

**T H E
K N I G H T
R I D E R**

"Pilot"

© 2018

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - DAY - FLYING

A jam packed flight. First class passengers are cemented in resting bitch face, held hostage by a CRYING BABY...

COACH

...the saga continues. A mom tries every trick to sooth her baby. Passengers put on headphones, pillow over the face-- anything to shut that thing up.

Seated by the mom is PIKE, 40s, every inch badass, his mullet faraway from a throwback trend.

Pike smiles big, hoisting his horseshoe mustache. The baby smiles back, quiets down. Mom whispers "thank you".

Few rows back is MUNRO, 40s, marked by a facial scar that suggests his dues were paid in blood.

Pike signals Munro with a nod, who stands and heads to the rear of the plane.

FIRST CLASS

The STEWARDESS squeezes a beverage cart to ARIK SPENCER, 20s, a suave-guru who flirts with a COUGAR seated next to him.

STEWARDESS

Can I offer you two some refreshments?

The cougar orders.

COUGAR

Just water.

STEWARDESS

And you, sir?

ARIK

Uh, yeah, the same.

She pours both waters.

Arik admires the stewardess until, at last, their eyes meet. She diverts her eyes just enough for Arik to know his candor paid off. She giggles.

Arik sees that the cougar's water has a LEMON SLICE on its rim, but not his own. He giggles back, however insincere.

STEWARDESS

Don't hesitate to ask if you need anything.

ARIK

Anything?

STEWARDESS

Okay, maybe not *anything*.

ARIK

Right. So I guess you start by giving me my fucking lemon and maybe we work our way up to... *anything*.

CARGO HOLD

Munro climbs down a ladder. He pulls a military rucksack to a set of OXYGEN TANKS. Removing several tubes from the case, he hitches them to the oxygen system.

COACH

Pike opens a computer displaying a digital equalizer. After a few keystrokes, a DEEP PULSE noise resonates.

OXYGEN MASKS drop from overhead. Heavy chatter cultivates amongst passengers.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

We're experiencing a drop in cabin pressure. I'm requesting everyone onboard don their oxygen masks and remain seated.

Passengers put on the oxygen masks. The mom proceeds to put a mask over her baby and Pike intervenes.

PIKE

Don't... it's not good for the little one.

Strange, but the mom trusts Pike. She puts on her own mask.

ONE BY ONE THE PASSENGERS FALL ASLEEP. Whatever's pumping through those masks isn't oxygen.

Munro checks the seats to ensure everyone is induced.

Pike slides on RAYBAN VISOR SHADES, the ones that paired nice with mullets back in the 90s. With Pike, we see the knocked-out passengers illuminate to X-RAY SKELETONS. He moves to--

FIRST CLASS

Pike scans the X-RAYS for anomalies. He finds one, an foreign object within a chest cavity. The IMPLANT belongs to ARIK.

Pike spreads plastic over the aisle.

Together they drag Arik to the deck and unfasten his shirt.

Scalpel in hand, Pike rests its blade on Arik's chest. Just before he draws the incision--

Arik awakens.

Munro wastes no time. He unzips a surgical kit and loads a syringe. He plunges the needle in. Arik passes out.

Pike cuts open Arik. Wipes blood as he goes. Extracts the implant with forceps. Sews Arik back up. Applies bandages. Fastens his shirt. Seats him.

CUT TO:

The CAPTAIN emerges from the cockpit, spooked, observing his passengers regain consciousness. He wanders further down the aisle...

Suddenly, and mostly comatose, Arik clutches onto the captain's wrist, fighting to muster a word. He collapses in his seat.

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - DUSK

Dirt bikes inbound. Outfitted in tactical gear, Pike and Munro skid to an

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - SAME

The duo enter. Pike inserts the IMPLANT into a handheld computer. Munro removes a tarp from a parked car.

MUNRO

What's our next objective?

PIKE

To stand down. Our leg of the mission's complete.

Pike hits a switch; a baritone of pistons and exhaust REV.

MUNRO

How fast does she go?

PIKE

Top speed is highly classified. And never call KITT a "she"... he hates that.

A PONTIAC FIREBIRD

Designated as KITT--viperhead hood, midnight black, volcanic luster--this car was programmed for one function: JUSTICE.

From its front end a RED BEAM flares, hotter and brighter.

With no driver to tame it...

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT - SAME

KITT fucking ignites into the sunset.

END TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. LA GRANGE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Sunny and bright. A modern High School graced by a palm tree-lined circlet drive in front.

INT. LA GRANGE HIGH SCHOOL - SAME

Phony rich kids, jocks, geeks--all are out in force in between classes in the corridor. Among them--

MICHAEL KNIGHT

confidently strides down the hall holding a back pack. Not much meat on the bone, but what he lacks in muscle he makes up for in dimples.

A text book slams to the floor in front of him. He stops, looks down, appraises a shapely set of tanned legs, up to the person who dropped it--

BROOK DEMERS

Sophomore. Hime cut. Gorgeous.

Her friend, KATY, stands by, anticipating an interaction.

BROOK
 Oops. How clumsy of me. Hi,
 Michael.

Michael bends down and grabs the book.

MICHAEL
 You should really invest in a book
 bag. This is the third time I've
 had to pick up your books this
 week.

She rolls her big green eyes, and delivers a contrived laugh.

BROOK
 Girls don't use book bags.

MICHAEL
 Katy does.

Katy holds onto a designer leather bag. She snorts awkwardly,
 displaying a full set of braces.

A HAND grabs Michael's shoulder, spins him around.

Towering over Michael is JOE ARNOLD, too lazy to be a jock,
 yet motivated enough to hit the weight room five times a
 week.

JOE
 Is this clown bothering you, Brook?

Comes out as: *Bwook*.

MICHAEL
 Just helping her with her bbooks,
 Joe.

Joe scowls, rolls up his sleeves, and steps forward.

JOE
 It always seems to be you.
 Mister... Book-picker-upper.

A small CROWD has gathered, sensing a fight. But just then--

The bell rings.

MICHAEL
 (points behind Joe)
 Principal Gassman!

JOE
 (turns)
 Wha--

As he turns back to Michael--THWACK!

Michael clocks him in the face with the book. And it's a hardcover, too. But it only serves to enrage Joe further.

Joe recovers and, with a quickness reserved for welterweight, hits Michael with a haymaker to the face. Michael shakes it off, woozy, but manages to return a punch. And misses.

BROOK
 Leave him alone, Joe!

Joe pays her no attention. Sneering, he backs Michael against the locker. A right to the kidney. Another right to the chin. Blood trickles down Michael's lip.

Joe leans in.

JOE
 Had enough, Knight?

Michael spits in Joe's face, a mix of blood and saliva.

JOE
 You sonuva--

Brook steps up, and points.

BROOK
 Joe...

Joe cocks his arm, ready to strike.

MICHAEL
 Hello, Mister Gassman.

JOE
 I'm not falling for that shit
 again.

A hand falls on Joe's shoulder.

PRINCIPAL GASSMAN, 50s, in the flesh, shares the smirk of a man who's been waiting for this very moment for a long time.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A secretary pecks away at her keyboard. She peers out from behind her monitor at--

Joe and Michael, separated by a chair. They both wear sheepish expressions, hands between their knees.

The secretary winces, returns to her work.

Joe glares at Michael.

JOE

Look at your face. You might wanna go update your insurance policy.

MICHAEL

School nurse said I'm fine. She's more concerned about the other guy.

JOE

That's cute. Always gotta have the last word, don't ya?

MICHAEL

Sure, if I could learn a word of that language 'shithead' you speak.

That prompts a laugh from Joe.

JOE

Sounds funny coming from my punching bag. One who can take a hit, I'll give you that.

Silence. Beat. Joe nods.

JOE

A bunch of us are hanging out at the old shipyard tonight. You wanna tag along?

Michael stares over, unsure how to respond.

JOE

Brook will be there, too, you know.

Principal Gassman waylays the two from his office.

GASSMAN

Knight first.

JOE

Why not me?

GASSMAN

Because it's the bottom of the ninth and knuckleheads get last licks. Just one strike away...

Michael gets up, but he can feel Joe's stare on his back. He pauses.

GASSMAN

Come on, Knight. I don't have all day.

Michael looks back at Joe. The hint of a smile forms across his split lip.

MICHAEL

Count me in.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

A full moon illumines a fleet of moored, abandoned ships.

The volume of SYNTHWAVE MUSIC eclipses over us the closer Michael struts toward a

RUSTED SHIP

Full of holes and bird shit.

Michael climbs on deck, sees Joe dancing with Katy. Brook cheers them on.

JOE

Look, 'punching bag' made it.

Joe locks eyes with Michael, taking on a sinister tone--hips swaying magnetic south, coercing Katy to grind with the beat.

JOE

I hope you're taking notes, bro.
Rumor has it you got a test later
and Brook is grading on *the curve*.

BROOK

(laughs)
Oh my god, shut up dude!

KATY

Yeah, it's like, super hard too.

As the girls giggle, for the first time, Michael doesn't know what to say. He bows smiling, snaps back the tab of a Pabst.

Katy nods to Brook--*well, what are you waiting for?*

Brook acknowledges her. She stands and takes Michael's hand. Guiding his arm, she escorts him to the

INT. PILOTHOUSE - NIGHT

Brook playfully nudges Michael into the captain's chair. She mounts Michael, wraps behind his head, and kisses him on his cheek.

BROOK

Ya know, I tried being modest once.
As expected, I was fucking amazing
at it.

She removes his shirt. Digs her nails down his bare chest.

MICHAEL

Uh, okay, are you sure you wanna do
this?

BROOK

What do you want me to say? No one
can hear you scream out here?

Brook unzips her shirt halfway, exposing her cleavage. She puts his hands over her chest. Undoes his belt.

JOE (O.S.)

Good job, Knight. You passed the
test.

Brook dismounts, ripping off his pants. Behind her, Joe FLASHES a phone camera: implies Michael in the nude.

Michael shoots up, wads his clothes over his naked body.

MICHAEL

What the fuck, Joe?!

JOE

I usually don't keep dick pics on
my phone but... eh, what the hell.

Michael scalds out the pilothouse.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

Michael paces away angry, half-dressed, saying obscenities to himself.

RUSTED SHIP

Brook adjusts her clothes as Joe cherishes his new photo.

BROOK

Maybe we went too far?

JOE
Shit, we didn't go far enough!

KATY
Michael's a good guy, Joe. Just
erase it and--

A man shouts...

ARCHER (O.S.)
Let's go! Get that product on the
truck pronto.

Joe, Brook, and Katy investigate the noise by the

PIER

See a gang of SMUGGLERS offload a vessel, chaining kilos of cocaine into an armored van.

The standout thug, ARCHER, supervises the operation, wields a compact UZI. He scouts as lookout, noting anything out of the ordinary.

Brook peeks longer than she should, Archer spots her.

ARCHER
Hey, you!

JOE
Oh shit, run.

The teens flee.

RUSTED SHIP

Michael furiously approaches, fists clenched--

MICHAEL
Come on out, Joe. I'm not scared of
you. Let's settle up!

Hears the SCREAMS of Brook and Katy.

PIER

Michael peaks, sees the smugglers handling the coke, moves to cover. Pokes out again. Sees the guns, takes off.

A MAZE OF SHIPPING CONTAINERS

Confines Joe, Brook, and Katy.

Archer navigates the maze with authority.

The teens twist about every nook, trying to find a way out.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

Michael sprints for the gate. For his freedom--

BROOK (O.S.)

Michael!

Michael ducks behind some scrap pile just as Brook emerges from the maze. He cautiously glances. Archer tackles her.

ARCHER

Who were you screaming at, bitch?

Smugglers drag out Joe and Katy.

ARCHER

Take them and put 'em by the boat.
Find the other one. Pretty sure she
was yelling out the name 'Michael'.

A rattle by the scrap pile alerts the crooks. Archer presses a finger to his hushed lips, signals to investigate.

Smugglers creep to the scrap pile. Draw their weapons--

Michael vanished.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Michael picks up the pace. CRACK! By way of GUNSHOT he turns, fearing the worst... dreading the gravitas of his retreat...

He decides to walk faster.

As Michael nears an intersection, we hear a BEAST OF AN ENGINE inbound--

Breaking hard, KITT cuts Michael off at the corner--

Michael reverses direction and sprints.

KITT whips into gear and accelerates to catch Michael.

Michael hurdles over a fence, but KITT bears down like a demon--zero chance to outrun it.

EXT. DOCK ALLEY - NIGHT

KITT punches through the fence. Blinded by its headlights, Michael throws out his hands just before impact--

MICHAEL

Stop!

KITT breaks on a dime, demobilizes, except for the pulse of its red beam: *moves left, then right. Left, then right.*

The driver side door swings open...

MICHAEL

Just hear me out. My pals, *if you even wanna call them that*, swore that shipyard was abandoned. We had no idea we'd see any cocaine, much less your cocaine, partly because we didn't see shit and, more importantly... *there is no cocaine.*

No response. Michael looks around.

MICHAEL

Okay. I'm gonna go now. Please don't shoot me. Or run me over. Thanks.

In passing, Michael sees no driver inside--only LED displays, lights, and switches.

MICHAEL

Looks like the Firebird my dad had when I was a kid...

Michael inches into the driver seat. He grips the steering wheel, an instrument better suited to pilot a F-35 stealth fighter.

MICHAEL

...minus the mini-command center. Also doesn't explain where the driver's at.

The engine starts. Door slams shut. Gadgetry sparks to life. A harness secures Michael to the seat. Tries to budge, can't move.

MICHAEL

Mystery solved.

KITT reverses; Michael jerks forward.

EXT./INT. DOCKS/KITT - NIGHT

Rubber sizzles off the tires as KITT muscles down and picks up velocity. Static whirs from a CB radio. Michael picks up the mic:

MICHAEL

To whoever my tour guide is, listen up...

KITT engages its turbo boost. Michael holds on tight, suspended by the momentum.

MICHAEL

...drive safe. Over and out.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

The drug smugglers load up the remainder of cocaine.

SMUGGLER

That's the last of it, boss. What are you gonna do with the kids?

Archer hovers over Joe, Brook, and Katy, who all kneel.

ARCHER

I'm only gonna ask one more time before my Uzi donates your brains to the asphalt. Who's the Michael kid and where's he at?

Archer puts Brook in a headlock, grinding his Uzi into her cheek.

An ENGINE REVS from a distance...

SMUGGLER

We got company, boss.

The smugglers regroup, post up, and take aim. KITT comes into their view.

ARCHER

Shoot to kill, boys. We have a lot of coke on that truck.

INT. KITT - SAME

Michael sees the ambush they're headed for.

MICHAEL
No, no, no. Turn back!

Over the windshield, a digital overlay flickers on--a series of crosshairs lock onto every drug smuggler--Joe, Brook, and Katy included.

MICHAEL
Whoa, easy! Focus on the bad guys.

Now the targets are just Joe, Brook, and Katy.

MICHAEL
The other bad guys. You know, the ones with guns pointed at you.

KITT corrects its error.

EXT./INT. SHIPYARD/KITT - SAME

Smugglers rack their weapons.

DUAL MACHINE GUNS elevate from KITT's hood.

MICHAEL
Please don't kill us, please don't
kill us, please don't--

The smugglers SHOOT, unloading a storm of lead.

KITT skids into a nasty drift, returns FIRE, torques around the smugglers, shooting each one down with lethal precision.

Amazed, Joe and Brook and Katy watch KITT screech to a stop; smoke vents from its machine guns. Michael opens the door--

They rush to KITT and hop inside, driving away.

Fueled by a dead eye stare, Archer stands amongst his fallen comrades. He loads his Uzi.

EXT./INT. INDUSTRIAL PARK/KITT - NIGHT

It's balls thirty and the streets are low-key.

KITT stalls in the middle of the road.

JOE
Why'd you stop?

It dawns on Michael he might actually have to drive.

MICHAEL

Some technical difficulties. Should only be a moment.

Michael accelerates, jerks the car like a rookie.

JOE

Did you forget how to drive?

MICHAEL

Forget how to drive? How about you just sit back, enjoy the ride, and don't forget who saved your ass back there.

BROOK

Michael has a point, Joe.

KATY

Like, uh, for real Joe. Lucky we're not in a some river right now, with like, cinder blocks tied to our feet as we piss ourselves to the bottom.

Michael drives slowly. Gradually gets the hang of it...

Suddenly, an ARMORED VAN fast approaches their rear. Katy looks back.

KATY

Uh, guys?

Michael checks the rearview. The tailing van pushes up and rearends KITT. Brook screams.

MICHAEL

Hold on.

Michael punches the gas, swerves left. The van goes right.

Neck-and-neck, ARCHER leans out and SPRAYS HIS UZI on KITT point blank. Michael yanks the wheel; nearly loses control.

JOE

Turn here!

Michael careens around the corner, Archer inches behind.

Archer SPRAYS again, but this time Michael SLAMS on the breaks. The van curves wide, stops about a block away.

Michael pumps the gas. No dice.

BROOK

What are you doing? We got to go,
like right now.

MICHAEL

The car won't move a muscle.
Something's not right.

JOE

Well, you better make it right...
and soon.

ON ARCHER

He steps out of the van and pulls a MINI GATLING GUN from the back. Not in any hurry, Archer paces toward KITT.

ON KITT

Michael sweats. He pushes several buttons, flips switches, anything to get this show on the road.

KATY

Oh my god, why won't he leave us
alone?!

In the chaos, nobody notices the seatbelts silently snaking across their bodies. Then the back tires rotate, faster and faster into a cloud of white smoke...

ON ARCHER

He lifts the gatling gun, its disc of death REELING.

ON KITT

Archer draws near...

MICHAEL

I could use some help here!

A red button blinks. Michael pounds it. Everyone's seatbelt wraps taut. We hear the ELOQUENT VOICE of a gentleman--

KITT (V.O.)

Sorry for the delay, I was syncing my speech patterns with the updated interface. I'm the voice of Knight Industries 2000 micro-processor, or K.I.T.T. for easy reference. I also sense a threat at ten meters, would you like me to activate shields?

MICHAEL & BROOK
Activate shields!

JOE & KATY
Activate shields!

KITT drives full speed at Archer.

Archer TRIGGERS the gatling gun. Hundreds of bullets ricochet off a luminous FIELD OF ENERGY as KITT converges on Archer.

KITT (V.O.)
My shields are at ten percent.
Hostile ammunition at thirty.
Judging our distance, I recommend
eliminating the threat.

MICHAEL & BROOK
Eliminate threat!

JOE & KATY
Eliminate threat!

KITT (V.O.)
Very well.

A SONIC BLAST propels away from KITT and collides on Archer, catapulting him back to the van--EXPLODING ALL TO HELL.

KITT emerges from a wall of fire; FLAMES SWIRL in the reflection of its chassis.

Together, Michael and friends release a JOYOUS WAR CRY.

KITT (V.O.)
That was quite thrilling. Our
mission log has been updated.

MICHAEL
Mission log?

KITT (V.O.)
Affirmative, Michael. I've been
directed to escort you to school.
Unfortunately, I'm unable to pack
your lunches. According to my bio
log, you do enjoy your puddings--
butterscotch to be more precise. My
deepest apologies, sir.

Michael chuckles in embarrassment, gauges Joe's reaction.

JOE
You want me to say it?

MICHAEL
Naw, man. That's cool.

EXT. MANSION ESTATE - MORNING

On a ridge, a compound of luxury overlooks the twinkling lights of Los Angeles. A statuesque fountain greets those who may arrive.

Acres of endless, perfect lawn declare its wealth behind a steel gate bearing the CREST of a chess piece: *The Knight*.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING

Dimly lit. Everything marble and spotless. Coffee brews.

Now, sitting at a table in a bathrobe is GWEN RYHANN, early 50s, manicured nails, and short, elegant blond hair. Her morning face not nearly as weary as some.

She brings her cup to her lips, then stops and looks up.

MICHAEL'S BEDROOM

Gwen stands in the doorway.

Michael, shirtless, passed out in his bed.

GREAT ROOM

Gwen silently pads across the floor in bare feet, casually inspecting the room and it's vaulted ceilings. Something feels off.

She puts her coffee down on a glass table top, goes to a door and opens it.

GARAGE

She flicks a switch. The lights come on.

Close on Gwen's stunned expression as--

KITT's inside. The car looks more asleep than just parked.

She slowly makes her way over, her eyes pouring over every inch of the Firebird.

GWEN

It can't be.

The hood is still warm. She opens the driver's door, and slinks inside. A strange smile appears on her face as she takes it all in, an odd sense of familiarity.

She grabs a hold of the steering wheel, and as her fingers tighten their grip--

KITT (V.O.)

Good morning, Gwendolyn. Is Michael ready for school? He appears to be significantly tardy.

Her mouth drops open.

INT. MANSION - KITCHEN - LATER

Gwen sits at the table as Michael comes down, bed head and bleary-eyed.

She doesn't look up as she speaks, her English accent unintentionally seductive, yet motherly.

GWEN

Didn't realize today was a holiday?

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL

It's just school, Gwen. I'm not missing anything important.

Now she looks at him.

GWEN

But you are missing something even more important than that. School.

Michael smiles. He knows Gwen's inquisition comes from a good place. He opens the refrigerator, and wraps his hands around some butterscotch pudding--

GWEN

Interesting set of wheels you've brought home.

MICHAEL

The Firebird? Remember dad driving me to the beach in one just like it when I was a kid. *Just to skip a few stones.*

Staring at Gwen from across the room, Michael swallows one big spoonful of pudding.

GWEN

That "car" was your father's brainchild.

(MORE)

GWEN (CONT'D)

It was all he worked on. A military prototype meant for covert operations, domestic and abroad. They requested a Bond car, only he made into something more.

MICHAEL

You don't say?

GWEN

Grenade launchers, high velocity automatic guns. Newly designed bullet casings that travel farther and faster... All of this was your father's design.

MICHAEL

Why do you keep mentioning my dad?

She leans in.

GWEN

Michael, your father was a good man. He didn't walk out on you. He disappeared. There's a difference.

MICHAEL

Disappeared. Dead. Not much of a difference if you ask me.

Gwen raises her voice pointedly.

GWEN

Then that is to your discredit. I worked under your father for many years. That man doted on you. You were all he ever talked about, and it killed him that he couldn't give you and your mother the attention you both deserved. You don't know everything, Michael. There were other factors in play.

MICHAEL

We want to talk about mom now?

GWEN

I'm sorry, Michael. Perhaps that is to my discredit.

She shoots Michael a disparaging look, gets up, and starts to leave the room when--

GWEN

If I may ask, where on earth did
you find your father's car?

Michael meets her gaze.

MICHAEL

I didn't. It found me.

Off Gwen's sharp stare--

INT. BANK - DAY

We move with a man walking, focused solely on his BOOTS...

Moments later, the boots pass by a ROW OF HOSTAGES, belly
down, fingers laced behind their necks.

A robbery in progress. TWO GUNMEN armed with assault rifles--
one wears a MICK JAGGER mask, the other FREDDIE MERCURY.

On the vault, a THIRD GUNMAN masked as STEVEN TYLER slides a
black duffel bag across the floor.

MICK JAGGER

*You can't always get what you
want...*

Hostages look at each other, confused.

MICK JAGGER

*You can't always get what you want.
Come on now, sing it!*

Nobody makes a peep. Mick Jagger FIRES into the ceiling.

HOSTAGES

(uninspired)

You can't always get what you want.

MICK JAGGER

That's right,

(joins hostages)

You can't always get what you want.

You can't always get what you want.

With no warning, Mick Jagger digs the rifle into the BANK
MANAGER's head. Hostages gasp...

BANK MANAGER

*But if you try sometimes, you might
find...*

MICK JAGGER
You'd better make this count.

At the top of his lungs, and with soul--

BANK MANAGER
You get what you need!

The last duffel bag slides across.

STEVEN TYLER
We're done here.

INT. SEDAN, DOWNTOWN - DAY - MOVING

Police cars rush by, headed the other way.

Steven Tyler drives the getaway. Freddie Mercury and Mick Jagger are in back checking their surroundings.

FREDDIE MERCURY
Say bon voyage to the working life,
boys.

MICK JAGGER
By this time tomorrow we'll be
soaked in cheap perfume, sucking
coconuts through a straw.

STEVEN TYLER
Don't get cocky. We ain't out of
the woods yet.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Perched atop is a

CLOAKED TACTICIAN

fitted skintight otherwise. She dons a CYCLOPTIC VISOR under her HOOD, electronic RESPIRATOR affixed to her jaw. Known by her alias

PATRIARCH

observes the getaway sedan in devout silence. She opens a gun case--one .50 caliber round, one sniper rifle, and a vintage issue of Playboy.

Patriarch mounts the sniper rifle to her forearm, inked in sailor tatoos. She loads the round. Biometric data gyrates over her visor lens.

INT. SEDAN - SAME

Mick Jagger shuffles a stack of cash.

MICK JAGGER

How much do you think we scored?
Few million? Maybe more?

STEVEN TYLER

Do us a favor. Cut the bullshit and
start acting like a professional--

A SNIPER ROUND SHATTERS THE WINDSHIELD

Brain matter stains the upholstery, courtesy of Steven Tyler, who now lacks a head. The sedan crashes in brutal fashion.

EXT. INTERSECTION - SAME

Patriarch repels down on the wreckage.

The sedan door opens and Mick Jagger crawls out, speckled by sharp glass. He goes for his rifle.

Patriarch peels back her cloak, unsheathes

DIABLO [HER LEFT SIDE REVOLVER]

Patriarch draws. Mick Jagger whips back, a mohawk of blood shreds over his skull. Like clockwork, she spindles 'Diablo' back in its holster. She turns--

Freddie Mercury flees with the cash. Patriarch pivots to

CUPID [HER RIGHT SIDE REVOLVER]

Hammering down on its chambered lover, 'Cupid' pierces-- a shot that exits Freddie Mercury's head so cleanly, he runs, believing he's still alive. Reality sinks in. He lobs over.

Patriarch slings a duffel bag over her shoulder.

A frenzy of pedestrians snatch the rest of the cash, paying no mind to the ROCK LEGENDS who died to deliver it.

Inbound, at HOWL AT MACH SPEED...

A HONDA BLACKBIRD

Designated as KAMM--dragonfly armor, metallic green, mirrored chrome--this motorbike was programmed for one function: KILL.

KAMM rumbles to a halt. No rider seated. Patriarch caresses its shell, calming it as if it was a horse.

PATRIARCH (V.O.)
(robotic pitch)
Not too shabby for a country girl
from Nebraska, huh KAMM?

[KAMM voiced by David Hasselhoff]

KAMM (V.O.)
Three headshots, each one timed
perfectly? I'd say so. Seems your
training was not such a bad idea
after all.

Police sirens approach.

Patriarch mounts KAMM.

PATRIARCH (V.O.)
Where's our next target?

KAMM (V.O.)
Not 'where', but rather 'who'. His
name is Michael Knight.

PATRIARCH (V.O.)
Who's Michael Knight?

KAMM (V.O.)
My son.

KAMM thrusts from zero to a hundred, Patriarch's cloak gravitates with the wind...

FADE OUT.