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**SLIDERS**

**"The Good, The Bad And The Wealthy"**

Written

by

Scott Smith Miller

**REVISED PAGES**

Pink Rev.	Full Script
Blue Rev.	Full Script

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SLIDERS

"The Good, The Bad And The Wealthy"

CAST

QUINN MALLORY  
WADE WELLES  
ARTURO MAXIMILIAN  
REMBRANDT BROWN

PRISCILLA HARDAWAY

JAMIE HARDAWAY

CLIFF SUTTER (X)

JED DALTON

HANK BARNETT

TEXAS YUPPIE #1

SHERIFF

DEPUTY JOE BOB

BILLY RAY BLEDSOE (X)

JACK BULLOCK

LONNIE SKAYLER

EXCHANGE OFFICIAL

POKER PLAYER #1

HONEY SUE

SALESMAN

FED-EX DRIVER

LOBBY GUARD

SLIM SYMMS (X)

DINER

OMITTED (X)

SLIDERS

"The Good, The Bad And The Wealthy"

INTERIORS:

DOMINION HOTEL  
LAMPLIGHTER  
PATRON AREA (BAR)  
EXCHANGE TABLES  
SLIDERS' ROOM  
CLIFF'S ROOM  
OMITTED (X)  
LOBBY  
SHERIFF'S STATION  
RECEPTION AREA  
INTERROGATION ROOM  
SHERIFF'S OFFICE  
TEXAN INSTRUMENTS  
CORPORATE CORRIDOR  
LOBBY (WITH ELEVATOR)  
JACK BULLOCK'S CORPORATE OFFICE  
STOCKBROKER ROOM  
BILLY RAY OUTER OFFICE  
GUN SHOP  
COUNTRY WESTERN BAR  
PHONE BOOTH

EXTERIORS:

DOMINION HOTEL  
LAMPLIGHTER (X)  
MARQUEE (X)  
MARKET STREET  
ALLEY  
SHOOTING RANGE

STOCK FOOTAGE:

TEXAN INSTRUMENTS  
OMITTED (X)

THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE WEALTHY

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. LAMPLIGHTER - DAY - PRISCILLA HARDAWAY

1

an attractive thirtyish business woman exits the double doors. Her 11-year-old son, JAMIE (dressed like a cowboy), is with her --

JAMIE

Aw, Mom -- I wanna watch the poker game!

PRISCILLA

No back-talk, Jamie.

(then)

Go on up to the hotel and play.

Jamie sulks off toward the Dominion Hotel. Priscilla sighs -- What's a woman on this world to do?

2 EXT. MARKET STREET - JAMIE

2

dawdling, reacts at the sight of --

A POSTER

on a bus shelter: A blow-up of a Forbes-type magazine cover. It features a near life-size portrait of a Mike Milken-type businessman, complete with ten-gallon hat and holding six-shooters. The logo: Capitalist Tool.

JAMIE

draws a pair of toy revolvers out of his toy holster and BANG! BANG! outdraws the Junk Bond King. Suddenly --

A SOUND (O.S.)

an eerie, HOWLING, like you'd get from a windstorm. He moves closer --

JAMIE

Jeezil Pete!

3 EXT. ALLEY - THE VORTEX

3

shimmering, the alley's lined with overflowing dumpsters --

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ARTURO, WADE, REMBRANDT

Arturo's dusting sand from his hair, his clothes.

ARTURO  
(off the surroundings)  
From a world of sand to a world  
of garbage --  
(then)  
What a thrill it is to take part  
in sliding.

JAMIE'S

awestruck, reacts now as --

QUINN

flies out of the wormhole, as if God shot him out of a  
cannon.

REMBRANDT  
Everybody okay?

WADE  
(reacts)  
Guys --  
(of Jamie)  
We got company --

This is a problem they've never had before --

REMBRANDT  
Hi, young fella.

Jamie just stands there transfixed.

QUINN

moves to the boy, crouches down like a catcher --

QUINN  
How're you doing, pal?  
(off Jamie)  
I know this must seem pretty  
weird to you...

JAMIE  
How'd you do that?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

QUINN  
We're a troupe of magicians  
practicing our act.

It's hard to say whether Jamie's buying this.

QUINN  
How 'bout it? Think you can  
keep a secret?

Jamie nods. It's like meeting Joe Montana.

ARTURO  
Little boy, would there happen  
to be a restaurant open at this  
hour?

JAMIE  
Lamplighter Saloon's got a  
businessman's special.  
(indicates)  
Up the street yonder.

QUINN  
Thanks, pal.

Quinn tousles the kid's hair and as they head out, toward  
Market Street --

ARTURO  
(of the kid's cap guns)  
It's barbaric -- small  
children's fascination with  
guns.

WADE  
Boy children.

ARTURO  
Miss Welles, must you interject  
feminist claptrap into every  
conversation you engage in?

As they've reached the street --

REMBRANDT  
What's the deal with this place?

4 EXT. MARKET STREET - DAY - BUSINESSMEN AND WOMEN

4

late afternoon traffic. The men wear cowboy boots and hats  
with their three-piece suits. Lots of bolo ties

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

REMBRANDT

meanwhile has moved to the posted menu outside the  
Lampighter.

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?

From inside the place, the smell of stale beer and the  
strains of country music wailing from a jukebox...

REMBRANDT

Steak's fine with me, man.  
(then)  
It's that hillbilly caterwaul I  
could live without.

QUINN

(off the menu)  
I'm afraid you're gonna have to  
get used to it.

Wade moves in, reads what Quinn's read

WADE

San Francisco... Texas?

QUINN

Why don't you go on to the hotel  
and check us in, Professor.  
We'll meet you here.

Quinn, Rembrandt, Wade enter --

5 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - DAY - COMPLETELY MODERN

5

(like the Gene Autry Museum) and filled with young  
businessmen. Against one wall, a poker game is in progress  
underneath a quotron-like stock ticker.

WADE

Why do they have a stock ticker  
over the poker table?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

REMBRANDT

Maybe they're all stockbrokers.  
They want to keep an eye on the  
market.

THREE LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS

one of them is Sam Houston, and the other two are Lyndon  
Johnson and George Bush.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

WADE

George 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 -- uproar from across the room (O.S.)

ANGLE - POKER TABLE - CLIFF SUTTER (30)

(X)

is knocked sprawling into a table of diners. An angular,  
well-dressed bigger man, JED DALTON, swoops down on him.  
PRISCILLA is tied up in this somehow

PRISCILLA

Stop it, Jed! Your quarrel  
isn't with him!

DALTON

(pushing her away)

It is now.

Dalton smacks Cliff again, toppling into Quinn and Wade --

(X)

DALTON

Get up!

WADE

He's hurt!  
(stepping in between)  
Somebody call the police!

QUINN

(helping Cliff to his  
feet)

You okay, buddy?

(X)

DALTON

Leave him be.  
(off Quinn)  
You hear me, boy?

QUINN

(mutter; not a challenge)  
I heard you, jerk.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 3

5

An audible gasp from the crowd. People don't talk to Dalton this way. Quick as a rattlesnake, he grabs Wade by the wrist and twists her around....

WADE

Ow! You're hurting me!

DALTON

This your girl?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 4

5

QUINN

Let her go.

DALTON

How 'bout it, Dead-eye? You gonna play hero?

QUINN

If I have to.

Dalton releases Wade. Draws back his Armani jacket to reveal...

A HOLSTERED BIG-SHOOTER

at his waist.

REMBRANDT

Uh, oh...

The locals duck for cover, including Priscilla who takes her place behind the bar.

PRISCILLA

He's unarmed, Jed.

Dalton gives a signal...

HANK BARNETT

one of the few people who has not taken refuge. Hank extracts his pistol from its holster, tosses it to...

QUINN

who grabs it by reflex. Dalton's eyes are watching every move he makes.

WADE

Quinn, be careful.

QUINN

Look... we're just gonna leave, all right?

Quinn starts to put the gun down on the table.

DALTON

Die like a man, or die like a coward.

Quinn stops... The room is deadly silent.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

5

HANK  
(to duelists)  
You have until the customary  
count of three...

QUINN

tenses, the gun at his side.

HANK  
One... two...

WADE  
Don't kill him!

Dalton starts to draw.

HANK  
... three.

Quinn draws as fast as he can. TWO SHOTS ring out. A  
beat -- both men standing, both guns smoking. And then

DALTON

collapses to the floor.

QUINN  
OhmiGod.

Off the Sliders' astonishment

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - DAY - CONTINUOUS - QUINN

6

aghast at what he's done.

A legend is born.

As if this was a signal, the locals start to WHOOP and HOLLER. Priscilla helps a shaky Cliff to his feet as a mob of locals crowd Quinn, congratulating him.

(X)

WADE

(to Quinn)

Are you all right?

TEXAS YUPPIE #1

You do matrimonial? I need someone to handle my divorce.

REMBRANDT

What do we do now?

WADE

Let's get out of here!

Too late --

A SHERIFF'S

entered the bar. He's on the far side of forty, his once handsome face beginning to wrinkle. He's dressed contemporaneously -- like a Texas Ranger.

SHERIFF

(over the din)

All right, everybody -- Step aside.

(off Dalton's corpse)

Somebody out-negotiated Jed Dalton?

WADE

We saw the whole thing,  
Sheriff It was self-defense.

REMBRANDT

(to Cliff)

Tell him what happened, man.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

CLIFF  
It's true, Sheriff. Dalton was trying to keep me from my winnings. This man came to my defense.

(X)

SHERIFF  
(to Quinn)  
So... out of the goodness of your heart, you decided to make a preemptive move against Jack Bullock's corporate counsel?

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

SHERIFF  
Afraid I gotta take you in, son. Be surprised if the Bar Association's not gonna want in on this.

REMBRANDT  
(sotto; to Wade)  
Bar Association?

WADE  
(sotto back)  
I don't understand either something about lawyers.

The Sheriff's handcuffing Quinn --

WADE  
But all these people saw what happened.  
(then)  
Tell them.

SHERIFF  
Whatever they got to say, they can say to the District Judge.

QUINN  
(to Wade)  
Go back to the hotel. I'll call you there.

Wade, Rembrandt look on helplessly. Off Priscilla -- we don't know what she's made of this --

CUT TO:

7 INT. DOMINION HOTEL ROOM - DAY - WADE AND REMBRANDT

7

enter --

ARTURO'S

there.

REMBRANDT

We got trouble, Professor.

ARTURO

Already? We just got here.

WADE

Quinn's been arrested for  
murder. He shot someone.

Off which harrowing news --

CUT TO:

8 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY - QUINN

8

The Sheriff's been working him pretty good --

SHERIFF

-- You're telling me you got no  
S.E.C. filing. No permit for a  
hostile takeover.

QUINN

That's what I said.

SHERIFF

No M.B.A.... No law degree.

(then)

Then where in hell'd you learn  
to shoot like that?

QUINN

(this will go on for  
hours)

Sheriff, look -- maybe I oughta'  
talk to a lawyer.

(off which)

I have a right to legal counsel,  
don't I?

Before the Sheriff can answer, a KNOCK at the door.

DEPUTY JOE BOB

cocky, mid-twenties, enters --

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

DEPUTY  
Sheriff? Mr. Bledsoe is here.

SHERIFF  
Dammit, Joe Bob -- Can't you  
see I'm with the suspect?

(X)

DEPUTY  
Says it's from the man on high.

A beat. Whatever this means, it's persuasive. Deputy opens  
the door

DEPUTY  
Come on in, Billy Ray.

BILLY RAY

enters. A young black guy -- a well-tailored corporate  
fast-tracker.

BILLY RAY  
Sheriff.

SHERIFF  
Billy Ray.

BILLY RAY  
Bullock wants the shooter,  
Sheriff.

SHERIFF  
Now, Billy -- you know as well  
as I do, you can't just come in  
here and take my prisoner.

BILLY RAY  
Jack Bullock wants you to  
understand he'd be very grateful  
for your cooperation in this  
matter.

The Sheriff clearly doesn't like this, but

SHERIFF  
(to deputy)  
Uncuff him --

Deputy does so -- wrenching Quinn's wrists.

QUINN  
Wait a minute. You're just  
handing me over?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: 2

8

QUINN (cont'd)  
(then)  
I'm in custody.

SHERIFF  
Code of the West, son. My hands  
are tied.

Off Quinn

CUT TO:

9 INT. DOMINION HOTEL ROOM - DAY - ARTURO

9

fingers through a used paperback book. Wade is looking  
through the yellow pages for a lawyer.

ARTURO  
Sam Houston became the President  
of Texas in 1836, as on our  
world. And while the North and  
South fought the Civil War, the  
Republic of Texas gobbled up all  
the western territories.

REMBRANDT  
That means there's no State of  
California here. It's all just  
part of Texas.

ARTURO  
It's no more than a geological  
area; like the Panhandle.

WADE  
You're unbelievable. We need a  
lawyer for Quinn and you're  
giving us a geography lesson.

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

They're about to start bickering again A KNOCK at the  
door. Arturo moves to the door, opens it

JAMIE

standing there --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

ARTURO  
What do you want?

JAMIE  
(calling)  
They're here, Mom. Quinn's  
friends.

As now --

PRISCILLA  
approaches

PRISCILLA  
Jamie

JAMIE  
Ask them. Quinn came out of the  
sky like an avenging angel  
like in the Mighty Morphin Texas  
Rangers on TV.  
(then)  
He came here to kill Dalton.

PRISCILLA  
I said stop it. No more  
foolishness!  
(to the Sliders)  
I'm awfully sorry.

REMBRANDT  
Boys his age have fantastic  
iminations.

Priscilla drags the kid away. Jamie's looking back at the  
Sliders open-mouthed, surprised they won't back him up.

JAMIE  
He's lying! They saw him, Mom!  
(as she wrenches him  
away)  
Ow!

The Sliders watch him go.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. TEXAN INSTRUMENTS - DAY - ESTABLISHING (STOCK)

10

Glass and steel tower.

10A INT. CORPORATE CORRIDOR - DAY - QUINN

10A

and Billy Ray. The place is elegant, plush carpeted. Quinn takes in the modern art -- Texas themes.

QUINN  
(confused)  
This is where Dalton worked?

BILLY RAY  
You sound surprised.

QUINN  
I just didn't think a  
gunfighter'd work out of a  
corporate office.

Billy Ray looks at him -- What's the matter with you?

CUT TO:

11 INT. JACK BULLOCK'S CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY - AN EXPANSIVE SUITE

11

as befits a corporate chieftain on this (or any) world. Lots of chrome and glass. Navajo rugs, leather furniture, etc., give it a Western flavor.

JACK BULLOCK'S

at his desk, tying up some odds and ends with Hank, who we remember from the bar. Bullock's a man's man -- a winner. A quotron-like board ticks off the stock value of his holdings --

Basically, we're still looking  
at a three percent cost of  
living increase --

BULLOCK  
What's it they say? Unions were  
made to be busted.

The intercom buzzes --

SECRETARY'S VOICE  
Billy Ray Bledsoe is here.

BULLOCK  
Send him in.

QUINN AND BILLY RAY BLEDSOE

(X)

enter. Quinn's heart is beating fast.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

HANK  
Shut the door.

Billy Ray does so. Then --

BULLOCK  
Any idea how many Fast Draws  
died trying to out-negotiate my  
lead attorney, Mr....?

BILLY RAY  
Mallory. Quinn Mallory.

Put it this way, Mallory.  
Harvard's Law Class of '93 is  
gonna be able to hold its  
reunion in a phone booth.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 2

11

BULLOCK  
Where you from, son?

QUINN  
San Francisco.

BULLOCK  
Local boy.

HANK  
Local boy makes good.

Quinn is confused -- no idea what's going on.

BILLY RAY  
Doesn't even have a law degree.

BULLOCK  
A maverick. I'm impressed.  
(then)  
Jed Dalton was fast and smart,  
Mr. Mallory, but he was never  
gonna take us to the next level.  
I get a real good feeling about  
you.

QUINN  
(what can he say?)  
Thank you.

BULLOCK  
I want you to show Mr. Mallory  
around the company, Billy Ray.  
(then)  
See if we can't talk him into  
joining our little family here  
at Texan Instruments.

Quinn can't believe this turn of events.

QUINN  
You... want me to work for you?

HANK  
Texan Instruments is a wonderful  
company, Mallory. Progressive,  
people-friendly, environmentally  
conscious.  
(then)  
The kind of company a man could  
grow with.

Off Quinn

CUT TO:

12 INT. COUNTRY WESTERN BAR - NIGHT - PHONE BOOTH - QUINN 12

on the phone, trying to hear himself think as he talks to Rembrandt. Deafening country music twangs in b.g.

QUINN  
I can't talk long. I'm calling  
to tell you I'm out of jail.

INTERCUT TO:

13 INT. DOMINION HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - REMBRANDT 13

on the call. Wade hovers near --

REMBRANDT  
You sound kind of strange, man.  
Are you all right?

QUINN  
I'll explain later, okay? I'll  
be back as soon as I can.

Quinn hangs up.

CUT TO:

14 INT. COUNTRY WESTERN BAR - NIGHT 14

in full swing. A watering hole for Texan Instrument employees. A young guy in a country and western shirt lip-syncs 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..."

BILLY RAY

a tableful of corporate climbers are there it's like a roomful of UTA agents. Drunk, obnoxious. As Quinn returns to his table --

BILLY RAY  
Hey, bonus baby, everything all  
right?

(then)  
You believe this guy? Walks in  
off the streets, he's got Jack  
Bullock eating out of his palm.  
(to passing waitress)  
'Nother round, Sarah.

QUINN  
Actually, Billy -- it's kind'a  
late. I oughta' be getting  
back.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

BILLY RAY  
You kidding? We're just getting  
warmed up.  
(to the horrible karaoke  
singer)  
Get your ass off the stage, boy.  
We've had enough of your  
howling.

For a second, it looks like Billy Ray's going to get a  
fight. The singer knows he's outgunned, however, and steps  
down. The crowd jeers, laughs as --

BILLY RAY  
(grabs the mike)  
Evenin', boys.  
(then)  
I'd like y'all to give a warm  
Texas welcome to Quinn  
Mallory -- the fast draw who  
killed Jed Dalton.

The crowd CHEERS wildly, and Quinn's shoved toward the mike.

BILLY RAY  
Say something, kid.

QUINN  
Uhh... well...  
(lifting his drink; into  
mike)  
It's great to be in Texas.

The crowd CHEERS INSANELY, toasting their new hero.

ANGLE - THE BAR - LONNIE SKAYLER

an urban cowboy, drunk and sullen, glares daggers at Quinn.

BILLY RAY  
(into the mike)  
How 'bout it, fellas? How bad  
do we want this ole boy down at  
Texan Instruments?

More WHOOPS AND HOLLERS. Then, over the din!

SKAYLER (O.S.)  
Mallory!

BANG! A PISTOL SHOT (O.S.) shocks the room. Skayler is the  
one who's fired -- a warning shot at the ceiling. He's  
standing now, advancing --

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 3

14

BILLY RAY

Now, Lonnie. This is no way to settle a corporate grievance.

SKAYLER

Shut up, Billy Ray. I didn't spend ten years kissing up to Bullock to let some punk who got off a lucky shot make it to Lead Attorney.

(to Quinn)

That's right, I said lucky. Come out here and prove me wrong!!

All eyes on Quinn. Billy Ray warns Lonnie...

BILLY RAY

The man's a guest of Mr. Bullock, Lonnie. I think you better sit down before you create yourself a situation...

SKAYLER

The hell I will!

BANG!

BILLY RAY

blasts Skayler (drawing on him in a split second). Skayler stares at Quinn... wide-eyed... before falling, very dead.

BILLY RAY

Damn deadwood --

(Quinn's gone pale)

Don't sweat it, kid. Boss was gonna can him anyway.

(off Quinn)

C'mon, fellas. Drink up!

Yahoo! This party's going on for awhile. Off Quinn, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15 INT. DOMINION HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - ON TV - RUGGED MEN 15  
sitting at a restaurant counter.

DINER  
(horrified; off a jar of  
salsa)  
This salsa ain't made in San  
Antonio.  
(pause)  
Says right here, it's  
imported... from the U.S. of  
A.!

DINERS  
THE U.S.A.???!!

The diners all turn to glare at the COOK. Suddenly --  
BANG!

Everybody's shooting at Cookie -- The camera flinches from  
this carnage and we find --

REMBRANDT AND WADE

watching dumbfounded

REMBRANDT  
I thought TV was violent on our  
world.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Somewhere in the middle of which --

QUINN

staggers in

WADE

He's plastered!

REMBRANDT

Here, let me help you.

(gets a whiff...)

Whoa! What've you been drinking?

QUINN

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

WADE

You were in another gunfight?

QUINN

You've heard of corporate  
gunslingers? On this world  
we're talking real  
gunslingers. Cuts through the  
red tape of contracts I guess.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

WADE  
Help me get him to bed.  
(then)  
First thing in the morning.  
Let's get out of here.

Off which

CUT TO:

16 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - NIGHT - THE EXCHANGE TABLE

16

is shut down for the night. A cleaning guy sweeps up the torn vouchers and cigar butts and lays down fresh sawdust. The quotron board is frozen at the day's closing prices --

CLIFF AND PRISCILLA

(X)

at a booth. Cliff's toting up his poker chips.

(X)

CLIFF  
Hundred and seventeen thousand.

(X)

PRISCILLA  
Dammit --!

CLIFF  
The cards went cold on me, Miz Hardaway.

(X)

(X)

(then)  
I told you when we took our money out of the bond market and put it on the table, not every hand's a winner.

PRISCILLA  
I need a million dollars, to save this company, Cliff.  
(then)  
I'm sitting on a computer chip that could change the p.c. marketplace overnight --

(X)

(then)  
I can't declare bankruptcy at this stage.

CLIFF  
I'm not a miracle worker, Miz Hardaway.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

CLIFF

A broker's only as good as the  
cards he's dealt --

PRISCILLA

I'm not losing this company to  
Jack Bullock, Cliff.

(then)

I'd rather die than do that.

CLIFF

You want my opinion, I'd take  
what money's left on the table  
and find somebody to defend you  
against a takeover.

PRISCILLA

No. No more lawyers.

(then)

The future of this company's  
riding on you, Cliff.

Off Cliff

CUT TO:

17 EXT. DOMINION HOTEL - ESTABLISHING - MORNING - LAMPLIGHTER 17  
MARQUEE

reads: "Bunion's Silver Horseshoe Welcomes World Series Of  
Poker." As dawn breaks

18 INT. DOMINION HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - WADE, REMBRANDT, ARTURO 18

packed and ready to go.

QUINN'S

on the edge of the bed. Looks, feels, like hell.

REMBRANDT

How're you feeling?

QUINN

Nothing a bullet between the  
eyes wouldn't cure.

ARTURO

Be careful what you wish for.

Off Quinn: no kidding --

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

WADE

Get yourself showered and  
changed, okay? I'm gonna see if  
I can find some aspirin.

She goes. Rembrandt moves to Quinn -- there's more to  
what's ailing him than a simple hangover

REMBRANDT

You okay?

QUINN

I keep thinking about the man  
who died --

(then)

I never in a million years  
thought I'd fire a gun at  
somebody.

REMBRANDT

It was kill or be killed

(then)

It's not like you did anything  
to provoke him.

QUINN

I know.

(then)

Weirdest thing is -- I never  
even shot a pistol before.

ARTURO

Not in any way to minimize your  
remorse, but human life comes  
cheaply on this world.

(then)

The people here have an entirely  
different set of values.

QUINN

Dead is dead, Professor.

(then)

The fact that nobody seems to  
give a damn, doesn't make me  
feel a whole lot better.

CUT TO:

19 INT. DOMINION HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING - WADE

19

at the front desk, waiting for the Clerk to arrive. Feels the weight of someone's eyes on him --

JAMIE'S

there. He's got his cowboy hat and cap pistols. Also a deck of what looks to be trading cards --

WADE

What you got there, young man?

JAMIE

Why should I tell you? You're a liar.

WADE

(shrugs)

Okay.

And, as with all kids --

(X)

JAMIE

Gunslinger cards. Want to see them?

Wade takes them --

INSERT - THE CARDS

Like typical baseball cards, except for gunfighters -- posed shoot-out artists, with stats on the back.

JAMIE

Quinn'll have his own card, pretty soon. After he guns down Jack Bullock, his card'll be worth more than anyone's.

WADE

Jamie -- I've known Quinn a long time. He's no gunfighter. He's a man of peace.

(then)

He feels terrible about what happened in that saloon.

(then)

He was just trying to stop a fight, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

ANGLE - PRISCILLA

her face clouded by the tenor of what she's overheard.

PRISCILLA

Miss Welles

(then)

I'm Priscilla Hardaway

WADE

I know who you are.

PRISCILLA

Jamie -- would you give me a  
moment with Miss Welles, please?

Off which

CUT TO:

20 INT. DOMINION HOTEL ROOM - MORNING - QUINN'S

20

dressed, ready to go. Rembrandt's putting her last few  
belongings into a knapsack --

REMBRANDT

One thing about staying in this  
hotel on every world -- kind of  
defeats the purpose of stealing  
towels.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

ARTURO  
Let us go, Mister Mallory  
(then)  
As they're prone to say in these  
parts, I suggest we "skedaddle."

KNOCK at the door --

REMBRANDT  
Now what?

Arturo opens the door

PRISCILLA'S

there. Wade's behind her --

PRISCILLA  
I'm looking for Quinn Mallory.

Quinn steps forward --

QUINN  
That's me.

PRISCILLA  
I understand Jack Bullock's boys  
kept you out pretty late last  
night.

QUINN  
How'd you know that?

PRISCILLA  
New gunslinger in town sets the  
whole financial community  
a-buzz.

(off Quinn)  
They had a feature on you on  
Business News Network.

REMBRANDT  
This is unbelievable.

PRISCILLA  
I brought you something for your  
hangover.

She hands him a can of what looks like soda --

QUINN  
(off the can)  
Prairie Oyster?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

PRISCILLA  
Nothing better.

He pops the can, takes a sip. Reacts

QUINN  
It's awful.

PRISCILLA  
That's how you know it's  
working.  
(to Quinn)  
Wonder if I can borrow a few  
minutes of your time?

ARTURO  
Actually, we're sort of getting  
ready to check out.

PRISCILLA  
Five minutes. It's important.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. MARKET STREET - MORNING - QUINN AND PRISCILLA

21

Priscilla's got a styrofoam cup of Buckaroo's coffee.

PRISCILLA  
Before your conscience starts  
tearing you apart -- there's  
something you should know.  
(off Quinn)  
You didn't kill Jed Dalton.  
(grim)  
I did.

QUINN  
What?

PRISCILLA  
I had the angle, and I had the  
motive.  
(then)  
A year ago, Jed Dalton shot my  
husband down in cold blood.  
(then)  
On orders from Jack Bullock.

QUINN  
Bullock had him killed?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

PRISCILLA

Don't let all the charisma and  
Stetson cologne snow you --

(then)

Jack Bullock's just another  
corporate raider in a pair of  
Tony Lamas.

(then)

He gobbles up little companies  
like Hardaway and sells them off  
for parts.

As from the street, the HONK of a car (O.S.) and --

BILLY RAY'S VOICE

Mallory!

A black BMW pulls to a stop

BILLY AND ONE OF THE YUPPIE FAST-TRACKERS

from the Lamplighter are there

QUINN

Now what?

(then; sotto)

How do I say "no" to these guys?

PRISCILLA

(sotto)

You don't.

(then)

Remember: The myth is more  
powerful than the man.

BILLY RAY

What'd' you say, hot shot?  
Thought we'd head out to the  
pistol range, get some target  
practice in before the market's  
open.

(to Priscilla)

Morning, Miz Hardaway.

Before Quinn can marshall an excuse

PRISCILLA

(sotto)

Play along -- Whatever you do,  
don't tell them what I told you.  
They'll kill us both.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

BILLY RAY  
C'mon, brother -- we got  
triggers to pull.

Quinn's got no choice, heads for the car.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY - A TARGET TORSO

22

as it's peppered by pistol-fire.

QUINN AND BILLY RAY

wearing ear protectors, BLAST away at two targets. Their bullets spent, the targets automatically draw toward them.

BILLY RAY  
(removing headphones)  
Beautiful day for target  
practice.

As the targets arrive, Billy scores his bulls-eyes, notices the absence of bullet holes in Quinn's. To explain this --

QUINN  
Guess I'm not used to this gun.

BILLY RAY  
Well, shoot. Whatever gun you want, the company'll get for you. Colt, Smith and Wessons give you a handsome ammo allowance, too.

As Billy Ray attaches a fresh target and sends it back.

BILLY RAY  
So what d'you say? Gonna give us your Jim Bowie on the dotted line?

QUINN  
Considering it.

BILLY RAY  
Consider it real careful. Bullock's not what you'd call a patient man.

QUINN  
What's the story with Priscilla Hardaway?

BILLY RAY  
One of a handful of perfectly adequate hardware designers.  
(then)  
She courting you?

QUINN  
Not exactly.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

BILLY RAY  
Playin' one side against the  
other?

QUINN  
(works for him)  
Got me.

BILLY RAY  
Lemme fill you in on a  
little-well-known secret.

He cocks his gun, aims it at the target. BANG!

BILLY RAY  
Jack Bullock's gonna crush  
Priscilla Hardaway.  
(BANG! BANG!)  
... if it's the last thing he  
does.

Off Quinn

CUT TO:

23 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - DAY - ARTURO, REMBRANDT  
are at a nearby booth, eating breakfast.

23

ARTURO  
What was I supposed to do? Run  
out and stop him?

REMBRANDT  
You should've done something.

ARTURO  
These people have guns, Mr.  
Brown --  
(then)  
Big flashy sports cars and shiny  
black revolvers --

REMBRANDT  
I knew it was a bad idea  
spending another night in this  
place.

ANGLE - THE POKER TABLES

Players wait impatiently. The quotron board is active. The  
clock says 9:01. Priscilla is there, apprehensive. Where's  
Cliff?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

EXCHANGE OFFICIAL  
Sorry, Miz Hardaway. If Mr.  
Sutter's not coming I'm gonna  
have to sell his seat.

(X)  
(X)

PRISCILLA  
You can't do that.  
(then)  
I had to mortgage my house to  
get a seat on the Exchange.

EXCHANGE OFFICIAL  
It's two minutes after -- I  
gotta have a body in the chair.

Priscilla's eyes fall on the sympathetic figures of Arturo  
and Rembrandt.

PRISCILLA  
Excuse me -- do either of you  
play poker?

ARTURO  
I'm afraid my skills in that  
department are a little rusty.  
(then)  
I play a more than adequate hand  
of bridge, however.

Priscilla turns to her last hope.

REMBRANDT  
Don't sweat it, darling. They  
used to call me Crying Man Slim  
on the Topps tour bus. I know  
every form of poker known to  
man.

PRISCILLA  
I just need somebody to sit in.  
(then)  
It's only for a few minutes.

She manages a nervous smile of gratitude as she escorts  
Rembrandt toward the Exchange Table.

REMBRANDT  
(to the other players)  
What's the stakes here, fellas?

PRISCILLA  
Just ante and fold, and whatever  
you do, don't touch the blue  
chip stocks.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2

23

REMBRANDT

What?

PRISCILLA

These chips represent the last  
of my holdings --

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 3

23

REMBRANDT  
You want me to fold? Every  
hand?

PRISCILLA  
I can't afford to lose more than  
the penny antes.  
(then)  
Please. Just do it.

She's already rushing for the exit. The other players scope  
out Rembrandt, smirking like cats about to eat a canary.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. DOMINION HOTEL ROOM - DAY - WADE

24

exits the room, reacts at the sight of  
PRISCILLA

down the hall pounding on a room door

PRISCILLA  
Cliff! Open the door!

Wade approaches --

PRISCILLA  
I can't get the door open. Help  
me.

Arturo has followed Priscilla from the Lamplighter, sensing  
trouble.

ARTURO  
Stand back!

Arturo veers back and kicks the door in.

25 INT. CLIFF'S ROOM - DAY - ARTURO

25

enters, reacts --

ARTURO  
Good God.

He turns to stop Priscilla from entering, but she bulls her  
way past him. Sees what he's seen

PRISCILLA  
NO!

(CONTINUED)

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25 CONTINUED:

25

Wade's entered also - shocked

CLIFF'S LEGS AND LOWER TORSO

(X)

hanging from the ceiling.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - DAY - REMBRANDT

26

at the Exchange Table. His chips have dwindled by half.

ANGLE - HIS CARDS

three kings, a pair of sevens.

REMBRANDT  
(a sigh)

Fold.

POKER PLAYER #1  
Tens over twos, gents -- Papa's  
gonna buy me a new corporate  
jet.

As he rakes in the pot --

WADE

approaches

REMBRANDT  
Give me a second, fellas.

POKER PLAYER #1  
You're not quitting are you?  
You haven't blown all your  
capital.

Wade moves Rembrandt out of earshot --

REMBRANDT  
Where've you been? I've dropped  
forty thousand dollars to these  
vultures.

WADE  
He's dead.

REMBRANDT  
Who?

WADE  
Cliff Sutter. We found him  
hanging from a noose.  
(then)  
Priscilla's back in the hotel  
with Jamie.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

As Rembrandt takes this in --

WADE

She thinks he was murdered,  
Rembrandt. She's calling in  
this modern day Billy the Kid  
some kind of corporate White  
Knight. It's gonna be a  
bloodbath.

POKER PLAYER #1

Hey, hot shot. You in or out?

REMBRANDT

What am I supposed to do?  
(then)  
She's gonna lose everything she  
worked for if I keep folding --

WADE

Just try to stay afloat. I'm  
gonna call the cops.

She goes. Rembrandt returns to the table  
sleeves with a new determination.

rolls up his

REMBRANDT

Guess I'm the little lamb being  
led to the slaughter, fellas.  
(then)  
Deal the cards.

As the next hand is dealt.

CUT TO:

27 INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY - DEPUTY JOE BOB

27

cleaning the small bore of his revolver, looks up as --

WADE

enters

WADE

Is the Sheriff here?

DEPUTY

Won't I do?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

WADE  
I'm here to report a murder.  
(then)  
I called half an hour ago; I was  
told the Sheriff was on his way  
over --

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

DEPUTY  
Big city. Lotta crimes to  
investigate.  
(then)  
Can't just drop everything every  
time there's a hanging --

As now --

THE SHERIFF

enters --

WADE  
Thank God

DEPUTY  
Lady here's all worked up over  
the Sutter suicide, Sheriff.

WADE  
It was no suicide -- Go see for  
yourself.  
(then)  
What kind of lawman are you?

SHERIFF  
All right, Missy Come on in.

As she follows him in --

DEPUTY  
(picks up a phone)  
Hi, sweetheart. It's Deputy Joe  
Bob.  
(then)  
I need to talk to Jack Bullock.

Off which

CUT TO:

28 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY - WADE'S  
not getting anywhere --

28

WADE  
What do you mean you're not  
gonna investigate?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

SHERIFF

You know how many dead bodies  
turn up in the course of a day's  
work?

(then)

There aren't enough horses to  
pull the coroner's wagons.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

WADE

I don't believe this!

SHERIFF

Now listen to me.

(then)

The last six weeks, Cliff Sutter lost a quarter of a million dollars at the Exchange Table.

(then)

Hardaway Computers is undercapitalized -- they're leveraged to the hilt...

(X)

WADE

You can't believe that. Any more than I do.

(then)

You're just terrified of Jack Bullock.

SHERIFF

Now hold on

(then)

I've been in law enforcement all my life, but this is San Francisco.

(then)

Jack Bullock's put more people back to work than any other industrialist in the region and that includes Silicon Valley.

(then)

So I'd advise you to think twice before you go bandying his name about --

WADE

Or what? He'll have me killed, too?

(then)

Make it look like a suicide so you cowards can just paper it over?

SHERIFF

I think I've said all I have to say.

(then)

Thanks for stopping by.

CUT TO:

29 INT. TEXAN INSTRUMENTS - DAY - A SERIES OF BUSY STOCKBROKER TYPES 29

wrangling the phones, hunkered down over their computer terminals. It's like a scene out of Wall Street, only these sleek young brokers wear pistol holsters in addition to shirtsleeves and telephone headsets --

QUINN

and Billy Ray move through the controlled chaos --

BILLY RAY

This is our Risk Arbitrage Division -- We call them the outriders -- always on the look out for good new companies to invest in --

QUINN

I don't get it.  
(then)  
The company's called Texan Instruments, but what exactly do you guys make?

BILLY RAY

Money, Mallory.  
(then)  
And lots of it.

As they've approached --

BILLY RAY'S OFFICE - HIS SECRETARY

Honey Sue (what'd you'd expect) is hailing him --

HONEY SUE

There you are, Mr. Bledsoe.

(then)

Mr. Bullock's looking for you.

(then)

You, too, Mr. Mallory.

BILLY RAY

(trying to read the tea leaves)

What's that about?

Off which

CUT TO:

(X)

30 INT. JACK BULLOCK'S OFFICE - DAY - BILLY RAY

30

enters, Quinn on his heels

BULLOCK'S

there, with Hank --

BILLY RAY  
Looking for us, Mr. Bullock?

BULLOCK  
Billy Ray.

HANK  
How're you doing, Mr. Mallory?  
(then)  
Give any thought to the  
proposition we made you?

QUINN  
It's quite an attractive offer.

BULLOCK  
So how come word's all over the  
street you've climbed in bed  
with Priscilla Hardaway?

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

BULLOCK  
(tosses a dossier across  
a desk top)  
Preliminary S.E.C. filing.  
Hardaway's company's in the  
midst of an underwriting.  
(then)  
She's taking the company public.

BILLY RAY  
Who's representing her?

BULLOCK  
Left undisclosed.  
(regarding Quinn)  
You figure it out.

(X)

HANK  
What do you have to say for  
yourself, Mallory?  
(then)  
After the way we took you in  
made you part of the family?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

BULLOCK  
Industrial espionage is still a  
hanging crime in these parts.  
(then)  
And I intend to prosecute you  
and Hardaway Computers with all  
due diligence. You understand  
me?

QUINN  
(firmly)  
I understand.  
(the myth is larger than  
the man)  
And if any of you think you're  
faster than Dalton was, let's  
settle this right now.

He draws back his jacket, revealing a gun in his holster (he  
got it from the shooting range). Hank, Jack Bullock - their  
eyes look from Quinn's gun to his face. Back down.

QUINN  
(contemptuously)  
Thought so.

He turns, walks away -- on his face, we see his expression.  
He can't believe he got away with it.

BILLY RAY  
I had no idea.

BULLOCK  
Either you're incompetent, boy,  
or your lying. Either way,  
you're fired.

CUT TO:

31 INT. GUN SHOP - DAY - ARTURO

31

enters. Wade follows him in.

WADE  
Have you heard one thing I've  
said?

ARTURO  
Every blessed, tiresome word.  
You're against the proliferation  
of violence...  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ARTURO (cont'd)  
(waving his hand out at  
the world)  
But I have news for you, Miss  
Welles. It's already  
proliferated.

The place is elegant. The equivalent of a Dunhill's tailor shop. Dark paneling. Guns of every conceivable shape and caliber in various disconcertingly upscale displays.

SALESMAN  
'I help you, folks?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 2

31

ARTURO

Yes. I'm interested in purchasing a handgun.

SALESMAN

Excellent. We have a large selection... Something for the little lady as well?

WADE

Thank you. No.

The Salesman slides the case open and pulls out a pistol.

SALESMAN

... This is part of our Roy Cohn collection -- The thirty-eight happens to be on sale right now.

The Salesman hands Arturo the gun.

ARTURO

(as he assesses its heft)

I am a man of reason and responsibility, as you know, Miss Welles. If we were back home, I'd never be doing this. But on this world...

(looking around)

... a man can't be too careful.

SALESMAN

(of the gun)

What do you think? Real sexy feel, don't you think?

Arturo straps on the holster and slides the gun into it. He preens a little before a mirror, enjoying the look it gives him. Notices Wade looking at him. Feels busted.

WADE

At least promise me you won't slide with it.

ARTURO

Don't be absurd. The gun stays here.

CUT TO:

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32 INT. LAMPLIGHTER - DAY - EXCHANGE TABLES - REMBRANDT 32

down and dirty now. His stack of chips have grown

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

POKER PLAYER #1'S

still hanging in. The others have backed out, look on over an enormous pile of blue, red, and white chips

POKER PLAYER #1  
Must be my unlucky streak's  
finally changing.  
(as he lays his cards  
out)  
Four treys --

He lays out his hand -- four threes.

REMBRANDT  
(assesses)  
Pretty good.  
(then)  
One more three you might have  
had me --

He lays down his cards: four jacks --

POKER PLAYER #1  
Son of a bitch!  
(to his second)  
Go on up to the Bank of Texas,  
Jim Bob -- Tell 'em I'm  
under-capitalized.

Rembrandt's loving it --

ANGLE - WADE AND ARTURO

perched on barstools

ARTURO  
Where in the world is he? We  
slide out of here in  
three-and-a-half hours.

WADE  
(of Rembrandt)  
Rembrandt just won another hand.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 2

32

ARTURO

A useful thing to keep in mind  
if we need cash on another  
world.

WADE

Yeah, providing they have poker.

ARTURO

Of that you can be sure. If  
there's one thing sliding has  
proven, it's that vice is  
universal.

QUINN

(X)

bursts in, headed for them --

WADE

Quinn --!

QUINN

Tell Rembrandt to cash out.  
We've got to get out of here.

WADE

Cliff Sutter is dead.

QUINN

I heard.

(then)

If Jack Bullock had any guts,  
I'd've been next.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 3

32

(X)

WADE  
We've got to get out of here.

Arturo rises, downs the last of his drink

ARTURO  
Another thing I've learned from  
sliding -- Don't let yourself  
get too comfortable.

QUINN  
I'll meet you guys outside -- I  
left some stuff in the room.

ARTURO  
I'm coming with you.

As they head off --

REMBRANDT

looks up as Wade approaches.

WADE

whispers in his ear

REMBRANDT  
(sotto)  
Now? Are you nuts? Look at  
the cards.

WADE  
(off his cards)  
So? All I see's a bunch of  
hearts that don't match.

The other players immediately fold their cards. Rembrandt  
makes a gagging noise --

REMBRANDT  
Gimme a few minutes here, okay?  
(then)  
I'm on a roll.

Wade doesn't like it --

CUT TO:

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33 INT. LOBBY - DAY - QUINN AND ARTURO

33

As they're about to head up the stairs

(CONTINUED)

PRISCILLA

He's been biding his time until  
I was too weak to defend myself.

(then)

He's hired a takeover specialist  
from the East.

(then)

It was in Texas Business Day  
this morning --

ARTURO

Let me see that.

He takes a copy of the newspaper -- The headline announces  
"Texan Instruments In Hostile Bid For Hardaway -- Microchip  
Supplier In Perilous Play."

JAMIE

Don't worry, Mom. Quinn'll save  
the company.

PRISCILLA

Jamie: go upstairs.

JAMIE

Tell her, Quinn --

ARTURO

Young man, look -- you need to  
understand something.

JAMIE

Quinn's the greatest gunfighter  
who ever lived --

(then)

He'll stand down Bullock and  
Texan Instruments.

(off Quinn)

You came here to save us, didn't  
you?

QUINN

I wish I could.

JAMIE

(heartbroken)

You're a yellow liar.

PRISCILLA

Jamie --

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 3

33

JAMIE  
(tears in his eyes)  
Coward!

Jamie turns and races toward the Lamplighter

PRISCILLA  
I'm sorry. He's just a boy.

QUINN  
Look -- maybe there's still  
something I can do --

PRISCILLA  
Don't you understand?  
(then)  
It's too late for that

She indicates the letter she got

ARTURO  
What's it say?

As Quinn reads --

PRISCILLA  
It's a letter of intent.

QUINN  
Addressed to me --  
(reads)  
Quinn Mallory, Chief Counsel for  
Hardaway Computers --?

As the implication of this sinks in --

ARTURO  
How could this have happened?

PRISCILLA  
Don't you understand? Bullock's  
got "Slim" Symms with him  
now -- We're gonna lose the  
company because nobody stands a  
chance against him.

(X)

WADE'S

(X)

there, calls to Arturo --

(X)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 4

33

WADE  
Professor -- you left your  
coat --

ARTURO  
(pats the pocket)  
Where's my pistol?

PRISCILLA  
OhmiGod.

Completing the thought -- clear now to them all.

QUINN  
Jamie!

Off which

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

34 EXT. TEXAN INSTRUMENTS BUILDING - DAY - JAMIE

34

Arturo's gun hidden in the pocket of his windbreaker, 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

Dang --!

JAMIE

I'll get it.

FED-TEX DRIVER

Thanks, kid.

Jamie picks up a fallen parcel using the hand-cart as a cover and follows the delivery man into the building. The doors close just as --

A TAXI

pulls to the curb in front of the building. Priscilla and Quinn step out

QUINN

It wasn't so much his words,  
but how he said it. I hope I'm  
wrong.

35 INT. TEXAN INSTRUMENTS LOBBY - DAY - THE ELEVATOR DOORS

35

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

QUINN AND PRISCILLA

rushing into the lobby up to the guard desk.

PRISCILLA

Have you seen a boy... about  
this tall...?

LOBBY GUARD

A boy just went inside with the  
Fed-Tex man.

(CONTINUED)



36 CONTINUED:

36

SYMMS  
To the biggest damn conglomerate  
west of the Appalachian Trail --

(X)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 3

39

BULLOCK  
Enough talk! Blast him!

SYMMS

(X)

looks to the bank clock. 12:01.

BULLOCK  
What're you waiting for?

SYMMS  
(disgusted)  
Ah, hell -- I can't shoot an  
unarmed man!

(X)

Bullock steps forward. Raises his own gun. The crowd  
gasps.

SHERIFF  
Mr. Bullock... that's an S.E.C.  
violation.

BULLOCK  
Shut up!

Bullock's about to pull the trigger

ARTURO  
Don't trouble yourself, Mister  
Bullock.  
(then)  
I will pull the trigger.

The Sliders have entered the battlefield (the dusty street).

ARTURO

hits the timer, activates the gate.

BULLOCK

is dumbfounded. He points his gun at the Sliders with an  
unsteady hand.

WADE

leaps into the void. The crowd oohs and aahs at the marvel.

REMBRANDT'S

next, acutely aware each step may be his last.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 5

39

JAMIE  
Angels! I told you they were  
angels come to earth!  
(then)  
Now do you believe me?

PRISCILLA  
(teary)  
I believe you, Jamie.

The Sheriff speaks for the multitude

SHERIFF  
It must be a sign from God!

BULLOCK  
It's a trick: I ain't falling  
for it!

He's about to blast Quinn into little pieces.

BILLY RAY  
Gonna have to kill me first, Mr.  
Bullock.

BILLY RAY

has stepped in front of Quinn, shielding him.

BULLOCK  
Out of my way, Billy Ray!

One by one, the townspeople follow Billy Ray's lead.  
Priscilla, Jamie. Strangers who know real courage when they  
see it.

SHERIFF

steps out into the street --

SHERIFF  
Afraid I'm gonna have to place  
ya under arrest, Jack.

BULLOCK  
What do you think you're doing?

SHERIFF  
What I should've done a long  
time ago.  
(then)  
Put the gun down, sir.  
(then)  
It's over --

(CONTINUED)

QUINN  
(smiles)  
Look out for yourself.

Priscilla smiles back, crying. Jamie is wide-eyed as Quinn crouches down

QUINN  
I want you to know it takes a  
stronger man to put a gun down,  
then to fire it in anger.  
(then)  
Can you remember that?

JAMIE  
I think so. I'll try.

Quinn gives his hair a last tousle -- leaps into the void.  
The wormhole fades and is gone.

JAMIE

can't believe it, rushes out into the street, where Quinn  
just vanished.

JAMIE  
Quinn... Quinn... come back.  
Come back, Quinn! Come back!

Off Jamie's awestruck plea, the hope for a kinder, gentler  
Texas, we --

FADE OUT.

THE END