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SLIDERS

PRINCE OF WAILS

(formerly "A Royal Pain" and "The Royals")

Written

by

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and

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(X)

SLIDERS

PRINCE OF WAILS

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BLUE SKIES - DAY

1

Idyllic. Perfect.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)
(frustrated)
So there I was, cruising along,
happy as a clam, my beautiful
wheels shining in the sun. I tell
you, the world was my oyster --

WADE (O.S.)
-- Oysters and clams. Someone got
seafood on the brain?

REMBRANDT (O.S.)
Hush up girl, I ain't finished!

We slowly PAN DOWN to what is clearly the TIP of the
TRANSAMERICA PYRAMID.

REMBRANDT (O.S., CONT'D)
Thousands of fans, breathlessly
waiting for The Crying Man to
deliver their anthem, were about to
be disappointed.

We don't get far down its distinctive pinnacle before we
discover Wade and Rembrandt hanging onto it for dear life.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
And all because a junior Nutty
Professor couldn't control his
vortex!
(quivering sob)
Why couldn't you have pointed that
thing straight up - taken your Momma
with you 'stead of me - an innocent
celebrity!

Rembrandt starts to weep... thinking back on these events
is just too much for him. ANGLE TO INCLUDE QUINN and
ARTURO also clinging on to the tower for survival sake.

QUINN
Quit crying, you know I didn't do it
on purpose. How many times can I
say I'm sorry?

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

Just keep sayin' it! I'll tell you
when to stop!

The top of the pyramid CREAKS and vibrates - all the
Sliders instantly freeze. PULL BACK TO REVEAL that the
TransAmerica Tower is ninety percent covered in water.

All around, all we see is a cold gray ocean - the only
other structure in sight is the half-submerged Golden Gate
Bridge in the distance.

WADE

(trying to be brave)
Hang in there guys. It's almost
time to Slide, right Quinn?

Quinn dares to free one hand, to check the timer.

QUINN

Less than two minutes.

REMBRANDT

And not a minute too soon!

ARTURO

Providing none of us slips and
drowns, providing we live long
enough to make it to another Earth -
I propose we make a vow to lay low
and relax. No matter what the
circumstance. Agreed?

WADE

Agreed.

REMBRANDT

Abso-damn-lutely.

They wait for Quinn's response, all looks turning to
frowns as he hesitates. Finally, he nods.

QUINN

Okay, okay. Wherever we land next,
no involvement with the locals.

WADE

(looking past them,
scared)
Do you think maybe we could start
that policy here?

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED (2)

1

ARTURO
(sighing)
Miss Welles, San Francisco is
hundreds of feet under the ocean.
There are no locals.

(X)
(X)
(X)

WADE
Then what do you call him?

Wade is pointing a shaky finger at the water, and trying to climb higher up the pyramid at the same time. One by one, they turn their heads to see what she sees...

ARTURO
(tight half-whisper)
I stand corrected.

2 SLIDERS POV - A HORRIBLE SHARK-CREATURE

2

is cutting through the water, just under the surface. It is dark green, about the size of a small submarine, and has a huge double winged fin.

And, worst of all... it is heading straight for the pyramid... and the four clinging Sliders.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. THE OCEAN ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 3

Either the ocean is rising or the building is sinking - either way, the Sliders are almost in the water.

A FIN streaks past Wade. She yelps and retracts her legs, shimmying up the tower.

ARTURO
(tiring)
I can't... hang on... any longer!

QUINN
Just twelve more seconds, Professor.
You can do it!

The fin circles again, closer now, sensing that prey is about to enter his murky domain... (X)

QUINN (CONT'D)
Three, two, one...

Quinn points the device down into the water and the gate begins to form, looking like a swirling whirlpool in the ocean.

Arturo loses his grip and falls off the tower... and straight into the vortex.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Let's go! Now!!

Quinn and Wade leap. Keeping a wary eye on the shark, Rembrandt times his jump, closes his eyes, plugs his nose... and leaps. (X)

4 EXT. THE VOID 4

kaleidoscope of color and sound. (X)

5 EXT. NEW EARTH - DAY - TIGHT ON THE SLIDERS 5

landing with a splash in a swirling rush of water. Rembrandt rolls over, sputtering, coughing, and PANICKING as he sees a GIANT FISH leaping for him. He scrambles backwards, and that's when the ANGLE WIDENS

The Sliders are in a FOUNTAIN, the giant fish part of the statuary in the center. Rembrandt notices the other Sliders staring at him. He quickly regains his dignity. (X)

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

REMBRANDT

That felt good.

(stretches:)

I like a little exercise after a
Slide to get the blood circulating.

ARTURO

(chagrinned)

I suggest we get out of the fountain
before we draw too much more
attention.

The Sliders climb out of the fountain, which is only a foot deep after all. Some of the people passing by on the sidewalk are staring their way, whispering to one another as if recognizing something that amazes them.

As the Sliders take their first cautious steps away from the fountain, the handful of locals nervously bow several times, flash tight, unnatural smiles, then hightail it.

REMBRANDT

Man, this planet's already weird.
How long we stuck here?

QUINN

(checking timer)

Six days, fourteen hours, three
minutes and ten seconds.

WADE

That's not so bad. This Earth's
miles better than the last one - at
least we're safe and dry.

They walk towards the street. As we PAN UP and see signage of a nearby building: "BENEDICT ARNOLD SAVINGS AND LOAN."

Wade spots a NEWSPAPER on the sidewalk. She looks to her LEFT, sees no cars, then steps into the street.

6 THE PAPER - BSA TODAY - THE HEADLINE

6

reads: SECRET LOVE TAPES OF PRINCE HAROLD REVEALED. The Randy Heir shocks the nation again, expressing contempt for the people and lust for the sixteen year old target of his affection. Suddenly, a loud honk (O.S.). Wade whirls around to see A BLACK BENTLEY (logo'd Imperial Hotel on its side panel) bearing down on her. Quinn barely pulls her out of the way - the Bentley screeches to a halt, and the irate driver jumps out of the car. (X)

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

DRIVER
 (British accent)
 Are you blind, you stupid little
 strumpet?! You're lucky I don't

He suddenly cuts off in mid-sentence - much to the Sliders amazement, he also flashes a highly nervous smile, while executing several rapid-fire half-bows.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 (shameless groveling)
 It was my fault, entirely my fault.
 Please find it in your heart to
 forgive my reckless driving - there
 is simply no excuse for it.

The Sliders exchange glances, trying to figure out the sudden reversal in his behavior.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 Perhaps you'd allow me the honor of
 making it up to you. Our entire
 hotel is at your disposal. Why
 don't I take you to the Royal Suite?

ARTURO
 That may be a bit more than we can
 afford.

For a second the driver freezes - then he BURSTS OUT LAUGHING, as if it's the funniest joke he's ever heard, never taking his nervous eyes off Arturo. (X)

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 More than you can afford?! Oh, you
 kill me, sir --
 (suddenly; highly
 nervous)
 -- I meant that as a pun of course.

Deadly silence. The driver nervously mops his brow, suddenly very afraid. Then, here comes that weak smile again...

DRIVER (CONT'D)
 (weak, half-exhausted)
 To the Royal Suite. What fun...
 what fun.

7 INT. THE ROYAL SUITE - DAY - THE SLIDERS

7

enter the high-priced hotel room, the anxious driver at their heels.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

DRIVER

Whatever your needs, we stand ready to meet them...with the utmost discretion, of course.

ARTURO

Since you put it that way, we could also use some dry clothes and a hot meal.

(X)

DRIVER

Of course! Chef will send you a selection of his specialties immediately. Serving you makes my life worthwhile.

He bows and actually exits the room in that position, taking little backward steps, then closing the door behind him. Off the Sliders, completely perplexed but not at all unhappy.

TIME CUT TO

8 LATER - A ROOM SERVICE TABLE

8

loaded with the half-eaten remains of a massive meal. To be honest, the food looks rather weak: pale meat and potatoes, kippers, scones, bangers, etc.

(X)

ARTURO

(reading from BSA Today)

This San Francisco is part of The British States of America. The Americans must've lost the revolutionary war, and the monarchy continues to rule this country.

REMBRANDT

I've got no problem with the British. We made "Top of the Pops" over there.

(X)

(X)

(X)

ARTURO

More to the point, the British make a religion of minding their own business. As long as we don't upset the status quo, we should be blissfully anonymous for our entire stay here.

REMBRANDT

I could live with spending six days in this suite. But we're gonna have to order out - the food here's terrible.

(X)

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

ARTURO

(indicates paper)

It says here King Thomas is missing on the battlefields of France, and the Sheriff of San Francisco has been named acting regent of the western Americas, until Prince Harold can be crowned next week.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Wade snatches the newspaper from Arturo.

WADE

Forget the war in France. You left out the good stuff.

(reads:)

"Playboy Prince Caught in Love-Nest with Teenage Vixen and her sixty year old granny!"

QUINN

I can't believe that people in the twentieth century would let themselves be ruled by a monarchy.

ARTURO

Undoubtedly they've been waiting for a precocious college boy to arrive from another world to show them the error of their ways.

(X)

QUINN

(tongue in cheek)

That would explain why they keep bowing to us.

Wade hits the remote -- The TV flashes on.

9 ON SCREEN - ARTURO'S DOUBLE

9

dressed regally, sitting in a throne-like chair and speaking straight to the camera.

SHERIFF

-- We're back, discussing some of my legislative initiatives. As part of my contract with America, I have enacted a middle class tax cut...

10 ON SLIDERS

10

All heads turn to our Arturo...

ARTURO

Good lord.

11 BACK TO THE TV

11

SHERIFF

Starting today, you middle income
 commoners will only have to pay 74% (X)
 of your gross earnings to my (X)
 government, a generous 2% decrease.

CANNED APPLAUSE rings out... then abruptly stops.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

In other news, as part of Operation (X)
 Safe Streets, I'm pleased to tell
 you we have executed more criminals
 in the first six months of this year
 than all of last year combined.

MORE CANNED APPLAUSE. A horrified Arturo grabs the remote
 and changes the channel. Amazingly, the same live feed of
 Arturo is every channel. Arturo pushes the off button.

QUINN

So much for blissful anonymity.

REMBRANDT

What's gonna happen when they find
 out he--
 (motions to the TV:)
 Ain't him.

ARTURO

I, for one, don't want to be around
 to find out.

Arturo stands up; Wade hands him the phone.

WADE

But for the moment, you're still the
 Sheriff. No sense leaving empty
 handed.

ARTURO

(gets the point;takes
 the phone)
 Sometimes, Miss Welles, you frighten
 me.
 (imperious)
 Yes my good man, I'd like a car
 brought around immediately. I want
 the trunk stocked with a generous (X)
 supply of your finest cheeses and
 fresh fruit; all current magazines
 and periodicals ... and whatever
 spare cash you have in the register.

And on Wade's approving look, we

DISSOLVE TO

12 INT. JAGUAR - DAY

12

Arturo sits behind the wheel of the Jaguar, glowing with pleasure. He runs a loving hand over the walnut dash.

ARTURO

Say what you will about the monarchy, but I feel it's refreshing to see a world in which plastic American vulgarity is out... and the British tradition of pride in craftsmanship is in.

SMASHCUT TO:

13 EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY - WADE, QUINN AND REMBRANDT

13

push the Jaguar -- logo'd "The Sheriff of San Francisco" -- along a dirt road.

WADE

Not to mention British engineering.

Arturo is still behind the wheel, nominally steering but basically reading from a history book...

ARTURO

Fascinating. George Washington was hung in 1779, a mere footnote in British colonial history.

REMBRANDT

(sarcastic)

That is fascinating.

ARTURO

Without the inspiration provided by the Founding Fathers, none of history's other revolutionary movements were successful. This world is run by a handful of monarchs.

QUINN

You mean the French Revolution never happened? The Russian Revolution? The Chinese Revolution?

REMBRANDT

How 'bout the sexual revolution?

(off their looks)

It's always been my favorite.

The road is going uphill now, Quinn stops pushing.

QUINN

We aren't getting anywhere. This seems like as good a place as any to camp out.

14 EXT. CLEARING NEAR THE ROAD - DAY

14

The Sliders have built a small fire, using tabloid newspaper as kindling. Wade is warming herself, checking out the remaining tabloids, which scream degrading headlines about the prince.

QUINN

We're gonna need more wood. I'll be right back.

Arturo and Rembrandt join Wade by the fire.

ARTURO

This is not so bad. In our world, this beautiful glade would be downtown Oakland.

WADE

(off the tabloid)

I can't believe this Prince Harold guy -- what a total idiot. He only likes women under twenty or over sixty! And he's quoted as saying that poor people have chosen to be poor, because otherwise they'd be rich!

(X)

(X)

She tosses a picture of the prince into the fire -- looks to us very much like Prince Charles in his mid-twenties.

CUT TO

15 ACROSS THE GLADE

15

Quinn wanders along out of sight of the others, collecting wood. He picks up an odd piece. It's a vertical section of a broken sign. Nearby, he finds its pair: ROYAL GAME PRESERVE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT BY ORDER OF HIS MAJESTY. Uh-oh. That's when he notices the oncoming RUMBLING OF ENGINES. THREE POLICE CARS are coming up the road right at him. He drops the wood and starts to run, but the cruisers cut him off --

HURLEY'S VOICE

(over loudspeaker)

You are in a restricted area!

(like LAPD)

Stay right where you are!

(X)

Quinn puts his hands up, uh-oh. As armed Sheriff's deputies exit the cruisers --

CUT TO

16 EXT. FOREST CLEARING - RESUME WADE, REMBRANDT AND ARTURO 16

Wade reading --

WADE

Here's one: "Feudal society built this great empire: It may not be perfect but it's the best system on Earth." What's he talking about?

ARTURO

As we decided: we're tourists on this world. Let's not be judgmental. (X)
(X)

WADE

(off the prince's newspaper photo)
Look at this guy -- He looks like Alfalfa. How's a nerd like that get to be king? (X)

REMBRANDT

It's the army.

ARTURO

(pompous)
On the contrary -- history shows a military elite tends to depose, rather than impose, monarchical hierarchies --

REMBRANDT

No, I mean it's the army!

He points over the rise where the military-looking police cruisers are coming right at them -- (X)

17 THE LEAD COP CAR 17

brakes to a stop, deputies exiting.

HURLEY'S VOICE

(over loudspeaker)
Put your hands over your heads!

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn)
Now this is like downtown Oakland. (X)

18 CAPTAIN HURLEY 18

exits the cruiser, precise and officious. He's got an eye patch

HURLEY

Keep your hands where I can see 'em!

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

Arturo steps forward. Hurley reacts with surprise.

HURLEY
Sheriff -- I didn't expect to see
you here.

ARTURO
Well, now you've seen me.

HURLEY
Are you here to oversee the
operation?

ARTURO
(goes with it)
That's the general idea.

HURLEY
We were concerned -- we've been
trying to secure the area and we
saw a perpetrator hiding in the
undergrowth.

(X)

That's when Quinn, riding in the back seat of one of the
cruisers, jumps out --

ARTURO
Your so-called "perpetrator" is
with-me.

HURLEY
(to Quinn)
Our apologies, sir.
(then; to Arturo)
Do you want to ride with us, sir?
So you can witness it firsthand?

ARTURO
I've made my own arrangements.
(then)
Thank you, Officer.

HURLEY
Officer?

(X)
(X)

ARTURO
Er, uh, Captain.

(X)
(X)

Captain Hurley, a tad perplexed, climbs in; the cruisers
rumble off. The Sliders let out a collective sigh of
relief.

(X)

WADE
(to Quinn)
You okay?

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED (2) 18

QUINN

I heard the cops talking. They're planning to ambush some guy in the woods.

(off them)

He probably took one of the king's deer to feed his family.

(they know where he's headed; off their grumbling)

I know we decided not to interfere, but c'mon -- these guys mean business. They have sharp shooter rifles back there.

(X)

(X)

It's meant particularly for Arturo. He's the one who can make a difference. (X)

CUT TO

19 EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST - A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN 19

25, decked out in the finest Barbour hunting attire, and wearing a hunting cap which hides his face -- creeps through the brush, his rifle poised. (X)

20 ANGLE - A TANGLE OF BRUSH 20

He's grouse hunting. Raises his rifle to his shoulder. There's something uncertain, like he's never done this before. Suddenly (X)

21 A CAR DOOR 21

slams O.S. A dozen grouse go flying

22 THE YOUNG MAN 22

pivots, annoyed; sees --

23 SIX FLAK-JACKETED OFFICERS 23

guns aimed at him. The click of bullets sliding into chambers --

YOUNG MAN

Good God!

Then, instantaneously, he disappears out of camera --

24 ANGLE - THE GROUND 24

Wade and Rembrandt hold one of the young man's ankles. Quinn covers the young man's mouth.

CONTINUED

ARTURO
Stay down!
(then)
I'll handle this!

He gets up. The young man's about to call out.

QUINN
(covering his mouth)
Shh

YOUNG MAN
Who are you people? What's
happening?

ARTURO (O.S.)
Hold your fire!

QUINN
Those Sheriff's deputies were gonna
whack you, buddy.

WADE
(reacts)
Oh, my God! Quinn!
(then)
Don't you know who this is?

QUINN
Who?

WADE
It's Prince Harold!

Off Quinn: What?

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

25 EXT. FOREST - DAY

25

Quinn, Rembrandt and Arturo push through the dense woods.

REMBRANDT
Hey, look. Things could be worse.

He pushes past a branch which swings back and hits Arturo in the face.

ARTURO
How exactly have you come to that conclusion?

REMBRANDT
We got a new best friend and he's gonna be king. That's gotta be good, don't you think?

QUINN
Except that we're in the middle of a plot to assassinate him, I couldn't agree more.

ARTURO
Let's just deposit him safely, and clear out --
(then)
No, entanglements, high or low

A short distance behind, Wade and the Prince follow.

PRINCE
Sheriff? I'm getting rather hungry. Shouldn't we head back to the estate?

QUINN
(to Arturo)
What're we gonna do? He thinks you're the Sheriff.

ARTURO
(irritated; to Prince)
Listen to me. I am not the Sheriff. I keep trying to explain to you. We happen to share a superficial resemblance.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

PRINCE

Indeed. And I'm not Prince Harold,
and this isn't my game preserve, and
that's not your crest on the door of
that Jaguar.

(X)

Indeed, as they come through the trees, they see they've
reached the Jag. Unfortunately, it's been stripped clean,
doors, hood, and trunk open, everything gone.

ARTURO

(flash of panic)
The timer!

(X)

QUINN

(it's okay)
In my pocket.

They move into the clearing to inspect the wreckage.

WADE

Stripped clean.

Suddenly A CLICK of something metallic. They turn --

26 THE WOODS - GANG BANGERS

26

more like I.R.A. sympathizers thick sweaters, duffel
coats, etc.

27 THE MOUTH OF THE CLEARING - MORE GANG BANGERS

27

cutting off the escape route.

28 THE GROUP'S LEADER - REBECCA

28

steps forward, her hair tied under a bandana.

REMBRANDT

(to Arturo; sotto)
Do something, Sheriff.

ARTURO

(off her menace)
I don't think so.

REBECCA

My, my, said the spider to the fly.
(then)
Look what's wandered into Raider
territory.

REMBRANDT

Raiders? You're not... the Oakland
Raiders?

(X)

CONTINUED

28 CONTINUED

28

REBECCA

If you know who we are, Little Brother, why are you stupid enough to come wandering down here?

Quinn steps forward.

QUINN

Because we've been looking for you. To join your fight!

REBECCA

Easy words to say at the point of a gun.

QUINN

I'll prove it..

He steps aside, revealing Arturo and Prince Harold. Off the Raiders' disbelief --

QUINN

I bring you as hostages the Prince of Greater Britain and the Sheriff of San Francisco!

ARTURO

May I say, I am not

QUINN

Take them!

There's a great whoop from the Raiders -- as if the L.A. rioters had captured Darryl Gates. Off Arturo

CUT TO

29 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

29

in a deserted, abandoned, industrial district.

(X)

30 QUINN

30

tries to be heard over the clamor --

QUINN

Listen to me! They're worth more to us alive than dead!

REBECCA

(to the crowd)
Quiet!

CONTINUED

30 CONTINUED

30

QUINN
What is it you want? Justice? Food
and Shelter?

RAIDER #1
We want our brothers and sisters
out of jail!

(X)

QUINN
As long as these hostages are alive,
the government will give us anything
we want!
(to Arturo)
And the Sheriff knows it!

At Quinn's cue, Arturo grudgingly nods. Rembrandt gives
Quinn a look: not bad.

CUT TO

31 INT. BACK ROOM - ARTURO AND PRINCE HAROLD

31

are tied and bound, seated back to back in chairs. The
scene reminds us of "The Crying Game."

PRINCE HAROLD
I don't understand. What do these
people want with us?

ARTURO
(sighs, playing his
role)
I think it has something to do with
avenging social injustice.

PRINCE HAROLD
But why? What did I ever do to
them?

ARTURO
Try this: you're rich and they're
poor.

PRINCE HAROLD
But how? You told me America has
the highest GNP of all of the
colonies.

ARTURO
I told you no such thing!
(then)
All right, maybe I did. Instead of
debating public policy, let's try to
concentrate on staying alive, shall
we?

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED 31

Under which

32 WADE 32

enters, bringing some water and a couple of mealy sandwiches --

ARTURO
What's happening out there?

WADE
They're debating whether to hang you now or hold off until all political prisoners are released from prison. (X)
(Arturo jumps) (X)
The important thing is to keep everybody in one piece until we can get to the slide.

ARTURO
That's five days from now!

PRINCE
Sheriff?
(no answer)
What are you whispering about?

ARTURO
Will you explain the situation to this idiot, please?

WADE
(to Arturo)
Take it easy.
(to Harold)
Your highness, I apologize for this situation. We're going to do everything we can to guarantee your safety, I promise that. (X)
(to Arturo)
Even if it means we have to take him with us.

Off which

CUT TO

33 EXT. PALACE - ESTABLISHING - THE TRANSAMERICA BUILDING 33

or a similarly well-known San Francisco landmark.

34 INT. TV STUDIO - TECHNICIANS, PRODUCER TYPES 34

huddle in the wings. The show is underway. (X)

35 THE SHERIFF

35

sits at his desk, reminiscent of Rush Limbaugh. Against the wall, hardbound copies of his best seller, "Everything I Say Is Right."

SHERIFF

I know people say, Sheriff you're the only point of view we'll ever need.

(Limbaugh-like false modesty)

But today we're going to devote the final segment of the program to my critics. I want to be genuine about this. Whatever's on your mind about the policies of your king, or me, his representative.

(then)

Who's first? How're we doing?

36 ANGLE - THE WINGS - MICROPHONES

36 (X)

set up in the aisles. A blue haired woman leads off --

OLD WOMAN

I think you're doing a great job. I love your new format.

(X)

SHERIFF

Miss Miller! Good to have you with us again

(X)

OLD WOMAN

But

SHERIFF

But what?

OLD WOMAN

Frankly, you look terrible. Have you lost weight?

SHERIFF

I'm sorry to hear that I look so terrible, especially to you

OLD LADY

I brought you some soup. I made it with my last chicken!

She pushes forward, holding a Tupperware container

SHERIFF

Miss Miller, don't ever change. Yes, send that up --

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

A page does as bidden --

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Her last chicken -- now that's true
service to the realm --

The producer cues a tech, canned applause (o.s.).

(X)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
(who's next?)
You, sir?

WORKER
Yes, Sheriff. We don't have enough
traffic lights in my neighborhood.

SHERIFF
Where is that, sir?

WORKER
Near the Presidio. We get a lot of
tourist traffic down there, and I've
been after the City about it, and
the other day one of the kids on the
street was hit by a car.

(X)

Silence. The Sheriff leans forward, evidently concerned.

WORKER
I know you're doing your best, sir
-- It's the Prince to blame. All
the tax money going to pay for his
coronation, and his junkets all over
the world -- and nothing left for
the little people.

The producer cues -- canned audience response (Hiss!
Boo!) at the mere mention of the Prince. The Sheriff holds
his hand up as if to quell this --

(X)

SHERIFF
We all know I serve at the bidding
of the Prince.
(then)
And of his appetites. He's royalty,
and I'm a mere public servant.

(X)

WORKER
But sir, he doesn't even care --

SHERIFF
Give your name to the producers
after the show.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED (2) 36

SHERIFF (Cont'd)
We'll find the money for that traffic light, somewhere, even if I have to dip into my discretionary allowance to do it! (X)

Wild applause (canned) (o.s.). (X)

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Time for one more --

37 DIXON VALLELY 37

forthright, handsome, steps forward --

DIXON
I -- I believe that taxation should be limited to what's necessary for services rendered by government for the people.

38 THE PRODUCER, TECHS 38 (X)

Uh oh. The Sheriff maintains a cordial aspect

DIXON
Furthermore, I believe that the Oakland Raiders have it right when they say that people should be allowed to govern themselves! The monarchy should --

Boo! Taped derision. Dixon is hooted down. (X)

SHERIFF
The people have answered for me. And that's why --
(holds up his book, shamelessly plugging it)
Everything I say is right!

Canned laughs and cheers, (o.s.). (X)

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

SHERIFF

Okay, and that's all the time we have --

(then)

I want to thank my guests -- Paul and Linda McCartney and please join us tomorrow, when my guests will be Jaye Davidson, the Governor of India, Stanley Nehru -- with some terrific tandoon tips for holidays -- and the inter-colonial ski gold medalist, Eddie the Eagle and we're out of here.

(X)

Taped anthem swells -- Rule Britannia -- and as the producer signals for a commercial we --

JUMP CUT TO

39 INT. STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - DAY - SHERIFF
is furious.

39

SHERIFF

Hendrick!

And now

40 HENDRICK

40

appears. A bald-headed, somewhat sinister-looking man in the James Carville mold --

HENDRICK

Nice job!

SHERIFF

He questioned my taxation policy.

HENDRICK

I know this segment's uncomfortable, but it's getting across some of that Everyman quality we're working so hard to establish.

The Sheriff's doubtful --

HENDRICK

(selling)

Look at this --

(off print-out)

Since we initiated Talk Back, your ratings are up 26% with women 35 to 49.

CONTINUED

The Sheriff grunts appreciatively.

HENDRICK

-- Your approval from white males is back up to 98%, with a margin of error of plus or minus four percent.

SHERIFF

So it's possible we're really up to 100?

HENDRICK

The point is, the few negative respondees are statistically insignificant.

SHERIFF

If we have them all killed, they'll be completely insignificant.

(Hurley approaches)

What?

HURLEY

Excuse me, sir -- We've received a fax from the Oakland Raiders.

SHERIFF

(reads)

"Prince Harold and the Sheriff will die unless the following list of demands are met..."

(then)

What the hell's this?

HURLEY

It's obviously a bluff, sir. You're not a hostage. You're right here, and the prince --

SHERIFF

...is dead, right?

(off Hurley)

The Prince is dead, is he not?

HURLEY

We left him in the woods, sir. Following your instructions.

SHERIFF

What are you talking about?

Under which, deputies manhandle Dixon Vallely, who's cuffed and subdued. The producer's there.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED (2)

40

PRODUCER

What do you want us to do with him, Sheriff?

SHERIFF

Not now.

HURLEY

(back pedaling)

We discussed this, sir. I specifically recall saying

SHERIFF

(angry)

I have been at a taping this entire afternoon. Do I have to do everything myself?

(X)

HURLEY

Of course not. Sorry, sir --

HENDRICK

(an eye on the clock)

Tick tock, Sheriff. Twenty seconds till air.

SHERIFF

(to Hurley)

Kill every living creature in that forest. Set it all aflame if you have to. I want Prince Harold head brought to me on a stick!

(then)

Failing that, yours!

The Sheriff shoves Hurley aside -- uneasy lies the head that wears, or in any case, intends to wear, the crown, heads back onstage.

CUT TO

41 EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

41

42 INT. BOILER ROOMS - THE PRINCE

42

looks despondent, still bound in his chair. Arturo's dozing in the corner --

43 WADE

43

enters. She's gotten the Prince a blanket --

WADE

Your Highness -- ?

CONTINUED

PRINCE

(ruefully)

Do you know my father was the most popular monarch of this century? The people adored him. But for some reason, they can't stand me -- Not that I'm half the man he was, I know that. But, if you read the lies in those tabloids --

WADE

It's not true then about the 16-year-old girls? -- About the wild feasts while the peasants starve, about playing with electric trains while the city burns -- ?

PRINCE

I've never owned an electric train in my life.

(off her silent inquiry)

It's been our policy not to dignify those scandal sheets with a response.

WADE

Whose policy?

PRINCE

The Sheriff's, actually.

(X)

WADE

Did it ever occur to you maybe the Sheriff's not exactly acting in your best interests out there?

The prince glances over at the slumbering Arturo.

WADE (CONT'D)

Your Highness, you've gotta accept this -- He's not the Sheriff. He just looks like him.

(off the Prince)

You don't get it, do you? You weren't out there hunting grouse, you were being hunted -- by your good friend and benefactor and public relations guru -- the Sheriff.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED (2)

43

PRINCE
Nonsense! Why, why, that's the sort
of paranoia enemies of the crown
have been trying to incite for
hundreds of years.

(off Wade)

I read all about that in MacBeth and
Hamlet and the rest of those
seditious stories -- I remind you
that's why my great ancestor, Queen
Elizabeth, had that William
Shakespeare hanged for treason.

(X)
(X)

WADE

Yeah, well, I saw Mel Gibson in
Hamlet and it rang pretty true to
me.

(then)

Tell me something: if you get to be
king, you'll rule the land, right?

PRINCE

Assuming we get out of here alive.

WADE

And if you die?

PRINCE

I'm the last of my line. It would
throw everything into confusion. I
suppose the next in the line
of succession would be the

As it dawns on him --

WADE

(finishing the thought)
The Sheriff.

CUT TO

44 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - QUINN AND REMBRANDT

44

huddle on a ratty couch in a dark corner, the Raiders
having bivouacked for the night. Quinn is fiddling with
the timer, careful so as not to be observed.

(X)

45 ANGLE - REBECCA

45

and a few compatriots are hunkered down over a computer
screen, trying to reach the palace negotiators via E-mail.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

REMBRANDT

Good thing we decided to stay uninvolved. I'd hate to see what'd happen if we'd actually gotten tangled up in this mess.

QUINN

Try to stay calm.

REMBRANDT

Sure, I'll stay calm. Especially when the Sheriff and his gunmen come storming through this place.

(then)

How're we gonna stay alive until the slide? And stay together all the time?

QUINN

You got any ideas?

And now

46 REBECCA

46

slams down her hand-held flip phone with fury.

QUINN

(reacts)

Uh oh.

A mob is forming, headed toward the boiler room.

(X)

RAIDER #1

(to them)

The palace has turned down every one of our demands!

QUINN

(to Rebecca)

Where's everybody going?

(X)

REBECCA

Brutality is the only language these bastards understand. They'll see we're serious.

CUT TO

47 INT. BOILER ROOM - THE MOB

47

has seized Arturo and the Prince, is dragging them back to the warehouse. Wade is powerless to stop them.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

WADE

Quinn!
(she can't be heard)
Do something!

Quinn and Rembrandt are helpless, too.

REBECCA

Get the video camera. We'll give
the sons-of-bitches some breaking
news!

48 INT. WAREHOUSE - QUINN AND REMBRANDT

48

are powerless to rein the momentum of the mob --

QUINN

Don't hurt them!

(X)

RAIDER #1

They deserve to die!

QUINN

Don't you see? You're playing
directly into their hands!

No one's listening --

49 ARTURO AND THE PRINCE

49

are on their knees in the center of the room. Someone
slaps a copy of today's newspaper against his chest --
proof of the day's date. The headline screams: PRINCE
AWOL, PALACE MUM.

ARTURO

For the last time: I'm not the
Sheriff! I'm a physics professor
from another dimension.

REBECCA

Shut up!
(then)
Roll the tape!

While one of the Raiders aims the video camera, Rebecca
sets the hammer on her revolver, targeted right at Arturo's
temple --

WADE

Do something!

QUINN

Turn the TV on!

(X)
(X)

49A ANGLE - WADE

49A

hits the TV; the Sheriff is broadcasting live

QUINN

Look! This isn't the Sheriff! The Sheriff is broadcasting live!

(this gets Rebecca's attention)

Listen to me: you kill these, men you'll be signing our death warrant!
(fighting to be heard)

The palace wants them dead.
(then)

You're doing the Sheriff's work for him!

RAIDER #1

RAIDER #2

Let him speak!

Kill them!

Confusion

QUINN

Put the gun down. Just put the gun down a second.

(Arturo's hyperventilating)

I brought these men to you! Hear me out!

Reluctantly, Rebecca lowers the gun.

QUINN

If you kill these men, they'll be martyrs!

(then)

Violence begets violence. Don't you get it? Look at Northern Ireland.

RAIDER #1

What's Northern Ireland?

QUINN

(recovers)

Power doesn't come from the barrel of a gun, you've got to win the hearts and minds of the people. A chicken in every pot, y'know what I'm saying?

(going for it)

Rob from the rich and give to the poor!

(then)

Give a man a fish, he'll eat for a day. Teach a man to fish, he'll eat for the rest of his life!

CONTINUED

49A CONTINUED

49A

RAIDER #1
He's right!

RAIDER #2
What's he talking about?

QUINN
Ask not what your country can do for
you; ask what you can do for your
country. What's it profit a man to
gain the world and lose his soul?

Yay! The crowd's behind him. Off Rembrandt and Wade -- (X)
is this going to work.

REMBRANDT (X)
(sotto) (X)
So much for noninvolvement. (X)

QUINN
(fist in the air)
Power to the people!
(cheers; power to the
people)
What's that spell?

RAIDERS (ALL)
Power to the people!

QUINN
All right!

Out of which, keying Rebecca's newfound appreciation of (X)
this oratorical firebrand, Arturo's mixed emotions, the
crowd surrounding Quinn, surging around their new leader,
we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

- 50 EXT. STREET - TWO TRUCK DRIVERS 50
backs to camera. Their hands are up. Rebecca barking orders as --
- 51 THE RAIDERS 51
hijack the contents of this grocery truck, logo'd "Von's Market, By Appointment to His Royal Majesty, King Thomas," (X) and embossed with the royal crest.
- 52 STREET PEOPLE 52
cluster at the rear of the truck as
- 53 QUINN, REMBRANDT AND WADE 53
pass out hams and turkeys intended for aristocratic pantries --

RAIDER #1
(to homeless guy)
Power to the people!

A stunned commoner -- the worker we recall from the Sheriff's broadcast -- takes an enormous ham from Quinn, looks down, then up with gratitude

WORKER
Who are you?

QUINN
A man, just like you, my friend.
Spread the word --

Police sirens in the distance, all scatter as

- 54 A MONTAGE 54
of derring do, underscored by "The Ballad of Quinn"
- 55 A BALE OF TABLOIDS 55
hitting the sidewalk outside a news vendor. The headline:
"CRIME WAVE: 'ROB FROM RICH, GIVE TO POOR,' TERRORISTS
VOW."

56 ANOTHER BALE - BSA TODAY 56
hits the sidewalk: "SHERIFF DECREES MARTIAL LAW, MIDDLE
CLASS TAX CUT A GONER."
CUT TO

57 OMITTED 57

58 EXT. JEWELRY STORE - ALARM 58
blaring as the Raiders scramble for their getaway car.
CUT TO

59 INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT - AN OLD WOMAN (MRS. MILLER) 59
responding to a knock at the door, through the crack at --

60 TWO SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES 60
as well as Hurley. Mrs. Miller shakes her head "no," the
constabulary walk away. The old lady turns --

61 QUINN AND REBECCA 61
are there. She's hidden them. As she shoos them out
toward the back door --
CUT TO

62 OMITTED 62

62A EXT. BRINK'S TRUCK 62A
Drivers have their hands above their heads as

63 RAIDERS 63
in various disguises, armed to the teeth, liberate bags of
pound sterling, keep watchful eyes on the astonished (and
admiring) crowd of onlookers, among them...

64 PRINCE HAROLD 64
himself, dressed like an urban commando, wielding a
submachine gun, very Patty Hearst.

65 QUINN 65
hands over a bag of money to Rebecca, she pulls him nearer
and kisses him full on the mouth. She digs him.

66 ANGLE - WADE 66

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED 66
observing this with mixed emotions. (X)

END MONTAGE

67 EXT. TRANSAMERICA BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - NEW DAY 67
flags (Union Jacks) flapping in the cold air. (X)

68 INT. TV STUDIO - THE PRODUCER 68
ticks off the seconds -- "five, four, three, two -- cue
cameras" and lights up as --

69 THE SHERIFF 69
sits subdued, serious, behind his wooden desk, addresses
the citizenry. It's like Clinton's speech after the
Republican landslide --

SHERIFF

Good evening. I come to you tonight
at a crossroads for this colony. A
time when it seems to many of you
that the fabric of this empire is
frayed. War in France, lawlessness
in our streets. Let me say this --
your Sheriff feels your pain. To
those of you who, in your
frustration, would lash out against
the bulwark of this society, let me
say: Let us work together. Let us
build and not destroy.

(then; hardening)

But to those of you who advocate
violent revolution from below, who
have aided and abetted Quinn and the
Oakland Raiders in their terrorist
campaign, let me say this: The
monarchy will prevail. Prince
Harold will be returned safely and
the Oakland Raiders will be
eradicated. Law and order will be
restored.

(then)

God bless you.

(then)

...And cut.

Cameras off. The Sheriff looks over --

70 HENDRICK 70
in the corner, gives him the thumbs up sign: perfect.

CUT TO

71 INT. BOILER ROOM - EVENING - THE PRINCE 71

in his chair as Raider #1 prepares to tie his hands and feet for the night --

72 WADE 72

enters. She's brought the Prince some books.

PRINCE
(to Wade)
Does he have to do this?

WADE
I don't think he's going anywhere,
do you, Charlie?

RAIDER #1
Boss's orders.

WADE
Quinn's orders.

Raider #1's over-ruled. Goes.

PRINCE
Thank you.

WADE
(as she unties him)
I brought you some more books to
read.

PRINCE
That's very kind of you.
(as she struggles with
his knots)
You are extraordinarily beautiful. (X)
Do you know that?

WADE
(blushes despite
herself)
You've been held hostage in a
boiler room too long.
(then)
There.

He's untied.

PRINCE
I'm serious.
(then)
I suppose it's an impossible
combination -- you being a
revolutionary and me being the heir
to the crown.

CONTINUED

WADE

I'm no revolutionary. I told you before: we're just passing through.

(off his lovesick gaze)

Do me a favor, don't go goopy on me, Your Highness. Okay? Things are complicated enough.

PRINCE

No. Of course. You're quite right.

Wade starts to clean the place up a little

PRINCE

(very diffidently)

Miss Welles -- ?

(Wade turns)

When this is all over -- assuming it ever ends and I come out of it in one piece -- do you suppose we might be able to see one another? On a social basis?

WADE

Like a date?

PRINCE

A date.

WADE

Geez, Harold -- Everything's sort of up in the air right now.

(beat)

Why don't we just keep it strictly professional for now?

A beat.

PRINCE

Are you in love with Quinn?

WADE

(flushes again)

Look, even if I was, that's not the point.

(off which)

Harold, look -- you're a great guy. It's a question of timing, a lot of other factors.

PRINCE

Like what?

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED (2)

72

WADE

Like you're going to be king and I work in an electronics store with Monday and Wednesday off.

PRINCE

(disappointment)

Of course. You have other dimensions to go to and God knows what else to deal with.

WADE

I'm trying to be honest with you.

(X)

(off his discouragement)

(X)

Let's take it a step at a time, okay?

(then)

Try to get some sleep.

She goes, heads out into

73 INT. WAREHOUSE - QUINN'S

73

been waiting for her --

QUINN

He's got it bad, you know.

WADE

Oh, please. You don't know a thing about it.

(X)

She moves to a nearby sink, starts washing up some of the captives' dirty dishes.

QUINN

What are you gonna do about it?

WADE

Slide out of here the minute our time's up.

(then)

Anyway, what about you?

QUINN

What about me what?

WADE

You're this big folk hero -- What's going on with you and Miss Urban Terrorist?

(X)

CONTINUED

QUINN
 Rebecca?
 (then)
 Her boyfriend's in the Sheriff's
 jail -- I'm not getting in the
 middle of that.

WADE
 (jealously)
 Not what I heard.

QUINN
 What've you got against Rebecca,
 anyway?

WADE
 Nothing much. Other than the fact
 that she tried to kill us all
 little things like that.

(then)
 Just remember what we said when we
 landed here, Quinn. No
 involvements.

QUINN
 I told you: I'm not involved.

WADE
 Just forget it. Do whatever you
 want.

She goes. Off Quinn --

CUT: TO

74 EXT. WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - EARLY MORNING 74

75 INT. WAREHOUSE - QUINN, ARTURO AND REMBRANDT 75

sacked out like frat guys on various couches and armchairs.

76 REBECCA 76

moves to Quinn, shakes him.

REBECCA
 Wake up.

QUINN
 What ?

REBECCA
 The Prince is gone.

Off Quinn -- now what?

CUT TO

77 INT. BOILER ROOM - QUINN, WADE

77

follow Rebecca in, on the cut. Raider #1 is there.

RAIDER #1

He must've climbed up over the hot
water heater and out the vent.

Indeed, the small side window is open --

REBECCA

Who left him untied?

All eyes turn to Wade -- she's plainly guilty.

(X)

REBECCA

Do you know what you've done? He'll
go to the Sheriff. He'll bring the
army right to us.

QUINN

I don't think so.

REBECCA

What are you talking about?

QUINN

Because the Sheriff's gonna kill him
first.

Off Quinn

CUT TO

78 INT. WAREHOUSE - QUINN'S

78

dressed, disguised. Preparing for a dangerous mission.

WADE

I'm the one that let the cat out of
the bag. I wish you'd let me come
with you.

(X)

QUINN

Too dangerous.

WADE

At least take some of the other guys
with you.

QUINN

The Sheriff's declared martial law
-- I'm less conspicuous on my own.

(then)

Don't worry, okay? I know what I'm
doing.

CONTINUED

- 78 CONTINUED 78
- Wade gives him a hug -- feels it's the last time she'll ever see him. Breaks it --
- WADE
Be careful.
- QUINN
(hands her the timer) (X)
If I'm not back in twenty-four hours, slide without me.
- Off Rebecca, watching this play out --
- CUT TO
- 79 EXT. STREET - "BOXVILLE" - THE PRINCE 79
- walking cautiously through this desolated part of the city. Homeless men, vagrants -- refrigerator boxes serving as shelter from the wind and rain.
- 80 A PANHANDLER 80
- extends a ragged paw
- PRINCE
I'm sorry. I left my British Express card in the palace. (X)
- The Prince continues on. He's clearly very moved by what he sees. (We need to sell this here hard.)
- 81 ANGLE - TWO HOMELESS MEN 81
- follow the Prince with their eyes -- an easy mark in his topsider moccassins and herringbone tweed. They get to their feet, a sense of menace, they're gonna take him off
- 82 A SHERIFF'S CRUISER 82
- siren blaring, rushes past. Intimidated, the homeless men withdraw --
- 83 FURTHER UP THE STREET - THE PRINCE 83
- reacting to the police siren. Quickens his pace -- a crowd is forming -- as he rounds the corner, he sees
- 84 ANGLE - ACROSS THE STREET - SEVERAL SQUAD CARS 84
- The deputies have captured someone, thrown him up against a chain link fence -- loud radio squawk, like a scene from Cops. We see what the Prince sees, with horror --

85 QUINN

85

as the cops manhandle him toward the squad car. Off Prince
Harold -- we don't know what he's going to do.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

86 INT. TV STUDIO - THE SHERIFF

86

stands before a phalanx of press. Flashbulbs pop, news camera operator jockey for position. Hendrick lurks in b.g. as --

SHERIFF

(reading from prepared notes; his best Darryl Gates)

For three long days and nights, this city has been held in the grip of terror --

(then)

As of nine o'clock this morning, Quinn Mallory is a captive in the Men's Correctional Center, under tight security.

(flashbulbs pop)

I want to thank the Sheriff's deputies for their courageous handling of this matter.

Reporters clamor with questions.

REPORTER #1

Will he be executed, Sheriff?

SHERIFF

I'm glad you asked that.

(then)

Yes, we'll be executing him.

REPORTER #1

By lethal injection?

REPORTER #2

When?

SHERIFF

Let's remember the courts need to find him guilty first. So assuming we can empanel the judges, I'd like to see him executed by two o'clock tomorrow afternoon --

Somewhere under which foregoing we've pulled back to realize we are watching this on a live feed and that we are, in fact --

87 INT. WAREHOUSE - RAIDERS

87

clustered around their TV, in various stages of incomprehension and grief.

RAIDER #1
Bloody bastard!

WADE
(to Arturo and Rembrandt)
What do we do?

REBECCA
Here's what we do: they kill Quinn Mallory, we'll start a campaign of random bombings that'll make the angels weep!

ARTURO
Violence isn't the answer.

REBECCA
We tried it your way. Violence is the only answer.

A VOICE
You're wrong.

All turn

88 PRINCE HAROLD

88

at the front door. Raiders move to let him through.

(X)

REBECCA
You have a bloody lot of gall coming back here.

(X)

PRINCE
Hear me out.
(off them)
I left last night hoping to broker a peace with the Sheriff, to relieve all this suffering.

(X)

(then)
I realize after what I've seen in our streets, how naive and foolish I've really been.

WADE
Whole lot of good that does us now.

(X)

RAIDER #1
With the Prince behind us, we can rally the people -- We can storm the prison.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

REMBRANDT

You and what army?

REBECCA

Just because you're afraid to die for what you believe in, brother, doesn't mean the rest of us are.

REMBRANDT

I'm not even from this world, remember?

WADE

Don't you understand? We slide at 2:17 tomorrow afternoon. We don't have time for a civil war!

(X)

Everybody's got an idea; everybody's talking at once. Suddenly --

ARTURO

Quiet!

(X)

All stop. Turn.

ARTURO

I know how we can liberate Quinn and no blood need be shed to do it.

Off Arturo --

CUT TO

89 INT. PRISON - DEATH CHAMBER - PRISON GUARDS:

89

inspect the electric chair, check straps, polish the chrome and woodwork, etc. -- everything's shipshape.

CUT TO

90 INT. PRISON - PRESS ROOM - A WALL CLOCK

90

announces the time: 1:35. Reporters assemble, munch donuts and coffee. At the front of the press room --

(X)

91 A PODIUM

91

bearing the seal of the Sheriff of San Francisco. A tech does a soundcheck. A closed circuit TV monitor is positioned off to the side -- only one camera will be allowed inside the death chamber.

92 ANGLE - SIDE DOOR 92

leading to the anteroom. Ajar. Hendrick peering out at the assembling newspeople.

93 INT. ANTEROOM - THE SHERIFF 93

is smoothing his suit coat before a mirror.

HENDRICK

Full house.

SHERIFF

Give the people a spectacle, watch them beat a path to your door.

HENDRICK

I don't need to tell you how important this execution is.

(then)

Polls show Quinn Mallory has made a strong impression on the middle class; not so much with high end commoners, obviously. But the poor think he's the second coming.

(X)

(then)

We've got some wood to chop, especially if we're gonna make a grab for the crown in the next month or two.

SHERIFF

Not a problem.

HENDRICK

You don't anticipate any last second heroics, do you?

(X)

SHERIFF

Never underestimate the foolishness of your enemy, Hendrick. That's why I've stationed 100 sharpshooters on every rooftop in downtown, not counting the battalion of Royal Guardsmen stationed right outside the prison.

(X)

As under, the intercom buzzes. Hendrick moves to the phone.

CUT TO

94 INT. DEATH CHAMBER - ELECTRIC CHAIR 94

sits gleaming.

95 HURLEY 95
on the phone nearby --

HURLEY
The boss there?

CUT TO

96 INT. ANTEROOM - HENDRICK 96
delivers the phone to the Sheriff.

SHERIFF
Yes? Excellent. (X)
(listens)
Start the countdown.

Hendrick takes a look at his watch

CUT TO

97 INT. TV STUDIO - THE SHERIFF'S PRODUCTION CREW 97
are loafing. The lights are dimmed. They're reading newspapers, since the Sheriff's broadcast is coming out of the prison complex several blocks away. A few are watching the line feed from the prison on the monitors --

98 THE SHERIFF'S PRODUCER 98
sits in his deck chair, eating a sandwich and looking at the half-naked centerfold in one of the tabloids. Suddenly

REBECCA'S VOICE
Turn around, my friend. Very slowly.

He turns, sees

99 ARMED RAIDERS 99
have commandeered the studio -- Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and the Prince are there.

WADE
Who can operate these cameras?

A cameraman nearly pees in his pants, more at the sight of Arturo than at the show of weaponry. He gets up -- completely terrified. A techie's about to go for his flip phone

RAIDER #1
(gun in his ribs)
Don't even think about it.

100 THE PRINCE, ARTURO AND WADE 100

have advanced to the stage --

PRINCE

Let's go over it again: What am I supposed to say? (X)

WADE

Three minutes till air!

ARTURO

(patiently)

You're going to expose the Sheriff, grant clemency to Quinn and once that's done, introduce the concept of democracy.

PRINCE

Democracy?

Rembrandt looks at Arturo.

REMBRANDT

I knew we forgot something.

CUT TO

101 INT. PRISON CELLBLOCK - CORRIDOR - QUINN 101

shackled, walks the last mile, escorted by Sheriff's deputies. Cameramen scurry alongside. It's a moment out of Natural Born Killers.

102 INMATES 102

cackle and jeer from nearby cells. Their voices echo (o.s.). It sounds like the monkey house in the zoo.

103 ANGLE - THE DEATH CHAMBER - HURLEY 103

waiting. As Quinn heads in

HURLEY

I'm gonna enjoy watching you fry.

CUT TO

104 INT. STUDIO - THE PRINCE 104

stands nervously in front of a lectern, preparing himself. Arturo, Wade and Rembrandt are nearby scribbling madly on a piece of scrap-paper.

ARTURO

From the top. The first amendment guarantees -- ?

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

104

PRINCE
-- Freedom of speech, religion and
assembly.

ARTURO
Good boy. The second amendment -- ?

PRINCE
Right to bear arms

REMBRANDT
Scratch that one.

ARTURO
This isn't multiple choice -- this
is the Bill of Rights.

REMBRANDT
They don't know that. We're the
founding fathers now -- it's a
grave responsibility.

(X)

ARTURO
We don't have time.
(continues)
The fourth amendment protects
against unreasonable search and
seizure, the fifth provides for due
process and the right against
self-incrimination.
(then, awkwardly)
What's the sixth?

REMBRANDT
Equal rights for all, regardless of
race, religion, sex or musical
preference.

(X)

ARTURO
It is not.

WADE
(as Rembrandt scribbles)
It is now.

ARTURO
Ah, the hell with it.

Arturo quickly hands the paper to the Prince.

REMBRANDT
Wait -- I almost forgot the most
important thing.

(X)

CUT TO

105 INT. PRESS ROOM - THE WALL CLOCK 105
reads 1:59.

106 THE SHERIFF 106
exits the anteroom, proceeds to the podium.

SHERIFF
I have a few prepared remarks before
we go live to the execution...

107 ANGLE - MONITORS 107
replaying the foregoing... but suddenly, static. The
signal's jammed --

SHERIFF
(the press are staring)
What's going on?

And now we can see

108 ON TV - THE PRINCE 108
standing at a lectern, before a familiar desk set --

PRINCE (ON TV)
Ladies and gentlemen, citizens of
the British Empire -- I am Prince
Harold --

SHERIFF
(to Hendrick)
Get him off!

HENDRICK
I can't. It's a live feed.

PRINCE
For many years, I have taken a back
seat in the affairs of this
government -- It is time, now, (X)
while scurrilous lies have been
proclaimed against me, ts to take a
stand --

CUT TO

109 INT. DEATH CHAMBER - QUINN 109
strapped in.

110 HURLEY'S 110
mesmerized by what's playing over a small TV monitor

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

QUINN
What's going on?

HURLEY
The Prince is pardoning you.
(then)
He's saying the Sheriff betrayed the
Empire.

111 ANGLE - THE CLOCK - 2:01

111

-- only moments until the slide.

QUINN
Let me out of here!

The deputies hesitate; don't know where their allegiance
lie

QUINN
Now!

This gets the desired response

CUT TO

112 EXT. BENEDICT ARNOLD SAVINGS - POLICE CRUISERS

112

bubble tops flaring.

113 ARTURO, WADE, REMBRANDT, THE PRINCE

113

there. Rebecca also.

ARTURO
Two minutes

114 ANGLE - BANK CLOCK - 2:15

114

Two minutes till the slide.

REBECCA
C'mon, for crying out loud.
(then)
What's keeping him?

WADE
(to Arturo)
You got the timer?

ARTURO
Right here.

115 THE BANK CLOCK - 2:16 115
 One minute to go. The sound of police sirens -- the unfamiliar klaxon of the European variety

WADE
 Please, God, let it be him.

116 ANGLE - HURLEY'S CRUISER 116
 racing through traffic, skids to a stop.

117 QUINN 117
 jumps out.

WADE (X)
 Cutting it kind of close.
 (off Quinn)
 You okay?

Quinn nods; not a moment to spare.

WADE (CONT'D)
 Let's go!
 (then)
 Professor!

REMBRANDT (X)
 (to Prince)
 This, Your Highness, is the Bill of Rights. The cornerstone of democracy -- use it well.

PRINCE
 I don't know how to thank you.

REMBRANDT
 No biggie (X)
 (then) (X)
 Here's some other stuff for later. (X)

He hands the Prince some notes on the back of a napkin.

PRINCE
 (to Quinn)
 Thank you. For everything.

They shake hands. Arturo's aiming the timer at the fountain -- (X)

118 THE WORMHOLE 118
 opens, prompting a gasp from the onlookers --

119 ARTURO

119

leaps; then Rembrandt.

REBECCA
 (Quinn's next)
 Wait!
 (then)
 Will we ever see you again?

QUINN
 I don't want to make promises I
 can't keep

(X)

She takes him, kisses him passionately --

120 ANGLE - WADE

120

looking on, with mixed emotion. As the kiss breaks --

REBECCA
 Incentive.

Quinn smiles, waves to the crowd; goes.

WADE
 (to Prince)
 I guess this is good-bye.

PRINCE
 Miss Welles --
 (his eyes are dewy)
 Would it be completely appalling at
 this time to inquire whether perhaps
 you might consider staying on with
 us?
 (off Wade)
 What I mean to say is: Will you be
 my Queen?

By way of answer, Wade grins. It's her turn to kiss him
 passionately -- her kiss says it all --

WADE
 Take care of yourself.

PRINCE
 Yes. Well. Worth a try.

She goes. And in an instant, the wormhole vanishes.

121 THE ONLOOKERS

121

silent. The Prince becomes aware that the crowd is looking
 at him. He looks down at the piece of paper Rembrandt
 handed him --

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

121

REBECCA
What's it say?

PRINCE
-- We hold these truths to be
self-evident, that all men are
created equal, that they are
endowed by their certain inalienable
rights; that among these are --
life, liberty and the pursuit of
happiness -- and James Brown is the
godfather of soul.

(X)

A beat as these stirring words ring out. then

(X)

RAIDER #1
Who's James Brown?

Off their perplexity, we --

FADE OUT

THE END