

#K0802

**SLIDERS**

"El Sid"

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WRITER'S REV. FIRST DRAFT  
October 24th, 1995

SLIDERS

"El Sid"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. A STREET THAT LOOKS LIKE A WAR ZONE - DAY

It's littered with bricks, boxes, destroyed cars. Small fires burn, unattended. The PEOPLE, too, look like detritus -- hard bitten and dirty, dressed in ragged, rugged, utilitarian clothes.

THE SLIDERS

come running, full tilt down the sidewalk.

QUINN

Hurry up!

BEHIND THE SLIDERS - A PICKUP TRUCK

cruises the street. In the back of the truck are FOUR MEN with MACHINE GUNS. One of them is a lanky, good-looking, young BLACK MAN (L.J. COOL). He's drunk -- with booze and power -- as he waves his gun and snaps off a few rounds, just to see the people dive for cover.

QUINN

In here! Come on!

Quinn points into

EXT. AN ALLEY

piled high with trash, broken furniture, and rusted-out skeletons of abandoned cars. The Sliders take refuge behind a DUMPSTER. As they catch their breath:

WADE

How much time?

QUINN

(checks timer)  
Fifty-eight seconds.

There is a SOUND from nearby, something moving. Quinn turns, alerted and tense, only to see:

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL (MICHELE)

hiding behind some other debris nearby. She reacts to Quinn's gaze like a mountain lion -- frozen in place, waiting to either run or attack.

ANGLE - THE ALLEY - VIEW TOWARDS STREET - THE TRUCK

stops at the head of the alley. L.J. stops shooting as a vicious giant of a MAN gets out of the cab. He says something to L.J., who slaps the cab roof twice -- a signal. The truck moves on as the man swaggers into the alley.

THE MAN (EL SID)

Michele!

ANGLE - THE GIRL (MICHELE)

She shrinks back, holds her breath.

MAN'S VOICE (EL SID)

I know you're here!

She reacts, pissed off and frightened. Still doesn't move.

WADE

(whispers)  
What's going on?

QUINN

How should I know?

MAN'S VOICE (EL SID)

(very threatening)  
I'll count to three, then I'm  
comin' after you!  
(then, slowly)  
One...Two...

The girl, MICHELE, grimaces and stands to reveal herself just as he reaches...

MAN'S VOICE (EL SID)

Three!

MICHELE

Wait! I'm coming out.

We now see that she's tall, with an athlete's build. Scarcely out of her teens, she radiates a kind of raw sexuality that is both irresistible and daunting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE (EL SID)

Get over here!

She heads reluctantly towards him.

THE SLIDERS

watch her go beyond their view, feeling very uneasy.

MICHELE (O.S.)

(plaintive)  
Sid, please...

SID (O.S.)

When I say do something, you do  
it, Goddamn it!

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

We hear a SLAP; Michele CRIES OUT in pain, followed by a loud crash, presumably as she falls over into something.

The Sliders react to this. It is painful and loathsome to all of them to hear it, knowing what must be happening.

REMBRANDT

What's he doing to her?

ARTURO

(disgusted)  
What do you think he's doing?  
I've never seen such vermin as what  
passes for human on this world.

More CRASHING SOUNDS, SCREAMS.

QUINN

He's gonna kill her!

Quinn reaches his boiling point as there's another SLAP, YELP and CRASH. He grabs a length of PIPE, lying nearby, and drops the timer into Arturo's lap as he gets up and heads in the direction of the trouble.

WADE

What are you doing?

QUINN

I have to stop this.

REMBRANDT

Are you crazy,  
man? He'll kill  
you!

WADE

(to  
Rembrandt)  
Do something!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Like what?

The other Sliders scramble to watch...

QUINN

as he runs towards MICHELE and SID. She's lying on a pile of trash, scrabbling backwards like a crab, trying to keep away from him. Quinn steps between the combatants, brandishing the pipe.

QUINN

(to Michele)

Run! I'll keep him here.

Sid is utterly undaunted by Quinn and his pipe.

SID

(deadly, to Michele)

Is this the guy?

MICHELE

No! I never even saw him before!

QUINN

For God's sake! Quit arguing and get out of here!

She doesn't leave. Sid starts to move towards Quinn, who backs up, braces himself to swing.

QUINN

Stay back!

ARTURO (O.S.)

(calling)

Mr. Mallory! It's time!

Sid comes decisively towards Michele. Quinn has no choice, swings the pipe. Sid intercepts it with one hand, barely even looking at it. He wrenches the pipe out of Quinn's hand and tosses it aside, still moving towards Michele.

Quinn takes a swing at the guy, but he blocks it and swings on Quinn, sending him flying. Suddenly a 2X4 comes down on the giant's head. REMBRANDT to the rescue.

Sid doesn't go down, but his legs get rubbery. He stumbles towards a car frame to lean against it, now sees Arturo press the timer, the GATE OPENS. Sid and Michele both gape in wonder as it forms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT  
Come on, man. Let's go!

Quinn resists. He's not ready.

MICHELE  
(re: the wormhole)  
What is that thing?

QUINN  
(to Rembrandt)  
Go on. I'll be there.  
(to Michele)  
I have to go.

MICHELE  
What about me? Thanks to you,  
he'll probably kill me.

Quinn glances to Arturo. Arturo knows what he's thinking.

ARTURO  
No, Mr. Mallory. Absolutely not!

Quinn looks at Sid, who is already letting go of the car and looking extremely pissed. Quinn makes the decision. He grabs Michele and starts to run towards the gate.

SID  
What the...?  
(then)  
Michele!

ARTURO  
Mr. Mallory, no!

QUINN  
No choice.

Sid lurches towards towards them. Quinn dives through the gate. Arturo follows.

SID  
Michele!!!

He gropes at the vortex, torn between his confusion at its presence and his rage at Quinn and Michele.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

At the last second, rage wins and he jumps through the gate just before it closes.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER



CONTINUED:

Immediately, Sid rolls onto Quinn, sits straddling him. He whips out a customized, wicked-looking gun from beneath his bush jacket and pushes the barrel hard against Quinn's forehead, pinning him down.

SID  
(to Quinn, savoring it)  
Get ready...

Quinn's eyes are wide with fear. The other Sliders are frozen lest Sid pull the trigger.

MICHELE  
Sid, no! It was Mike!

Sid reacts. Apparently he can almost believe this. He turns, looks at her, starts to rise and come towards her.

SID  
You filthy bitch!

MICHELE  
All we did was talk!  
(off Sid)  
Ask Lefty, if you don't believe me.

This seems to give Sid pause. Quinn springs to his feet.

MICHELE (X)  
I'd've told you last night, but (X)  
you're so Goddamn jealous... (X)

The opponent comes to, very groggy.

OPPONENT (BIG JAKE)  
What the hell happened?

L.J.  
(hastily)  
The game's a draw, bro!

Sid turns to L.J. and looks at him, confused.

SID  
I told you to stay in the truck!

L.J.  
Wasn't me, pal.

SID  
(menacing)  
Don't mess with me, L.J.!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

L.J.  
 (relaxed, cool)  
 It's not me that's messed up,  
 friend. You see any trucks here?

For the first time, Sid looks around and reacts to the surroundings.

SID  
 Where the hell is this?

L.J. reacts, more certain than ever that something very special has happened -- and increasingly interested in taking control of the situation.

L.J.  
 It's San Francisco. And there's a  
 custodian around the corner, so if  
 I was you, I'd hide the piece.

Reacting more to L.J.'s tone than any understanding of the situation, Sid puts away the gun.

SID  
 I know every inch of San Francisco,  
 and this...  
 (indicates the alley)  
 ...ain't San Francisco!

ARTURO  
 (hushed, to Sid)  
 It's not your San Francisco.  
 When we came through the...  
 (thinks of a word Sid can  
 understand)  
 ...tunnel, it took us to a  
different San Francisco.

L.J. reacts, controlled excitement as he takes this in.

SID  
 What the hell are you talking  
 about?

(X)  
 (X)  
 (X)

Arturo comes closer to Sid, trying to be as secretive as possible, but L.J. is determined to eavesdrop.

ARTURO  
 I promise you, sir. There are a  
 great many San Franciscos. We'd  
 been to dozens before visiting  
 yours, and we'll be going to  
 another one tomorrow.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

L.J. reacts, he's heard enough. He moves towards a doorway (or another more private locale).

L.J.  
(urgent)  
Over here.

The group follows him to

THE DOORWAY (OR OTHER PRIVATE SPOT)

L.J.  
You got "Buddy Bracelets?"  
(off the Sliders'  
confusion)  
Didn't think so. You're in luck!

L.J. opens his jacket. Hanging from the liner, along with assorted other merchandise, are numerous metal BRACELETS. He pulls them out.

ARTURO  
(sour)  
Great. A street hustler.

L.J.  
No, man! I'm giving these to you! Gratis. No hype.

REMBRANDT  
(guarded)  
Why?

L.J.  
Look around, man. It's required. I'd hate to see anything bad happen to you.

The Sliders look at the other people in the alley. Everyone has identical bracelets showing.

L.J.  
(passing out bracelets)  
Call it a favor, man. We all got to stick together in this town. Now put 'em on.

The Sliders obey. L.J. moves out, gesturing them out of the doorway.

L.J.  
Stay with me. L.J.'s gonna take real good care of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rembrandt and Quinn exchange a look, neither one likes or trusts this guy.

(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET

(which features electric GOLF CARTS and TRAMS rather than cars and buses) L.J. holds up and sticks his arm out to stop the others. He looks and sees

A CUSTODIAN

who looks to be a policeman, with a billy club which he flips back and forth in the air as he calmly struts along. He has a walkie-talkie and a gun hanging from his belt.

L.J.

Act normal.

(X)

WADE

(to the other Sliders)

What's "normal" for this place?

Sid slips his hand under his jacket. He's ready to plug the custodian at the first sign of trouble.

Suddenly, a RUMBLING as the GROUND SHAKES BENEATH THEM.

WADE

Earthquake!

Everyone stops and holds their breath till it stops. Then L.J. relaxes, smiles at the custodian, relieved.

L.J.

Hey. How 'bout that one, boss?  
Five point two?

(X)

The custodian nods, agreeing, even as he gives them all a good once over as they go by.

L.J.

My cab's right here. Plenty of room.

L.J. takes the group to a TRAM parked at the curb. It has a jaunty red-and-white striped canvas top and easily seats eight to ten people.

INT. L.J.'S TRAM

as the Sliders, Sid and Michele pile in.

WADE  
Just take us to the Motel 12 on TBD  
Street.

L.J.  
It's rubble. Came down in last  
month's six point four.

SID AND MICHELE

are behind Quinn. Michele is trying to make sense of the  
surroundings while Sid broods. Sid slaps Quinn in the back  
of the head. Quinn turns around, angry.

SID  
Just a reminder. It's not over  
between you and me.

Arturo checks out the view.

ARTURO  
At least it's clean here.

REMBRANDT  
No mortars going off. That's a  
plus.

L.J.  
(very interested)  
So, tomorrow, you're leaving the  
same way you came?

ARTURO  
Yes, but please keep that under  
your hat, as it were. We'd just as  
soon people didn't know about it.

L.J.  
Not a problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - GOVERNMENT HOUSING COMPLEX - DAY

L.J. drives the tram into the parking lot. Everyone gets  
out. L.J. leads them into

INT. GOVERNMENT HOUSING - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

It's the commons area for a condominium complex. There's a registration desk to one side, and we can see a recreation room/gym off to the other side. L.J. leads them up to the desk, speaks to the buff-looking woman behind it, DELORES. He pulls a carton of cigarettes from a pocket under his jacket and slides them across the desk to her.

L.J.  
Morning, sweetheart. These folks  
need a place to stay, minimum  
hassle.

Delores takes the cigarettes then pulls out a stack of forms and shoves them across the counter to the Sliders. L.J. shoves them right back to her.

L.J.  
I said, minimum hassle.  
(off her concerned look)  
Don't sweat it, baby. Just do it.

She takes back the forms, replacing them with a single leaflet.

DELORES  
Here's the group therapy schedule.  
Ladies at three. Men at six.  
(points to the rec room)  
Right in there. Attendance is  
mandatory.

The Sliders react, bewildered.

REMBRANDT  
(sotto voce)  
Mandatory group therapy? What the  
hell are we checking into, a loony  
bin?

Delores checks her computer during:

QUINN  
(to L.J.)  
Look...I'm not sure we can afford  
this.

L.J.  
Hey, I'm connected. My man, Leo,  
runs this place. Government  
housing. No charge.

DELORES  
Take them to 622.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As L.J. hustles them away:

CUT TO:

EXT. GOVERNMENT HOUSING COMPLEX - MAIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS  
as the Sliders come out. L.J. points to a group of townhouses.

L.J.  
Unit 622's just across the quad.  
I'll meet you there in a few minutes.

ARTURO  
(holds out his hand)  
We'll need the key.

L.J.  
Key? There's no lock.  
(then)  
No one steals in San Francisco.

The Sliders are surprised, but Sid is aroused by this. Arturo notes Sid's reaction with great concern.

L.J.  
Look, I know you don't belong here, but L.J.'s lookin' out for you, so you're cool. Just don't go anywhere, or trust anyone.

Off the Sliders discomfort:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSING UNIT 622 - DAY - THE SLIDERS

approach the perfectly normal townhouse. Rembrandt walks with Quinn and confides his concern.

REMBRANDT  
I don't like owing this L.J. guy all these favors.

QUINN  
Me either.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSING UNIT 622 - ENTRY AND SITTING ROOM

as the group enters. Michele and Sid go straight for the comfortably furnished sitting room. It features a big window that offers ventilation and a view out to the street. The Sliders hang back as Sid and Michele move into the:

SITTING ROOM

Sid scopes out the street through the windows while Michele goes through the sitting room, wide-eyed, touching things - like a child. She pulls Sid aside.

MICHELE  
I can't believe this place!

SID  
(has already figured)  
Everyone's stinkin' rich here.

MICHELE  
(urgent whisper)  
No locks, Sid. We could be rich  
in no time.

SID  
(nods)  
Damn right. We're gonna take home  
a bundle.

Michele watches as Sid moves decisively towards:

THE FRONT DOOR

where the Sliders have been conversing in whispers. They shut up fast as Sid reaches them. He addresses Arturo.

SID  
I'm goin' out. When I come back  
you're gonna get me 'n' her back  
home.

ARTURO  
I'm afraid that's not possible.  
Our device can't be activated again  
till tomorrow.

Sid grabs Quinn by the collar, jerks him away from the group and pins him -- by the throat -- to the wall. Rembrandt and Arturo make a move to help but:

SID  
All I have to do is lean on him  
and his windpipe is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arturo and Rembrandt stop in their tracks. Sid turns to Quinn -- practically nose to nose.

SID  
I don't like it here. And I wouldn't be here if you hadn't stuck your nose in my business. So, you're gonna see to it I get home when I want to. You got that?

Quinn can barely breathe, but he's defiant.

QUINN  
You get this! Piss me off and you're here forever.

For one tense moment it looks as though Sid will kill Quinn. Then, he releases him and storms out the door. Before Quinn can even catch his breath, Arturo is on his case.

ARTURO  
Don't expect sympathy. If you'd used your brain, we wouldn't be in this mess. You and your ill-considered act of bravado.

QUINN  
I was trying to help someone! If you had your way, we'd spend all our time in basements, hiding out till the next slide.

WADE  
Stop it! Both of you. This isn't helping anything.

QUINN  
(defensive, to Arturo)  
I'm sorry, okay? I don't know how, but I'll get us out of this.

He goes out the front door.

MICHELE

watches him go -- feels bad.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FRONT YARD

Quinn comes down the front steps, stops and takes a deep breath, trying to calm down.

Michele quietly comes out the door, unseen by Quinn. She comes to him and gently touches his back. Quinn jumps.

MICHELE

Sorry.

(then)

I just wanted to thank you for tryin' to help me. I know it made a lot of problems and everyone's pissed off at you an' everything...

She gives him a kiss that has just the slightest hint of being more than a thank you.

MICHELE

Thank you.

Quinn is embarrassed.

QUINN

It's okay.

Quinn looks at her, quizzically, trying to understand his feelings, then turns as L.J. pulls his tram up to the curb. A tall, gaunt man of about forty dressed in a custodian's uniform gets out with L.J..

QUINN

(weary)

Now what?

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER - FRONT DOOR

as Quinn, Michele, L.J. and Leo enter and join the other Sliders in the sitting room.

L.J.

This is Leo McGill. He's a supervising custodian and he has some things he needs to tell you. Is everyone here?

ARTURO

Yes. Of course.

L.J.

I only count five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO  
(thinks fast)  
Our colleague is napping. He was  
very tired.

L.J.  
(supports the lie)  
No problem. Just make sure he  
signs the paperwork.

Leo looks them over very carefully. He holds a manila envelope.

LEO  
Welcome to San Francisco.  
(waves the manila  
envelope)  
These are some forms you'll need to  
fill out for the Board of Registry.

He drops the envelope on the coffee table, then takes a small device from his pocket:

LEO  
Now, hold out your bracelets.

The Sliders exchange quizzical glances as he points the device at Rembrandt's bracelet and pushes a button. Rembrandt's bracelet begins to glow red, as does Arturo's.

LEO  
(indicates Arturo and  
Rembrandt)  
You and him are buddies.

Leo releases the button and the bracelets return to normal. Now he points the device at Wade's bracelet. It glows red, along with Michele's. He indicates them.

LEO  
And you two.

He repeats the procedure on Quinn's bracelet.

LEO  
And you're with the other guy.  
(then, a rote spiel)  
Now, the way the buddy system works  
is that each of you...  
(he reacts to something  
outside the window)  
Hold on...  
(into walkie-talkie)  
I have a red glow in sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

VOICE FROM WALKIE-TALKIE  
No malfunctions reported. Action  
approved.

Leo hurries to one of the vent windows and opens it, then  
draws his huge gun with a silencer.

He aims and fires, dropping a MAN on the sidewalk dead in  
his tracks. The Sliders react with slack-jawed  
astonishment, but Leo simply returns the gun to his holster  
and turns back to them with an air of utter nonchalance.

LEO  
Now, where were we?

Off the Sliders...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY - LOOKING THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW  
to the street where we see LEO overseeing TWO MEN IN WHITE  
UNIFORMS pick up the dead man and strap him to the back of a  
special GOLF CART.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)  
They're just carting him off like  
garbage.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE SLIDERS with L.J., watching the  
scene through the window.

L.J.  
(resigned)  
The buddy system, man.  
(then)  
"Friends don't let friends break  
the law in San Francisco."

WADE  
What're you saying? That guy  
didn't even do anything!

L.J.  
Them's the breaks.

Meaning there's a grave concern -- Sid's on the loose.

ARTURO  
(wording carefully)  
Inasmuch as we're leaving so soon,  
hypothetically -- if one of us were  
to... slip... Presumably there  
wouldn't be time to ... uh...

L.J.  
Wrong. Between the bracelets and  
the neighborhood watch, the  
custodians'd be on you in no time.

QUINN  
Neighborhood watch?

L.J.  
Oh, yeah. Major perks for  
reporting a crime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn anxiously watches through the window as Leo leaves with the body pickup crew. Then he turns to L.J.

QUINN

(urgent)  
I've got a problem. My buddy's on the loose.

WADE

We've got to find him.

L.J.

Why? What's he gonna do, knock off a bank?

ARTURO

I suspect that will be his first impulse.

WADE

(to Michele)  
Where would he go?

MICHELE

Anywhere. He never tells me.

Quinn starts towards the door.

QUINN

(grim)  
Great. That helps a lot.

L.J.

Wait up, man. I'll give you a lift.

Michele watches, surprised, as all the Sliders follow automatically volunteering to help. L.J. stops Wade.

L.J.

No. You and her have to go to group therapy. They could shoot you if you don't.

Wade reacts, frustrated, as the others leave. Then she turns and looks at Michele -- neither of them is thrilled about being left alone with the other.

EXT. THE STREET - HOUSING UNIT 622 - DAY

L.J. urgently points out directions as he gets in his tram.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

L.J.

(to Quinn)

Get in.

(to Arturo and Rembrandt)

You try up there.

QUINN

(to Arturo and Rembrandt)

We have to be back here by six for group therapy, whether we find him or not.

Arturo and Rembrandt hurry off as the tram pulls away.

INT. THE TRAM - CONTINUOUS - L.J. AND QUINN

ride along, scouring the streets for Sid.

L.J.

Where do you think he'd go?

QUINN

How should I know? I just met the guy.

(X)

L.J.

Bad news. The whole idea is to keep tabs on each other.

QUINN

This "buddy system" is insane!

L.J.

Hey, it sucks, but the city'd self destruct without it. Everyone knows they're gonna die pretty soon, so how else can you keep 'em in line?

QUINN

(shocked)

Everyone's gonna die?

L.J.

Hell, yeah. Big earthquake's coming any time now. All the experts say the whole damn peninsula's gonna drop into the ocean.

(X)

QUINN

So why do you stay?

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

L.J.  
Yeah, right. Like we got a choice.  
(off Quinn's confusion)  
This is a prison, man! San  
Francisco National Penitentiary.

Quinn gapes at him in disbelief as we

CUT TO:

EXT. A PARK - DAY - THE OTHER THREE MEN

from the back of the pickup truck of the previous world are hanging out. "GAP" is playing a harmonica. "BLADE" is whittling a stick to a point and "PECKS" has a pair of bar bells, doing nonstop curls.

Behind them, a very physical basketball game is in progress.

Blade notices something in the street and calls Gap's attention to it with an elbows in the side. The two men exchange an evil, conspiratorial smile that lets us see how Gap got his nickname -- a missing front tooth.

BLADE  
Fish...

Blade throws his knife towards...

THE SIDEWALK - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

are eyeballing the basketball game SPECTATORS, looking for Sid. Blade's knife flies right by Arturo's face and sticks into a tree. Arturo reacts, alarmed, and looks around as:

BLADE (O.S.)  
(calling)  
Hey, Fish! My knife slipped.  
Bring it back here for me.

Rembrandt turns to see what's going on.

ARTURO  
My name is not "Fish", sir, and I don't much care for your tone, or for your carelessness with a dangerous implement.

Rembrandt reacts, "Oh, shit!" as he realizes what Arturo is dealing with. He hurries past Arturo and gets the knife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT  
 (sotto voce, to Arturo)  
 Shut up, man, before this gets  
 ugly.

He wipes the blade clean as he hurries it back to its owner.

REMBRANDT  
 Here you are, sir. Nice and clean.  
 (then, ingratiating, to  
 Gap)  
 Hey! "Ol' Rockpile Blues." Great  
 rendition.  
 (then, hastily)  
 Gotta go. Have a great day.

He starts to leave, but the other two men quickly move into  
 position to block his path.

BLADE  
 (to harmonica player)  
 What you got for us, man? How  
 'bout some smokes?

REMBRANDT  
 I'm a singer, friend. Smoking's  
 bad for the pipes.

(X)

Rembrandt now tries to dodge his way out of the small  
 circle. One of the men catches him, holds him.

BLADE  
 (threatening)  
 You don't give us something we're  
 gonna turn you upside down an' see  
 what shakes out.

(X)

Arturo doesn't understand why this is happening, but the  
 threat is apparent enough. He calls out to the men on the  
 basketball court.

ARTURO  
 Are any of you "buddies" to those  
 men? I'm with the neighborhood  
 watch, and it looks to me they may  
 be contemplating a crime.

The basketball players stop in their tracks to look over at  
 the scene with Rembrandt. No one moves a muscle. Blade  
 turns his attention to Arturo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

BLADE  
 You want some of this?  
 (then, to Gap)  
 Bring him over here.

Arturo won't leave Rembrandt, but he's desperate to keep Gap at bay and can't understand why no one is helping.

ARTURO  
 What's the matter with all of you?  
 Are you just going to let these men  
 rob us?

Gap grabs Arturo and begins dragging him back towards the others.

GAP  
 They know who we are, an' you can  
 bet they ain't gonna do a damn  
 thing to help you. (X)

But then, from another part of the park, we hear someone WHISTLE. Everyone turns to

THE WHISTLER - A LOOKOUT

He points to the street where a CUSTODIAN is approaching.

Blade and Gap exchange an annoyed look and begin ceremoniously "dusting off" Arturo and Rembrandt so as to hold them a bit longer during:

BLADE  
 Another time, Fish. We'll be  
 looking for you.

They release their grip and the Sliders hurry away. As they go: (X)

CUT TO:

EXT. GOVERNMENT HOUSING - REC ROOM - DAY

Folding chairs in half the room, exercise equipment fills the rest. Lots of SWEATY WOMEN in leotards are working out. There's a PODIUM in front of the chairs, which are filling up with WOMEN.

CAMERA FINDS WADE and MICHELE waiting in line at a buffet table featuring coffee and cookies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELE

I don't understand. Why can't me  
an' Sid ever get home again?

WADE

(sorry she said so)  
Look, maybe it's not impossible.  
All I'm saying is we've been trying  
to get back to our home for a  
long time and haven't been able to.

The sweet old biddy in line next to them can't help  
overhearing. Call her GLADYS.

GLADYS

If I was you, I'd try not to have  
any illusions about going home.  
These re-hab sessions are a sham.

WADE

Then why have them?

GLADYS

(getting her coffee)  
Just to keep us busy, dear. That's  
all it is.

She goes off to take her seat. Wade reacts, curious, then  
turns back to Michele as they fix their coffee.

WADE

One good thing; if you don't go  
home, you don't have to stay with  
Sid.

MICHELE

(bemused)  
No one's making me stay with Sid.

WADE

(defensive)  
I didn't mean it like that... It's  
just that...  
(grotes for words)  
He doesn't treat you very well...

MICHELE

Sid's okay. Everyone respects him,  
and no one would dare lay a finger  
on me so long as I'm with him.

WADE

But he beats you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

MICHELE  
What's the difference? Once you're  
with 'em, they all do it.

WADE  
Not on my world.

MICHELE  
(contemptuous)  
Yeah? Well, goody for you.

WADE  
Just forget it, okay? Forget I  
said anything.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(over P.A.)  
Ladies, take your seats please.  
Let's get started.

Wade turns and heads towards the chairs. Michele reacts,  
softening. She hurries after her, touches Wade's arm...

MICHELE  
Look... Maybe it's different where  
you come from -- with guys like  
Quinn -- an' a woman'd be pretty  
dumb to get knocked around when she  
didn't have to. But on my world,  
there's no choice.

WADE  
But that's just it... You're not  
on your world anymore.

Michele reacts to this as they take their seats -- right  
next to Gladys.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(over p.a.)  
Alright, who wants to go first?

Gladys stands up and addresses the audience.

GLADYS  
My name is Gladys, and I poisoned  
my neighbor, but I warned her again  
and again to keep her darn dog in  
her yard. If she'd just...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(over p.a., interrupting)  
Gladys, we're not going to listen.  
"Step One" is: Stop blaming your  
victim.  
(as Gladys sits)  
Now how about you, there, next to  
Gladys? Why are you here?

Wade reacts, at an utter loss for something to say as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - DAY - L.J.'S TRAM

moves along, with Quinn and L.J. scouring the streets for  
any sign of Sid.

INT. TRAM - L.J. AND QUINN

L.J. is at least as interested in Quinn as in finding Sid.

L.J.  
Man that's weird. You never know  
what San Francisco's gonna be like  
until you get there?

QUINN  
That's right.

L.J.  
Ever hit one worse than this?

QUINN  
Not many.

L.J. digests this until:

QUINN  
(pointing)  
There he is!

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Sid is loitering outside, looking in. TWO PEOPLE come out  
and Sid goes in just as L.J.'s TRAM pulls up to the curb.

QUINN  
(calling)  
Sid! Wait!

He and L.J. jump out of the tram and run into the store.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

The SHOPKEEPER is busy putting display cards back in the case.

Sid has his hand under his jacket, ready to pull his gun, as Quinn and L.J. run in and get in his face.

QUINN

(urgent)  
Sid, no! You don't understand  
what's going on here!

SID

Get outta my face.

L.J.

Seriously, man, they'll kill you!

SID

Let 'em try!

He pushes Quinn out of the way, draws his gun and SHOOTS THE LENS OF A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA, then slams the gun butt down into the display case, shattering the top.

L.J. grabs Quinn and pulls him towards the door.

L.J.

Come on, man! Now!

QUINN

No! It's not too late!

L.J.

Yes, it is!

He YANKS Quinn out the door.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

As L.J. literally throws Quinn into the TRAM, jumps in himself and drives off.

INT. TRAM - DRIVING HARD

L.J.

Gimme your wrist...

Quinn looks at it. The bracelet's still normal metallic.

QUINN

It's still okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

L.J.  
It won't be for long. Got to get  
you as far from here as possible.

Already we can hear SIRENS in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

SID is smashing more display cases with his gun and scooping up the valuables.

The SHOPKEEPER lies in a heap on the floor, either dead or unconscious.

Now, as Sid reaches into one of the cases, he notices that the bracelet around his wrist is starting to GLOW RED. He looks at it, trying to understand. Then he tries to get the bracelet off, but it won't budge.

SIRENS are getting closer fast. Sid starts to understand.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

TWO TRAMS pull up, loaded with machine-gun-toting CUSTODIANS. They jump out and run towards the store.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

as the CUSTODIANS swarm in. Sid is nowhere to be seen. We HEAR still more SIRENS heading to the store.

The custodians fan out, searching for Sid. Suddenly, Sid springs from underneath a display case and grabs one of the custodians. Sid takes the custodian's gun and points it at the man's head, using him for a shield.

SID  
Anyone comes near me, he gets it!

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - CONTINUOUS

as additional CUSTODIANS arrive. One of them is LEO, who gets clearly deferential treatment from the others.

LEO  
(into walkie-talkie)  
I'm at the scene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE FROM WALKIE-TALKIE  
He has a hostage and wants to  
negotiate.

Leo reacts, annoyed.

LEO  
(into walkie-talkie)  
Roger, copy that.  
(then, to himself)  
Pain in the ass.

CUT TO:

INT. L.J.'S TRAM - TIME THE SAME

Quinn continues to look at his bracelet, which now starts to  
FLASH RED.

QUINN  
Uh, oh.

L.J. look over, spots the bracelet and slams on the brakes.

L.J.  
Get out, man.

QUINN  
Get out????

L.J.  
If I'm seen driving you, my  
bracelet would be red in no time.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Quinn reluctantly gets out of the tram:

L.J.  
Hole up till after dark, if you  
can. Then wrap the bracelet in  
something.

QUINN  
I thought it had to be showing.

L.J.  
People don't notice it as much at  
night unless they see it  
glowing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

I need to get back to the others.

L.J.

Forget it. You'll never make it.  
Try to get to the B.A.R.T. station  
at Market and Van Ness. Sneak  
through the fence.

He pulls away. Quinn pulls his jacket sleeve down as far as he can, sticks his hand in his pocket and starts walking -- trying to look as nonchalant as possible. There's a LOW RUMBLE and the ground begins to SHAKE. Quinn instinctively reaches out to hold onto a lamp post for support. Wrong move. The GLOWING RED BRACELET is totally exposed. Quinn quickly realizes and hides it again, but too late, as now SHOTS RING OUT and bullets begin to ricochet all around him. Quinn starts running, in a desperate zig-zagging course, trying to avoid the gunfire, but he's hemmed in between buildings, with more and more shooters in the windows above and the bracelet in plain sight as he runs.

TELESCOPIC SIGHT SHOT - QUINN IN THE CROSS HAIRS

He's dead meat the minute this guy pulls the trigger. But now there's a BIGGER RUMBLING SOUND and harder SHAKING just as the shot is squeezed off.

QUINN - IN THE STREET

rounds a corner, oblivious to the shaking. People are pouring from the buildings to escape the quake. Quinn shoves his hand back in his pocket and tries to blend in with the crowd as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSING UNIT 622 - SITTING ROOM AND ENTRY - DUSK

Wade, Arturo and Rembrandt are pacing in front of the window, alternately looking out and fretting. Even Michele looks on with the others. She's worried, too.

REMBRANDT  
It's almost six o'clock.

WADE  
I think some of us should go out  
and look for him.

ARTURO  
And then, if he returns and others  
are missing, he goes out again to  
look for us. We become like a dog,  
chasing its tail.

REMBRANDT  
(looking for hope)  
If there's any way to make it back  
here, Q-ball'll find it.  
(then, listening)  
Uh, oh. Helicopters.

ARTURO  
I don't hear them.

REMBRANDT  
The Crying Man has perfect pitch.  
I hear everything.  
(listens)  
There are five of them, and they're  
circling.

EXT. HOUSING UNIT 622 - QUINN

runs from the shadows to the front door and slips inside.

INT. HOUSING UNIT 622 - QUINN

goes straight for his backpack and begins rummaging through  
it during:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN  
Big trouble. Sid robbed a jewelry  
store.

Everyone jumps at the sound of his voice and whirls around  
to see him.

QUINN  
(grim)  
Pack up, we have to leave. Now.

The Sliders hurry to collect their belongings. Michele  
looks on, feeling like the fifth wheel.

WADE  
You better come with us.

MICHELE  
What about Sid?

QUINN  
(no time to mince words)  
I don't think he's coming back.

MICHELE  
You don't know Sid. He can get out  
of anything.

Quinn finds a small towel in his backpack, takes it out.

QUINN  
(indicates bracelet)  
Not if he's got one of these.  
(off Michele)  
Look, it's your choice.

Quinn wraps the towel around his bracelet, puts on his  
backpack and heads for the door. The others -- except for  
Michele -- soon follow.

AT THE DOOR - WADE

turns back to Michele.

WADE  
You're sure about this?

MICHELE

Changes her mind. She doesn't want to be left behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELE

Wait!

She grabs her purse, reaches in and pulls out an automatic pistol, pumps it once (expertly) to check the clip, then puts it away and hurries towards them.

MICHELE

I'm coming with you.

As the Sliders re-evaluate their opinion of her:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We can HEAR the HELICOPTERS now as well as some SIRENS in the distance. The Sliders (and Michele) walk carefully down the street, fighting the urge to break into a run as the sirens and helicopters get steadily closer and louder.

WADE

How do you turn an entire city into a prison?

REMBRANDT

Didn't you ever see "Escape From New York?"

QUINN

Earthquakes. The government helped evacuate the population, then turned it into a penal colony for every madman and murderer in the country.

A HELICOPTER swoops low, too close for comfort. The SOUND of its ROTORS drowning out any answer as its searchlight barely misses the Sliders. Then:

ARTURO

Is there a plan, Mr. Mallory? Or are we simply to wander the streets until we're discovered?

QUINN

We have to get to Market and Van Ness -- to the B.A.R.T. station there.

REMBRANDT

(dreading the thought)  
A B.A.R.T. station? With all these earthquakes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO  
(caustic)  
Yet another strategic gem.

QUINN  
(testy)  
If you have a better idea,  
professor, lead on.

CUT TO:

EXT. B.A.R.T. STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT - A CHAINLINK FENCE  
with a "Condemned - Do Not Enter" sign on it. L.J. is  
there.

L.J.  
Come on! Move it!

The Sliders hurry to the fence. L.J. holds back a corner of  
it that has been strategically cut, allowing the Sliders to  
nervously slip through.

Rembrandt catches his jacket on a stray link and rips it.  
He stops to examine the damage.

REMBRANDT  
Damn!

ARTURO  
Keep moving!

Rembrandt gets out of his way as Michele takes Quinn aside.

MICHELE  
There's something you should know.  
(then)  
On my world, L.J. was a lying,  
double-crossing son of a bitch.

Off Quinn, bummed out:

CUT TO:

INT. B.A.R.T. STATION - NIGHT

Rats scurry out of L.J.'s flashlight beam as he leads them  
down the rubble-strewn stairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

Don't worry, professor. We're due for a nice luxury hotel any slide now.

REMBRANDT

I'll believe that when I see it.

The entrance is boarded up at the bottom of the stairs. L.J. KNOCKS once... then three times... then once again. There's a return KNOCK from the other side -- two times.

L.J.

It's me, L.J..

A PANEL of three or four boards is pulled back from the inside of the station and L.J. leads the Sliders through.

INT. THE B.A.R.T. STATION - CONTINUOUS

as the Sliders come through the barricade into the dimly lit station. It looks like a bomb hit it.

Rembrandt and Arturo react to see who is holding the "door" for them. It's BLADE, with GAP and PECKS close by.

REMBRANDT

Oh, no.

BLADE

(deliciously)  
Well, look at the fish the cat dragged in.

(X)

L.J.

Chill, bro.

(X)

When everyone is through the portal, Blade replaces the "door."

L.J.

This way.

L.J. leads them down onto the tracks and towards the far end of the station, which is much more brightly lit. As they go, Rembrandt and Arturo exchange nervous sidelong glances as Blade, Gap and Pecks continue to give them the eye. Blade makes kissing noises.

(X)

Another EARTHQUAKE rumbles through. A scary moment as debris falls from above -- threatening a cave-in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Oh, man! This is not how I want  
to die!

Wade glances at Michele, concerned, and goes to her.

WADE

You okay?

MICHELE

Yeah.

She doesn't sound okay.

MICHELE

Can't do anything about it, so  
what's the point of talking.

WADE

Is it Sid?

MICHELE

What if he made it? What if he  
came back for me?

WADE

What if he did? Were you really  
that happy with him?

MICHELE

What's with you?  
(then)  
Look around. You see any reason to  
be happy?

WADE

Yeah. I do.  
(then)  
I see friends I care about, who  
care about me. People I can count  
on. I think I'm pretty lucky.

MICHELE

Yeah? Well, you're luckier than  
me, that's for sure.

WADE

Anyone's luck can change.  
(then)  
For what it's worth, I think you  
made the right choice.

Michele isn't ready to concede that.

REMBRANDT

points up ahead.

REMBRANDT  
Attention K-Mart shoppers...

ANGLE - BLACK MARKET WAREHOUSE AREA

as our group arrives. A large area of the platform and tracks has been given over to rows of well-stocked shelves filled with cartons of cigarettes, televisions, small appliances, sporting goods and a variety of other merchandise.

There's no shortage of well-armed TOUGHS to guard the region.

L.J.  
(calling)  
Yo! Big Jake! You here?

Big Jake steps out from behind some shelves. He is the chess OPPONENT L.J. was playing when the Sliders arrived.

BIG JAKE  
You got the goods?

L.J.  
(indicates the Sliders)  
You're lookin' at 'em.

The Sliders react, realizing they've been had. Quinn whirls around as if to run, but Blade, Gap and Pecks are right behind them - armed.

L.J.  
(to Big Jake)  
You got the cash?

BIG JAKE  
(not so fast)  
I want to see it first.

L.J.  
Give him the gizmo!  
(off Arturo's reluctance)  
The thing that makes the tunnel in the air! Give it to him!

QUINN  
Better do it, professor.

Arturo reluctantly removes the timer from his bag, hands it to Big Jake who looks it over. It's meaningless to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BIG JAKE

(to L.J.)  
This made the tunnel?

L.J.  
That's it. Our ticket out of here.

QUINN  
No one's going anywhere, Jake. You  
can't make it work without us.

Without skipping a beat, L.J. grabs Wade and puts his gun to her head.

L.J.  
Wrong, sucker. You are gonna  
show us how it works.

The Sliders react, there's no alternative. Michele reaches her hand into her purse, but thinks better of it too many guns against her. Quinn reaches for the timer.

QUINN  
Let her go and I'll show you.

WADE  
Quinn, no.

L.J.  
(hard)  
Shut up!

Big Jake comes to Quinn, doesn't relinquish the timer.

BIG JAKE  
I'll hold it. You just tell me  
what to push.

Suddenly, FLOODLIGHTS come on from the darkness of the tunnel just beyond the station.

LEO (O.S.)  
(through bullhorn)  
Nobody move!

Blade pushes over one of the shelf units to create a diversion. It hits into others, like falling dominoes. Everyone dives for cover and the shooting starts -- with bullets ricocheting all over the place in the confined space.

The Sliders are separated. Quinn slithers from cover to cover looking for the others. He finds Wade and Rembrandt first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

WADE  
Where's Arturo?

QUINN  
Stay down!

He starts to creep away.

REMBRANDT  
(pointing)  
Quinn! The timer!

Quinn looks where Rembrandt is pointing and sees:

BIG JAKE

lying on the ground, shot -- the timer still in his hand.

CROSS CUT - QUINN AND L.J.

Each seeing the prize. Ignoring the danger, they race to Big Jake. Quinn gets there first, but L.J. has the gun. Quinn is dead meat as L.J. takes aim, but

MICHELE

fires her gun and

L.J.

gets hit as he pulls the trigger. His shot misses. Quinn grabs the timer and scurries away.

MICHELE

dashes to follow Quinn, but a huge arm reaches out and grabs her. It's Gap, and he's pissed.

GAP  
Where you goin', bitch?

She punches him hard enough to knock out another tooth, but he doesn't let go.

CROSS CUT - ARTURO

close enough to see what's happening. He grabs a brick and punches Gap with it. Gap goes down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arturo moans at the pain, shaking his hand. Michele points:

MICHELE

That way!

She runs off in that direction.

ARTURO

You're welcome.

He runs off after her to

THE RENDEZVOUS POINT

Wade hugs Arturo as he arrives.

QUINN

Okay. Let's go!

Using whatever is available for cover, the Sliders scurry back up the tracks.

REMBRANDT

Where're we going?

QUINN

The street! Out the way we came!

As they near the entrance, they scramble onto the platform and rush to:

THE BARRICADED ENTRANCE

The shooting is still going on at the other end of the station, and ricocheting bullets are still whizzing by as they struggle to unlatch the secret panel.

QUINN

(working it)  
Get the other side!

ARTURO

(trying to force it)  
It's not moving!

MICHELE

It's caught!

She releases the snag and the panel comes away. They rush out and

UP THE STAIRS

REMBRANDT (O.S.)  
(at the top)  
Oh, no!

EXT. STATION ENTRANCE - BEYOND THE FENCE - CUSTODIANS

A slew of them, with guns drawn, pointed at the Sliders.  
Then, SID steps out from behind them.

SID  
Goin' somewhere?

Off the Sliders reaction...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. DETENTION ROOM - MORNING

Mesh gratings on the windows, and a long table with a half dozen chairs around it.

The Sliders, plus Michele, are seated around the table except for Quinn, who is pacing in agitation.

ARTURO  
Sit down, Mr. Mallory. You're making me crazy.

QUINN  
We're running out of time.

ARTURO  
It's hopeless -- all thanks to your meddling in a lover's squabble.

Another EARTHQUAKE rumbles through, just to remind them of their dreadful prospects.

WADE  
Lover's squabble? Sid could have killed her!

ARTURO  
Nonsense.  
(then, to Michele)  
Would he have killed you?

MICHELE  
No.

ARTURO  
And where would you rather be?  
Back on your home world, as you had been, or trapped here with us?

QUINN  
Just ignore him. You don't have to take this.

ARTURO  
It's not your place to tell her how to live! This is a scientific journey.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO (cont'd)  
Our job is to observe, not to  
enforce our values on other worlds.  
How many times must I say this?

REMBRANDT  
Guys, can we concentrate on getting  
off this world? Then, you can  
kill each other.

WADE  
(to Rembrandt)  
Thank you.

THE DOOR OPENS - LEO

enters, along with two GUARDS. He holds up the timer.

LEO  
Here's the deal. From now on,  
you're all hostages. The first one  
to tell me how this works gets to  
leave with us. And until someone  
volunteers, I'll kill one of you  
every five minutes. Either I get  
what I want, or you're all dead.

He leaves.

MICHELE  
That's Sid's scheme. I saw him use  
it a couple of times.

ARTURO  
Did it work?

MICHELE  
Always -- as soon as he killed  
someone to show he was serious.  
(then, to Quinn)  
I'm sorry. You should've just let  
him beat me up.

QUINN  
It's not your fault.

She regards him appreciatively, but Quinn's mind is racing  
elsewhere.

WADE  
(looks to Quinn)  
What are we gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Off Quinn, thinking:

CUT TO:

INT. LEO'S OFFICE - MORNING

It's well appointed. Leo sits behind his desk.

In a bookcase behind the desk are stacks of cigarette cartons, tins of candies and cookies, and other assorted prison treasures.

Sid sits opposite Leo, his feet up on the desk, total balls, as he looks over the timer, then hands it back to L.J..

SID  
Don't sweat it. One of 'em'll  
cave.

LEO  
You better be right.

SID  
I called it on L.J., didn't I? He  
crossed you faster than a cockroach  
when the light comes on.

LEO  
(unimpressed)  
We'll see.

Sid just smiles confidently. There's a KNOCK at the door.

LEO  
Come.

A GUARD enters. He holds a piece of paper out for Leo.

GUARD  
I found this outside their door.

Leo takes the note and reads it, smiles at Sid.

LEO  
Mr. Arturo wants to meet with  
us -- alone -- to discuss  
exchanging knowledge for freedom.

SID  
(savoring it)  
Told you.

CUT TO:

INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY

As the door flies open, two guards with machine guns at the ready, step in. Leo stands in the doorway.

LEO  
All right, professor. Get your things.  
(then, to Michele)  
You, too.

Quinn and the others look at Arturo, uncomprehending.

QUINN  
What's going on here?

Arturo is unapologetic as he collects his bag.

ARTURO  
I slipped a note to the guard.

QUINN  
You're selling us out? You son of a bitch! I don't believe this!

ARTURO  
(angry)  
Do you have a better idea? Must we all die to protect your precious discovery?

QUINN  
(realizing)  
You're jealous!

ARTURO  
Jealous? No, I'm disgusted, Mr. Mallory!  
(then)  
To think that I should be led by an arrogant, undisciplined child into one misadventure after another when I should be engaged in the greatest breakthrough in the history of science! What a galling, appalling fiasco you've made of sliding.

QUINN  
What are you gonna do, professor? Steal the idea? Call it your own once I'm out of the way?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO  
I'm going to get home and perfect  
it -- something you should have  
done before endangering the rest of  
us. And once I've done that, I'll  
have every right claim sliding as  
mine.

QUINN  
(cold fury)  
Fine, professor. You do that.

REMBRANDT  
No! It's not fine!  
(indicating himself and  
Wade)  
What about us?

Arturo looks to Leo, questioningly. Leo points to Michele.

LEO  
Just her.

ARTURO  
(to Wade and Rembrandt)  
I'm sorry. I truly am.

WADE  
I wouldn't go with you if I could.  
You disgust me.

ARTURO  
(at the door, sincere)  
You must believe me. This brings  
me no joy.

The guards escort Arturo and Michele out the door.

QUINN  
Go to hell, professor!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - WITH ARTURO, LEO AND GUARDS - DAY

As the guards lock the detention room door, Arturo becomes  
all business.

ARTURO  
Which way?  
(Leo points, Arturo jogs)  
Quickly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO (cont'd)  
I'll have to check the settings in  
case you inadvertently changed  
anything.

As they all hurry down the corridor

CUT TO:

INT. LEO'S OFFICE - DAY

Arturo and Leo burst in.

ARTURO  
(to Sid)  
Give me the timer.  
(Sid takes his time)  
Hurry, man!

Sid pulls out his gun, levels it at Arturo then hands him the timer. Arturo immediately begins feverishly pressing buttons. He reacts, panicked:

ARTURO  
What the hell did you do to this?

LEO  
(concerned)  
Nothing! We never touched it!

Arturo continues to work, hectically, then abruptly stops.

ARTURO  
(to Leo)  
It's no good. I can't get it to  
activate.

SID  
(to Leo)  
It's a trick. He's lying.

ARTURO  
I'm not! It's Quinn's invention.  
He does know it better than I do.  
There's no choice. You'll have to  
~~give~~ it to him.

As Leo considers this Sid puts his gun to Arturo's temple.

SID  
You got one chance to stay alive.  
If that thing reaches zero and  
there's no tunnel in here, I'll  
blow your head off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Sir, I would not have deserted my companions if I was not interested in saving my life. You must believe me, there's nothing more I can do.

Sid cocks the hammer. Arturo sweats.

SID

You better start pushing those buttons.

Michele strokes Sid affectionately, then, using Sid's body to conceal her actions from Leo, she pulls out her gun and sticks it in Sid's ribs.

MICHELE

I'm sorry, honey. Drop it.

He hesitates, she cocks her hammer.

MICHELE

Don't try me, Sid. You know I'll shoot.

He drops his gun. As Arturo quickly scoops it up:

CUT TO:

INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY

Quinn and Rembrandt are pacing nervously, their backpacks on. Wade is at the table.

REMBRANDT

(despairing)  
They didn't buy it, man. I knew it was a long shot.

QUINN

It was the only shot we had.

Another EARTHQUAKE. A big one, though not very long. Plaster falls. The Sliders (and Michele) barely have time to dive for cover before it's over. Then:

REMBRANDT

(excited)  
Keys!

The door opens. Arturo and Michele rush in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO  
 It didn't exactly go according to  
 plan, but let's not quibble...  
 (checks timer)  
 ...thirty seconds to spare.

CUT TO:

INT. LEO'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Leo and Sid are tied up, but Sid is already nearly free,  
 ripping the final piece of rope from his ankles.

SID  
 (to Leo)  
 If I had time, I'd kill you.

LEO  
 When I get free, you'll wish you  
 had!

Sid runs out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. DETENTION ROOM

as Arturo pushes the button and the vortex begins to form.

Just as it completes, Sid bursts into the room and starts to  
 dive for it. Quinn launches himself like a goal line  
 defender and tackles Sid in mid-air. Sid and Quinn scuffle  
 on the floor, with Quinn basically hanging on for dear life  
 while Sid tries to shake him off.

QUINN  
 Hit him with something!

Rembrandt looks around the room, grabs the only available  
 object -- one of the plastic chairs -- and tries to deck Sid  
 with it. Might as well try and stop a charging rhino with a  
 piece of Saran wrap. Michele goes running from the room.

ARTURO  
 (to Wade)  
 We're running out of time! You go,  
 now!

WADE  
 No way!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sid kicks free of Quinn. Rembrandt dives back onto him, trying to keep him down but Sid is like a man possessed. He tosses Rembrandt aside and scrambles back to his feet.

Arturo hands the timer to Wade and grabs Sid in a bear hug from behind. Arturo holds on for all he's worth as Sid whips him around. Quinn and Rembrandt try to grab on as well, but it's like trying to grab a locomotive.

Sid breaks free just as Michele runs back into the room -- behind Sid -- with a police billy club. She hauls off with all her might and pops him with it. He goes down like overcooked spaghetti.

MICHELE

I got friends now, Sid. And you would've killed them.

She tosses the club aside as the Sliders quickly jump through the fast fading gate.

Michele hesitates just a moment, looking at Sid one last time before jumping into the void.

Another EARTHQUAKE starts to RUMBLE through. This could well be the big one.

Quinn waits until last, to make sure Sid doesn't wake up.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCRETE EXPANSE - DAY

The Sliders fall out of the wormhole and onto the hard concrete. They watch the vortex intently to make sure that Sid doesn't emerge. Finally, to their great relief, the vortex closes.

Their relief doesn't last long. The ROAR of the vortex is replaced by the ROAR of JET ENGINES. They have landed on a runway, and when the vortex disappears it reveals a huge jet liner coming right at them. As the Sliders scramble madly out of its path:

FADE OUT.

THE END