

SLIDERS

"Time Again and World"

Written

by

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"TIME AGAIN AND WORLD"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB 77 - DAY - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

on barstools. It's a dark, dank place sawdust on the floor.
 It's midday, a rummy plays video poker. Otherwise, the place *
 is pretty much deserted.

ARTURO *

He's an impulsive, unlettered
 schoolboy, and the rest of us are
 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. I want my
 life back.

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?

WADE'S

peering in from the doorway, her eyes adjusting to the gloom -- *

ARTURO
 (coming mother)
 Destiny calls.

WADE *
 Come on. We're gonna miss the
 slide.

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

REMBRANDT *
 Keep the change, sweetheart. *

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
 Hurry up.

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 - SCHOOL GIRLS *

play double dutch. A crow caws. A U.P.S. van idles at the curb.*
An elderly man walks a small dog

QUINN (O.S.) *

Let's go!

QUINN

up ahead, at the mouth of an alley, signaling

WADE *

I found them sitting in a bar --

REMBRANDT *

Sorry, man. Lost track of time.

Quinn's pissed; 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 early 40's, handsome in a dishevelled sort of way. DRIVER #1 -- a thug -- emerges also -- *

DRIVER #2 *

'hell's your problem?

(then)

You stopped dead in front of me!

A CROWD

is gathering. Wade's there, drawn by the commotion.

DRIVER #2 *

I don't believe this!

Driver #2's inspecting his front end

WADE'S POV - DRIVER #1 *

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

DRIVER #1

Believe this, you son-of-a-bitch!

WADE

Before she can shout a warning. BANG! BANG!

DRIVER #2

falls, gutshot.

THE CROWD

Pandemonium. A patch of tires as Driver #1 takes off. *

WADE *

Help him! Don't just stand there!

Nobody's doing anything. It's like Kitty Genovese. *

QUINN

Wade! No time!

DRIVER #2

fights for consciousness. Whispers something: "Elsie -- the rock!" *

WADE *

Save your strength.
(to onlookers)
Somebody call an ambulance!

DRIVER #2 *

Please.
(presses an object into Wade's
hand)
Elsie...the rock, 540. Please --

WADE *

What?

He whispers "the rock...Elsie" one last time -- dies. *

WADE

is dumbstruck. In her hand --

A MATCHBOOK AND A PLASTIC OVAL *

an oversized tiddlywink. She's shell-shocked, barely aware that *
Quinn is there --

QUINN *

Wade there's nothing more you can
do.

The crowd's straining for a glimpse of the victim. Ambulance *
in b.g. The woman in the blue miniskirt watches, visibly
distraught

EXT. ALLEY - THE WORMHOLE

losing steam. *

QUINN *

Run!

Quinn practically hurls Wade forward as the wormhole sputters, *
dies --

THE WOMAN IN THE BLUE MINISKIRT *

can't believe what she's just seen. *

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 --

REMBRANDT *

Look out!

WADE AND QUINN

land next, nearly knocking Arturo down again. *

REMBRANDT

What happened back there?

QUINN *

There was a shootout. We barely
made the slide.

(to Wade)

You all right?

REMBRANDT *

What's that?

WADE

That guy handed this to me just before he died.

(off the matchbook)

Top Hat Nightclub?

(then)

And some sort of frisbee.

ARTURO

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

WADE

(flares)

"Emotionally invested?" I just saw a man gunned down in the street. Excuse me if that's just a little hard to ignore, all right?

QUINN

(Arturo's about to protest)

Let it go.

Wade moves off. 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 BLUE 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 GIRLS

playing double dutch. U.P.S. van. The old man and dog.

ARTURO

It would seem we have landed on some
sister planet.

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 exiting first, as before --

*

DRIVER #2

I don't believe this!

*

WADE'S POV - DRIVER #1

*

wearing 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

He's got a gun! Look out!

*

DRIVER #1

fires, BANG! But this time --

DRIVER #2

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

THE SLIDERS, THE CROWD

react as before, including the woman in the blue miniskirt.
(On this world, too, she seems to have an agenda.)

DRIVER #2

his eyes heartbroken, find Wade for an instant. An approaching
police siren (O.S.). He jumps in his car and is gone.

WADE

rushes into the street, moves to the fallen man, exactly as she
did on the world before. (And, as on the world before, none of the
onlookers does anything to help.) Quinn watches as --

DRIVER #1

(dying)

Elsie. The rock. Ten o'clock...

(off Wade, shocked)

Elsie...the rock. 540...

Dies.

WADE

No!

QUINN

Is he breathing?

Wade's look says it all.

QUINN

Wade --

Wade sees what he sees. Attached to dead man's waistband --

A POLICE BADGE

WADE

Oh God, Quinn!

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

wearing a blue kilt, exits, moves through --

COP #1 (ALVAREZ)

indicates --

ALVAREZ
Over there, Lieutenant

ARTURO, WADE, QUINN

*

Wade's visibly shaken. Quinn's got an arm around her for support.

*

ARTURO
They all appear to be wearing kilts.

*

REMBRANDT'S

*

nearby giving his statement to a blue-kilted detective.

REMBRANDT
.... Some of the people thought the officer fired first.

*

GRAVES
(to detective)
Understand these people might've got a look at our bad guy.

*

REMBRANDT
-- We were coming up out of the alley when we heard the crash. We weren't really all 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 an address. I'm gonna want to follow up with these people.

*

ALVAREZ

*

approaches

*

ALVAREZ

*

Confirmation from the old geezer with the dog.

(then)

Says the girl over there may have shouted a warning to Nassau.

GRAVES

*

Watch her. See where she goes.

*

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 this guy Nassau -- or whatever his name is.

The name Nassau gets a response from Calhoun.

*

QUINN

*

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

WADE

*

Who says they have to know that part?

GOMEZ CALHOUN

And we're all set here, as soon
as we get your fingerprints.

REMBRANDT

Fingerprints?

Calhoun indicates a sign on the wall: "All guests must be
fingerprinted by order of the S.F.P.D." As the Sliders obey

GOMEZ CALHOUN

I couldn't help overhearing. Where
you folks 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... Dragnet, Next Generation.
The bald cops are wearing
miniskirts.

ARTURO

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

'Know what I think? The less we know about this place, the better.

Wade sits by the window, lost in thought.

QUINN

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

Wade shakes her head "no." Once Quinn'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 just can't believe Nassau -- or whatever his name is -- could've killed anybody.

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

(scoffs)

Murderer's a murderer.

(then)

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

WADE

What're you saying? I'm emotionally invested?

REMBRANDT

Sweetheart...

ARTURO

(sigh)

Miss Welles

WADE

No! He is!

A knock at the door. Rembrandt opens up --

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.

MAN/DIETRICH

Inside!

As they enter, close the door behind them

DIETRICH (Cont'd)

Listen up. Nobody gets hurt.

WADE

OhmiGod!

WOMAN/O'NEILL

Sit down.

(to Arturo)

Give me an excuse!

The Sliders do as they're told.

DIETRICH

Very simple, people. What you saw
this afternoon?

(then)

You want to stay alive, we're gonna
pretend it never happened.
Understood?

O'NEILL

Cops may ask you to view some mug
shots. Give a statement. You don't
tell them a damn thing.

ARTURO

May I --?

(then)

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

O'NEILL

Listen to me. The only thing you need to know: We're watching every move you make.

(then)

Do what you're told or next time, it won't be a threat.

ARTURO

Absolutely.

The man and the woman go. After a beat

*

ARTURO

*

(to Wade)

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

(then)

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.

(continuing)

Don't you get it? That's the same name the other man whispered.

QUINN

They were fighting over a woman on both worlds. So what?

*

REMBRANDT

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

WADE

*

A man is dead, Rembrandt. Because of me. I have evidence that may lead to the arrest of his killer.

(silence)

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)

The man and woman who confronted you

WADE

I'm not really sure how they found us -- nobody knew where we were. Except the detective.

(indicating Alvarez)

And the check-in guy, Gomez 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 something about ten o'clock and the name "Elsie."

(then)

"Elsie the rock."

ALVAREZ

The rock?

GRAVES

Anything else?

WADE

A number. 540?

GRAVES

(to Alvarez)

Elsie the rock. 540. Ten o'clock.

ALVAREZ

Taylor got the rendezvous!

(then)

We've got him!

WADE

Really?

GRAVES

You just nailed him for us, Miss Welles.

(then)

We pick him up, you're gonna want a seat at the electrocution?

Wade doesn't know how to respond --

QUINN

What's the story with this guy? Is he mafia?

ALVAREZ

You heard of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg?

QUINN

You mean the A-bomb spies?

ALVAREZ

(huh?)

A-bomb spies?

GRAVES

The circus clowns who assassinated
President Kennedy.

(then)

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

ALVAREZ

God bless you, Miss Welles. God
bless America.

Goes --

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE BULLPEN - CORRIDOR - QUINN AND WADE

emerging from interrogation --

WADE

What do you think he did if they're
talking about electrocution?

QUINN

(reacts)

Wade

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.

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's going on?

QUINN *
I'm not sticking around 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
Nassau!

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

GOMEZ CALHOUN
(in their faces)
My conscience is clear, you
bastards!

As Calhoun's manhandled through the double doors --

WADE *
What's he being arrested for?

QUINN

Don't you get it? He knew we were staying here.

WADE

They can arrest him for that? *

QUINN

I get a feeling they can do anything they want.

(then)

Come on.

They hurry 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

This is unbelievable. 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.

WADE

stands, looking down at the as-yet-unpacked contents of her fanny pack, the plastic oval -- *

REMBRANDT

Wade --?

(off Wade's non-response)

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

Wade pockets the oval, goes *

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - THE SLIDERS

huddling close to the buildings, trying to look inconspicuous.

WADE

*

Quinn?

(then)

I keep thinking about the frisbee.

QUINN

What about it?

WADE

*

Maybe it's got something to do with
who Elsie is.

QUINN

Wade it came from the other
world.

(then)

Forget about it. Okay?

ANGLE - A POLICE ROUST

*

seven or eight ordinary-looking citizens, hands and face to the
wall, being patted down by kilted police officers.

TWO MORE COPS

*

lean against their squad car, flirting with a couple young girls as
if everything taking place here is routine.

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.

*

THEIR POV - DIETRICH AND O'NEILL

up ahead, moving through the crowd, toward them.

QUINN

*

This way!

As now --

THE FLIRTING COPS

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

REMBRANDT

(off this)

Any other bright ideas?

ARTURO

(reacts)

In there!

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.

THE SAME BARMAID

(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...

WADE *

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

ARTURO *

The similarities of this world are
eerie.

Same old gloomy Perry Como-style standards emitting from the *
jukebox.

REMBRANDT *

Yeah. Even down to the crappy
music.

As, under --

ANGLE - THE TV *

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

JOHN WALSH (ON TV)
 ...escaped capture in a brazen
 shoot-out with police.

(then)

Judge Nassau, 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

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

California Supreme Court. Tried to
 acquit a guy the F.B.I. wanted
 guilty. *

(then)

Last of the Fundamental
 Constitutionlists.

QUINN

Constitutionlists?

RUMMY

*

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

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 stepfather 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?

(extracts the disk from her pocket)

The frisbee the Judge gave me. It's got to be some kind of CD-Rom or something.

QUINN

Let me see.

WADE

*

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

(then)

Judge Nassau's a federal judge and thanks to me he's walking into an ambush;

(MORE)

WADE (Cont'd)

(then)

I just handed him right over to the cops!

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.

REMBRANDT *
 (steering the salesguy away)
 You guys got a music section?
 (the salesguy indicates:
 over there)
 This I got to see.

They go. *

ARTURO *
 All clear.

Wade slips the disk into the A drive

QUINN *
 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--

Hits a few keys. A few more. *

QUINN *
 Hurry up!

WADE *
 What's it look like I'm doing?

She's tapping as fast as she can. *

ANGLE - MUSIC DEPARTMENT - REMBRANDT *

is browsing the record racks, one eye on Wade and Arturo across
 the floor. *

THE SALESGUY *

is at his heels *

SALESGUY *
 You interested in music? We have
 some of the latest sounds here.

REMBRANDT *
 I see that.

ANGLE - RECORD BINS *

The Osmond Brothers, Pat Boone, Andy Williams, The Chipmunks, *
Muzak Hits of the 60's and 70's.

SALESGUY *

'Seen the new Donny Osmond video?
Outrageous!

(then)

If anything marrying Lisa Marie
Presley's only made him a greater
artist.

(then)

What are you looking for?

REMBRANDT *

The Spinning Tops?

SALESGUY *

Who?

REMBRANDT *

Singing group, man. Rhythm and
blues?

(off the salesguy's
bewilderment)

Rock 'n roll?

SALESGUY *

Never heard of it.

REMBRANDT *

(as it begins to sink in)

Damn!

CUT TO:

WADE, ARTURO, QUINN *

Wade's starting to get somewhere -- *

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. Unauthorized Reading * is Punishable By Death." And then, as Wade scrolls down

QUINN *

(reading off the screen)

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

WADE *

(finishing)

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

REMBRANDT

returns, under *

REMBRANDT *

You won't believe this. These people completely suppressed the last thirty years of rock 'n roll.

ARTURO *

If only that was all.

WADE

The disk the Judge handed me: It's the United States Constitution.

Off which *

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - BOOKSTORE - WADE, REMBRANDT AND ARTURO *

Arturo, reading from a copy of a book he just purchased:
Quotations From J. Edgar *

ARTURO *

(reads)

Listen to this: "Both Aristotle and Plato inveighed against the evils of democracy.

(then)

"Individual liberty is leading us down a path toward anarchy: rampant crime, Godless amorality, and the breakdown of the family unit." - J. Edgar Hoover, the second Gettysburg Address.

REMBRANDT *

It's pretty weird to have to admit this, but I guess he had a point.

ARTURO *

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

Meanwhile -

QUINN'S *

on a pay phone, completing a call --

QUINN *

I see.

(then)

Thanks for your time.

Hangs up.

QUINN *

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

(then)

(MORE)

QUINN (Cont'd)

The guy seems incredibly uncomfortable even talking to me. Apparently, huge portions of the main body and almost all the Bill of Rights were expunged from the public record after the Kennedy assassination.

REMBRANDT

Unbelievable.

WADE

That's gotta be why they're trying to kill Nassau. He's got the only surviving text --

REMBRANDT

If they already kicked him off the federal bench, what do they care?

WADE

Maybe he's threatening to go public with it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EVENING - TOP HAT NIGHTCLUB

downtown, in an otherwise deserted commercial district.

CREW CUT, BOW TIED, BOUNCERS

stand behind velvet ropes culling through a crowd of wanna-get-ins who look like refugees from an Archie comic.

REVERSE ANGLE - WADE AND REMBRANDT

across the street. Wade's holding the matchbook she got from Nassau.

WADE

How're we gonna get in?

REMBRANDT

(off \$20 in his pocket)
The green stuff. The universal language.

They head off

CUT TO:

INT. TOP HAT - LIKE A HIGH SCHOOL PROM *

kids milling around. Most of the boys against one wall, the girls
ditto. *

A FEW DANCERS *

on the floor, shuffling to John Tesh's Entertainment Tonight
theme -- *

REMBRANDT AND WADE *

move through -- *

REMBRANDT

Damn.

(then)

A whole nation of squares.

(then)

Reminds me of a solo gig I played in
Florida once -- the average age was
deceased.

ANGLE - BLUE MINISKIRT *

watching. We don't know what she makes of this. Elsie? *

WADE AND REMBRANDT

sidle up at the bar.

REMBRANDT *

(to bartender)

Two beers.

BARTENDER *

How old is she?

WADE *

Twenty-one.

The bartender indicates a sign on the wall behind him:
drinking age on this world is twenty-five. *

WADE *

Am I old enough for a coke?

A waitress at the waitress station looks over now, then
away. Elsie? Something fearful in her eyes (or are they imagining
it?). *

REMBRANDT *
 (to bartender)
 How you doing, man? Is Elsie
 working tonight?

BARTENDER *
 Who?

WADE *
 We may have something that belongs
 to her.
 (off the bartender)
 We're not really sure of her last
 name.

BARTENDER *
 No Elsie here.

POV - WADE AND REMBRANDT *

Someone watches. *

REVERSE ANGLE - BLUE MINISKIRT *

She doesn't like what she sees. *

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - TWO KILTED COPS *

on foot patrol, swinging their billy clubs -- *

PARK BENCH - THE SLIDERS *

converged to sort out their next move. *

QUINN *
 I still can't figure out the kilts.

ARTURO
 Perhaps they're not kilts, they're
 skirts.

(then)
 The inebriate in the bar said that
 J. Edgar Hoover -- F.B.I. director
 on our world -- was President here
 for twenty-two years, until his
 death.

(then)
 I read a book -- seemed something of
 a slander at the time -- suggesting

(MORE)

ARTURO (Cont'd) *

Hoover and his roommate, Clyde Tolson were cross-dressers.

(then)

Assuming facts now in evidence, perhaps President Hoover himself had something to do with instituting this rather bizarre dress code.

REMBRANDT *

Unreal.

ARTURO *

It's as coherent a theory as any --

A beat --

WADE *

(mulling it)

I keep thinking of Elsie the rock.

(then)

Maybe they meant Alcatraz Prison.

ARTURO *

It's true they used to call Alcatraz "The Rock" on our world. But Alcatraz is an outdated penal system -- it's been closed for years.

WADE *

Not here, necessarily. "The rock, 540." Maybe Elsie's a prisoner or something, and 540's her jail cell.

ARTURO *

Judge Nassau was trying to deliver the Constitution of the United States to a prison inmate?

WADE *

(needling)

It's as coherent a theory as any.

A HOT DOG VENDOR - A YOUNG LOWLIFE *

buying a hot dog. *

ARTURO *

(to lowlife)

Excuse me?

(the lowlife turns)

I wonder if you could settle a bet.

(then)

(MORE)

ARTURO (Cont'd)

I read somewhere that Alcatraz
Prison is open to the public.

LOWLIFE

Second most popular tourist
attraction in the nation, after
Hoover's Tomb.

ARTURO

I see. So they don't actually house
prisoners there anymore.

*

LOWLIFE

Are you kidding?

(then)

Martin Luther King, Jr., Sam
Kinison, The Kennedy Brothers --
all the famous political prisoners
are in there.

That's a shocker --

WADE

You wouldn't have any idea who they
keep in cell 540, would you?

LOWLIFE

540?

WADE

The rock, 540.

(then)

Is that Martin Luther King, Jr. or
somebody?

LOWLIFE

(cautiously)

Pirate Radio.

ARTURO

I beg your pardon?

LOWLIFE

Rock 540. Radio-free America. All
the latest music and propaganda from
Europe.

*

The vendor's been listening to this throughout --

*

VENDOR

C'mon. Get out of here. You want me to lose my license?

(then)

No loose talk about The Rock in here.

ARTURO

(reaching into his pocket, extracts a \$20 bill)

Perhaps you'd know a place where we might talk about it.

*

LOWLIFE

Skirt boys?

ARTURO

Excuse me?

*

LOWLIFE

Secret police?

*

ARTURO

(another \$20)

I assure you, sir. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The lowlife pockets the money. Hands them something --

ARTURO

(off the matchbook)

Top Hat Nightclub?

LOWLIFE

You didn't get this from me.

(then)

Talk to Natalie.

QUINN

We've got twenty-five minutes before the ambush.

(then)

Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP HAT - QUINN AND WADE

It's later in the evening. The place is packed.

WADE

(off the scene)

Told you.

QUINN *
 (to bartender)
 I'm supposed to meet someone named
 Natalie.

BARTENDER *
 Who wants her?

QUINN *
 (slips the guy a \$20)
 Friend of a friend.

Bartender scans, indicates

BLUE MINISKIRT

across the room

WADE
 OhmiGod, Quinn. It's her.
 (then)
 I saw her on both worlds.

QUINN *
 (to Wade)
 Give me the disk.
 (Wade hesitates)
 I know what I'm doing.

All Wade can do is watch him go. *

BLUE MINISKIRT *

stands apart from the dance floor, scoping out the action more *
 like a secret service agent than a nightclub habitue. Though we
 have seen her before, we should describe her in detail: very
 beautiful, very intelligent -- a 20-year old Charlotte Rampling.
 As Quinn approaches --

QUINN *
 Natalie?

Instead of answering *

NATALIE *
 Dance with me.
 (Quinn's about to say
 something)
 Careful. This place is crawling
 with informants.

She guides him out onto the open floor. *

WADE

looking on, with mixed emotions as --

NATALIE
(hot, in Quinn's ear)
Who are you?

QUINN
It's about Judge Nassau. I have to
get a message to Elsie.
(off Natalie: How'd you know
that name?)
It's a set-up.

NATALIE
How do you know?

QUINN
Elsie, ten o'clock. The Rock, 540 -
- the cops know all about it.

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

By way of answer, Quinn extracts the plastic oval.

QUINN
Don't ask how I got it.
(then)
It came from the Judge.

NATALIE
Put that away!

Quinn scopes out the crowd. Nerds everywhere -- where's the
threat?

NATALIE
Come with me.

She takes him by the hand, leads him through the crowd.

WADE

descends her bar stool, follows.

TWO THICK-NECKED GUYS

have been observing blue miniskirt throughout. Secret
police? We follow their eye line.

ALVAREZ

*

He's seen everything.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP HAT - BACK STAIRS - NATALIE

*

leads Quinn and Wade through the catacombs of this vast building --

*

NATALIE

*

In here.

Up ahead --

*

AN ELEVATOR DOOR

*

she pushes the buzzer twice. Someone buzzes back in response --

*

NATALIE

*

Quickly.

The doors open. Not an elevator at all --

INT. PIRATE RADIO STATION

*

An underground bunker of a place. Fiberboard partitions. Rolling Stones and similar-type posters of banned European artists on the walls. Newspapers stacked everywhere. The last bastion of free speech in the person of --

*

AN INTENSE UNSHAVEN D.J.

*

broadcasting live from within the confines of a plexiglass sound chamber. Standing there like sentries --

*

DIETRICH AND O'NEILL

*

reacting to the sight of Quinn and Wade.

NATALIE

*

It's all right, Mike.

(then)

I'll vouch for them.

A huge electronic apparatus off to the side --

*

NATALIE

Tell Lloyd I need to talk to him.
(O'Neill's about to protest)
Don't argue with me.

WADE

Lloyd?

NATALIE

The most dangerous man in America.
Lloyd Clark.

QUINN

(as it dawns)

L.C.

ANGLE - GLASS CHAMBER - O'NEILL

briefs L.C. L.C. looks over.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROCK - L.C.'S OFFICE

A fiberboard cubicle. A stack of banned European record
albums -- Rolling Stones, Elvis, Beatles, etc.

L.C., NATALIE, DIETRICH, O'NEILL, WADE AND QUINN

L.C.

(off the plastic oval)
This disk --
(then)
You've seen what's on it?

WADE

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

NATALIE

Don't ask me to explain it.
(then)
As far as I know, the Judge had the
only copy.

QUINN

(of Dietrich and O'Neill)
Who are these guys?

L.C.

Special agents. Here to secure the
Judge's surrender.

The sound of gunfire, bullets whizzing by --

FIRE DOOR - NATALIE *

aided by Quinn forces it open --

NATALIE *

Hurry!

Quinn and Wade are through, then Natalie. L.C.'s not gonna make it-- *

ALVAREZ (O.S)

Freeze!

L.C. *

stops, dead in his tracks. *

ALVAREZ

Hands above your head.

As anti-terrorist cops swarm through the fire door after the others. *

INT. FIRE STAIRS - QUINN, WADE, NATALIE *

clamber down. Up ahead --

THE REAR ENTRANCE

Quinn's there first, pulls Natalie through.

EXT. BUILDING - SIDE ALLEY - NATALIE, QUINN, WADE

emerge --

NATALIE *

My car!

CAR PORT

and beneath it, a sedan. As they clamber in, BANG! a gunshot - *

NATALIE

is hit.

WADE

Quinn.

NATALIE
I'm all right. Get in!

She's clutching her 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 glass. *

QUINN
Hold on!

He patches out in reverse

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP HAT CLUB - GRAVES

supervising the evacuation of the nightclub. The place has been *
raided -- paddy wagons everywhere. The nightclub crowd spilled out
onto the sidewalk.

ANTI-TERRORIST OFFICERS

emerge from the building. O'Neill, L.C. 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 NATALIE

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 - QUINN, WADE, NATALIE

The worst is over --

NATALIE

The nightmare is, this all could
have been resolved peacefully.

(then)

All the Judge wanted was the reading
of his Manifesto.

QUINN

Where do I go?

NATALIE

Turn left.

(then)

And pray we get there before they
do.

*

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

He turned the Judge in. He's handcuffed, Calhoun looks on in *
despair.

NATALIE

(stricken)

OhmiGod. Gomez 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 NASSAU

in handcuffs. As he moves past Calhoun, the collaborator can't *
even look him in the eye.

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 NASSAU

being hustled towards a waiting car by kilted police officers. *
We are watching a live update on America's Most Wanted.

JOHN WALSH (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 - WALSH *

doing a stand-up, amidst a bustling police precinct bullpen. *

JOHN WALSH (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.

QUINN
 You wouldn't believe it --
 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 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 can't kill him, Rembrandt. We have the most powerful weapon in the world.

(then)

The U.S. Constitution.

Off the Sliders --

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - REMBRANDT

moving through.

DESK SERGEANT

looks up --

REMBRANDT

I'm here to speak to Lieutenant Graves.

Desk sergeant indicates -- back there --

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - GRAVES, ALVAREZ

across from Rembrandt.

GRAVES

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

REMBRANDT

Not yet.

GRAVES

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

REMBRANDT

I understand you arrested Judge Nassau, and you're in possession of a certain CD-rom disk.

(off them)

What if I said there was another copy?

Hands them a slip of paper --

GRAVES

(off paper)

What's this?

(reading)

"... No person in a criminal case shall be compelled to be against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty or property without the due process of law."

REMBRANDT

It used to be called the Fifth Amendment.

GRAVES

Where'd you get this?

REMBRANDT

That's my business.

(then)

I represent certain parties who are prepared to trade it for the Judge's release.

ALVAREZ

Go to hell.

GRAVES

(overruling)

What exactly are you looking for?

REMBRANDT

The pardoning of Judge Nassau and his co-conspirators.

(then)

Complete and total exoneration and immunity guaranteed by President LaRouche's signature, from any future prosecutions.

GRAVES

Unacceptable.

REMBRANDT

Your loss, friend.

(rising)

Thank you for your time.

GRAVES

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

*

REMBRANDT

Careful!

(then)

My colleagues are at their computer terminal at this very moment. If they don't hear from me within fifteen minutes they'll 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.

REMBRANDT

Try me, Detective.

(then)

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

*

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

GRAVES

You'll take a lie detector that this is the only other copy?

*

REMBRANDT

My insistence.

*

Goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE UNDERPASS - NIGHT - SLIDERS

Natalie is there, her 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?

NATALIE

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 --

NASSAU

exits, still in handcuffs.

ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

hang back with Natalie 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 Nassau's cuffs --

GRAVES

(to Nassau)

Go on.

NASSAU

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

Why --?

QUINN

No time for explanations, Your Honor.

(then)

Just get in the car.

Nassau moves to L.C. L.C. embraces him

GRAVES

The disk.

WADE

Right here.

She 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 want to destroy the most precious 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.

REMBRANDT

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 Nassau. Rembrandt is there --

NASSAU

It is hard to find words to thank you.

QUINN

Just fight the good fight.

NASSAU

We will, my friends. We have no choice.

REMBRANDT

So long, man.

He gives the Judge a hug.

WADE, ARTURO

move up --

ARTURO

It has been an honor to know you, sir. Your courage is an inspiration to those of us whose own courage has been flagging.

NASSAU

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

REMBRANDT

is summoning them --

REMBRANDT

Finish up, you guys!

ARTURO

Good-bye, sir.

NASSAU

(to Wade)

I was prepared to die, you know.

WADE

*

I know.

(then, off Nassau)

I hope you can understand... I did
what I thought was right.

(then)

I have to go.

She gives the Judge a kiss on the cheek

WADE

Good bye.

NASSAU

God bless you.

Arturo is waiting for Wade at the wormhole

ARTURO

*

I never thought I'd take pleasure in
eating my words, but you did a fine
thing here.

WADE

*

He's up against such long odds.

(then)

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.

(off Wade)

It's a better result than on the
last world we were on.

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 see --

QUINN AND NATALIE

leavetaking --

NATALIE

Will we ever meet again?

QUINN

I don't know. I hope so.

She kisses him, overwhelmed by the strangeness of these events, their power.

NATALIE

Thank you.

The wormhole is sputtering. Quinn's conscious of Wade's eyes on him. He breaks the embrace.

WADE

once she sees he's coming, she gives one last wave to Nassau, jumps.

QUINN

turns, raises his fist in a power salute.

QUINN

Keep hope alive!

The wormhole is starting to falter. He slides.

NASSAU AND NATALIE

stand there and watch the conclusion of this amazing spectacle.

NATALIE

Unbelievable.

NASSAU

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

NATALIE

I hope so.

NASSAU

*

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 -- The black and yellow warning we remember.

*

FAMILY MAN

Is it some kind of video game?

SALESGUY

(continuing to scroll)

Hold on.

(then)

What the hell is this?

(then)

OhmiGod.

FAMILY MAN

*

(reads)

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

... because true enough...

ANGLE - SCREEN

The Constitution. Wade's inadvertently copied it onto the hard *
drive. Sales Guy hits "print" --

SALESGUY *
(to salesgirl)
Hey, Karen -- C'mere.

As the other salesmen move over to take a look --

ANGLE - THE PRINTER

The Constitution is alive, and we --

FADE OUT.

THE END