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KNIGHT RIDER

KNIGHT OF A THOUSAND DEVILS

by
Peter Allan Fields

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. WALLED ESTATE IN HILLS - DAY - FULL SHOT - ESTABLISHING
a high-wall mansion-like estate in the hills above the city.

MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

parked inconspicuously nearby. Michael and plainclothes
federal agent Lew Jonas stand talking outside.

MICHAEL

Getting close, Lew. About time to
move in.

JONAS

My men are almost in position ---

He gestures to a ND sedan in the b.g. where three federal
agents are moving off toward the estate with shotguns.

JONAS

(continuing)

-- fifteen, twenty seconds.

MICHAEL

Good, cause I'm starving.

(off Jonas'

look)

Dinner's on you if we nail Becker
this time. Remember?

JONAS

Right. But that's me, not we who's
nailing him. You're here to monitor
that homing pulse. Nothing else.
This is ---

Michael interrupts; parroting back what he's heard a dozen
times before.

MICHAEL

This is a federal operation.
Whatever happens, I stay out of it.
I know, Lew. I know.

JONAS

That's what you said the last time
but ---

MICHAEL

(smiles

knowingly)

Fifteen seconds are up, Lew. Good
luck.

Jonas nods; eyes Michael a beat; smiles and moves off after his men. Michael turns and gets into K.I.T.T.

OMITTED

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

as Michael settles behind the wheel.

MICHAEL

Our friend Becker behaving himself,
pal?

INSERT - K.I.T.T.'S SCREEN - CLOSE

A bright, pulsing dot moves within one area of the floor plan of the estate (which appears on K.I.T.T.'s screen).

K.I.T.T.

Yes and the pulsing dot indicates he
hasn't yet discovered the watchband
transmitter planted on him.

OMITTED

EXTREME CLOSEUP - BECKER'S WRISTWATCH AND BAND

Very expensive. As we begin to pull slowly back revealing the arm adorned by the watch, filling an attache case with money.

INT. ESTATE - FRONT FOYER - DAY

Where the owner of the wristwatch, and the money-stuffed attache proves to be Ronald Becker, age forty-six. Impeccably tanned, tailored and manicured, Becker's charm resides in his rakish lack of polish. As he closes and locks the attache case:

SCHNEIDER

carrying a single suitcase he enters the foyer through an archway in b.g. He hands the suitcase to Becker who smiles appreciatively.

BECKER

Thank you, Schneider.
(caustic)
As you by now have undoubtedly
guessed, I'm going somewhere.

With animal quickness Becker takes a silencer-affixed handgun from the folds of the raincoat on the table; and levels it at Schneider.

BECKER

And since I can't simply fire my old partners, you are also going somewhere.

Becker fires; Schneider drops.

INCLUDING MARCUS

as he arrives in the archway. He regards the body poker-faced. Becker hands him the gun.

BECKER

(indicates
body)

Send that out to be stuffed, or something, will you?

Now, both men react to the electronic beeping of the surveillance system. They look up toward:

TV SURVEILLANCE MONITOR (SHOWING EXT. - ESTATE - INNER WALL AREA - GATE)

The TV screen shows four plainclothes Federal agents breaking the front gate lock from within. Weapons out and ready.

RESUME - BECKER AND MARCUS

BECKER

(smiles)

Feds are getting smarter these days, Marcus. Take care of them.

Marcus nods and moves off quickly.

EXT. ESTATE - FRONT PATIO - DAY - FAVORING AGENTS

as they move toward the creek bed and into the patio area.

OMITTED

ANOTHER ANGLE - MARCUS

appears from the garage area with a semi-automatic and opens fire.

RESUME THE AGENTS

caught in the gun fire, they're cut down in midpatio.

MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

are galvanized into action by the sound of the O.S. shooting.

MICHAEL

Go, Kitt! Go!

K.I.T.T. and Michael beeline toward the outer wall of the estate.

OMITTED

ON THE GATES

K.I.T.T. rockets between the gates left open by the agents earlier.

OMITTED

REVERSE ANGLE

K.I.T.T. comes into the patio area and screeches to a stop near Jonas' body.

OMITTED

INT. ESTATE - WINDOW - MARCUS

watching for a beat; then turns and heads back towards the O.S. main area of the house.

EXT. ESTATE FRONT PATIO - DAY - MICHAEL

exits K.I.T.T.; crosses to Jonas' body; crouches examining him.

MICHAEL

Lew! Lew?! Scan his vitals pal!

K.I.T.T.

I'm afraid he's gone, Michael. But the other three are alive. I'll call for assistance.

Michael remains crouched over his friend for a few anguished beats. Then, he rushes for the front door of the house -- bursts it open with his shoulder; takes a step inside.

INT. ESTATE - FRONT FOYER

Michael stops short as he sees;

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - BECKER'S CLOTHING AND JEWELRY

on the floor at Michael's feet.

RESUME MICHAEL

Picks up Becker's wristwatch -- uses his wrist transceiver.

MICHAEL
Kitt...Are you monitoring Becker?

EXT. ESTATE FRONT PATIO - K.I.T.T. - INTERCUT

K.I.T.T.
His wristwatch indicates he's right
there with you, Michael.

MICHAEL
His watch is. But he isn't. We
lost him.

On Michael's frustrated reaction, we:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. KNIGHT INDUSTRIES - DAY - FULL SHOT - ESTABLISHING

DEVON (V.O.)
Ronald Becker is quite probably the
most....

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY - MICHAEL, DEVON, BONNIE AND RC3

Devon is behind his desk; the others stand.

DEVON
...financially successful mobster in
U.S. history. Stock swindles,
international computer fraud....

MICHAEL
And murder -- Lew Jonas was the best.
Hard to believe he's gone. I'm going
to nail Becker if it's the last thing
I do!

Bonnie lays a comforting hand on Michael's shoulder.

BONNIE
Washington estimates Becker's
amassed a billion-dollar fortune.

RC3
Did you say 'billion'? That's with
a 'B,' as in....

DEVON
Yes. The man has swindled the life
savings of a great many people,
Reginald. The Foundation has decided
to act on behalf of those thousands
of hardworking citizens.

MICHAEL

Who'll have no chance at all of getting back their money if Becker makes it to South America.

DEVON

Naturally, even the smallest of airfields is being covered; every train and bus depot....

RC3

Bus depot? The man's loaded, he's gonna take the bus?

MICHAEL

(to Devon)

There's got to be a place to start looking for this guy...Business associates, friends, girl friends....

BONNIE

All three describe a certain Mrs. Claudia Torrell ---

CLOSE - CLAUDIA'S FACE

She's a physically stunning business person in early to midthirties.

BONNIE'S VOICE

(continuing)

...Sportswoman, on the Best Dressed List; designs and builds exotic vehicles and races them.

During the above, we pull back outside Claudia's warehouse. She is supervising mechanics who are working on a number of Baja racers parked around her. In contrast to the mechanics coveralls she's dressed in chic expensive business clothes.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. CLAUDIA'S WAREHOUSE - DAY

as Michael gets out of K.I.T.T.; spots Claudia and moves toward her, passing ---

MARCUS

running a soft, polishing cloth over the finish of one of the cars. He does a take as he recognizes Michael.

OMITTED

RESUME CLAUDIA

as Michael approaches and she reacts.

CLAUDIA

May I help you?

MICHAEL

You will if you'll get a message to
Ronald Becker for me.

CLAUDIA

Sorry. I have no idea where Ronnie
Becker might've gone.

MICHAEL

I'll pay a lot of money, Ms. Torrell.
(before she
can reply)
Not to see him: not even to talk to
him myself. I'll trust you to do that.

CLAUDIA

(dubious)
So nice to be trusted.

MICHAEL

I worked at one of the banks Mr. Becker
'cashed in on.' I made my own little
bundle while he was making his.

CLAUDIA

And now you just want me to thank
him for you.

MICHAEL

He's going to be setting up shop again.
I'm going to be working with him.
Tell him that for me.

ANGLE

Marcus catches Claudia's eye; covertly beckons her to join
him.

CLAUDIA

(dismissing
Michael)
Why don't you just -- Go into
business for yourself.

MICHAEL

I have. Any new computer system he
sets up, I can raid at will.
(as she pauses)
Tell him, he takes me in, or...I
take him off. Anywhere he goes.

She looks at him closely -- decides to handle Marcus first; crosses and begins a brief, secretive discussion (MOS) with Marcus. As she does so:

CLOSE - MICHAEL

surreptitiously speaking into his comlink.

MICHAEL

Kitt, try to get an ID on the guy she's talking to, will you?

K.I.T.T.

I can't Michael. The angle puts him out of my line of view.

Claudia finishes with Marcus and returns.

CLAUDIA

I might be able to deliver your message but some things I'll have to know first.

MICHAEL

Whatever it takes. Shoot.

CLAUDIA

Not now; we could be overheard. Tonight; ten o'clock. Pull your car in through those doors.

She indicates a set of doors further down the warehouse wall. Michael eyes her, nods ---

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. PARK AND BRIDGE - DAY

as De Lorca's limousine pulls in from the street.

FAVORING BECKER

as he gets out of his car. He's nervous and glances back to check the position of Hood #1 behind him, then crosses toward:

OMITTED

DE LORCA'S LIMOUSINE

as the door opens and Roderigo De Lorca, fifty, studiously suave, and decorator-designed emerges. Where Becker is the gut-reacting privateer, De Lorca's frigidity is polished to perfection. He moves off toward Becker's position.

OMITTED

BECKER AND DE LORCA

as De Lorca arrives to stand alongside Becker.

DE LORCA

You're looking just wonderful, Becker.

BECKER

You said one million dollars cash.
It's in my car.

Becker nods to his Hood #1; De Lorca nods, in turn, to his bodyguard/chauffeur who follows #1 off toward Becker's car. Both wary of each other.

DE LORCA

(noting wariness)

We've been adversaries for a long time, Becker. Now let us adjust to being associated.

BECKER

I'll tell you what I'd like to adjust, De Lorca. I'm paying you a million dollars for a lousy one-way ticket to South America. I'd like to adjust the price.

DE LORCA

It's a bargain considering it's the only ticket available. Every agent in the country is looking for you. The only way you'll get into Mexico, let alone South America, is the way I've arranged...

(beat)

...and you know it.

BECKER

Okay, what about citizenship papers, passport, official ID -- That all taken care of?

DE LORCA

(nods)

Awaiting your arrival. And you have brought the documents transferring your assets?

BECKER

I brought them --
(off De Lorca's
look)
-- I haven't signed them.

De Lorca studies Becker a beat; levels a cold, penetrating look at him.

DE LORCA

Remember the million buys your freedom --

(warning)

-- The billions you'll be investing with me will insure it.

(softens; smiles)

That and the special skills of Miss Torrell. I'd expected she might be with you.

ON BECKER

A smile.

BECKER

The lovely Miss Torrell is about to skillfully eliminate a potential troublemaker.

On De Lorca's reaction, we:

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

as they reach the entrance; and pull to a stop. Michael eyes the place a beat...then:

MICHAEL

Scan the place, pal. I want to be sure Miss Torrell hasn't brought along backup.

K.I.T.T.

As a matter of fact, no one is here.

MICHAEL

Check the place out while we wait for her.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

as Michael and K.I.T.T. roll slowly into the ominously darkened warehouse.

K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

as K.I.T.T. sweep-scans the interior.

K.I.T.T.

I'm detecting tools and engine parts,
Michael. The kind used in constructing
automobiles.

Michael pulls K.I.T.T. to a stop. He gets out and crosses
between work benches and equipment; pauses at:

OMITTED

A TABLE

on which engineering drawings of Baja Buggies and engines
displayed. As Michael passes his comlink over them:

MICHAEL

Photograph these drawings.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As a pickup truck comes around from the rear of the
warehouse. Marcus is the driver. Hood #1 stands in the
bed with a semi-automatic and opens fire on:

A ROW OF FIFTY-GALLON DRUMS

that are lined up along the exterior wall of the
warehouse. As the rounds puncture the drums and fuel pours
out onto the ground, we ---

RESUME MICHAEL

as he reacts to the gunfire.

MICHAEL

Not the greeting I expected. What's
going on?!

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

to see the molecular structure of gasoline develop across
the screen.

K.I.T.T.

The shots were fired outside. My
sensors are detecting volatile fumes.

OMITTED

CLOSE ON A ROAD FLARE

as Hood #1 strikes it on the steel bed of the pickup. It
"explodes" to life. He holds it high like a torch then
throws it.

THE FLARE

pinwheels through the air toward:

THE FUEL DRUMS

along the side of the warehouse. The flare lands in a puddle of gasoline. In an instant the row of drums becomes a blazing inferno. Marcus and Hood #1 take off in the pickup.

RESUME MICHAEL

as he reacts to the whoosh; whirls to see:

MICHAEL'S POINT OF VIEW - WAREHOUSE DOORS

the flames leaping up and blocking the outside. The entire opening a sheet of flame.

RESUME MICHAEL

The orange glow of the flames on his face; smoke starting to billow around him.

MICHAEL

This whole place is going to go up.

OMITTED

FUEL DRUMS

engulfed by roaring flames some fuel drums start to explode.

OMITTED

MICHAEL

trapped, as the flames build.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - MICHAEL

About to be enveloped by the flames. K.I.T.T. screeches to a stop next to him.

K.I.T.T.

Hurry, Michael before the building
explodes!

Michael jumps behind the wheel.

MICHAEL

Okay, buddy. Give me everything
you've got!

K.I.T.T.

That won't be possible. The intense
heat is affecting my power plant.

MICHAEL

Let's hope you've got enough left to
get us out of here!

Michael slams K.I.T.T. in gear and tromps on the accelerator.
K.I.T.T.'s engine hesitates; makes a sickly whine; finally
roars with authority.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DOORS - NIGHT

as K.I.T.T. explodes through the flames.

WIDE - THE SCENE

as the warehouse erupts in a massive explosion.

K.I.T.T.

screeches to a stop and a safe distance away.

MICHAEL

His tense reaction at what he's escaped.

CUT TO

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON COMPUTER DRAWINGS

to see a hard copy reproduction of the Baja Racer engineering
drawings K.I.T.T. photographed at the warehouse. We widen to
include Bonnie, Michael, Devon and RC3 who's working on his
motorcycle.

DEVON

Looks like a carefully constructed
train wreck.

RC3

Come on, Boss, stop putting down my
wheels.

MICHAEL

He meant these drawings, RC. Got 'em before the place blew up. That's an off-roader, Devon. Setup's perfect for a Baja race.

DEVON

A...what kind of race?

RC3 crosses from his cycle and joins them.

RC3

The Baja Five Hundred; Baja One Thousand...They're races run in open country along Mexico's Baja Peninsula.

Bonnie turns to her monitor; encodes; some scheduling data appears.

BONNIE

Not at this time of year.

MICHAEL

Wait a minute...That warehouse was full of Baja buggies this afternoon but it was empty tonight. Where are Claudia Torrell's cars if she's not racing them?

(beat)

Bonnie, run a search for any other race that requires Baja type equipment.

As Bonnie encodes at her computer.

BONNIE

Something tells me we'll be setting up Kitt for a little off-road action.

Data prints out across the monitor. Bonnie shakes no.

BONNIE

I can't find any races that are sanctioned but sometimes the Los Mil Diablos is run this time of year.

MICHAEL

That's the thousand miler that starts in the states and ends in Mexico.

RC3

Right, it was outlawed by both countries, but these guys are fanatics. They run it anyway if they can find a sponsor.

MICHAEL

I'll bet they had no trouble finding
one this year --

(off reaction)

Becker -- can you think of a better
way to get across the border than an
off-road race designed to hide the
participants!

DEVON

Where's the starting line of the
Mil Diablos this year?

BONNIE

It's always a well kept secret. It
could be any one of a half dozen
towns along Route 107.

RC3

It could take days to check 'em all
out Michael.

MICHAEL

I don't care how many days it takes.
I owe it to Lew Jonas' wife and kids.
You start at one end and I'll start
at the other.

RC3 reacts, then smiles...He crosses to his cycle. Michael
crosses to K.I.T.T. and we:

CUT TO

OMITTED

THE HIGHWAY

as K.I.T.T. and RC3 on his cycle reach a point where the
road forks. They come to stops. Michael and RC3 exchange
a thumbs up, then zoom off on opposite forks.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. CLAUDIA'S MOTOR HOME - DAY

as the same pickup we saw at the warehouse pulls to a stop.
Marcus still at the wheel; Claudia now in the passenger
seat next to him. As they exit the truck cab:

OMITTED

ANGLE - FAVORING BECKER

He emerges from the motor home. Claudia hurries toward him
arms outstretched and pulls him into an embrace.

CLAUDIA

Ronnie, I've been so worried.

He holds her off a beat; looks to Marcus for ---

BECKER

That troublemaker taken care of?

MARCUS

(nods)

Up in smoke.

His concern segues to a smile.

BECKER

Come on Claudia -- You look beautiful.
Nothing to worry about; De Lorca's
covered everything; he'll be waiting
for us across the border.

Arm in arm with her, he steers Claudia back toward the
motor home. As they go:

BECKER

If you don't like De Lorca's country,
I'll buy it and you can remodel.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. SMALL TOWN - HIGHWAY - DAY

as Michael and K.I.T.T. blow through the sleepy town that
is clearly not the start point of the race. Pan K.I.T.T.
flashing by us and receding into distance.

INSIDE K.I.T.T. - DAY

as Michael drives.

MICHAEL

One town down, four to go. If we
don't hit it soon we may find
ourselves racing Becker to catch him.

K.I.T.T.

If you don't mind, I'd prefer cap-
turing Mr. Becker before the starter
drops his flag.

MICHAEL

Can't say I blame you. We'll be up
against some pretty stiff competition.

K.I.T.T.

Now just one moment, Michael ---

EXT. FARTHER ALONG HIGHWAY - DAY - MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

They continue zooming along.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. LAS FLORES MAIN STREET - NIGHT - FULL SHOT -
ESTABLISHING

Too busy for this small, desert community. All manner of
people from everywhere -- some revving engines as they
cruise the street in 4x4 minis and vans, etc.

FOLLOWING MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

as they roll down this main street filled with off-roaders
and their fans.

K.I.T.T.

I believe we've found the starting
point.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL

Yes. Going to be fun trying to find
Becker in this mob...Even Becker has
to eat.

Michael turns toward the Las Flores Cafe.

OMITTED

EXT. CLAUDIA'S MOTOR HOME - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

INT. CLAUDIA'S MOTOR HOME - NIGHT

Becker is studying some maps on the fold-out table. Claudia
and Marcus enter and join him.

MARCUS

Radios are set to the special
frequency, Mr. Becker. You'll be
able to talk to all our cars.

Becker nods curtly, swings a look to Claudia.

BECKER

I'm not in love with bouncing all
over the desert.

Claudia puts a comforting hand on his shoulder; starts massaging his neck muscles, settling him down.

CLAUDIA

It's going to be okay, Ronnie. Maybe you're hungry. You know how you get jumpy when you don't eat.

BECKER

(eases; smiles,
nods)

We've been together too long, Claudia. You know me better than I do.

(to Marcus)

Marcus? Get us something to eat.

Marcus nods and exits the motor home.

CUT TO

OMITTED

INT. LAS FLORES CAFE - NIGHT

Music blasts from a juke box, as Michael makes his way through the crowd toward the counter and reacts to the squeals of ---

THREE "PLAYMATES"

shooting a game of pool. A crowd of race drivers gathered around observing the action. The gals wear tight tank tops and shorts. Call them Bambi, Pastris and Candi.

CLOSE ON BAMBI

as she stretches across the table with her cue stick to make a shot, thereby displaying her "ample." The moment is appreciated by:

A GROUP OF DRIVERS

watching from the opposite side of the table, as Michael joins them. They cheer and applaud as Bambi strokes the ball and it drops into the pocket. She thinks they're applauding the shot.

BAMBI

Gee guys thanks!

One driver peels a twenty-dollar bill from a roll.

DRIVER

Twenty bucks says you can't make that shot again.

He swings a conspiratorial grin to his buddies who elbow each other and ad-lib encouragement to the Playmate.

BAMBI

My mother taught me never to take money from strangers.

PASTRI

Mine didn't. I'll do it!

CANDI

Wait a minute, what about me?

MICHAEL

Don't argue girls. I'm sure these gentlemen will make sure you all get a turn.

The drivers laugh and ad-lib total agreement. Michael moves off as the Playmate leans across the table with her cue stick; we go to:

OMITTED

ANOTHER ANGLE - COUNTER - MICHAEL

settles onto a stool. Waitress Ana Lucia Cortez, age twenty-four approaches him. She is quite striking; quite a pleasant person.

MICHAEL

Hi! Name's Michael Knight.

As she smiles and hands him a small hand-printed menu:

ANA LUCIA

Ana Lucia Cortez. What'll it be?

MICHAEL

(perusing menu)

This is one whale of a turnout for a race that's held in secret.

ANA LUCIA

Just our usual Wednesday night crowd. What do you do? You're no driver; I know all the drivers.

Michael removes a photo from his pocket; shows it to Ana Lucia.

MICHAEL

How about this driver? You know him?

INSERT - PHOTO - CLOSE

A photograph of Ronnie Becker.

ON ANA LUCIA

as she reacts to the photo. She recognizes Becker but works to cover it; shakes no.

ANA LUCIA

Nope....

ON MICHAEL

as he senses she's covering.

MICHAEL

You sure? For a second there I thought I saw a little light go on behind those baby blues.

RESUME THE SCENE

ANA LUCIA

They're brown, and I've never seen that guy. Look, I clock out in five minutes. You eating or not?

MICHAEL

(considers
menu)

How's the seafood dinner?

ANA LUCIA

Awful.

MICHAEL

Oh. -- Well, then -- the porterhouse sounds ---

ANA LUCIA

Like chewing on your shoes?

(already
writing)

Have the burger. It's our specialty.

MICHAEL

(bemused nod)

Why don't I have the burger?

ANA LUCIA

Good choice. I'll stick one in the microwave for you.

She turns on a heel and moves off as Michael reacts.

MICHAEL

In the microwave?

He watches her go for a thoughtful beat; raises his comlink for:

MICHAEL

Kitt? Have Bonnie run a check on an Ana Lucia Cortez. She recognized Becker's photo but for some reason wouldn't let on.

K.I.T.T.

Right away, Michael.

Michael ponders this "mystery" and we:

CUT TO

EXT. LAS FLORES MAIN STREET - NIGHT - ON MARCUS

approaching the cafe. He does a double take upon noticing:

MARCUS' POINT OF VIEW - K.I.T.T.

is parked behind a truck next to the cafe. We zoom in on the "Knight" license plate.

RESUME MARCUS

He can't believe it. Clearly shaken, he turns and hurries off.

INT. LAS FLORES CAFE - NIGHT - MICHAEL

as Ana Lucia slides a dish with a burger on it in front of Michael.

ANA LUCIA

Enjoy!

Michael lifts the top half of the bun to discover a prune-like crust of meat. Ana Lucia grabs her purse and donning her seater, turns to leave.

MICHAEL

(calls out)

Hey? Hey, Ana Lucia? This burger looks like a shriveled fig.

ANA LUCIA

She pauses; turns back; grins sheepishly. He's right; she's guilty.

ANA LUCIA

Listen, the seafood here is wonderful; the steak is great. Come back tomorrow. I'll make it up to you.

MICHAEL

You can start now.

(waggles photo)

You sure you haven't seen this guy?

Ana nods emphatically.

MICHAEL

What about the sponsor for the race? Any idea who put up the money?

She eyes him suspiciously for a beat. Then, deciding ---

ANA LUCIA

You're Highway Patrol. You're going to try'n stop the race. That's why you're asking these questions.

MICHAEL

You kidding? I'm racing tomorrow.

ANA LUCIA

Sure. Look, I've got a car entered, and I've got to adjust the suspension before start time, so ---

She turns to leave. He stops her.

MICHAEL

You want to be on that starting line tomorrow? Take me to your suspension.

She eyes him for a beat, softens, then nods....

CUT TO

EXT. DESERT AND MOUNTAINS - PREDAWN - PANORAMA - STOCK

The false light of the crisp predawn hour.

INT. ANA LUCIA'S GARAGE - PREDAWN

Michael and Ana Lucia are dishevelled, grease-stained and feeling fine over a job well done. Her Baja buggy has been up on jacks, and she collects the last of the tools as Michael lowers the buggy.

MICHAEL

I think we got 'er this time.

ANA LUCIA

Thanks, Michael. you know, I can't believe we haven't run into each other till now. Where else have you competed?

MICHAEL

Was about to ask you the same thing.
How'd you happen to get into off-
roading, anyway?

ANA LUCIA

You're not Highway Patrol, and --
(examines
his hands)
-- mechanics' hands have callouses.
So, what are you?

MICHAEL

You're pretty sharp for a hash slinger
with a lead foot. You sure you ---

He stops -- she stops -- both realizing how they sound.
They begin to chuckle at themselves and each other, as:

MICHAEL

Y'know, we're about to quiz each other
into the ground here.
(beat)
You're a nice person, Ana Lucia. I
think.

ANA LUCIA

I kept you up all night.

MICHAEL

After the race I'll come back and
demand equal time.

ANA LUCIA

You won't have to demand.

They are both a bit smitten. If they start something, the
race will be finished before they are. So, Michael smiles
knowingly ---

MICHAEL

Good luck.

He turns and leaves and we:

CUT TO

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DAWN - MICHAEL

He walks toward camera, past the first couple of buildings
on the edge of town. He then turns into an alley-like
street between buildings; speaks into his comlink.

MICHAEL

Bonnie come up with anything yet
on Ana Lucia, pal?

K.I.T.T.

No, Michael. She's still working on it.

Michael considers this as he walks. A few beats before he hears the roar of the car engine behind him. He turns to see an ND sedan bearing down on him at ramming speed. Hood #1 inside.

OMITTED

MICHAEL

dashes ahead of the car; reaches the end of the alley barely in time to leap out of the way -- the vehicle goes barreling past. As he gets to his feet ---

MARCUS' PICKUP

driven by Hood #2, Marcus seated next to him, comes zooming across Michael's path. It almost clobbers Michael. He avoids it by side-stepping into a doorway at the last instant. The pickup smashes into some trash barrels in the alley.

CLOSE - MICHAEL

as he uses his comlink.

MICHAEL

(into
transceiver)

Got a problem, pal! Get over here
fast.

EXT. LAS FLORES MAIN STREET - DAWN - CLOSE ON K.I.T.T.

parked next to the Cafe. He self-starts; and we widen to reveal a flatbed truck loaded with bales of hay has parked right up against K.I.T.T.'s rear bumper locking him in his parking spot.

K.I.T.T.

I have one too, Michael! I've been
boxed in!

K.I.T.T.'S SHIFTER

kicks into reverse.

K.I.T.T.'S REAR TIRE

burns against the ground.

K.I.T.T.'S REAR BUMPER

presses against the front of the truck. It moves back six inches. K.I.T.T. rockets forward to go at it again and we:

RESUME MICHAEL AND HOODS

Hoods #1 and #2 emerge from their vehicles and attack Michael. He decks one of them; knocks the other back against the ND sedan. But as Michael turns to deal with Hood #1 who comes at him again ---

MARCUS

gets out of the pickup; moves in unseen behind Michael and connects with a lug wrench across the back of Michael's head. He drops, out cold. They load Michael into the pickup and take off. During the above action, we ---

INTERCUT - K.I.T.T.

maneuvering to get free from between the trucks that pin him.

K.I.T.T.

I'll be free any second!

K.I.T.T. rockets backward; pushes into the truck again and again; shoves it back three feet; accelerates forward into a sweeping spin that takes him into the middle of the street.

K.I.T.T.

Michael? Keep talking. I have to get a fix on your position. Michael?

There is no reply. K.I.T.T. screeches to a stop in the street uncertain as to Michael's whereabouts.

CUT TO

EXT. THE WELL - DAWN - LONG SHOT

The pickup approaches from far b.g.; halts at the well in f.g. Hood #1 hauls Michael roughly out of the bed. Marcus moves aside some old wooden planks that cover the opening in the ground. The two men dump Michael's unconscious body down the well.

INT. BOTTOM OF WELL - MICHAEL

unconscious; possibly dead lying at the bottom of the old well. Tilt upward, slowly upward, until we're looking at the little round hole of light far away which is the top of the well.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT. DESERT AND MOUNTAINS - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

EXT. STARTING LINE - DAY - STOCK

The bass rumble of the dozens of off-road racing car engines warming up.

THE STARTER

raises the green flag high, then drops it.

VARIOUS SHOTS - PRINCIPAL RACE VEHICLES

as Becker and Claudia, Marcus, Ana Lucia, Hood #1, etc. rocket over the starting line, in their cars, and we:

INTERCUT OTHER VEHICLES

as Los Mil Diablos begins. The collective roar of the funcos is incredible. During this we:

OMITTED

INTERCUT - RC3

as he arrives on his motorcycle. He works his way between the vehicles, campers, support trailers, etc. in search of Michael and K.I.T.T.

QUICK SERIES OF ANGLES - STOCK

The various racing machine of the various classes (including bikes, if desired) digging in and hauling ass.

THE PLAYMATES' CAR

Clearly a noncompetitive pink Eldorado or its ilk. It rolls toward the starting line. The three gals are waving and blowing kisses to the spectators. PASTRI, the sexy black gal, comes to life when she spots:

RC3

who's heading out of the area. He does a double take when he sees her; almost crashes the cycle into a parked vehicle as he waves back.

RC3

That's one little package -- no man would take home to mamma.

RC3 recovers; settles down the cycle and heads toward town.

THE RACE - ON CLAUDIA'S CAR - ESTABLISH BECKER

in second seat; Claudia driving.

INT. CLAUDIA'S CAR - BECKER AND CLAUDIA

Becker's nervous to the point of not wanting any part of this. He holds on for dear life as Claudia puts pedal to metal. They shout over the roar of the engine.

BECKER

Hey! Take it easy! You're supposed to run at the rear of the pack!

CLAUDIA

Sorry! Not easy to do when you're used to winning!

BECKER

I don't care! We can't take the chance someone'll see us turn off the course!

EXT. - RESUME CLAUDIA'S CAR

starting to drop back, passed by other cars.

ON MARCUS' FUNCO

Marcus driving. He glances to a machine gun in a rack next to him.

OMITTED

BOTTOM OF WELL - MICHAEL

consciousness slowly filtering back. He stirs; his eyes open; he begins orienting himself.

MICHAEL

Kitt? Kitt -- tune in buddy. I need you.

EXT. LOS FLORES - STREET - DAY - INTERCUT - K.I.T.T.

as his scanner pulses faster when he picks up Michael's signal.

K.I.T.T.

Michael, where are you?

MICHAEL

(peering around)

I don't know, but I hope I didn't sign a lease.

K.I.T.T. auto starts and takes off down the street.

K.I.T.T.
Keep talking, Michael ---

INTERCUT - K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR - AS NEEDED

a schematic of the area; the well located by a flashing blip.

K.I.T.T.
(continuing)
I'm homing on the signal from your comlink.

MICHAEL
Make it fast. I'm in deep trouble.
And that's not just a figure of speech.

K.I.T.T. is accelerating; well on his way out of town when:

RC3'S MOTORCYCLE

turns onto the main street weaving between the few local vehicles left behind after the start of the race.

ON RC3

He does a take when he sees:

K.I.T.T.

driverless, no one behind the wheel, as he rockets down the street far ahead of him.

RESUME - RC3

as he wheels his cycle around and takes off after K.I.T.T. who is now a distant speck on the road leading out of town.

EXT. DESERT - DAY - WELL

The top of the well into which Michael was dumped is in immediate f.g. As we pan across to pick up K.I.T.T., approaching rapidly.

K.I.T.T.
Are you all right?

INTERCUT - BOTTOM OF WELL - MICHAEL

He's now on his feet staring up at the circle of light far above him.

MICHAEL
Fine but I wouldn't rule out brain damage. You're going to need the grappling hook for this one.

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.'S NOSE COWLING

as it pulls forward over the edge of the well and the
grappling hook lowers.

K.I.T.T.

On its way.

THE TOP OF THE WELL

as the hook lowers toward Michael.

MICHAEL

What about the race!

K.I.T.T.

I'm afraid it started several
minutes ago.

Michael puts a foot on the hook; grabs hold of the cable.

MICHAEL

Then hit the up button.

As Michael begins traveling upward:

EXT. THE RACE - FAVORING ANA LUCIA'S BAJA BUGGIE

Doing it solo, she's joyously ferocious behind the wheel.
Guns the buggy.

ON HOOD #1'S FUNCO

as he exchanges nods of mutual understanding with:

CLAUDIA'S CAR

in which we again see Becker and Claudia. He's not having
a good time.

FULL SHOT - STOCK

The rooster-tails abound; billows of dust already obscure
many of the myriad vehicles participating.

ANGLE - ANA LUCIA

driving. Taking the first bumps and jumps with the best
of them.

ON BROKEN CAR

The attrition has already begun. At least this one driving
team is already afoot.

CLAUDIA'S CAR

She maneuvers expertly; jumps her vehicle perfectly -- though another car following hers and taking the same line noses in dangerously.

CUT TO

DESERT - WELL - DAY - MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

as Michael is hauled out of the well by K.I.T.T.'s grappling hook.

RC3

arrives on his motorcycle; pulls to a stop next to K.I.T.T.; crosses to the well; gives Michael a hand climbing over the edge.

RC3

What've you been doing down there?

MICHAEL

Trying to climb out.

RC3

The race started already.

MICHAEL

I know. We've got some catching up to do. Stay as close to me as you can.

Michael jumps in K.I.T.T. and takes off. RC3 jumps on his motorcycle. It takes three or four kicks before the bike starts and RC3 can follow.

OMITTED

EXT. ROAD - DAY - MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

moving fast.

CUT TO

EXT. THE RACE - DAY - FULL SHOT - STOCK

The cars still bunched tear up the terrain -- and the terrain returns the favor.

CLAUDIA'S CAR

racing strongly; up among the first third. She's having a great time; Becker's a little seasick by now.

START LINE

as K.I.T.T. rockets across onto the race course.

INTERCUT - SPECTACULAR SHOT - STOCK

A misjudgment, an unseen rock or a too-steep turn causes a spectacular moment in sports (dictated by available stock).

ON ANA LUCIA'S BAJA BUGGIE

She comes to a fairly flat section (possibly a fire road, as exists along the Baja 1000) -- and stands on it. Competent and then some.

MARCUS' CAR

hits the same flat stretch.

ON CLAUDIA'S CAR

As it streaks past camera.

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

is catching up to the rear of the pack.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

as Michael reacts to something he sees along the side of the route up ahead.

MICHAEL

Looks like we've got a cheering section, pal.

THE PLAYMATE RACING TEAM

Their car pulled onto the side of the route. The Playmates in their tank tops and shorts baking in the sun. They wave at Michael and K.I.T.T. as they approach.

BAMBI

Our air conditioning stopped working!

INTERCUT - MICHAEL

brings K.I.T.T. to a fast stop; lowers his window.

PASTRI

You've got to help us fix it?!!
(panic)
We're sweating!

MICHAEL

I can't stop now. But I'll send you some help.

CANDI

Long as he's as cute as you!

Michael smiles forlornly, contemplating the possibilities.
He waves and pulls away.

MICHAEL

(to K.I.T.T.)

Shouldn't have trouble finding a
crack team of A/C engineers to make
this house call.

K.I.T.T.

I'll take care of it. Michael, I
must say I'm quite impressed with
your devotion to duty.

MICHAEL

Yeah, what a guy, huh?

Michael tromps on the accelerator, K.I.T.T. rockets forward
and we:

RACE STARTING LINE

as RC3 crosses it on his cycle and takes off on the course.

CUT TO

OMITTED

EXT. THE RACE - DAY - FAVORING CLAUDIA'S CAR

Becker is talking to someone via his radio.

CLOSE - BECKER IN CLAUDIA'S CAR

It's difficult to transmit because of the bumping and
bouncing around -- not to mention the dust.

BECKER

De Lorca?! De Lorca, can you hear me?!

EXT. DE LORCA'S VILLA - DAY - FULL SHOT - ESTABLISHING

Overlooking the Sea of Cortez, it looks like a private
version of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

DE LORCA'S VOICE

I hear you very well, Becker.

EXT. DE LORCA'S PATIO - DAY - DE LORCA

The man lives well: a large tray of fruit and hors
d'oeuvres on the patio table; a monogrammed robe on his
back; a bodyguard stands nearby. Becker is dust-clogged and

getting bounced around. De Lorca senses Becker's discomfort, and finds it amusing.

DE LORCA

You sound a bit dusty. You're off
and running, I take it...

(glances
at watch)

INTERCUT - BECKER

BECKER

(shouts
into mike)

On my way! You just be there for me.

DE LORCA

I'm here, Becker.

(shows concern)

You're alone?

Claudia leans over and shouts ---

CLAUDIA

Having a wonderful time; wish you
were here!

De Lorca smiles, clicks off.

CUT TO

EXT. DESERT - AT REAR OF RACING PACK - DAY - MICHAEL AND
K.I.T.T.

Having caught up to the rear of the pack, Michael and
K.I.T.T. now begin moving up through it.

INTERCUT - RC3

on his motorcycle, catching up to the rear of the pack;
passing cars; working his way forward.

ON ANA LUCIA'S BUGGIE

as she drives.

ON MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

as they come abreast of Ana Lucia's buggy. He gives her a
thumbs up.

ON ANA LUCIA CORTEZ

as she returns it; indicates all is A-okay in response to
his gestured query.

ON MARCUS' CAR

as it is passed by Michael and K.I.T.T. with ease.

CLOSE - MARCUS

really spooked at seeing Michael still again. Reaches feverishly for his radio mike.

MARCUS

(shouts
into mike)

Mr. Becker, you're not going to believe this...!

INTERCUT - CLAUDIA'S CAR

The car driven by Hood #1 running next to it as Becker listens, and reacts to:

MARCUS

(continuing)

I just spotted Knight! He's in the race!

Becker reacts, stunned; recovers; shouts into the mike.

BECKER

Get him Marcus! I don't care how!
But this time you get him!!

Marcus clicks off; and accelerates after Michael.

RESUME BECKER

as he gestures to Hood #1 to help Marcus with Michael.

OMITTED

FULL SHOT FROM ABOVE

Claudia's car continues on a straight line course; Hood #1's car veers off and turns back into the dust cloud created by the rest of the group.

ON MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

still racing well; moving steadily up among the leaders.

HIGH SHOT

as Marcus' car pulls up next to Michael from behind. And the car driven by Hood #1 approaches from up front, and swings around on the opposite side of K.I.T.T. The cars now running three abreast, K.I.T.T. in the middle.

MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

Hood #1's car on Michael's side. Marcus on the passenger side.

MICHAEL
Kitt, we're being boxed.

K.I.T.T.
I've been noticing that.

SPECTACULAR DUAL CRASH - STOCK

A couple of the off-roaders tangle and tumble spectacularly.

K.I.T.T.
Something tells me that's what they
have in mind for us.

RESUME MICHAEL AND K.I.T.T.

MICHAEL
Let's show 'em what we have in mind
for them!

Michael whips the wheel hard.

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.

swerves left into Hood #1's car. It goes out of control;
plows into a dune; flips into the air and tumbles end-over-
end into the river.

OMITTED

RESUME K.I.T.T. AND MARCUS' CAR

as Michael and K.I.T.T. sweep in a large arc to give them
maneuvering room. Marcus' car is on the inside of the
circle, allowing him to pull slightly ahead of Michael.

MARCUS

pulls the pin on a grenade.

ON ANA LUCIA'S BUGGIE

as she spots the action off to her left:

THE DOGFIGHT

As Marcus tosses the grenade in front of K.I.T.T., it
explodes causing Michael to stop. Marcus spins a one-
eighty and gets out of his car.

MARCUS

His machine-gun leveled, he fires at K.I.T.T. but ---

OMITTED

ANA LUCIA'S BAJA BUGGIE

enters frame and barrels through shot directly across Marcus' line of fire in front of K.I.T.T.

OMITTED

ON ANA LUCIA

as her car gets laced with bullet holes, and goes out of control in the uneven sand and silt, and flips, tumbling end-over-end finally stopping upside down.

RESUME MARCUS

as he gets back into his car and speeds off into the distance.

RC3

pulls up on his motorcycle as Michael exits K.I.T.T. They rush to Ana Lucia's car to find her unconscious. As they remove the debris which imprisons her:

MICHAEL

Kitt, give me a complete medical scan,
and notify the aid station.

CLOSE - K.I.T.T.'S SCREEN

as K.I.T.T. runs a medical tip-to-toe check on Ana Lucia.

INTERCUTS - MICHAEL AND ANA LUCIA - K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

Her vital signs are stable. She has a mild concussion, some bruises, no broken bones.

(beat)

And inflamed tonsils.

MICHAEL

I'm going to stay here until the guys from the aid station show up. You get back to the race and keep tabs on Becker and his bodyguard.

RC3

You got it, Michael. But how do I let you know where I'm at when I get there?

Michael removes his comlink; hands it to RC3.

MICHAEL

With this. Keep in touch.

RC3 smiles at this "upgrade in status;" straps on the comlink; gets on his cycle and takes off across the desert.

FOLLOWING MICHAEL

He moves from Ana Lucia to check out the fog-bound hoods and pick up their weapons. As he goes:

MICHAEL

Contact the local authorities to clean up this mess, pal.

K.I.T.T.

My pleasure, Michael.

CUT TO

EXT. KNIGHT INDUSTRIES - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. DEVON'S OFFICE - DAY - DEVON AND BONNIE

Bonnie is at her console, encoding; coming up empty.

DEVON

Nothing yet?

BONNIE

(shakes no,
frustrated)

I've tried every cross-referencing combination I can think of. Ana Lucia Cortez doesn't exist.

DEVON

All the more reason to keep trying. Michael's suspicions were obviously correct. This woman has something to hide.

Bonnie nods and gets back to work and we:

CUT TO

EXT. THE RACE - DAY - FULL SHOT - CLAUDIA'S CAR

The number of cars visible to each other has diminished considerably. They're spread out far and wide, with a trail of dust their only markers.

CLOSER ON CLAUDIA'S CAR

Becker, studying one of the maps, now taps Claudia; gets her attention.

BECKER

This is perfect. We can turn off
the course here and go for the
border on that highway.

ANOTHER ANGLE - RIVER

as Claudia pulls to a stop and shares the map with him,
then gestures to the adjacent river.

CLAUDIA

We have to get across that river
first.

BECKER

This is an off-road vehicle, isn't
it?!

CLAUDIA

Off-road. Not underwater.

BECKER

Find a crossing and get me on
that highway!

Claudia, seeing the flash of anger, nods and drives off along
the river bed. We follow for a short distance, and go to:

ANOTHER ANGLE - RIVER

as Claudia's vehicle turns into the water and makes its
way to the opposite side.

OMITTED

EXT. DESERT - ALONG BORDER - DAY

as Michael helps the now conscious Ana Lucia.

ANA LUCIA

Forget the guys from the aid station.
I'm going back to that race.

MICHAEL

Without a car?

ANA LUCIA

(gestures to
K.I.T.T.)
We'll use your car.

MICHAEL

Not a chance. You need hospital
observation, young lady.

Ana Lucia eyes him a beat, nods, appearing to accept Michael's decision. As she turns she suddenly draws and levels an automatic at Michael who reacts with surprise.

MICHAEL

What's this supposed to mean?

(confused)

Ana Lucia, there's more at stake here than just finishing a race.

ANA LUCIA

There's more than a race to be finished. I go in your car with you --

(slight shrug)

-- Or I go in your car alone.

REACTION - MICHAEL

Confused, angry frustration.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. DESERT - ALONG BORDER - AS BEFORE - DAY

Michael and Ana Lucia are squared off just as they were at end of Act Three. Now:

ANA LUCIA

Forgive the deception, Michael. My real name is Ramirez. Lieutenant Estrallita Ramirez, of the Mexican Federal Police.

MICHAEL

No wonder Bonnie hasn't come up with anything on Ana Lucia Cortez.

ANA LUCIA

(nods)

I've been after a certain Roderigo De Lorca. We knew De Lorca put up the money to sponsor Los Mil Diablos. But I didn't know why till you showed up asking about Becker.

MICHAEL

Then we're on the same side.

(indicates gun)

And I won't have to take that away
from you. You can holster it now.

Ana Lucia studies him a beat, hesitating.

MICHAEL

If I lose Becker because of this
delay, I'm going to be real mad.
He killed a friend of mine....

Ana Lucia eases; puts the gun away.

ANA LUCIA

Find the race, you find Becker.

As Michael and Ana Lucia enter K.I.T.T. to resume their
pursuit:

MICHAEL

Kitt? Plot us a straight line course
to catch up to the race.

K.I.T.T.

Right away.

ANA LUCIA

Her reaction to this conversation.

CUT TO

EXT. OPPOSITE SIDE OF RIVER - DAY - MARCUS' CAR

comes through the shallow water, leaves the river and
climbs the bank.

CUT TO

OMITTED

A DIRT ROAD

as Claudia's car barrels along; swings off onto the highway
and takes off at high speed.

ON CLAUDIA AND BECKER

as he grabs the mike and clicks it on.

EXT. DE LORCA'S VILLA - DAY - FULL SHOT - REESTABLISHING

DE LORCA'S VOICE

De Lorca here....

EXT. PATIO - DAY - DE LORCA

is on the radio phone, straining to hear. His bodyguard stands nearby.

DE LORCA
Can you speak louder, please!

INTERCUT - CLAUDIA'S CAR

Becker on the mike.

BECKER
I said we crossed the border about fifteen minutes ago!

DE LORCA
Ah! Congratulations to you both!

BECKER
I want to move out as soon as we get there!

DE LORCA
(into phone)
No problem. Everything is waiting for you and Ms. Torrell!

CUT TO

OMITTED

RC3

is following the river bed on his motorcycle. He pauses when he sees:

THE TRACKS

He is following; turns off into the water.

RESUME RC3

as he swings his cycle away from the riverbank to get running room; guns it and takes off at high speed across the river.

OMITTED

EXT. THE RACE - DAY - LONG SHOT

The plumes of telltale dust.

ANGLE - K.I.T.T.

at the rear of the pack, barreling along close to the river.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

Michael driving, Ana Lucia next to him. They react to the chirp of the monitor and hear:

RC3

Michael, it's RC. Do you read.

MICHAEL

Loud and clear, RC. Talk to me.

INTERCUT - RC3

He's astride his cycle that's stopped in the middle of the highway on the other side of the river.

RC3

I've got a fix on the bodyguard's car for you.

MICHAEL

Way to go, RC! That means Becker has to be close by. Give me his position.

RC3

I can't. The car left the course, and crossed the river onto a highway. But I don't know which way it went.

Michael pushes some buttons on his console.

MICHAEL

Okay, Kitt. It's up to you to find Becker now.

INTERCUT - K.I.T.T.'S MONITOR (AS NEEDED)

as a search of the desert sweeps across and picks up a pulsing blip on the highway.

K.I.T.T.

My scanner confirms one off-road vehicle on the highway. It's traveling south at very high speed.

MICHAEL

Let's get to that highway!

Michael stomps on the accelerator and whips the wheel.

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.

makes a sweeping turn and heads for ---

THE RIVER

as K.I.T.T. blasts across through the water and accelerates up the bank.

ON THE HIGHWAY

as K.I.T.T. swings off the dirt road onto the blacktop and takes off.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

as Michael swings a look to Ana Lucia.

MICHAEL

Hang on! Okay, pal. Give me all you've got.

Michael tromps on the accelerator.

K.I.T.T.

as he accelerates down the road.

RESUME INSIDE K.I.T.T.

as Michael and Ana Lucia are slammed back in their seats by the acceleration. As they come out of it, Ana Lucia swings an impressed look to Michael.

ANA LUCIA

Some set of wheels!

MICHAEL

You're not so bad yourself.

She laughs. Michael tromps on the accelerator.

OMITTED

THE HIGHWAY

as K.I.T.T. blasts past at high speed.

OMITTED

EXT. DE LORCA'S VILLA - DAY - REESTABLISHING

EXT. DE LORCA'S PATIO - DAY - BECKER AND DE LORCA

DE LORCA (V.O.)

Everything you'll need has been arranged.

EXT. DE LORCA'S PATIO - DAY - DE LORCA AND BECKER

Becker has already showered and changed into something for semitropical comfort. They are sharing a decanter of something cooling. De Lorca presents the documents.

DE LORCA

Now as to the matter of these as yet
unsigned documents of yours....

CUT TO

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

blasts toward and past camera.

INSIDE K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T.

Michael? My scanners indicate that
same fellow who keeps trying to kill
you and destroy me is back again.

MICHAEL

Some guys don't know when to stop.

ATOP A KNOLL - MARCUS

is out of his car and overlooking the road on which
K.I.T.T. travels. Marcus levels his automatic rifle and
opens fire on K.I.T.T.

OMITTED

K.I.T.T.

K.I.T.T. continues straight ahead, as the rounds spark off
his shell and windshield.

RESUME MARCUS

firing continuously. He hears the roar of an engine; turns
to see:

RC3'S CYCLE

rockets into view over the knoll behind Marcus, coming
right at him.

MARCUS

whirls to fire at RC3. But RC3 is right on top of him. He
leaps off the bike, bulldogging Marcus to the ground,
knocking the weapon out of his hand.

THE SCENE

as RC3 puts Marcus away with a combination of punches; then,
clicks on the comlink.

RC3

I got him, Michael. It should be
clear sailing the rest of the way.

MICHAEL

Thanks RC!

Michael thumbs up from inside K.I.T.T. RC3 returns it.

K.I.T.T.

explodes down the highway in Super Pursuit Mode.

OMITTED

EXT. DE LORCA'S PATIO - DAY - BECKER AND DE LORCA

Becker on his feet and boiling; De Lorca still seated and cucumber-cool. Standing in b.g. is De Lorca's bodyguard.

BECKER

Our deal was that I sign over my
assets when I'm safely in your country;
not before.

DE LORCA

My dear Becker. I am obviously changing
the deal. You sign or I go alone.

CLAUDIA (O.S.)

Why not compromise?

INCLUDING CLAUDIA

looking delicious, as she comes down a staircase onto the
patio, around the pool.

CLAUDIA

(to De Lorca)

He can sign half of it over now; the
other half when we get there.

DE LORCA

(beat;
reluctantly)

Agreed.

Becker broods -- eyes the bodyguard in b.g., nods and
crosses toward the documents on the patio table.

CUT TO

EXT. THE ESTATE - DAY

as K.I.T.T. roars off the highway and approaches.

EXT. A PLATEAU OUTSIDE DE LORCA'S ESTATE - DAY

as K.I.T.T. pulls to a stop next to the wall. Michael and
Ana Lucia get out and hurry across the grounds.

MICHAEL

I don't have my comlink, Kitt. Keep your scanners peeled for anything coming your way.

OMITTED

ANOTHER ANGLE - GROUNDS

as Michael and Ana Lucia make their way down the driveway. Michael moves on ahead as they climb a hill that leads up along the side of the house and behind it.

RESUME PATIO POOL AREA

as Becker finishes signing a ream of documents on the table. Sets the pen aside; looks up to De Lorca and Claudia ---

BECKER

There.

De Lorca raises his hand. There's a gun in it.

DE LORCA

Here.

De Lorca fires; Becker falls. Claudia, totally unmoved by the sight of a dead Becker, smiles at De Lorca, moves to put her arm in his.

ANOTHER ANGLE - STAIRCASE

as De Lorca and Claudia ascend the steps.

CLAUDIA

Roderigo, darling, you were right again. He never would've signed over all of it.

DE LORCA

And half is quite sufficient indeed. Without you, dearest Claudia, I'd never have been able to pull it off.

As they reach the top of the steps, De Lorca casually levels his gun at Claudia. She backs away, horrified, during:

DE LORCA

I don't know how in the world to thank you properly.

CLAUDIA

Roderigo...But I've given up my whole world for you!

DE LORCA
(hefts document)
No. You gave it up for a share of
this.

De Lorca about to shoot Claudia.

DE LORCA
And now pretty lady.

MICHAEL
Drop it, De Lorca!...

OMITTED

ANGLE - MICHAEL

on the balcony above. De Lorca whirls to fire at him. But Michael is already leaping down onto De Lorca. Michael slams into him.

FULL SHOT - MICHAEL AND DE LORCA

tumble down the staircase to the pool area. De Lorca's gun skids somewhat toward Claudia. De Lorca slips away as Michael scrambles to his feet to deal with the onrushing bodyguard, who wields a knife.

ANA LUCIA

is now atop the balcony. She dives forward to land on Claudia, who is bending down to retrieve De Lorca's gun. As they grapple ---

THE SCENE

The bodyguard comes at Michael. Michael ducks under the swipe of the blade; notices De Lorca sprinting away.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
I hope you're out there, buddy!

ANOTHER ANGLE

As the bodyguard comes at Michael again, Michael disarms him with a karate move; connects with a devastating punch and knocks the guy into the pool, then takes off after De Lorca.

ANA LUCIA

kicks Claudia's gun away from a flawless spinning back kick, and then decks Claudia with a karate blow.

DE LORCA

makes for the patio entrance which leads down to the O.S. beach. It appears he might make it. But:

K.I.T.T.

roars into view and does a side slide that blocks his way. De Lorca turns to run in the opposite direction and runs right into Michael, who drops him with a roundhouse right.

EXT. DE LORCA'S PATIO

as Ana Lucia arrives, holding a gun on Claudia, who she shoves forward toward De Lorca.

MICHAEL

Well, Becker's mine, for what he's worth now --

(shoves

De Lorca

toward

Ana Lucia)

He's all yours ---

Michael and Ana Lucia both regard Claudia ---

MICHAEL

I'll flip you for this one.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN

INT. SEMI - DAY

And we pull back from the head lamp of RC3's dust-covered, mud-caked motorcycle as he lovingly wipes it down. Scouring the front fender, he winces as he extracts a piece of cactus jammed in the fork.

RC3

Man, one thing for sure about the desert -- the memories linger on.

Michael glides into the parking bay in K.I.T.T. RC3 puts a little more oomph into his polishing, as Michael gets out and joins him.

RC3

But this baby sure taught the Baja a lesson.

Michael runs a finger along the dirty bumper.

MICHAEL

Not to mention bringing half of it
back with you.

RC3

There you guys go again. Putting
down my wheels.

K.I.T.T.

Don't look at me, RC. My vocal
board is sealed.

MICHAEL

Hey, just because that thing's been
on the road longer than Willie Nelson,
and looks it, doesn't mean ---

RC3

Now hold it! This is the second
time that 'thing' has matched Kitt
mile for mile! Through hundred
degree temperatures, rocks, deserts,
rivers. This is a solid machine!

K.I.T.T.

I agree, Michael. RC3's motorbike
can wear that dust with pride.

RC3

Wow, if this bike could talk, it'd
say all right, Kitt my man!

K.I.T.T. groans at RC3's slang, RC3 gives the bike an
affectionate pat on the gas tank. A number of parts,
headlight, fender, etc. come loose and crash to the floor.

RC3

(dismayed)

Oh, man....

K.I.T.T.

Don't lose heart, RC. I'm sure with
a few minor adjustments you'll be
back on the road again.

Michael picks up one of the parts from the floor.

MICHAEL

Yeah, a little bit on this road. A
little bit on that road ---

As RC3 wearily shrugs and smiles, and they both laugh
together.

FREEZE FRAME

FADE OUT

THE END