

“I think I’ve heard just about enough. I’m ready to make my motion—now!” Victoria Masters looked at the male faces around the conference table, “I move that *Knight Rider*, along with their lead singer, Calder McKnight—the *Dark Knight*—be suspended indefinitely from their recording contract with SoundMaster Records, as allowed under the Morals Clause.”

The room erupted in pandemonium, as she had expected. Everyone was talking at once, trying to catch her attention, to convince her to back down. In their collective opinion, she had just made the dumbest move in recording history since Decca passed on the Beatles.

“You can’t...simply can’t do this.” That was Stephen Grant, chief financial officer, seated to her immediate right.

Victoria simply raised an elegantly styled eyebrow. “You know very well that I can, Mr. Grant, and with my father’s proxies, I don’t really need any of the rest of you to do so. Call it common courtesy I’m even tabling it.” She looked around the conference table from face to face, making sure everyone knew just where she stood.

“Victoria, *Knight Rider* is our top-grossing act,” Stephen Grant tried again. “Calder McKnight has become something of a cult figure in Rock and Roll. There’s a reason they call him the *Dark Knight*. Suspending their contract at this point...well, just for a bit of bad behavior ...” he let his voice trail off.

Victoria fixed him in what she hoped was a steely glare. She had trouble enough facing this all-male board. Despite the authority her father had bestowed on her, despite the five-thousand-dollar magenta business suit by Dior, and the Mark Cross briefcase sitting like a buffer between her and the other board members, she still felt insecure. She was jittery as all get out and she couldn’t let them see it. *Never let them see you sweat*, she thought, and went on.

“SoundMaster is only a minor division of Masters International, Mr. Grant, as I’m sure you’re aware, *Knight Rider*’s escapades have gone far beyond a bit of bad behavior, they’ve damaged our reputation.”

She snapped open the burgundy leather briefcase and took out a sheaf of reports. One by one she laid them on the table in front of Stephen Grant.

“*Knight Rider* lead singer, Calder McKnight, the *Dark Knight*, arraigned for possession of narcotics, disturbing the peace, firing an unlicensed firearm in a public place, possession again, DWI, public nuisance, and—this one is my personal favorite—suspicion of rape.”

“They are rock musicians Miss Masters, they are...well, rowdy by definition.” Sam Falkins, advertising and promotions director—probably twenty years her senior—thought he could guide her in the right direction, namely his.

“Sex, drugs and Rock and Roll Mr. Falkins? I don’t think so. This is not the sixties. This whole episode has been a major PR headache for Masters for long enough now. As *Knight Rider* is one of the few remaining rock bands still with SoundMaster since we changed our focus to country music, I believe this is the best way to put an end to this nightmare.”

“A *Knight Rider* nightmare?” some wiseass muttered, and there was some chuckling around the table. Victoria blushed furiously, hating to be ridiculed.