

SLIDERS
"GANGSTER WORLD"

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September 29, 1995

SLIDERS
GANGSTER WORLD
TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

CLOSE ON QUINN and REMBRANDT as they look around anxiously.

REMBRANDT

This is the scariest world you've brought us to yet, Q-Ball. How much time before we slide?

QUINN

(anxiously)
Not much. I wish Wade would get here. She's really cutting it close.

REMBRANDT

(looking down)
Professor, isn't that bench cold?

CLOSE ON ARTURO reading a newspaper.

ARTURO

On the contrary. It's rather refreshing.

ANGLE ON ALL THREE. Rembrandt and Quinn stand behind the bench. Arturo sits on it with the newspaper opened full in front of him. They are naked.

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn)
He's the last person I would've picked to enjoy this world.

ARTURO

And you, Mr. Brown, are the last person I would've picked to be so self-conscious in this world.

REMBRANDT

I'm not self-conscious; it's just that I have literally seen more of the human race than I ever needed to...

WADE, fully clothed, runs down the sidewalk carrying a bundle of their clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

How much time do we have?

QUINN

Not much. Where've you been?

She hands them the bundle. They quickly begin to sort out their clothes and pull some things on. Wade turns her back on them so that she doesn't have to watch.

WADE

I told you I wasn't going to be around the three of you nude until the last minute.

Quinn pauses dressing to check the timer.

QUINN

That's just about where we're at.

REMBRANDT

(to Wade)

Didn't anybody hassle you for wearing clothes?

WADE

I wasn't going to let any of these nudists stop me, no matter how fanatic they are.

ARTURO

It is most unlike you, Miss Wells, to be so judgmental of a world that we visit.

REMBRANDT

Don't listen to him. He's been enjoying running around, naked as a jay bird.

ARTURO

I simply feel freed from the pretensions that I never realized we bestowed upon ourselves in the way we dress.

WADE

In your case, Professor, it may be more than clothes.

Quinn, in a shirt, underwear and socks, hits the timer and the VORTEX OPENS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Oh, dear, I'm not quite dressed
yet...

Wade slides, Rembrandt pulls on his shoes and dives in after her. Arturo's had to lean on Quinn to pull his shoes on. Quinn, pants in hand, steadies him. Arturo slides. Quinn, frantically trying to pull his pants on, falls backward into the vortex, dropping his pants as he does.

THE PANTS flutter in the breeze of the departing vortex...

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

The Sliders arrive one at a time with Quinn falling through last, dressed except for his pants.

WADE

Where are your pants?

QUINN

I dropped them.
(stepping behind the
bench again)
Tell me this is underwear world
and I'll fit right in.

REMBRANDT

Afraid not, Q-Ball, and it's not
our world either. We slid from
Columbus Avenue but here...
(indicating sign)
...it's Luciano Avenue.

ARTURO

And how long are we to spend on
this world?

QUINN

Day and a half.

WADE

We've got to find you some pants.

QUINN

(looking around)
I should probably get out of
sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Yes, one would hate to think that an indecent exposure charge could cause us to miss our next slide.

REMBRANDT

Especially if it's the one to take us home.

QUINN

All right. I'll be down that alley...
(indicating)
...when you find me something.

He slips down an alley opening.

WADE

Okay, we'll be right back.
(to the others)
Which direction should we go?

ARTURO

In terms of haberdasheries, I'm afraid I couldn't answer that question on our world.

REMBRANDT

We may not have to. Check it out...

He points up to...

A CLOTHESLINE out of the back of an apartment on the fire escape. On it is a pair of baggy blue jeans...

FLIP TO:

THE CLOTHESLINE which has the same load of clothes except there is a space where the jeans hung. The clothespin now holds two twenty dollar bills.

TILT DOWN from the clothesline to the Sliders walking down the street. The jeans are quite large on Quinn.

REMBRANDT

This hip-hop look works for you, Q-Ball.

QUINN

Yeah? Think I should work on my rap act?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Don't even jest about such matters, Mr. Mallory. That "rap" noise is abominable.

REMBRANDT

(to Arturo)

You're just in a bad mood because you have to wear clothes again.

ARTURO

Hardly, though I'm a bit hungry. Perhaps we should stop for a repast. My irritability may be limited to low blood sugar.

WADE

(sotto to Quinn)

He can't have low blood sugar all the time.

ARTURO

What did you say, Miss Wells?

Wade points at a diner.

WADE

I said this place looks as good as any.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As the Sliders enter, the half-dozen or so PATRONS slowly stop talking and stare.

KAREN, the cook and waitress all in one, flips a burger. She looks up as she hears the silence settle over her place. She is a pretty, spunky woman in her late twenties.

KAREN

Wow. Mr. Brown, you're really here.

Rembrandt can't hide that he's pleased at being recognized.

REMBRANDT

Live and in person.

Karen grabs four menus and comes from behind the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

I don't believe it. This is so exciting. Will a booth be all right?

She leads them to a booth and hands out menus as they sit.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I just want you to know that there are a lot of good people in San Francisco who have been waiting for Rembrandt Brown to finally show up.

REMBRANDT

Well, thanks. It means a lot to me to hear that.

She hurries off to get them water and tend to the burgers on the grill. Rembrandt notices the patrons still watching him. He smiles and waves at them. Some go back to eating while other tentatively wave back.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

People on this world must have good musical taste. I wonder how big I am here?

TWO well-dressed MEN enter the diner and approach Karen at the counter. They are TOMMY COHEN and his assistant, FRANCO. They wear designer suits and are impeccably accessorized. Think Gordon Gekko in "Wall Street."

TOMMY

Karen MacKenzie? You're in arrears on your payments for the Protective Sales Tax increase.

KAREN

And I told you before, it wasn't fair.

TOMMY

Few things in this life are fair, but the system works because everybody pays their share.

FRANCO

You've probably got enough cash in the drawer to cover it. You just want to give that to us?

Her eyes cross to Rembrandt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

Maybe not...

Tommy and Franco follow her glance and react to Rembrandt with shock. They both pull pistols from their suits. Some patrons dive to the floor. Others manage to run out the door.

TOMMY

(advancing)
Rembrandt Brown! This is
unbelievable.

FRANCO

All of you, get your hands up
where we can see them.

The Sliders, shocked, raise their arms.

TOMMY

(to Rembrandt)
I'll give you this, you got brass
-- sitting here in broad daylight.
Get up and move outside. Slowly,
or we start firing.

QUINN

There's a mix-up here. We're not
who you probably think we are.

FRANCO

Yeah? He's not Rembrandt Brown?

ARTURO

Actually--

They are stopped by the sound of a pump action SHOTGUN
BEING .COCKED. Everyone freezes.

Karen has pulled the gun from under the counter. She
holds it trained on Tommy and Franco.

KAREN

Get out of here, Mr. Brown, while
you can.

(to the bad guys)
Drop your guns...Now!

They reluctantly drop the guns.

TOMMY

This is not a good move, Miss
MacKenzie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCO

You don't realize what you're
doing.

KAREN

Yes, I do.

She glares at the Sliders who are cautiously getting out
of the booth and heading for the door.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hurry up. Run!

They bolt for the door.

Rembrandt and Quinn take one last quick look at Karen,
realizing she may have saved their lives. But why are
they in danger? They look at each other and follow the
other two out the door.

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Sliders come around a corner in a hurry. Quinn looks back to make sure they're not being followed.

WADE

What do you suppose that was all about?

REMBRANDT

I don't know, but let's get some distance between us and that diner.

ARTURO

Perhaps it was an extreme form of musical criticism.

QUINN

That was too close of a call to joke about, Professor.

ARTURO

That was hardly a jest, Mr. Mallory, considering some of the properties of other worlds we've slid to...

Suddenly a black LIMOUSINE squeals around the corner and screeches to a halt in the middle of the block up ahead of the Sliders. A HORN sounds, the door opens and a BODY tumbles out onto the sidewalk.

As the car pulls away, THREE MEN emerge from a door and hurriedly tend to the body. One pulls a GUN and SHOOTS a couple of times at the fast disappearing limo.

As they pick up the body and hurry back inside, they give the Sliders menacing looks.

ARTURO

It would appear that random violence would be the norm on this world.

WADE

And it's not on ours?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Not like this -- at least not in my neighborhood. I vote we get a hotel room and hide out until the slide.

Quinn indicates a newsstand at the end of the block.

QUINN

Probably a good idea, but I want to pick up some papers or magazines. Maybe find out more about this world.

As they approach the newsstand, a dapper MAN in a sharp suit walks up, takes a couple of magazines and walks off. The NEWSIE, an old man in a tweed cap, doesn't seem to mind.

WADE

He didn't pay for his magazines.

NEWSIE

Nope. He's one of Mickey Cohen's boys. They don't have to pay. But listen, since you all are with Rembrandt Brown, you don't have to pay either.

REMBRANDT

Really? So you must be a fan--

NEWSIE

No, Mr. Brown, not really. It's just that guys like me try to keep both sides of their bread buttered.

Off the Sliders looking at each other...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL 12 OFFICE - DAY

The ever-present GOMEZ CALHOUN is registering the Sliders, handing the room keys over the counter.

CALHOUN

Very good, Mr. Brown, here are room keys. Enjoy your stay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

You don't want us to pay in advance?

CALHOUN

That's usually our policy, but payment won't be necessary. Let's just say I'm doing my part.

QUINN

"Your part" of what?

CALHOUN

Oh, I get it. You don't want anyone to know you're here.

The Sliders look at each other. Past experience has taught them that there's not too much quality communication to be had with Gomez Calhoun. They start to file out of the office.

REMBRANDT

Thank you very much for the rooms. Maybe I can return the favor sometime...

CALHOUN

(alligator smile)
Maybe you can...

He gives a little wave as the Sliders exit. Then he yells to the back room where his MOTHER is watching television.

CALHOUN (CONT'D)

Ma!

MA (O.S.)

What?

CALHOUN

Watch the front desk for me. I got to go out for awhile.

MA (O.S.)

All right, but bring me back some malted milk balls.

Gomez nods and rolls his eyes at the request, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

This is a nice, long conference room in what could be an I.M. Pei-designed building. On the wall, behind the head of the table is a brass logo and lettering proclaiming: The Cohen Group. The table is set with notepads, pens, ice water pitchers and a couple of telephones.

MURCHESON, an athletic-looking man in a double-breasted pin strip suit, enters the room just as a meeting is letting out. He approaches the boss, MICKEY COHEN III, who is still at the head of the table.

Murcheson leans over and whispers in Cohen's ear. Cohen frowns and nods as Murcheson steps back a respectful distance. Cohen barks at the open door.

COHEN

What's your name? Calhoun? Get in here.

Gomez Calhoun enters, trying not to show his nervousness.

CALHOUN

Thanks for seeing me in person, Mr. Cohen. I know you're a very busy man, but speaking as one legitimate businessman to another--

COHEN

Cut to the chase, Calhoun. What's so important you couldn't have told my...

(indicating Murcheson)

...Administrative Assistant.

CALHOUN

It's Rembrandt Brown.

COHEN

(agitated)

What about him?

CALHOUN

He's here. In San Francisco. He just checked in to my hotel with three other agents. They're traveling undercover...

As Murcheson and Cohen share a look...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The TELEVISION is ON and Rembrandt and Wade are channel-surfing. Quinn and Arturo are looking through newspapers and magazines.

ARTURO

Evidently the gangland lawlessness you Americans allowed to flourish in the 1920's and 30's was never vanquished.

QUINN

(indicating a magazine)
There're libraries and universities named after Meyer Lansky and Lucky Luciano. There's even a big amusement park in Los Angeles named after Bugsy Siegel.

REMBRANDT

So they weren't gangsters on this world, or they were?

ARTURO

Their beginnings still seem linked to criminal activities.

QUINN

And their power seems to be based on mobster enforcement techniques.

REMBRANDT

Okay, so what's their problem with a rhythm and blues singer?

QUINN

I don't know yet, but...
(indicating TV)
...hold it. That would explain this show.

He lays aside a "Newsweek" and leans in to watch television. Wade casually picks up the magazine and leafs through it.

ON TELEVISION is a game show which, for our purposes, we'll call "Mob Family Feud."

INT. GAME SHOW SET - DAY

There are areas for two teams facing each other, represented by two rows of lecterns with a host's lectern and a result board in the middle. The set is as close an approximation of "Family Feud" as possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On one side is the DILLINGER FAMILY; the other, the GENOVESE FAMILY.

The HOST awaits an answer from the huddled Genovese family. The result board in the middle displays the answers "Gunshot" and "Stabbing".

HOST

...and do you have an answer?

The family comes out of their huddle and takes their places. The Genovese DAD addresses the Host.

GENOVESE DAD

We sure do. The answer is:
Garotte.

HOST

(indicating the board)
And the survey said: Garotte!

There is a loud, obnoxious BUZZER.

HOST (CONT'D)

Wrong answer, I'm sorry. That
throws it to the Dillinger family.

DILLINGER DAD

(with confidence)
Hit-and-run.

HOST

(indicating board)
Survey said: Hit-and-run!

There is a dinging BELL and "Hit-and-run" emerges as the third answer. The Dillingers all jump up and down in excitement.

HOST (CONT'D)

Congratulations, you win the Five
Point Round. Now, are you ready
for the Ten Point Question?

They all nod eagerly.

HOST (CONT'D)

For ten points -- of a hundred
people surveyed, the three most
likely places a missing government
informant may be found.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Dillingers huddle together with the energy of "Up With People" on speed.

HOST (CONT'D)

(to the camera)

The Dillinger family of Chicago, Illinois, is going to try and win the Ten Point Round by picking the three most likely places a government informant may be found...

(to the Dillingers)

...Are you ready, Dillingers?!

They take their places.

DILLINGER DAD

We sure are, Richard.

HOST

Very well. Your first answer in this category is...?

DILLINGER DAD

Under Giants Stadium?

HOST

(to the board)

Survey said: Under Giants Stadium!

The bell RINGS and "Under Giants Stadium" appears on the board as the second most popular answer.

HOST (CONT'D)

And your second answer?

DILLINGER DAD

Sleeping with the fish?

HOST

(to the board)

Survey said: Sleeping with the fish!

The bell RINGS and "Sleeps with the fishes" appears on the board as the third most popular answer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOST (CONT'D)
 Congratulations. But now, with the game on the line, can you give us the most popular answer to the survey -- and remember, if you're wrong, the Genovese family gets a chance to answer, which would clinch a victory for them.

DILLINGER DAD
 No problem. I would like to invoke my Fifth Amendment right and refuse to answer on grounds of self-incrimination.

HOST
 Are you sure?

DILLINGER DAD
 (nodding nervously)
 We're sure.

HOST
 (to board)
 Survey said: Pleads the Fifth!

The bell RINGS and "Pleads the Fifth" appears on the board as the most popular answer to the survey.

HOST (CONT'D)
 And the Dillingers win!

The Dillinger family is jumping up and down, screaming and hugging each other. The Genovese family is scowling and angry. The Genovese dad points at the winner.

HOST
 We've got some lovely parting gifts for the Genovese family--

GENOVESE DAD
 Vendetta! Vendetta!

As the Dillingers celebrate...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Quinn and Rembrandt are watching. Arturo shakes his head in disgust. Wade's still looking at the magazine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

There is certainly no change in the quality of television programming on this world.

WADE

(looking at "Newsweek")
Wow. Here's why everybody knows you, Rembrandt, and it's got nothing to do with music...

As she starts to show it to Rembrandt, there is a sudden loud KNOCK on the door. Quinn TURNS DOWN the TELEVISION. He checks out the peephole, shrugs at the rest of them and opens the door, revealing Mickey Cohen, Murcheson and a third expressionless MAN in a charcoal suit.

COHEN

Mind if we come in?

QUINN

(wary)
What do you need?

COHEN

To make sure your stay here is a pleasant one.

Murcheson gently muscles Quinn back as Cohen enters, looks the place over and stops in front of Rembrandt.

COHEN (CONT'D)

Mr. Brown, welcome to San Francisco.

He shakes Rembrandt's hand.

REMBRANDT

Uh, thanks.

COHEN

(looking around the room)

I would've thought you and your associates might have preferred more comfortable accommodations than these, but I guess that's the government for you.

REMBRANDT

The government?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE
(quickly)
What can we do for you, Mr...?

COHEN
Cohen. Mickey Cohen the third.
I'm just here to welcome you and
pledge my cooperation with
Rembrandt Brown. You were
certainly great in Chicago and
Philadelphia.

REMBRANDT
They always liked me in Philly.

COHEN
I'll bet they did. I'm sure
you'll find that out here
legitimate businessmen run a much
more orderly and, ultimately,
rewarding system.

He shakes Rembrandt's hand again and starts to leave.

COHEN (CONT'D)
I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Brown.
It's good to get started on the
right foot.

REMBRANDT
Yeah, yeah. Glad to meet you,
too.

The Sliders watch as the other two follow Cohen out.

ARTURO
Mr. Brown, you appear to have some
sort of leverage with that
gentleman.

WADE
It's more than that.
(producing the
"Newsweek")
Rembrandt's sworn to bring him
to justice or die trying.

REMBRANDT
I did?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

According to this, Rembrandt is the head of the FBI's Organized Crime Task Force. He's like the Elliot Ness of this world.

REMBRANDT

What?

Rembrandt grabs the magazine. Arturo notices Quinn picking up an ENVELOPE from the top of the television.

ARTURO

What's that?

QUINN

I don't know. It wasn't here a minute ago. I think one of Cohen's men left it there.

(looking in the envelope)

It may be a bribe.

REMBRANDT

What?

Quinn pulls out a fistful of cash.

QUINN

A really large bribe...

As Rembrandt reacts to this, we...

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The place is closed and empty. Karen is finishing mopping up. As she mops in front of the stove, she frowns. It's out of place for some reason. She puts the mop in the bucket and tries to move the stove back into place. As she does she sees the red L.E.D. TIMER and plastic EXPLOSIVE.

She turns, grabs her shotgun and leaps over the counter as the TIMER hits ZERO.

Karen dives for the door as an explosive FIREBALL sweeps the diner.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Sliders watch as Quinn finishes counting the money.

QUINN

Forty-nine five hundred...fifty
thousand dollars even.

WADE

We have to give it back.

REMBRANDT

We don't have to do anything.
We're out of here in twenty-four
hours.

QUINN

Not giving it back could create
ramifications between Cohen and
this world's Rembrandt that we
may not want on our heads.

WADE

Plus, it's just wrong. Keeping
this money only perpetuates the
idea that crime pays.

ARTURO

On this world, Miss Wells, it not
only seems to pay, but pays very
well.

REMBRANDT

Look, showing up and giving a
bribe back to a powerful crime
lord could prove to be hazardous
to our health.

ARTURO

We've seen evidence of this
world's propensity for violence.
I think Mr. Brown's point is quite
valid.

REMBRANDT

There you go. The professor
agrees with me. Let's just hole
up here and let that timer tick
down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Still, if we take no action at all, it just doesn't seem right somehow.

REMBRANDT

It wasn't right that I got yanked away from my big comeback to get bounced through all these different worlds. I'm tired of never knowing what kind of trouble we're going to drop into and not knowing if we're ever going to make it home again. I'm sorry, but my butt is the one on the line here.

There is a KNOCK at the door. They look at each other uneasily as Quinn goes to answer it.

Karen enters as Quinn opens the door. Her face is smudged from the explosion and she carries her shotgun. She turns quickly to Quinn.

KAREN

Close the door!

He obeys quickly. She turns to Rembrandt.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Sign me up. Whatever it takes. I want to work for you.

REMBRANDT

You, uh, you see, we're not, uh -- you can't.

KAREN

Why not? You need me. If you're going to break the West Coast syndicates, you need all the help you can get.

Rembrandt, not sure what to say, looks to the others.

WADE

Are you all right? You look a little...

KAREN

Yeah, I'm all right, but I just lost everything I own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

What happened?

KAREN

Firebomb. Wiped out the diner and my apartment above it. My father started that diner and I grew up there.

WADE

I'm sorry. Was it because you helped us?

KAREN

It's because they're jerks. They were already threatening me because I refused to pay the new Protection Sales Tax increase.

QUINN

I'm not sure what we can do for you right now -- you're welcome to stay here with us tonight--

KAREN

What do you mean you're not sure? I want action! That's what you're here for.

QUINN

This is kind of hard to explain, but we're really not who you think we are.

KAREN

What?

(to Rembrandt)

You're Rembrandt Brown, aren't you?

REMBRANDT

Yeah, but...

ARTURO

Perhaps I can explain. We are not equipped to take action this evening...

KAREN

This is some kind of kiss-off, isn't it? You think I'm some hysterical woman, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

We don't think that at all.

KAREN

Yeah, right. Well, maybe I am. Maybe I'm just sick of the way this world is and I want to do something about it.

ARTURO

As I said--

KAREN

Yeah, yeah...
(edging toward the door)
...I get it. Maybe you don't think you can trust me.

WADE

That's not it at all.

KAREN

I can understand that. Yeah, I can take care of that.

She slips out the door. Quinn moves after her, but she's gone.

QUINN

Should I go after her?

ARTURO

And do what, Mr. Mallory? She's obviously a woman of strength and resource and she certainly understands this world better than we do...

Quinn and Wade share a look of mixed emotions, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The Cohen inner circle, some six or seven MEN toward the end of the table where Mickey presides.

TOMMY COHEN and his assistant, FRANCO, enter, stopping short when they realize they've interrupted.

TOMMY

Oops. Sorry, Dad, I thought the meeting was over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

No, but it's okay. Come on in, Tommy. Tell me something good.

TOMMY

You know the diner problem over on Fremont? It's not a problem anymore.

MICKEY

Yeah? This is good. You took some initiative and dealt with it.

(to the cronies)

This bodes well for the upcoming merger.

TOMMY

Do you want me to be in the negotiations tomorrow?

MICKEY

No. I'll handle your future in-laws. You just need to worry about the marriage part of the merger and I'll take care of the business side.

TOMMY

Cool. Do you need me anymore tonight?

MICKEY

No, go out, enjoy what's left of your bachelorhood.

TOMMY

Thanks, Dad.

Tommy exits and Franco follows him out. Mickey turns to the other board members.

MICKEY

We got to put to rest any doubts the Gallo family has about Tommy marrying their girl and making this merger between their Los Angeles syndicate and ours the strongest in America.

The board members all nod and murmur in concurrence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY (CONT'D)

The only other glitch I could possibly foresee in the proceedings was the intervention of Rembrandt Brown and that impediment has been taken care of.

The board members nod and murmur even more enthusiastically.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tommy's BMW sits outside the plush offices of The Cohen Group. Tommy and Franco, in a good mood, are getting in the car.

TOMMY

You heard him -- he said to go out and enjoy my bachelorhood.

FRANCO

And enjoy it we shall.

They slam the doors, laughing, when Tommy is brought up short by a shotgun muzzle poking in his neck from the back seat.

Karen was hiding in the back and is holding the gun.

KAREN

I hate to spoil your fun, but there's a slight change in plans.

TOMMY

Who the hell are you?

FRANCO

Oh no, it's the girl from the diner.

KAREN

You're pretty smart, wise guy. When you wake up I want you to tell Mickey Cohen that his son is in Rembrandt Brown's custody.

FRANCO

What do you mean, when I wake up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She suddenly smacks him in the back of the head with the butt of the gun. He slumps, unconscious.

KAREN
You'll figure it out.
(to Tommy)
Push him out. And don't try anything.

TOMMY
Take it easy.

He reaches over, opens the passenger door and pushes Franco out onto the asphalt. He pulls the door shut.

KAREN
Now drive!

He starts the car and puts it in gear, his eyes locked with Karen's in the rearview.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The Sliders are asleep when there is a sudden sharp KNOCKING at the door. Quinn gets up to answer it as the others start to sit up and look around. Quinn calls through the door:

QUINN
Who is it?

KAREN (O.S.)
It's me. Karen. From the diner.
Open the door.

He does and she shoves Tommy Cohen unceremoniously through the door with her foot against his ass.

TOMMY
Ow!

ARTURO
What in the name of god?

Karen smiles at Rembrandt who's pulling on a shirt.

KAREN
Special Agent Brown, I've made a citizen's arrest. You now have custody of Tommy Cohen, Mickey Cohen's son.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE
The mobster Mickey Cohen?

KAREN
Who else?

REMBRANDT
I guess it really doesn't matter
anymore that we're not who you
think we are...

As Karen frowns at them...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A MAN in a trenchcoat hurries down a hallway of a nondescript office building. He carries several sheets of fax paper. He stops at a door, knocks and enters without waiting for an answer.

MAN
Boss?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Someone is seated in a high-backed office chair, facing the window. He raises his hand and motions the Man on into the room.

MAN
We just got the morning fax reports from our informants and street contacts in San Francisco. Somebody may be in the process of breaking up the Gallo-Cohen, L.A.-San Francisco merger.

The chair swivels around and we're face-to-face with REMBRANDT 2, this world's Rembrandt Brown, head of the Organized Crime Task Force.

REMBRANDT 2
How do you mean?

MAN
Reports are sketchy but they're trying to get at the old man through the son.

REMBRANDT 2
Who's "they"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN
According to the word on the
street, you are.

REMBRANDT 2
I am?

He looks at the Man, perplexed...

CUT TO:

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

It's a beautiful morning. Mickey Cohen and TWO JAPANESE GOLFERS are preparing to tee off. Mickey's in mid-pitch as a golf cart approaches with Murcheson driving. Franco is next to him, disheveled, with a bandage on his head.

MICKEY
So at this stage, an investment
in the Cohen Group basically buys
you in at the ground floor at what
could be the single most exciting
family business merger on the
Pacific Rim.

The Japanese nod appreciatively. One of them sets his tee as the golf car stops. Murcheson gets out and approaches Cohen. He looks around and leans into Cohen, whispering in his ear. Cohen angrily snaps a glare at Franco. Murcheson adds another whisper or two.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
(to the Japanese)
Gentlemen, will you excuse me a
moment?

He bows to them and they return bows.

Cohen crosses to the cart, pointing his driver at Franco.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
This is all true?

FRANCO
(fearful)
Yes, sir.

MICKEY
What did you do? Just sit there
and let them take my son?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANCO

No, sir.

Cohen's temper is flaring. He hits Franco with the driver.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Ow!

MICKEY

We had a deal and now he's
double-crossing me!

He hits Franco again.

FRANCO

Ow!

Mickey begins hitting Franco with the golf club. Franco tries to cover himself and get away. The Japanese look on in astonishment. He stops when Franco gets out of reach.

MICKEY

Bring me the head of Rembrandt
Brown! I want this man dead!
I want his head on a stick!

He hits the ground with the club for emphasis.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Karen paces anxiously. Tommy is seated, hands tied behind him. The Sliders watch Rembrandt, who is on the phone.

REMBRANDT

(into phone)

Yes, Rembrandt Brown...No, wait.
Don't put me on hold again...

KAREN

(to the others)

I don't like this. Either he is
or he isn't Rembrandt Brown.

QUINN

If he can get through to the FBI,
he'll prove to you he's not the
real Rembrandt Brown.

KAREN

So what is he? An imposter?

ARTURO

In a manner of speaking -- yes.

KAREN

He is? You all don't work for
Cohen, do you?

WADE

No, it's not like that at all.

TOMMY

If they worked for my dad, do you
think we'd all still be here?

REMBRANDT

(into phone)

No, no, I'm Rembrandt Brown...No,
this is not my idea of a joke--

(looking at the
receiver)

She hung up on me again.

KAREN

How do I even know you had the
FBI on the phone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Why would I lie about a thing like that?

QUINN

Look, Karen, we've never claimed to be who you think we are.

KAREN

Then who the hell are you?

ARTURO

Perhaps I can clarify things. I'm Professor Maximilian Arturo.

KAREN

From Capone?

ARTURO

I beg your pardon?

KAREN

Are you a professor at Capone University?

ARTURO

For brevity's sake -- yes. And we are part of a scientific exercise. As a result of that experimentation, there is a Rembrandt Brown here who may act and look like the famous Rembrandt Brown but, I can assure you, is not the same one.

KAREN

(realizing)

Then I'm dead.

WADE

What?

KAREN

I kidnapped Mickey Cohen's son at gunpoint. I thought the Feds would protect me. You guys can't protect anybody. I'm dead.

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn)

She's right. I can't get past the FBI switchboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

We should get out of here. They know where we are. Somebody could be showing up any minute.

WADE

Let's just go to the San Francisco police.

TOMMY

The police?

KAREN

The only police anymore work directly for the Cohens.

ARTURO

Fascinating system...

QUINN

We can talk about the system later. Right now we got to get out of here.

He helps Tommy to stand, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

They are all near Tommy's BMW. Karen looks accusingly at the Sliders.

KAREN

You don't even have a car?

WADE

Uh...we came by bus.

KAREN

I hate to use Tommy's. Everybody'll be looking for it.

QUINN

Let's just use it to put some distance between us and here -- then we can get out of sight.

Rembrandt looking the car over:

REMBRANDT

This is no Caddy, but it's a sweet ride. Do I get to drive?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

No! You could get shot on sight.

REMBRANDT

What am I supposed to do? Hide in the dark?

QUINN

You can stay in the car, but be ready to duck.

Quinn takes the keys from Karen and they start to get in the car.

WADE

Where are we going to go that's safe?

REMBRANDT

Try and get lost in the crowd at Fisherman's Wharf?

KAREN

No way. That place is crawling with stool pigeons.

ARTURO

We should try a park. We can maintain vigilance while not attracting attention by loitering...

QUINN

Good idea, Professor.

He starts the car and they squeal off.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Murcheson enters the room. Mickey Cohen, on the phone, holds up his hand, indicating that Murcheson wait a moment. He's listening to something on the phone to which he barks a response:

MICKEY

Of course they're not in the motel room anymore. Brown didn't get to where he is by being an idiot! Put the word out -- I want everyone looking for them. Even the cops!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He slams the receiver down and looks at Murcheson.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

The Gallos here?

(off Murcheson's nod)

Bring 'em in.

Murcheson exits. Cohen scowls and mutters to himself as he pops the cork of some waiting champagne. He beams with warmth and greeting as THE GALLOS enter, pouring champagne into crystal flutes.

The Gallos are JULIO, his daughter ERNESTINE and TWO "ASSOCIATES," large men whose tailored suits don't hide their muscle-bound build. If the Cohens dress "Wall Street" then the Gallos dress as expensively but a little more hip (band collar shirts buttoned to the top with no ties under suits that are a softer, lighter color).

MICKEY

Julio, welcome to San Francisco.

Ernestine, you look lovely as ever.

Ernestine appears to blush as Julio shakes Cohen's hand.

JULIO

All she talks about is this wedding.

MICKEY

Same with my Tommy.

(offering champagne)

I propose a toast.

JULIO

(looking at the champagne)

From your vineyards?

MICKEY

Soon to be our vineyards.

JULIO

That's right. The same thing applies to our movie studios, amusement parks...

MICKEY

...orange groves, computer industry...

(raising his glass)

To our California!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIO

Yes, to the great California merger!

They toast and drink.

MICKEY

To the marriage that is allowing this merger to take place.

They toast again.

JULIO

Speaking of the wedding, I thought maybe Ernestine and Tommy might want to discuss wedding plans while we went over some of the unsettled points of the merger.

MICKEY

Sounds great. We definitely have some open ends, but that's to be expected in a deal of this magnitude.

JULIO

Where's Tommy?

MICKEY

There's one little problem there...

JULIO

What problem?

MICKEY

Tommy's been arrested by the Feds.

JULIO

(with disgust)
You let your son get arrested?

He scowls at Cohen. He doesn't like this news...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

The car is pulled over to the curb. The Sliders are getting out.

REMBRANDT

You think we'll be safe here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

It's a big open space. We can see anybody if they're coming.

ARTURO

This is as good a place as any to wait until it's time to slide.

KAREN

(getting out)

What do you mean, "slide"?

QUINN

It's a term we use for the scientific experiment the professor was talking about.

Wade gets out. Tommy talks to her from his car seat. His hands are still tied behind him.

TOMMY

Are you a scientist, too?

WADE

No, I'm just helping out.

TOMMY

What does this experiment do?

WADE

Did you ever see somebody who looked exactly like someone else you knew?

TOMMY

Yeah...

WADE

Did you ever think there could be someone else in the world who looked and acted just like you?

TOMMY

I don't know. You mean like the way your friend is just like Rembrandt Brown?

WADE

That's what this experiment is all about.

TOMMY

I'm not sure I really understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE
That's okay. Most of the time
I don't either.

TOMMY
So are you, like, dating one of
these guys?

Quinn overhears the question. He and Wade share a look
before she answers.

WADE
No, we're all just friends.

Quinn suddenly freezes everyone with a tense warning:

QUINN
Cops!

A POLICE CAR cruises past the end of the road, then slows
to a stop. It's about 100 yards away.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Rembrandt, get out of sight.
Karen, you too.

ARTURO
Perhaps it's a regular patrol.

TOMMY
No, they'll be looking for us by
now.

REMBRANDT
What are we going to do?

QUINN
I don't know. We're not going
to be able to drive out. If they
come this way, get ready to run.
If we get split up, meet at the
main gate...

Karen nudges Tommy with her shotgun.

KAREN
Try anything and I'll let you have
it.

TOMMY
I'm cool, I'm cool.

The cop car begins to back up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Everyone start to drift away.
They're trying to figure out if
we're together or not.

REMBRANDT

I'm out of here.

He starts off in one direction, Arturo in another.

The cop car turns onto their park road and begins to approach them -- still about seventy-five yards away. Everyone else begins to scatter. Karen shoves Tommy with the gun.

KAREN

Move, move!

As the cop car gets closer...

QUINN

Go!

The Sliders scatter in every direction. Arturo disappears over a hill, Rembrandt behind a maintenance building, Karen and Tommy into a thick stand of trees, and Quinn and Wade head for a group of people playing soccer.

The cop car stops. Two cops emerge and look over Tommy's car. Bingo. They split up and begin to look around the park.

EXT. SOCCER FIELD - DAY

COP #1 approaches the soccer match. Quinn runs on the field and joins a team. Wade nudges in between several spectators. The cop looks around, but doesn't notice them.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

As a father and son are about to push a fishing boat into the pond, Arturo walks past, only to see COP #2 headed his way. He turns and helps the fishermen launch the boat, getting in with them and beginning to paddle. Cop #2 walks on by.

EXT. MAINTENANCE SHED - DAY

Cop #1 comes up to the maintenance shed. He starts inside, but has to step back out of the way when a lawn tractor roars past -- on it, in a maintenance vest and cap, is Rembrandt. Keeping his hat low, he waves at the Cop who waves back.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

In the wooded area, Karen and Tommy stop. She looks around to see if they're being followed.

TOMMY
Untie me and we'll be less conspicuous.

KAREN
Yeah, right.

TOMMY
I won't turn you in.

KAREN
Oh, why not?

TOMMY
I'm not heartless.

KAREN
Oh? What about my diner?

TOMMY
That was just business.

Off-camera a shout startles them.

VOICE (O.C.)
Hey!

They look up. Cop #2 is approaching through the trees. Karen, startled, steps back, trips over a root and falls. The shotgun goes flying out of her grasp. The Cop sees it and draws his gun.

Tommy goes sprinting off through the trees.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Wade walks along, anxiously looking for the others. Tommy calls to her from some bushes.

TOMMY
Wade!

She crosses to him.

WADE
Where's Karen?

TOMMY
She fell down and the cops got her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

Oh, no!
 (then)
 How'd you get away?

TOMMY

They didn't see me.
 (then)
 Untie me and I'll help get her
 back.

Wade hesitates.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Look, I know -- you don't know
 if you can trust me and, frankly,
 you've got no reason to, but if
 we don't get to her before they
 get her in the police car, it'll
 be too late.

(then)

I'd go like this, but if I'm tied
 up, they might suspect something.

Wade begins to untie him...

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE CAR - DAY

As the Cops lead Karen to the car, they pull up in
 surprise to see Tommy and Wade walking hand-in-hand,
 leaning on each other like a couple in love.

COP #1

Tommy...I mean, Mr. Cohen.

TOMMY

Hi, boys. What's going on?

COP #1

Everyone's looking for you.

TOMMY

Why? Am I missing?

COP #1

Well, yeah. At least everyone
 thinks so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY
No, I've just been spending a
little quality time with my friend
here.

Wade smiles and gives them a wave.

WADE
Hi.

COP #1
I thought you was about to get
married.

TOMMY
I am -- but you know how it is...

COP #1
Yeah, I guess so.

TOMMY
(indicating Karen)
What'd she do?

COP #1
We saw your car here and it looked
like she was hiding in the woods
-- we thought maybe she had
something to do with your
disappearance.

TOMMY
I've never seen that woman before.

KAREN
(with some attitude)
See? I told you I hadn't done
anything.

Cop #2 starts to undo her cuffs.

COP #1
You should check in at your
father's company, Mr. Cohen.
There's a lot of people looking
for you.

KAREN
(rubbing her wrists)
Give me my shotgun. Last time
I checked it was still legal to
own a shotgun in the city.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they hand it to her...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

Near the main gate, Tommy drives up with Karen and Wade next to him. Rembrandt, Quinn and Arturo are waiting. Arturo is dripping wet.

QUINN

We saw the cops. How'd you get away?

WADE

Tommy did it all.

REMBRANDT

(to Tommy)
You did?

TOMMY

Yeah. I'm not really sure what you all are up to yet, but it's obvious you're not Feds.

QUINN

Thanks.

KAREN

(grudgingly)
Yeah, thanks.

WADE

Professor, what happened? You're soaking wet.

ARTURO

I'd prefer not to relive any details. Suffice to say I met a young man and his father who were not intent upon sharing their boat.

QUINN

We've got to figure out another place to hide.

TOMMY

It's going to be hard. It's just a matter of time before someone else recognizes us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY (Cont'd)

I should just go to my dad and explain everything. Then you all will be safe.

WADE

Do you think so?

Tommy nods. Quinn pulls the envelope out of his shirt.

QUINN

Returning the bribe money would go a long way in helping to convince him.

REMBRANDT

What about me, man? They all think I'm some gangbuster or something. They'll shoot first and ask questions later.

Tommy nods at Quinn and indicates Karen.

TOMMY

He's right. Same probably goes for her, too.

KAREN

We'll keep the car and get to Oakland. You can reach us on your cell phone.

QUINN

Oakland?

TOMMY

Yeah, they'll be safe there. Not even the cops want to mess with Al Davis and the Raiders...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The door bursts open and Tommy enters. Arturo, Wade and Quinn follow him closely. Mickey Cohen, Gallo, Ernestine and Gallo's two "assistants" are startled by the interruption.

MICKEY

Tommy! You're safe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

Yeah, but I've got to explain something to you, Dad.

JULIO

Who are all these people?

MICKEY

Where's Rembrandt Brown?

TOMMY

I'm going to explain! These people aren't who you think they are.

MICKEY

What?

Quinn lays the bribe on the table.

QUINN

We're not Federal agents.

MICKEY

Then who the hell are you?

TOMMY

They're scientists.

MICKEY

They're what?

TOMMY

They've got nothing to do with Rembrandt Brown.

MICKEY

But I talked to him. I gave him a bribe!

TOMMY

It wasn't him, Dad, trust me. It was someone who looked like him.

JULIO

(very agitated)

I knew something like this would happen! Is this some trick to screw up the merger?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICKEY

No! I don't know what's going on.

TOMMY

About the merger -- I can't go through with it. I'm in love with another woman.

JULIO

What?

MICKEY

Who?

Tommy puts his arm around Wade and draws her close. Ernestine wails and runs from the room.

WADE

Tommy?

JULIO

(to Tommy)

You little twerp -- you're not good enough for my daughter anyway...

MICKEY

Don't talk to my son like that.

JULIO

Back down, Cohen. All this means is that instead of a merger, we'll have to pull off a hostile takeover.

Cohen shoves Gallo.

MICKEY

You're not taking over anything.

Gallo shoves him back.

JULIO

I'm taking anything I want!

They grapple. Cohen gets his hands around Gallo's neck.

THE ASSISTANTS draw their pistols. One covers Tommy and the Sliders so they don't move. As the combatants break free, Assistant #2 shoots Cohen, who grabs his chest and drops in his tracks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

Dad!

Assistant #1 aims his pistol at Tommy. Gallo gasps for breath.

JULIO

Not yet! We may need them to get
to the bottom of this Rembrandt
Brown situation.

The Sliders realize they just went from the frying pan
to the fire....

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The BMW is parked on a quiet industrial street. Rembrandt paces around while Karen sits in the driver's seat.

REMBRANDT

(to himself)

I can't take this anymore. I'll never get home. The next time we get to a world that's halfway decent, I'm going to stay there.

KAREN

What are you talking about?

REMBRANDT

Nothing.

The cellular phone RINGS. After a hesitation. Rembrandt grabs it.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Tommy is on the phone.

TOMMY

It's Tommy.

REMBRANDT

Is it safe yet?

TOMMY

Not yet.

REMBRANDT

What do you mean?

Gallo takes the phone from Tommy, who is backed away by the Assistants.

JULIO

Is this Rembrandt Brown?

REMBRANDT

Who's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIO

Julio Gallo.

REMBRANDT

Who?

JULIO

Very cute, Mr. Brown, but you're not dealing with an inept San Francisco family anymore. Mickey Cohen is dead.

REMBRANDT

What about the rest of them?

JULIO

For the moment, they're alive. Now we're going to do business the L.A. way.

REMBRANDT

What? Who are you?

JULIO

If you're not at the Cohen Warehouse, south of Market, in forty-five minutes, your associates and the young Mr. Cohen will start dying in rapid succession. You better be on time.

Quinn checks his watch and looks at Arturo and Wade.

QUINN

He better. That's only minutes before we slide...

Gallo hangs up the phone.

Rembrandt hangs up and steps away from the car.

REMBRANDT

Oh, man. What am I going to do?

KAREN

What are you talking about? We've got to go try and save them.

REMBRANDT

But then they'll kill me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN

You don't know that.

REMBRANDT

Yeah? Who is this Gallo guy?

KAREN

He's the head of the L.A. syndicate. They own movie studios, amusement parks, lots of businesses, you name it.

REMBRANDT

If I don't do anything, he'll kill the others...

KAREN

Probably. He's ruthless.

REMBRANDT

And I'll be trapped here forever. Let's go.

As he starts to get in the car, there's the sound of SCREECHING TIRES and cars converge on them, their LIGHTS on BRIGHT.

Silhouetted men in trenchcoats carrying guns climb out and advance on the BMW. An amplified voice commands them:

VOICE (O.S.)

Get out of the car. Keep your hands where we can see them.

Rembrandt, scared, gets out and finds himself face-to-face with Rembrandt 2, this is the Task Force.

REMBRANDT 2

You're me?

They walk around each other. Rembrandt 2 pulls at Rembrandt's cheek.

REMBRANDT

Ow!

REMBRANDT 2

How did you do this?

REMBRANDT

I was born that way. Look, it's a long story and I don't have time to tell it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT 2

You may have lots of time on your hands if you don't tell me everything I want to know.

REMBRANDT

How did you find us?

REMBRANDT 2

Cohen's phone is bugged. We triangulated the cellular signal. Now, who are these people Gallo's talking about?

REMBRANDT

They're my friends and they're in danger.

REMBRANDT 2

You're friends with Tommy Cohen?

REMBRANDT

No, the others are my friends.

REMBRANDT 2

Yeah? Who are you? Where are you from?

REMBRANDT

You won't believe me.

REMBRANDT 2

Try me.

REMBRANDT

Another dimension.
(off Rembrandt 2's look)
Look, I'll explain it later.
We've got to hurry. You can trust us. We wouldn't be in this mess if we weren't on your side.

REMBRANDT 2

(considering it)
All right. You ride with me.
(to Karen)
You too. Let's go.

As they start toward Rembrandt 2's car...

REMBRANDT

Man, you ever sing for a living?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT 2
Me? No. Stage fright. Can't
handle the stress.

Off Rembrandt's look...

CUT TO:

INT. COHEN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A big cavernous warehouse. Piles of boxes everywhere. At one end of an open area Assistant #1 guards Tommy and the Sliders. Gallo stands nearby as Assistant #2 walks the perimeter of the open area. As he nears Gallo:

JULIO
Everybody in place?

Assistant #2 grimly nods.

QUINN
(quietly)
He's sure cutting it close.

TOMMY
(to Wade)
Look, if it all ends tonight it'll
be worth it because I got to meet
you.

WADE
I can't believe you feel this way.
I barely know you.

TOMMY
I know, but it's the truth.

ARTURO
(pointing)
Finally...

Rembrandt emerges from the shadows.

REMBRANDT
Let them go.

JULIO
Only when I have you, Mr. Brown.

Karen's voice from above stops Gallo. She's on a metal catwalk along the wall with her shotgun trained on Gallo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAREN
Let them go first.

JULIO
Very well.

He motions to Tommy and the Sliders. They slowly advance out into the open.

Assistant #2 slips into the shadows and disappears.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Are you going to uphold your part of the deal, Mr. Brown?

REMBRANDT
Let them get all the way over here first.

The Sliders warily cross the open space.

QUINN
(terse, but controlled)
He's got others hidden around.

REMBRANDT
(nods)
I know.

ON THE CATWALK, Karen is suddenly grabbed from behind by Assistant #2. She drops her shotgun. Everyone looks up to see this.

JULIO
Now, Mr. Brown, either you come to me or we start eliminating your friends immediately.

REMBRANDT
Let her go! Let all of them get out of here now!

JULIO
When you get here to me, they can all leave.

Rembrandt takes a deep breath and heads for Gallo.

QUINN
Rembrandt, we're about to slide!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

What about Karen? You'll just
have to go without me.

Rembrandt gets closer to Gallo.

JULIO

Very good. Stop right there.
Get on your knees.

REMBRANDT

(indicating Karen)
Let her go.

Gallo nods at Assistant #2 who releases Karen.

JULIO

Now. On your knees.

Rembrandt sinks to his knees. Gallo produces a pistol
and walks around Rembrandt.

JULIO (CONT'D)

It's not personal, Mr. Brown.
Just a message to those who think
the government has any control
on legitimate businessmen like
myself.

ON THE SLIDERS as they turn back to see this.

WADE

Quinn! We've got to do something.

QUINN

Stop!

Gallo's gunmen appear, pistols aimed at the Sliders and
Tommy.

ARTURO

I'm afraid we could all die if
we intervene at this point.

Gallo cocks his pistol, readying to execute Rembrandt in
gangland style when a loudspeaker blasts the tension:

LOUDSPEAKER

This is the FBI!

Rembrandt 2 and trench-coated members of his task force
emerge from shadows, corners and catwalks. There is a
moment of stand-off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rembrandt 2 aims his weapon at Gallo.

REMBRANDT 2

Drop it!

Gallo appears to drop his gun, then squeezes off a SHOT at Rembrandt 2. The gangsters follow suit and the Task Force returns fire.

Rembrandt falls flat to the ground and doesn't move. The Sliders dive for cover in different directions. As this all starts:

WADE

Rembrandt!

Quinn slides the timer across the floor to Wade.

QUINN

The vortex is about to open. Take it and I'll get Rembrandt!

Quinn jumps up and runs through the fire-fight to reach Rembrandt. He grabs his friend and they roll out of the open, against some boxes.

QUINN (CONT'D)

You okay?

REMBRANDT

What are you doing? You could've gotten killed.

QUINN

So could you.

WADE points the timer and the VORTEX OPENS.

ARTURO looks up from behind a box and sees the Vortex.

A GANGSTER draws a bead on him and OPENS FIRE. The bullets hit right behind Arturo's heels as he races for the Vortex and dives in.

TOMMY crawls up beside Wade.

TOMMY

What's that? What're you doing?

WADE

It's part of the experiment. I have to leave now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMMY

You can't! You can't leave me!

WADE

Remember what I said about another person -- a double for everyone in the world?

TOMMY

Yeah?

WADE

If you look hard enough, you'll find the other one of me.

She kisses him on the cheek and dives into the vortex.

QUINN and REMBRANDT race through the gunfire. Quinn doesn't stop, diving straight into the vortex. Rembrandt hesitates, looks back, sees Rembrandt 2 firing away and a wounded Gallo sneaking up on him from behind.

REMBRANDT

Hey! Rembrandt!

But Rembrandt 2 doesn't hear. Rembrandt races over and grabs Gallo, decks him with a huge haymaker punch and races back to the vortex. He dives in just as the vortex closes.

REMBRANDT 2 turns and is surprised to see Gallo, unconscious, behind him and no one else around.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It is a short time later. Gallo and his gangsters have surrendered. They are being handcuffed and led out by Task Force members under Rembrandt 2's watchful eye.

Karen walks up next to him.

KAREN

There's no sign of them anywhere.

REMBRANDT 2

That's very strange.

KAREN

Maybe it really was some scientific experiment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT 2

Either way, I'd say your
performance was as good a job
application as I could think of.
(offers his hand)
Welcome aboard.

KAREN

You mean it?
(off his nod)
Thank you.

An agent leads Tommy past in handcuffs.

TOMMY

(to Karen)
I want you to know that whatever
happens -- I'm going to make it
up to you about your diner.

KAREN

I thought you said it was nothing
personal.

TOMMY

Yeah, but I think this is what
Wade would have wanted.

He gives a sad smile as the FBI agent leads him away.

FADE OUT:

THE END