

SLIDERS
The Good, The Bad, And The Wealthy

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON - A ROW OF CONTEMPORARY STOREFRONTS lines the downtown sidewalk. We SETTLE on a SALOON/RESTAURANT just before its door swings open, and PRISCILLA HARDAWAY, an extremely attractive thirtyish business woman, tugs her round-faced, precocious 11 year old son JAMIE out of the restaurant.

PRISCILLA

Jamie, the saloon's no place
for you - go back and play at
the hotel - I'll be there
soon.

Priscilla gives him a kiss, waits for him to start walking, and then heads back into the restaurant.

STAY WITH JAMIE

as he stomps off toward the Dominion Hotel, head bowed, frustrated, wishing he could stay with the adults.

As the boisterous SOUNDS FROM THE SALOON fade, ANOTHER SOUND can be heard, coming from around the corner. Jamie doesn't know what it is, but he's certain he's never heard it before.

Curious, he follows his ears down a dusty side street and turns the corner - stopping short in wonder...

JAMIE

(amazed
whisper)

Jeezil Pete!

JAMIE'S POV:

a big blue whirlpool is spinning above the deserted street. Wade and Rembrandt are dusting themselves off, looking up at it, while Arturo is still in the process of rising up from the dusty ground.

THE WHIRLPOOL

is spellbinding, making a roaring noise as it undulates in the air.

Suddenly Quinn flies out of it - in Jamie's eyes, he literally falls from the sky - and hits the Earth with a graceful tumble.

ON THE SLIDERS

looking around - Arturo is still patting himself off, trying to rid his clothes of sand...

ARTURO

(cranky)

From a world of sand to a
world of dust.

(to Quinn)
 Thank you so much for
 inventing Sliding.
 Quinn can't help but smile - Rembrandt taps him on the
 shoulder...

REMBRANDT

We got company.
 The other Sliders turn to see Jamie staring at them, wide-
 eyed like they must be some kind of Gods. Quinn moves to
 the little boy, crouching down like a catcher and looking
 him right in the eye.

QUINN

What's your name?

JAMIE

(timid whisper)

Jamie.

QUINN

Jamie, I know you think you
 just saw something pretty
 weird, but...well, it's better
 if it stays just between us.
 Have we got a deal?

CLOSE ON THE HANDSHAKE as Quinn and Jamie exchange the
 special smiles of newfound friends who share a secret.

ARTURO

Little boy, is there a
 restaurant around here?

(Jamie is still
 idolizing
 Quinn)

A place to eat?

JAMIE

The saloon's on Main Street.
 Just around the corner.

The Sliders nod their thanks; Quinn tussles the little
 boys's hair and heads off with the others... Jamie watching
 all the while.

EXT. OUTSIDE SALOON - DAY - THE SLIDERS
 are reading the posted menu on the saloon wall.

REMBRANDT

Steak, steak and potatoes,
 steak and eggs, flank steak,
 rib-eye steak, t-bone steak --

ARTURO

-- Steak, steak, steak, that's
all there is?

TWO URBAN COWBOY YUPPIES, wearing suits, hand tooled boots
and bolo ties, exit, walking past a pained Arturo.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Excuse me, doesn't this
establishment serve anything
other than steak?

TEXAS YUPPIE #1

(walking off)

Well... they got chicken fried
steak.

Arturo is momentarily dumbfounded by his answer.

ARTURO

Thank you gentlemen, you've
been a huge help.

(sighing, to
Sliders)

Well I for one am not in a
beefy mood. I believe I'll
retire to the hotel across the
street.

REMBRANDT

Think I'll come with you.
That hillbilly yodling's
killed off my appetite.

Grimacing from the COUNTRY MUSIC coming from the saloon, he
and the Professor exit together, heading toward the
Dominion Hotel down the block. Quinn points to something
at the bottom of the menu...

QUINN

I'm afraid he's gonna have to
get used to it.

WADE

(reading)

San Francisco... Texas?

(they exchange
looks)

No wonder they serve chilli
for dessert.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT (PANNING)
 By our standards, it's an upscale place. Completely modern, with just a few western touches, and filled with young businessmen. Many dressed in SUITS, BOOTS AND BOLO TIES. Against one wall, a poker game is in progress. The table is surrounded by on-lookers.

ANGLE ON THE WINDOW

Outside, Jamie secretly watches through the glass.

ANGLE ON QUINN AND WADE

taking their last bites of a Texas meal. Quinn glances at the wall behind Wade - there are three large, framed PHOTOGRAPHS - one of them is SAM HOUSTON, and the other two are LYNDON JOHNSON and GEORGE BUSH.

WADE

Bush must've been re-elected here... I recognize him and LBJ. But who's that white-haired guy?

QUINN

Sam Houston. First President of The Republic Of Texas.

WADE

It scares me that you know that.

Suddenly, there is the SOUND of a man's face being STRUCK by a fist.

ANGLE - POKER TABLE - MATT SAUNDERS (30)

is knocked out of his chair. As a big well-dressed bully, TOM DALTON, swoops down on him, Priscilla Hardaway rushes in between them.

PRISCILLA

Stop it! Your quarrel isn't with him!

DALTON

(pushing her away)

It is now.

(to Matt)

Trying to raise capital to bail the little missy out of trouble was a big mistake.

Dalton smacks Matt again, causing him to stumble into Quinn and Wade's table.

PRISCILLA

He doesn't even have a lawyer!

DALTON

And I mean to keep it that way. No one'll work for him, knowin' they'll have to face me.

Dalton starts to hit him again, but...

WADE

Leave him alone!

Wade steps between a surprised Dalton and the fallen Matt Saunders.

WADE

Somebody call the police!

Quinn helps Matt to his feet, and Dalton looks surprised.

DALTON

Whaddaya think you're doing?

Quinn isn't sure how to respond, and this lights a fire under Dalton. Quick as a rattlesnake, he grabs Wade by the wrist and twists her around....

WADE

Stop it! You're hurting me!

DALTON

(to Quinn)

I asked you a question.

QUINN

Let her go.

DALTON

You gonna play hero?

QUINN

If I have to.

DALTON

(smiling to
Matt)

Well... looks like you got yourself a lawyer after all.

Dalton grins broadly. He releases Wade, but pulls back his Armani jacket to reveal...

A HOLSTERED BIG-SHOOTER at his waist. Quinn steps back...

WADE

He's not even armed! You'd be shooting him in cold blood!

Dalton looks over at...

HANK BARNETT

One of the few people who has not taken refuge. Hank draws his pistol, reverses the handle and tosses it to...

QUINN
who catches it by reflex.

QUINN
You're going to shoot me over
this?

DALTON
(confidently)
Unless you're faster than you
look.

QUINN
Look... we're leaving, all
right?
He starts to put the gun down on the table.

DALTON
Die like a man, or die like a
coward.
Quinn stops.

WADE
(to Matt)
Do something!

MATT
What would you like me to do?

DALTON
You have until the customary
count of three.

PRISCILLA
looks furtively between the two combatants, then quickly
heads behind the bar.
RESUME SCENE
Quinn tenses, the gun at his side.

DALTON
One... two...
Dalton starts to DRAW.

WADE
No!
Wade tries to step in between, Rembrandt holds her back.

DALTON
...Three.
Quinn raise the gun and FIRES as fast as he can. TWO SHOTS
ring out. Amazingly, it's Dalton who COLLAPSES.

WADE
Oh my God.

Off Dalton, very dead...

END OF TEASER

FADE OUT

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY - WADE AND QUINN
look at Hank fearfully, waiting for his reaction.

HANK
(to Quinn,
serious)

Great shot, kid. A legend is
born... You'd best be careful.
He turns and walks out of the restaurant. Suddenly, the
locals start to WHOOP and HOLLER like they just watched a
no-hitter. Wade spies the craziness, and then turns to
Quinn, who is looking deeply shaken...

~~WAITER~~

Quinn... there was nothing
else you could do.
As Priscilla hurries up and helps a shaky Matt move to a
nearby table, a string of locals crowd around Quinn,
congratulating him. One hands him a business card.

LOCAL #1
Call me. I need someone to
handle my divorce.
Wade tugs at Quinn.

WADE
Let's get out of here.
Too late. A SHERIFF steps inside the door. He's on the
far side of forty, his once handsome face beginning to
wrinkle, pot belly beginning to show. The crowd quiets as
the Sheriff moves toward the body. He stops when he sees
Quinn standing near Dalton, still holding the gun.

WADE QUINN
It was self-defense.

SHERIFF
That's usually the plea.

QUINN WADE
It's the truth, sir.
She indicates Saunders, still being tended to by Priscilla.

WADE
That's the man he was
defending.

SHERIFF

(to Quinn;
skeptically)

So, out of the goodness of
your heart, you decided to
make a preemptive motion
against Ed Lerner's lead
counsel, one of the fastest
guns in the west?

Quinn is confused, doesn't want to give the wrong answer.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I've gotta take you in, son.
Be surprised if the A.B.A.'s
not gonna want in on this.

WADE

A.B.A.?

QUINN

(sotto)

The American Bar Association.
(off her look;
shrugs)

I don't understand either.

The Sheriff handcuffs Quinn and leads him to the door...

QUINN (CONT'D)

(to Wade)

Get back to The Dominion and
tell the others what's
happened. I'll call you
there.

WADE

Quinn...

QUINN

Don't worry... I'll be okay.

Off Wade's worried expression,

EXT. DOMINION HOTEL - DAY - REMBRANDT AND ARTURO
walk out the front door, heading for the restaurant.
Rembrandt is laughing, and Arturo is wiping his soaked head
with a small motel towel.

REMBRANDT

(laughing)

I swear to God, Professor,
it's like you're a magnet.

ARTURO

How was I to know that
scorpion was a toy?! Whatever
happened to G.I. Joe, and...
and Slinkies?

REMBRANDT

Slinkies? When did you raise
kids, the middle ages?
suddenly they see Wade running up to them.

WADE

We've got big trouble.

REMBRANDT

Already? We just got here!

WADE

Quinn's been arrested.
(hesitant
pause)

He shot someone.

Off Rembrandt's and Arturo's astonishment...

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY
Quinn's slumped in a chair as the Sheriff takes a
statement. As the Sheriff fills out some paperwork,
his somewhat smarmy young DEPUTY looks on...

DEPUTY

(faintly
mocking)

The word's out kid - they say
you're fast as hell, icewater
in your veins. That true?

Quinn refuses to take the bait.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

The Sheriff here used to be
fast too - till he started
drinking that is... Now, he
don't like guns no more, right
Sheriff?

The Sheriff shoots him a look... but has nothing to back it
up with. The cackling deputy shakes his head and exits to
answer a KNOCK on the door in the next room. The wounded
Sheriff returns to business at hand...

SHERIFF
Gonna need to see your
Department of Commerce
license.

QUINN
I don't have one.

SHERIFF
Are you telling me you're
practicing law without a
license?

QUINN
Maybe I ought to speak to a
lawyer before I answer any
more questions.

SHERIFF
Where you from boy?
Quinn hesitates.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
Thought so. Some people just
can't handle freedom. They
get out of prison and want to
go right back in there.

QUINN
No. No, you've got it all
wrong.
The DEPUTY re-enters, interrupting...

DEPUTY
Mr. Barnett's here.

SHERIFF
Damn it Deputy, can't you see
I'm in the middle of an
interrogation?

DEPUTY
He wants to see you... now.
Quinn notices that the Deputy's tone is challenging. The
Sheriff lowers his eyes, defeated.

SHERIFF
All right. Send him in.
The Deputy shoots the Sheriff a superior look, and exits. A
beat, and then the Deputy returns with Hank.

SHERIFF
Help you, Mr. Barnett?
The Sheriff's subservient tone alarms Quinn.

HANK
Mr. Lerner wants to talk to
the shooter.

SHERIFF
Now Hank, you can't just come
in here and take my
prisoner...

HANK
(stern)
Mr. Lerner would be very
grateful for your cooperation
in this matter.
The Sheriff doesn't like it... but he nods, reluctantly.

QUINN
(alarmed)
What? You're going to just
hand me over to him?
Hank grabs Quinn by the arm.

HANK
Come on, killer. Mr. Lerner
doesn't like to be kept
waiting.

INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY - WADE, REMBRANDT AND ARTURO
head for their room, looking really worried.

REMBRANDT
We gotta find Quinn a lawyer.

WADE
I'm not sure that's gonna
help. From what I overheard,
lawyers here are more like
corporate gunslingers.

ARTURO
We Slide in two days.
Whatever we do, we'd better do
it fast.

ANGLE - JAMIE AND PRISCILLA
coming the other way. Priscilla sees the Sliders, and for
some reason wants to avoid the meeting. She tries to turn
around, but Jamie grabs her hand.

JAMIE
Mom, it's Quinn's friends.
Ask them, they'll tell you!
Hearing this, the Sliders want to avoid conversation as
badly as Priscilla does.

JAMIE

(to the
Sliders)

It's true. you saw it. Quinn
came down from Heaven. He's
an Avenging Angel. He killed
Dalton, and --

PRISCILLA

-- Jamie, stop! You're
talking foolishness.

(to the
Sliders)

I'm sorry.

REMBRANDT

No, that's all right. Boys
his age have fantastic
imagination.

Priscilla is gently pulling Jamie away - the little boy is
looking back at the Sliders, open mouthed, surprised that
they won't back him up.

JAMIE

You're lying. You saw it too,
I know you did!

Priscilla grabs Jamie's arm.

PRISCILLA

C'mon Jamie, that's enough.

The Sliders hurry to their room, feeling a little guilty.

EXT. CORPORATE HIGH-RISE - DAY - ESTABLISHING
A sign reads "Texan Instruments Corporation."

INT. TOP FLOOR - CORPORATE HALLWAY - DAY

Hank and two large Bruisers escort Quinn from an ELEVATOR
and head down an ultra-modern SKY-LIT hallway toward a huge
glass-enclosed corner office. Quinn takes in the framed
advertisements for various computer-related products that
adorn the walls.

QUINN

(confused)

This is where Dalton worked?

HANK

For six years. Longest stint
of any Chief Counsel in the
country.

(icy stare at
Quinn)

Til you came along.

He leads an apprehensive Quinn into...

INT. LERNER'S OFFICE - MR. LERNER
sits in a large, impressively-decorated penthouse office. There aren't any cow skulls on the wall, but the NAVAJO RUGS and LEATHER FURNITURE give it a western flavor. Lerner himself is a handsome, mover-and-shaker with a likeable Ted Turner-like charm about him. He's going over papers when the door opens and Hank leads Quinn in.

LERNER

Thank you, Miss Sulkey. Tell
Ray Reeves we're ready for
him.

Lerner hangs up and turns his gaze to Quinn. Quinn feels his heart beating fast, realizing he may be in very deep trouble.

LERNER (CONT'D)

You have any idea how many
Fast Draws have died trying to
negotiate with my Chief
Counsel, Mr...?

HANK

Mallory. His name's Quinn
Mallory.

LERNER

Let's put it this way, Quinn
Mallory, when Harvard's Law
Class of '93 gathers for its
reunion, no one's gonna be
there.

Hank laughs. A wlow smile spreads across Lerner's face...

LERNER

You're not from Texas, are
you? And I'll bet you thoght
I wanted vengeance. Well
you're dead wrong Quinn...

He offers his hand.

LERNER (CONT'D)

...Any man who could beat Tom
Dalton is one hell of a man.
My hat's off to you.

Quinn is truly surprised. He shakes hands, gets a supportive pat on the back from Hank, then takes the seat being offered...

LERNER

Where'd you get your degree?

QUINN
(confused)
I uh, don't have a law degree.

LERNER
Hear that, Hank? We got a
maverick on our hands; how
refreshing.
(lights a
cigar)
You know Quinn, Tom was fast
and smart, but he wasn't gonna
take us to the next level. (more
But I think maybe... just
maybe... you can.

QUINN
You want me... to work for
you?
Just then, RAY REEVES (25) black, KNOCKS and enters...

RAY
You wanted to see me, Mr.
Lerner?

LERNER
Ray, show Mister Mallory here
around the company. Then take
him out on the town tonight,
on us. Let him see what our
town has to offer.

RAY
My pleasure, sir.
Quinn can't believe the turn of events. He shakes his
head...

QUINN
I can't work for you, Mister
Lerner. My friends and I, we
leave in two days

LERNER
- Just keep an open mind,
that's all I ask.
Lerner is really turning on the charm now - it's a genuine,
folksy way he has about him - a quality that makes you want
to follow him to the ends of the Earth.

LERNER (CONT'D)
Texan Instruments is a
wonderful company, Quinn.
Progressive, people friendly,
environmentally conscious.

(friendly pat)
It's the kind of company you
could grow with. Think it
over.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY
Arturo is holding a PAPERBACK TOUR GUIDE BOOK.

ARTURO

Sam Houston became the
President of the Republic of
Texas in 1836 as on our world.
But while the Northern and
Southern States fought the
Civil War, the Lone Star ^{or (was)}
Republic, ~~incorporated~~ all
the western territories.

WADE

You're unbelievable Professor.
Quinn's been arrested for
murder, and you're giving us a
history lesson.

ARTURO

Forewarned is forearmed, Miss
Wells. Until we know what
we're up against what chance
do we have to help him?

Suddenly the phone rings, and Wade leaps for it...

WADE

(into the
phone)

Quinn?
(relieved)
Thank God.

INTERCUT WITH QUINN AT PAY PHONE IN RESTAURANT. Against
the background of Country and Western Music...

QUINN

Look I can't talk long. I
just called to tell you I'm
out of jail.

WADE

Quinn, you sound weird. Are
you all right?

QUINN

There's a lot going on. I
gotta go. I'll see you later.
Before she can protest, Wade realizes he's gone.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

In full swing. The venture capital table is closed for the night. A YOUNG GUY in a C&W T-Shirt lip-synchs the words to "I SHOT THE SHERIFF" in front of a Karaoke Machine. The words here, however, go... "I shot the Sheriff, but I also shot the Deputy..."

Quinn is at a table with Ray Reeves. They both hold full shot glasses of whiskey, and Ray scowls at The Young Guy singing.

RAY

That's the most god-awful
howling I've ever heard. Why
don't you and me get up there
and do a duet.

(pause)

You be Willie Nelson, I'll be
Charly Prideand ~~you can be~~
~~Hank Williams.~~

standing up, Ray downs his drink, and practically forces Quinn to drink his. Then he pushes Quinn up toward the Karaoke machine.

QUINN

No. C'mon Ray. I told ya, I've
got people waiting for me.

RAY

(to a waitress)

Two more, Sarah.

Ray grabs the mike from the Young Guy.

RAY

Get your ass off the stage
boy,
we've had enough of your
caterwauling.

For a second it looks like this might cause a fight, but the crowd's JEERS encourage the Young Guy to just walk off.

RAY

Evenin' folks.

Ray sees Quinn trying to hide.

RAY (CONT'D)

I want to introduce you'all to
Quinn Mallory - the Fast Draw
who killed Tom Dalton.

The crowd cheers wildly, and Quinn's shoved toward the mike. The waitress hands Ray two drinks, and Ray hands one to Quinn. The crowd screams for a toast, but Quinn's stumped.

RAY

Say something, Quinn.

QUINN

Uhh... well...
 (lifting his
 drink)

...thanks for the welcome.
 The crowd CHEERS as they all drink up.

RAY

(into the mic)
 I'd appreciate it if all of
 you would let Quinn know how
 we feel about him joinin'
 Texan
 Instruments.

The crowd cheers louder, and Quinn tries to use the moment
 as an exit. He heads toward the door, smiling and shaking
 hands.

ON LON SKAYLER

an urban cowboy drinking in the corner, inebriated,
 scowling at Quinn.

RAY

grabs Quinn, and sits him back down at his table.

RAY

(to the
 waitress)

Another round...
 (to the fawning
 crowd)

...for everybody.
 More whoops and hollers. Then...

SKAYLER (O.S.)

Quinn Mallory!
 The sound of his name breaks the moment.
 WIDEN TO INCLUDE SKAYLER
 standing in the middle of the room.

SKAYLER (CONT'D)

You ready for me, hot shot?

RAY

Now come on, Lon. This is no
 way to settle a corporate
 grievance.

SKAYLER

Since when Ray? I didn't
 spend ten years licking
 Lerner's boots, waiting to
 take Dalton's place just to
 lose out to some punk kid who
 got lucky.

(to Quinn)
That's right, I said lucky.
Stand up and prove me wrong!!
Quinn hesitates. The air grows tense. Suddenly...
RAY
BLASTS Skayler from beneath the table. Skayler falls,
dead.

RAY
Just as well. Boss was gonna
can him anyway.
On Quinn's horror...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - ON THE TELEVISION¹¹
 A LINE OF RUGGED MEN sitting at a restaurant COUNTER. They
 all look horrified.

DINER

(Texas accent)

This salsa ain't made in San
 Antonio.

(pause)

Says right here, it's
 imported... from the US of A!

DINERS

THE USA????!!

The Diners all turn to glare at the COOK standing behind
 them. Suddenly terrified, the Cook holds up a jar of
 SALSA. He looks down as...

THE ENERGIZER BUNNY, wearing a SOMBRERO and a HOLSTERED
 PISTOL, moves across the bottom of the screen, just the way
 it does in the typical Eveready commercial... until The
 Bunny DRAWS and BLASTS the man holding the Salsa jar. Even
 after the first few bullets have set the man reeling
 backward, the Bunny continues to shoot...

REMBRANDT AND WADE

are in the process of trying on some new western duds.
 They watch the commercial as they do so, grimacing at what
 must be an extremely graphic depiction of violence.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (OS)

It just keeps going...

(SFX: GUNSHOT)

... and going...

(SFX: GUNSHOT)

...and going...

A disgusted Wade pushes the remote. THE SIMPSONS (perhaps
 we can get just a glimpse of Homer) is in progress.

WADE

Hey! My favorite show!

She pauses to watch. We only listen...

HOMER SIMPSON'S VOICE

All right Mister tough guy.

Draw.

SFX: GUNFIRE!

HOMER SIMPSON'S VOICE

Doh!

MARGE'S VOICE

Homie... I've been shot.

HOMER SIMPSON'S VOICE

Sorry Marge, I was aiming for
Mr. Burns.

Wade punches the remote and kills the television.

WADE

And they say TV's violent on
our world!

Quinn enters, perhaps a little tipsy.

WADE (CONT'D)

Quinn!

Rembrandt goes to Quinn.

REMBRANDT

Here, my man, lean on me.

(gets a
whiff...)

Whoa! What've you been
drinking?

QUINN

Courage. I'm Wild Bill
Hickock, and every two-bit
gunslinger out there wants a
shot at me.

Arturo steps out from the adjoining bedroom, wearing a ten
gallon hat - Quinn does a double take, but that only hurts
his aching head. Rembrandt helps him to a chair...

WADE

Were you in another gunfight?

QUINN

Not yet. But you've heard of
corporate gunslingers? Well
on this world we're talking
real gunslingers. That's what
Dalton was. It's how
companies handle business
negotiations. Cuts through
the red tape of contracts.

ARTURO

Hmm. Barbaric but expedient.
Well, considering the
circumstances I suggest we, as
they're prone to say in these
parts, skeedaddle.

QUINN

Forget it, professor. If we run and they catch us, who knows what'll happen. Jail? A hanging? I'd rather not find out.

(rubbing forehead)

Right now, the best thing for me is to just string them along until the Slide.

(noticing)

Hey, what's with the garb?

ARTURO

A present from Edward Lerner. Damn fine gesture! Where's the card?

Rembrandt retrieves it - reads...

REMBRANDT

It says "Any friend of Quinn Mallory is a friend of mine. Welcome to Texas!"

WADE

What a cool gesture. With him on our side... we should be okay. until the Slide.

Quinn stares off into space, looking miserable.

QUINN

It's not the Slide I'm worried about. I killed a man... and that'll follow me to the next world.

Off The Sliders worried for Quinn reactions, we CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

The lights are down low, and the place is almost deserted as Matt and a few straggling POKER PLAYERS make their way out of the Venture Capital exchange. Matt approaches Priscilla.

PRISCILLA

How're you doing?

MATT

I'm on a roll. If my luck holds, by the end of the day tomorrow we should have enough capital to keep the company from going public.

PRISCILLA

Just don't let your stake drop below thirty thousand. If I have to bring in Billy The Kid, that's how much his retainer is.

MATT

I need more leeway. You know how the Capital Exchange is - I could go cold then come roaring back.

PRISCILLA

What if you go cold and stay cold? We need that thirty K - the only thing that can stop Lerner from buying us out is The Kid.

Off Matt's contemplative reaction, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEL 12 - MORNING - REMBRANDT

makes his way down the corridor. He stops at the sight of Jamie, his back to him, playing with some trading cards on the ground.

REMBRANDT

Hiya Jaime. Is your mom about?

(Jaime ignores him)

I said...

Jaime turns on him, revealing he's wearing a TOY HOLSTER with a CAP PISTOL in it. He glares up at Rembrandt...

JAMIE

You lied about Quinn. I know what I saw.

REMBRANDT

Are you gonna draw on me? Teach me a lesson?

JAMIE

Nah. You're too easy a target.

Jamie turns back to his trading cards...

REMBRANDT

Are those baseball cards?

JAMIE

They're gunslinger cards.

Jamie shows him a TRADING CARD, featurin BEN HARDAWAY, six gun drawn, posing in a firing postion.

JAMIE

That's my dad. He was a hero.

REMBRANDT

I'm sure he was. Can I see it?

JAMIE

Well... I guess so. Only because you're a friend of Quinn.

REMBRANDT

(taking the card)

You really like Quinn, huh?

Rembrandt studies the back of the card, which details the gunslinger's height, weight, weapon of choice and gunfighting statistics.

JAMIE

Quinn's an avenging angel. He came down from the sky to bring justice and kill Ed Lerner.

REMBRANDT

Kill Ed Lerner? Jamie, Quinn and Lerner are friends --

Jamie reacts violently, snatching the card back from a surprised Rembrandt.

JAMIE

You're lying! Lying! Quinn hates Lerner - he'll gun him down for me, you'll see!!

Jamie runs off down the hallway, visibly upset. Rembrandt slowly walks on, scratching his chin, wondering what triggered that unhappy reaction.

INT. PRISCILLA HARDAWAY'S MOTEL 12 ROOM - MORNING

A knock on the door and Priscilla enters frame and opens it revealing Arturo. She's immediately wary.

ARTURO
 May I talk to you a moment
 Miss Hardaway?

PRISCILLA
 (wary)
 What about?

ARTURO
 I believe you saw that
 shooting yesterday involving
 my friend?

PRISCILLA
 So?

ARTURO
 I don't believe Mr. Mallory
 shot Mr. Dalton. Do you?
 She doesn't respond. He holds up the trading card.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
 You had a score to settle,
 didn't you?

PRISCILLA
 Is there some point you want
 to make or did you just come
 by to chat?

ARTURO
 I'm not interested in bringing
 the law into this. But my
 friend is a very sensitive
 individual. At the moment his
 conscience is putting him
 through a great deal of pain.
 I don't believe he deserves
 that.
 As Priscilla thinks it over...

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER - QUINN
 walks toward the desk, looking like hell. Gomez sees him
 coming, and before Quinn can even ask...

GOMEZ
 Aspirin's in the vending
 machine right there.
 With his eyes squinted, Quinn struggles over to the
 VENDINGMACHINE. When he gets there, he braces himself
 against it, and looks like he might throw up.
 PRISCILLA

approaches. Notices his condition.

PRISCILLA

Rough night?

Quinn's groans.

PRISCILLA

My husband used to get drunk
after every negotiation too.

(pushes a
button on
machine)

Try this.

A CAN rolls out and Priscilla retrieves it for him.

QUINN

(reading the
can)

Prairie Oyster?

PRISCILLA

Nothing works better for a
hangover.

He hesitates, then pops the can and takes a sip. He
struggles not to gag.

QUINN

It's awful.

PRISCILLA

That's what makes it work.
(beat, then)

Mr. Mallory... I think there's
something you should know.

(glances
around, then)

You didn't kill Tom Dalton. I
did.

Quinn chokes.

QUINN

What?

PRISCILLA

I couldn't pass up the chance.
I had the angle, and I
certainly had the motive.

QUINN

Because of your brother?

PRISCILLA
(shakes her
head)

Ed Lerner had Dalton shoot my
husband in the back.

QUINN
I'm sorry.

PRISCILLA
I'm sorry you got in the
middle of all this. I should
have known Lerner would try to
pull you in...

QUINN
How'd you know that?

PRISCILLA
My husband and I both worked
for Lerner. Ben was his chief
counsel. I was his top
designer. When we left to
start our own company, he
couldn't accept it.

QUINN
Companies don't like losing
good people.

PRISCILLA
It wasn't that simple. Ed
Lerner was in love with me.
He figured if Ben was out of
the way I wouldn't be able to
survive on my own and would
come crawling back to him.
As Quinn absorbs this, Jaime runs in holding a piece of
paper and a pen.

JAMIE
~~Hey~~ Hey Quinn. I've been looking
for you. Can you sign this
for me?

PRISCILLA
Jaime, you're interrupting.

QUINN
It's okay.
(to Jaime)

JAMIE

I wanna be the first kid to
get your autograph. You
didn't give it to anybody else
yet, did you?

Quinn shoots a look at Priscilla. They
say. Finally...

QUINN

Uh...no.

JAMIE

So will you sign it?
Quinn tentatively takes the pen from Jaime

JAMIE

Cool, thanks.
He runs back out again. After an uncomfortable beat...

PRISCILLA

Look, you saved my brother's
life yesterday. Let me return
the favor. No matter how much
money he offers, don't sign on
with Ed Lerner. If you do,
you'll be dead in a week.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY - A TARGET TORSO

As it's peppered by pistol-fire.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

we're in the Texan Instruments Corporate Shooting Range.
Quinn and Ray, wearing ear protectors, BLAST AWAY AT TWO
TARGETS. Their bullets spent, the targets automatically
draw toward them as they remove their ear protectors. Ray
starts scoring his target, then notices the ABSENCE OF
BULLET HOLES in Quinn's.

QUINN

(sheepishly)

Guess I'm not used to this
gun.

RAY

Well hell, don't worry.
Whatever gun you want, the
company'll get for you. All
you gotta do is ask.

As he attaches a fresh target and sends it back...

RAY

So, you ready to give me your
Jim Bowie on the dotted line?

QUINN

I'm uh... I'm thinking about
it.

RAY

Don't think too long.
Lerner's not what you'd call a
patient man.

QUINN

Ray, do you know anything
about a company started by
Priscilla Hardaway?

RAY

Is that what all this
pussyfootin's about? She make
you an offer?

QUINN

Well...

RAY

I see what you're doing.
You're playing one side
against the other, see if you
can't get a better deal.

QUINN

(works for him)
Caught me.

RAY

Hey, I'd do the same thing.
But be smart. Lerner's on top
right now. This is where you
want to be. Not Hardaway.
He cocks his gun, aims it at the target.

RAY (CONT'D)

Trust me. Lerner's gonna'
make sure that Hardaway and
her brother ain't got much of
a future.
He fires three quick blasts, smiles.

RAY (CONT'D)

Know what I mean?
Off Quinn

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

At the EXCHANGE TABLE, a group of players wait impatiently. One chair is conspicuously empty.

ARTURO, WADE, AND REMBRANDT are at a nearby table, eating breakfast. Priscilla approaches, notices the empty chair at the poker table. She turns to the Sliders, concerned.

PRISCILLA

Have you seen my brother?

WADE

Not this morning.

An EXCHANGE OFFICIAL walks up to Priscilla.

~~FAN #1~~ SA OTC

(looking at his watch)

If Mr. Saunders isn't here in thirty seconds, I'm afraid I'll have to sell his seat.

PRISCILLA

Something must have happened...

She anxiously eyeballs the Sliders.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)

I need one of you to sit in until I find him.

ARTURO

I'm afraid I'm not familiar with the rules of the game.

WADE

Me neither.

Priscilla turns to her last hope.

REMBRANDT

I've played enough times to take my bass player for half his cut of our reunion tour.

PRISCILLA

Good enough.

She drags Rembrandt out of his chair and towards the Exchange Table.

REMBRANDT

What are the stakes?

PRISCILLA

Don't worry. You have Matt's
chips. Just ante and fold.
Fold every hand.

As she rushes for the exit, Rembrandt glances at the other
players, who smirk like cats about to eat a canary.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL ROOMS - MORNING

Quinn is walking back to the room when Priscilla runs by
him.

QUINN

Priscilla, what's wrong?
Priscilla continues to run. Quinn follows to her door.
It's been chained from the inside. Priscilla pounds on it
in frustration.

PRISCILLA

Matt! Matt! Open the door!

QUINN

Look out.
Priscilla steps aside, and Quinn steps back then kicks the
door in. He rushes in, then stops horrified.

QUINN

Oh my God.
Quinn turns to stop Priscilla from entering, but she bulls
her way past him. Looking up, she screams.

PRISCILLA

NO! MATT...

ANGLE - THE WALL

where the shadow of Matt's body swings back and forth on a
rope.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

<F>

ACT THREE

FADE IN

<F>

INT. PRECINCT - MORNING - QUINN

storms up to the Sheriff and his Deputy.

QUINN

What are you going to do about
Matt Saunders' murder?

DEPUTY

It was a suicide.

QUINN

Don't give me that. You know
Lerner's behind it.

SHERIFF

Now hold on, son. I don't
recommend you going around
making wild accusations like
that.

QUINN

You want proof? Talk to Ray
Rhodes. He as much as told me
yesterday that Lerner was
planning to kill the Hardaway
business.

SHERIFF

Killing a man and killing a
business are two different
things.

QUINN

Not in this case and you know
it. With Matt Saunders dead,
Priscilla Hardaway's easy prey
for Ed Lerner.

Quinn leans across the Sheriff's desk and gets in his face.

QUINN (CONT'D)

If you've got the guts
Sheriff, this is the time to
bring Lerner down. Then maybe
you'll be able to look in a
mirror again.

DEPUTY

(to Sheriff)

Why are you even listenin' to
this?

SHERIFF

Shut up, Burks.

Annoyed, the Deputy walks away. The Sheriff turns to
Quinn.

SHERIFF

You know son, I plan on living
a long life. And in Texas,
you don't get there by going
off half cocked.

QUINN

What good's a long life if all
you do is sit in your rocking
chair, remembering what a
coward you were?

SHERIFF

(solemnly)

All right, you've said your
piece. Now get out of here.

A frustrated Quinn turns and walks out, the Sheriff
watching him, mulling over what he said.

ACROSS THE ROOM - THE DEPUTY

dials a phone as he watches Quinn exit. Beat, then...

DEPUTY

Get me Mr. Lerner.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

Priscilla drags Jamie into the restaurant.

JAMIE

Let me go.

PRISCILLA

I'll let you go if you can
calm down.

Priscilla lets go, and Jamie immediately kicks a chair
over, then he knocks some plates off a table. Priscilla
has to grab him again.

PRISCILLA

Stop it, Jamie. I know you're
angry. So am I.

Jamie tries to pull away.

PRISCILLA

We have to help each other get
through this.

Jamie glares at her...

ON REMBRANDT AT THE TABLE

His CHIPS have dwindled by half. He looks at his cards, and
shakes his head.

REMBRANDT

This is killin' me.

The OTHER PLAYERS know by now what's coming. He takes a deep breath, and places his hand down on the table.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Fold.

POKER PLAYER

? (sarcastically)
What a surprise.

REMBRANDT

Just be thankful. The way you've been tipping your hands, I'd of wiped you out by now.

POKER PLAYER

Easy to say, smart ass.

Priscilla walks up to the table, holding the hand of a sullen Jamie.

PRISCILLA

Okay Rembrandt, it's over.

REMBRANDT

Good. You've given enough money to these chumps.

Priscilla gathers the remaining chips.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

But you know, if you want, I think I could take these guys.

PRISCILLA

Thanks, but I can't take the risk of losing any more money. I need all of this so I can hire a lawyer who can hopefully protect me when I go public.

REMBRANDT

And what happens if he can't?

PRISCILLA

Jamie and I could end up in the street.

REMBRANDT

(to himself)
That ain't right.

PRISCILLA
 (hands him a
 chip)

Thank you for your help.
 Priscilla tries to take Jamie's hand, but he angrily pulls
 away. Rembrandt notices.

REMBRANDT
 It's okay if he wants to stay
 here with me. I'll keep an
 eye on him.
 Priscilla nods her thanks, heads for the cashier's window.

JAMIE
 This is all her fault. Dad's
 dead, Uncle Matt's dead... all
 cuz a Lerner and her stupid
 business. I just hope Quinn
 makes Lerner suffer before he
 kills him.

REMBRANDT
 Jamie... you know what, we
 need to take our minds off
 this. Let's see if we can do
 a little magic with this chip.
 Rembrandt sits back down, and tosses the chip into the pot.

REMBRANDT
 Gentlemen, deal me in...

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAN INSTRUMENTS - SHOOTING RANGE - DAY - RAY
 takes target practice wearing eye protectors. Behind him,
 Quinn enters. Ray notices him, stops shooting.

RAY
 Mallory. Where the hell have
 you been?

QUINN
 I have to talk to you.
 Ray lays the gun on a nearby counter, then removes the eye
 protectors thru...

RAY
 Just give it to me straight.
 You in or out?

QUINN
 I can't take the job.

RAY
Thanks. So I'm out on my ass.

QUINN
Maybe there's something better waiting for you.

RAY
Oh yeah? Tell me about it.

QUINN
It's with a company poised to dominate the P.C. market. And with a CEO who's a hell of a lot better lookin' than Lerner.

RAY
You mean Hardaway?

QUINN
She's prepared to make you an Executive V.P.

RAY
(sarcastic)
Thanks. I'll have an inflated title, in some tiny office, for two days... until Lerner has us for lunch.

QUINN
The only thing Lerner's going to be eating is bread and water.

RAY
Is that right?

QUINN
Yeah. Cause he's going down for the murder of Matt Saunders. And if you're smart, you won't go down with him.

RAY
Big talk. Too bad you don't have any proof to back it up.

QUINN
Maybe I don't. But you do. You know Lerner ordered it.

RAY

Don't drag me into this.

QUINN

It's too late. You're already in it. And I hear the Sheriff knows it. The question now is how do you get out.

RAY

Well, you're a hot shot counsel. Advise me.

QUINN

Talk to the Sheriff first. Before he comes to you. That way you can make a deal.

As Ray ponders the idea...

QUINN (CONT'D)

You've got a lot to gain here, Ray. With Lerner in jail, there'll be a vacuum in the computer market sucking like a black hole. And Hardaway's ready to fill it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lerner enters with Hank.

LERNER

You know Hank, there's nothing like squeezing off a few rounds to ease the day's tensions...

Lerner suddenly stops at the sight of Quinn and Ray.

LERNER (CONT'D)

Well, if it isn't the Prodigal Gun. So tell me Ray. Has our boy decided to come aboard?

RAY

Actually... Mister Mallory still seems to be considering it.

LERNER

Is that right?

(to Quinn)

Is that why you were at the Sheriff's office this morning? Asking for his advice?

Quinn notices Hank opening his jacket, slowly going for his gun. Quinn quickly GRABS RAY'S GUN and STICKS IT INTO RAY'S BACK. As he starts for the door, using Ray as a shield...

QUINN

Hate to disappoint you Lerner
but I don't plan on going back
to jail.

LERNER

You got a lot to learn boy.
You're not going to get out of
this building alive.

As Quinn backs out the door...

QUINN

I'll take my chances.
He shoves Ray back into the shooting range, then quickly
pulls the door shut behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAN INSTRUMENTS - CORRIDOR - QUINN
carrying the gun, runs to a bank of elevators. Suddenly,
BANG! BANG!, he ducks from the gunfire.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE HANK

shooting at Quinn. Quinn turns and fires back. Hank ducks
but Quinn's second squeeze of the trigger lands on an empty
chamber. Out of bullets he tosses the gun aside and races
to an empty elevator that is just closing.

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAN INSTRUMENTS LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS
Two SECURITY GUARDS, guns drawn, wait for an elevator to
descend.

ON ELEVATOR FLOOR INDICATOR

stopping at four.

RESUME SCENE

SECURITY GUARD

He got off! Check the stairs!

The second guard runs for the stairs. The first guard
remains as the elevator descends to the lobby. After a
beat the doors slide open, revealing an empty elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR

The guard takes a step inside to check. As he looks up,
Quinn suddenly drops down on top of him, knocking the guard
to the ground. Quinn grabs his gun and bolts out into...

INT. LOBBY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Numerous employees make their way through the lobby as Quinn rushes across toward the front door. A mail room boy carrying a large carton suddenly appears as if out of nowhere. Quinn collides with him and goes sprawling across the floor, the GUN FLYING OUT OF HIS HAND.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The security guard races toward him. Quinn scrambles to his feet. As he nears the front door the GUARD MAKES A FLYING TACKLE, grabbing Quinn by one ankle. Quinn goes down. He eyes the gun on the floor just out of reach. Struggling desperately to retrieve it, he finally gets his finger around the barrel.

Pulling it to him, he quickly turns it on the guard. A tense beat, then the guard releases his grip. Keeping the gun trained on the guard, Quinn gets to his feet and backs out the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A somber Priscilla's alone in a corner booth, crunching numbers. She occasionally glances outside.

AT EXCHANGE TABLE

Wade and Arturo (his new gun holstered around his hips) are perched on bar stools, sipping drinks and watching Rembrandt play poker a few feet away. A healthy pile of chips sit in front of him. Jamie peers over Rembrandt's shoulder as the latest hand is dealt.

WADE

Who would have thought
Rembrandt was so good at
poker?

ARTURO

A good thing to keep in mind
should we be low on funds in
another world.

WADE

Yeah, providing they have
poker on every world.

ARTURO

I've learned many things by
sliding, Miss Welles. And one
of them is that vice is
universal.

At the table, Rembrandt raises his hand so that Jamie can get a good look. Rembrandt holds two fingers up for Jamie's approval. He gets it as Jamie nods. Rembrandt drops two cards on the table, signals for new ones. As they dealt...

WADE

Isn't it sweet that
Rembrandt's letting Jamie
help.

ARTURO

In a morally questionable way.
The Exchange Official appears, gestures to Arturo's gun.

EXCHANGE OFFICIAL

Sorry, but you're sittin' in a
no shooting section. You'll
have to check your gun.

ARTURO

Of course. My blunder.
He unholsters the weapon, hands it over.

EXCHANGE OFFICIAL

It'll be waitin' for you when
you're ready to leave.
As the official heads for a nearby gun rack, already
teeming with holsters...

QUINN (O.S.)

Which is going to be real
soon.

Surprised, Wade and Arturo turn to see Quinn approaching
from the rear of the restaurant.

ARTURO

Since when did you start
sneaking in back doors?

QUINN

Since Ed Lerner tried to kill
me.

WADE

What?! Why?

QUINN

Let's just say he doesn't take
rejection well.

(and then)

Tell Rembrandt to cash in.
We've got four hours 'til the
slide and we're going to wait
it out someplace safe.

As Quinn strides off in the direction of Priscilla, Arturo
rises and downs the last of his drink.

ARTURO

That's something else I've
learned from sliding. Never
get too comfortable.

ANGLE - PRISCILLA'S TABLE

She sees Quinn approach, sees the flush in his face.

PRISCILLA

Quinn.

QUINN

(sliding into
booth)

I think you can prove Ed
Lerner ordered Matt's murder.

PRISCILLA

What!?

QUINN

You know Ray Rhodes?

(off her nod)

I think he can be persuaded to
implicate Lerner. But you
need to get the Sheriff to
bear down on him.

PRISCILLA

(derisively)

The Sheriff's not going to do
anything when it comes to
Lerner.

QUINN

Maybe, maybe not. But my
friends and I have to go, so
it's up to you to keep the
heat on.

JAMIE (O.S.)

You're runnin' away?

They turn to see Jamie standing a few feet away from the
booth. His eyes are wide, disbelieving.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You're supposed to shoot
Lerner! You have to make
things right!

QUINN

Jamie... I'm sorry, but you
have to understand...

JAMIE

I believed in you! I thought
you came here to help us!
You're nothin' but a liar and
a coward!

PRISCILLA

Jamie!

JAMIE

(tears in his
eyes)

Coward!

He turns and races into the depths of the restaurant.
Quinn starts after Jamie but Priscilla stops him.

PRISCILLA

Let him go. I'll explain it
all to him later.

Off Quinn's frustration --

AT EXCHANGE TABLE

Rembrandt whispers over his shoulder to Arturo and Wade,
who hover behind him, the exchange official standing
nearby.

REMBRANDT

(sotto)

Leave? Now? Are you crazy?
Look at this hand.

WADE

So? All you got is a bunch of
hearts that don't match.

The other plays immediately fold as Rembrandt's eyes roll
back in his head.

WITH QUINN AND PRISCILLA

...settling back into the booth.

PRISCILLA

Don't worry. Jamie's a strong
kid, he'll be okay.

QUINN

And what about you?

PRISCILLA

Well, I've made an offer to
Billy the Kid. He's the best
counsel money can buy and the
only one Lerner won't
challenge.

QUINN

And?

PRISCILLA

And I'm still waiting for an answer. Hopefully I'll have him on my side before the stock offering.

(she sighs)

Otherwise...

QUINN

Lerner buys you out and you're right back where you started.

Priscilla can only nod. Wade steps up.

WADE

Rembrandt says he wants to play a few more hands.

QUINN

Did you tell him that people are trying to kill me?

WADE

Yeah, but I don't think he really heard me. He's kinda obsessed.

Arturo hurries up.

ARTURO

We have a problem. My gun is missing.

(to Priscilla)

And so is Jamie.

PRISCILLA

(to Quinn)

Oh my God.

But Quinn's grim expression says that's exactly what he thinks. Off the other Slider's reactions --

FADE OUT.

<F>

END OF ACT THREE

<F>

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

<F>

EXT. TEXAN INSTRUMENTS BUILDING - DAY

Jamie, Arturo's gun hidden under his shirt, hovers by the door, watching for an opportunity to get inside. A FED-TEX delivery man approaches, wheeling a hand cart piled too high with packages. As he opens the lobby door, several fall to the pavement.

FED-TEX DRIVER

Damn it...

JAMIE

I'll help you.

FED-TEX DRIVER

Thanks, kid.

Jamie picks up the fallen parcels and follows the delivery man into the building.

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN THE STREET

and picks up a taxi as it pulls to the curb in front of the building. Priscilla and Quinn step out, head for the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAN INSTRUMENTS LOBBY - DAY

CLOSE ON ELEVATOR DOORS

as they close on the Fed-Tex guy and Jaime.

CAMERA PANS TO

Quinn and Priscilla rushing into the lobby up to the guard desk.

PRISCILLA

Have you seen a boy... ten years old, about this tall...?

LOBBY GUARD

A boy just went inside with the Fed-Tex man. You just... He suddenly recognizes Quinn.

LOBBY GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey! You're... Quinn barges past him. The guard pulls his gun.

LOBBY GUARD (CONT'D)

Mallory, freeze!

He raises his gun to shoot but Priscilla grabs his arm and struggles with him.

ANGLE ON ELEVATORS

Quinn rushes to an elevator whose doors are just opening and nearly collides with Deputy Burks who's stepping off. Burks grabs Quinn by the arm.

DEPUTY

(cocky)

Well, well. I just had Lerner sign a complaint on you.

You're under arrest.

Quinn rears back and DELIVERS A RIGHT TO BURKS' JAW that flattens the surprised deputy, then jumps into the empty elevator just as the doors close.

CUT TO:

INT. LERNER'S OFFICE - DAY - LERNER STROKES A GOLF BALL toward a GLASS CUP. There are a number of balls all around the cup already, and he walks across his office to HERD them back together with his PUTTER. Hank watches from behind Lerner's desk.

HANK

I'm sorry, Mr. Lerner. I just don't think it's prudent.

LERNER

Prudent? I hate that word... don't ever use that word around me.

Hank sees something.

HANK

Mr. Lerner...

Lerner looks up at Hank, and Hank points over at... JAMIE standing by the open door with his hands behind his back .

LERNER

(to Hank)

Jamie? What are you doing here?

Jamie glares at Lerner.

JAMIE

You killed my dad.

LERNER

(closing in on Jamie)

No... that's not true, Jamie.

JAMIE

It is too.

Lerner makes a move toward Jamie and then freezes when he sees the boy pull THE GUN from behind his back.

LERNER

(keeping his
eye on Jamie)

Hank?

Hank makes a move, and Jamie levels the gun over at him. Hank freezes.

HANK

Don't pull that trigger, kid.

QUINN

bursts into the room, and sees Jamie.

QUINN

Jamie... drop the gun.

JAMIE

No.

Quinn takes a step toward Jamie.

QUINN

Jamie... you were right. We did come here to help you. But killing people doesn't make anything better. This man will pay for what he's done... I promise.

Jamie lowers THE GUN, and Quinn grabs it from Jamie.

QUINN

(leveling the
gun at Lerner
and Hank)

Don't move.

Priscilla runs in the room, sees Jamie, and folds her arms around him tearfully.

PRISCILLA

Quinn... The Sheriff's coming
down the hall.

Quinn hesitates.

LERNER

(snidely)

How unfortunate for you, Mr.
Mallory.

Quinn and Priscilla realize that there's no way out. They're stuck.

LERNER

That boy of yours certainly
has the wrong impression of
me, Priscilla.

(coily)

Does he know about us?

PRISCILLA

You were nothing to me then,
and you're even less now.

Priscilla turns away from Lerner like he doesn't exist.

THE SHERIFF

enters, and Quinn drops the gun.

LERNER

You're just in time, Sam.

The smile drops off of Lerner's face, as the Sheriff steps
right passed Quinn.

SHERIFF

Mr. Lerner... you're under
arrest.

Lerner can't believe what he just heard, but then he sees
the Sheriff draw his gun.

LERNER

What? Have you lost your mind?

SHERIFF

Mr. Rhodes has given me a
statement on the Saunders'
case.

The Sheriff looks at Hank.

SHERIFF

You too Hank.

ANGLE - PRISCILLA

hugging Jamie. Suddenly she sees something.

PRISCILLA

Quinn... look out!

Quinn ducks just as...

THE DEPUTY

fires his gun from the hallway. Priscilla goes down to the
floor with Jamie, as the Sheriff exchanges shots with the
Deputy. Both men are hit, but the Deputy collapses into a
motionless heap.

HANK

rips a drawer open at Lerner's desk. He pulls a gun out,
but freezes when he hears a loud CLICK.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE PRISCILLA

holding Arturo's gun on Hank, itching to blast him. In the
b.g., Lerner bolts for the door.

PRISCILLA
Go ahead, Hank... give me an
excuse.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS
Lerner dashes down the hall... Quinn in hot pursuit. Quinn
dives for Lerner, bringing him down. Lerner struggles until
Quinn stops him cold with a solid jab to the jaw.

QUINN
(gingerly
rubbing his
sore knuckles)
That's a ten count.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY - LATER
Quinn and Priscilla walk along the street.

PRISCILLA
Are you sure won't at least
consider my offer? I could
really use you.

QUINN
I'm sorry, Priscilla...
Jamie comes running up to them, all excited.

JAMIE
(pointing the
other way)
Here comes his Limo.

A LIMO
pulls up in front of the restaurant.

QUINN
Who's this?

PRISCILLA
The lawyer I told you
about...Billy the Kid.
A LIMO DRIVER OPENS THE DOOR FOR BILLY THE KID
He's a handsome man... the same age as Priscilla, with the
look of a straight-shooter. Dressed all in black, twin
pearl-handled revolvers hang off his hips.

BILLY THE KID
(taking her
hand)
Ms. Hardaway?
Priscilla's instantly taken with him.

PRISCILLA
Please... call me Priscilla.

BILLY THE KID
(to Jamie)
And this must be your son.
(smiling, and
scuffing
Jamie's hair)
I've heard about you, Jamie.
You're a courageous kid. A
boy after my own heart.
Jamie smiles. ANGLE - WADE AND ARTURO
standing over at the entrance of the alley.

WADE
Quinn.
Quinn looks over and Wade points to The Timer.

WADE
Let's go.
Quinn notices that Priscilla is completely involved with
Billy the Kid, and decides not to interrupt. He heads over
to the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - THE GATE
is activated. As Quinn approaches, he hears a gasp behind
him. He looks back to see Jamie staring at the tunnel in
awe. Quinn raises his index finger over his
lips...signaling for Jamie to let it be their secret.
Jaime smiles.

QUINN
(to Wade)
Where's Rembrandt?
Suddenly, Rembrandt comes running around the corner.

REMBRANDT
Go! GO!
As Arturo jumps into the void...

WADE
What happened?
As Quinn jumps into the void, as an angry crowd turns the
corner into the alley chasing Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT
I went cold at a bad time!
Wade leaps, and Rembrandt waits anxiously for her to
disappear into the tunnel. The screaming crowd closes on
Rembrandt, but just as they grab for him, he jumps into the
void.

INT. WORMHOLE - STOCK

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

The Sliders explode from the vortex and smack into the middle of some kind of demonstration. As our heroes adjust to the landing, they eye the surprised onlookers, who hold protest signs above their heads, just above our view.

It's apparent we're not in Texas anymore. The people look and dress much like the Sliders... except for the large nose ring protruding from each and every citizen.

As Arturo rises, he reacts to the onlooker's disapproving glares. They seem to be eyeing the holster around his waist. Puzzled, his eyes rise to the protest signs they hold: "Ringers for responsible gun control". "Make nose rings, not guns". "Own a gun, go to jail".
Off Arturo's growing concern --

FADE OUT.

<F>

THE END