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SLIDERS

"Time Again and World"

Written

by

Jacob Epstein

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#K0801

SLIDERS

"Time Again and World"

QUINN MALLORY
WADE WELLES
MAXIMILIAN ARTURO
REMBRANDT BROWN

NATALIE (BLUE MINISKIRT)
HIPSTER
LIEUTENANT GRAVES
ALVAREZ
GOMEZ CALHOUN
JUDGE NASSAU
L. C.
DIETRICH
O'NEILL
DRIVER #1
DRIVER #2
COP #1
NEWSMAN *
RUMMY
HURLEY (SALESGUY)
BARTENDER
LOWLIFE
NEWSPAPERMAN (BLIND)
FAMILY MAN

EXTRAS:

BAR ATMOSPHERE (INC. BARMAID)
STREET ATMOSPHERE (INC. SCHOOLGIRLS)
POLICE OFFICERS
NIGHTCLUB ATMOSPHERE
ANTI-TERRORIST OFFICERS
COMPUTER STORE ATMOSPHERE

#K0801

SLIDERS

"Time Again and World"

SETS

INTERIORS:

LAMPLIGHTER (CLUB 77)
DOMINION HOTEL (MOTEL 12)
 LOBBY WITH CORRIDOR
 ROOM
POLICE STATION
 INTERROGATION ROOM
 BULLPEN
COMPUTER/MUSIC STORE
TOP HAT NIGHTCLUB
 PUBLIC AREA
 BACK STAIRS
 UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB
PIRATE RADIO STATION/THE ROCK
 GENERAL AREA
 L.C.'S OFFICE
 FIRE STAIRS
 CORRIDORS
SEDAN

EXTERIORS:

VARIOUS STREETS (INC. MARKET ST.)
ALLEY
POLICE PRECINCT
*NEWSSTAND
BOOKSTORE
TOP HAT NIGHTCLUB
 FRONT ENTRANCE
 REAR ENTRANCE/ALLEY
PARK
DOCKS
BRIDGE UNDERPASS

STOCK FOOTAGE:

"TIME AGAIN AND WORLD"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - DAY - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

1

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)
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? What're you doing in here?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

WADE'S

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

ARTURO
(coming mother)
Destiny calls.

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

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:

2 EXT. MARKET STREET - RUSH HOUR - THE SLIDERS

2

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 4:57. 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.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

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

Up ahead --

ANGLE - SCHOOL GIRLS

play double dutch. A U.P.S. van idles at the curb. An elderly man walks a small dog. A man in shirtsleeves reading a newspaper, one eye on a Lou Reed-type hipster, who's lighting a cigarette.

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 --

. 3 EXT. MARKET STREET - TWO CARS

3

have collided. The DRIVER of Car #2 exits now to inspect the damage. He's early 40's, handsome in a disheveled sort of way. DRIVER #1 -- a thug -- emerges also

DRIVER #2
'hell's your problem?
(then)
You ran right into me!

A CROWD

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

DRIVER #2 (Cont'd)
I don't believe this!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

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!

In slo-mo, a glint of something metallic.

WADE

Before she can shout a warning. BANG! BANG!

DRIVER #2

falls gutshot.

THE CROWD

Pandemonium. The man with the newspaper turns, walks away, as if what's just happened here has worked like clockwork. The hipster, the woman in the miniskirt react also -- stricken. A patch of tires as Driver #1 takes off.

WADE

Help him! Don't just stand there!

Nobody's doing anything.

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

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

WADE
No. You can't die!

He whispers "the rock...540" 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 SIREN in b.g. The woman in the blue miniskirt watches, visibly distraught --

4 EXT. ALLEY - THE WORMHOLE

4

losing steam.

QUINN
Run!

Quinn practically hurls Wade forward and into the vortex. It sputters for an instant and is gone.

THE WOMAN IN THE BLUE MINISKIRT

can't believe what she's just seen.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ALLEY - DIFFERENT WORLD - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

5

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!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

WADE AND QUINN

land next, nearly knocking Arturo down again.

REMBRANDT (Cont'd)
What happened back there?

QUINN
There was a shootout. We barely
made the slide.
(to Wade)
You all right?

Wade's clearly not

REMBRANDT
What's that?

WADE
He handed this to me as he was
dying.
(off the matchbook)
Top Hat Nightclub?
(the disk)
And this sort of poker chip.

(X)

ARTURO
Not to re-state the obvious: the
last time we got involved in the
civic disturbances of these worlds,
Mr. Mallory took a bullet in the
back. We are tourists 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
How much time on this place?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

ARTURO
(sour; off the timer)
36 hours in Paradise.

As Quinn and Wade emerge onto

6 EXT. MARKET STREET - THE BANK CLOCK

6

reads 4:57. 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

Quinn can't help admiring her. She feels his eyes on her, smiles as she goes by. Rembrandt and Arturo step up to confirm --

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 man and his newspaper. The hipster. The old man and dog.

ARTURO
It would seem we have landed on an almost identical planet.

(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT
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! --

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

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, excepting the mysterious man with the newspaper and also the woman in the blue miniskirt. (On this world, too, each 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.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 2

6

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. Eight o'clock... (X)

(off Wade, shocked)

Elsie...the rock. 540...

Dies.

WADE

No!

QUINN

Is he breathing?

Wade's look says it all.

QUINN (Cont'd)

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

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 EXT. CRIME SCENE - NIGHT - POLICE CORDON - AN ND SEDAN 7

pulls in --

LIEUTENANT GRAVES

wearing a blue kilt, exits, moves through --

A DENSE POLICE PRESENCE

Cops in kilts armed with machine guns. Techs (also in kilts) scour the periphery. This is a significant display of force.

COP #1 (ALVAREZ)
(indicates)
Over there, Lieutenant --

ARTURO, WADE, QUINN

Wade's visibly shaken. Quinn's got an arm around her for support. The hipster we recall from before lurks in the shadows.

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 folks might've got a look at our bad guy. (X)

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 --

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

GRAVES
S'cuse me a second.
(to ND detective)
Get an address. I'm gonna want to
follow up with these people.

(X)

ALVAREZ

approaches. He's just finished an interview with the man
with the newspaper.

ALVAREZ
Confirmation from the street
contact.
(then)
Says the girl over there may have
shouted a warning to Nassau.

GRAVES
Watch her. See where she goes.

CUT TO:

8 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - LOBBY - THE SLIDERS

8

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."

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

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."

GOMEZ CALHOUN
(as the Sliders obey)
I couldn't help overhearing. Where
you folks from?

REMBRANDT
Out of town.

GOMEZ CALHOUN
Very good, then. Welcome to San
Francisco.
(then)
Suite 103. 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:

9 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - ROOM - THE SLIDERS

9

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 cops are wearing kilts.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

WADE

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

(X)
(X)
(X)

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 -- she's fiddling
with the poker chip.

QUINN (Cont'd)

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)

He reminded me of my father -- how
could he be a cop killer?

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)

A murderer's a murderer.

(then)

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

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

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

REMBRANDT
Sweetheart...

ARTURO
(sigh)
Miss Welles

WADE
No! He is!

Before this can escalate any further. A knock at the door.
Rembrandt opens up --

(X)
(X)

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.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3

9

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're obviously involved in some
mafia situation.

(X)

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?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 4

9

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:

10 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NEW DAY - WADE AND QUINN

10(X)

On the wall behind them, an official-looking portrait, depicting J. Edgar Hoover. He's wearing what looks to be a tartan kilt. He's carrying a large handbag. (On this world, semi-automatic tommy guns are carried in regulation-issue over-the-shoulder handbags with brass clasps.)

LIEUTENANT GRAVES AND ALVAREZ

are there.

GRAVES

Back it up to the hotel.

(then)

The man and woman who confronted you --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

WADE

We can't figure out 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 Dominion Hotel.

GRAVES

Check it out.

Alvarez nods "will do."

WADE

Lieutenant -- when the officer was shot, I heard him whisper something about eight 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." Eight o'clock.

ALVAREZ

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

(X)

WADE

Really?

GRAVES

You just nailed him for us, Miss Welles.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

WADE

That's great. I mean I felt so terrible

GRAVES

'Wish we had more good Americans like you.

(then)

Be surprised if the Big Boys don't authorize a seat for you 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 full 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:

11 INT. POLICE STATION - QUINN AND WADE

11

emerging from the double doors --

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

WADE
They called him 'Judge Nassau'. Do
you think he's a real judge or
something?

QUINN
Beats me.

WADE
Must've done something horrible if
they're talking about electrocuting
him.

QUINN
(reacts)
Wade

She sees what he sees.

ANGLE - BULL PEN - BY THE COFFEE URN - 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:

12 EXT. STREET - QUINN AND WADE 12
hustling.

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

QUINN
I'm not sticking around to find out.

13 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - LOBBY - QUINN AND WADE 13
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!
(in the Sliders' faces)
My conscience is clear, you
bastards!

(X)

As Calhoun's manhandled through the double doors --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

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:

14 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - ROOM - REMBRANDT

14

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:

14A OMIT (14A) 14A

15 INT. DOMINION LOBBY - THE SLIDERS 15

moving out.

WADE

(to Quinn)

What about the poker chip?

(then)

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

QUINN

Wade it came from the other
world.

(then)

We've got enough trouble.

A POLICE ROUST (X)

seven or eight of the hotel staff, hands and face to the (X)
wall, being patted down by kilted officers. (X)

REMBRANDT

Damn -- Talk about hiding in plain
sight.

ARTURO

Nonchalant, 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

in police blues heading in, through the glass doors.

QUINN

This way!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15
(X)

16 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - DARK, DAMP 16

The same place we remember from the teaser.

THE BARMAID

(without beard) barely looks up from her paper. TV's droning in b.g. 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 parallels between this world and the last are eerie.

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

REMBRANDT
Yeah. Even down to the crappy music.

As, under --

17 ANGLE - THE TV

17

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

NEWSMAN (O.S.)
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...

(X)

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

RUMMY
California Supreme Court. Tried to
acquit a guy the FBI wanted guilty.
(then)
Last of the Fundamental
Constitutionalists.

QUINN
Constitutionalists?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

RUMMY

One of those "free thinkers" who said things were better before they declared martial law and censored 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 sixties. 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 chip the Judge gave me. It's got to be some kind of CD-rom or something.

(X)

QUINN

Let me see.

WADE

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2

17

WADE (cont'd)

(then)

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

(then)

I just handed him right over to the cops!

REMBRANDT

What're you two whispering about?

Wade looks to Quinn. Against Quinn's better judgment.

WADE

We have to find a computer.

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

CUT TO:

18 INT. COMPUTER WAREHOUSE - CLOSE ON A COMPUTER MONITOR

18

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.

HURLEY

(we remember him from prior worlds) loiters nearby, volunteers --

HURLEY

You need any help, just ask.

QUINN

(get lost)

'Preciate it.

He's crowding them, making her task impossible.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

HURLEY

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

(then)

Your basic clones are gonna be lots faster than any of the pre-embargo Japanese machines you'd pick up on the black market.

REMBRANDT

(steering Hurley away)

You got a music section?

(Hurley indicates: over there)

This I got to see.

They go.

QUINN

All clear.

(X)

Wade slips the disk into the A drive

QUINN

How do we know it's even compatible?

(X)
(X)

WADE

We don't.

ANGLE - THE SCREEN

gibberish --

WADE (Cont'd)

(off it)

Looks like some sort of encryption--

Hits a few keys. A few more. Another sales guy's looking over

QUINN

Hurry up!

WADE

What's it look like I'm doing?

She's tapping as fast as she can.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 2

18

ANGLE - MUSIC DEPARTMENT - REMBRANDT

is browsing the record racks, one eye on Wade across the floor. (X)

HURLEY

is at his heels --

HURLEY

You interested in music? We have some of the latest State-approved sounds here.

REMBRANDT

I see that.

ANGLE - RECORD BINS

Muzak Hits of the 60's and 70's, and many other cheezy record titles.

HURLEY

'Seen the new Donny Osmond video? Outrageous!

(then)

Can you believe all that plastic surgery? Man, that guy is out there!

(then)

What are you looking for?

REMBRANDT

The Spinning Tops?

HURLEY

Who?

REMBRANDT

Singing group, man. Rhythm and blues?

(off the salesguy's bewilderment)

Rock 'n roll?

HURLEY

Never heard of it.

REMBRANDT

(as it begins to sink in)
Damn!

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 3

18

POV - WADE AND QUINN

(X)

huddled over the computer. Someone watches.

THE HIPSTER

lurking behind a row of computer printers. We don't know what he's doing here.

WADE'S

starting to make progress.

WADE

I think I got something.

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

QUINN

Where'd you find time to learn this?

(X)

WADE

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

(off his surprise)

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

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

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 4

18

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

QUINN
That's not all.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

#K0801 - "Time Again and World" - 10/31/95 2nd Blue 30.

18 CONTINUED: 5

18

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

Off which --

FADE OUT.

19 OMIT (19)

19

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19A OMIT (19A)

19A(X)

20 EXT. STREET - WADE, REMBRANDT AND ARTURO

20

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.

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)

They seemed incredibly uncomfortable even talking to me.

REMBRANDT

Unbelievable.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

QUINN

Apparently, huge portions of the main body and almost all the Bill of Rights were expunged from the public record after the Kennedy assassination.

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

He's trying to go public with it.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. STREET - DAY - TOP HAT NIGHTCLUB

21(X)

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 logoed Top Hat she got from Nassau.

WADE

How're we gonna get in?

REMBRANDT

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

They head off

CUT TO:

22 INT. TOP HAT NIGHTCLUB - LIKE A HIGH SCHOOL PROM

22

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

A FEW DANCERS

on the floor, shuffling to a cheezy song reminiscent of John Tesh's Entertainment Tonight theme --

(X)

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 hold is she?

WADE

Twenty-one.

The bartender indicates a sign on the wall behind him:
"Drinking By Minors Under the Age of 27 Is Strictly Prohibited."

WADE

Am I old enough for a coke?

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

REMBRANDT

(to bartender)

How you doing, man? Is Elsie working tonight?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

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:

23 EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON - TWO KILTIED COPS

23 (X)

on foot patrol.

PARK BENCH - THE SLIDERS

converged to sort out their next move.

REMBRANDT

I still can't figure out this kilt
thing.

ARTURO

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.

QUINN

So?

(X)

ARTURO

Perhaps they're not kilts at all.
(then)

I read a book -- seemed rather
slanderous at the time -- suggesting
Hoover and his roommate, Clyde
Tolson were cross-dressers.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

ARTURO (cont'd)

(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 --

QUINN

Guys,...we're getting sidetracked.
Twenty minutes 'til doomsday.

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 a redundant
penitentiary -- it's been closed
for years.

(X)
(X)

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?

QUINN

(needling)

It's as coherent a theory as any.

(X)

A HOT DOG STAND

(X)

a couple N.D park loiterers hanging around (among whom
surprisingly -- The Hipster).

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2

23

ARTURO
(to hot dog guy) (X)
Excuse me?
(the hot dog guy turns) (X)
I wonder if you could settle a bet.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 3

23

ARTURO (cont'd)

(then)

I recall hearing somewhere that Alcatraz Prison is open to the public.

The Hipster volunteers --

HIPSTER

(X)

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

ARTURO

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

HIPSTER

(X)

Are you kidding?

(then)

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

That's a shocker. A Lowlife has been listening in.

(X)

QUINN

(X)

(to a lowlife)

(X)

You wouldn't know who they keep in cell 540, would you?

(X)

LOWLIFE

540?

WADE

The rock, 540.

(then)

Is that Martin Luther King, Jr. or somebody?

The lowlife's instantly suspicious --

LOWLIFE

(off Arturo, Rembrandt, Quinn)

(X)

(X)

Skirt boys?

QUINN

(X)

Excuse me?

LOWLIFE

Secret police?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 4

23

The vendor's been listening to this throughout --

VENDOR

What's the matter with you? You
want me to lose my license?

(then)

No loose talk about The Rock around
here.

ARTURO

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

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

But the lowlife's beaten it out of there

ARTURO

Odd.

Suddenly

A VOICE

Hey!

They turn --

THE HIPSTER

signalling: "over here".

HIPSTER

Act naturally...I'm a friend.

Hands QUINN something -- a matchbook.

QUINN

Top Hat Nightclub?

WADE

We just came from there.

(X)

HIPSTER

Pirate radio.

(then)

Radio Free America. Ask for
Natalie.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 5

23

ARTURO
I don't understand.

The Hipster doesn't have time to explain. Sinks back into the shadows.

QUINN
(to Wade)
Come on.
(to Arturo and Rembrandt)
'Meet back at the Lamplighter.

CUT TO:

24 INT. TOP HAT NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - QUINN AND WADE

24

It's later in the evening, going on seven-forty. Loud, square Osmond Family MUSIC. The place is filling up.

(X)

WADE
(off the scene)
Told you.

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

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

BARTENDER
Who wants her?

WADE
(helpfully)
Blind date.

The bartender scowls, suspicious

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

Bartender scans, indicates

BLUE MINISKIRT

across the room

QUINN
It's her.

WADE
Who?
(off Blue Miniskirt)
Oh --

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

WADE

watches 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 --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2

24

NATALIE

Dance with me.

(Quinn's about to say
something)

Careful. This place is crawling
with informants.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 3

24

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 -- give me one reason why I
should believe you?

By way of answer, Quinn extracts the plastic oval.

QUINN
It came from the Judge.

NATALIE
Put that away!

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

NATALIE (Cont'd)
Come with me.

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

WADE

watching, wary, descends her bar stool, follows.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 4

24

TWO THICK-NECKED GUYS

have been observing Natalie throughout. Secret police? We
follow their eye line --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 5 24

ALVAREZ

He's seen everything.

CUT TO:

25 INT. TOP HAT NIGHTCLUB - BACK STAIRS - NATALIE 25

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 (Cont'd)

Quickly.

The doors open. Not an elevator at all --

25A INT. UNDERGROUND NIGHTCLUB 25A

Smoky, steamy. The music is pulsing loud, rhythm and blues. It's like a combination speakeasy and very contemporary Rave club. Everything that's been repressed on this world has been unleashed here. Young men and women in sharp contrast to the world outside. A guy at the door moves to block their path --

NATALIE

They're with me.

NATALIE

moves through, Wade and Quinn following --

HIPSTERS

of varying shapes and sizes eyeing them as they go towards --

A DOOR AT THE REAR

standing sentry --

(CONTINUED)

#K0801 - "Time Again and World" - 10/31/95 2nd Blue 40A.

25A CONTINUED:

25A

DIETRICH AND O'NEILL

reacting to the sight of Quinn and Wade.

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED: 2

25A

NATALIE
It's all right, Mike.
(then)
I'll vouch for them.

Dietrich steps aside. Natalie, Quinn, Wade step through the door and enter

A PIRATE RADIO STATION

An underground bunker of a place. Fiberboard partitions. Rock and Roll posters of banned artists on the walls. Newspapers stacked everywhere. The last bastion of free speech in the person of --

(X)

AN INTENSE UNSHAVEN D.J.

broadcasting live from within the confines of a plexiglass sound chamber.

NATALIE
(to a tech)
Tell Lloyd I need to talk to him.
(tech's about to protest)
Don't argue with me.

WADE
Who's he?

NATALIE
The voice of Radio Free America.
Lloyd Clark.

QUINN
(as it dawns)
L.C.

ANGLE - GLASS CHAMBER - O'NEILL

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

CUT TO:

26 OMITTED

26

27 INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - BOOTH

27

MUSIC is a bluesy wail --

WADE, QUINN, AND NATALIE

lay it out for L.C. Dietrich and O'Neill stand guard as --

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

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, Daddy 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.

QUINN
What?

NATALIE
Once the unabridged Constitution's
read over the airwaves and the
people out there learn what rights
Hoover took away, my father's
willing to give himself up.

WADE
Father?

Suddenly, CRASH (O.S.)

28 INT. THE ROCK - THE FALSE ELEVATOR DOOR

28

smashes open. The cops have a battering ram --

DIETRICH
It's a raid!

L.C.
They led them here!

QUINN
Not true!

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

In the melee

DIETRICH

takes his stand, gives FIRE.

THE COPS

FIRE back.

DIETRICH

I can't hold 'em!

Dietrich's a goner.

WADE, QUINN, NATALIE, L.C.

L.C.

Back way!

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 (Cont'd)

Hands above your head.

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

29 INT. FIRE STAIRS - QUINN, WADE, NATALIE

29

clamber down. Up ahead --

THE REAR ENTRANCE

Quinn's there first, pulls Natalie through.

30 EXT. BUILDING - SIDE ALLEY - NATALIE, QUINN, WADE 30
emerge --

NATALIE
My car!

CAR PORT

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

NATALIE
is hit.

WADE
Quinn!

(X)

NATALIE
I'm all right. Get in!
She's clutching her right arm.

31 INT. SEDAN - QUINN'S 31
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

32 OMIT (32) 32

33 EXT. ALLEY - THE SEDAN 33
going backwards at high speed, barreling out into --

34 EXT. STREET - THE COPS, GRAVES 34
scatter to avoid being hit --

35 INT. SEDAN - QUINN 35
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:

36 EXT. STREET - A POLICE SHARPSHOOTER 36
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. As in
b.g. L.C. and O'Neil emerge, cuffed in custody.

GRAVES

Let'm go.

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

CUT TO:

37 INT. SEDAN - QUINN, WADE, NATALIE 37
The worst is over --

NATALIE

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

(then)

All my father ever wanted was the
reading of his Manifesto.

QUINN

Where do I go?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

NATALIE
Turn left.
(then)
We've got seventeen minutes. Pray
we get there in time.

Off which --

CUT TO:

38 EXT. DOCKS - POLICE CARS

38

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. They turned Calhoun.

QUINN
What's he got to do with this?

(X)
(X)

NATALIE
Double agent...

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:

39 INT. BAR - NEW DAY - ON TV - JUDGE NASSAU 39

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

NEWSMAN (O.S.) (X)
-- The arrest of the former Justice was the result of intensive inter-departmental cooperation between the FBI and local law enforcement.

WIDEN - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

at the bar, watching, -- horrified, as --

40 ANGLE - ON TV - ARREST FOOTAGE 40(X)

in kilt and handbag, doing a stand-up, amidst the familiar Americas Most Wanted backdrop.

NEWSMAN (O.S.) (X)
-- 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 eight-thirty A.M. We slide in five hours.

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

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

ARTURO
Obviously not, Mr. Brown. That was
not the implication.
(then)
I'm offended by the mere suggestion.

CUT TO:

40A EXT. STREET - NATALIE'S CAR

40A

pulls up in front of the Lamplighter.

QUINN, WADE

exit.

QUINN

Wait here.

Quinn and Wade head in.

40B INT. LAMPLIGHTER - ARTURO, REMBRANDT

40B

react gratefully.

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'll happen to him?

QUINN

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

ARTURO

My friends -- we cannot mourn
what's happened here.

(X)

WADE

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

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

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

(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

Once upon a time it was called the Fifth Amendment.

(then)

I represent certain parties who are prepared to trade it and a whole lot more 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, total exoneration and immunity from any future prosecutions, signed by President LaRouche himself.

GRAVES

Unacceptable.

REMBRANDT

You lose, friend.

(rising)

Thanks for your time.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 2

42

GRAVES

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

REMBRANDT

Careful!

(then)

My friends are at a 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 morning 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'a call Washington.

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

I'd insist.

Goes.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. BRIDGE UNDERPASS - EVENING - SLIDERS

43

Natalie is there, her car parked nearby.

WADE

They're late.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

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 --

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 2

43

NASSAU

exits, still in handcuffs. L.C. and O'Neil are released in
b.g.

(X)
(X)

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 Natalie, embraces her

(X)

GRAVES
The disk.

WADE
Right here.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: 3

43

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 moron! You're about 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

Any time!

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:

44 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE PARK - THE SLIDERS

44

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

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

REMBRANDT

bids farewell to Nassau.

NASSAU

It is hard to find words to thank you.

REMBRANDT

Keep hope alive.

NASSAU

We will try, my friend. We have no choice.

Rembrandt 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 --

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.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 2

44

WADE (Cont'd)

Things may not be as hopeless here
as you think.

She kisses him on the cheek, goes.

ARTURO

is waiting for Wade at the wormhole

ARTURO

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

(off Wade)

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

They're at the mouth of the wormhole. Wade turns back for
one last look --

ARTURO

(after you)

Age before beauty.

WADE

After you.

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

WADE

turns to see --

QUINN AND NATALIE

leavetaking --

QUINN

You okay?

(X)

NATALIE

(forlorn)

I don't know.

(X)

(X)

QUINN

Gotta be strong -- both of you.

(X)

(X)

WADE (O/S)

(it's time)

Quinn -- !

QUINN

(the time)

I have to go.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 3

44

NATALIE
Will I ever see you again?
(Quinn's look says it all)
I wish I could understand this.

QUINN
Where there's mystery, there is
hope.

She is overwhelmed by the strangeness of these events, their
power. The wormhole is sputtering.

QUINN

turns, raises his fist to Nassau and L.C. 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. Off which

CUT TO:

45 OMIT (45)

45

#K0801 - "Time Again and World" - 10/31/95 2nd Blue 57.

46 INT. COMPUTER STORE - NEW DAY - SALESGIRL

46

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

47 ANOTHER COMPUTER - A FAMILY MAN

47

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.

HURLEY

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?

HURLEY

(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 copies it onto the hard drive. Hurley hits "print" --

HURLEY

(to salesgirl)

Hey, Karen -- C'mere.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

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

ANGLE - THE PRINTER

The Constitution is alive, and we --

FADE OUT.

THE END

47 CONTINUED:

47

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

ANGLE - THE PRINTER

The Constitution is alive, and we

FADE OUT.

THE END