house. Devon follows.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

He notices the open garage door. Thinks a minute. Then turns and hurries toward it. Devon follows.

ANGLE - ON GARAGE

as Michael walks inside. Like the house, it's empty, except for a pile of boxes stacked in the corner. Michael stands staring at the garage as Devon joins him. A beat, then:

DEVON

What is it, Michael?

MICHAEL

I don't know...I felt something...in here. A presence...

(beat)

Kitt's presence.

Both men glance around the empty garage, turn to leave. As Michael starts to close the garage door we see a faint red light flicker in the pile of boxes. It catches Michael's attention. He freezes, peers through the darkness. Again, a red light flickers.

MICHAEL

Devon...!

Michael throws open the door, hurries to the pile of boxes, reaches in and pulls out a black metallic rectangle about the size of a cigar box. Severed wires dangle from it and it's been badly mishandled. As Michael picks it up, a red LED flickers, then grows bright. Devon hurries over.

DEVON

What is it, Michael?

MICHAEL

It's Kitt...Kitt, are you all right?! Kitt...talk to me...Kitt!

There's no response. As the two men stare in shocked amazement at a Kitt we've never seen, we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. FOUNDATION - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

Over, we hear:

MICHAEL'S VOICE

Is Kitt going to be all right?

CUT TO

INT. FOUNDATION - DEVON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Michael paces across the room. Devon and April face him, looking very somber.

APRIL

He's been badly cannibalized....

MICHAEL

Cannibalized?

APRIL

Most of Kitt's programs were broken into...everything concerning the operation of the car is gone.

Devon and Michael share a concerned look.

MICHAEL

In the wrong hands, that's a lethal weapon.

APRIL

They also tried to access Kitt's central processing unit and his 'bubble memory'...everything that makes Kitt...Kitt.

(beat)

His personality, his little idiosyncrasies...his soul.

MICHAEL

It sounds like brainwashing. Did  
it work?

APRIL

(very upset)

No...but we almost lost him, Michael.

April's nearly on the verge of tears. Devon and Michael  
notice.

DEVON

This is becoming a crisis of major  
proportions and we still don't have  
a clue as to who we're dealing with.

(to April)

How're we coming with those composite  
pictures?

APRIL

I've already entered Michael's des-  
criptions. Kitt's data should be in  
the computer by now....

April crosses to the computer terminal, punches in. Devon  
and Michael follow, peer over her shoulder.

ANGLE TO FEATURE THE MONITOR

as a computer-generated picture of Adrienne comes up on the  
screen. Michael peers at it closely, excited.

MICHAEL

That's her!

APRIL

Good...that's a start. Let's see  
the boy....

More keys are punched. We see a picture of Randy appear.

MICHAEL

That's going to be tougher. I only  
caught a glimpse of the kid....

April is peering intently at the picture. She punches a  
button, blows the picture up.

APRIL

I've got the strangest feeling I've  
seen him somewhere....

April thinks for a beat, then crosses to a pile of magazines.  
She grabs one, hurriedly flips through it.

APRIL

Last month there was a convention in Chicago. The brightest computer kids in the country got together, read papers, exchanged programs... awards were given to the best presentations. A local kid took almost every prize....

She stops turning the pages, stares at the magazine.

APRIL

His name was Randy Merritt....

She holds up the magazine.

ANGLE ON THE MAGAZINE

where we see a picture of a smiling Randy Merritt, under the caption "Computer Whiz Kid Wows Chicago." It's very similar to the composite picture of Randy.

BACK TO SCENE

as Devon and Michael stare at the picture.

DEVON

Good work, April. Let's find him...quickly!

(to Michael)

We'll continue our search for the woman while you interrogate this boy....

As Devon talks, there's a buzz on the intercom. April crosses, picks up the phone, speaks softly, then hangs up.

APRIL

That was the 'clean room'. Kitt's ready...in a manner of speaking. Shall I bring him in?

MICHAEL

Absolutely! I don't like working without a partner.

April turns for the door, stops.

APRIL

He's going to look...different. He's already pretty touchy, so don't make it any worse....

April exits. Devon and Michael share a look.

MICHAEL

Different?

Before Devon can answer, April enters, pushing a gurney which carries one of those portable entertainment units, with a five-inch TV screen, AM/FM radio, speaker and carrying handle. She sets it on a table in front of Michael and Devon. They're flabbergasted. We hear K.I.T.T.'s voice, smaller, slightly metallic, but undeniably K.I.T.T. As he talks, a light on the top of the set flashes.

K.I.T.T.

Don't say a thing! Not one word!

MICHAEL

Kitt, you're...okay!

K.I.T.T.

I am not 'okay.' I'm being held captive inside a television set....

APRIL

Kitt, it's the best we can do to make you portable....

K.I.T.T.

And totally ridiculous! I feel like the booby prize at a Halloween party.

April, Michael and Devon have to hide smiles.

K.I.T.T.

Well, don't just stand there. We've got to find those beasts...immediately!

MICHAEL

As soon as we get a lead on the kid. But, you sure you feel like traveling, pal?

K.I.T.T.

Like April said, Michael...

(sarcastic)

I'm portable.

Off everyone's amused reactions, we:

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

as we pick up the red Mercedes convertible moving down the highway.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Michael's behind the wheel. K.I.T.T.'s on the passenger seat next to him. Silence, then:

K.I.T.T.

You seem to be enjoying this.

MICHAEL

It's kinda fun having the top down.

K.I.T.T.

Well, if being burned by the sun and buffeted by the wind is your idea of fun....

MICHAEL

Look, I'm only driving this until we get our car back. Don't be paranoid.

K.I.T.T.

That's easy for you to say. You're still you, and I'm a...shadow of my former self! I used to be sleek and black and dashing, and now...

(poignantly)

Oh, Michael, do I look just dreadful? Be honest....

Michael glances over at the portable TV, smiles.

MICHAEL

What matters to me is who you are, not what you look like, Kitt. Sure, we don't have the car, so we can't turbo boost or go two hundred miles an hour, but that was all frosting on the cake, anyway. It was never you.

K.I.T.T.

It wasn't?

MICHAEL

No...the car was fantastic but if you break it down it was steel, glass, rubber...and we can always make another one.

(beat)

But, you...you're a lot more than silicon chips and fancy circuitry. You're my buddy and my partner...and you're one of a kind.

K.I.T.T.

Why, thank you, Michael. The feeling's mutual...I mean, I've always considered you as more than a dollar and seventy-eight cents worth of chemicals...a good deal more, in fact.

Off Michael's smile:

CUT TO

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A middle-class neighborhood, with small houses and apartments lining the street. We see the Mercedes parked in front of one of the houses, and:

CUT TO

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

where we find Michael talking with Denise Merritt. She's in her early forties, with an attractiveness that's given way to the concern and fatigue etched in her face.

MRS. MERRITT

I'd give anything to know where he was, Mr. Knight...I've been worried sick since he disappeared.

(beat)

It's been nearly a month...

(near tears)

...no calls, no letters. The police haven't turned up a thing, the private investigator I hired has been useless....

MICHAEL

Mrs. Merritt, I think I saw Randy. He was with a woman....

Mrs. Merritt stares at Michael, totally stunned.

MRS. MERRITT

You saw him? With Adrienne?

MICHAEL

I don't know her name. She's tall, with dark hair, in her late twenties....

MRS. MERRITT

(overwhelmed)

That's her! You've got to tell me where you saw them, how to find them...please!

Mrs. Merritt has grabbed Michael's hand. She's squeezing it tightly.

MICHAEL

(gently)

They've disappeared...but I want to find them just as much as you do. Anything you can tell me about her might help.

MRS. MERRITT

I really don't know that much. Her name's Adrienne Margeaux. They met at one of those computer conventions ...she started filling his head with plans for building a computer making millions of dollars. It was crazy....

She stands, starts pacing. She's talking rapidly now.

MRS. MERRITT

Look, Randy's a good boy, but he's young and so impressionable. She smiled at him, started telling him he was some kind of computer genius. She's so much older, so beautiful... it completely swept him off his feet.

(shaking  
her head)

I watched him changing right in front of my eyes...even started lying and he'd never done that before.

(beat)

I finally told him he couldn't see her anymore...two days later, he was gone.

She gives way to tears again.

MICHAEL

(a beat)

He couldn't have taken a lot with him. Maybe if we check his room, there's a clue hidden away somewhere....

MRS. MERRITT

I doubt that. Not in his room.

MICHAEL

Why?

Rather than answer, Mrs. Merritt turns to exit. Michael follows to:

INT. RANDY'S ROOM - DAY

A small, barren bedroom. A single bed and a night stand line one wall. The other part of the room is occupied by a desk with a home computer and monitor, a workbench with electronic gadgets, a few magazines and books. A phone should be hooked up to the computer monitor. Michael and Mrs. Merritt walk in, stare at the room.

MICHAEL

Looks like Randy wasn't into much besides his computer.

Denise nods sadly, glances toward the computer.

MRS. MERRITT

There wasn't anything else. Randy was so shy, so quiet...I thought that computer would be good for him ...give him something to share with me.

(beat)

But, once he discovered the world inside that machine, he disappeared into it.

Michael nods, notices a picture stuck on the wall. He crosses, looks at it. It's a picture of Adrienne and Randy, standing next to a computer. They're smiling.

MRS. MERRITT

I used to hate it when he'd spend hours with that computer.

(sadly)

Now, I'd give anything just to have him here.

She crosses to Michael, takes the picture. As she and Michael look at it, move in close on Randy's smiling face, and then:

CUT TO

INT. RODENT RAIDER VAN - DAY - CLOSE ON RANDY

in front of his computer and monitors. Rather than his keyboard, though, he's got a joystick apparatus, much like the kind used in home video games. On the monitor in front of him we see, via live-action, a car racing across the desert. The point of view is from the driver's seat, and we realize that Randy is, in fact, "driving" the car. He jams the joystick straight ahead and we intercut with:

OMITTED

EXT. DESERT - DAY - ON THE TRANS AM

jumps forward with a roar of power. The wheel turns to the right sharply and the car skids into a turn, but too sharply. It's responding awkwardly like a pup still learning to obey it's master. In the b.g. we see the van parked next to a sleek limo.

INT. LIMO

where we see Adrienne watching the Trans Am perform. She's sipping champagne. Her driver, Turner, is behind the wheel. As the Trans Am spins out again, Adrienne frowns and we go back to:

RANDY

who frowns, mutters to himself, straightens out the joystick, hits a button.

THE TRANS AM

skids to a stop, then shoots forward, swerving from side to side erratically. Then it turns, races toward the limo as:

RANDY

hunches over the joystick, hits two buttons simultaneously, pulls back sharply on the joystick.

ON THE TRANS AM

as it lifts off the ground, turbos over the limo, and hits the ground hard. Another skid as the car spins out and stops.

ANGLE ON THE LIMO

as Turner gets out, opens the door for Adrienne. A beat later, Randy comes out of the van, crosses to Adrienne. She's furious.

ADRIANNE

What's the matter? You were driving that car like a drunken sailor.

Randy stares at her, hurt to the quick.

RANDY

I told you it might take some time....

ADRIANNE

(shaking her  
head)

I thought you could deliver what you promised.

RANDY

I can!

Adrienne looks at Randy, dismisses him with a single shake of her head.

ADRIANNE

It was a mistake to send a boy to do a man's job. We should never have gotten rid of the Knight Industries CPU....

RANDY

You told me to! Besides, it's not the computer you want...it's him!

The guy who you stole the car from.  
Isn't it...!

Adrienne doesn't respond. Her smile drives Randy crazy.

RANDY  
I'll make this work! I will...!

Randy turns and hurries back into the van. Adrienne smiles to herself and steps back into the limo. As she does:

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ON THE MERCEDES

cruising down the highway.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Michael's lost in thought.

K.I.T.T.  
I know it must seem strange talking to a television set, but you could say something....

MICHAEL  
Sorry, pal. I was just thinking about Randy Merritt.  
(beat)  
You know, I always figured where someone lived sort of reflected who they are.

K.I.T.T.  
That can be deceptive. My present surroundings certainly doesn't reflect who I am.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, but his room was so empty. There was nothing of him in there. No personality, no character....

K.I.T.T.  
That doesn't surprise me. It sounds like Randy lived in his own private world....

Michael looks at K.I.T.T. sharply.

MICHAEL  
Kitt, that's it! His own private world...his mother said he lived in his computer....

Michael slams on the brakes, spins a U-turn and heads back down the road. As he does:

CUT TO

INT. RANDY'S ROOM - DAY

Michael's sitting at Randy's computer, with K.I.T.T. on the table beside him. In the b.g. we see Mrs. Merritt, watching nervously from the door.

MICHAEL

Okay, buddy...let's see what you can find.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, are you sure we should be doing this? Computers are very personal.

MICHAEL

Look at it this way, Kitt...the sooner we find Randy Merritt, the sooner you can trade that portable in for a bigger model.

K.I.T.T.

(briskly)

I'll get right to work.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE MONITOR

as the screen blinks on. We hear a series of electronic tones as K.I.T.T. goes to work.

K.I.T.T.

I'm accessing everything that's not coded, Michael...it's all rather predictable: video games, telephone numbers, homework assignments... several weeks overdue, I might add ...just a moment, what's this...?

On the screen, the word "Orpheus" appears.

MICHAEL

Orpheus? What's it mean?

K.I.T.T.

I'm not sure, but it must have been important because it's protected by a rather sophisticated entry code.

MICHAEL

Can you break it?

K.I.T.T.  
Probably. It could take time.

MICHAEL  
Let's go for it. We don't have  
much else....

Before K.I.T.T. can respond, we hear another series of  
electronic impulses.

K.I.T.T.  
Michael, someone's calling into this  
computer...!

MICHAEL  
Calling in? You mean from outside?

K.I.T.T.  
Yes. Via the telephone...it's  
another computer.

MICHAEL  
It's gotta be Randy! Can you trace  
the call?

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.'S SCREEN

as a map grid flashes onto the screen, searches, then stops.  
A blinking light pinpoints the origin of the call.

K.I.T.T.  
It's coming from a mobile phone,  
approximately fifty miles due east  
of here.

RESUME SCENE

As Michael grabs K.I.T.T. and hurries out the door, we:

CUT TO

EXT. ROAD - DAY - IN THE DESERT

A deserted road heading into the desert. We see the  
Mercedes crest a hill, head toward camera.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

as Michael studies the countryside.

MICHAEL  
Looks pretty desolate out here,  
Kitt...You sure we're on the right  
track?

K.I.T.T.

(testy)

Michael, I might look like a television, but I am still a computer. Of course, I'm sure....

MICHAEL

(shaking  
his head)

I don't know...there's nothing in sight....

Just then, we hear the roar of a car approaching them at high speed, from behind. Michael looks in his rearview mirror, sees:

THE TRANS AM

bearing down on the Mercedes, doing a hundred plus.

ANGLE ON THE ROAD

as Michael swerves to the right and the Trans Am whistles by on the left. It's driverless. During this, we intercut with:

INT. VAN - DAY - ON RANDY

at the joystick, a wild look in his eye. He laughs, jams the joystick to the right and:

THE TRANS AM

spins into a sloppy one eighty, heads back toward the Mercedes, weaving uneasily as Randy struggles for control.

INT. MERCEDES

as Michael stares in stunned disbelief at the Trans Am racing toward them.

MICHAEL

Kitt...that's our car! And no one's driving....

K.I.T.T.

I'm picking up electronic impulses, Michael...it's under remote control....

As the Trans Am bears down on them:

MICHAEL

It's heading straight for us!

K.I.T.T.

Then I suggest we move. Quickly!

ANGLE ON THE ROAD

as the Trans Am barrels toward the Mercedes. Michael takes it as far to the right on the shoulder as he can go, but still the Trans Am bears down on it.

INT. MERCEDES

The Trans Am almost on top of it.

ON RANDY

watching the monitor.

EXT. ROAD

as the Trans Am speeds toward the Mercedes on a sure collision course, we:

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

Continuous action from the end of Act Two, as the Trans Am bears down on the Mercedes. Almost to the point of impact.

ON RANDY

pulling the joystick back as far as it will go.

ON THE TRANS AM

Turboing over the Mercedes, hitting the ground and disappearing in a cloud of dust down the road.

INT. MERCEDES

as Michael slows almost to a stop, takes a very deep breath.

MICHAEL

You know something, pal...I don't  
much care for being on this end of  
things.

K.I.T.T.

That makes two of us.

MICHAEL

Especially when you can't see who's  
trying to run you down.

K.I.T.T.

We might be about to find out,  
Michael...there, in the road  
ahead....

As Michael comes over a rise in the hill, we see:

OMITTED

THE LIMO

Pan up the road to the Mercedes as it approaches, slows and  
parks. As Michael gets out, Turner also gets out. As the  
two men face each other, the back door to the limo opens  
and two beautiful legs swing out, followed by Adrienne.  
She's holding her champagne, smiling radiantly. Not the  
slightest bit bothered by Michael's appearance.

ADRIANNE

My, my, what a delightedly small  
world. I've been thinking about  
you....

She lifts her glass in a toasting gesture to Michael.

ADRIANNE

To my brave knight...even if he  
seems to have lost his trusty steed.

She laughs, drinks, then reaches inside the car for the  
bottle and another glass. She offers it to Michael, but he  
refuses.

MICHAEL

I want that car back.

ADRIANNE

(another laugh)

Yes, I'm sure you do. Coinci-  
dentally, I very much want the  
one remaining piece of him: the  
central processing unit.

Michael almost smiles. This is proof.

MICHAEL

Having trouble without it?

ADRIANNE

Not trouble. But it would simplify things. Give me the CPU for twenty-four hours, and I'll return it and the car to you intact.

MICHAEL

If I don't?

ADRIANNE

You'll never see the car again.

Michael studies her for a beat.

MICHAEL

I don't know what you're up to, but I don't like being threatened, and I don't make deals.

(beat)

Tell your gorilla you're coming with me.

She looks at Michael and laughs. She snaps her fingers toward Turner who brings her a walkie-talkie from the car.

ADRIANNE

You underestimate me...I've always got an ace somewhere up my sleeve...

(into phone)

Fredericks, what are you to do with Randy if I don't call every half hour?

She holds the walkie-talkie so Michael can hear a crackly voice:

FREDERICK'S VOICE

Kill him.

Adrianne smiles coldly at Michael. Off his look:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. FOUNDATION - DAY - STOCK

MICHAEL'S VOICE

It's not just recovering Kitt's body now, Devon....

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael paces. Devon is at his desk, April is at the computer, listening.

MICHAEL

It's Randy's life too. He's as good as dead when she's through with him.

DEVON

And we still don't know a thing about her. I've circulated her photo with my contacts -- FBI, even Interpol. No one recognizes her.

MICHAEL

Look, Adrienne said 'Orpheus,' whatever it is, will happen by tomorrow afternoon. Maybe that's our best lead.

APRIL

(shaking her head)

I've researched it from its genesis in Greek mythology to every conceivable modern application. I can't find any connection.

They stare at one another, frustrated. Michael paces, then pauses, an idea forming. He grabs the phone, dials.

MICHAEL

(phone)

Mrs. Merritt, this is Michael Knight....

INTERCUT - MRS. MERRITT

on the phone in her living room.

MRS. MERRITT

(anxious)

Have you found him?

MICHAEL

No, not yet. Mrs. Merritt, you mentioned that after Randy met Adrienne he started to lie...what did he lie about? Anything in particular?

MRS. MERRITT

(embarrassed)

Adrienne.

MICHAEL

(intrigued)

What kind of lies? Can you give me an example?

MRS. MERRITT

Yes. One Saturday he had me drive him to the Parkhurst Hotel. He said there was a computer convention....

MICHAEL

There wasn't?

MRS. MERRITT

No. He'd gone to visit her....

MICHAEL

She was staying there?

MRS. MERRITT

Apparently. He spent all day with her in her suite....

On Michael's reaction:

CUT TO

EXT. PARKHURST - DAY - STOCK

CLERK'S VOICE

May I help you?

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

Michael is walking and talking to an Assistant Manager type, who's shaking his head.

MANAGER

I'm sorry, but we guarantee our clientel the strictest privacy. Registration is confidential.

Michael pulls out the photo of Adrienne.

MICHAEL

Well, let's forget the records. Maybe you'd recognize the face....

He hands it to the Clerk, who reacts: A hundred dollar bill is folded underneath it. The Clerk expertly palms the bill, studies the photo. He glances around.

MANAGER

(sotto)

Of course. Miss Margeaux. She's often here...but she never registers.

MICHAEL

How could she not register?

MANAGER

(confidential  
smile)

She stays in Mr. Atherton's permanent  
suite.

Michael reacts to the name, obviously recognizing it.

MICHAEL

Mr. Atherton? Mr. George Atherton.

As the Manager nods, we hold on Michael's look, then:

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. N.D. GARAGE - NIGHT

A small, empty garage, except for the Trans Am and the  
"Rodent Raider." We pan past the Trans Am to the van. The  
doors are open. Inside, we see:

RANDY

bent over a bench, absorbed in his work. We hear the sound  
of footsteps and Adrienne comes into the van. Randy  
doesn't bother to look up. Adrienne stands next to him for  
a moment. The mood is distant, a little cold between them.

ADRIANNE

You've been awfully quiet. How's  
the work coming?

RANDY

I ought to have control over the car  
by tomorrow.

Randy fiddles with the keyboard, looking very unhappy.  
Adrienne sits next to him, brushes a hair off his fore-  
head.

ADRIANNE

That makes me very happy. And proud.  
(beat)  
Why do you look so sad?

Randy shrugs, hesitates, then:

RANDY

Look, Adrienne, the computer stuff  
is fun, but the rest of it...that's  
really serious.  
(long beat)  
Maybe...maybe I shouldn't be involved.  
I mean, I didn't know it was gonna  
be like this...any of it.

Adrienne studies Randy intently, then smiles warmly.

ADRIANNE

After this, we'll take a long trip...just you and me. The world will be our playground and you'll be my little Prince....

Randy stiffens, glares at Adrienne.

RANDY

I'm not "little!"

She's startled by his vehemence. She smiles; she has uncovered what's bothering him.

ADRIANNE

Randy, that's just a phrase, a figure of speech. Are you jealous?

RANDY

No.

ADRIANNE

Yes, you are. But, who...not Turner or Fredericks, certainly....

RANDY

(beat)

You were with him today....

ADRIANNE

(realizes)

Michael Knight?

(laughs)

You darling, I'm flattered but you have nothing to be jealous of. Looks aren't what really attract a woman. Certainly not for long. Women are attracted by power, what a man can do, what he can create. No one but you could reprogram and control the Knight Industries' Two Thousand, darling. No one.

Smiling, she gently turns his face to hers. He trembles at her touch, totally under her spell again:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mercedes passes, Michael pushing it.

DEVON'S VOICE  
(astonished)  
George Atherton?

ANGLE IN MERCEDES

Michael is driving, K.I.T.T. is on the passenger seat, Devon's image on his little screen. Intercut as necessary.

MICHAEL  
That's what the clerk said, Devon.

Devon shakes his head.

DEVON  
He's been on the Foundation Board of Directors for nearly fifteen years. There must be an explanation.

MICHAEL  
Adrienne Margeaux is a very beautiful explanation.

DEVON  
An indiscretion is one thing, but to share confidential information about Kitt. I just don't understand....

MICHAEL  
Maybe Atherton can shed some light on the subject. Got an address on him?

DEVON  
He stays at the Blackwell when he's in town. He's there now.

MICHAEL  
I'm on my way.

DEVON  
Michael...George Atherton was an old, dear friend of Wilton Knight's. Please be... considerate.

MICHAEL  
I'll try. But, given what's happened to Kitt and the car, I'm not going to make any promises....

As Michael switches the screen off, hold on him, and then:

CUT TO

EXT. BLACKWELL HOTEL - NIGHT

The camera angles up from the Mercedes, parked, to the top floor.

INT. ATHERTON'S SUITE - NIGHT - GEORGE ATHERTON

is a good-looking, well-tanned man in his fifties. At the moment he looks angry, controlled.

ATHERTON  
Are you out of your mind?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE MICHAEL

across from Atherton in his beautiful, expensively furnished living room. Both men are standing.

ATHERTON  
I told you, Knight, I've never heard of Adrienne Margeaux! Now, if you don't mind....

He moves to the door. Michael doesn't budge.

MICHAEL  
Look, Mr. Atherton, your private life's your business...but this thing's out of control. The Knight Industries' Two Thousand computer was nearly destroyed, the car is still missing, and a young kid's life is in danger. And, it all comes back to Adrienne Margeaux.  
(firm)  
Which leaves the whole mess on your front porch.

Atherton stares at Michael for a beat, then sags. He nods.

ATHERTON  
I've known Adrienne for nearly five years. We've been...more than friends, but I never discussed Kitt...  
(thinking)  
She could've gone through my files, it could have been pillow talk....

MICHAEL  
What's 'Orpheus?'

Atherton looks at Michael, shocked. He hesitates, then:

ATHERTON  
When we became...involved, I set up a Swiss numbered account for her. Only she has access. We code named it 'Orpheus' -- each letter of the name is a number in the account.

MICHAEL

Mr. Atherton, she's planning a crime of some kind...a big one. My guess is it involved something of yours.

ATHERTON

Ridiculous! How could she possibly hurt me?

MICHAEL

You tell me. What do you have that's worth a lot of money and somehow vulnerable?

Atherton paces, perplexed. Then suddenly stops, staring at Michael.

ATHERTON

My collection!

MICHAEL

What collection?

ATHERTON

My art! It's been on display in San Francisco and is being transported by a special armored car to Denver.

MICHAEL

Any idea what it's worth?

ATHERTON

At last appraisal, over fourteen million dollars.

On their looks....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. ND GARAGE - DAY

The big doors slide open.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A flatbed truck backs up to the entrance.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

Driverless, he moves out of the warehouse and rolls up onto the flatbed.

ANGLE ON RANDY AND ADRIANNE

Inside, Randy at his mobil computer control. Adrienne smiles.

ANGLE ON K.I.T.T.

He stops at precisely the right place on the truck. Turner, and the mysterious Fredericks, cover K.I.T.T. with a snap-down tarp, designed for travel.

CUT TO

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The Mercedes flashes by.

OMITTED

INT. SEMI - DAY

Michael is on with Devon.

MICHAEL

Devon, I'll need every possible piece of information on this special car, the route, terrain, intersecting highways -- the works.

DEVON

April's arranging to interface Kitt with Centra-Comp right now. From what I understand, the vehicle is a state-of-the-art armored bus capable of withstanding virtually any impact.

MICHAEL

How about a laser?

DEVON

(reacts)

Kitt's laser isn't operative.

MICHAEL

The laser powerpack is still there. If Randy's the computer genius he appears to be, anything's possible.

A sobering thought for Devon. April crosses from the b.g.

APRIL

Kitt's connected to Centra-Comp. Within minutes he'll know everything we've got.

MICHAEL

(beat)

Thanks, April. Devon. We'll be in touch.

Ad-lib good-byes and their faces fade. A silent moment passes, Michael deep in thought.

K.I.T.T.

My laser power pack...Michael, in the wrong hands it's a weapon of incredible destruction.

MICHAEL

I'm aware, pal. Well aware...

(beat)

How you doing down there? Okay?

K.I.T.T.

'How you doing down there'? You're making me feel like a midget.

MICHAEL

(smiles)

Sorry, big fella.

K.I.T.T.

That's better.

Michael laughs.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. ANOTHER HIGHWAY - DAY

We see the tarp-covered flatbed, followed by the "Rodent Raider" van, pass camera. Adrienne and Randy are in the van, Turner and Fredericks in the flatbed.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. DIFFERENT HIGHWAY - DAY

The Mercedes speeds by.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

I've got something, Michael.

ANGLE IN MERCEDES

Michael at the wheel. He glances at K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Go.

K.I.T.T.

The two most likely places for intercept are ten point two miles north of Cutter's Crossing and six point seven miles north-northeast of a town called Bridgeport.

Intercut K.I.T.T.'s little TV screen as it flashes maps, indicating each location with a red dot.

MICHAEL

Which one's more likely?

K.I.T.T.

They're virtually the same in terms of desirability.

MICHAEL

I think Randy worships computers. He'd abandon his own judgment for even a fractional advantage.

K.I.T.T.

In that case, I'd say the Cutter's Crossing location.

Before Michael can respond, the car sputters, coughs, dies and coasts to a stop.

MICHAEL

Kitt, what's wrong?

K.I.T.T.

A chronic problem with petrol-dependent vehicles...we're out of gas.

MICHAEL

Out of gas? Why didn't you tell me we were running out?

K.I.T.T.

Why didn't you watch the gauge? You're the driver...I'm only along for the ride.

MICHAEL

How far to Cutter's Crossing?

K.I.T.T.

Nearly ninety miles.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

as Michael climbs out, checks his watch, looks around.  
Nothing. Then, putting along toward Michael, we see:

A '49 STUDEBAKER

cruising along about forty. Michael moves onto the highway,  
waving his arms. The Studebaker slows, finally stops. An  
old hayseed, Elmer, looks out at Michael.

MICHAEL

Thanks for stopping. Listen, how'd  
you like to own that expensive  
convertible?

ELMER

(hard of hearing)  
What's that?

MICHAEL

(shouting)  
Look...I'm in a big hurry and I just  
ran out of gas. I'll trade you cars  
-- that convertible's very expensive,  
and it runs great....

Elmer climbs out of his car, crosses to the Mercedes,  
inspects it, then turns to Michael.

ELMER

Not without gas, it don't....

Michael glances at his watch, at his wit's end. Then an  
idea strikes. He pulls out his wallet.

MICHAEL

Look, I'll trade you straight across  
and throw in...  
(counts his  
money)  
...sixty-eight dollars.

Elmer ignores the money. He's spotted K.I.T.T. in the front  
seat of the Mercedes.

ELMER

Tell you what....

MICHAEL

(encouraged)  
Yeah?

ELMER

Throw in the sixty-eight dollars and  
that little TV set, an' you got a  
deal.

Michael stares, dumbfounded.

MICHAEL

I can't throw in the TV. See, it's not really a TV.

ELMER

Looks like a TV.

MICHAEL

Elmer, make the trade for the convertible and the sixty-eight dollars, give me your address and I'll send you a little TV just like that one.

ELMER

Thought you said it wasn't a little TV.

Michael is ready to kill Elmer.

MICHAEL

I'll send you two.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY

The caravan passes camera, lead by the Rodent Raider at a deserted part of the road, Randy turns off and parks. The flatbed parks behind it.

EXT. ANOTHER HIGHWAY

Just empty road and then, over a rise, we see the Studebaker appear, going full out, which means about forty-seven.

ANGLE IN STUDEBAKER

Michael is at the wheel, K.I.T.T. beside him. Michael doesn't look happy.

K.I.T.T.

That Elmer was quite a character.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

K.I.T.T.

Drove a hard bargain.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

K.I.T.T.  
We're behind schedule.

MICHAEL  
Kitt, keep one thing in mind. I can  
always switch you to a game show.

CUT TO

EXT. ARMORED BUS - DAY

It speeds along the highway. It's high-tech panelling  
gives an unusual appearance. A driver and a guard are seen  
in the cab.

CUT TO

OMITTED

CUT TO

EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAY

Fredericks and Turner untarp the flatbed, revealing the  
Trans Am. Randy, inside the van, operates the mobil  
computer and guides the car off the truck. Adrianne  
watches, smiling, then steps into:

OMITTED

THE VAN - ANGLE ON RANDY AND ADRIANNE

Randy at the controls.

ADRIANNE  
How far away is the armored bus?

RANDY  
(pushes buttons)  
Two minutes and thirteen seconds.

ADRIANNE  
Shouldn't you begin the computer  
override?

No response.

ADRIANNE  
I said, shouldn't you start the  
computer override?

Randy glances at Adrianne. She looks at him sternly. He  
hesitates, then nods, starts to work. Adrianne smiles.

ADRIANNE  
That's my good boy.

RANDY  
I'm not your boy.

Randy keeps working as Adrienne watches him carefully and we:

CUT TO

ON THE STUDEBAKER

wheezing down the road, barely making it up a medium incline, maybe even starting to steam.

ARMORED BUS

moving down the highway, looking invincible.

OMITTED

EXT. SIDE ROAD - ON THE TRANS AM - DAY

Poised. Ready. The body, without K.I.T.T.'s heart and soul, looks strangely evil. Behind the Trans Am, we see the flatbed and the van. Turner and Fredericks are in the flatbed.

INT. VAN - DAY

Randy's at the computers, Adrienne at his shoulder. He pushes a series of buttons. We see the armored bus on a monitor in front of him (live-action video).

RANDY  
Five, four, three, two, one...go!

INT. ARMORED BUS CAB - DAY

as the bus sputters, misses. Dashboard lights flash on and off, then off. The driver and the guard exchange a startled look as the big rig starts to slow to a stop.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

With Randy's beautiful planning, the armored bus slows to a stop directly in front of the place where the Trans Am and the other vehicles are parked. As it does:

THE TRANS AM

roars forward, heading for the bus. Behind it, Turner and Fredericks wait, poised and ready to strike.

OMITTED

ANGLE AT ARMORED BUS

The Trans Am pulls alongside, stops. A laser beam begins to cut a hole through the reinforced car.

ANGLE IN CAB

The driver and guard react, pulls their weapons, jump out of the cab and watch, incredulous, as the laser proceeds to cut a 4 x 4 chunk out of the side. They open fire on the car, bullets ricocheting in every direction.

INTERCUT - RANDY AND ADRIANNE IN VAN

Adrienne watches, eyes flashing with excitement, as Randy expertly manipulates the action via computer. The laser continues to cut.

ANGLE ON STUDEBAKER

as it careens down the dirt road.

ANGLE - ON THE FLATBED

as Turner roars across the road, coming up behind the driver and the guard. Fredericks opens fire, winging one of the guards. The other, wisely, drops his gun as Fredericks leaps out of the truck.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As Fredericks ties up the two guards, Turner backs the flatbed toward the now complete hole in the side of the bus. The Trans Am moves away from the bus and Turner pulls the truck close. In a second he's out, pulling the loading ramps from the back of the flatbed across to the bus, forming a walkway between the two vehicles. Fredericks joins him and they start unloading crates.

OMITTED

EXT. ROAD - ON THE STUDEBAKER

moving down the road. In the distance, we should be able to see the armored bus at the side of the road.

OMITTED

INT. VAN - DAY

as Adrienne rushes from the door to Randy, who's still at the computers.

ADRIANNE

There's a car coming this way...  
who's inside?

Randy punches into the monitor. We see Michael's dirty face appear.

ADRIANNE

It's Michael Knight!

Before Randy can respond, Adrienne has him by the arm and is dragging him outside.

EXT. VAN - DAY

Adrienne pulls Randy across the road. The Trans Am sits nearby the armored bus. Fredericks and Turner are busily unloading the bus. Adrienne shoves Randy toward the Trans Am.

ADRIANNE

Get in!

(off Randy's  
look)

I want you to stop Knight. In  
person, not remote control....

RANDY

What do you mean?

ADRIANNE

Kill him!

(shouting off)

Fredericks!

Fredericks rushes over from the bus.

ADRIANNE

Take a ride with the whiz kid...make  
sure he finishes off Mr. Knight.

RANDY

No! I'm not gonna do it....

Fredericks pulls his gun, points it at Randy. Adrienne pushes Randy into the Trans Am and Fredericks climbs in the passenger side. As Randy starts up the car, we go to:

INT. STUDEBAKER

heading for the tracks. In front of it, we can see the Trans Am turning in their direction.

MICHAEL

Uh oh...here comes your body again,  
Kitt...

(staring  
ahead)

And Randy's behind the wheel.

K.I.T.T.

Randy? I can't believe he'd try and  
harm us.

MICHAEL

Me, either, but the guy sticking that  
gun in his ear might have something to  
say about it....

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Fredericks has got his gun on Randy, his eyes on the road  
ahead of them. Randy glances at Fredericks, then suddenly  
swerves to the left. Fredericks recovers, leans over and  
grabs the wheel from Randy, knocking him against the door.

INT. STUDEBAKER - DAY

as the Trans Am heads for them.

MICHAEL

Randy's trying to steer off the  
road, but his chaperone won't let  
him.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, we're on a collision  
course! We've got to do  
something...!

MICHAEL

Kitt, can you override the CPU  
Randy's installed in the car?

K.I.T.T.

With my limited power, I wouldn't  
have a chance, Michael....

MICHAEL

Then you got enough juice for one  
little trick?

K.I.T.T.

Trick?

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as it races on a straight line for the old Studebaker.  
Randy struggles to turn the wheel, but Fredericks has a  
steel grip on it.

FREDERICKS

Keep your foot on the floorboard,  
kid...it's just a matter of seconds  
now.

INT. STUDEBAKER - DAY

Michael shouts to K.I.T.T. The Trans Am is almost on top  
of them.

MICHAEL  
Hit it, Kitt! Now...!

K.I.T.T.  
I'm trying, Michael!

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

as the "Eject" button on the dash comes to life. Suddenly, Fredericks' seat, with Fredericks aboard, goes shooting out of the car. Randy jams on the brakes, jerks the steering wheel as hard as he can to the right.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

as the two cars barely miss each other, come skidding to a stop. Randy spins a perfect one eighty, drives back to the Studebaker just as Michael jumps out. He stops, pops the passenger door open.

RANDY  
Hop in!

Michael grins, gives him the thumbs up sign, starts to climb in. As he does, we hear:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
Michael, don't forget me!

Michael grins, retrieves K.I.T.T. from the Studebaker, then jumps into the Trans Am. Randy jumps on it and they race toward the train.

INT. TRANS AM

Randy behind the wheel. Michael glances over at Randy.

MICHAEL  
You handle this pretty well.

Randy grins delightedly.

RANDY  
Thanks. Thanks a lot.

MICHAEL  
Guess we've only got one loose end to wrap up, huh?

Randy nods.

EXT. HIGH-RAIL VEHICLE - DAY

Turner and Adrienne are still unloading the armored car when the Trans Am comes roaring up and skids to a halt. Randy gets out as Adrienne looks up. She beams at him.

ADRIANNE

Good work, Randy! I knew you could  
do it....

Then, Michael steps out of the car. Turner sees him,  
reaches for his gun. Michael's on him in a second,  
knocking the gun from his hand, then cold-cocking Turner  
with a single blow. Then, he turns to Adrienne.

MICHAEL

Me, too...I didn't doubt him for a  
second.

By then, Adrienne's smile has turned to an icy sneer. As  
Michael and Randy exchange a big smile, hold on them, and  
then:

OMITTED

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

K.I.T.T. (or at least K.I.T.T.'s body) is parked in front.  
Pan to the front door as it opens and Michael, Randy and  
Mrs. Merritt step out.

MRS. MERRITT

I don't know how we'll ever thank  
you.

MICHAEL

It's enough for me that Randy's back  
home and Adrienne is under arrest.  
(to Randy)  
When do you go back to classes?

RANDY

Monday. I fell behind, but I'm kind  
of looking forward to catching up.

They reach K.I.T.T., pause.

MICHAEL

Well, guess I'd better get a move on.

They shake hands, ad-lib good-byes.

MICHAEL

Oh, almost forgot.

He reaches inside K.I.T.T., hands Randy the little TV.

MICHAEL

Just in case you ever want a break  
from your computer.

Mrs. Merritt doesn't know the TVs former significance, but  
Randy does. He smiles. He and Michael shake.

RANDY

Thanks.

MICHAEL

My pleasure.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Michael climbs into K.I.T.T. and pulls away. They wave  
good-bye.

ANGLE IN K.I.T.T.

as Michael drives, feeling good. Relaxed. K.I.T.T.'s  
voice box lights up.

K.I.T.T.

What a relief.

MICHAEL

To see Randy home again?

K.I.T.T.

To be whole again. Michael, you have  
no idea what it was like to be locked  
inside that little TV.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

Driving Elmo's old Studebaker was no  
picnic either, pal. Glad to have  
you back.

A buzzer sounds.

K.I.T.T.

Devon's calling. I guess it's  
business as usual.

MICHAEL

I don't know about that. Let's play  
hooky.

K.I.T.T.  
Hooky? I'm not familiar with the  
term, Michael.

MICHAEL  
(grins)  
Then let me educate you in one of  
life's finer pleasures.

He hits Pursuit.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

K.I.T.T. flies by in excess of 100 mph.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
Oh, this does feel good.

MICHAEL'S VOICE  
How about a little turbo boost?

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
Dare we? Without sufficient reason?

MICHAEL'S VOICE  
Without sufficient reason is the  
definition of hooky, pal. Shall we  
go for it?

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE  
Lets.

DIFFERENT ANGLE - STOCK

as K.I.T.T. leaps over an obstruction. He soars higher and  
higher.

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END