

KNIGHT RIDER
WEEKEND WARRIORS
by
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ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY - ON TRANS AM

The gleaming Trans Am serpentine its way through summer-scorched hills, falling toward the coast where a late gold sun descends for its evening dip in the Pacific. Peaceful.

INT. MUSCLE CAR - VARIOUS INSERTS

A fist grips the knob of a Hurst gearshifter. A heavy-booted foot stamps on a stiff clutch pedal. New Wave music blares through the car's speakers, its beat mixing with the roar and throb of a big V-8 under the hood.

BACK TO TRANS AM

cruising. Quiet again, Michael Knight sits easy and comfortably at the wheel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - ON TWO MUSCLE CARS

lined up across both lanes of the paved road. In one car -- with a "REBELS" plate on the corner of windshield is Ron Prescott, early twenties, good looking in a James Dean vulnerable kind of way. In the other car is Mace Beaudry, local boy, a little younger, intense.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY - DRIVING

Michael is meditative, wrapped up in the car, the road, the moment. Unaware of the danger rocketing toward him.

MICHAEL

You know, sometimes I think I have the best job in the world. A lot of men would die for duty like this.

K.I.T.T.

You nearly have on several occasions.

MICHAEL

You're all heart, Kitt.

EXT. HIGHWAY - RON AND MACE

pouring on the power, just missing each other as they scream down the straight two lanes.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

driving. Michael's reverie is interrupted.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, my sensors are picking up two obstacles heading directly this way.

MICHAEL

What kind of obstacles?

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The two drag racers zoom into sight through a slight bend in the road -- head on. Seconds away.

K.I.T.T.

That kind. Michael, there's no shoulder.

INT. RON'S MUSCLE CAR - DAY

A look of sheer horror on his face.

INT. TRANS AM - DAY

Michael's razor-sharp reflexes take over and his finger stabs the dash for turbo boost.

MICHAEL

Do it, Kitt!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An instant before a splintering head-on, K.I.T.T. soars up, up, and over Ron and Mace's cars, then lands hard behind them. The carnage is averted miraculously. The two competing racers slam on their brakes and stare out their respective windows in disbelief. They both then turn and race off -- away from the flying car.

OMITTED

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

The Trans Am spins immediately into a 180 and roars after the racers, who are already out of sight.

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

MICHAEL

We've got to stop them before they kill somebody.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, my scanners indicate those maniacs are splitting up. I'm also picking up a siren coming up behind us.

MICHAEL

Might as well leave them to the
cops. We have an appointment to
keep, buddy.

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

as Michael is passed by a wailing black-and-white. K.I.T.T.
then does a U-turn and heads off.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY - RON'S CAR

He's pulled off into some thick brush, as the black-and-
white roars past him. He looks over to the other side of
the road where we can see Mace's car -- also camouflaged.

OMITTED

EXT. VISTA BEACH, CALIFORNIA - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A quaint, colorful coastal resort town. Sun-drenched
streets, clean air, and a blue, blue ocean.

EXT. MATTHESON GALLERY - DAY

K.I.T.T. drives up in front of a building, appealing and
funky. We note signs of vandalism in the gallery, however.
A makeshift sign reads "Closed", and a window is broken.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

Before he can cross the sidewalk and enter, he finds himself
pumping the hand of a brash, old-style salesman dressed in
a plaid Zachary-All sport coat and a bow-tie. This is
Manny Carmichael.

MANNY

Nice car. Beautiful car, in fact.
Had her long? Carmichael's the name,
auto alarms is my game. Friends
call me Manny and I hope you will
too.

MICHAEL

Well, Manny, I hate to stop you in
midpitch, but I really don't think I
need an alarm system.

Manny shuffles through his briefcase and comes out with a
coat hanger and a screwdriver.

MANNY

If you'll just permit me a little
demonstration? Thirty seconds to
break into this baby, thirty seconds
...and I'm just an amateur, mind you.

MICHAEL
(smiling slyly)
Tell you what, Manny. I've got an appointment. You go ahead and shoot your best shot and if you can break into...
(pats K.I.T.T.'s roof)
...'this baby,' we'll talk some business, okay?

MANNY
You've got a deal!

Michael heads for the gallery, barely keeping a straight face.

INT. MATTHESON GALLERY - DAY

A door chime rings, announcing Michael's entrance. Inside is a curio shop of paintings, objects d'art, and funky antiques of toys, small appliances and signs. Many objects have been broken, turned over and generally disrupted.

FOLLOWING MICHAEL

as he surveys the damage and looks for signs of life.

MICHAEL
Hello? Anyone home?

MARIETTA'S VOICE
Freeze, buster! Hands away from your body!

Michael does. We pull back enough to see the point of a shotgun prodding his back.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MICHAEL AND MARIETTA

Holding the gun on Michael is Marietta Mattheson, an attractive, slightly eccentric lady in her late forties.

MARIETTA
(calling out)
Cindy! Call the cops.

CINDY'S VOICE
Aunt Marietta, you put that gun down this minute.

Cindy walks into the gallery from the back room. She is nineteen, a lovely blonde, wholesomely attractive California teenager. Michael turns around, smiles.

MICHAEL

You must be Marietta Mattheson.
Devon's told me a lot about you.

MARIETTA

Devon sent you? Why didn't you say
so?

MICHAEL

Somebody stuck a gun in my back.

MARIETTA

I see what you mean.
(puts gun
aside)
This is my niece, Cindy.

CINDY

Hi. Excuse us. It's just gotten a
little scary around here and we're
leery of strangers on weekends.

MICHAEL

So I hear. You want to tell me what's
been happening?

MARIETTA

Rotten, thieving hoodlum bums. Decent
people can't stay in business. This
used to be a quiet, lovely town.

CINDY

There's a ring of burglars operating
in town and our local police haven't
been able to stop them. We were the
targets last weekend.

MARIETTA

We can't even clean the place up until
the insurance company checks it item
by item. All because of those weekend
warriors!

MICHAEL

Weekend warriors?

CINDY

Vista Beach has turned into a weekend
hot spot for drag racers and hot
rodders. Out-of-town car clubs.
Weekend Warriors.

MICHAEL

And you're convinced they're the
burglars.

CINDY

My aunt is.

MARIETTA

You're darn right I am. So's most of the town.

CINDY

Nobody really knows for sure. Our police chief thinks so too, but he hasn't even gotten close to them yet.

MICHAEL

If this has been going on for a while, you'd think he'd ask for some outside help.

MARIETTA

Chief Craig's been here for thirty-five years and he's never needed any. He retires this year and he doesn't want to spoil his record now. If you ask me, it's already spoiled.

MICHAEL

Well, Devon'll be here sometime tomorrow. In the meantime, I'd like to look around. Got any idea where I might find these 'weekend warriors'?

Marietta looks pointedly at Cindy.

CINDY

I waitress over at the Hurricane Club. A lot of them hang out there. And my boyfriend'll be coming into town later this afternoon.

MICHAEL

Sounds good to me. When can we leave?

CINDY

I'll just grab a sweater.

OMITTED

EXT. MATTHESON GALLERY - DAY

Michael and Cindy cross the sidewalk to K.I.T.T. An exhausted Manny is still working on the Trans Am's door. His coat is off, his tie is askew, and he looks a little apologetic.

MANNY

Oh, hi. Back so soon? Well, like I said, I'm an amateur at this, but those pros...thirty seconds.

MICHAEL

Don't doubt it for a minute, Manny. Thanks anyway.

MANNY

Hey, but I'm going to be around town for a few days, so if you can give me another crack at this baby I'd sure....

Manny stops in midsentence as he sees Michael open the car door with ease and let Cindy in. He then goes to the driver's side and opens his door. We see the red lights under the door handles flash green to Michael's touch. Michael gets in, then sticks his head out.

MICHAEL

Catcha later, Manny.

Off Manny's confused look, Michael drives off down the street.

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

as Michael drives down the road toward the Hurricane Club. Cindy looks around the dash.

CINDY

Some car. Do you race?

MICHAEL

Not in the normal sense.

CINDY

(re monitors)

Watch TV?

Michael laughs. Looks at her.

MICHAEL

I got the idea from Devon this was a personal matter, but from what you say it's a lot bigger than that.

CINDY

(nods)

Everyone's keeping it quiet. Trying to. Crime's not good for business. But just because they happen on the weekends, everyone thinks it's the car clubs.

MICHAEL

You sound like you're sure it isn't.

CINDY

Well, I know it's not Ron or The Rebels. When I first met him I thought he had an attitude problem. But after I got to know him, I realized he's not what people think he is. He's not anti-society or antipolice or anti anything. He just likes cars and likes to race. He's not involved, Michael. Believe me, if he was I'd know.

MICHAEL

(a smile)

Spoken like a lady in love.

CINDY

(a little
taken aback)

Is it...that obvious?

MICHAEL

Only to a trained eye.

She looks relieved. Michael smiles, liking her.

EXT. HURRICANE CLUB - DAY

as Michael pulls K.I.T.T. into the parking lot. Parked together are a group of the muscle cars seen earlier. We can hear loud rock music coming from inside.

CLOSER ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

as Michael and Cindy come out and head for the club. Michael notes one of the cars is the one racing earlier.

CINDY

Your car is outrageous. I love it!

MICHAEL

Some of these aren't too shabby either.

(re the car)

Whose is that?

CINDY

Mace Beaudry. He's a local. Wait'll you see Ron's. He's restored it himself.

MICHAEL

I get the feeling your aunt doesn't share your enthusiasm.

CINDY

Since my folks split up and I left home, Ron's the only person who's really understood me.

MICHAEL

Maybe that's what bothers your aunt.

Cindy smiles. Maybe he's right.

INT. HURRICANE CLUB - DAY

Michael and Cindy enter amid young adults of all types, eating, drinking, dancing and socializing. Rock music blasts from overhead speakers. A few guys play pool.

MICHAEL

When did the car clubs start coming to Vista Beach?

CINDY

About six months ago. Nobody knows exactly how or why it started, but now it's the thing to do. They come from all over.

Mace stops playing pool and comes over to Cindy.

MACE

Hey Cindy, I ordered a couple of turbo burgers -- got an ETA on 'em?

CINDY

Mace, I'm not even working yet. When did you order?

MACE

Last night.

(to Michael)

She's a great little dancer, but as a waitress you could starve to death.

(then)

Play pool?

MICHAEL

Never before dark. Didn't I see you out on the road into town earlier?

MACE

Could be.

(reacts)

You don't drive a black hardtop, do you?

MICHAEL

Could be.

Mace studies him, unsure. Then, to Cindy:

MACE

You really go for the out-of-towners,
huh Cindy? Why not try a little
home-grown once in awhile?

Before she can respond he drifts off, back to pool.

CINDY

(to Michael)

Mace Beaudry. I should've introduced
you.

MICHAEL

We already met, in a manner of speaking.
I'll settle for Ron.

HANDSOME ANSON (V.O.)

Hey, hey all right boys and babies,
lords and ladies, a big hand for
that song -- number twelve with a
bullet...here live from the Hurricane
with Handsome Anson on KCLF!

Michael turns to see:

OMITTED

ANGLE ON SMALL STAGE - HANDSOME ANSON JAMES

We see where the music is coming from: Dressed in a
Hawaiian shirt and narrow punk sunglasses which he doffs
and twirls in his hands as he raps, is Handsome Anson.
Dick Diondi/Cousin Brucie/Wolfman Jack: he's one of a grand
tradition. He sits in front of a small DJ two-turntable
setup. As he blares on in the b.g.:

RESUME - MICHAEL AND CINDY

Michael turns back to Cindy, leans close to be heard.

MICHAEL

Your own club DJ? I'm impressed.

CINDY

He's Vista Beach's one and only
celebrity. Handsome Anson. He has
his own radio show.

Michael looks around the club again, smiling, shaking his
head.

MICHAEL

Some things never change.

CINDY

You've been here before?

MICHAEL

Not here, but these guys remind me of myself about ten years ago. The clubs, the rap...the turbo burgers, they all stay the same...only the sideburns change.

Cindy laughs as Michael takes in the deja vu.

ANGLE - ENTRANCE OF HURRICANE CLUB

as we pick up Ron Prescott, the racer we saw in the opening scene. Out of his car, he's tall and lean; a natural leader. He's dressed in jeans, boots and a worn-out bomber jacket bearing the colors of his car club: The Rebels. He's with Ty, another club member. As they come in:

RON

Can't do it, man -- jets that big'll foul your plugs, I don't care how hot they are.

TY

Not if you keep the RPM over three grand.

RON

It's your car.

We hear Cindy laugh as she and Michael continue to talk. Ron sees her, smiles...then goes over to her.

ANGLE - MICHAEL AND CINDY

as Ron approaches and Cindy sees him. Ron grabs Cindy and lifts her up, gives her an affectionate hug. Ad-lib greetings.

RON

Hey, Cindy, I wait all week to see you and I'm ten minutes late and you're with another guy.

CINDY

(laughs)

That'll teach you. Ron, I want you to meet Michael -- Michael Knight. Michael, this is Ron.

They smile, shake hands. Ad-lib hellos.

CINDY

He's here to look into the burglaries.

RON
(a reaction)
In here?

MICHAEL
(shakes
his head)
Just dropped by to look around.
Say hello. See what's happening.

RON
Yeah? What's happening?

MICHAEL
(beat)
Ron, I'm not after you. I'm not
after Cindy. Relax.

RON
Good idea. I'm most relaxed behind
the wheel.

With that he turns and walks out the door. Cindy looks
incredulous, hurt.

MICHAEL
It's okay. Maybe he needs a little
time. Where does he usually go to
when he gets like this?

CINDY
I don't know...but he'll be at the
races tonight. I can tell you where
they are.

MICHAEL
I think I already know.

EXT. ROAD - NEAR TWO-LANE DRAG ROAD - NIGHT

as we see K.I.T.T. drive toward the stretch of roadway.

OMITTED

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

Michael drives.

K.I.T.T.
Both cars we saw racing were in the
parking lot of that awful rock-and-
roll club.

MICHAEL
Gotcha, Kitt. One belongs to Mace
Beaudry. I've got a hunch who the
other belongs to.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, there's something I don't understand. What is this drag racing all about? Why is everyone in such a hurry?

MICHAEL

It's competition. You know, who's fastest. Who's the baddest.

K.I.T.T.

The 'baddest'?

MICHAEL

Just an expression. To racers, it means 'best.'

K.I.T.T.

The slang use of words is beyond me. However, as far as who is the fastest, that's simple. I am.

MICHAEL

(smiles)

Yeah, but that's just between us, pal.

EXT. DRAG ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights illuminate the darker side of the local scene. A number of heavy-duty cars have congregated here, several showing Rebels' logos. Handsome Anson's voice blares out of turned up stereos, seemingly coming from everywhere. Guys and girls hang out of cabs and tailgates, drinking and partying. The roar and throb of high-powered engines sometimes drowns out the pounding of the rock hit, "Maniac" which comes from the radios. The song continues to echo through dozens of speakers, creating a cacophony of reverberating rock.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, it's one thing to have to hear that 'music' from my own speaker, but to be assaulted from all sides...I feel like Custer at Little Big Horn.

MICHAEL

Hang in there, buddy, this isn't your last stand. I don't see Ron. Scan the cars, see what you can pick up. And let's get pictures.

Michael punches appropriate buttons, climbs out.

CLOSEUP - K.I.T.T.'S SCANNER

as he begins to record the scene.

OMITTED

FULL

as Michael turns to the crowd.

MICHAEL

I'm looking for Ron. Ron Prescott.
Is he here?

Ty, Ron's friend from the Hurricane Club, walks up to him.

TY

You want the top dog, you gotta earn
it. Can that thing move?

MICHAEL

When there's a reason. I don't
consider street racing a reason.

This elicits hoots from the crowd.

TY

I could've figured. All show, no
go. Better move it out of the way,
we've got some races to run.

MICHAEL

Not until I know where Ron is.

The moment tenses. The song "Maniac" continues to blare in
the b.g. Then the sound of a siren, growing louder. The
group reacts by leaping into their cars.

TY

The heat! Meet at the bluffs!
(to Michael)
I'll deal with you later, hotshot.

And he climbs into his car and backs up and off. The scene
is breaking up pretty thoroughly as a black-and-white
police car arrives, red lights flashing. A spotlight from
the car is trained on Michael.

CHIEF CRAIG

(over bullhorn)
Hold it right there, son.

ANGLE ON THE POLICE CAR

as Chief Rupert Craig climbs out of the driver's door.
He's a flint-jawed, old-school lawman in his midfifties.
Out of the passenger side comes Officer Apted, early
thirties, lanky, but boyish face. He guards his holster as
he monitors the scene.

MICHAEL

I've got no reason to run.

CRAIG

No? We'll see. What's your name?

MICHAEL

Michael Knight. I'm in town on business.

CRAIG

What business is that?

MICHAEL

For the time being, it's personal.

CRAIG

Then I'd suggest you get to it. Otherwise, as far as I'm concerned, you're just another out-of-town street racer. Got that?

Michael smiles, starts back into K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

You bet, sir. Fifty-five, stay alive.

And he drives off. Craig watches him.

OMITTED

EXT. JEWELER'S STORE - NIGHT

An alarm is ringing as we see the aftermath of a break-in, smashed glass, discarded merchandise, etc. We see a robber, his back to us, run from the store toward a muscle car -- the same kind of car we just saw at the drag road. Taillights blink on and the engine roars away as he makes a clean escape...as the final strains of "Maniac" scream from his car radio.

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

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

as K.I.T.T. pulls a 180 after passing the truck, then glides up the ramp.

INT. SEMI - DAY

as Michael climbs out of the Trans Am, ad-libs hellos.

APRIL

I've come up with something new for Kitt.

MICHAEL

A program to help him understand drag race slang?

APRIL

(smiles)

I'm afraid that's beyond my grasp. This comes straight from Research and Development.

MICHAEL

I can hardly wait.
(crosses to Devon)
Devon. Did you get the info on...
(sensing Devon's concern)
What's wrong?

DEVON

(at the computer)

We just received a report from Vista Beach. Apparently it wasn't as quiet as you reported last night.

MICHAEL

Another burglary?

DEVON

(nods)

A jewelry store.

MICHAEL

Devon, this isn't just an isolated incident or two. The whole town is being hit every weekend. We've got more than we bargained for here.

Devon looks back at the monitor.

DEVON

They took jewelry. A rather good selection. All of quality.

(then)

What's this I hear about a gang?

MICHAEL

There's some out-of-town street racers -- they seem to be top contenders for the crime wave. But I was with these 'weekend warriors' last night. I'm not saying they're innocent, but one thing's for sure -- they don't look like diamond experts.

DEVON

Looks can be deceiving.

MICHAEL

I hear you. What've you got on a guy named Ron Prescott?

Devon punches it in. It comes up on the screen. Michael looks it over, then:

MICHAEL

What do you know. A prior. Breaking and entering. Maybe I spoke too soon.
(beat)
I wonder if Cindy knows about this.

DEVON

Who?

MICHAEL

Marietta's niece. Ron's her boyfriend.

Devon's face lightens a bit.

DEVON

So, you met Marietta. How is she? She used to be quite a...fun-loving young lady.

MICHAEL

(carefully)
She's...seasoned a bit.

DEVON

How exciting. I am looking forward to seeing her after all these years.

Michael gives Devon an amused look as April shuts the hood.

APRIL

Kitt's all set. The unit is designated 'Silent Mode.' Flip a switch and Kitt's engines become virtually noiseless.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I resent being muzzled.

Over this, the phone rings and April answers it, then:

APRIL
(to Michael)
It's Cindy. She needs you back at
the gallery. She says it's urgent.

Off Michael's look, we:

CUT TO

EXT. MATTHESON GALLERY - DAY

The Trans Am glides to a stop. We can see Chief Craig's
cruiser parked outside the gallery. As Michael gets out
of K.I.T.T.:

K.I.T.T.
Michael, that horrible man is here
again.

MICHAEL
Chief Craig?

K.I.T.T.
The auto alarm salesman.

Manny leaves an MOS pitch down the street, approaches. He
has a flat metal "door popper" in his hand.

MANNY
Hey, remember me? Carmichael's Auto
Alarms? Been thinking about yesterday.
See, I was using the wrong tools.
This baby's what the pros pop you
open with in thirty seconds.

MICHAEL
Manny, I think you're wasting your
time.

MANNY
Hey, just one more chance. That's all
I ask.

Manny looks over at K.I.T.T. as Michael crosses to the gallery.
Manny is about to insert the "door popper" between the
window and door frame when K.I.T.T. starts up and blind-
drives away from Manny, making a U-turn in the street and
parks in front of the gallery. Manny stares, transfixed.

INT. GALLERY - DAY

Michael comes in and sees Chief Craig and Officer Apted as
they are searching through the back room, Marietta watching
every move. Cindy runs up to Michael.

MICHAEL
Cindy, what's happening?

CINDY
They've got a warrant out for Ron's
arrest!

MICHAEL
(reacts)
What? What's the charge?

CINDY
Suspicion of burglary. Can they do
that?

MICHAEL
We'll see.

With that, Michael walks toward the door to the back room
as Chief Craig comes out. Officer Apted stays in the back
room, searching.

CRAIG
You again.

MICHAEL
Me again. What's the evidence against
Ron, Chief?

CRAIG
Do I see a badge on that jacket?

MICHAEL
You don't need a badge to ask a
question.

CINDY
Michael, you were with Ron last night.
Tell him.

MICHAEL
Wish I could, Cindy. But I never
caught up with him. I'm sorry.

CRAIG
That's bad news for the boy. Although
I'm not surprised. You see, his car
was made leaving the scene of the
crime.

Officer Apted comes out of the back room, followed by
Marietta.

OFFICER APTED
He's not here, Chief.

They both turn to leave.

CRAIG
(to Michael)
How's the 'personal business' coming?

MICHAEL
I'll let you know.

They both go out the door. Cindy turns to Michael, upset.

CINDY
Michael, he didn't do it. He didn't
commit that burglary...but now Chief
Craig is convinced he did.

MICHAEL
I'm not saying he did, Cindy. But
the truth is the truth -- I didn't
see him last night.

MARIETTA
(trying to
comfort)
Cindy, Devon sent Michael here to
help solve the crimes -- not prove
Ron innocent.

CINDY
I happen to think they're the same
thing.

MICHAEL
I'll look around, see what I can find
out. Cindy, if Ron's innocent, I'll
help him prove it. That's a promise.

Cindy nods. The phone rings. As she crosses to answer it:

MARIETTA
Tell Devon is he stands me up I'll
never forgive him.

MICHAEL
(a smile)
He'll be here.

She smiles. Michael goes out the door.

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

As Michael comes out, we see Manny spread-eagled across
K.I.T.T.'s hood as Officer Apted pats him down. Chief Craig
calls out as Michael approaches.

CRAIG
He was trying to jimmy your door
locks. Claims he knows you.

MANNY

Tell 'em! Tell 'em it's okay!

MICHAEL

It's okay, Chief. Thanks.

Michael opens K.I.T.T.'s passenger door, pauses.

MICHAEL

The door was open, Manny. Can't figure out why it's so tough for you.

Manny stares, turns and walks away, glancing back. Craig and Apted cross to their car. Michael starts to get in as Cindy comes running out of the gallery.

CINDY

Michael!

Michael turns as Cindy reaches him.

CINDY

(excited)

I just got a call from Ron! He wants to talk to you.

MICHAEL

That's a surprise. Where is he?

CINDY

He found out about the warrant. He's hiding.

(starts to
get in)

C'mon, I'll show you.

MICHAEL

No, it's better if I go alone. Just give me the location.

CINDY

Half a mile south of the Glenrock Cliffs, just off I-19.

(then)

Michael, help him. Please. I didn't mention this...but he's got a prior.

MICHAEL

So I heard.

CINDY

You knew? Why didn't you say anything?

MICHAEL
I was hoping you would.

He smiles. Off her look, we:

OMITTED

EXT. GLENROCK CLIFFS - DAY

as K.I.T.T. drives along the road.

NEWSMAN'S VOICE
...We repeat, an all points bulletin
has been issued for the arrest of
one Ronald Prescott in connection
with the town's recent string of
burglaries....

EXT. KCLF RADIO STATION - DAY - ESTABLISH

A small building on the hill. We hear:

NEWSMAN'S VOICE
Prescott is a white male, light brown
hair, blue eyes, one hundred seventy
pounds and has been seen with the
car club known as The Rebels.

INT. KCLF RADIO BROADCAST BOOTH - DAY

as camera pans through the equipment and the voice
continues, we pick up the "Newsman." It's Handsome Anson,
sans sunglasses, reading the official copy with a low
"newsman's voice."

HANDSOME ANSON
Any citizen spotting Prescott or knowing
his whereabouts is urged to call the
police hotline at 555-0933. And now,
back to Handsome Anson James on KCLF.

Anson puts the sunglasses back on, and in his "jock voice:"

HANDSOME ANSON
Yeah, yeah, Handsome Anson back
spinning 'em for you here with The
Police and 'King of Pain'....

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

Michael negotiates the rough road.

K.I.T.T.
Michael, I've been doing some research
on this hot rodding business. It's
absolutely criminal.

MICHAEL

Yeah? How's that?

K.I.T.T.

Did you know that each year over a thousand cars are sacrificed in front of paying crowds in the name of speed?

MICHAEL

That's competition, pal.

K.I.T.T.

(dry)

It's comforting to know just how far humans have progressed since the days of the Christians and the lions.

(then)

We're here, Michael.

MICHAEL

Okay, let's scan for any sign of Ron.

EXT. K.I.T.T. - ON SCANNER

as it oscillates back and forth...looking for signs of human life.

INT. K.I.T.T. - DAY - ON MONITOR

as we see a graphic representation of Glenrock Cliffs. We see the figure of a man behind some trees.

K.I.T.T.

I've located him, Michael. At two o'clock...behind those trees.

EXT. K.I.T.T. - ON MICHAEL

as he comes out of the Trans Am and begins toward the trees.

MICHAEL

(calling out)

Ron? It's Michael. C'mon out, man.

There's no answer. Michael goes further away from K.I.T.T. toward the trees.

MICHAEL

I'm here. I'm alone.

More silence, then:

RON'S VOICE

You sure you weren't followed?

MICHAEL

Positive.

ANGLE - TREES

as we see Ron look out.

RON'S POINT OF VIEW - MICHAEL

as Michael walks toward him. We see K.I.T.T., his scanner still on, in the distance.

MICHAEL

You wanted me, here I am.

ANGLE ON AREA ABOVE CLIFFS

We see a muscle car pull up and stop. The door opens and we see two booted feet get out and walk to the edge.

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

as we see on the graphic of Glenrock Cliff the sudden appearance of the muscle car and figure.

K.I.T.T.

Michael! We're not alone.

MICHAEL

as he hears this on his comlink. He looks around. Ron reacts to the voice.

MICHAEL

(comlink)

Where?

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

The cliffs above you!

CLOSEUP - HANDS

as they pull into frame three sticks of dynamite, taped together. The fuse is lit, then the dynamite is thrown down towards Michael and Ron.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

as we see the dynamite sail through the air and fall to the ground in front of Michael. Ron looks up to where the dynamite was thrown. He begins to run. Michael turns to run after him, but slips on the loose gravel and falls.

OMITTED

ANGLE INCLUDING DYNAMITE

as the fuse burns toward the sticks.

MICHAEL
(into comlink)
Kitt! I need you!

INT. K.I.T.T. - ON CONTROLS

as the auto drive button activates, the gearshift moves to drive and the gas pedal is depressed.

EXT. K.I.T.T.

as he blind-drives for Michael.

ANGLE - MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

as K.I.T.T. drives over the dynamite, covering it with his body.

HIGH ANGLE

with Michael only a few yards away, the dynamite explodes under K.I.T.T., sending up a deadly billowing cloud of smoke and a massive roar. The cloud fills the frame so that all we see is the thick white smoke and hear the echoing sound of the explosion as we:

OMITTED

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

OMITTED

EXT. GLENROCK CLIFFS - DAY

as the cloud of smoke still hangs in the air. It is now silent -- uneasy silence, as the dust and debris settles. We can't see anything. Then:

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE
Michael...Michael, are you all right?

MICHAEL'S VOICE

I'll know better once the smoke
clears. Thanks, pal.

CLOSER ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

as the debris thins out and we see Michael approaching
K.I.T.T. He opens the door and goes inside.

MICHAEL

I think I'm okay. How 'bout you?

K.I.T.T.

After surviving that music last
night, this was a piece of cake.

(then)

A vehicle is just leaving scanner
range. I trust whoever was driving
threw the explosive.

MICHAEL

Right now I'll settle for the guy
who set me up.

EXT. FIELD - BY GLENROCK CLIFFS - DAY

as K.I.T.T. does a 180 and heads back the way they came, in
hot pursuit of Ron, who we pick up running toward the slope.

CLOSER ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

The sun roof popped, we see Michael as he stands up on the
seat, and as K.I.T.T. glides next to Ron, Michael leaps out
-- tackling Ron. They both hit the ground hard.

ANGLE - MICHAEL AND RON

as they slide over the ground and come to a stop. Michael
grabs Ron, furious, as Ron struggles.

RON

What're you doing? They're getting
away!

MICHAEL

I don't want them, I want you.
Why'd you do it?

RON

Do what? What're you talking about?

MICHAEL

You set me up!

RON

I didn't -- I swear I didn't.

MICHAEL

No one else knew I was coming up here
except Cindy!

RON

I don't know! All I know is it
wasn't me. You gotta believe me.

Michael stares hard at Ron, and long. He's weighing the
situation and the adrenaline is wearing off.

RON

Look, maybe I get hot sometimes,
race, get into a little trouble, but
that's it. I'm no burglar. I'm no
killer.

MICHAEL

(beat)

All right, then who do you think
that was?

RON

I don't know. That's what I wanted
to find out.

MICHAEL

Let's go back to last night. The
police said your car was made near
the burglary. What about it?

RON

Hey, Criag knows my car, he knows
me. It must just be getting too hot
for him. I wasn't anywhere near
there.

MICHAEL

Where were you?

RON

I came up here. I always come up
here to think. Or to be alone
with Cindy. Some of the locals know
about this place, but it's kind of a
secret.

Michael motions Ron toward K.I.T.T. Camera moves with
them.

MICHAEL

Well, somebody knew about it today,
and they must have followed you
here. They didn't follow me.

RON

What makes you so sure?

MICHAEL
Kitt, were we followed?

INSERT - K.I.T.T.'S DASH

K.I.T.T.
No, Michael.

BACK TO SCENE

Ron had started to get into K.I.T.T. but jumps back out.
Michael's amused.

RON
Who's in there?

MICHAEL
Come on. He doesn't bite.

RON
What about my car?

MICHAEL
We'll pick it up later. Right now
it's a red flag.

Ron gets into K.I.T.T. Cautiously.

MICHAEL
You know, I've been thinking about
your club's cars. Seems to me if
you had all this sudden money, your
cars would be in better shape.

RON
Then you believe me?

MICHAEL
For the time being. The point is, if
it's not the weekend warriors, who is
it?

CUT TO

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

They drive down the open road.

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T. - ON MICHAEL AND RON

Ron keeps looking behind him.

MICHAEL
Don't worry, I can black out the
windows if I have to.

RON

Hey, I haven't exactly had a whole lot of people believe in me before. Why you?

MICHAEL

Because there's a cute waitress with a terrific smile who believes in you. And one other reason.

RON

What's that?

MICHAEL

Somebody did it for me once.

EXT. SEMI - STOCK

as the back opens and the ramp comes down.

RON

as he stares ahead.

RON

Far be it from me -- but don't you think you're tailgaiting just a little too close?

MICHAEL

Come on, racer. Live dangerously.

With that, Michael floors the Trans Am as Ron braces himself.

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

as K.I.T.T. hits the ramp, then rides up and into it.

INT. SEMI - DAY

as K.I.T.T. comes to a stop and Ron and Michael get out. Ron looks around, mouth open.

RON

I think I'm hallucinating. I've heard of pit stops before but....

He stops as April walks over to K.I.T.T. Michael sees his reaction.

MICHAEL

April, meet Ron Prescott. Ron, this is April Curtis. She takes care of Kitt.

RON

A mechanic. Right. Now I know I'm hallucinating.

APRIL

You're the one the police are looking for.

MICHAEL

I thought I'd leave him here with you and Devon while I check out a few things.

APRIL

Devon's not here. He's gone to see Marietta. Michael, can I talk to you for a second? Alone?

Michael moves to her while Ron scopes out the rest of the semi. She and Michael keep their voices low.

APRIL

Do you really think this is a good idea?

MICHAEL

What could I do, there was nowhere else I could take him. The whole town's after him.

APRIL

Did you check this with Devon?

MICHAEL

Didn't have time. Relax, it's Foundation business.

Michael moves back toward K.I.T.T., calls to Ron.

MICHAEL

Your buddies -- will they be racing tonight?

RON

I doubt it. The heat's just too heavy.

MICHAEL

Well, I need to get them out racing to test a little theory of mine. And I think I know just the way to do it. Straight ahead.

He pulls away in K.I.T.T. down the lowering ramp. Ron smiles at April who does her best to smile back.

OMITTED

EXT. SEMI ON HIGHWAY - DAY - STOCK

as K.I.T.T. slides out, does a 180 and heads back toward town.

INT. K.I.T.T. - DAY - FAVORING MONITOR

as Michael drives and looks at the monitor.

MICHAEL

Kitt, did you access those police reports?

K.I.T.T.

Yes, Michael.

Graphics pop up.

K.I.T.T.

Each night a burglary occurred, there was also a racing incident which took the police out of town.

Michael is puzzled, intrigued.

MICHAEL

The timing is amazing. Whoever's behind this has a way of knowing whenever a race is happening. Intentional or not, I've got a feeling they're a smoke screen for the burglaries.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, if you don't mind I'd like to know what this plan of yours is... since I have a feeling I'm going to be involved.

MICHAEL

Simple, Kitt. I'm just going to stimulate a little action and see if it creates some itchy fingers around town.

K.I.T.T.

Is this what they call competition?

MICHAEL

No. Hopefully it's what they call confrontation.

EXT. HURRICANE CLUB - DAY

The parking lot is about half full. The Rebels' cars are in evidence as K.I.T.T. pulls up. Michael gets out and looks at the cars.

MICHAEL

I used to have a GTO like that, Kitt.

K.I.T.T.

Isn't your life better now?

Michael gives K.I.T.T. a smile, then walks toward the club.

OMITTED

INT. HURRICANE CLUB - DAY

as Michael enters. It's not as lively as the day before. A few pool players...more beer drinkers. The music comes from a jukebox. A group of Rebels, including Ty, sit around a table. Anson is setting up for a broadcast. The Rebels seem subdued. Before they see Michael, Cindy intercepts him.

CINDY

Michael! Did you find him? Is he all right?

MICHAEL

He's okay. Safe and sound for the time being. Look, just relax and go about your business. There's a few things I've got to take care of.

Michael turns and heads to the Rebels' table. She watches, unsure.

CLOSER ANGLE - TABLE

Michael walks over to the jukebox, unplugs it. Reactions. Ty looks up. So does Anson.

MICHAEL

I'm glad I found you turkeys. I thought you'd be out of town by now.

TY

Hey, clear out, man. You're not welcome.

MICHAEL

Where's your top dog hiding out? 'Cause I've changed my mind. I want him on the strip, eyeball to eyeball.

TY

With that no-go of yours? You gotta be kidding.

MICHAEL

All right. You guys want me to earn the shot at him, I'll run against all of you, one at a time. Any time. Tonight.

The challenge perks the Rebels out of their doldrums.

TY

We're not running tonight. Not until we find Ron.

MICHAEL

I heard I could get some action in this town. Guess I was wrong.

Ty looks at him for a moment. He's burning. Behind them, we can see Anson as he finishes setting up for the day's DJ action. The debate attracts his attention. Over this:

TY

Okay, smart mouth, you want action you got it. Meet at the pier at eleven. We'll go from there.

HANDSOME ANSON

Whoa, whoa, make it mellow, lads. You know the heat is on.

MICHAEL

(to Ty)

I can handle it. Can you?

TY

Eleven. I can't wait.

Michael strolls out nonchalantly, winks at a surprised Cindy as he leaves.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. MATTHESON GALLERY - DAY

The place has now been cleaned up pretty well. Devon has his sleeves rolled up and his tie loosened; he's been helping his old friend. He's finishing straightening a painting.

DEVON

That's really a lovely painting.

MARIETTA

It's a Deyar...she's a local artist.
Two of her other works were stolen
in last weekend's...assault.

DEVON

(comforting)

I must admit, at first I thought you
might be exaggerating. But from what
I can see, and from what Michael's
told me, there's more to this than
meets the eye.

MARIETTA

The Chamber of Commerce reports that
business is off by twenty-five
percent. If this keeps up I'll be
forced to close down.

DEVON

I think thoughts of closing down are
a bit premature. If anyone can get
to the bottom of this, it's Michael.

Marietta glances at him, something on her mind.

MARIETTA

(then)

Oh, Devon, when I called you I thought
I'd be getting the best kind of help,
and frankly, I'll admit I'm disap-
pointed.

DEVON

Really? By Michael? Why?

MARIETTA

I expected someone who would come in
and...well, if nothing else present
a decent role model for Cindy.

Devon smiles to himself, a good idea of what is coming.

MARIETTA

I'm afraid your Michael Knight is
more sympathetic with the problem
elements than the victims.

DEVON

Marietta, Michael may not always take
a conventional approach but I've found
him to be bright, reliable and above
all trustworthy.

MARIETTA

I certainly hope he won't make his
efforts here an exception.

DEVON

He won't. You have my word on it.

INT. SEMI - DAY

Devon is furious.

DEVON

Michael, I can't believe you've done this!

We pull back to:

WIDER ANGLE

Michael and Devon are in the forward area, in b.g. April shows Ron K.I.T.T.'s dash MOS.

MICHAEL

He's being framed. He's innocent.

DEVON

He's a fugitive from the law. He's wanted by the police. The law is what we're all about.

MICHAEL

What about justice? Devon, you sent me here to stop these burglaries. And to catch the people responsible. Now someone out there wants a scapegoat and they've picked Ron. And there are some real burglars who may decide to lay quiet and let him take their rap unless we do something about it.

DEVON

No one is arguing that point, but by keeping Ron here we're jeopardizing our own ability to continue our work.

MICHAEL

I understand this puts us in a sensitive position but ---

DEVON

'Sensitive' is hardly the word. 'Culpable' is more likely.

MICHAEL

All right, what's our choice? Kick him out? 'Sorry, Ron, but when push comes to shove we're more interested in covering our own tails.'

Devon looks at Michael, then at Ron. He takes a deep breath, then:

DEVON

(to Michael)

You've made your point, Michael.
Now I'll make mine. You have until
this noon tomorrow to close the case.
If you're not successful by then,
I'll have no choice but to turn Ron
over to the authorities.

OMITTED

FREEZE FRAME

AND

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

OMITTED

EXT. VISTA BEACH PIER - NIGHT

as we see the Rebels and other street racers who have caught onto the word-of-mouth about the "big race." Handsome Anson once again blares out of car stereos and ghetto blasters. Young people laugh, flirt, compare cars. We pick up Ty and the Rebels. They check their watches and look impatiently for Michael's arrival. Ty yells at some of the younger locals who are gunning their engines.

TY

Hey, keep it down! I don't want the
heat getting here before Knight does.

The kids respond, back off. Ty paces. Waits.

EXT. STREETS OF VISTA BEACH - NIGHT

K.I.T.T. cruises by quietly. The streets are nearly empty.

INT. K.I.T.T. - ON MICHAEL

as he too listens to Handsome Anson on the radio.

K.I.T.T.

It's eleven oh-five, Michael. How long do you think we'll have to wait?

MICHAEL

I don't know, Kitt. But there's no way you can put a crowd of street racers together on a Saturday night and not have some action. Whether we show up or not.

K.I.T.T.

I hope you're right.

MICHAEL

Just in case I am, let's get a graphic of the streets.

ANGLE - FAVORING MONITOR

as we see a graphic of the city streets of Vista Beach come up on the monitor. There is a random series of red dots on the map.

K.I.T.T.

Per your request. I've also pinpointed the stores with alarm systems.

MICHAEL

Well, we've lit the fuse, pal. Let's see if anything explodes.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT - ON REBELS

Ty has lost control of the locals, as well as some of his own racers. A few "jump starts" are going on around him as more and more engines are being fired up. Ty talks to one of the other Rebels.

TY

He's not showing. I wouldn't be surprised if he set us up to get busted.

HANDSOME ANSON'S VOICE

(over radios)

Eleven-seventeen at the big KCLF, and here's the monster smash 'Maniac'!

Under the first bars of the music we can hear the strains of a different type of music: police sirens approaching.

TY

The cops! I was right! Let's find that sucker!

The Rebels peel out.

OMITTED

INT. K.I.T.T. - NIGHT - FAVORING MONITOR

Michael is also listening to "Maniac" on the radio.

K.I.T.T.

Really, Michael, you'd think of all the music in the world they could find a better piece than that monstrosity.

MICHAEL

You heard Anson. It's a 'monster.'

K.I.T.T.

It certainly is.

Suddenly one of the red dots begins to blink.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, I'm picking up a burglar alarm activated on the west side.

MICHAEL

I think we've trapped a live one. Let's go!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - ON K.I.T.T.

as he turns and squeals away toward the alarm.

EXT. FURRIER SHOP - NIGHT

as K.I.T.T. screeches to a stop in front of a store with a broken window and a clanging alarm. Michael jumps out of K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, we're too late. Whoever was in there is already off my scanner.

MICHAEL

(frustrated)

We were so close....

Michael looks around the street. Something catches his eye. Michael kneels to examine a prominent set of skid marks on the pavement.

MICHAEL

(into comlink)

Kitt, can you analyze these tire marks?

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

as we see the tread marks being broken up on a graph.

K.I.T.T.

They're still warm, Michael. Made by a vehicle accelerating, not stopping. And I detect traces of clay in the tires.

MICHAEL

as he gets up.

MICHAEL

(into comlink)

Clay? Like at Glenrock Cliffs?

K.I.T.T.

Affirmative.

(then)

Michael, I think we have company.

We hear a siren and see the flashing light of a police car as it comes into view and stops. Chief Craig and Officer Apted come out, both with drawn guns.

MICHAEL

You're too late. They're gone.

CRAIG

Open the trunk of your car. Now.

The trunk pops open. A surprised Officer Apted looks in.

OFFICER APTED

It's clean.

MICHAEL

Hey, if I'd robbed that store, why would I hang around waiting for you?

Chief Craig walks up to Michael, face to face.

CRAIG

Lemme tell you something, Knight. I'm sick of outsiders coming into Vista Beach doing what they want. And that includes you. As far as I'm concerned you're just another outside agitator.

MICHAEL

I'm after the same thing you are.

CRAIG

Not in my town you're not. Go give somebody else the benefit of your wisdom. If I have to arrest you for having your shoes untied on a city street, I'll do it just to get you out of my hair. Got that?

MICHAEL

Got it, Chief.

Michael climbs into K.I.T.T., the trunk goes down and Craig and APTED begin up to the broken-in shop. Michael roars off.

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

We can hear "Maniac" playing from inside K.I.T.T.

INT. K.I.T.T. - FAVORING MONITOR

Michael's face is lit up by the monitor. We can see a replay of the first confrontation the night before with the Rebels as recorded by K.I.T.T.'s scanner. The music comes from the audio portion. The video ends.

MICHAEL

Kitt, there's got to be something I'm missing.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, you've been analyzing this over and over again. I'm afraid I'm going to burn out a circuit.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute -- that song, 'Maniac' -- it's not a 'monster hit,' not now. It's six months old.

(then)

And the only other time I heard it was up with the street racers -- which was when the last burglary took place!

K.I.T.T.

I don't think I understand the correlation. If there is one.

MICHAEL

I think there is, pal. Access the airplay logs from KCLF and cross-reference them with the times the police were called out to break up the drag racing.

CLOSE ON MONITOR

as the print-out comes up: on one side the dates and times of the police calls -- on the other, the airplay logs, after which the song played is listed: 7/6: 12:06am: "MANIAC"; 7/7: 1:16am: "MANIAC"; 7/14: 11:56pm: "MANIAC", etc.

MICHAEL

Now superimpose the dates of the burglaries.

We see the same dates and times flashing over the print-out.

MICHAEL

That's it! Instant communication. The cops are called to bust street racers, the song is played and the burglars strike. Time to shake the tree and see who falls out.

OMITTED

EXT. KCLF RADIO STATION BUILDING - NIGHT

as K.I.T.T. pulls up in front and Michael gets out.

MICHAEL

Got it straight?

K.I.T.T.

Yes, Michael. I hope this plan works better than the last one.

MICHAEL

It better. It's our last shot.

Michael heads into the building.

INT. KCLF RADIO STATION - BROADCAST BOOTH - NIGHT - ON HANDSOME ANSON

He's dressed the same as always, but this time he's doing the voice of an early Sunday morning inspirational deejay.

HANDSOME ANSON

This is Gary Spurley on the Gospel Hour here at KCLF. Here's three songs of love and inspiration from Andre Crouch.

Gospel music starts up. Suddenly the doors burst open and in flies Michael Knight. Handsome Anson flips a switch and the volume drops.

MICHAEL

Why don't you play 'Maniac,' Handsome? Or isn't the timing right?

HANDSOME ANSON

I don't know what you're talking about, brother. This is Gospel Hour.

Michael lifts him out of his chair. The song choruses about love and truth in the b.g.

MICHAEL

I think you do. You want to tell me about it or wait for the police?

CRAIG'S VOICE

Nice try, Knight. The police are already here.

Michael whirls around and finds himself staring down the barrel of Craig's service revolver. Mace Beaudry stands behind him.

MICHAEL

Well what do you know. I figured there had to be somebody on the inside, but I didn't think it was a crooked cop.

EXT. RADIO STATION - NIGHT - CLOSE ON K.I.T.T.'S SCANNER

as we see it oscillate back and forth.

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

as we see the "record button" activate.

INT. RADIO STATION - FULL

Michael steps closer to Chief Craig.

MICHAEL

Same old story, eh Chief? Small town cop on the take. Too bad. Because being a real cop is not a bad life. I know.

Against his better judgement, Craig responds.

CRAIG

Don't preach to me you long-legged punk. I've been a 'real' cop. Thirty-five years worth. But you can't live on that the rest of your life. Not when half the slime you've put away have condos in Hawaii. So what's a little stolen property. I deserve it.

Michael looks at him, satisfied. Craig slaps cuffs on him.

MACE

Hey, let's move it. Let's get it over with.

CRAIG

Take him to the Cliffs. And do it right this time.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

It's morning as we see a high-riding four-wheel pickup thumping over the road. Mace is at the wheel. Michael is beside him. We pan over to:

OMITTED

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

as we see him driving behind Mace. Silently.

INT. K.I.T.T. - ON DASHBOARD

as we push in and see the "Silent Mode" light blinking.

EXT. GLENROCK CLIFFS - DAY

Mace stops the truck, and he and Michael get out. He prods Michael at gunpoint to the edge of the cliff. Mace stands facing him, in front of his truck. Michael looks out at the water.

MICHAEL

Beautiful sunrise. Hate to think it's my last. So what's the story? I handcuffed myself from behind, then jumped? That's always a tough one to sell.

Mace carefully unlocks the cuffs. We widen to see K.I.T.T. silently pulling in back of Mace's truck. Michael turns and sees K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Hey Mace, behind you.

MACE

You think I'd fall for that old trick?

MICHAEL

Don't say I didn't warn you.

K.I.T.T. bumps up against Mace's truck, pushing it slightly toward the cliff. Mace jumps and Michael steps out of the way. K.I.T.T. pours on the steam and pushes the truck right up to and over the edge of the cliff. Mace drops his gun and grabs the push-bar on the grill as he falls over

the edge. He's forced to cling for his life.

MACE
Help! I'm falling!

K.I.T.T.
You were right, Michael. 'Silent
Mode' does have its advantages.

MICHAEL
Nice work, Kitt.

MACE
Hey! I can't hold on any longer! I
don't want to die!

Michael leans over the cliff next to the truck, looks down
at Mace.

MICHAEL
Spell it out, Mace. All the details.
Now. Out loud.

MACE
Okay, okay -- just get me up first!

MICHAEL
A little more pressure, Kitt. Use
your grappling hook.

INSERT - K.I.T.T.'S GRILL

K.I.T.T.'s grappling hook locks firmly onto the truck's
rear axle.

FULL

K.I.T.T. pushes the truck further over the cliff.

MICHAEL
Now then, from the beginning....

MACE
(talking fast)
Craig scouted the hits during the week.
He'd tell Anson. Anson gave me the
target. They'd wait for the weekend
and the street racers. When Craig
went after the racers, Anson played,
'Maniac,' and I'd do the job.

MICHAEL
Got that, Kitt?

K.I.T.T.
Loud and clear.

MICHAEL

Pull him up.

K.I.T.T. backs up. Michael pulls Mace to safety. The beaten young man stands breathless on the cliff.

MICHAEL

You okay now?

MACE

(panting)

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Good.

He decks Mace with a crushing right.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

K.I.T.T. rolls past an intersecting road where we see Ty and the other Rebels.

TY

There he goes!

As the hot rods pursue, we see K.I.T.T. pulling away from them. The chase is on. They pass a police car coming in the opposite direction.

INT. CRUISER - ON OFFICER APTED AND PARTNER

He sees K.I.T.T. fly past him.

OFFICER APTED

(into mike)

I've got a speeder on eighteen, heading into town. Black hardtop, license K-N-I-G-H-T. Wait a second. Make that four speeders. Request assistance.

He hits his siren and burns a U in pursuit.

OMITTED

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY - ON CHIEF CRAIG

Craig has heard the call. He picks up his mobile unit.

CRAIG

(into unit)

All units! Move to pursue black hardtop, heading into town. Consider driver armed and dangerous. Stop him, boys.

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

K.I.T.T.

I'm afraid we've attracted attention,
Michael.

MICHAEL

How close do you need to be to the
radio station to broadcast?

K.I.T.T.

The closer the better.

MICHAEL

Then let's deliver it right to their
doorstep.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF TOWN - DAY

As K.I.T.T. races to the radio station, we see him being
pursued by the Rebels, Apted's police car and another squad
car.

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

K.I.T.T.

Michael. We're within range.

MICHAEL

Okay, pal. Do your stuff.

K.I.T.T.

(very official)

We interrupt this program to bring
you a special bulletin.

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Craig arrives, runs inside.

INT. KCLF - BROADCAST BOOTH - DAY

Handsome Anson sits at his console, frantically pushing
buttons. K.I.T.T.'s voice rings out over his speakers.
Craig runs in.

CRAIG

What are you doing?

HANDSOME ANSON

Me? Are you crazy? I'm trying to
get him off!

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE

Police Chief Rupert Craig and radio
personality Handsome Anson James
confessed today to being the master-
minds behind the recent string of
weekend warrior burglaries.

HANDSOME ANSON
He's stepping on our frequency!
There's nothing I can do!

INT. APTED'S CRUISER - DAY - ON APTED AND PARTNER

He is startled by the continuing "Special Bulletin."

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE
In his own words, Chief Craig said....

CRAIG'S VOICE
(recorded)
'...So what's a little stolen property?
I deserve it.'

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

as K.I.T.T., followed by the Rebels, Officer Apted and another black-and-white drive up. K.I.T.T. continues his broadcast. It is now also playing on his own loudspeaker.

K.I.T.T.'S VOICE
...suspect Ron Prescott was cleared
by the confession of local mechanic
Mace Beaudry, the actual burglar.

Handsome Anson races into the street, followed by Chief Craig ...both looking for the source of the problem. Michael gets out of the car.

CRAIG
It's a lie! Don't listen!

Craig goes for his gun, but Michael grabs him in a bear hug, pinioning his arms. Officer Apted is out of the cruiser, his gun on the Chief.

OFFICER APTED
Freeze Chief...you're under arrest.
You too, Anson.

K.I.T.T.
And now, back to the Gospel Hour.
(beat)
How was that, Michael?

Michael tosses Chief Craig's revolver to Apted.

MICHAEL
Perfect, Kitt. Now that Handsome
Anson's off the air, maybe you'd
like to take a crack at rock 'n roll.
K.I.T.T.
Perish the thought.

On Michael's grin....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR
TAG

FADE IN

OMITTED

INT. MATTHESON GALLERY - DAY

Everything is now back to normal. Marietta has put out a punch bowl and some fruit and cheese for her invited guests: Ron and Cindy, Michael and Devon.

MARIETTA

...And then there was the time it was raining so hard you had to spend the night in my mother's den. Do you remember that?

DEVON

(embarrassed)
As I recall, I had pneumonia.

MARIETTA

(meaningfully)
Oh no, you were in very good health.
(then)
I propose a toast...to Michael Knight.

The group ad-libs its agreement.

CINDY

Michael, I don't know how we can thank you.

RON

It's true. You saved my bacon. If there's ever anything I can do....

MICHAEL

Maybe there is one thing. Try your racing on a drag strip. They give you trophies instead of tickets.

Ron laughs.

DEVON

There's a rumor the radio station wanted to hire Kitt as their regular newsman.

MICHAEL

Well, they'll need somebody new now that Anson's in jail. In fact, I'd better leave if I'm going to deliver those tapes of Craig's confession to the DA by four. The Chief's got some dues of his own to pay.

Cindy gives him a kiss.

CINDY

This one's from me...I don't care what Ron says.

Michael smiles, gives Ron a thumbs-up sign and leaves.

EXT. GALLERY - DAY

Michael gets into K.I.T.T. He is stopped by Manny and two very large, unsavory looking guys.

MANNY

Hiya Mike! Thirty seconds, and these guys can prove it. These are real professionals.

MICHAEL

Sorry, Manny. Deal's off. You convinced me having a car is too much trouble. I'm getting a Moped.

K.I.T.T.

Moped, indeed.

Michael grins, starts up K.I.T.T. and pulls out. The two thugs give Manny very unfriendly looks.

MANNY

(chasing after
him)

Hey, come back! I've got to pay these guys!

OMITTED

FADE OUT

THE END