

#K0814

SLIDERS

"The Young and the Relentless"

Written

by

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&

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - DAY

1

The CAMERA pans the lush landscaped rear grounds of a spectacular estate. Suddenly, the VORTEX swirls open and the Sliders tumble out. Wade, then Rembrandt, Arturo and Quinn. As they take in their surroundings...

REMBRANDT

Man, look at this place.

ARTURO

Congratulations Mister Mallory.  
For once we've actually landed  
someplace intriguing.

WADE (O.S.)

Hey guys! Look!

They turn to see Wade hurrying toward an Olympic sized swimming pool. As the men hurry over they discover a fully clothed man floating lifelessly in the shallow end, face down.

ARTURO

Good lord...

Quinn and Rembrandt jump in and drag the man over to the side of the pool thru...

QUINN

Give us a hand!

Arturo and Wade kneel near the edge and reach in, ad libbing "Get him under the arms," "I got him," etc. As they drag the body out of the water...

ANGLE ON MANSION

A YOUNG WOMAN comes running toward them.

WOMAN

What happened?!

THE SLIDERS

turn the body of the man face up revealing it's...

QUINN'S DOUBLE!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Very dead. The Sliders react. The WOMAN distraught at what she sees and oblivious to the Sliders, kneels down over the body of Quinn's double.

WOMAN

Oh my god! Quinn!

After a beat she looks up at the astonished Sliders. This is Alisha, mid 20's, dangerously beautiful. She reacts to Quinn, her distress turning to astonishment. As she struggles to make sense of it, a reeling Quinn can barely manage a dumbfounded...

QUINN

Alisha?

and we...

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. MANSION DEN - DAY

2

A large office/library. Quinn eyes framed photos on a wall. All are of his double and Alisha together: At a formal dinner, on a cruise, etc. The only difference between the two Quinn's is the dead double's slicked back hair. Wade steps up.

WADE

What's the story between you two?  
Did you know her on our world?

QUINN

(somber)  
Yeah... she died in my arms.

WADE

Oh my God... how?

QUINN

At summer camp. I was sixteen. We had really hit it off...

Quinn takes a moment. This memory is hard for him. Then...

QUINN

...one night we were on the beach... she wanted me to go in for a swim... I don't know why I didn't, maybe I was just shy... anyway, after a few minutes she started calling for help... I swam out and found her, but...

WADE

God Quinn... I'm sorry.

The moment's broken when Rembrandt approaches, holding a magazine. Behind him Arturo watches TV.

REMBRANDT

You guys see this?

He shows them a copy of "BUSINESS" magazine. Quinn's on the cover, in front of Endeavor Computer headquarters.

WADE

(reading cover)  
"Q.R. Mallory. Corporate dynamo takes over Endeavor Software."

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

REMBRANDT

Article says the guy your double  
replaced resigned because he hit  
the mandatory retirement age of...  
get this... thirty-one.

WADE

Thirty-one? That must be a typo.

ARTURO

I'm afraid not.

They turn to Arturo and catch a glimpse of a YOUNG TEEN  
anchoring the news on TV. As he clicks off the set...

ARTURO

I've been "switching channels" the  
last fifteen minutes, and I've yet  
to see one wrinkle. It seems we've  
landed in a world ruled by the  
young.

(and then)

And you and I, Mr. Brown, are  
geezers.

WADE

Are you sure Professor? Maybe you  
were just watching MTV.

ARTURO

Quite sure. That pubescent news  
anchor reported that the 24 year  
old President has named a new Chief  
Justice... who turns twenty-one  
next month.

(smiling; to Remmy)

We have chins older than that, eh  
Mr. Brown?

REMBRANDT

I don't know what you find so damn  
funny. How long are we here for?

QUINN

Three days and six hours. That's  
if we get past the cops. We're  
going to need a really solid story.

ALISHA (O.S.)

There won't be any police.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Alisha enters, looking stressed.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

ALISHA

The body's been taken care of.

The Sliders exchange surprised looks.

REMBRANDT

What do you mean?

ALISHA

I don't think this was a natural death. I think Q.R. overdosed.

WADE

Overdosed?

ALISHA

Probably on stimulants. A lot of the top execs use them to keep their energy up. When you have so little time to make it in your career...

(then)

Anyway, I'll call the police after I've talked to the company lawyers in the morning. They'll know how to handle the fall out.

Alisha moves to Quinn, transfixed.

ALISHA

I can't believe how much you look like him...

QUINN

Well, it's like we explained...

ALISHA

Yeah I know... parallel universes. I've got to admit it's a lot to take in....

ARTURO

Yes, well, if there's nothing else for us to do here....

ALISHA

Actually, there is. Q.R. was going to host an important party in about an hour.

(to Quinn)

I know this is asking a lot... but if you could step in for him tonight...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 3

2

As Quinn reacts...

ARTURO  
That's ridiculous!

ALISHA  
Please, hear me out. The country's  
educational system is in shambles.  
Endeavor Software is spearheading a  
plan to revolutionize it and Q.R.  
is... was... the leader in that  
fight.

She looks hopefully at Quinn...

QUINN  
(supportive)  
Go on...

ALISHA  
If our opponents find out he's dead  
before our lawyers in New York can  
do damage control, the whole  
project is at risk.  
(moves close to Quinn)  
I know you can do it. You just  
have to greet people and smile.  
I'll be at your side every minute.  
Just follow my lead and you'll be  
okay. Please...

ARTURO  
(unmoved)  
Regardless of the merits of your  
request, what you're asking is  
tantamount to fraud.

QUINN  
It's okay. I'll do it.

As the stunned Sliders react...

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. MANSION BEDROOM - NIGHT

3

A masculine, lavishly appointed room. A concerned Rembrandt  
and Arturo pace as Quinn slicks his hair back in front of a  
mirror. He's dressed in designer slacks and open necked,  
collarless dress shirt.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ARTURO

Mister Mallory, this is insane.  
What you're doing is criminal and  
can jeopardize our slide.

REMBRANDT

Q-ball, helping this woman isn't  
going to cleanse your guilt for not  
saving her life on our world.

QUINN

Guys, I'm starting to think when it  
comes to sliding there are no  
accidents. Maybe there's a reason  
we landed in the middle of this.

Arturo throws his hands up in disgust as Alisha enters and  
reacts at the sight of the new Quinn.

ALISHA

My god. You really are him.

She's suddenly overcome with emotion.

QUINN

You okay?

She nods, composes herself, as she helps him on with a sport  
jacket.

ALISHA

Look, why don't we go over  
everything one more time?

QUINN

Don't worry. I've got it. I'm  
the president of Endeavor Software.  
Educomp's our hottest project.  
It's a home based computer  
education concept. I'm in favor of  
it. Just speak in generalities and  
use short sentences. That was  
Q.R.'s style.

She takes a deep breath... takes his hand in hers.

ALISHA

Thanks. I really appreciate this.

WADE ENTERS

gorgeous in a chic cocktail dress.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

REMBRANDT

Wow, girl.

WADE

Thanks Rembrandt.

QUINN

Where'd you get that?

WADE

Alisha's closet.

ALISHA

I have my own room here.

WADE

Alisha, all your shoes are a size six and I'm an eight. But I found a pair of eights in a box in the top of your closet. I hope that's okay.

ALISHA

(tentative)

Oh... sure... that's fine.

ARTURO

Miss Welles, I thought you'd be more sensible about this.

WADE

Professor, at the rate we're going we could be sliding for years. I'm not going to miss out on life while I grow old waiting for us to find our way back home.

(turning to leave)

I'll see you at the party.

ALISHA

Um.... actually, they won't be going to the party.

Wade stops.

QUINN

Why not?

ALISHA

Well, people over thirty are called "ancients" and Q.R. had no ancient affiliations. It's not wise politically to be seen with them.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

3

ARTURO  
That's absurd!

REMBRANDT  
I don't believe  
this.

QUINN  
Alisha, these people are like my  
family.

ALISHA  
I'm sorry. We can't afford to take  
any chances.

ARTURO  
(fuming)  
Really? Well, believe me Madam, I  
have no intention of being anywhere  
near your collection of arrogant  
little twits. Because I certainly  
wouldn't want to do something  
politically incorrect... like  
punching their lights out!

He storms out of the room.

ARTURO  
Hang on, Professor. I'm coming  
with you.

He strides out after Arturo, leaving behind a conflicted  
Quinn and Wade.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 EXT. ESTATE REAR PATIO - NIGHT

4

Packed with the under 30 crowd celebrating ESI. The camera  
finds Quinn and Alisha at the door leading to the patio.

ALISHA  
Okay, here we go.

They step out into the crowd and are immediately approached  
by a 19 year old weasely - executive, RICHARD.

RICHARD  
Q.R. Great party. Listen, I told  
McNamara you signed off on Dream  
Warrior but he isn't sold on the  
artwork. He's just sitting on it.  
If you give me the okay, I'll be  
happy to fire his ass and we can  
break the logjam.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Quinn looks to Alisha.

ALISHA  
Well, Richard, you know Q.R.'s  
position. If that's what it  
takes...

RICHARD  
(smiling)  
Great. He's over by the bar. This  
is going to make my night.

Richard exits. Quinn lets out a sigh of relief.

ALISHA  
I never liked McNamara.

They walk a few more steps, Quinn nodding at party goers,  
then KYLE BECK, Chief Financial Officer of ESI approaches.  
Early 20's and at the moment not too happy.

ALISHA  
(whispers in Quinn's ear)  
Kyle Beck. CFO.

BECK  
(not happy)  
Q.R. Ed Cook just told me you're  
on the fence about the Educomp  
program. I thought your vote was a  
lock.

QUINN  
Of course it is... Kyle.

ALISHA  
What Q.R. means is, his vote's a  
lock... if the pieces fall into  
place the way he wants.

BECK  
(lowers his voice)  
Mallory, the company stands to make  
billions off this proposal. You're  
the swing vote. If it doesn't pass  
you can bet there'll be blood  
everywhere. I swear it.

He walks off.

QUINN  
I thought you said I was in favor  
of this Educomp thing.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 2

4

ALISHA  
You are. But you're not about to  
give your vote away for free.  
There's a lot of money to be made  
in corporate politics.

Quinn can't hide his surprise at Alisha's cunning.

5 INT. MANSION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

5

Wade makes her way down the hall looking for a ladies room.  
She pokes her head in one door, realizes its the wrong one,  
heads to another and opens it.

WADE'S POV

6 INT. SMALL SECURITY ROOM

6

A GUARD sits in front of a bank of black and white monitors  
showing different locations of the party. As he pushes  
buttons, we HEAR the different conversations coming from  
each screen. He suddenly turns toward her...

WADE  
I'm sorry. I was looking for a  
ladies room.

7 EXT. ESTATE REAR PATIO - NIGHT

7

As Alisha leads Quinn through the a crowd, a racy 22 year  
old, MARGO, approaches and takes his arm. Alisha bristles.

MARGO  
(whispers in Quinn's ear)  
I miss you. Call me.

Margo slinks off, leaving a shaken Quinn as Alisha eyes her  
venomously. Then as another exec approaches...

ALISHA  
(whispers)  
Alan Hatcher. Project manager of  
Educomp. Wants your job.

ALAN HATCHER approaches. Late 20's, bearded, astute, seems  
a bit older than his years (probably the beard).

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

HATCHER

(slyly)  
Q.R. I've been watching you.  
There's something different about  
you tonight.

Quinn and Alisha exchange a furtive glance.

HATCHER

It must be the look of a man who  
knows the value of his stock  
options are about to triple.

QUINN

(relieved)  
Yeah, Alan, that's it.

Alan stops three execs who are passing.

HATCHER

Hey guys. Did Q.R. tell you his  
latest joke?

The execs shake their heads... move closer.

HATCHER

Go ahead. Tell him the one about  
the old man on his deathbed.

Quinn pales.

ALISHA

Look, Alan. Q.R.'s got a lot of  
people to talk to...

HATCHER

(ignoring Alisha)  
C'mon. It's hysterical.

QUINN

You tell it Alan.

HATCHER

No way. Nobody has your comic  
timing.

ALISHA

Alan, I told you...

HATCHER

Hey! I think Q.R.'s old enough to  
speak for himself... don't you?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

Everyone within earshot goes silent at the outburst.  
Finally...

QUINN

Alan, anyone with designs on my job  
should be able to tell a good joke.  
Go ahead. You could use the  
practice.

Wade enters.

WADE

Quinn... uh, Q.R? Can I see you a  
moment?

QUINN

Sure. Excuse us.

As Wade leads him away, a suspicious Alan Hatcher stares  
after them.

HATCHER

(to Alisha)

Since when does he turn down the  
chance to be in the spotlight?

Off Alisha's concern...

ON WADE AND QUINN

in another area of the party.

QUINN

Security cameras?

WADE

They're eavesdropping on what  
everyone is saying.

QUINN

Why?

WADE

(lowering her voice)

The guard said people have been  
known to use murder as a tool for  
corporate advancement. So a guy  
like your double can't be too  
careful.

(and then)

Quinn, what if Alisha's lying?  
What if Q.R. didn't overdose? What  
if he was murdered and she's trying  
to cover it up?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 3

7

QUINN

C'mon Wade. That's a lot of what ifs.

WADE

Yeah. But if I am right, whoever killed him would think they didn't get the job done... and they might try again. Is that a chance you want to take?

QUINN

(thinks a beat, then)

Look, I can't very well walk out in the middle of this.

WADE

Just promise me as soon as the party's over we're out of here.

Off Quinn's nod...

CUT TO:

8 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

8

We're CLOSE ON A PORTABLE TV. On the screen, a mob of middle aged people picket a government building (STOCK). Over this...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Today's Supreme Court ruling upholding the right of landlords to refuse housing to ancients sparked a noisy protest...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Arturo and Remmy watching the TV, which is perched on the counter of a newspaper stand. As they drift away from the stand...

ARTURO

It's outrageous how this society treats its elders.

They pass two COPS on patrol. They're barely fifteen.

REMBRANDT

Man, where I grew up, you treated old people with respect. If you didn't, they'd whup your behind but good.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ARTURO  
That's just what these people need,  
Mr. Brown. One large communal  
"whupping".

CUT TO:

9 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

9

Every table is taken, and not one face is over thirty.  
Arturo and Rembrandt enter and head for the bar, oblivious  
to the looks of disdain tossed their way by patrons.

ARTURO  
(to bartender)  
Two beers, my good man.

The BARTENDER points to a sign on the wall behind the bar.  
It reads " NO ANCIENTS ALLOWED".

BARTENDER  
You can read, can't you gramps?

ARTURO  
While you may not prefer our  
company, we are of legal age to  
drink and demand that you serve us.

REMBRANDT  
Aw, let's just forget it,  
Professor. There's got to be  
another bar somewhere.

BARTENDER  
Listen to your friend, old man.

Arturo rises, puts his hands on the bar and leans forward.

ARTURO  
No, you listen to me. I want a  
beer. And I want it now.

The Bartender moves out from behind the bar and approaches  
our heroes thru...

BARTENDER  
You know, life would be a lot  
easier if you people knew your  
place. Now why don't you just go  
back to the nursing home where you  
belong?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

ARTURO

I believe the proper response is...  
"Why don't you make me?"

BARTENDER

Have it your way.

The Bartender rears back and slugs Arturo, who stumbles into another bar PATRON.

REMBRANDT

Damn!

Remmy spins the bartender around, doubles him over with a shot to the solar plexus. A yuppie patron grabs Remmy from behind and they crash into a nearby table, splintering it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A spirited fight breaks out, complete with ad libbed shouts from the patrons like "Teach them a lesson!" and "Throw the bums out". As Arturo and Remmy offer a valiant effort against overwhelming odds, the Bartender painfully reaches for a phone on the bar and dials.

BARTENDER

Get me the police.

CUT TO:

10 INT. MANSION FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

10

The party's over. Several catering employees clean up as Quinn and Alisha say good night to the last guests. She finally closes the front door and turns to Quinn.

ALISHA

(relieved)

You were terrific. Thank you.

She leans in and warmly kisses a surprised Quinn on the lips. Wade approaches... reacts with displeasure and clears her throat. They break the kiss.

WADE

Quinn...

QUINN

Yeah, I know. Alisha... we've got to get going.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ALISHA  
Why? You've still got two days  
before you leave.

QUINN  
I know but...

ALISHA  
Quinn, please. You did so well  
tonight, I was thinking we might be  
able to carry this off two until  
the board votes on Educomp.

WADE  
What?

ALISHA  
(to Quinn)  
With your vote we'd be sure of a  
victory.

WADE  
Look, this isn't open for  
discussion.

ALISHA  
(sharply)  
I wasn't talking to you.

The tension in the air grows thick. Finally...

QUINN  
Alisha. We had some close calls  
tonight. I think we've gone about  
as far as we can with this.

ALISHA  
(cold and cool)  
Well it really doesn't matter what  
you think. I've stolen that little  
device you use to travel between  
worlds. And the only way you're  
going to get it back... is if you  
do exactly what I say.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. ENDEAVOR SOFTWARE HALLWAY - DAY

11

CLOSE ON A HAND SCANNER attached to an office door. Quinn's hand ENTERS FRAME, flattens against the scanner. Nothing.

ALISHA (O.S.)

Try it again.

ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALS

Quinn and Alisha in the near empty hallway, Quinn in a power business suit. They're at a door marked Q.R.MALLORY. Quinn flattens his hand against the scanner again. Still no go.

ALISHA

If you're his exact double, it should read your palm print.

Alisha snatches Quinn's palm and examines it.

ALISHA

You have a scar.

QUINN

I got spiked once stealing second base. Sue me.

Annoyed, Alisha guardedly reaches into her shoulder-slung briefcase and withdraws a XEROXED COPY of a palm print. She lays it on the scanner. BEEP. The door unlocks mechanically.

QUINN

(facetious)  
That's some great security system you have.

ALISHA

Q.R. realized there might be times I'd need to get into his office. So I hacked into the employee computer base and lifted this.

QUINN

Wow. A blackmailer AND a thief.

She just shoots him a look, pushes him inside.

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - DAY - LATER

12

A Fortune 500 office. Quinn sits tensely behind his desk. Alisha hovers close by as Quinn leads a staff meeting with Hatcher and two ND 20 year old execs.

HATCHER

and by contracting out chip production overseas, we save three mil in health fund contributions alone.

QUINN

(too quickly)  
Great. That sounds great.

Alisha looks at him sharply.

QUINN

I mean, great in a "we'll think about it kind of way."

Hatcher looks askance at the other staffers, then...

HATCHER

Sure. Okay. Just let me know.

A side door opens and Richard enters, carrying a small CD ROM disk. As he moves to a nearby computer...

RICHARD

Sorry I'm late. Anyone hear the news? The Governor rejected Melanie Ling's request for clemency.

(slips the disk into the computer)

She fries on Thursday.

HATCHER

The bitch deserves it.

QUINN

(whispering to Alisha)  
Who's Melanie Ling?

She waves Quinn's question off, then, to Richard...

ALISHA

Is that the presentation software?

As an Endeavor logo appears on the computer screen...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

RICHARD

(proudly)  
Educomp. The future of America's  
education system.

Hatcher moves to the screen.

HATCHER

I thought you'd like to see the  
demonstration we're going to show  
the Board tomorrow.

Quinn glances at Alisha, who nods.

QUINN

Okay.

HATCHER

As Project Manager, I'll say a few  
words about how Educomp will  
revolutionize education by allowing  
students to learn at home, and how  
the government will save billions  
as we close schools and dismiss  
teachers.

Quinn glances at Alisha. What the hell? She ignores him.

HATCHER

I'll just touch on our lucrative  
sponsor tie-ins... and then I'll  
let the demo dazzle.

He hits a few keys and...

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

A young, attractive woman INSTRUCTOR appears in the right  
hand corner of the screen.

INSTRUCTOR

Today, we'll review addition.

A CONGA LINE of IMPACT COLA bottles dances their way onto  
the screen, complete with MUSIC.

INSTRUCTOR

Now, if I drink seven bottles of  
Impact Cola, and you drink five,  
how many bottles have we enjoyed?

The bottles arrange themselves into the number 12.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

INSTRUCTOR

That's right, twelve. Four more correct answers and you can reward yourself with a frosty bottle of Impact Cola...

QUINN (O.S.)

Wait a minute...

RESUME SCENE

Hatcher hits a button, freezes the computer program.

HATCHER

Problem?

QUINN

Yeah there's a problem. You're not educating anybody with that. You're just selling soda.

HATCHER

(isn't it obvious?)  
Well, we have to have the sponsor tie-ins to make it profitable.

QUINN

Guys... I don't think this is right.

Dead silence.

ALISHA

(quickly covering)  
Q.R. has a point. It's not right... yet. But we'll get there. Let's take a break.

As the puzzled staff rises and drifts out..

HATCHER

(sotto to Richard)  
Something's up with Q.R. And I'm going to find out what.

As soon as the door closes, Alisha turns on Quinn.

ALISHA

Don't you ever say anything without checking with me first! The only opinion you have is my opinion!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 3

12

QUINN

I'm sorry, I just reacted to what I saw...

ALISHA

Don't react. Don't think. Just do what I tell you.

She opens the door to leave. Wade's there, dressed in her own clothes.

ALISHA

Get out of my way.

She brushes past her. Wade enters, closes the door.

WADE

Charming.  
(re: Quinn's grim look)  
You all right?

Quinn just waves "yeah".

WADE

Thanks for leaving me a pass.

QUINN

Any word on Remmy and the Professor?

WADE

None. And I'm getting worried.

QUINN

They're both adults, Wade. I'm sure they're fine.

SMASH CUT TO:

13 INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

13

Arturo and Rembrandt, ruffled after having spent the night in jail, are led to a bench by a 19 year old courthouse GUARD. As they sit...

REMBRANDT

(dejected)  
There must be some way we can contact Q-ball.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

ARTURO

Mister Brown, I don't need the help of a schoolboy to get out of a minor bar brawl. We'll plead our case, pay a fine if we must and go.

A 16 year old male teenage JUDGE in black robes passes.

ARTURO

(re: judge)  
Look at that lad. He can't be more than sixteen. I tell you this world is insane.

REMBRANDT

Yeah. I found out from a guy in my cell that big business here was so hell bent on catering to the youth market that people between the ages of twelve and thirty became a powerful economic block. That economic power became political power and they formed the American Youth Party. Once they got voted in, they changed all the laws to cater to the young.

ARTURO

And so here we are, thanks to the almighty dollar.

A 17 year old girl, TIFFANY approaches. Dressed in a business suit, she's cute and perky but all business with valley girl overtones.

TIFFANY

Mister Brown, Mister Arturo?

ARTURO

It's Professor Arturo, young lady. And who are you?

TIFFANY

Tiffany August. You're court appointed public defender.

Rembrandt and Arturo exchange a look. This is too much.

ARTURO

I'm being represented by someone named Tiffany?

She sighs. Will she ever get off these "ancient" cases.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

TIFFANY

Listen pops, you're facing assault charges. One year in the can. Now if you do it my way, we plead you out and you'll get off with 30 in county lock-up.

ARTURO

(exploding)  
You impudent child. I'm a professor of ontology and cosmology, with more knowledge in my pinky than you have in your entire head. In addition to which I am old enough...

TIFFANY

(she's heard it before)  
...to be my grandfather, I know.

Arturo's taken aback. He was going to say "father."

TIFFANY

Look, if you can repeat that little performance for the judge I can probably throw in senility and we can hammer it down to ten days.

Arturo's so furious he's speechless.

REMBRANDT

Look... Tiffany. We're leaving town day after tomorrow. So thirty days is out of the question.

TIFFANY

It's not like this is up for debate.

Off Arturo and Remmy's concerned reaction...

DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. COURTHOUSE ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

14

Arturo and Rembrandt, Tiffany and the Guard are alone as they watch the floor indicator lights slowly drop from 7 to 6. When it reaches number 5...

ARTURO

You realize this is all your fault!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

REMBRANDT

Me!? If you hadn't been such a hot headed blowhard!

ARTURO

Who are you calling a blowhard?

TIFFANY

Hey, cut it out!

Arturo shoves Remmy and two men scuffle as they ad lib invectives. When the Guard moves in to break it up Arturo quickly grabs him and Rembrandt pulls the Guard's gun from his holster and holds it on him.

REMBRANDT

Sorry Sonny.

TIFFANY

Don't do this. It's only going to make it worse.

Arturo hits the top button (#16) on the panel.

ARTURO

We'll take that under advisement.

15 INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY

15

The elevator doors slide open and Arturo and Rembrandt back out, Arturo discreetly holding the gun on Tiffany and the Guard. Rembrandt turns to the few waiting to board.

REMBRANDT

Sorry folks, this elevator's being used to transport prisoners.

As the doors slide shut...

ARTURO

(to Tiffany)  
I hear there's a lovely view from the sixteenth floor.

As Arturo and Remmy quickly make for the exit, Arturo drops the gun into a covered trash can.

ARTURO

Nice work Mister Brown. You were very convincing in that little charade.

REMBRANDT

What charade?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15  
Off Arturo's nonplused reaction...

CUT TO:

16 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY 16  
Alisha, Wade and Quinn huddle at a table. A WAITER, early 50's delivers their food. A salad is placed before Alisha.

ALISHA  
I asked for the dressing on the side.

WADE  
No you didn't.

Alisha shoots Wade a look. Then, to the Waiter...

ALISHA  
Take this back. And bring it the way I want it.

As the waiter exits...

ALISHA  
Damn ancients.

She spots Kyle Beck sitting two tables away. Waves. Quinn does likewise. Beck waves back.

ALISHA  
(to Quinn)  
All right, let's go over your schedule for the afternoon.

A 20 year old U.S. MARSHALL approaches carrying a business envelope in his hand.

MARSHAL  
Excuse me. Quinn R. Mallory?

QUINN  
(anxious)  
Yes?

ALISHA  
Who wants to know?

MARSHAL  
United States of America. I'm delivering the last request of Melanie Ling.

He hands a surprised Quinn the envelope and exits as Quinn rips it open. As he reads...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

WADE

Who's Melanie Ling?

ALISHA

She used to work for Endeavor.  
They sentenced her to death for  
murdering her boss... one of our  
board members.

QUINN

(looks up, amazed)  
She wants to see me.

ALISHA

Forget it.

WADE

(annoyed)  
What do you mean forget it? It's a  
dying woman's last request.

ALISHA

He doesn't have the time....

QUINN

(rising)  
I'm going.

ALISHA

I don't think so.

QUINN

(loudly)  
I'm going!

Other patrons turn to look. She stands up and faces him.

QUINN

(harsh whisper)  
Now unless you want to risk  
creating a scene and raising the  
suspicions of Kyle Beck, I suggest  
you sit down.

(beat, then Alisha obeys)  
I'll see you when I get back.

The Camera tracks Quinn and Wade as they exit, coming to  
rest on a very suspicious Alan Hatcher, who's been watching  
from a corner booth.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

17

Arturo scans the front page of a newspaper displayed in a vending machine as Remmy talks on a nearby pay phone.

REMBRANDT

(on phone; exasperated)

Ma'am, I've asked three different people to put me through to Mr. Mallory's office!

(then)

Believe me, he'll take a collect call from Rembrandt Brown.

(then)

What's it matter how old I am? Hello? HELLO!!

He slams the phone down in disgust and exits the booth.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

No go, Professor.

ARTURO

So I heard. Look at this, Mr. Brown.

(gestures to the newspaper)

Congress has outlawed timber clear cutting. At least the young of this world treat the environment with respect.

REMBRANDT

That would really cheer me up Professor... if I was a tree. Look, we gotta figure out some way of hooking up with Wade and Q-Ball.

ARTURO

(getting his bearings)

Well, it appears we're downtown... and the mansion's out by Mt. Wilson. Considering we're... "on the lam"... I suggest a taxi.

REMBRANDT

We don't have any money.

ARTURO

Mr. Brown, I never thought I'd see the day when I would be forced to resort to what I'm about to do.

And with that, Arturo approaches a young PASSERBY.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ARTURO

Excuse me. Spare change?

The Passerby frowns, never stops moving. Rembrandt takes his cue from Arturo, and they mill between passing pedestrians, ad libbing requests for money. The young turks ignore them. Suddenly Rembrandt freezes at something he sees O.S.

REMBRANDT

Hey... hey Professor...

Arturo follows his gaze. Two nearby teen aged COPS are comparing Arturo and Rembrandt's faces to a flyer one of the cops holds. Making the connection, the cops start towards our heroes.

ARTURO

Run Mr. Brown!

And the chase is on. As the Sliders round a nearby corner, Rembrandt knocks over a SIDEWALK TRASH RECEPTACLE, sending it spinning into the two cops, briefly knocking them to the ground. Our heroes disappear into an alley.

18 EXT. ALLEY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

18

Arturo and Remmy dart down the alley, fast approaching a tall CYCLONE FENCE that blocks the exit.

CAMERA STAYS WITH REMBRANDT

He vaults onto the fence and struggles to scramble up. Reaching the top, he looks back for Arturo. He's gone!

REMBRANDT

Professor?!

ARTURO (O.S.)

Right here.

Surprised, Rembrandt turns around to discover...

ARTURO

already standing on the other side of the fence, waiting for Remmy! Remmy drops down next to him.

REMBRANDT

How'd you do that?!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

ARTURO

(simply)

I went through the gate.

He gestures to a small gate nestled against an alley wall. Remy shakes his head in exasperation, then they take off again as the cops enter the alley.

19 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BOULEVARD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

19

The alley empties into another busy street.

REMBRANDT

Now what?

Arturo glances around and spots THE HOLY LIGHT RESCUE MISSION FOR ANCIENTS across the street.

ARTURO

In there.

CUT TO:

20 INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM

20

Quinn and Wade wait at a table. MELANIE LING, a pretty woman in her late teens, wearing handcuffs, is led in by two Guards. As they move to the seat across from Quinn and Wade...

WADE

(whispers to Quinn)

She's just a kid.

Melanie sits. The guards stand behind her. Her cold eyes never leave Quinn's face. They sit staring at each other for an awkward beat. He's uncomfortable. Then...

QUINN

(gently)

Hi. I'm Quinn Mallory.

Melanie SPITS in his face. He's stunned. Pulls a handkerchief from his inside breast pocket and wipes it.

QUINN

(awkward, deliberate)

I came here... because you requested it.

MELANIE

That was really big of you.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

QUINN

(confused)  
What do you want from me?

MELANIE

What I want Q.R., is for you to  
be at my execution. I figure since  
you framed me for murder... the  
least you can do is watch me die.

Quinn's in shock, Wade's jaw drops. And as Melanie's eyes  
bore holes through the stricken Quinn we...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

21 INT. MANSION DEN - NIGHT

21

Alisha and Richard chat on a sofa. Alan Hatcher's in an easy chair conferring with two other ND execs when Quinn and Wade bolt in. Alisha rises, faking a pleasant demeanor.

ALISHA

Q.R., we've been waiting for you.  
We had a meeting scheduled to...

QUINN

Guys, I've got to cancel.  
Something just came up. Alisha,  
reschedule it for tomorrow.

Alisha reacts, realizes she has no choice.

ALISHA

Okay gentlemen... I'll be in touch.

As the execs exit, a suspicious Alan Hatcher stops. Turns back to Quinn.

HATCHER

You ever get that nagging feeling  
in your gut that something's not  
quite right, but you can't put your  
finger on it?

QUINN

(steeling himself)  
What do you mean, Alan?

HATCHER

I'm not sure yet...  
(pointed)  
...Q.R.

He eyes Quinn a moment, then exits.

QUINN

He suspects I'm not the real Q.R.

ALISHA

That's because Q.R. never would  
have pulled a stunt like this. Now  
let's get one thing straight...

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

QUINN

No, let me get something straight. Melanie Ling said her boss was murdered because he was against that stupid Educomp project.

ALISHA

That's absurd.

QUINN

His death opened up a space on the board of directors which was filled by my double.

ALISHA

So what?

QUINN

Educomp would never have gotten off the ground if her boss was alive. Which is why Melanie thinks my double murdered him and framed her.  
(and then)  
Is that true?

ALISHA

Look, this is all beside the point, isn't it?

QUINN

(to Wade)  
Let's go.

ALISHA

Slow down Superman. Where do you think you're going?

QUINN

To see if we can prove Melanie Ling's telling the truth.

ALISHA

You've got a board conference call in twenty minutes. You walk out that door, I guaranty you'll never see your precious little timer again.

QUINN

You don't let me out of here, I'll tell everyone I'm a fraud. You willing to see your precious little program go up in smoke?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

It's a stand-off. Finally, Alisha relents... softens.

ALISHA

Q.R. always said that between two extremes there lies a middle ground. Do the phone call, then you can go chase Melanie Ling's delusions if you want.

QUINN

Deal.

WADE

Quinn. I'm going now. Catch up with me at the law office.

As Wade passes Alisha she holds out a tube of mascara.

WADE

You dropped this on that chair.

ALISHA

I don't wear mascara.  
(eyeing chair)  
That's where Alan was sitting...

Off their suspicion...

CUT TO:

22 INT. HOLY LIGHT MISSION HALL - NIGHT

22

CAMERA SWEEPS the room, where dozens of "ancients" (late 30's, to early 50's) are being served meals, bedding down on cots, etc. On the walls are signs like "Age is a state of mind - God still loves you."

REMBRANDT AND ARTURO

wait at the head of a line outside a unisex rest room door. Behind them in line is JOANNE, 50, once a career woman, now on the street. Remmy taps on the rest room door.

REMBRANDT

Hey sport, others waitin'.  
(then, to Arturo)  
Man, that slop they call food is doing the Watusi in my stomach.

ARTURO

Which would you prefer, Mr. Brown?  
A meal of questionable origin here,  
or three squares a day behind bars?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

REMBRANDT

Since you asked, what I'd really like is for us to make tracks back to Wade and Quinn.

ARTURO

We will, just before the slide. Till then, it's better we stay here and blend in amongst our own age group. Less chance of exposure that way.

JOANNE

Where you fella's from?

ARTURO

Out of town.

JOANNE

Me too. I used to live in San Jose. Finance Manager for the city.

(bitterly)

Hard to believe I've been retired sixteen years.

ARTURO

Can't you find another line of work? I would think anything would be preferable to living like this.

JOANNE

You should know how tough it is to get minimum wage jobs. They always hire the hungry seventy-year olds who'll work overtime for free.

Rembrandt POUNDS on the locked door.

REMBRANDT

C'mon man! If it's that bad, see a doctor!

JOANNE

I did hear there might be an opening at Star Burger. The guy who worked the drive-thru got canned yesterday.

(glances around)

But don't tell anyone, okay? They had a fifty year old dishwasher kill himself last month and over seven hundred people applied.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 2

22

ARTURO

Unbelievable.

Enough. Rembrandt POUNDS on the door with both fists.

REMBRANDT

That's it! I'm breaking down this door!

Rembrandt's pounding draws the attention of a MISSION EMPLOYEE, who approaches with a set of keys.

REMBRANDT

All right. About time.

The employee unlocks the door and swings it open, REVEALING a sixty year old man who's HUNG HIMSELF FROM A LIGHT FIXTURE. The man wears a STAR BURGER T-shirt.

REMBRANDT

Sweet Jesus...

Off Remmy's and Arturo's reaction...

CUT TO:

23 INT. MANSION DEN - NIGHT

23

Quinn's at the desk, on the phone. Alisha listens on an extension.

QUINN

Yes sir.

He listens, keeping his eye on Alisha for prompting. She mouths the words "20 million" then holds up two fingers.

QUINN

Well, I think we can expect to ship at least twenty million units over the first two years.

(beat, then)

Thank you sir. Yes... see you for the vote. Tomorrow at noon.

He hangs up and starts for the door.

ALISHA

Where are you going?

QUINN

To change and then meet Wade. That was our agreement, wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Alisha approaches him... turns on the charm.

ALISHA  
Quinn... look, I realize this  
hasn't been easy.  
(presses against him)  
But I was thinking... well, you're  
so good at this... maybe you'd like  
to stay on.  
(gets even closer)  
The job does have some fringe  
benefits. And we'd make a helluva  
team.

QUINN  
Alisha... the only thing we have in  
common is wishing the person we're  
looking at was somebody else.

He backs away from her, turns and exits.

CUT TO:

24 INT. MANSION BEDROOM - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

24

Quinn bolts in, stripping off his jacket and tie. As he  
pulls a sweater from his dresser, Margo, the racy 22 year  
old from the party, appears in the mirror over the dresser,  
wearing only a teddy. Her image stops Quinn cold.

QUINN  
(under his breath)  
Oh, no.

MARGO  
Hi. Did you forget what night it  
is?

QUINN  
(turns to her)  
Uh... yeah... I guess I did.

MARGO  
That's not like you Q.R. Or am I  
not that important anymore?

She approaches. Puts her arms around his neck. If Quinn  
were wearing glasses, they'd be fogged right now.

QUINN...  
No. Of course you're important.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

MARGO

You had me worried.

She plants a steamy kiss on Quinn who doesn't go with it. She breaks the kiss, then steps back. She feigns hurt.

MARGO

What's the matter?

QUINN

The matter?

MARGO

There wasn't much feeling in that kiss. Maybe we should try it again.

This time she plants one so hard she bends him back over the dresser. Quinn struggles to get upright, then breaks the kiss and holds Margo at arms length.

MARGO

It's Alisha, isn't it? I thought you were over her.

QUINN

No... look, it's kinda complicated. I'm sorry. But I've got a meeting that just came up.

He grabs his sweater and heads for the door, looks back, sighs, then exits. Off Margo's suspicious look...

25 INT. MANSION CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

25

Quinn hurries down the hall.

QUINN

Alisha!? Alisha!

He passes the door to the security room. Opens it.

26 INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

The monitors are off. Quinn flicks a switch bringing them to life. He eyes each one, surprised to find Alisha in the den talking with Kyle Beck. He turns up the AUDIO.

CLOSE ON B&W MONITOR

BECK

So where do we stand with Q.R?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

ALISHA

About a quarter of a million dollars apart. And the board votes tomorrow on Educomp. Tick tock.

BECK

All right. I'll have the funds put in escrow. If Q.R. votes with us, they'll be transferred to your Swiss account. But if he doesn't, I swear you'll lose a lot more than just money.

ALISHA

(cocky)

Kyle, right now there's nothing Q.R. wouldn't do for me. Count on it.

RESUME QUINN

Angry, but his hands are tied. He switches off the monitors.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

27

A frustrated Margo tosses her things in her car when a MAN steps from the shadows. It's Alan Hatcher.

HATCHER

I see you're still lobbying for that promotion.

MARGO

Drop dead, Alan.

HATCHER

That went fast tonight. Even for a busy man like Q.R.

MARGO

(annoyed)

Is there something you want?

HATCHER

I want my curiosity satisfied. You see, I don't think the man you were just with is Q.R. Mallory.

Hatcher's eyes sparkle in anticipation.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

HATCHER  
Want to compare notes?

CUT TO:

28 INT. HOLY LIGHT MISSION - NIGHT

28

The mission's asleep. Rembrandt and Arturo fitfully share a mat and a single blanket on the cold floor. A woman's HAND reaches INTO FRAME and taps Rembrandt on the shoulder.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Rembrandt stirs, opens his eyes. Tiffany stands over him. He jabs Arturo in the backside.

REMBRANDT  
Professor...wake up, man, we've got problems.

Arturo slowly turns, spies Tiffany. He sighs.

ARTURO  
You've proven you're not a particularly bright girl, so how did you find us?

TIFFANY  
You're joking, right? Like half the ancients in here have passed through my court. Favors owed, favors paid.

REMBRANDT  
So what happens now?

TIFFANY  
Well, that humongously bone headed escape only made my job harder. Senility's one thing, violent tendencies are another.  
(sighs)  
But if you come back now, without any trouble...

ARTURO  
...you take the easy way out and we go off to jail.

TIFFANY  
Helloooo? I told you. You're in and out in thirty days. Okay?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ARTURO

It is most certainly not...  
(mimics her)  
..."okay."  
(then, with zeal)  
For God's sake, girl, you're a  
defense attorney. Where's your  
passion to fight injustice?

TIFFANY

Look old man... I've only got about  
ten years left before I'm out.  
Half my day is wasted playing  
politics just so I can stay in the  
game.

ARTURO

That still leaves you half a day to  
do the right thing for your  
clients.

REMBRANDT

Miss... we're both a lot older than  
you, seen a lot more of life. And  
I gotta tell you..this smacks of  
how they used to treat blacks in  
the South.

Tiffany sighs... but she's listening.

REMBRANDT

They just shuttled them through,  
justice be damned. As long as  
everybody got home in time for  
supper.

ARTURO

Not exactly what the Founding  
fathers had in mind.

TIFFANY

(considers, then)  
Yeah, well... the Founding Fathers  
didn't have my caseload.

She looks to the front door, where for the first time we see  
that COPS are waiting. As they head for Arturo and Remmy...

DISSOLVE TO:

29 EXT. LAW OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT - TO ESTABLISH

29

30 INT. FILE ROOM - NIGHT

30

Wade sits at a small desk in a cramped file room, surrounded by mounds of legal papers. She looks up as Quinn enters.

WADE

What took so long?

QUINN

Let's just say I was handling a very touchy personnel problem. Find anything?

WADE

According to the transcript, Melanie says she left work at six. She says she went right home and stayed there.

(pulls out a document)

But the security scanner at her boss' office recorded her re-entry at seven-thirty... the time the coroner says he was shot.

(leans back, frustrated)

That's what swayed the jury. How could she be at home when her hand print says she's at work?

A chill passes through Quinn, then....

QUINN

I know how. I saw Alisha with a copy of my double's hand print. She'd figured out a way to hack into the employee data base and recreate it.

(then)

Wade... maybe Melanie's blaming the wrong person.

A beat, then Wade quickly thumbs a file folder thru...

WADE

There was something in the transcript...

(she finds the file)

Here it is... the detectives found a bloody shoe print at the scene. Woman's size eight. That's Melanie's size.

QUINN

That doesn't help us any.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

WADE  
Quinn, don't you remember? I had  
to borrow shoes for the party.  
Alisha wore size six... but I found  
a pair of eights buried in the back  
of her closet!

As this sinks in for Quinn...

CUT TO:

31 EXT. LAW BUILDING - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

31

Wade and Quinn hurriedly exit the building. As they near  
Q.R.'s car...

QUINN  
If we can get the police to match  
up that shoe you wore at the party  
to the shoe print found at the  
murder...

Suddenly SHOTS RING OUT! The windshield SHATTERS as Wade  
and Quinn drop.

ANGLE - GROUND LEVEL - WADE AND QUINN

TWO MORE SHOTS ping off the car. The shooter's closing in.

QUINN  
Come on!

He grabs Wade and they dart away from the car and into...

32 EXT. - AVENUE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

32

As Wade and Quinn bolt for safety, a VAN parked down the  
street suddenly roars to life and RACES TOWARDS THEM.

ANGLE - VAN BEARING DOWN ON THEM

The street's wide, they'll never make the safety of the  
curb. Caught in the van's blinding headlights, it looks as  
though our heroes are road kill.

At the last possible instant, they dive in opposite  
directions, the van SLICING BETWEEN THEM. As they roll and  
come up, they watch in relief as the van rockets around a  
corner and disappears. Off Wade and Quinn's reaction...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT IV

FADE IN:

33 INT. QUINN'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

33

Alan Hatcher reclines in Quinn's desk chair, looking through several reports. The door opens and Quinn and Alisha enter. They stop at the sight of Hatcher.

QUINN

What are you doing here?

HATCHER

Just getting the feel for this desk. I am next in line for your job.

QUINN

What makes you think I'm going anywhere?

HATCHER

Well, for starters, you're not Q.R. Mallory. I knew something was up but it wasn't until my little chat with Margo last night...

ALISHA

You really should have been at the meeting this morning, Alan. You were the main topic of conversation.

HATCHER

What are you talking about?

QUINN

I announced your resignation.

HATCHER

You what?!

QUINN

I had personnel do some checking for me this morning. You lied about your age when you were hired here.

Hatcher goes pale.

QUINN

You're not twenty-seven. You're thirty-three. You were supposed to retire two years ago.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

HATCHER

Go to hell. I'm blowing the  
whistle on you.

ALISHA

Forget it, Alan. Right now  
credibility isn't worth the cost of  
your mascara.

She holds up the mascara they found earlier.

QUINN

I wondered why a man would carry  
mascara, unless it was to color the  
gray in his beard.

ALISHA

Come on, Alan. Security is waiting  
for you in your office.

She leads the shell shocked Hatcher out. As soon as they're  
gone, Quinn moves to his desk and hits the remote. The TV  
comes to life. Stay on Quinn as we HEAR the voice of a 14  
year old female field reporter.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

... We're now just fifteen hours  
away from Melanie Ling's execution,  
the first woman to be executed in  
California in ten years. And just  
moments ago, speaking through her  
lawyers, she still insists she's  
innocent of murdering her  
supervisor...

A frantic Wade bursts in, closes the door behind her. Quinn  
kills the TV.

WADE

They're gone!

QUINN

What?

WADE

The shoes! The size eights. I  
checked Alisha's closet after you  
two left this morning. She must  
have gotten rid of them when she  
heard we were going to look into  
Melanie's case.

(beat, then)

I'm going to see her.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 2

33

QUINN

And say what?

WADE

(heads for door)  
Say we know she tried to run us  
down last night and we know she  
framed Melanie.

QUINN

No! We'll never get the timer  
back.

WADE

(impassioned)  
Quinn, an innocent woman is about  
to be executed. We've got to do  
something.

QUINN

Look, all the evidence we have now  
is circumstantial. The only way we  
could save Melanie would be to get  
a confession from Alisha.

WADE

Oh, great. And I'm sure once we  
got a confession out of her she'd  
be happy to give us the timer back  
as a thank you.

A beat as Quinn thinks, then....

QUINN

Maybe there's a way to get both.

Off Wade's expectant look...

CUT TO:

34 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

34

A 17 year old judge presides. Various spectators,  
defendants and lawyers are scattered among the benches. In  
the front row sit a concerned Arturo and Rembrandt. Across  
from them, the Bartender from the Lamplighter.

REMBRANDT

I hope you know what you're doing.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

ARTURO

Mister Brown if we expect to have any hope of getting out of here before we slide, the further away we stay from ...Tiffany... the better.

JUDGE (O.S.)

Rembrandt Brown and Maximilian Arturo!

Remmy and Arturo rise and approach the bench.

JUDGE

Gentlemen, you've elected to represent yourselves, is that correct?

ARTURO

That's right...

The next two words nearly stick in Arturo's throat.

ARTURO

...your honor.

JUDGE

You're charged with assault, trespassing and failing to appear for your arraignment. How do you plead?

ARTURO

On the charge of assault, it was merely a case of self-defense. I assure you neither Mister Brown nor myself threw the first punch.

JUDGE

(looks over at bartender)  
Is that true?

BARTENDER

Well... maybe, but they...

The judge slams his gavel down silencing the bartender.

JUDGE

Dismissed.

(to Arturo)

What about failing to appear and trespassing?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 2

34

ARTURO

Your honor. I feel it's imperative that the court consider those charges within the context of a society that has come to regard its elders as so much... excess baggage. You see when men like ourselves...

JUDGE

Mr. Arturo, I get the distinct feeling your ramblings are going nowhere.

(slams gavel)

Ninety days. Next case.

REMBRANDT

Nice work.

At that moment the courtroom doors open. Tiffany enters, briefcase under her arm, and marches down the center aisle.

TIFFANY

Your honor, may I approach? I have some information pertinent to this case.

She passes Remmy and Arturo and approaches the judge.

JUDGE

Miss August, I've been led to understand you no longer represent these men.

REMBRANDT

She represents me!

JUDGE

Go ahead, Miss August.

TIFFANY

(pulling out some papers)  
Your honor, it's come to my attention that according to article three section five regarding eating establishments...

(reads from papers)

...I quote, "signs refusing service are required to be posted in a location clearly visible from the exterior of said establishment."

(looks up at judge)

In fact, the only sign the Lamplighter has is over the bar.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 3

34

The judge looks over at the bartender who shrugs.

TIFFANY

So there was no way these men would have known they were trespassing. Until it was too late. In light of that I request the charge and all related charges be dismissed.

The judge slams the gavel.

JUDGE

Done. Next case.

Remmy and Arturo approach Tiffany.

REMBRANDT

Girl, you just pulled a rabbit out of a hat.

ARTURO

Miss August, I owe you an apology.

TIFFANY

No, I owe you. What you two said at the shelter opened my eyes to a few things. So I hit the books and did some digging.

(and then)

I guess when you're up to your butt in alligators, you tend to forget that your job is to drain the swamp. Thanks.

Off everyone's relief...

CUT TO:

35 INT. MANSION DEN - DAY

35

Quinn, in his own clothes once again, reclines on a sofa. A beat, then somewhere O.S., Alisha SLAMS the front door.

ALISHA (O.S.)

Quinn?! Where are you, damnit?!  
QUINN!

Quinn doesn't answer. Alisha enters, staring daggers.

QUINN

(friendly)

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

ALISHA

Where the hell were you?! You missed the board meeting!

QUINN

(glances at watch)  
Guess this thing's running slow.

ALISHA

You son of a bitch! Because of you, Educomp is dead! And Kyle Beck fired me after the vote!

QUINN

Just as well. You're gonna need the time to work on your defense.

ALISHA

What are you talking about?

QUINN

(rising)  
You were right about Q.R. He didn't frame Melanie Ling... you did.

ALISHA

Oh, give me a break.

QUINN

I think the cops would find it interesting to learn you're an expert at hacking into Endeavor's security computer and lifting palm prints.

ALISHA

It's only your word.

QUINN

Maybe. But then there's those size eight shoes you had in your closet. Wanna bet there's still traces of blood on them?

ALISHA

Gone. Donated to an ancient's clothing drive.

QUINN

Then there's the bribe you took from Kyle Beck to deliver my vote for Educomp. A vote that couldn't be sold if Melanie's boss was alive.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 2

35

ALISHA

But you didn't vote, so no law was broken.

(feeling good about things)

Nice try, Quinn. You're right of course, I did it. But everything you have is circumstantial.

QUINN

I think it's enough to start a formal investigation. And who knows where that would lead?

Quinn's got a point and Alisha's face says she knows it.

QUINN

Look.. I don't care what happens to you, or Melanie, or anybody else on this world.

(and then)

Just give me the timer and I'm out of your life. And everything I know goes with me.

Alisha considers a beat, then heads to a nearby THREE FOOT CERAMIC PANTHER resting in a corner. Wrapping her hands around it's neck, she twists once and the animal's head pops off, REVEALING it's a SAFE. As she reaches inside...

QUINN

Clever.

She ignores him, pulls the timer from the safe. As she tosses it to him...

ALISHA

Choke on it.

Quinn catches the timer, looks to make sure it's working. He looks back at Alisha in time to see her withdraw a GUN from the safe. As she levels it at him...

ALISHA

Do you really think I'm going to let you ruin my life and then just walk away?

(takes the timer from him)

I'm 24 years old Quinn... and thanks to you, all washed up.

(she cocks the gun)

Since you've ended my future... I'm going to end yours.

CUT TO:

36 EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

36

Alisha marches Quinn at gun point towards the pool.

QUINN  
Gonna be hard to explain a body  
with a bullet in it, Alisha.

They pass a glass patio table. Alisha lays the timer down,  
grabs a heavy ashtray off the glass.

ALISHA  
Thanks for your concern, but I'm  
becoming an old hand at killing  
Quinn Mallory's.

This stops Quinn and he turns to her, confused.

ALISHA  
After all I'd done for him... even  
commit murder to help his career...  
he was going to fire me and hire  
that slut Margo.

She gestures at him with the gun to keep moving.

QUINN  
This won't work, Alisha.

ALISHA  
Why not? You accidentally fell,  
hit your head and drowned. It even  
explains why you missed the vote.

Quinn's reaches the edge of the pool, stops.

ALISHA  
Don't turn around...

She raises the ashtray, prepares to bring it down onto the  
back of Quinn's skull when...

WADE (O.S.)  
Alisha don't!

Startled, Alisha instinctively turns towards the house,  
where

WADE

stands at the patio doors.

QUINN

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

seizes the moment and grabs Alisha's gun hand. They struggle and the gun goes off, the bullet SPLINTERING the door jamb inches from Wade.

ALISHA

elbows Quinn in the stomach and breaks free, the gun sliding across the grass. She grabs a nearby GARDENER'S HOE, swings it at his head. Quinn ducks, the hoe ARCS though the air perilously close to his scalp.

The momentum of the swing leaving her vulnerable, Quinn tackles Alisha. They hit the ground hard. Before Alisha can react, Wade's standing over her with the gun.

37 EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - DAY - SAME TIME

37

Arturo and Rembrandt walk up the driveway.

REMBRANDT

Man, they're never going to believe what happened to us.

ARTURO

Yes. It'll consume an entire chapter in Miss Welles diary.

38 EXT. MANSION REAR GROUNDS - DAY - SAME TIME

38

ALISHA

Just take your damn timer and get out of here.

WADE

And let you get away with murder?

ALISHA

(cocky)  
I'm sure you'd both be great witnesses, only by the time you testified, you'd miss your slide.

WADE

You can wipe that cocky grin off your face. I've been in your security room. I have your entire confession on video tape.

As the ugly reality dawns on Alisha...

ANOTHER ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Rembrandt and Arturo approach from the side of the mansion. They react to the sight of Wade holding a gun on Alisha.

REMBRANDT

(to Arturo)

Why do I think they're going to have a better story than we do?

Off Arturo's reaction, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

39 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

39

A group of reporters wait on the steps. A beat, then the door opens and Melanie Ling steps out, accompanied by her teenaged attorney. As reporters rush up the steps to interview her, the CAMERA WHIP PANS TO

THE MOUTH OF AN ALLEY

where the Sliders watch the scene on the courthouse steps.

WADE

(to Quinn)

So... how does it feel?

QUINN

Incredible.

REMBRANDT

Congratulations Q-ball. It's not every world you get a chance to save a young girl's life.

QUINN

Thanks. But I'll still be glad to get off this world.

Quinn activates the timer opening the vortex off screen.

ARTURO

Not nearly as much as I. Shall we?

Arturo rushes out of frame into the wormhole followed by Remmy. Wade and Quinn take a last look back at Melanie Ling, then exchange a smile. Wade gives Quinn an affectionate hug then darts to the wormhole.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Quinn, framed by the whirling vortex, looks over his shoulder one last time back to Melanie, savoring the moment.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Then he turns and jumps headlong into his next adventure.

HOLD ON THE VORTEX

as it closes and we FADE OUT.

THE END