

SLIDERS

"TIME AGAIN AND WORLD"

Written

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB 77 - DAY - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

on barstools. It's a dark, dank place -- sawdust on the floor. It's mid day, a rummy plays video poker. Otherwise, the bar is pretty much deserted --

ARTURO

-- He's an impulsive, unlettered schoolboy, and he sees the rest of us as his guinea pigs.

REMBRANDT

C'mon, man. Don't talk like that.

ARTURO

(sighs, then)

Maybe it's the strain of all this sliding. One counterfeit reality after another...

(then)

I'm tired, Mr. Brown.

(then)

I want to go home.

REMBRANDT

I think you've had too much to drink.

ARTURO

In vino veritas, my friend. In wine, truth.

REMBRANDT

Listen to me. It's God's will we got stuck in this mess, it's his will to get us out.

(then)

We'll get home, man. Count on it.

WADE (O.S.)

Guys? Is that you?

WADE'S

at the doorway, backlit, her eyes adjusting to the gloom --

WADE
 We've been looking everywhere.
 We're gonna miss the slide.

ARTURO
 (downs his drink)
 Destiny calls.

Rembrandt settles up with the barmaid -- the bills on this world are red.

REMBRANDT
 Keep the change.

WADE
 Hurry up!

THE BARMAID

turns to collect her money: She has a well-trimmed beard.

CUT TO

EXT. MARKET STREET - RUSH HOUR - THE SLIDERS

push on against the end-of-the-day tide. Except that the women on this world sport facial hair, everything's as it is on our world.

ANGLE - THE BANK CLOCK

Reads 2:57. As they hustle

WADE
 We don't have much time.

ARTURO
 I assure you, Miss Welles -- no one is more determined to depart this world than I.

ANGLE - AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN

catches Rembrandt's eye. She's twenties, wears a blue miniskirt. Except for the Andre Agassi goatee, she's a knockout. Rembrandt can't help admiring her, feeling weird about it.

REMBRANDT
 I could almost handle the mustaches.
 It's the beards that trip me out.

Up ahead --

ANGLE - GIRLS

play double dutch. A U.P.S. van idles at the curb. A crow caws from a nearby tree.

AN ELDERLY MAN

walks a small dog.

QUINN (O.S.)

Over here!

QUINN

up ahead, at the mouth of an alley, signaling

QUINN

N.G., guys. No cutting it this close to the end of a slide.

WADE

I found them sitting in a bar --

Quinn turns to the heart of the alley, activates the wormhole. Suddenly, from the direction of the street --

CRASH!! (O.S.)

The thud of metal against metal. Wade turns, sees --

EXT. MARKET STREET - TWO CARS

have collided. The driver of Car #2 exits now to inspect the damage. He's mid 50's, vaguely patrician. Driver #1 -- younger, athletic -- emerges also --

DRIVER #2

The hell's wrong with you?

(then)

You stopped dead in front of me!

A CROWD

is gathered to watch the confrontation. Wade's there, drawn by the commotion.

DRIVER #2

Unbelievable! I don't believe this!

Driver #2's inspecting his front end --

DRIVER #1
Believe this, you son-of-a-bitch!

WADE'S POV - IN SLO MO - DRIVER #1

reaches into his waistband. A glint of something metallic --

WADE

Before she can shout a warning. BANG! BANG!

DRIVER #2

falls, gutshot.

THE CROWD

shrinks back. Pandemonium --

WADE
Help him! Don't just stand there!

A patch of tires as Driver #1 takes off. Wade rushes to the fallen man

WADE
Call an ambulance!

Nobody's doing anything --

QUINN
Wade! No time!

DRIVER #2

fighting for consciousness. He presses an object into Wade's hand and whispers something: "Elsie."

WADE
Save your strength.
(then)
The paramedics are on their way.

DRIVER #2
(faint)
Elsie. Please. Help me

WADE
Elsie?
(then)
Who is Elsie, sir?

He whispers "Elsie" one last time dies.

WADE

is dumbstruck. In her hand --

WHAT APPEARS TO BE A PLASTIC OVAL

an oversized tiddlywink, and paperclipped to it, a laundry ticket. She's shell-shocked, barely aware that Quinn is there --

QUINN

We have to go. There's nothing you can do.

The crowd's straining for a glimpse of the victim.

EXT. ALLEY - THE WORMHOLE

losing steam. A couple of the rubberneckerers from the street have seen them, turn to gape. An ambulance siren in b.g.

QUINN

Come on!

And he practically hurls her in ahead of him, tumbles in after as

THE WORMHOLE

sputters, dies. Off the rubberneckerers, astonished --

CUT TO

EXT. ALLEY - DIFFERENT WORLD - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

arrive first. The alley is identical to the one we have left. Arturo's landed in a pool of some sort of motor oil. Disgustedly, he starts to brush himself off --

WADE AND QUINN

land next. Wade has the disk and laundry ticket.

REMBRANDT

What happened back there?

QUINN

There was a shootout. We barely made the slide.

(to Wade)

You all right?

She's looking at the plastic oval. The laundry ticket.

REMBRANDT

What's that?

WADE

He gave me this before he died.

(then)

A little frisbee. And a laundry ticket.

ARTURO

Not to re-state the obvious. We are tourists on these worlds, Miss Welles. We must not allow ourselves to become emotionally involved.

WADE

(flares)

I just saw a man gunned down in the street, Professor. How can I not be "emotionally involved?"

QUINN

(Arturo's about to protest)

Let it go.

Wade moves out, towards the alley mouth. Quinn's after her --

REMBRANDT

Where is this place?

ARTURO

(sour)

Paradise, no doubt.

As Quinn and Wade emerge onto

EXT. MARKET STREET - THE BANK CLOCK

reads 2:57. This world looks like a carbon copy of the one before. Except for one critical difference --

ANGLE - THE YOUNG WOMAN IN THE MINISKIRT - NO GOATEE

She smiles at Rembrandt exactly as she did before.

REMBRANDT

No bearded women. That's a step in the right direction.

ARTURO
Perhaps they just have better
razors.

THE OLD MAN

and his dog. Same U.P.S. van. Girls playing double dutch.

REMBRANDT
Man. Talk about your deja vu.

No sooner are the words out of his mouth

WADE
Quinn!

CRASH! - THE SAME CARS

Same sequence. Same drivers exiting

QUINN
Wade! --

Too late! She's pushing her way through the crowd --

DRIVER #1 AND DRIVER #2

Same altercation. Driver #2 exits first --

DRIVER #2
Unbelievable! I don't believe this!

WADE'S POV - DRIVER #1 - SLO MO

Now we see that Driver #1 on this world wears what appears to be a
blue, regulation-issue looking kilt. He goes for his waistband --

DRIVER #1
Believe this, you son-of-a-bitch!

WADE

She won't make the same mistake again

WADE
Look out! He's got a gun!

DRIVER #1

fires, BANG! But this time --

DRIVER #2

ducks. Turns, he's got a gun, too. BANG! BANG!! Driver #1 falls.

THE CROWD, THE SLIDERS

react.

DRIVER #2

his eyes haunted (almost heartbroken) find Wade for an instant. A scream breaks the spell. Driver #2 jumps in his car and is gone.

WADE

rushes into the street, moves to the fallen man, exactly as she did to Driver #2 on the world before. (And, as on the world before, none of the passersby does anything to help.)

DRIVER #1

(dying)

Elsie. Ate.

WADE

Elsie ate? Ate what?

DRIVER #1

Elsie... ate.

QUINN

Is he breathing?

Wade's look says it all. The man's jacket's fallen open --

QUINN

Wade -- look.

Wade sees what he sees. Attached to the kilt waistband --

A POLICE BADGE

WADE

OhmiGod!

QUINN

He's a cop.

Off Wade and Quinn --

SMASH CUT TO

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CRIME SCENE - POLICE CORDON - AN ND SEDAN

pulls in --

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

exits. He wears a blue kilt, moves through the phalanx of techs and SID guys --

COP #1 (ALVAREZ)

indicates --

ALVAREZ

Over there, Lieutenant

REMBRANDT

giving his statement to a blue-kilted N.D detective. Wade is visibly shaken. Quinn's got an arm around her for support.

REMBRANDT

-- We were coming up out of the alley when we heard the crash.

GRAVES

(to detective)

Understand these people had a good look at our bad guy.

REMBRANDT

Like I was saying: Some of the people here seemed to think the officer fired the first shot.

Graves and the detective exchange a look.

GRAVES

You get a good look at the gunman? Any distinguishing markings?

REMBRANDT

Just what I told the detective. I wasn't really that close.

Wade hangs back. As, from behind --

ALVAREZ
Lieutenant --?

Graves turns. He's being summoned

GRAVES
S'cuse me a second.
(to N.D detective)
Get their address. I wanna talk to
these people.

He moves off

ALVAREZ
Confirmation from the old geezer
with the dog.
(then)
Says the girl over there may have
shouted a warning. You think she's
part of the conspiracy?

GRAVES
(of Wade)
Watch her. See where she goes.

Off Graves, grim --

CUT TO

INT. MOTEL 12 - LOBBY - THE SLIDERS

at the front desk. Rembrandt's handling the check-in.

GOMEZ CALHOUN'S

there, at the front desk. Cocks his ear to overhear as --

WADE
(hushed)
Maybe I should go back.

QUINN
And tell them what?

WADE
What do you mean "tell them what?"
I can identify the killer.

QUINN
Great. "I got a real good look at
him on the last world we were on."

ARTURO
 He's right, Miss Welles. No
 involvements.

WADE
 It's too late for that. I'm
 responsible.
 (then)
 What if that man had a family?

ARTURO
 Other people will come forward.

WADE
 Who says? You saw the reaction
 nobody did anything.

GOMEZ CALHOUN
 (to Arturo)
 I couldn't help overhearing. Where
 are you people from?

REMBRANDT
 Out of town.

GOMEZ CALHOUN
 Well, then. Welcome to San
 Francisco.
 (then)
 Suites 103 to 105. Down the
 corridor, to the left.

The Sliders move off. Gomez waits a beat, moves to his phone --

GOMEZ CALHOUN
 Get me Dietrich.
 (then)
 It's Calhoun. We've got a problem.

CUT TO

INT. MOTEL 12 - ROOM - THE SLIDERS

settling in. Rembrandt's scanning an in-room entertainment guide.
 It features the stars of the most popular cop show on this world.
 They wear kilts.

REMBRANDT
 Damn... N.Y.P.D. Blue, man. The
 cops are wearing miniskirts.

ARTURO

They appear to be kilts.

REMBRANDT

What's that mean? Everybody's from Scotland?

ARTURO

The Scots are a cheerless and repressive bunch it wouldn't surprise me.

QUINN

You know what I think? The less I know about this place, the better.

Wade sits by the window, lost in thought.

QUINN (Cont'd)

(to her)

You okay?

WADE

(sadly)

Yeah...

QUINN

I'm gonna go down the hall and get some ice. You want anything?

Wade shakes her head "no." Quinn goes. After he's gone --

REMBRANDT

You can't beat yourself up, sweetheart. It could've happened to any of us.

WADE

I feel so awful.

(then)

I wish you could've seen the look in that nice man's face.

(then)

I can't believe he could've killed anybody.

ARTURO

(scoffs)

Please. The man's a cold-blooded murderer.

(then)

Dewy eyes or not, he deserves to pay a price for that.

REMBRANDT

Maybe he's a different guy on this world, Wade.

(then)

Things look kind'a similar, but we've barely seen the tip of the iceberg.

ARTURO

The essential facts are two men are dead -- one on this world, one on the last.

(then)

If there's a lesson to be learned, it's that we should avoid any and all interaction with the locals. Period. End of discussion.

WADE

(stung)

You're saying I'm responsible.

ARTURO

(sigh)

Miss Welles

WADE

No! You are.

Rembrandt's trying to play peacemaker. Moves to answer a knock at the door.

QUINN

Behind him, a man and a woman. (Call them Dietrich and O'Neill.) The man's got a gun leveled at Quinn's ear.

WOMAN/O'NEILL

Get inside.

As they enter, close the door behind them

O'NEILL (Cont'd)

Listen up. Nobody opens his mouth.

WADE

OhmiGod!

O'NEILL

Shut up and sit down.

(then)

Now!

The Sliders do as they're told.

MAN/DIETRICH

Very simple, people. What you saw
this morning -- what you think you
saw?

(then)

It never happened. Understood?

O'NEILL

You may be asked to view a line-up.
You may be asked to give a
deposition --

(then)

You don't tell the police a damn
thing.

ARTURO

May I --?

(then)

We are relative tourists here, and
as such, are somewhat in the
dark --

O'NEILL

(hard)

All you need to know: This is a lot
bigger than you people realize,
okay?

(then)

You plan to stay alive, you do what
you're told.

ARTURO

Absolutely.

The man and the woman go.

ARTURO

(to Wade)

What do you think of your dewy-eyed
hero now?

QUINN
Professor you're not helping.

ARTURO
We've obviously gotten involved with
some mafia situation.

Rembrandt is on his feet, grabbing his stuff --

QUINN
What are you doing, Rembrandt?

REMBRANDT
We've got thirty hours and change
left on this world. I'm getting the
hell out into the countryside where
it's safe.

ARTURO
He's right. We've had enough people
waving guns at us for one slide.

WADE
No.

REMBRANDT
What do you mean, no?

WADE
I'm not going.
(then)
The police officer -- whispered the
name Elsie before he died.

QUINN
So?

WADE
It could be evidence. That's the
same name the other man whispered.

QUINN
They were fighting over a woman --
So what?

REMBRANDT
You heard those thugs, girl.
They'll hunt us down and kill us.

WADE

I'm not gonna be intimidated. A man is dead, Rembrandt. Because of me.

(silence)

You do what you want. I have to come forward.

CUT TO

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - WADE AND QUINN

On the wall behind them, an official-looking portrait, depicting J. Edgar Hoover. He's wearing a tartan kilt.

LIEUTENANT GRAVES AND ALVAREZ

are there.

GRAVES

Back it up to the motel.

(then)

This man and woman who confronted you

ALVAREZ

Any idea how they got there?

WADE

Nobody knew where we were. Except the detective.

(indicating Alvarez)

And the check-in guy, Mr. Calhoun.

ALVAREZ

He's the day man at the Motel Twelve.

GRAVES

Check it out.

Alvarez nods "will do."

WADE

Lieutenant when the officer was shot, I heard him whisper the name "Elsie."

(then)

"Elsie ate."

ALVAREZ
(momentarily confused)
Elsie ate?

GRAVES
The number eight?

WADE
Maybe. I mean it might've been.

ALVAREZ
(to Graves)
A.M. or P.M.?

GRAVES
Gotta be P.M.

ALVAREZ
Taylor got the rendezvous!
(then)
We've got him!

WADE
Really? You think it's the time
then?

GRAVES
You just nailed him for us, Miss
Welles.

He gets up to go --

QUINN
What's the story with these people?
Are they mafia?

ALVAREZ
You heard of Julius and Ethel
Rosenberg?

QUINN
You mean the A-bomb spies?

ALVAREZ
(huh?)
A-bomb spies?

GRAVES
 No, the circus clowns who
 assassinated President Kennedy.

(then)

When the story comes out on Judge
 Fishkin, it'll make the Rosenbergs
 look like jaywalkers.

As

ALVAREZ

We pick him up, you'd be willing to
 testify?

WADE

Yes. I guess so.

ALVAREZ

Finally. A loyal citizen brave
 enough to come forward.

(then)

God bless you, Miss Welles.. God
 bless America.

Goes

CUT TO

INT. POLICE BULLPEN - CORRIDOR - QUINN AND WADE

emerging from interrogation --

QUINN

What'd you say that for?

(then)

About testifying?

WADE

What'd you want me to say?

(then)

We slide off this earth in twenty
 four hours, so you better take a
 videotape?

QUINN

(reacts)

Wade !

WADE

What?

She sees what he sees.

ANGLE - BY THE COFFEE CANTEEN - A MAN AND A WOMAN

wearing police-issue blue kilts. Despite the change of uniform, we recognize them at once -- Dietrich and O'Neill. We don't know if they've seen our heroes. Off Quinn and Wade --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

· FADE IN:

· EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - SIDE ENTRANCE - QUINN AND WADE
escape.

WADE
Did they see us?

QUINN
I hope not.

WADE
First they're gangsters, now they're
cops -- What the hell is going on?

QUINN
I'm not sticking around long enough
to find out.

As they beat it out of there

CUT TO

INT. MOTEL 12 - LOBBY - QUINN AND WADE

enter through the double glass doors, are shocked to see --

GOMEZ CALHOUN

in handcuffs being led away by kilted police. A crowd of motel
staffers, guests, etc., look on as --

GOMEZ CALHOUN
Keep hope alive! God save Judge
Fishkin!

COP #1
Move it, you seditious son-of-a-
bitch!

GOMEZ CALHOUN
(sees the Sliders)
That's them!
(then)
They're the ones who turned me in.
(in their faces)
My conscience is clear, you hear me?
(then)
Keep hope alive!

He's manhandled through the double doors

QUINN

Come on --

They hurry off down the corridor.

CUT TO

INT. MOTEL 12 - ROOM - REMBRANDT

stuffing clothes into a knapsack. The other Sliders packing up what few belongings they possess --

ARTURO

I don't understand. Why didn't you insist on police protection?

QUINN

The people they'd protect us from are cops.

(then)

Don't even try figuring it out, Professor. It'll just give you a headache.

(then)

Come on!

WADE

stands, looking down at the as yet unpacked contents of her fanny pack, the computer disk and laundry ticket.

REMBRANDT

Wade --?

(off Wade's non-response)

Time's a wasting, girl. Let's get out of here.

Wade pockets the plastic oval and laundry ticket, goes

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - THE SLIDERS

huddling close to the buildings, trying to look inconspicuous.

WADE

Quinn?

(then)

What about the laundry ticket?

QUINN

What about it?

WADE

What if it's evidence? Maybe it'll
tell us who Elsie is.

QUINN

Wade, forget it. Okay?
(then)
Not a chance.

ANGLE - A POLICE CAR

parked at the curb. COPS (in kilts) flirt with a couple of
teenage girls wearing in-line skates. An innocuous and everyday
encounter, but such as the Sliders' recent experience are, it fills
them with dread

REMBRANDT

Damn Talk about hiding in plain
sight.

ARTURO

Nonchalance, Mr. Brown. We are
typical citizens of this world, with
nothing whatsoever to hide.

REMBRANDT

(reacts)
Oh, yeah? Tell them that.

As --

QUINN

Uh oh.

THEIR POV. - DIETRICH AND O'NEILL

up ahead, moving through the crowd, toward them.

QUINN

Back the other way!

As now --

THE FLIRTING COPS

loitering in front of their squad car, look up --

REMBRANDT
(off this)
Any other bright ideas?

ARTURO
(reacts)
Across the way!

We don't know if the cops have been alerted or not

INT. CLUB 77 - DARK, DAMP

The same place we remember from the teaser.

REMBRANDT
Never thought I'd be so happy to see
this place again.

ARTURO
The similarities of this world is
eerie.

THE SAME BAR MAID

(without beard) barely looks up from her paper. The rummy's still
hunkered over his video poker --

THE SLIDERS

move in -- trying to look inconspicuous.

QUINN
(at the door)
I think we're okay...

REMBRANDT
For now. How're we gonna make it
'til the slide?

As, under --

ANGLE - THE TV NEWS

over the bar. File footage of a robed jurist, whom we recognize at
once: Driver #2

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
 ... escaped capture in a brazen
 shoot-out with police.

(then)

Judge Fishkin, object of a
 nationwide manhunt, has been a
 fugitive ever since his recall from
 the Federal bench.

THE RUMMY

intent on video poker, speaks without looking up

RUMMY

(off the TV)

Won't be long now.

ARTURO

Excuse me?

RUMMY

Poor bastard walked right into a
 bear trap.

ARTURO

Yes. Evidently.

RUMMY

Gave 'em a run for their money,
 though. I'll say that.

ARTURO

What exactly was he a Judge of?

(off the rummy)

Pardon my ignorance, I'm a newcomer
 to these shores.

RUMMY

Third district, man, before they
 dissolved it.

(then)

John Fishkin, last of the
 Fundamental Constitutionalists.

QUINN

Constitutionalists?

RUMMY

One of those "free thinkers" who
 said things were better before they
 abridged the Bill of Rights and
 declared martial law.

ARTURO

I see. And about how long has this martial law been in effect?

RUMMY

(to barmaid)

When'd they first declare martial law, Marti?

(off her shrug)

Back in the early 60's. Right after Hoover's election.

ARTURO

Hoover? Herbert Hoover?

RUMMY

Herbert Hoover?

(then)

No, man. J. Edgar -- the father of our country.

The rummy's video game ends. He pops a button and out spits the equivalent of a CD-rom disk.

A PLASTIC OVAL

It's identical to the one Driver #2 gave Wade. Wade pulls Quinn aside --

WADE

Quinn -- do you see that?

QUINN

What're you talking about?

WADE

Look

(extracts the disk from her pocket)

This plastic thing the Judge gave me. It's got to be some kind of computer disk or CD-Rom or something.

QUINN

Let me see.

WADE

You heard what he said -- martial law. J. Edgar Hoover.

(then)

Judge Fishkin's a federal judge and he's walking into an ambush.

(off the disk)

Maybe it'll tell us who Elsie is and she can get a warning to him.

REMBRANDT

What're you two whispering about?

WADE

We have to find a computer.

The rummy's still intent on his game. It can't be here.

CUT TO

INT. COMPUTER WAREHOUSE - CLOSE ON A COMPUTER MONITOR

as it boots up.

WIDEN - QUINN AND WADE

working circumspectly. Arturo and Rembrandt hang nearby. The place is a huge (or not huge) warehouse of discount electronics, like Circuit City (or smaller).

WADE

Come on --

(then)

This thing's so slow.

A SALESGUY

loiters nearby, volunteers --

SALESGUY

You need any help, just ask.

WADE

(get lost)

'Preciate it.

He's crowding her, making her task impossible.

SALESGUY

If the 386's too slow, you might think of upgrading --

(then)

Some of the clones are even faster than the pre-embargo Japanese machines you'd find on the black market.

QUINN

(steering the guy away)

You sell CD-ROMs here?

SALESGUY

Oh sure. Spy-Counterspy. Cops and Subversives.

(then)

We even got Catch Fishkin, '95.

QUINN

This I gotta check out.

They go. A beat.

REMBRANDT

All clear.

Wade slips the disk into the A drive --

ARTURO

How do we even know it's compatible?

WADE

We don't.

ANGLE - THE SCREEN

gibberish.

WADE

(off it)

Looks like some sort of encryption.

She hits a few keys. A few more --

REMBRANDT

Hurry up.

(then)

Here comes another salesman.

WADE

Head him off.

REMBRANDT

Me? I don't know anything about computers?

WADE

Good. Let him bore you to death.

Rembrandt heads off --

WADE

I think I got something.

The screen's a blur. As, suddenly, the letters start to re-align --

ARTURO

Where'd you find time to learn this?

WADE

I worked in a computer store every summer since tenth grade. You know how much dead time that is?

(off his surprise)

I keep telling you: there's a lot you don't know about me.

The letters are clear. The text is apparent, against a bright black and yellow background:

ANGLE - THE SCREEN

reads: "Warning. Classified Information. Do not read under penalty of death." And then, as Wade scrolls down --

WADE

(reading off the screen)

the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects...

ARTURO

(finishing)

... against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated...

WADE

What is it?

ARTURO

The Fourth Amendment.

(then)

The disk Fishkin handed you: It's
the United States Constitution.

Off Wade

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - BOOKSTORE - WADE, REMBRANDT AND QUINN

Quinn, reading from a copy of a book he just purchased: Quotations From Director Edgar

QUINN

(reads)

Listen to this: "Both Aristotle and Plato warned about the evils of democracy.

(then)

Individual liberty is leading us down a path toward anarchy: rampant crime, Godlessness, and the breakdown of the American family."

J. Edgar Hoover, the second Gettysburg Address.

REMBRANDT

Looked at in a certain light, I guess he had a point.

QUINN

Yeah, well, Mussolini made the trains run on time, too, and I wouldn't want to live in fascist Italy any more than I'd want to live in this place.

Meanwhile -

ARTURO'S

on a pay phone, completing a call --

ARTURO

I see. Very good.

(then)

Thank you for your time.

Hangs up.

ARTURO

I've contacted the Public Library, the Research Department at Bolt Law School. Nobody there'd ever seen a copy of the unabridged Constitution.

(then)

Evidently, huge portions of the main portion and almost all the Bill of Rights were expunged from the public records here not long after the declaration of martial law following the Kennedy assassination.

QUINN

Unbelievable.

WADE

That's why they're trying to kill Fishkin. He had the only surviving text --

(then)

Maybe he was threatening to go public with it.

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON - TOP HAT DRY CLEANERS

in a busy, commercial strip. Traffic whizzing by.

REVERSE ANGLE - WADE AND REMBRANDT

across the street, watching as the last customer emerges, gets in his car with his dry cleaning. Seeing an opening --

WADE

Let's go.

They head off

CUT TO

INT. TOP HAT - A HEAVYSET MAN

behind the counter. He's wearing a V-neck sweater. Lots of chunk jewelry.

ANGLE - REAR OF THE SHOP

several workers at the ironing boards. A woman looks up at Wade and Rembrandt. Elsie?

LAUNDRY GUY

Good afternoon.

WADE

I'm here to pick up my dry cleaning.

Laundry Guy checks the ticket. Takes her measure.

LAUNDRY GUY

This your ticket?

WADE

Sort of I'm picking it up for a friend.

Laundry Guy turns now to press a button and as the dry cleaning revolves --

REMBRANDT

(to Laundry Guy)

Excuse me. Does someone named Elsie work here?

LAUNDRY GUY

Who?

WADE

We're trying to find a woman named Elsie. We have something that might belong to her.

LAUNDRY GUY

Elsie -- ?

WADE

I don't know her last name.

The woman at the ironing board looks up now, then away. Something fearful in her eyes (or are they imagining it?).

LAUNDRY GUY

No Elsie here.

He delivers the dry cleaning, a black robe-like article in a cellophane sheath

LAUNDRY GUY

On the house.

WADE

Excuse me?

LAUNDRY GUY

It's the Judge's laundry, right?

(then)

That cop got what was coming to him.

(off their confusion;
conspiratorially)

Keep hope alive.

Off Wade and Rembrandt --

CUT TO

EXT. PARK - BENCH - THE SLIDERS

converged to sort out their next move. Wade's got the dry cleaning --

ARTURO

(examining it)

It appears to be one of those police kilts.

QUINN

Police kilts are blue and knee high.
This looks more like an evening dress.

REMBRANDT

For a three hundred pound woman.

ARTURO

(of it)

It's a judicial robe.

WADE

You're right.

REMBRANDT

(keening)

This is too much, man.

(then)

Judges in dresses, police in skirts.
Who's behind all this?

WADE

(off the label)

Calvin Klein.

(then)

That's what it says on the label.

Mention of a label gets Quinn's attention

QUINN

Let me see.

He takes the robe --

ARTURO

The inebriate in the bar said that J. Edgar Hoover -- founder of the F.B.I on our world -- was President here.

(then)

I read a book seemed somewhat slanderous at the time which suggested J. Edgar Hoover and his roommate, Clyde Tolson, were cross dressers.

(then)

If it's true, perhaps President Hoover himself had something to do with instituting this rather bizarre dress code.

REMBRANDT

Damn.

ARTURO

It's as coherent a theory as any --

QUINN

Guys, look.

(then)

The tailor who fitted this thing. Lawrence Clark.

WADE

So?

QUINN

Don't you get it? Lawrence Clark.

WADE

(gets it)

Oh, my God.

QUINN

(for Arturo)

L.C.

As the implication becomes clear.

CUT TO

INT. BUILDING - STAIRWELL - QUINN AND WADE

moving up.

WADE

L.C. eight.

(then)

The cop said eight P.M.

(then)

Quinn, it's seven-0-five they're
gonna ambush him.

QUINN

We've got less than an hour. Let's
go.

CUT TO

A TAILOR SHOP

up ahead, on the second landing. The lettering on the door:
"Lawrence Clark, Proprietor."

INT. TAILOR SHOP - EMPTY

as the Sliders move in, the bell over the door tinkles. A few
sewing machines. A mannequin. The place is spare, quiet. It
looks like a front of some kind.

AN ELDERLY MAN - LAWRENCE CLARK

emerges from the back room.

WADE

Mr. Clark?

(off the old man's reaction)

My name is Wade Welles. This is
Quinn Mallory --

CLARK

Do I know you?

WADE

No, actually sir. We're friends of
a friend --

QUINN

It's about Judge Fishkin.

WADE

(off L.C.'s
reaction)

We're not cops or anything like
that.

(then)

We know he's scheduled to rendezvous
here and we've got to stop it.

CLARK

Assuming I know anything about what
you're talking about -- why should I
believe you?

WADE

(has the disk)

Because of this, sir -- he gave it
to me.

Before Clark can respond, a KNOCK at the door.

CLARK

(reacts)

Someone's coming.

(then)

In back.

He indicates: behind the changing room curtain.

SLIDERS POV - THROUGH A PART IN THE CURTAINS - CLARK

at the tailor shop door, talking to somebody. Whoever it is, his
face is obscured. Until

WADE

It's them!

DIETRICH AND O'NEILL

entering his shop. (A man is with them -- reedy, intense. His name
is Ginzberg.) Tailor Clark indicating in the Slider's direction.

WADE

Quinn -- What do we do?

O'NEILL

You told Mr. Clark they're planning
an ambush?

QUINN

They know about the rendezvous

(then)

They know it's coming down at eight.

Dietrich looks to O'Neill --

GINZBERG

(has the disk)

This disk

(then)

You've seen what's on it?

WADE

Sure. It's the U.S. Constitution.

QUINN

Who's he?

GINZBERG

Mike Ginzberg. I'm a reporter with the San Francisco Chronicle.

DIETRICH

The Judge was on his way to a secret meeting with Mr. Ginzberg this morning when they were forced to abort.

GINZBERG

I had an agreement with my editor that we would publish his Manifesto.

DIETRICH

(to Quinn and Wade)

So you see what's at stake.

(then)

And why you better not be lying.

Clark moves to the windows, starts pulling down the shades --

GINZBERG

What are you doing?

CLARK

We can't take the chance.

(then)

We have to abort.

As he draws another shade --

CUT TO

EXT. TAILOR SHOP - NIGHT - POV - THE SHADES

being drawn.

DETECTIVE ALVAREZ

alerted

ALVAREZ

Lieutenant --

GRAVES

is there, strategizing with uniform back up. Looks up.

ALVAREZ

They're aborting.

GRAVES

Let's move!

ALVAREZ

(into handi talkie)

Red Dog, this is Scout Leader. Take
it!

As the anti-terrorist unit begins its assault on the building --

INT. BUILDING - FOYER - COPS

storm through and up the stairs

CUT TO

INT. SECOND FLOOR LANDING - DIETRICH AND O'NEILL

heading out. Wade and Quinn a few steps back, with Ginzberg.
Reacting as --

ANTI-TERRORIST OFFICERS

appear from the flight below

DIETRICH

Get back! It's a raid!

Ginzberg, the Sliders panic.

DIETRICH

takes his stand, gives fire.

THE COPS

fire back.

DIETRICH

I can't hold 'em!

Dietrich's a goner --

SECOND FLOOR LANDING - GINZBERG, WADE, QUINN

now joined by Clark, who's signaling

CLARK

Back stairs!

The sound of gunfire, bullets whizzing by

FIRE DOOR - CLARK

aided by Quinn forces it open

CLARK

Hurry!

Quinn and Wade are through, then Clark. Ginzberg is having an asthma fit or something. He's not gonna make it --

ALVAREZ (O.S)

Freeze!

GINZBERG

stops, dead in his tracks.

ALVAREZ

Hands above your head.

As anti-terrorist cops swarm through the fire door, and down the stairs after the others.

INT. FIRE STAIRS - QUINN, WADE, CLARK

clamber down. Up ahead --

THE REAR ENTRANCE

Quinn's there first, pulls Wade through. Clark is an old man -- he's dangerously slow.

EXT. BUILDING - SIDE ALLEY - WADE, QUINN CLARK

emerge --

CLARK

My car!

CAR PORT

and beneath it, the tailor's sedan. As they clamber in, BANG! a gunshot -

CLARK

is hit.

WADE

Quinn!

CLARK

I'm all right. Get in!

He's clutching his right arm.

INT. SEDAN - QUINN'S

at the wheel. Cranks the engine just as --

CRASH! THE REAR WINDOW

shatters. Wade screams, showered by shards of broken safety glass.

QUINN

Hold on!

He patches out in reverse

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - GRAVES

looking on as

ANTI-TERRORIST OFFICERS

emerge from the building. O'Neill and Ginzberg are captured, cuffed. Just then, the roar of a car accelerating and --

EXT. ALLEY - THE SEDAN

going backwards at high speed, barrelling out into --

EXT. STREET - THE COPS, GRAVES

scatter to avoid being hit --

INT. SEDAN - QUINN

as he throws the wheel, the car goes into a 180 degree fishtail --

WADE AND CLARK

hunkered down around the floorboards

QUINN

Stay down!

Off Wade -- "no shit!"

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - A POLICE SHARPSHOOTER

trains his rifle, he's got the fleeing vehicle in his scopesights.
Just as he's about to fire --

GRAVES

puts his hand on the gun barrel, calls off his man.

GRAVES

Let'm go.

He watches as the sedan speeds away, taillights disappearing into
the night --

CUT TO

INT. SEDAN - WADE, QUINN, AND CLARK

The worst is over --

CLARK

The tragedy is, Fishkin's willing to
give himself up.

(then)

All he wants is the publication of
his Manifesto.

QUINN

Where to?

CLARK

The docks. He's at the safehouse down by the pier.

WADE

One thing I don't understand: who are those cops who tried to help us?

CLARK

Believe it or not, there's a number of fundamentalists in the ranks of law enforcement.

(then)

Those two put their careers -- their lives -- at risk in order to ensure a peaceful solution to this crisis.

WADE

Obviously somebody very powerful sees things differently.

CLARK

Hoover's henchmen live on -- they have a lot to fear from an honest judiciary.

(then)

Turn here.

Quinn does so

QUINN

Yeah, well, you're known by your enemies I guess.

CLARK

And by your friends.

(then)

There are hundreds of thousands of good people out there who believe in what the Judge is trying to do.

(then)

At least they did until yesterday.

WADE

But we saw the whole thing. He shot that officer in self-defense.

CLARK
It's not gonna mean a lot if we
can't save his life.

WADE
Hurry, Quinn!

Off which

CUT TO

EXT. DOCKS - POLICE CARS

everywhere. Bubble tops flaring, they illuminate the warehouses
and shuttered storefronts with an eerie glow

POV - THROUGH SEDAN WINDSHIELD - THE SCENE

as the Sliders approach. Standing there, looking on

GOMEZ CALHOUN

face beaten, pummelled. He turned the Judge in. He's handcuffed,
Calhoun looks on in despair.

CLARK
(stricken)
OhmiGod. They turned Calhoun!

QUINN

stops the car, looks on at this pathetic spectacle --

THEIR POV - A PHALANX OF COPS

Somewhere in the middle, looking very small and powerless --

JUDGE FISHKIN

in handcuffs. As he moves past Calhoun, he spits in the
collaborator's face.

WADE

looks to Quinn. It can't end this way. It just can't.

FADE OUT.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - ON TV - JUDGE FISHKIN

being hustled towards a waiting car by kilted police officers.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
-- the arrest of the former Justice
was the result of intensive inter-
departmental cooperation between the
F.B.I. and local law enforcement.

WIDEN - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

at the bar, watching, -- horrified, as

ANGLE - ON TV - NEWS REPORTER

doing a stand up, live in front of the police precinct.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
Authorities in the nation's
Capitol hailed the arrest as a major
victory in the war against
subversives --
(then)
President LaRouche himself was
notified of the Judge's capture at
six-forty-seven, East Coast Time.

ARTURO
It doesn't say anything about
anybody being arrested with him.

REMBRANDT
From your lips to God's ear.

ARTURO
(checks his watch)
It's five-thirty P.M. We slide in
eleven hours.

REMBRANDT
Don't even go there, man. I ain't
leaving without them.

ARTURO
Obviously not, Mr. Brown. That was
not the implication.

(then)
I'm offended by the mere suggestion.

As suddenly --

WADE AND QUINN

entering

QUINN
They got the Judge.

ARTURO
I know. We just saw it on the news.

REMBRANDT
Are you all right?

QUINN
We're alive, at least.
(then)
You wouldn't believe it
(then)
Must've been a million cops.

REMBRANDT
What's gonna happen to the Judge?

QUINN
On a world without civil rights?
Probably execute him on Public TV.

ARTURO
My friends -- as painful as this
experience has been let us
remember our agreement -- we cannot
mourn what's happened here.

WADE
That's right. Because we're gonna
change it.

ARTURO
What?

WADE
You heard me.
(then)
We're not leaving here like this.

REMBRANDT

How're we gonna stop them, girl?

By way of answer, Wade slaps the computer disk down on the bar top --

WADE

They won't kill him, Professor. We have the power of the U.S. Constitution.

Off the Sliders --

CUT TO

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - ARTURO

moving through.

DESK SERGEANT

looks up --

ARTURO

I'm here to speak to Lieutenant Graves.

Desk sergeant indicates -- back there --

CUT TO

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - GRAVES, ALVAREZ

across from Arturo.

GRAVES

On the phone, you said you had something to give me?

ARTURO

Not yet.

GRAVES

Look, Mr. Arturo or whoever you are I took your call, we're trying to be courteous.

ARTURO

I am aware that you have arrested Judge Fishkin, and that you are now in possession of a certain computer diskette --

GRAVES

I don't know what you're talking about.

ARTURO

Oh, but I think you do.

(then)

I said I had information that would be worth your while.

(hands a slip of paper)

I represent certain people who are in possession of a document I think will be of interest to your masters in Washington.

GRAVES

(off paper)

What's this?

(reading)

"We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union...?"

ARTURO

It was called the Preamble to the United States Constitution.

(then)

There's a lot more where that came from.

GRAVES

Where'd you get this?

ARTURO

That's my business.

(then)

Whatever it's origins, it is the only extant copy.

(then)

I am prepared to surrender it in exchange for certain considerations.

ALVAREZ

Go to hell.

GRAVES

(over-ruling)

What exactly are you looking for?

ARTURO

The release of Judge Fishkin and his
co-conspirators.

(then)

Complete and total exoneration and
immunity from any future
prosecutions.

GRAVES

Unacceptable.

ARTURO

Too bad.

(rising)

Thank you for your time, gentlemen.

GRAVES

Sit down!

(then)

Listen, you anti-American bastard!
I don't know who you are or where
you came from, but you're not
leaving here!

ARTURO

Careful!

(then)

My colleagues are poised over a
computer terminal at this very
minute. If they don't hear from me
within fifteen minutes they will
launch the unabridged U.S.
Constitution over the Internet.

(then)

Millions upon millions of computer
hackers will wake up to The Bill of
Rights with their e-mail.

(then)

Try putting the genie back in that
bottle.

ALVAREZ

It's a bluff.

ARTURO

Try me, Detective.

(then)

Before you risk the future of this
nightmare Republic, perhaps you
ought to contact your superiors.

A long beat. Graves takes Arturo's measure and doesn't doubt what he sees --

GRAVES

Wait here.

Goes.

CUT TO

EXT. BRIDGE UNDERPASS - NIGHT - SLIDERS

Clark is there, his car parked nearby.

WADE

They're late.

REMBRANDT

Think they're calling our bluff?

QUINN

It's not a bluff.

ARTURO

It is, of course, an unenviable choice.

(then)

A man's life versus a social contract that could resurrect a democracy.

QUINN

Ideas are great, Professor, but they're nothing without good people around to fight for them.

REMBRANDT

Someone's coming.

As now --

A CAR'S HEADLIGHTS

appearing through the foggy gloom

THE UNMARKED SEDAN

slows, stops about fifty feet away. An agonizingly long beat --

WADE

What are they waiting for?

CLARK

It's an ambush.

QUINN

They're not that stupid.

As now --

THE CAR DOORS

open --

GRAVES

exits first. Then Alvarez. Holds the rear door open --

FISHKIN

exits, still in handcuffs.

ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

hang back with Clark as Wade and Quinn move into the no-man's land (illuminated by the sedan's headlights) to complete the swap.

REMBRANDT

(of the timer)

How much time?

ARTURO

Eleven minutes.

WADE AND QUINN

move into the open

GRAVES

I want the disk!

QUINN

Not until he's safely away.

Graves unfastens Fishkin's cuffs --

GRAVES

(to Fishkin)

Go on.

FISHKIN

(to Wade -- a dim, almost
primordial sense he knows
her?)

Why --?

QUINN

No time for explanations, Your
Honor.

(then)

Just get in the car.

Fishkin moves to Clark. Clark embraces him

GRAVES

The disk.

WADE

Right here.

He hands him an envelope. Graves opens it, examines the disk,
satisfied.

QUINN

It'll come out eventually, you know,

(then)

You can't suppress the truth
forever.

ALVAREZ

What do you know about the truth,
you traitor!

QUINN

You stupid son-of-a-bitch! You're
about to destroy the most important
document in the history of this
country and you don't even know it!

Quinn's in the guy's face.

ALVAREZ

You want a piece of me?

QUINN

Right now!

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory!

(then)

Let it go.

Rembrandt and Arturo are there to draw Quinn away

ALVAREZ

We'll meet again, tough guy.

QUINN

For your sake, you better hope not.

ARTURO

It's not worth it. Come on --

They pull Quinn away --

CUT TO

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE PARK - THE SLIDERS

preparing for departure. The wormhole shimmers behind them as --

QUINN

bids farewell to Clark. Rembrandt is there --

CLARK

It is hard to find words to thank you.

QUINN

Just fight the good fight.

CLARK

We will, my friends. We have no choice.

REMBRANDT

So long, man.

He gives Clark a hug. Meanwhile

WADE, ARTURO

stand with Fishkin.

ARTURO

You are a brave man, Sir. Your courage is an inspiration to those of us whose own courage is flagging.

FISHKIN

We are all united in our struggle for a better future, Mr. Arturo.

QUINN

is summoning them

QUINN
Finish up, you guys!

ARTURO
Good-bye, sir.

FISHKIN
(to Wade)
I was prepared to die, you know.

WADE
I know you were.
(then)
You're a hero to so many people. I
couldn't let you martyr yourself.
Besides, it's the ideas in the
Constitution that matter, and as
hard as these guys try, they can't
suppress those.
(off Fishkin)
I hope you can understand, sir. I
did what we thought was right.

QUINN
Wade -- hurry up.

WADE
I have to leave.

She gives the Judge a kiss on the cheek

WADE
Good bye.

FISHKIN
God bless you.

Arturo is waiting for Wade at the wormhole

ARTURO
I never thought I'd eat my words,
but you did a fine thing here.

WADE
Then how come I feel so sad?

ARTURO

We cannot hold ourselves responsible
for the failures of the societies we
visit.

(then)

We can't even expect to influence
them.

WADE

I guess so.

They're at the mouth of the wormhole.

ARTURO

(after you)

Age before beauty.

WADE

After you.

Arturo gives her a bracing pat on the shoulder, then slides.

WADE

turns to take one last look at this world. Her eyes find Fishkin,
who's standing there with Clark. She raises her first in a power
salute

WADE

Keep hope alive!

The wormhole is starting to falter. Wade slides.

FISHKIN AND CLARK

stand there and watch the conclusion of this amazing spectacle.

FISHKIN

Unbelievable.

CLARK

You see, my friend, where there is
mystery, there is hope.

FISHKIN

Perhaps.

CLARK

Come on. Let's go home.

Off which --

CUT TO

INT. COMPUTER STORE - NEW DAY - SALESGIRL

plays video games. It's midday; there aren't too many people in this place. Nearby --

ANOTHER COMPUTER - A FAMILY MAN

is trying out one of the more advanced models. His ten-year old kid is watching. Type, type --

ANGLE - THE SCREEN

The jumbled letters, the bizarre encryptions seem oddly familiar.

FAMILY MAN

Hey. What's all this gobbledy gook?

The salesman we remember from before has been monitoring the potential sale..

SALESGUY

That's funny.

(as he takes the
keyboard)

Some girl was in here playing on
it

Tap, tap, tap

FAMILY GUY

Is it some kind of video game?

SALESGUY

Hold on.

FAMILY GUY

(reads)

"We the people of the United States,
in order to form a more perfect
union... and secure the blessings of
liberty to ourselves and our
posterity, do ordain and establish
this Constitution for the United
States of America?"...

because true enough

ANGLE - SCREEN

The familiar yellow and black warning. And now the Constitution. Wade's inadvertently copied it onto the hard drive. Sales Guy hits "print" --

SALESGUY

I got to get a copy of this.

(to salesgirl)

Hey, Jeanine. C'mere and take a
look at something --

As the other salesmen move over to take a look

ANGLE - THE PRINTER

The Constitution is alive, and we --

FADE OUT.

THE END