

Show by Glen A. Larson, Jump by Aehriman

***Knight Rider** - A shadowy flight into the dangerous world of a man who does not exist.*

Michael Knight, A young loner on a crusade to champion the cause of the innocent, the helpless, the powerless, in a world of criminals who operate above the law.

Michael Knight. A lone crusader in a dangerous world. The world... of the Knight Rider.

Michael Long, a detective lieutenant in the LAPD formerly doing counterintelligence work for the US Army in Vietnam, is betrayed by an informant and shot in the head. He miraculously survives, because of a metal plate he received for war wounds. However, he is declared dead anyways, at the prompting of Wilton Knight, CEO of Knight Industries and famed philanthropist.

Knight has been running a secret vigilante organization called FLAG (Foundation for Law And Government) to pursue criminals whose wealth or connections render them effectively above the law. Now, Wilton Knight is dying and asks Michael to carry on his work, giving him facial reconstruction surgery to pass himself off as Wilton's son and heir, Michael Knight.

With FLAG's intelligence resources and mobile semi-truck HQ, Michael will pursue mobsters and crooked politicians and businessmen, mostly in Southern California with his partner, a talking, almost indestructible car called KITT.

Have **1,000 car points** (cp) to survive the mean streets.

Locations

Southern California, between 1982-2008. See drawbacks for time details.

Age, Race & Sex

Pick whatever you like as far as age and sex, ethnicity. Etc.

Origin

FLAG Agent - the heroes of the story

Villain - odd place to choose a life of crime, but sure.

Talking Car (-300 cp): You get an automotive body like KITTs.

Perks

These cost 100 points unless otherwise stated. You get 4 Tokens which can be redeemed to get anything you want here for free, though things costing more than 100 cp will take two tokens to purchase.

Police Academy (free) You have graduated from the police academy with distinction and have all learned all the skills expected of a rookie cop. If you were not already, you are physically capable of meeting all the qualifications.

Nerves of Steel (free) When all is chaos and screaming and shooting, you never lose your cool. You don't freeze or hesitate, you don't react impulsively, you decide and act.

Armed Bastards: You have trained for serious combat, and are an expert in small unit tactics, as well as breach-and-clear operations.

Bad Vibes: You have a peerless instinct for when things are about to go wrong. Might give you time to get out, or at least pick a better place to stand when the shooting starts.

Civilian Career: Choose an ordinary job, like cooking or carpentry or something. You get 10 years of experience with that career and updating credentials that'll allow you to practice it elsewhere in the future.

Crowd Control: You can't reason with a mob. Except for you, you can shake people out of the groupthink and get them to consider what they're actually doing, to feel guilt. That's a rare gift.

Defensive Driving: You learned how to drive extremely well. Any vehicle you get behind the wheel of seems half again faster and more resilient. You have an exceptional mental map for roadways and quickly learn the best shortcuts.

Encyclopedia Brown: You have a perfect memory. Every face, every fact, every figure you encounter, you can recognize and remember exactly how and where you encountered it. You can also read a whole page in little more than a glance.

First Responder: You may not be an EMT, but you aren't far behind, having trained in emergency and trauma medicine, you know how to set a bone, stop bleeding, and can keep people alive until the handoff to the professionals.

Friends in Low Places: You easily make friends with the violent and criminally inclined. You fundamentally get them, what they want, what they fear and how to help them.

Internal Affairs: You have a nose for rooting out corruption within the force. You can spot a dirty cop with ease and know who you absolutely cannot trust.

Interrogator: You know how to question a suspect, how to keep to a theme and make yourself utterly terrifying, how to spot a lie and entice the truth.

Low Life: You know how to run a con, pick a pocket, rig most common gambling games, and a variety of petty, non-violent crimes.

Marksman: You are one of the best sharpshooters to ever wear a uniform. Even firing from the hip you're more accurate than most of the SWAT guys taking a few seconds to line up the target just right.

Nancy Boy: You know just what to say to really get under someone's skin, and get them to swing first.

One Loose End: Sometimes the cover-up just exposes more holes. No matter how clever the conspiracy, there will be a clue to its existence, and you are guaranteed to stumble over it at some point. Plan your next moves very carefully.

Plausible Deniability: You can easily escape consequences for your questionable or illegal acts. Obviously this person got the wrong idea and went rogue. Use a cut-out or two, and they'll never prove anything.

Police Brutality: Welcome to the 1970s. You can deal out incredible pain when you want to, your fists or weapons striking vulnerable spots as if drawn to them magnetically. You know how to fight dirty.

Quick Study: You pick up on new skills and information about three times as fast, and easily synergize different things you know.

Resilience: You have the guts of an action hero. Shot? Just a flesh wound, walk it off. Broken rib? Won't stop you from winning the fight. You can take punishment like a pro. Just remember sometimes it's better to stay down.

Roguish Charm: So what if you're an overweight, over-the-top, over-the-hill nicotine-stained borderline alcoholic homophobe with a temper? So what if you broke a dozen department regulations and a suspect's arm? You get results, and as long as that continues, your bosses will turn a blind eye to your personal failings and abuses of the system.

Self-Discipline: The worst part about the seventies has to be the waiting. No convenient internet to just look things up, you've got to wade through logbooks and reference materials. Still, you can be endlessly patient, that's how you catch the rabbits.

Solid Cover: When you take shelter you can be assured it will stand up to a bullet or a few, even if it's behind a parasol. You are skilled at finding cover and fitting yourself to it, even if you need to suck in your chest to hide behind a lamp post.

Spot the Clue: One of these things is not like the others, one of these things just doesn't belong. Whenever there's an anomaly or odd detail, it jumps out at you as if highlighted or glowing.

Stealth: It isn't easy getting close enough to an alert cop during a firefight to neatly heart-shot him in the back. But you manage just fine.

To Serve & Protect: People trust a policeman, until they learn better. You are charismatic and effortlessly reassuring. People feel they can come to you with their problems.

You're Nicked!: Once you get the cuffs on somebody, the fight goes out of them. They won't try and fight, escape or make trouble on the way to the station or whatever holding area you have.



Items

100 cp unless specified, you can also spend your tokens here.

Soundtrack (free): It was the 80s. You can have any period music or the show's theme blaring in the background. You can choose if only you can hear the music, or everybody.

Piece: You have a firearm that can never be found in a patdown, and never jams or runs out of ammo.

Badge: This marks you as a member in good standing with the constabulary here, or wherever you land. The paperwork will all be in order too, yet you never seem to get assignments.

Cigarettes: Good luck finding a no smoking sign in '73 outside a couple of airlines and clubs. This box of coffin nails won't give you cancer or smoker's lung or any of a dozen conditions it probably should, just the sweet nicotine high. Even the ashy smell fades in five minutes.

Comms: A secure two-way radio hidden inside a stylish wristwatch.

Connections: A good cop knows people, the retired guy at the diner who likes people-watching, that guy you let off once. You have a network of friends, snitches and stool pigeons who are very good at keeping you up on the street-level side of major events.

FLAG Mobile HQ: A tractor trailer truck containing an autobody garage, and a top of the line command center.

Go Bag: A bag packed with two changes of clothes, a knife, two bus tickets out of town that are always valid on the next bus, and $3,000 in cash or an equivalent in local currency.

Home: A large and well-furnished suburban house. How are you managing this on a policeman's salary? Nobody will ever ask, same for utility bills and taxes.

ID: All your background paperwork, already handled. License to drive, social security card, passport, state and/or national ID, and a whole history that should stand up to even intense scrutiny.

Income: Regardless of whatever else you do you get about $13 thousand per year, the maximum salary for a Detective. In future Jumps this updates to the local currency and equivalent purchasing power. Purchase multiple ties, each adding a zero.

Riot Gear: State of the art. This wooden baseball bat never does serious harm or lasting injury, but it takes the fight out of people in a hurry!

Rubbers: A necessity for the time of free love before AIDs spoiled the party. Never break, never leak, you hardly notice they're on. Replenishes overnight.

KITT (-400 cp) Let's face it, the reason you came. The Knight Industries Two Thousand. James Bond only wishes he had a car like this. Pontiac Firebird chassis, covered in tri-helical plasteel MBS to make it almost invulnerable, though it still conducts electricity and can be removed with some acids. 0-60 in 2 seconds with a rocket boost that can bring it up to 300 mph. The car has a sapient AI that can drive itself, or assist in pursuit mode. Also a whisper-quiet stealth mode. KITT can drive on water, and raise his chassis for off-roading. KITT is also stuffed full of every scanner and sensor imaginable, IR, X-Ray, radio, he can easily eavesdrop on or trace calls, analyze chemicals, hack computers remotely, track all vehicles within a ten mile radius, even analyze vocal stress patterns to determine deception. The bumpers contain an electric induction coil, flamethrowers, and a grappling hook and winch. If seized, KITT can deploy tear and sleeping gas, and of course has ejector seats. KITT can also deploy an oil slick or missile countermeasures, and a localized EMP.
If you wish, you can import another vehicle to gain these improvements. If you'd prefer, you can purchase the other KITT, KIFT, or the evil prototype, KARR.

Companions

These also cost 100 points unless otherwise stated.

Recruit Anyone: Free! Anyone you want to recruit in this world is free to join you as a companion if they agree.

Partners: You can import all your companions, and they'll get 600 points to spend. They also get the 4 Template tokens, same as you got.

Drawbacks

Each of these grants 200 points unless otherwise stated.

Bail (+0 cp): You can leave when the show ends in four years.

Team Knight Rider (+0 cp) Groovy seventies not your style? You can visit the reboot, the spin-offs, even Knight Rider 2000 if you for some reason want to.

Wunza (+0 cp): One's a soldier-turned-cop-turned secret agent. One is a talking car. Together, they fight crime. Feel free to supplement this to any other police procedural, even if you need this to visit the setting.

Call ACAB: Because at the end of the day, All Cops Are Bastards. What, did you think wearing a badge would make you one of them? Besides a couple named characters, everyone on the force is now racist, violent, on the take or some combination of the three. They will never believe you, never support you, and if you go around asking too many questions, well, that's how cops die heroically in the line of duty.

Out of Time: You just… never quite fit in with the time period. Popular music is grating, fashion twice as much. The things people talk about bore you as historic trivia.

***Purgatio*:** You'll stay 10 years here. This can be taken multiple times.

Power Lockout: You can't use powers from outside of this jump in this jump.

Item Lockout: You can't bring items from outside the jump into this jump. Your Warehouse is barred to you.

Companion Lockout: Your companions can be imported and buy things, but they can't enter the jump with you. They'll be in stasis instead.

Under Investigation: The cops suspect you strongly of something. If you're a cop, it's Internal affairs that's all up in your business. Be very careful lest the weight of civilization itself turn against you.

Ending

What will you do now? Stay here? Go home? Move on to the next jump?