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SLIDERS

"THE KING IS BACK"

Written

by

Tracy Tormé

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CAST LIST

ARTURO
QUINN
REMBRANDT
WADE WELLES

LAWYER
JUDGE
IRV BLINTZ
GOMEZ CALHOUN
CALHOUN'S MOM
NEWSCASTER
CAPTAIN JACK
JACK'S SECRETARY
PAM JENSEN
PEQUEÑO
EXPERT
COP
CEZANNE
CRYING PRINCE
KOREAN CRYING PRINCE
HOTEL GIRL
WAYLON CHONG

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE
IRV'S LOCK AND KEY
CITY STREET
MOTEL 12
ALLEYWAY BEHIND MOTEL
CAPITOL THEATRE
PORCH OF A RUSTIC CABIN

INTERIORS:

PRISON HALLWAY
PRISON CELL
COURTROOM
LOCKSMITH
MOTEL 12
 - FRONT DESK
 - MOTEL ROOM
 - HALLWAY
CAPTAIN JACK'S OFFICE
OAKLAND HILTON
 - CONVENTION BALLROOM
 - FRONT LOBBY
 - HOTEL ROOM
CAPITOL THEATRE
 - DRESSING ROOM
 - HALLWAY
 - THE STAGE

TEASER

FRED (O.S.)
Ethel! Come here right this
instant!

ETHEL (O.S.)
(innocent, but knows
she's in trouble)
Oh hi, Fred.

FADE IN ON:

1 INT. PRISON - NIGHT - TRACKING DOWN A PRISON HALLWAY 1

following the steps of a feisty WOMAN LAWYER, only five one,
with Little Orphan Annie hair and a hybrid demeanor: part
cunning fox, part pit bull. She recently gained notoriety
defending wealthy brothers who murdered their parents...

FRED (O.S.)
Ethel, you've got some explaining
to do!
(audience LAUGHS)
Ricky says you and Lucy were
cooking up a scheme to get Little
Freddy into show business!

The prison hallway is sleek and surprisingly clean - this is
a federal pen, and a high profile one at that. Briefcase in
hand, and flanked by two prison guards who dwarf her, the
lawyer walks briskly toward the last cell on the left.

ETHEL (O.S.)
Well... what if we were?

2 INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT - QUINN MALLORY 2

is lying on his bunk, quietly watching a little black and
white TV - the source of Fred and Ethel...

FRED (O.S.)
I expressly forbid it! Little
Freddy's gonna grow up to be a
landlord, like his old man, and
that's final!

ETHEL (O.S.)
Waaaagghhh!!

Quinn looks up, sits up, as the door to his cell opens and
the intense little lawyer steps in. As usual, she gets
right to the point.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

LAWYER

Tomorrow, the judge will pass sentence - I don't have to remind you of the stakes.

QUINN

You don't have to remind me.

LAWYER

(frustrated)
You tied my hands Quinn. By refusing to allow me to raise the specter of child abuse, you sealed your fate.

QUINN

It would've been a lie.

LAWYER

(dismissing that)
All truth is subjective, especially in court.

The TV show is apparently ending - familiar end title THEME MUSIC is playing...

LAWYER (CONT'D)

(leans forward, intense)
Listen to me - the insanity defense still has merit. You could tell the judge your story - about other dimensions, parallel worlds, the works! He'd have to declare you insane; what choice would he have?

She sees that Quinn is sadly put off by her last remark - she leans forward, putting a hand on his shoulder.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

I don't mean to be offensive, Quinn - I know you honestly believe you're some kind of alien --

QUINN

-- Not an alien. More a... visitor.

LAWYER

(pacing now)
This fantasy of yours may be what's keeping you so amazingly calm - but you need to come to terms with
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

LAWYER (cont'd)
reality. The sad truth is, this is
your world, and you're in trouble.
(stops pacing)
Did you hear me, Quinn? This is
your world.

Quinn glances at the TV - the FAMILIAR THEME, played by a
brassy big band, is ending now - we see end titles which run
over a big satin heart, embroidered with I Love Ethel...

QUINN
(soft, ironic)
No it isn't.

TV ANNOUNCER
(as music reaches
crescendo)
I Love Ethel is a Willi-Van
production.

3 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - A HANDCUFFED QUINN

3

is led by bailiffs to a spot directly before the solemn,
scholarly, bearded Asian-American JUDGE.

ANGLE ON the crowd of spectators in the courtroom: sitting
amongst the reporters and curious citizens, ARTURO, WADE and
REMBRANDT worriedly look on.

BACK TO QUINN before the Judge.

QUINN
Your honor... despite the
fingerprints and all those
eyewitnesses, I swear to you... it
wasn't me. I am an innocent man.

Quinn has nothing more to add. There is now true tension in
the air as the judge leans forward and stares down at him...

JUDGE
Quinn Mallory, this court is
satisfied that the guilty verdict
delivered by nine of your peers,
was just. Furthermore, I am
convinced that the act you
committed was not only heinous in
its implementation, but fully
reprehensible in regard to its
ancillary effects on society.

ON THE OTHER SLIDERS nervously observing...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

REMBRANDT

This is bad. This is really bad.

An equally worried Arturo glances down at the timer in his hand as we...

CUT BACK TO QUINN AND THE JUDGE at the moment of truth.

JUDGE

Therefore... I have no choice but to sentence you to death by lethal injection...

(gasps from crowd)
... to be carried out immediately.

MOVE IN ON QUINN as the judge pounds his gavel and two beefy bailiffs come to lead him to his fate...

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE ROOM

4

is still in somewhat of an uproar; photographers are flashing pictures of Quinn as he is about to be led away.

LAWYER

Your honor, I appeal, on the grounds that I believe the death penalty to be cruel and unusual punishment!

JUDGE

(hitting gavel)
Appeal noted and rejected.

LAWYER

I appeal again, on the grounds that my client is criminally insane, and that a new trial would clearly establish that fact.

JUDGE

(hitting gavel)
Second appeal noted and rejected.

The lawyer turns to Quinn, her face a grim mask but her voice betraying a touch of c'est la vie...

LAWYER

Well that's it then - you cooked your own goose kid.

QUINN

That's it? That's the entire appeal process?

LAWYER

It is now. Remember the "Instant Justice Initiative" - Prop 187? Where've you been?

QUINN

(being led away)
On another world!

CLOSE ON THE OTHER SLIDERS who have risen amidst the tumult in the gallery. Arturo is glancing at the timer which is down to 11 SECONDS...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ARTURO

Alright... stay close to me... stay
very, very close.

Quinn is about to be taken out a side entrance - on his way to the death chamber - when the Professor moves forward, followed closely by Wade and Rembrandt. He points the timer toward the open space between the judge's perch and the lawyers tables... and presses the button when it hits ZERO.

To the utter amazement of all present, the gate begins to form right here in the courtroom, leaving all the non-Sliders frozen in disbelief.

CLOSE ON THE BAILIFFS standing slack-jawed, hands up, as a buffer against the wind created by the swirling vortex. They are temporarily distracted from the task of carting Quinn out of the courtroom. The handcuffed Quinn takes advantage, darting away from them before they can react and diving into the void!

CROSSCUT ASTONISHED REACTIONS from the Judge, Quinn's lawyer, the gallery, etc. as one by one, the other Sliders dive in until all four are gone... and the void shrinks back down to nothingness.

MOVE IN ON THE LAWYER slowly shaking her head in astonishment.

LAWYER

(to herself)

My God... he was telling the truth.

5 EXT. THE VOID - POV SHOT

5

as the Sliders streak down the ever bending, multi-colored tunnel.

6 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - ONE BY ONE

6

the Sliders pop out of the gate, tumbling down onto the hard wooden floor of an identical, but empty courtroom. They all rise with GROANS, checking body parts for bruises...

ARTURO

I've gotten used to the leaping...
learned to tolerate the flying...

REMBRANDT

(knows where he's going)
... But the landings are still
brutal.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

ARTURO

Indeed. Providing this is not our Earth, how long till the next window?

QUINN

(checking timer)
A little over three days.

WADE

Well... at least court's not in session.

QUINN

Good. I've had my fill of the criminal justice system. Let's get out of here before they drag us into another trial.

7 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - DAY - THE SLIDERS

7

have exited the building and are walking down the urban San Francisco street.

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn)
Man, it's bad enough, the things you do - but now we gotta deal with the actions of your doubles. That Quinn almost got you killed!

WADE

Do you think he was guilty?

REMBRANDT

Of course he was guilty! But the idea of death for tagging a freeway overpass?

WADE

Yeah, well they take graffiti pretty seriously in that world. -- That's why no one dares to do it.
(to Quinn; tiny smile)
Except for your double, I guess.

ARTURO

It's a valuable lesson, my friends. Each Earth has its own set of taboos, and we must be careful not to violate them...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

His voice trails off because A MARRIED COUPLE walking in the opposite direction are in hysterics at the sight of the Sliders. They are pointing and LAUGHING, as if they've seen one of the funniest things ever.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
(half-whisper)
Gentlemen... check your flies.

The three male Sliders give a quick look - all three flies are up.

The couple has passed by, still pointing and LAUGHING as they go...

WADE
Maybe this is the happy planet.

QUINN
Or maybe it's these handcuffs.

ARTURO
Regardless, we do need to have them removed.

8 EXT. IRV'S LOCK AND KEY - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

8

of a locksmith store whose storefront lettering says: Irv can lock or unlock anything. After all, he's been doing it for 43 years!

9 INT. LOCKSMITH - DAY - WIZENED OLD IRV BLINTZ

9

is working on removing Quinn's handcuffs - he is wearing extremely thick glasses which give the impression that his vision must be terrible. Irv speaks to Wade in a slight Yiddish accent, asking about Quinn's cuffs...

IRV
Before I take these off, I need to know... is he an escaped con?

WADE
(laughing)
No way.

IRV
Pervert?

WADE
Not that I'm aware.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

IRV
Magician who lost his key?

REMBRANDT
He's a magician alright - made me
disappear from my home planet!

Irv's ancient eyes wander to Rembrandt.

IRV
You must be here for the
convention.
(no response)
The Crying Man convention at the
Oakland Hilton? All the top
Rembrandt impersonators are
gathering there - I saw it on the
news.

Rembrandt looks to his friends, his face slowly brightening
as he digests what he's just heard.

REMBRANDT
You mean to say there's a whole
batch of people trying to be The
Crying Man, on this world?
(to Sliders)
Do you realize what this means?

ARTURO
Yes. It means you're popular
here - which means we're definitely
not home.

REMBRANDT
(choked up, starting to
tear)
It means that this world just can't
get enough of me! Think about it.

Wade and Arturo roll their eyes as Rembrandt wipes away the
first tear. At last, Irv frees Quinn from the cuffs, then
notices that Rembrandt is weeping....

IRV
Pretty good. You almost can't tell
it's an act.

10 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - HAVING EXITED THE LOCKSMITH

10

a prideful Rembrandt wipes away a final tear, puffs his
chest out a little, and takes a deep, satisfied breath...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

REMBRANDT

It's a good feeling, isn't it? I mean, we may not have made it home yet, but we've finally reached the paradise planet.

WADE

(looking around)
Not exactly my idea of paradise.

REMBRANDT

Look beyond the material things, girl! On this Earth, I am loved and appreciated the way I should be. That must mean folks have elevated their minds to a higher plane.

WADE

Oh good grief.
(indicates Arturo)
I know his ego is the size of the Grand Canyon, but I forget sometimes that yours is right there too.

As they jaywalk across a pretty quiet boulevard, the two men simultaneously reject that idea...

REMBRANDT/ARTURO

(simultaneous retort)
Hey, hold on/now just a minute Miss Welles/I'm a humble kinda guy/I'm renowned for my modesty --

They both cut off and nearly keel over (Rembrandt jumps a foot in the air) as a passing woman pedestrian suddenly lets out a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM.

The Sliders are alarmed and off guard, uncertain of what to do. The woman is hopping up and down, pointing frantically at Rembrandt but unable to find any words.

WADE

Oh great - do you see what we've done?

REMBRANDT

What?

WADE

We jaywalked. On this world that's a big deal!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

Other pedestrians are gathering around - some also begin to SCREAM and point - one faints - there is excitement and growing hysteria in the air. The Sliders are backing away, alarmed...

QUINN

You were saying something about a higher consciousness?

REMBRANDT

Forget all that - let's get outta here before the cops arrive!

The Sliders begin to walk briskly up the block. Looking back over their shoulders, they're alarmed to see that the excited mob is starting to follow.

ARTURO

On the count of three... I suggest we start to run... one... two --

They're already running - this only seems to excite the flock, who run after them, SHRIEKING, sounding like a single high-pitched creature!

11 INT. MOTEL 12/FRONT DESK - DAY - THE SLIDERS

11

enter the familiar little lobby of the Motel 12. They are out of breath and looking over their shoulders as they approach GOMEZ CALHOUN, who, as usual, is manning the counter...

QUINN

I think... I think we lost them.

Before the nervous Sliders can be sure of that, Gomez Calhoun makes them jump by excitedly pointing at them and shouting --

CALHOUN

Tears In My 'Fro!!

ARTURO

I beg your pardon?

CALHOUN

(singing - badly)
I've got tears in my 'fro... 'cause
I'm standing on my head... over you
- oo-oo.

The exhausted Sliders huddle as Rembrandt covertly explains...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

REMBRANDT

(a bit dazed)
Tears In My 'Fro - it was a single
I put out after I split from The
Topps.
(frowns, remembering)
Failed to chart.
(to Gomez)
You uh, like Tears In My 'Fro?

CALHOUN

Are you kidding? I'll never forget
the night I took Mommy to the
prom - it was playing in the limo
number four with a bullet, soon to
be number one for, what was it,
nine weeks?

REMBRANDT

Nine weeks? How-sweet-it-is!!

CALHOUN

You must know all that - being a
Crying Man impersonator and all.

REMBRANDT

Uh, right, sure.

CALHOUN'S MOM (O.S.)

And not a very good one, neither!
He don't look nothin' like the real
King. The real King had class...
and he was much taller.

ARTURO

Ah yes, your ever present mother.
But...
(looks around, frowns)
how can she see us?

CALHOUN

(leaning forward,
quietly)
Hidden camera. Don't worry - got
nothing to do with our guests.
It's just to check up on me.

Calhoun winks at them, perfectly content with being spied upon.

12 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - THE SLIDERS

12

are trying to relax and put recent stressful events behind them. Rembrandt and Arturo are playing gin - Quinn is lying on his stomach, facing the TV - Wade is lying the opposite way on the same bed, her head propped up by pillows. Q and W are watching the OFF SCREEN TV set with interest - all the characters seem very annoyed at someone called The Skipper...

GILLIGAN (O.S.)

That weather balloon was our way of getting off the island! But you had to set it on fire to see if it was flammable!

CANNED LAUGHTER

SKIPPER (O.S.)

Sorry little buddy. Guess I really messed up this time.

MR. HOWELL (O.S.)

This time? You do nothing but mess up, my boy! (CANNED LAUGHTER)
Beginning with piloting The Minnow straight into a storm, like a complete moron. (CANNED LAUGHTER)

WADE

Wow... they're being kinda rough on the Skipper.

QUINN

The poor guy's quivering under the assault. They just never let up.

REMBRANDT

(slapping down cards)

Gin!

(laughing, gleeful)

I'm kicking your butt, Professor. That's three worlds in a row and the tab is rising!

ARTURO

(simmering a little)

The law of averages is a universal constant, Mr. Brown. Sooner or later, the tide will surely turn.

REMBRANDT

(shuffling the deck)

Yeah, but your beard'll be all white by then.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

MARY ANN (O.S.)

Gilligan and I want to get married.
If you were a real Skipper, you
could do the ceremony, and we
wouldn't have to wait!

SKIPPER (O.S.)

I'm sorry Mary Ann, I forgot to
bring my bible... I left it in
Hawaii.

GILLIGAN (O.S.)

Idiot! I'm sharing my hut with a
complete idiot! (CANNED LAUGHTER)
That does it - I'm moving in with
the Professor.

Quinn and Wade grimace a little, the Skipper's response has
a true touch of desperation...

SKIPPER (O.S.)

But little buddy, I'd be all alone
every night. You know I'm afraid
of the dark... Please Gilligan...
please don't leave me --

The Skipper's pleading voice is suddenly cut off, replaced
by a NEWSCASTER'S VOICE -- CROSSCUT WITH THE TV as the live
feed cuts to a very serious looking ANCHORMAN sitting behind
a news desk.

NEWSCASTER

We interrupt Skipper's Island to
bring you late-breaking news on the
Rembrandt Brown situation...

Rembrandt's shuffling comes to an immediate halt. He and
the other Sliders crowd the set...

NEWSCASTER

Friday will mark the eight year
anniversary of the tragic death of
Rembrandt "Crying Man" Brown - the
undisputed king of Rock and Roll.

REMBRANDT

Did you hear what he said?
(awed whisper)
The undisputed king...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

NEWSCASTER

Known for crying real tears in every performance, his hard-core fans have refused to accept his passing.

REMBRANDT

He forgot to mention that I can cry out of each eye, individually.

NEWSCASTER

-- and such mythic tales were thought ridiculous, until Marc Freedlander, a tourist from Cincinatti, took a home video that may place his name alongside Zapruder, in the annals of history.

The Sliders can tell from the rising excitement in the newsman's voice that something really big is occurring.

ON SCREEN: a clip from a shaky, hand-held video; while panning, the camera accidentally captures the four Sliders jay-walking across the boulevard. They walk in single file, mirroring the cover of the Abbey Road album.

The Sliders in the motel room react as the image is frozen, and computer enhancement zooms in on the face of Rembrandt, who happens to accidentally be looking straight toward the camera...

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

And so today, an entire nation asks the question... is The King really back?

All eyes turn to Rembrandt as we...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. CAPTAIN JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - ANGLE ON PEQUENO

13

a singing group made up of five Mexican boys in disco outfits, ranging from six to twelve years old. They are stiffly moving in unison to a prerecorded LATIN/SALSA BEAT, their hands spinning in 'locomotive' motions, their feet moving left to right and back again, flatly singing a familiar song...

PEQUENO (SINGING)

There's a lady who's sure... all
that glitters is gold... and she's
buying a stairway to heaven.

(switching to Spanish)

Hay una mujer que está... segura
que todo lo que brilla es oro... y
compra un escalera a cielo --

CAPTAIN JACK (O.S.)

Gentlemen, gentlemen, please!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE MAN whose interruption halted Pequeño in its tracks. "CAPTAIN" JACK BRIMM is a balding guy in his mid-forties, decked out in urban cowboy gear. He is a man near the end of his rope, perpetually pained by the curveballs life keeps firing his way...

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

You're singing Zeppelin here - you
gotta give it some life, comprende?

Jack's long-legged, not too bright SECRETARY enters the room, interrupting the worried manager.

SECRETARY

Jack, there's a Pam Jensen from
Channel Seven here to see you.

CAPTAIN JACK

(quietly stunned)

To see me? Wow... it's been so
long since we've had any press.

SECRETARY

Well, don't forget, that Crying Man
convention's in town.

CAPTAIN JACK

(a little bitter)

Right, of course. Send her in.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

PAM JENSEN, a pretty African-American, age 28, enters the room followed by a two-man camera crew. A smiling Jack senses a self-promoting opportunity, as he offers his hand to Pam...

CAPTAIN JACK

I realize you must be here to do a retrospective on my relationship with The King. But before we stroll down memory lane, let me give you a glimpse of the here and now for Captain Jack Brimm and his stable.

He nods at Pequeño and pops a new cassette in the tape machine...

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

Meet Pequeño! The only constantly bilingual act in show business. They perform in English - then immediately repeat every word in Spanish - a true act for the nineties!

This music is remarkably similar to the last selection - a LATIN/SALSA BEAT - to which Pequeño listlessly breaks into the same left-right steps...

PEQUENO (SINGING)

Hey, hey, mama, like the way you move... gonna make you sweat, gonna make you groove - Oye, oye, mama, me encanta como mueves la cadera, te voy a dejar sudada, te voy a dejar encantada.

CAPTAIN JACK

Pequeño offers all those Menudo fans, the alternative they've been waiting for.

Pam somehow manages a weak, polite smile.

CAPTAIN JACK

Okay boys, take cinco.

As Pequeño trudges out of the room, Jack pulls out a professional head-shot book that features his other acts.

PAM

Uh, excuse me, but --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

CAPTAIN JACK

-- Just give it a second, you're really gonna like this.

He opens the book to a glossy still of AN ASIAN COWBOY, singing and playing guitar...

CAPTAIN JACK

Waylon Chong, one of my most recent signings - the hottest country and western singer in all of Red China.

The next still is of A BALD STRING BEAN playing stand-up bass.

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

The Bass Ace. Some claim the bass is the worst instrument for a soloist - but hundreds of satisfied senior citizens beg to differ.

The next still is of CEZANNE BROWN singing in a lounge. He is billed as The King's Brother.

CAPTAIN JACK

The King's Brother. Some say he can't sing a lick, and that he's just a cheap imitation of The King. I say... so what? He's still The King's brother, right?

(leaning forward,
frowning)

So tell me Pam... how come the cameras aren't rolling?

PAM

To be honest, we're just not interested in those other acts.

CAPTAIN JACK

(long sigh)

Of course not. You've come to ask about Rembrandt. That's all anyone remembers me for.

(shakes head sadly)

Well, what's the angle this time - eight years Friday since he kicked?

PAM

Angle? You mean... you haven't heard?

14 INT. MOTEL 12 - DAY - THE AMAZED SLIDERS

14

are watching the motel TV, completely stupefied.

ON SCREEN: Irv the locksmith is being interviewed from inside his store...

IRV

I knew it was the real Crying Man
the minute he walked in! Tricked
him into signing this receipt...

(holds up receipt,
cackles)

Handwriting experts confirm it's
his signature! And now, this
little piece of paper is worth its
weight in gold!

The Sliders look at one another and Quinn changes channels.

ON SCREEN: a clip from an old Rembrandt movie - The Crying
Man is wearing a lei and riding a surfboard, waving his arms
to keep his balance, in front of a poorly done rear
projection of the ocean. A SUPER at the bottom of the
screen tells us the film was called Purple Hawaii...

REMBRANDT (SINGING)

I'm surfing on an ocean of tears...
Feels like I've been weeping for
years... My little island girl, has
set my mind a whirl... I think I
need to sink a couple beers...

OUR REMBRANDT

Ugh. Who wrote that tune?

Quinn changes channels again - a computer enhancement EXPERT
is using a telestrator to examine the "Abbey Road" video
still of the Sliders, crossing the street. At the moment,
he is pointing at a fuzzy image of Quinn...

EXPERT

The return of The Crying Man is
only part of the story. We believe
this man could be Jim Morrison of
The Doors

QUINN

What?

EXPERT

-- who also supposedly "died" years
ago. Under normal circumstances,
his return to public life would've
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

EXPERT (cont'd)
caused quite a stir... but compared
to The King... well, a "who cares"
attitude seems to prevail.

QUINN
This is out of control.

EXPERT
The girl in the video remains a
mystery, but you can tell by the
way her eyes are fixed on The King,
there is a strong bond between the
two of them.

Wade gives Rembrandt a little hug.

WADE
Well at least they got that right.

EXPERT
And we have positively identified
the fourth individual as none other
than that great Italian tenor,
Pavarotti!

All eyes turn to Arturo.

WADE
I didn't know you sang opera.

ARTURO
Only in the shower, my dear.

EXPERT
Of course we can only speculate,
but considering that two supposedly
dead stars are reemerging
simultaneously, perhaps Pavarotti
wished to be present, to represent
the mainstream musical world on
this momentous occasion.

An exasperated Arturo snatches the clicker and punches the
channel changer.

ARTURO
What rubbish! I'm far better
looking than that opera singer!

ON SCREEN: a live feed from Captain Jack's office, where he
is leading Pam Jensen through a room totally devoted to the
memory of Rembrandt.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

At the moment, he is pointing out a number of blown up stills of Rembrandt, probably taken on a Vegas stage in the latter half of his career. This Rembrandt has a medium-large Afro, wears a rhinestone tux, and has put on a good forty pounds...

CAPTAIN JACK

This is what I lovingly call "the fat Rembrandt wing." Devoted to that period when The King really took a bite out of life, and it all went straight to his waistline.

A SUPER is running over the live feed: "Live from the office of Captain Jack Brimm, Rembrandt's manager and the man credited with guiding his career".

CUT BACK TO THE MOTEL ROOM where our Rembrandt is beside himself.

REMBRANDT

Captain Jack! I can't believe that guy was managing my double! When I split from the Topps, he begged me to take him on. Swore up and down he'd take me right to the top!

The room falls silent... as Rembrandt realizes the irony of what he's just said.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

(thinking, dazed)
He is a jerk... but maybe I made a mistake.

15 INT. CAPTAIN JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - JACK IS TALKING

15

to Pam Jensen - the feed is still live - and the famous manager is getting all misty-eyed...

CAPTAIN JACK

I'll never forget the night I got the terrible news. While shrimp fishing in the gulf, The King's boat went down in a storm... no trace of his beautiful body was ever found.

(dabbing eyes)
Now... he belongs to the deep.

PAM

Do you still believe that?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

CAPTAIN JACK

We must view these rumors with extreme caution, Pamela. It could be more tripe from all those bloodsuckers who've made a living off The King's memory. You see, Rembrandt would've contacted me long ago if he was still alive. So I remain... a hopeful skeptic.

CUT TO JACK AND HIS SECRETARY

saying cordial good-byes to the Channel Seven crew, as they show them out. As soon as the door is shut, Jack instantly changes his tune, gleefully giving his secretary a huge, excited hug.

CAPTAIN JACK

He's alive!! Ha, Ha, alive!!!
(more serious, begins to pace)

Now, if I can just get back in his good graces, I'll have a career again.

16 INT. MOTEL 12 - DAY - ON REMBRANDT

16

looking out the window - the other Sliders join him, concern and amazement spreading across their faces. We can hear the sounds of a LARGE and GROWING CROWD coming from the street...

QUINN

My God... the word is out.
(to Rembrandt)
Your fans know we're here.

They look to Rembrandt, trying to figure out what to do next. The Crying Man adjusts his collar and tries to put a positive spin on things...

REMBRANDT

What's the big deal? If my fans are so desperate to see me, I'll go out there and give them all a little taste.

WADE

(looking out window)
Are you sure it's safe? They look pretty crazed.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

REMBRANDT

Girl, my music could soothe the
savage beast - and my personality
is just as disarming. I'll just
give 'em all a quick hello and
request some privacy for me and my
entourage.

WADE

Entourage?

REMBRANDT

You know what I mean!

Rembrandt is actually looking forward to this as he exits
the room.

The other Sliders wait pensively... Within seconds they can
hear THE MASSIVE RISING SOUND OF FANATIC SCREAMS coming from
the area surrounding the motel.

It's obvious that Rembrandt and his fans have met face to
face.

ARTURO

I remember when those four mop-tops
evoked a similar response. I wanna
squeeze your hand - yeah, yeah,
yeah - disgraceful tunelessness
that appealed to mankind's lowest
common denominator!

WADE

Oh Please. Are you actually
trashing The Beatles?

ARTURO

Is that what they were called?

WADE

So what is your cup of musical tea?
Slim Whitman?

QUINN

Nah, I think the Professor's a Sex
Pistols kinda guy.

ARTURO

Don't be foul, both of you. Real
music is played by classically
trained musicians, not
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

ARTURO (cont'd)
pre-pubescent "grunge-meisters"
who've yet to discover the
existence of a fourth chord.

Suddenly, there's a frantic POUNDING on the door. They can hear MUFFLED CRIES coming from the other side. Quinn races to the peephole and looks through, then quickly unlocks the door.

REMBRANDT races in, his hair ruffled, his clothes torn. He hurries to lock the door behind him...

REMBRANDT
Those people are animals! They all
want a piece of me - and I mean
literally!!

ARTURO
Such is the price of fame, eh
Mister Brown?

REMBRANDT
And I loved every minute of it -
well except for when that old lady
put a vise-lock on my butt. Lord!

WADE
Well if you loved it so much, why'd
you come back inside?

REMBRANDT
I may've loved it girl, but I
couldn't have survived it! There
is such a thing as too much love.

QUINN
(indicating TV)
Look!

ANGLE ON THE MUTED TV: Pam Jensen is speaking to the camera, standing at the edge of the gathered crowd outside the motel. Behind her, we can see that the Motel 12 vacancy sign now reads: Crying King, Lizard King, and Pavarotti, here!!!

QUINN (CONT'D)
So much for the mystery of how they
found us.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 3

16

ARTURO

This is totally unacceptable! I refuse to become a prisoner of this fanatical hysteria.

He goes over and puts on his coat.

WADE

What're you doing? You can't go outside!

ARTURO

I have no intention of mingling with that rabble, Miss Welles. I'm going to give the management a piece of my mind. Then I shall insist on a police escort to get us the hell out of here!

17 INT. MOTEL 12/FRONT DESK - DAY - ON GOMEZ CALHOUN

17

belly-laughing. We can hear A CHANTING CROWD outside the motel...

CALHOUN

Police escort! Be reasonable, Mister Pavarotti --

ARTURO

Are you truly that clueless? Do I sound Italian?

CALHOUN

I thought Pavarotti was Swedish.

Arturo is momentarily speechless.

ARTURO

Let's get back to the point. You had no right to advertise our presence on your billboard.

CALHOUN

(wringing his hands)
That... that was Mommy's idea.

CALHOUN'S MOM (O.S.)

Are you giving my boy a hard time?
(to Gomez, before Arturo can answer)
Did ya tell him about the rate increase?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

CALHOUN

Not yet. Maybe you should.

CALHOUN'S MOM (O.S.)

Due to suddenly increased market value, and circumstances beyond our control, your room rate just tripled.

ARTURO

That is absolutely outrageous. We're moving out. Now.

CALHOUN'S MOM (O.S.)

(cackling happily)
Oh yeah? Just try it. Step outside mister big shot Opera star, I dare ya!

Arturo is determined to find a way out of this mess.

ARTURO

I firmly believe that most people (staring Gomez down) are reasonable, when made aware of all the circumstances. If I can just make them listen... perhaps we can put an end to this calamity.

He moves to the door... hesitates, hearing the muddled sound of the crowd in the street. Arturo glances back at the expectant Gomez Calhoun, takes a deep breath... and steps outside. For an instant, the OFF SCREEN sound of the crowd seems to come to a stop...

ARTURO (O.S.)

(fast)
Ladies and gentlemen, please, if I might have your attention --

Suddenly the CROWD NOISE grows, we can hear excited SQUEALS and individual voices SHOUTING OUT...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

It's him! It's The King's friend!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah! It's that opera guy! Get him!! Don't let him get away!!

ARTURO (O.S.)

Wait a minute!! Hear me out!! You're making a mistake!!!

18 EXT. IN FRONT OF MOTEL 12 - DAY - ON PAM JENSEN

18

speaking into the camera, at the edge of the crowd scene.

PAM

The man at first believed to be Pavarotti made a sudden appearance and was mobbed by the happy group of fans.

PULL BACK to see Pam is being watched on a 12-inch TV, situated on the front porch of a rustic cabin.

PAM (CONT'D)

Although it has been confirmed that the real Pavarotti is on stage in Europe at this very moment, the delirious crowd still wanted to reach out and touch this man, who is apparently a confidant and travelling companion of the resurrected King.

KEEP PULLING BACK

to reveal the rugged outdoor work boots and tough country Levis of the lone man watching the news report.

ON SCREEN

a wide-eyed Arturo passes THROUGH THE FRAME, being passed around on the hands and shoulders of the crowd, like a delirious fan at a rock concert.

PAM (CONT'D)

Only a thin blue line of police is keeping these fans from storming the Motel 12. And their patience seems to be running thin, as they await another appearance by Rembrandt Brown himself.

REVERSE ANGLE

to reveal the severely frowning man watching the TV on the porch. He has a beard, and his hair is somewhat long and unruly... but the face is unmistakable.

He is this world's Rembrandt Brown, and he is very much alive...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 EXT. MOTEL 12 - NIGHT - A POLICEMAN

19

at the front edge of the crowd, is approached by Captain Jack, in tandem with his secretary and CEZANNE BROWN.

CAPTAIN JACK

Excuse me officer, but you have to let us enter the motel.

COP

My orders are, no one gets in.

CAPTAIN JACK

(covertly flashing his license)

You don't understand... I'm Captain Jack Brimm.

COP

The Captain Jack? I thought you were dead too.

Jack closes his eyes for a moment - that comment really stung. Jack indicates Cezanne...

CAPTAIN JACK

Do you know who this is?
(looks around first,
whispers)

It's The King's brother.

Cezanne covertly flashes his license. The cop studies Cezanne's face, hesitating, impressed by who they are but still uncertain about letting them pass...

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

(arm around cop)
I'm gonna let you in on a little secret... I've been contacted about doing a worldwide, Rembrandt Brown, pay-per-view special, tomorrow night. How'd you like some tickets to the show?

20 INT. MOTEL 12 ROOM - NIGHT - CAPTAIN JACK

20

is on his knees, hugging Rembrandt's legs, earnestly begging for forgiveness.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CAPTAIN JACK

I've come bearing a gift - I'll
tell you what it is - but only if
you say we're friends again.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE OTHER SLIDERS as an uncomfortable Rembrandt looks to them for guidance. Arturo still looks shaken from his encounter with the mob - his pants are torn and one jacket sleeve is completely missing.

REMBRANDT tries to shake free of Jack - but the manager won't let go yet.

REMBRANDT

Okay, fine, we're friends - now
would you let go of my leg?
(Jack does so)
Okay, so what's this "gift" all
about?

Jack jumps to his feet - he begins to pace...

CAPTAIN JACK

Manana, seven p.m., an audience of
billions tunes in for The King's
return concert... And they're ready
to pay... get this... a million
dollars a song. Did you hear that,
Remmy? If you pull a Springsteen,
and stay on stage all night, I'll
be set for life!
(realizing how that
sounds)
And you - you'll be even richer
than you already are!

Rembrandt is utterly speechless, his eyes glowing at the possibilities. Finally, Arturo takes him by the arm...

ARTURO

Uh... would you excuse us for a
moment?

A suspicious Captain Jack and his entourage move to one end of the room - The Sliders huddle in the other end,
WHISPERING...

WADE

Pay-per-view at a million dollars a
song!

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

QUINN

We'd never have money problems again, that's for sure.

ARTURO

Perhaps if we could amass a large enough sum, we could put it to use rebuilding the Sliding machine on the next world. It might help us get home.

WADE

But don't we Slide tomorrow night?

QUINN

We do. Nine oh three p.m.

WADE

Then you could do the show... and we could Slide right afterwards.

REMBRANDT

You're damn right I could do the show! All my best tunes... an audience of billions, worshipping me...

His lips are starting to quiver - The Crying Man is nearing Nirvana just thinking about it. He remains where he is, while the other Sliders disengage and move toward the Captain and his entourage...

QUINN

Alright Jack, he'll do it.

CAPTAIN JACK

Fantastic!

QUINN

But he's gotta be paid up front.

WADE

In cash.

CAPTAIN JACK

Up front! Cash? Wait a minute

ARTURO

Shall we say... eight songs?
(Rembrandt nods)
That means eight million dollars, to be delivered by eight o'clock tomorrow night.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 3

20

WADE

Or the show will not go on.

CAPTAIN JACK

Now just hold on - who are you -
all of you?

The Sliders share a quick look before Rembrandt steps
forward and answers...

REMBRANDT

They're my new managers.

CAPTAIN JACK

Then what am I supposed to be?

QUINN

You're the luckiest guy in the
world. You get to be middle-man on
the pay-per-view of the century.

WADE

Yeah. And you can even have our
commission. Ten percent of eight
million's not too shabby.

CAPTAIN JACK

But I get fifteen percent!

REMBRANDT

Not anymore. Ten percent - split
down the middle with my big
brother. Even though he's a no
good snake.

CEZANNE

Right on. And this no good snake's
gonna help get you out of here.
But first, we gotta change clothes.

Off Rembrandt's puzzled look, we CUT TO:

21 INT. MOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT - THE BROWN BROTHERS

21

stand side by side, having switched their clothing. Cezanne
has added a few touches to make him look even more like The
Crying Man...

REMBRANDT

Just don't seem right. You're
turning yourself into a human
guinea pig.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

CEZANNE

Don't worry bro. I like the attention.

(takes a deep breath)

Think of it this way... for a few moments... they'll all love me like they love you.

Rembrandt doesn't know what to say. Cezanne takes a deep breath before stepping through the door. He winks at Rembrandt, then races out into harm's way.

The ROAR OF THE CROWD is immediate and deafening.

Rembrandt's first instinct is to go after him - but Captain Jack and the other Sliders are urgently beckoning him from the other end of the hall.

WADE

Come on Rembrandt! Now's our chance!

A reluctant Rembrandt moves to them, and together, they all slip through a little used emergency exit at the back of the motel.

22 EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND MOTEL - NIGHT - CAPTAIN JACK

22

and his faithful secretary, stealthily lead The Sliders up the alley and away from the motel.

CAPTAIN JACK

Hurry up! My Beamer's just around the corner!

REMBRANDT is the last to exit the building. As he turns to run after the others, he spots something out of the corner of his eye that freezes him in his tracks:

A RED CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE looking nearly identical to Rembrandt's treasured "red sled" that got stuck in an iceberg, is parked in the alleyway. Rembrandt is mesmerized, and can't help but check it out.

A STRANGE CHARACTER whom we will come to know as THE CRYING PRINCE, steps out of the shadows and approaches Rembrandt, who is busy studying the car from hood to tail.

The Prince is a Rembrandt impersonator, but there's a heavy dose of howling queen/Little Richard in his interpretation.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

CRYING PRINCE

Oooh child, it's true! It is you,
my, my, my.

REMBRANDT

(frowning at his
appearance)

Who're you supposed to be?

CRYING PRINCE

I'm "supposed" to be you, lamb
chop!

THE OTHERS have stopped at the far end of the alleyway,
wondering why Rembrandt isn't catching up with them. Quinn
instinctively backtracks...

BACK TO REMBRANDT AND THE PRINCE - The Prince surprises him
by pulling out a bottle of cheap champagne.

CRYING PRINCE

In honor of your return. Welcome
back.

As Rembrandt momentarily eyes the label, The Crying Prince
smacks him over the head, as if christening a ship, knocking
the unsuspecting Rembrandt out cold. The Prince catches him
before he hits the ground...

QUINN (O.S.)

Rembrandt!

The Prince hurriedly drags Rembrandt into the open back seat
- then jumps in the car and races back in reverse, scant
feet ahead of the pursuing Quinn. He pulls a high-speed
u-turn - Quinn manages to latch onto the side of the car and
is dangerously dragged along, struggling with the kidnapper.

The Prince sharply fishtails the Caddy and Quinn loses his
grip, tumbling to a stop against some trashcans in the
alley.

Quinn gets back to his feet, largely unhurt, and watches in
silent desperation as the Caddy zooms away, its license
plate reading Crybaby.

23 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - CLOSE ON REMBRANDT

23

in a sitting position, waking up very slowly. Someone is
rapidly pacing back and forth before him, but he has yet to
focus his eyes...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

CRYING PRINCE (O.S.)
You did it Maurice - you pulled it
off and bagged the big cat himself!
But why am I surprised - you
alllwaaaays get your man!

Rembrandt realizes that he's tied to a chair in a corner of
the room. He GROANS a little, tries to focus...

REMBRANDT POV: the flamboyant, effete Crying Prince comes
INTO FRAME and into focus, leaning forward, examining
Rembrandt...

CRYING PRINCE (CONT'D)
It really is him, too. I know that
face like the back of my hand.

Rembrandt's vision is still a little blurry, but as he
glances around the room, he doesn't see anyone else...

REMBRANDT
(groggy)
Who're you talking to?

CRYING PRINCE
I'm talking to myself - an
occupational hazard of spending so
much time on the road.

Rembrandt shudders and closes his eyes, trying to shake the
cobwebs from his head. He forces himself to take another
look at the CRYING PRINCE, who's added feathers, chiffon,
and eyeliner to the Rembrandt look. Rembrandt is
repulsed...

REMBRANDT
This must be Hell.

CRYING PRINCE
You're not deceased, bisquit,
that's why you're here. Allow me to
explain.

(prancing, circling the
chair)
When you "died", you created a
whole industry. There are HUNDREDS
of Rembrandt impersonators staying
in this hotel, at this very moment.

REMBRANDT
So?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2

23

CRYING PRINCE

So when you came back, you put us
all out of a job, permanently. Who
wants to see us, if they can see
the real thing?

REMBRANDT

(looking him up and down,
grimacing)
You've got a point.

CRYING PRINCE

Besides, my little sausage, your
reappearance is doing you terrible
damage - and as your most devoted
fan, I can not allow that to
happen.

REMBRANDT

What the hell are you lisping
about?

CRYING PRINCE

Don't you see? You left this world
at the perfect time - a legend who
had peaked - disappearing into the
sunset... a sure way to remain a
legend. Always.

Rembrandt has a moment to think that over, as the vain
Crying Prince momentarily pauses to adjust his hair (wig?)
in the full-length mirror.

CRYING PRINCE (CONT'D)

When you popped up again, you sent
the whole world into chaos.
Something had to be done to
preserve the legend and save you
from yourself.

REMBRANDT

Save me? Just look at you, fool!
You couldn't save a coupon from the
Sunday paper!

The room falls deadly silent. The Prince seems stunned and
crushed by the harsh criticism - being tied up, the real
Rembrandt realizes this may not have been the smartest
strategy.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 3

23

REMBRANDT

Look I can't solve all this. I'm not really your Rembrandt, so you can untie me right now.

(the Prince is puzzled)

I came here from another dimension and I'm leaving this Earth tomorrow night, okay? Your Rembrandt is dead, so you've got nothing to worry about.

The Crying Prince seems suddenly saddened...

CRYING PRINCE

Those stories about the pills and the booze... they musta all been true. To see you so delusional is a sad, sad thing.

The Crying Prince wipes away a single tear... Just as suddenly, he is upbeat again.

CRYING PRINCE (CONT'D)

I have quite a night in store for you, sweetpea! I always dreamed 'bout what it would be like to thrill The King by performing my entire repertoire!

REMBRANDT

(serious, frowning)

Oh no... please... not that.

CRYING PRINCE

It's showtime till dawn, sugar britches! I've mastered forty-two Crying Man tunes, and you're gonna hear them all!!

(leans forward, gently strokes Rembrandt's face)

Don't worry... I'll make sure your final hours are happy ones.

REMBRANDT

Final hours? What does that mean - final hours?

The Crying Prince takes a deep breath and explains...

CRYING PRINCE

I can't let you do that show tonight and spoil everything. When
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 4

23

CRYING PRINCE (cont'd)
I'm done giving you my private
command performance...
(dramatic pause)
... I'm afraid I'll have to kill
you.

MOVE IN ON REMBRANDT

horrified to see that his captor is dead serious, as we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24 INT. CAPTAIN JACK'S OFFICE - MORNING - ON WADE

24

entering the room, stifling a yawn, and carrying a tray of coffee. She passes Captain Jack; he is hatless and standing perfectly still, eyes closed, back against the wall.

WADE

What's with him?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE JACK'S SECRETARY sitting behind a desk, filing her nails.

JACK'S SECRETARY

Jack often sleeps standing up when he's stressed. Says lying down makes him too nervous.

Wade moves on, passing Cezanne, who is sleeping on the couch (in normal fashion) until she comes to Quinn and Arturo. Quinn has opened up the back of Jack's desktop computer, and is intently working on its insides with a screwdriver...

WADE

Coffee?

ARTURO

You are a lifesaver, Miss Welles.

Wade hands The Professor a cup - Quinn shakes his head 'no thanks', intently continuing to work the computer.

WADE

Plan on getting any rest?

QUINN

We can't afford to rest. We slide in twelve hours - if we don't find Rembrandt by then...

His voice trails off, they all know the score.

ARTURO

Fortunately for us, young Mr. Mallory possesses considerable "hacking" skills. If we can just get this computer up and running...

WADE

How's that gonna help us find Rembrandt?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

QUINN

I caught the license plate of the guy who kidnapped him. If I can repair this hard drive, I might be able to break into the DMV files and scan their records.

WADE

Isn't that illegal?

ARTURO

Who knows what the laws are on this world? Let's just say ignorance is bliss.

With a satisfied SIGH, Quinn makes a final adjustment and shuts the back of the machine up again. He moves around to the keyboard, and begins to manipulate it with incredible speed and dexterity.

CAPTAIN JACK (O.S.)

It wasn't my fault, my King!

Wade and Arturo turn to see Captain Jack is still sleeping standing up.

SECRETARY

Don't mind Jack, he talks in his sleep alot. Usually it's about money or food - no, usually it's something about Rembrandt, to tell ya the truth.

QUINN

Oh no.

WADE

What is it?

QUINN

These files are garbled...
(looks at Wade)

They have a a data encryption scheme, as a safeguard against someone like me.

WADE

Can you overcome it?

QUINN

Maybe. But it's gonna take a while.

The Sliders exchange uncomfortable glances - they know that time is rapidly running out.

25 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY - TIGHT ON THE CRYING PRINCE

25

nearing the end of a frightening, herky-jerky version of the Rembrandt Brown standard: Slap Me, Love Me...

CRYING PRINCE (SINGING)

Slap me - love me - grab me - bump
me - takes your love to really
stump me - whip me - kick me -
stroke me - lick me - a girl like
you can really trick me...
(booming out the climax)
Slap me, love meeeeeee, yeah!

He ends in a sweeping bow as the BLARING prerecorded MUSIC reaches crescendo.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE REMBRANDT still tied to a chair, now wearing a gag. Other than what seems to be a frown, we can't really tell what his reaction is.

CRYING PRINCE

Ooh, ooh, did I nail that or what?
Nobody sings Slap Me, Love Me like
The Crying Prince! Nobody, and
that includes you!

The Crying Prince stands over his captive, hands on his hips; Rembrandt, who seems to be simmering, tries to say something, but the gag is muffling all the words.

CRYING PRINCE (CONT'D)

Remember the old saying "don't say
anything if you don't have anything
nice to say"? Well so far,
cupcake, all your critiques have
been quite disrespectful.

Rembrandt answers heatedly - again the words are stifled by the gag.

CRYING PRINCE (CONT'D)

You want another chance? Well, the
Crying Prince is nothing if not
merciful. Now I'm gonna remove
this gag... but you better be nice.

The sensitive Crying Prince gingerly removes the gag... and holds his breath as Rembrandt fumes for a moment, collecting his angry thoughts before offering a response.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

REMBRANDT

You can't imagine what it's like to watch song after song - songs of brilliance, that I wrote from the heart - BUTCHERED by a third rate Little Richard!!

CRYING PRINCE

Little who?

REMBRANDT

Never mind! You are shaming my good name man, I don't know any other way to say it --

The Crying Prince quickly stuffs the gag back in Rembrandt's mouth.

CRYING PRINCE

I'm sure you'll become enlightened as the day wears on. If not...
(leans forward, menacing)
... your lack of taste will die with you!

26 INT. CAPTAIN JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - QUINN

26

is still at the computer, hacking away, moving through records at breakneck speed. Captain Jack has rejoined the land of the conscious; he is pacing back and forth, periodically peering over Quinn's shoulder.

CAPTAIN JACK

Can't you hurry it up, kid! The poor King is out there somewhere, abducted by hooligans! I can't stand to think of how he must be suffering.

ARTURO

Oh give it a rest! You're not worried about Rembrandt - you're concerned about the show.

CAPTAIN JACK

(sarcastic)
Why should I worry about the show? Just because there are millions riding... billions watching... and my entire career hanging in the balance?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Just thinking about it has filled The Captain with terror.
He grabs his coat, and his secretary.

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

I'm heading down to the stage.
We've gotta start lining up
replacement acts, just in case.
(to Sliders)

I'm counting on you to find him -
the keys to my jeep are on the
kitchen counter.

Jack and the secretary exit. Seconds later, Quinn's eyes
light up...

QUINN

Got it!

His companions gather round the screen. Quinn indicates the
California plate Crybaby, showing up on the screen next to a
name and address.

WADE

Terry Kyle, 12 Maple Street, Fresno
California. That's quite a drive!

QUINN

(shutting off computer)
Well then we'd better get moving.

27 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DUSK - THE SLIDERS

27

approach the front door of a modest little house on a
residential street.

QUINN

We're dealing with kidnappers.
We'd better be ready for anything.

WADE

Quinn... is that the car they took
Rembrandt in?

Quinn looks to where she's pointing - a Toyota sits in the
driver, with the California plate Crybaby.

QUINN

(crestfallen)
No. It was a red Caddy - just like
Rembrandt's.

The front door opens and a little bald guy steps onto the
porch.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

LITTLE BALD GUY
Can I help you?

ARTURO
We're uh... looking for Terry Kyle.

LITTLE BALD GUY
I'm Terry Kyle. You saw the ad
about the doll? Just a second.

He disappears into the house for a moment... then steps back out with a toy little girl doll in his hands. The doll's face is scrunched up, as if she throwing a tantrum and crying up a storm...

LITTLE BALD GUY (CONT'D)
My greatest invention'- The
Crybaby. So lifelike, you won't
believe your ears...

He pulls a string in the doll's back and it begins to WAIL like a banshee. Terry Kyle smiles at the Sliders, then pulls the string again - this time, the crying is more of A HALTING SOB...

LITTLE BALD GUY (CONT'D)
Can't buy it in stores. Cries
fifteen different ways - perfect
for today's child, who demands
realism in their toys.

QUINN
I think... we've come to the wrong
place. Sorry.

The indignant little man gets back inside - the Sliders head back to Jack's Jeep.

WADE
How could you have gotten the wrong
plate?

QUINN
(sighs)
I saw the lettering but it was too
dark to get a handle on the colors!
It must've been an out of state
plate.

WADE
So what do we do now?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

QUINN

There's nothing we can do. I can only access California cars - we're stuck.

ARTURO

(deep in thought)

Maybe not. I'm beginning to believe the answer has always been right before our eyes.

All eyes turn to Arturo.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

A red Cadillac... plates that say Crybaby... what does that remind you of?

It dawns on Quinn and Wade at the same instant.

QUINN/WADE

The Crying Man convention!

28 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT - CAPTAIN JACK IS ON THE PHONE

28

speaking to Quinn and company. He is wearing a tuxedo, cowboy boots and hat - we can hear the sound of Pequeño doing Stairway To Heaven in the background.

QUINN (O.S.)

We're just arriving at the Oakland Hilton - so sit tight.

CAPTAIN JACK

Sit tight! I'm using up all my acts and the natives are getting restless! Hurry, dammit!

(frowns)

Hey, are you using my car phone? I'm hanging up!

Jack takes a moment to catch his breath and mop his brow. The ugly sound of BOOING is rising up from around the corner, half-drowning out the stilted Zeppelin.

29 INT. HOTEL FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS

29

approach the front desk, passing an Albino Crying Man and a 300 pound Crying Man, standing by a lobby sign reading "Welcome Crying Men." Quinn gets the attention of the young lady behind the counter - she offers him a little more than a friendly smile. to the annoyance of Wade...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

QUINN

We're looking for one of the impersonators, drives a flashy red Caddy. It's an emergency - can you help us?

30 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - TIGHT ON THE CRYING

30

PRINCE

who has just finished another song - tears are streaming down his cheeks... the bound and gagged Rembrandt rolls his eyes in exhausted exasperation.

CRYING PRINCE

I saw that! You still don't get it, do you? Well I've had it with your bad attitude and your ungrateful responses.

REMBRANDT

(muffled, through the gag)

Ungrateful! You're planning to kill me!!

CRYING PRINCE

Quite right. And the time has come - I'm sick of unreciprocated love.

The Prince opens the balcony window wide, then begins to push a struggling Rembrandt toward it...

CRYING PRINCE (CONT'D)

The poor King. Making a comeback was just too much for him... so he had to leap to his death from the fifteenth floor.

A terrified Rembrandt is almost to the window when the two men hear the shocking sound of someone unlocking the door from the hallway, with a key card...

The door flies open, and the other Sliders burst in, accompanied by the girl from the front desk. The astonished Prince backs away, trying to look innocent, as Quinn and Wade race to Rembrandt and hurriedly untie him.

The moment Rembrandt is free, he moves toward The Prince, fire in his eyes. The Prince is backpeddling and flashing a nervous smile...

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

CRYING PRINCE

Now hang on there a minute King...
You know I had no real intention of
killing ya. I was just trying to
scare you into retiring again. No
hard feelings sugar, okay?

Rembrandt decks The Crying Prince with a crisp right,
knocking his wig right off.

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. THE CAPITOL THEATRE - NIGHT - ON THE MARQUEE

31

whose giant letters proclaim: Rembrandt Brown
The King returns And The Whole World Is Watching!

32 INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - REMBRANDT

32

is decked out in a cool blue tux. He is having make-up
applied as a nervous Captain Jack goes over the itinerary.
The clock on the wall reads 9:49.

CAPTAIN JACK

I think the rehearsal went very
well - the old charts still sound
terrific. Now, you open with
Weeping Wall Of Tears, segue into
Love Explosion, knock 'em dead with
Cry Like A Man, Explosion Of Love,
I'm A Tear Jerk, and Who Stole My
Woman?... before the killer encore
of Head Butt Me and Tears In My
'Fro.

REMBRANDT

Fine. Now will you quit pacing,
you're making me nervous.

Jack forces himself to take a deep breath, then grabs
Rembrandt's head, planting a big kiss on his cheek.

CAPTAIN JACK

I love this man!

Jack exits as an irritated Rembrandt wipes his cheek for
lipstick, just in case. The make-up woman does some
finishing touches and leaves the room as well. Rembrandt is
alone for the first time in a long time... he stares into
the mirror... and somberly considers the task at hand.

33 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CAPTAIN JACK

33

is moving down the hall, muttering to himself, preoccupied. He walks past a man moving in the other direction... and it takes a few seconds for a frowning Jack to freeze and turn back toward him...

CAPTAIN JACK

How'd you get out here? Come on Remmy, get your tux back on, we're five minutes from show time!

JACK'S POV: the man is wearing corduroy pants and a nondescript jacket. He half turns and we see it's REMBRANDT 2. The man continues on, without a word, heading in the direction of the dressing room. Jack slowly shakes his head, a bit puzzled, then continues on his way.

34 INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT - REMBRANDT

34

is still soul-searching, staring into the mirror, readying himself. He SIGHS a little when he hears A SMALL KNOCK followed by the sound of the door opening behind him.

REMBRANDT

Ah geez, Jack... can't I have a moment alone?

Slowly it dawns on Rembrandt that there has been no response.

He gets an eerie feeling as he turns his head... and shock registers across his face...

WIDE ANGLE

as Rembrandt gets to his feet... and stands face to face with his double.

REMBRANDT 2 slowly circles our Rembrandt, studying him up and down.

REMBRANDT 2

You really do look like me, I'll give ya that. How'd you do it, plastic surgery?

REMBRANDT

(dazed)

No, nothing like that. But I thought... you were dead?

REMBRANDT 2

So did the rest of the world - till you came along.