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SLIDERS

"As Times Go By"

Written

by

Steve Brown

REVISED PAGES

Pink Rev. Full Script

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SLIDERS

"As Times Go By"

QUINN MALLORY
WADE WELLES
MAXIMILIAN ARTURO
REMBRANDT BROWN

DENNIS MCMILLAN
DAELIN
GLORIA SANCHEZ
JUDGE ESTEVEZ
EL PADRON
LA MIGRA
LA PADRONA
KIT RICHARDS
HEAD GUARD
BAILIFF
JAILER
ILLEGAL CANUCKS

SLIDERS

"As Times Go By"

SETS

INTERIORS

DAELIN'S HOUSE
BEDROOM
LIVING ROOM
NURSERY
HALL
COURTHOUSE
CORRIDOR
COURTROOM
'LA MIGRA' BUS
CAR
LAMPLIGHTER
PHONE BOOTH
TUNNEL
PRISON CELL
INTERVIEW ROOM

EXTERIORS

STREETS
SAN FRANCISCO STREET CORNER
RESIDENTIAL
PARK
ALLEY
BACK YARD
RICH PADRONA'S HOUSE
OMITTED (X)
BOARDING YARD
GOLDEN GATE PARK
SMALL PARK
COURTHOUSE

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. A SAN FRANCISCO STREET CORNER - DAY - QUINN, ARTURO, REMBRANDT 1

stand among a group of illegal Canadian immigrants (recognizable by their Calgary cowboy hats emblazoned with maple leaves), HUFFING and PUFFING, blowing on their hands and patting their arms to stay warm.

It's only as you begin to look around that you notice that all the signs -- street, bench and advertising -- are in Spanish.

REMBRANDT

Damn, it's cold out here.

WADE

arrives with cardboard coffee cups on a makeshift tray.

ARTURO

Mark Twain once remarked that the coldest winter he ever spent... was a summer in San Francisco.

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn, freezing)
Why couldn't you have invented sliding in Miami, or something? Then you'd all be warm, and I wouldn't even be here!

One of the Canucks, A HANDSOME MAN with a two-day beard (we'll come to know him as DENNIS MCMILLAN)... looks over -- (X)

DENNIS MCMILLAN

(to Quinn)
Kinda nippy out here, eh? Reminds me of Vancouver. (X)

ARTURO

(to Wade)
Ahhh, a computer scientist. Standing on this corner awaiting a job opening in Silicon Valley, no doubt.

WADE

(please don't do this)
Professor...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

DENNIS MCMILLAN

(overheard)
why're you sloughing me, bro.
We're all in this together.

(X)

ARTURO

I am not your sibling, sir, for
which I can only thank God and good
parentage.

That raises the tension level but, before anything can
happen, a pick-up truck (with Calexico license tags) pulls
up and...

EL PADRON

rolls down his windows, holding up two fingers...

EL PADRON

Dos hombres. For dig un stump.
Forty pesos cada hora.

QUINN

Senor, normal rate is fifty pesos.

El Padron takes Quinn's measure. He's never had anyone talk
back to him before. He turns to the other Canucks...

EL PADRON

Hey! Cual hombre quiere forty
pesos?

But, before anyone can take him up on it...

REMBRANDT

(pointing)
Q-ball.

They all turn to see...

IMMIGRATION VEHICLES

careening down both sides of the street toward them,
attempting to block all escape.

El Padron takes ~~off in a~~ SQUEAL OF RUBBER.

ILLEGAL CANUCKS

Immigration, run! Immigration!

LA MIGRA

speaks over the loudspeaker.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 2

1

LA MIGRA
(in accented English)
Stop! Stay where you are! You
will not be harmed!

The Sliders take off with the others.

QUINN
(to the others)
Meet back at the Hotel!

They all take off in different directions.

QUINN

sprints in one direction, only to have...

AN IMMIGRATION CAR

fishtail to a stop straddling the street in such a way as to block his escape. Quinn doesn't even hesitate -- he simply takes a running leap atop the hood of the car, jumps off the other side and keeps going, with hardly a break in his stride. The driver, whom we will call...

LA MIGRA

throws open the door and gives chase.

LA MIGRA
Stop! Stay where you are!

QUINN

turns a corner, looks back over his shoulder to see La Migra PUFFING some distance behind him. Quinn veers down...

AN ALLEY

The kind that separates the walled back yards of larger estate-type houses.

As he runs along an eight-foot (preferably adobe) wall, Quinn looks around to see La Migra is not yet in sight.

He makes a quick decision, hoists himself to the top of the wall and over, into...

2 EXT. THE BACK YARD OF A RICH PADRONA'S HOUSE - DAY

2

Beautifully appointed, even in winter. Quinn doesn't have much time to appreciate it, because...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

Barely have his feet hit the closely-trimmed grass when...

TWO DOBERMANS

alerted, growling

QUINN

Down, boy. Good dogs --

No use. The dogs are on him, snapping, slavering, growling.

Quinn manages to fend off the first dog, but the other Doberman takes a nasty bite out of his leg. Quinn goes down, smashes his head, hard, against a rock.

QUINN'S

struggling under the attack. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, an apparition in a black-and-white maid's uniform races across the yard to his aid.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(wielding a broom on the dogs)

Bad dogs! Bad dogs!

(then)

Get off him.

The dogs YELP in confusion. Take off.

Quinn looks up to recognize the stunning woman bending over him now, concern on her face.

QUINN

(amazed)

Daelin?

Daelin looks down at him. How did he know her name? As Quinn looks up at this angelic vision of a WOMAN, he blacks out from the bonk on his head and we --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. DAELIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

3

spartan and the furniture is second-hand. Maybe some religious icons. A large wardrobe chest takes up one wall of the room.

QUINN'S

wounds have been bandaged. He reaches for a glass of water but, still a little disoriented, misses and knocks it to the floor --

DAELIN

rushes into the room SHUSHING him --

QUINN

I'm sorry --

She answers in a hushed voice and he follows her lead.

DAELIN

It's okay -- please, keep your voice down.

(X)

(as she sweeps up the shards)

Are you feeling better?

QUINN

I think so.

DAELIN

My grandmother says I'm a magnet for the walking wounded. Seems like I'm always rescuing injured animals.

(then)

Why'd you climb the wall? You don't look like a thief.

QUINN

I was running from Immigration

(then)

Must've been a hundred cops out there.

DAELIN

How'd you know my name?

(then)

In the yard you called me Daelin.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

QUINN

(how to answer)
Umm -- We uh... kinda grew up
together. Went to the same
school -- till you moved away in
tenth grade.

DAELIN

But... I don't remember you.
(then)
I never had much time for classes.
(then)
Feels like a hundred years ago.

Quinn's always loved her. Feels like it was just the other
day --

DAELIN

Why are you looking at me like
that?

QUINN

No reason

(X)

To cover the awkwardness

(X)

ANGLE - DAELIN'S BEDSIDE TABLE - A FRAMED PHOTO

a man -- we recognize him. Dennis McMillan, the day laborer
who got into a fight with Arturo.

QUINN

Who's he?

DAELIN

My boyfriend. Dennis McMillan.
(then)
'You know him too?

QUINN

He was in front of the lumber yard.
With my friends, just before
immigration raided us.

DAELIN

Dennis was there?
(alarmed)
Today?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

QUINN
That's what I'm trying to tell
you --
(then)
My friends -- everybody there --
was roused.

DAELIN
Oh my God -- they'll deport him.
(then)
-- Send him back to Canada.

Suddenly -- from down the hall --

LA PADRONA'S VOICE
(Spanish accent)
Daelin?

DAELIN
(freaked)
You've got to hide.

A knock at the door (O.S.)

QUINN
Where?

DAELIN
Please. I'll lose my job.

LA PADRONA'S VOICE
Daelin -- Is someone in there?
(then)
Open the door.

Daelin shoos Quinn -- hide anywhere. Moves to the door --

DAELIN
Si, Senora?

SENORA

enters. She's late 20's, overly made-up and coiffed. The epitome of a Beverly Hills housewife (if Spain had won the Spanish-American war).

LA PADRONA
I heard voices, Daelin. Do you
have a man in this house?

DAELIN
Of course not, Senora.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

3

Daelin spots Quinn's shoes and surreptitiously kicks them under the bed as --

LA PADRONA

gives the room a cursory once over, sees nothing. Then she picks up, looks at the photo of Dennis McMillan that sits on the dresser.

DAELIN

That's my boyfriend. He's studying to be a doctor, just like the mister.

La Padrona is still looking around -- but is gradually coming to believe that Daelin is alone.

LA PADRONA

I'm sorry to suspect you, Daelin. But you understand I have to be careful with two small children in the house.

DAELIN

Of course, Senora.
(then...)
Jorge went to a playdate with Tomas after school, and Anna Maria is still napping.

She follows La Padrona towards the door.

LA PADRONA

Come with me. We need to talk about the upstairs bathroom; you have to do a better job on the tile...

(X)
(X)

As soon as they're out of earshot...

QUINN

emerges from the double wardrobe, having twisted and contorted himself to fit in, huddling in his underwear.

CUT TO:

4 INT. THE COURTROOM - DAY - ANGLO PRISONERS

4

in the docket, guarded by Immigration Officers. (It should be clear that there are white, Asian, African-American, as on our world -- this is not a homogeneous Spanish society.)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ARTURO, REMBRANDT AND WADE

sitting together at the defense table with GLORIA SANCHEZ, a young lawyer; overworked and harassed.

GLORIA SANCHEZ

Gotta be something I can use in your defense. Did you come here because of political persecution in Canada? Would it be dangerous for you to go back?

ARTURO

Young woman, I happen to be a professor of Cosmology and Ontology

GLORIA SANCHEZ

-- No offense, Mister, uhhh, Arturo... but you were looking for work as a day laborer, okay?

WADE

Ms. Ellis, did Immigration pick up a man named Quinn Mallory?

Behind them, the Immigration Judge, JUDGE ESTEVEZ, who's been processing immigrants throughout, gavels --

GLORIA SANCHEZ

Uno momento, Judge --

(then)

I don't see any Mallory on the list. Is he a relative?

ESTEVEZ

(in accented English)

Senorita?

GLORIA SANCHEZ

(to the Sliders; sotto)

Let me see what I can find out.

(to Estevez)

Ready, Your Honor. For my client's sake, may we proceed in English?

ESTEVEZ

(nods)

What's the plea?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 2

4

GLORIA SANCHEZ
Your Honor, these are hardworking
people who, having fled the poverty
of their native Canada, are simply
trying to eke out a meager
existence here in this great state
of California...

ESTEVEZ
(interrupting)
Is this a speech, Counsellor, or
will there be a defense?

GLORIA SANCHEZ
I'm trying to help you understand
my clients' desperation...

ESTEVEZ
As if I haven't heard it all
before?
(wielding his gavel)
Defendants Arturo, Brown and Welles
are ordered deported to Canada as
soon as possible.
(gavels)

Wade is incensed --

WADE
That's it?! That's all there is?

Gloria Sanchez and the two Sliders try to calm her

REMBRANDT
Quiet, girl. We don't need more
trouble than we already got.

CUT TO:

5 INT. DAELIN'S ROOM - NIGHT - DAELIN AND QUINN

5

Speak in hushed tones -- Daelin is looking over the timer.
She hands it back to Quinn.

DAELIN
This is so bizarre --
(then)
You really expect me to believe
you're from another planet --

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

QUINN

Not another planet exactly. I'm from a parallel earth where time is the same, but the outcome of many events were different.

(X)
(X)
(X)

DAELIN

And on this other earth, Spain lost the New World to the Anglos?

(then)

The people all speak English?

QUINN

California's part of the United States. The most powerful country on earth.

(then)

I'm not expecting you to understand it, but everything I'm telling you is true.

(X)

(then)

The point is if we can save my friends... I can take you there.

(X)

He indicates the timer again -- then puts it away.

DAELIN

I can't believe I'm buying this.

(then)

What about Dennis?

QUINN

What about him?

DAELIN

He's being deported to Canada -- I can't just leave him.

QUINN

Maybe we can help him, too.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2 5
Off Daelin (X)

CUT TO:

6 (OMITTED) 6 (X)

7 EXT. STREET - DAY - A JUNKER CAR 7
is waiting outside the gated hacienda as the gate (X)
unlatches. (X)
QUINN AND DAELIN (X)
dressed for her day off, exit. (X)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

KIT RICHARDS

Handsome, a few years older than Daelin, exits, kisses her on the cheek --

(X)

DAELIN

Did you get word to Dennis?

KIT

It's all set -- He'll be ready.

(of Quinn)

I'm Daelin's brother.

QUINN

Yeah, I remember you.

Kit frowns, doesn't remember Quinn.

QUINN

Quinn Mallory. My friends are the ones being deported.

Kit extends his hand -- Quinn takes it. This world's version of a "ghetto" handshake.

KIT

We traced the bus leaving the Sheriff's Station -- they'll be taking Route One all the way up to Vancouver.

QUINN

Look, it's critical I get my friends off that bus before ten-twenty-three tonight.

(X)

A little strange to be so exact. A look between Kit and sister.

KIT

Yeah, well, it's always critical.

(then)

No sweat, Chico. Your needs and our plans coincide.

(X)

As they climb into the car...

CUT TO:

8 EXT. A BOARDING YARD - NIGHT - DENNIS MCMILLAN

8

the man from the street and the photograph, is the last of the chained deportees shepherded by ARMED GUARDS onto the 'La Migra' bus.

(X)

HEAD GUARD

(X)

Come on, you furbucks. Get on board.

(X)

(X)

Already on board --

(X)

9 INT. THE BUS - ARTURO, WADE, REMBRANDT

9

take their seats. Dennis McMillan is near the driver. Wade peers out the window, searching for Quinn.

WADE

The slide's in less than two hours. What're we gonna do?

REMBRANDT

I wish to hell I knew.

WADE

I want to go home, Rembrandt. I don't want to spend the rest of my life in Canada!

REMBRANDT

You think I do? It's cold, it's wet, and my records never sold spit up there! All they ever listen to is Anne Murray and Gordon Lightfoot.

Rembrandt shudders at the very thought. The bus pulls out with a jerk --

CUT TO:

10 INT. CAR - NIGHT - KIT, QUINN, DAELIN

10

study a map

QUINN

You're sure this is the route?

KIT

(a shrug)

Usually. It's out of traffic, away from crowds.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

QUINN
It's getting late...

KIT
(snaps)
What do you want me to do? Call La
Migra and tell 'em to hurry up?
(off Quinn)
Sorry, man. I'm kinda on edge.

(X)

(X)

QUINN
No problem.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2 10
Suddenly, there is a WHISTLE (O.S.) -- a lookout. (X)

KIT
Okay... That's the signal.

As they get out of the car --

CUT TO:

11 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - THE BUS 11
comes around a corner. Slows --

A LARGE TRUCK

(the largest production vehicle we've got, with some kind of Hispanic signage on the side), straddled directly across the road. Kit Richards has taken his place at the open hood, obviously trying to fix something in the engine.

INSIDE THE BUS - HEAD GUARD

instructs the Bus Driver (in LOOPED SPANISH) to pull over and let him take a look.

HEAD GUARD
Para el autobus; dejame darle un
visatazo.

Dennis McMillan is hyper-alert, knowing what's in the wind.

Toward the back, the Sliders crane their necks to look on with the other Prisoners and Guards, as...

12 EXT. STREET - THE BUS 12
comes to a stop. The door opens --
HEAD GUARD (X)
gets out, YELLING IN LOOPED SPANISH, "What the hell is this?
Get this piece of garbage out of here."

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

HEAD GUARD

Que diablo es esto? Quita esta
basura de aqui!

He comes over to Kit Richards, working on the truck engine.
Several other Guards climb down, weapons at port arms.

But, without warning, Kit Richards grabs the Head Guard by
the hair, puts a knife to his throat.

KIT

Drop your weapons! Drop them!
And the keys...

Another half-dozen armed Anglos suddenly appear from the
back of the semi, hurrying directly toward...

The Guards, who drop their weapons, their ammo belts and
keys, et al and put up their hands.

KIT

Keys! Over here! Right now!

(X)

The Guards, including the Head Guard, are herded off into
one area. Anglos start unshackling the deportees.

(X)

DAELIN AND QUINN

run for

THE BUS - DENNIS MCMILLAN

is the first one to climb to freedom. Daelin throws her
arms around him.

DAELIN

Dennis, thank God.

KIT

(giving a fist-raised
salute to Dennis
McMillan)

(X)

(X)

La Blanca, man!

(X)

The other shackled Deportees, including the three Sliders,
come down the steps from the vehicle. Quinn greets them...

WADE

Quinn!
(to others)
I knew he'd be here.

Quinn's unshackling them as --

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

REMBRANDT
(rattling his chains)
Damn, I am so glad to see you.

ARTURO
Cutting it awfully close, aren't
we, Mr. Mallory?

QUINN
(bravado)
Two whole minutes. Piece of cake!

But, just as Quinn starts to lead them towards a clearing

LA MIGRA (O.S.)
(over loud hailer)
You are under arrest!

ARMED IMMIGRATION OFFICERS

appearing out of the woods. It's an ambush

LA MIGRA
(over loud hailer)
Drop your weapons! You are
surrounded! Drop your weapons and
no one will be hurt. (X)

KIT RICHARDS AND THE ANGLOS

are stunned by the sudden reversal. Only one way this could
have happened --

DENNIS MCMILLAN

He ratted them out.

KIT
You did this? Son of a bitch! (X)

DAELIN
Dennis... No!

DENNIS MCMILLAN
(to Daelin)
I had to, Daelin! They promised
me a green card. We could get
married - then you could be
legal, too. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

The Sliders are still huddled together. Quinn has the Timer
out, bootlegged by the side of his leg.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 3

12

QUINN
(quietly counting down)
Four... three... two... one...
GO!

And he activates the wormhole.

THE VORTEX

roars to life.

QUINN

Go!

THE DEPORTEES, THE COPS

amazed as Wade leaps, followed by Arturo.

KIT RICHARDS

uses the disruption to attack McMillan

KIT

Traitor!

LA MIGRA

(on the LOUD HAILER)
Stay back! Stay away from him!

When Kit won't stop, La Migra fires. Kit drops in his tracks --

DAELIN

No!

Rembrandt Slides... Quinn moves to Daelin.

QUINN

Come with us!

DAELIN

I can't!

Daelin cradles her brother, sensible to nothing and no one but her grief.

DAELIN

He's dying.

The wormhole is sputtering... sputtering...

And there's nothing Quinn can do. At the final possible instant, Quinn gives Daelin a long last look... then reluctantly leaps into --

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 4

12

THE WORMHOLE

Off Daelin, crying, cradling her brother and looking to the spot where Quinn just disappeared, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. SMALL PARK - DAY - THE SLIDERS

13

tumble to the ground. As they rise, they are relieved to take in their surroundings.

WADE

scans the billboards --

WADE

English. Everything's in English again!

REMBRANDT

(taking a deep breath)

Ah... the good old USA. Never thought I'd be so happy to be back here.

ARTURO

(looking around)

Perhaps... perhaps this is home.

WADE

I don't think so, Professor. Check out that sign.

ANGLE - PARK BENCH

an advertisement for season tickets to the NFL CHAMPION SAN FRANCISCO LIONS. Team colors of purple and gold.

WADE (Cont'd)

Last time I looked, they were called the 49ers.

Each of the Sliders deals with that fact - a quick realization that they are once again strangers in a strange land.

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn)

How long till the next window, Q-Ball?

(no response)

Quinn?

Quinn snaps out of it, looks down at the moving numbers.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

QUINN

(mumbling)
A little over seven hours.

ARTURO

Could you be a bit more precise,
Mister Mallory?

Quinn just isn't interested in complying. He hands the timer to Arturo and keeps walking.

QUINN

Here. See for yourself.

Quinn's tone isn't rude - his mind is simply somewhere else.

REMBRANDT, WADE, ARTURO

stare after Quinn in puzzlement.

ARTURO

The boy doesn't seem to be himself,
perhaps I should have a word with
him --

REMBRANDT

-- Better let me, Professor.
Something obviously happened back
there.

CUT TO:

14 INT. IAMPLIGHTER - DAY - REMBRANDT AND QUINN

14

are side by side on barstools, in this mostly empty bar.

QUINN

is thoughtful, his head clouded with hopes and worries.
They are talking over a couple of beers...

QUINN

I can't get over it, Rembrandt.
She moved away in tenth grade and I
never thought I'd see her again.

REMBRANDT

I know how it is, man. When I was
with Little Rembrandt and the
Shandells, there was this backup
singer, Violet? I tell you she
filled my mind night and day.

(MORE)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Only problem was, I was 15 and she was 29.

(sighing, taking a swig)
Sometimes your heart plays tricks on you.

QUINN

It's worse than that.

(then; takes a drink)
I can't put my finger on it... but I feel like she needs me. That it's destiny or something.

(pushes beer away)
I keep thinking I should have grabbed her and gotten her out of there.

(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT

(thoughtful)
Seems to me, this is a new world, with new opportunities.
(supportive smile)
'Stead of crying in your beer, you could spend your time here tracking her down.

QUINN

But... I don't even know if she exists on this world.

REMBRANDT

(checks watch)
You've got a couple hours there's a phonebook.
(then)
What've you got to lose?

Off Quinn, intrigued --

CUT TO:

15 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY - A TAXI

15

double parked in the street.

QUINN

has just paid the driver - as the cab pulls away, he pauses a moment, checking out the modest, somewhat rundown little two story house that matches the address in his hand. His heart is beating fast as he summons his courage and crosses the street, heading for the front door.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

He takes a deep breath and RINGS THE BELL... After a few moments

DAELIN

opens the door.

DAELIN

Yes?

She stares at Quinn in slow wonder, searching his face --

QUINN

can see she's been crying. He reaches out... gently wipes a tear away. Amazingly, she doesn't stop him, is grateful for his touch.

DAELIN

I know you.

(pause)

I do know you... don't I?

QUINN

You used to.

Another electric moment of silence. Then it's her turn to be short of breath.

DAELIN

Quinn?

He nods, smiles. She smiles back. Embraces him warmly.

QUINN

You've been crying.

DAELIN

(laughing it off, wiping
tears away)

It's nothing. I'm okay.

(then)

I'm so happy to see you.

CUT TO:

16 INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAELIN

16

is pouring Quinn lemonade from a pitcher. The room is drab - the rugs need shampooing, the walls bear faint traces of dirty hands.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

DAELIN

Sorry about the mess. I was uh, I was just starting to clean when you rang the bell.

QUINN

I'm sorry, I... don't mean to intrude.

DAELIN

Oh no, please, it's a wonderful surprise.

(sits down)

How did you ever find me?

QUINN

Only one Daelin Richards listed, I figured it had to be you. When did you move back?

(X)

(off her puzzled look)

To San Francisco I mean.

Clearly she doesn't know what he's talking about.

DAELIN

I've been here the whole time. You're the one who moved.

(self-conscious smile)

What was it, tenth grade? You told me your dad got transferred to Seattle to work on the war effort.

(X)

(then)

You were gonna write me everyday, remember?

QUINN

Oh... right.

(then)

I wanted to.

DAELIN

I thought about you a lot, Quinn. I used to wonder what might've happened... if you hadn't moved away.

QUINN

Me, too. I guess that's why I'm here.

(X)

She smiles at him shyly; butterflies are fluttering in his stomach. They move a little closer...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

QUINN (Cont'd)
I always had this fantasy... about
taking you away with me
(then)
Going off on an amazing journey...
together.

(X)
(X)

Her eyes are aglow - he's excited to see that she seems to love the idea.

Suddenly, the mood is shattered -- loud ROCK MUSIC (O.S.) blaring from a car badly in need of a muffler pulling up in the driveway. A car door SLAMS.

DAELIN

pulls away from Quinn - she suddenly seems nervous, a different person.

DAELIN
It's Dennis.

QUINN
Dennis... McMillan?

(X)

DAELIN
(surprised)
You know Dennis?
(then)
Where do you know him from?

QUINN
It's uh... a little hard to explain.

He's disappointed to find that she knows Dennis McMillan on this world. The door opens --

DENNIS MCMILLAN

saunters in. He is a far cry from his other self: a grungy-looking musician, long hair in need of shampoo, thick mustache, surly, swaggering attitude.

DAELIN

manages a smile, seems about to offer him a kiss - but his attention is immediately on Quinn. He stares Quinn down, even as she greets him...

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 3

16

DAELIN

(gently)
Where've you been, Dennis? When
you didn't show up last night, I
got worried --

(X)

DENNIS

-- The gig ran late.
(at Quinn)
Who's he?

DAELIN

It's Quinn Mallory, honey. He says
you guys know each other.

Dennis moves toward Quinn, pulling a can of malt liquor out
of his jacket pocket, and obnoxiously popping the top so
that some of the suds fly.

DENNIS

You're a liar. I don't know you.

Quinn's first instinct is to pop this guy... but he glances
at a worried Daelin... and remembers he's the outsider in
this situation.

QUINN

(cool, unflinching)
My mistake. I thought you were
someone else.

There is definite tension between the two young men. Dennis
ends it with a condescending sneer, then walks right past
Daelin, and heads upstairs.

DAELIN

Julie's sleeping. If you check on
her, try not to wake her --

DENNIS

Check her for what? She's not
going anywhere.

Daelin seems near tears. And deeply embarrassed on top of
it. She speaks to Quinn softly, averting her eyes...

QUINN

Julie?

DAELIN

My daughter.
(pause)
Would you like to see her?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 4

16

Off Quinn's reaction, we --

CUT TO:

17 INT. NURSERY - DAY - DAELIN

17

is holding a tiny baby girl in her arms. Quinn looks on in wonder as she gently rocks the beautiful child...

DAELIN

Dennis wasn't always like this.
Before we were married, he was...
kind... and gentle.

QUINN

You're married?... I didn't see a
ring.

DAELIN

(sad smile)
I don't wear it.
(off Quinn)
He doesn't either... It's like
we're ashamed.
(offering Julie)
... Would you like to hold her?

QUINN

holds her baby in his arms. For a moment, it almost feels
like this is his family.

QUINN

She's beautiful, Daelin. She's
gonna look just like you.

(X)

Quinn and Daelin share a private moment, eye to eye - it's
joltingly interrupted by the sound of a BLARING ELECTRIC
GUITAR coming from down the hall.

THE BABY

starts to cry. Daelin flushes with anger and chagrin...

DAELIN

Damn him! Can you believe he
dropped out of med school to join a
band... the idiot?!

(then)

God, where was my brain...?

Quinn can't help but cringe - Dennis is a bad heavy metal
player. Once again, Daelin is trying not to cry...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

DAELIN
(making excuses)
He usually doesn't play when she's
trying to sleep. He's being macho
'cause you're here.

She gently places the baby back in her crib, then exits,
heading down the hall toward the source of the noise.

QUINN

doesn't know what to do. Dennis and Daelin are arguing out
in the hall (O.S.). He senses the dispute is heating up -
goes.

CUT TO:

18 INT. HALL - DENNIS AND DAELIN

18

locked in an intense altercation.

DENNIS
Bitch, bitch, bitch. Ever since we
had the kid, that's all you ever
do!
(then)
I'm so freaking sick of it. I
could puke.

Quinn enters, under --

QUINN
Get your hands off her.

DENNIS

snaps his head in Quinn's direction, amazed and livid.

DENNIS
Who the hell are you to come into
my house and tell me what to do?
(menacing)
I'll give you two seconds to get
your ass out the door.

QUINN
Is that supposed to scare me?
You're pathetic.
(then)
You've got a family with the most
incredible woman in the world and
you're trashing it.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Dennis is enraged, takes a swing...

QUINN

ducks. Fires back, catching Dennis squarely in the solar plexus, knocking him into the wall. Dennis slides to the ground, out cold.

DAELIN

(whispering)

Thank you...

She looks up at Quinn with tearful eyes.

DAELIN (Cont'd)

Do you remember what you said?...
About taking me away with you.

(shuddery sigh)

Did you mean that?

Quinn is tortured... knowing that what she wants is impossible.

QUINN

I'm going on a long journey,
Daelin.

(painfully)

It's dangerous... the baby... we
could never take her with us
It's too dangerous for her.

He steps back, glances at Dennis, frowns.

QUINN (Cont'd)

Maybe I've got a solution.

(then)

Will you trust me?

She kisses him passionately. When they come up for air, we can see that Quinn is suffering, wishing he could be in two places at once.

CUT TO:

19 INT. PHONE BOOTH - QUINN

19

on the phone --

DAELIN

and Julie are near. Her car's nearby as --

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

QUINN

(into phone)
Right. Look -- I really appreciate
this. I know how hard some of
this is to accept.

(X)
(X)

(then)

Great. Just glad I could help.

Hangs up.

QUINN

(to Daelin)
Here's the address and his phone
number.

(then)

You're sure you've got enough money
for gas?

DAELIN

I think so.

QUINN

(digs in his pockets;
gives her a couple 20's)
Just in case.

DAELIN

Explain it again: How the real
Quinn Mallory's in Seattle.

QUINN

I could explain it for hours, it
wouldn't make a difference.

(then)

The point is, he's the one you
belong with.

DAELIN

He can't be any more amazing than
you.

(then)

Thank you.

(X)
(X)

She kisses him -- grateful.

(X)

CUT TO:

20 EXT. STREET NEAR PARK - DAY - QUINN

20

walks with Rembrandt, heading toward the fountain.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

REMBRANDT

Did you tell him who you are?

QUINN

No time. I just said I was a mutual friend.

REMBRANDT

No matter what happens, at least you got her away from that lowlife.
(then)

At least on this world you and she've got a second chance.

(X)

Quinn manages a nod

ARTURO

(calling)

Are we all assembled?

REMBRANDT

Yeah, Professor. We're here!

ARTURO

Here we go then.

Arturo activates the timer --

WADE

(over the roaring vortex;
to Quinn)

You okay?

QUINN

Yeah...

Arturo, Rembrandt have slid. Quinn looks out at this world one last melancholy time, then he and Wade enter the tunnel together.

21 INT. THE TUNNEL - THE SLIDERS

21

race through like human bullets, pass through what seems to be a blinding flash of light, and find themselves --

22 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY - ARTURO, REMBRANDT, QUINN

22

in adjoining cells. The cell block is vast, cavernous. They seem to be the only prisoners there.

ARTURO

Where in God's name are we?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

QUINN
(a quick look)
Where's Wade?

REMBRANDT
Wade!
(louder)
Wade! Where are you?

ARTURO
I don't think anyone can hear you.

QUINN
What the hell is this place?

(X)

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory --

ANGLE - A TOWEL

hanging off a rack by the sink: "Property of Alcatraz
Penitentiary."

ARTURO
This is Alcatraz.
(then)
We're in prison.

Off their reactions --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23 INT. THE PRISON CELL - DAY - QUINN

23

consults the timer.

REMBRANDT

At least tell me we're not gonna be
on this world long...

QUINN

I... don't know.

ARTURO

What do you mean, you don't know?

QUINN

Something's wrong with the timer:
it's gone haywire.

ARTURO

(taking the timer)
Let me see.
(then...)
It's counting up instead of down!

REMBRANDT

What's that mean?

QUINN

I don't know yet.

REMBRANDT

You're saying we could be stuck
here forever?

The look on Quinn's face is his answer. Footsteps echoing
on the cell block floor and --

A JAILER

approaches. He's sallow, ornery looking. This place is
hard-core.

JAILER

Brown, Mallory, Arturo -- your
lawyer's here.

ARTURO

Excuse me -- You say "our lawyer?"
Could you tell us: what exactly are
we accused of?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

JAILER
Gallows humor, huh?
(then)
Hustle up.

(X)

CUT TO:

24 INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - A WALL CLOCK

24

reads backwards... i.e. the 11 is to the right and below the 12, the 10 to the right and below the 11, etc. In addition, the hands (most obviously for our purposes, the second hand) run what we would otherwise call counter-clockwise.

WADE

seated at an interview table, rushes to embrace the Sliders as the jailer leads them in.

WADE
Guys! Thank God!
(then)
I was so freaked out.

REMBRANDT
Us, too...

WADE
Have you figured out what this is?
Why we're in prison?
(then)
How'd we get separated? It's
never happened to us on a Slide
before.

(X)

REMBRANDT
Girl, we got no more idea than you
do.

WADE
How much time 'til we slide?
(off their reactions)
What's the matter?

ARTURO
(off Quinn's hesitation)
Tell her, Mr. Mallory.
(to Wade)
The Timer has gone berserk.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

REMBRANDT

What he's saying is we have no
idea when we slide.

(X)

ARTURO

Or even if we can slide. It is
possible that if we can't fix this
thing, we're trapped within these
walls until our sentences end.

Just then, the door opens --

GLORIA SANCHEZ

enters

GLORIA SANCHEZ

Hello everybody.

WADE

(to Rembrandt; sotto)

She's our lawyer?

REMBRANDT

(sotto)

Small wonder we're in this mess.

GLORIA SANCHEZ

(gesturing)

Please. Sit.

(when they do)

I wish I had better news, people.
Judge Ginzburg turned down our
appeal.

ARTURO

Our appeal?

GLORIA SANCHEZ

She just couldn't buy the argument
that the confession was coerced.
I'm sorry.

WADE

Confession?

(then)

I'm not sure what you mean.

QUINN

You said Judge Ginzberg shot us
down -- is that it? That's the
final word?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2

24

GLORIA SANCHEZ
She's Chief Justice of the Supreme
Court -- how final does it
get?

(X)

(then)
I'm sorry am I missing something
here?

REMBRANDT
No, ma'am. If anything, we are.

GLORIA SANCHEZ
You act like we've never gone over
any of this.

ARTURO
Miss Sanchez?
(then)
Would it be possible to review the
trial transcripts?
(then)

I'm certainly no great legal mind,
but it would help us, in terms of
being able to make better peace
with our situation, if we had a
chance to study the indictment --
the testimony and so forth.

GLORIA SANCHEZ
Well... I suppose so.

(X)

Off which --

CUT TO:

25 INT. CELL - ARTURO

25

studies the dossier. Rembrandt looks on --

REMBRANDT
What good's it going to do to read
all that?

ARTURO
Evidently we've been incarcerated
for a crime our doubles committed.
The only way to be able to defend
ourselves is to figure out what in
the world supposedly happened here.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

ANGLE THROUGH BARS OF QUINN'S CELL - QUINN'S
hunched over the timer.

REMBRANDT
How're we coming with that timer,
Q-Ball?

QUINN
I took it apart. As far as I can
tell, there's nothing wrong with
it.

(then)
But when I put it back together,
it still runs backwards.

(X)
(X)

ANGLE - ARTURO

He's found something

ARTURO
According to this police report, we
-- our doubles -- pled guilty to
charges of murder and conspiracy
(then)
-- of an undercover policewoman
investigating corruption in the
S.F.P.D.

REMBRANDT
A policewoman?
(then)
That doesn't make sense. Why would
our doubles get involved in
something like that?

QUINN
Maybe they're gangsters. Or
crooked cops or something.

ARTURO
If our lawyer was anyone other than
that incompetent, we might have a
chance to explain our way out of
this.

REMBRANDT
Yeah, right -- We're innocent of
all charges on account of we
weren't even on this world at the
time.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 2

25

ARTURO
(off the transcripts)
Daelin Richards?

QUINN'S VOICE
(the name)
What?

ARTURO
That's the woman's name.

QUINN
What woman?

ARTURO
The policewoman we're convicted of
killing.

(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT
(to Quinn)
Daelin Richards? That's --

Quinn's on his feet --

QUINN'S VOICE
Let me see
(Arturo passes him the
police report)
I don't believe it.

(X)

26 INT. COURT ROOM - DAY - JUDGE ESTEVEZ

26 (X)

presides -- The Sliders -- including Wade -- mill in, take their places at the defense table.

REMBRANDT

(of Estevez)

Isn't that the same judge who had us deported a few days ago?

(X)

(X)

(X)

WADE

Guys -- this is very weird --

Quinn, meanwhile, has noticed

ANGLE - COURTHOUSE CLOCK

As before, the numbers are reversed. The second hand sweeps counter-clockwise. As now

GLORIA SANCHEZ

arrives, characteristically frazzled.

GLORIA SANCHEZ

Bad news, I'm afraid.

ARTURO

Do you deliver any other kind?

GLORIA SANCHEZ

Look, Professor -- I'm every bit as committed to your defense as you are.

(then)

So let's try to maintain a positive outlook.

REMBRANDT

(scorn)

Positive outlook, my ass -- I want answers, woman -- What the hell are they trying us for this time?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

GLORIA SANCHEZ

(puzzled)

This time? What are you talking about?

REMBRANDT

We already got life in prison. What more do they want?

Gloria Sanchez is bewildered by Rembrandt's statement. Before she can press it further --

A BAILIFF

rises --

BAILIFF

Criminal Court, County of San Francisco, State of California, is now in session, Judge Ramon Estevez presiding.

JUDGE ESTEVEZ

(no trace of an accent)
Be seated.

BAILIFF

Case of the People of California versus Quinn Mallory, Maximilian Arturo, Rembrandt Brown and Wade Welles on the charges of Conspiracy and Murder of one Daelin Anna Marie Richards in the First Degree...

A disturbed look among the Sliders.

WADE

(sotto)
They're trying us again?

QUINN

I don't think so.
(then)
Look at the clocks.

Arturo looks up. Observes

ARTURO

How odd. The numbers are inverted.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

#K0808 - "As Times Go By" - 12/15/95 1st Pink

40A.

26 CONTINUED: 2

26

QUINN
Not inverted, Professor.
Backwards.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 3

26

QUINN (cont'd)

(then)
First we were in prison. And now
we're on trial --

(X)

ARTURO

Oh my God. Time's Arrow.

REMBRANDT

I'm glad you understand this,
Professor, 'cause I sure don't.

As --

JUDGE ESTEVEZ

Miss Sanchez, do your clients plan
to enter a plea?

She's wading through chaotic paperwork. Then --

GLORIA SANCHEZ

Not guilty, Your Honor.

Quinn is on his feet --

QUINN

Excuse me, Your Honor - We're
absolutely one hundred percent
guilty.

(then)

Every one of us --

Pandemonium, as --

REMBRANDT

Are you crazy?

GLORIA SANCHEZ

What?

QUINN

Trust me, Rembrandt -- I know what
I'm doing.

GLORIA SANCHEZ

(on her feet)

Your Honor, my client's been under
enormous stress -- I urge you to
disregard this plea!

JUDGE ESTEVEZ

(gaveling; angry)
That's enough!

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 4

26

QUINN

I'm entirely in my right mind, Your Honor.

(then)

And I throw myself on the mercy of the court.

Arturo rises

ARTURO

(going with it)

I also plead guilty, Sir.

Rembrandt and Wade are speechless --

JUDGE ESTEVEZ

And the others?

REMBRANDT

(at a loss)

Sure, man. Why not?

WADE

I'm guilty too, Your Honor.

Gloria Sanchez can't believe what's happened.

JUDGE ESTEVEZ

Miss Sanchez?

GLORIA SANCHEZ

I -- I don't know what to say, Judge.

(to Quinn; sotto)

Do you have any idea what you've just done?

QUINN

I hope so.

Gloria Sanchez can't believe a word of this.

JUDGE ESTEVEZ

The plea is accepted. Under the circumstances, this court sees no reason to delay sentencing.

(then)

These defendants will be remanded, therefore, to the Federal Penitentiary at Alcatraz, where they will spend the rest of their natural lives --

(gavels)

Court is adjourned.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 5

26

Rembrandt looks at Quinn: Nice job.

CUT TO:

27 INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - THE SLIDERS

27

cuffed and chained, talk in whispers. Security personnel, Federal Marshals are everywhere.

REMBRANDT

Will somebody explain what the hell you think you're doing?

ARTURO

Let me see if I can outline the concept in principle.

(the master)

First we were imprisoned. Then tried for a crime of which we have no knowledge. On top of which, the clocks on this world run counter-clockwise.

(X)

QUINN

Add to that, the timer's counting up and not down

WADE

So?

QUINN

Put it this way, if I'm right, a Federal Marshal is going to come over any minute and take off these handcuffs.

WADE

What?

ARTURO

Try to understand, Mr. Welles. We're living backward in a world that's moving forwards.

(a thought)

Or, I suppose, vice-versa.

(X)

QUINN

Here we go --

As now, just as Quinn predicted

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

A MARSHAL

moves in. Unlocks the cuffs. Off Rembrandt -- amazed.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. COURTHOUSE - SLIDERS

28

emerging from a side door

ARTURO

The physicist Stephen Hawking pointed out there was no theoretical imperative for Time's Arrow to be pointing forward. It could just as easily be pointing backwards. Somehow we seem to have landed in a world where Hawking's theorem is proved to be true.

(X)

WADE

But we're living forward...

ARTURO

That is how it seems to us. As far as the people living here are concerned, they're living forward as well. Except their forward happens to be in the opposite direction of ours. Hence the clocks.

QUINN

Which account for why things keep... jumping, like a skipping record. Of course things'd be discontinuous; they'd have to be.

REMBRANDT

This is all very deep dish and fascinating. Bottom line, okay? When do we slide out of this nightmare?

QUINN

(off the timer)

I don't know.

(then)

But at least we know what we're dealing with.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

ARTURO

As far as this world's concerned,
we're suspects in a gruesome
murder.

(then)

Under the circumstances, it is
absolutely imperative that we hole
up someplace safe and wait --
however long -- for the slide.

(X)

QUINN

I can't, guys.

WADE

What?

QUINN

You read the indictment. The
policewoman who died was Daelin
Richards.

REMBRANDT

Q-ball, no. Don't even go there.

QUINN

Face it guys. This world is
taking us right back to the
murder.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(then)

I can save her, don't you get it?

(then)

I can change what happened here.

(off them)

Do what you guys want -- I don't
have a choice.

Off the Sliders --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 EXT. STREET - CLOSE ON SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

29

An article (in the lower quarter, beneath the fold) that reads: "POLICEWOMAN SLAIN." And, under it, the sub-heading "Fugitive Sought." There are two pictures: one of Daelin, another of Quinn.

WADE, REMBRANDT

look over Quinn's shoulder as

QUINN

(reading)

"Daelin Richards, an undercover officer investigating police corruption was shot to death in Golden Gate Park last night by a drifter identified by police as Quinn Mallory.

REMBRANDT

(scans)

Says she had an appointment to meet somebody by a bridge in the park. Her backup officer identified you as the gunman.

(then)

Your fingerprints were found on a .38 caliber revolver.

WADE

This is unbelievable.

REMBRANDT

Today's the twenty-fourth. This whole thing took place at ten o'clock last night, just in time to make the morning paper.

ARTURO

By the looks of the sun, I'd posit it's a little after nine a.m. --

(then)

A little less than eleven hours.

(X)

WADE

Okay, wait. The murder was last night. Does that mean it has happened? Or it hasn't happened?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

QUINN

To us, it hasn't happened. To everybody else on this world, it has.

(then)

What do you say, guys?

(then)

Are we all in this one together?

ARTURO

If I may interject: You know the story of the Appointment in Samarra, Mr. Mallory?

QUINN

No.

ARTURO

There was a rich man once who, while walking through the marketplace in Baghdad, suddenly saw the figure of Death across the way, beckoning to him. The terrified man saddled his fastest horse, and rode a hundred miles to Samarra. That night, Death came for him at the Inn where he was staying. The man asked Death why he had beckoned for him in Baghdad. Death answered that he wasn't beckoning; he was merely surprised to see him there... because he knew that tonight... they had an Appointment in Samarra.

QUINN'S VOICE

What's that supposed to mean?

ARTURO

Only that Fate is pre-ordained. There is no telling the consequences of meddling in this world's time line.

(X)

(X)

(X)

ANGLE - A POLICE CAR

sails past, SIREN wailing

REMBRANDT

I just got one question. We stop the murder or we don't... Which way do the cops quit chasing us?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 2

29

More POLICE CARS careen past, sirens and lights at full tilt boogie, SCREAMING TO A STOP in front of the Dominion Hotel.

COPS

pour out of the cars -- massive show of force.

ARTURO

So much for our plan to hide out at the hotel until the end of the slide.

REMBRANDT

What slide? I thought you said this thing was broken.

ARTURO

On the contrary, Mr. Brown. It is simply running backwards in accordance with the physical laws of this universe.

(then)

If my surmise is correct, we may be called upon to slide at any moment.

REMBRANDT

Uh-oh

ANGLE - THE COP CARS - COPS

looking in their direction. A man -- he might be Gomez Calhoun -- is pointing up the street, at the Sliders --

WADE

What do we do?

(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT

I don't know about you, but I'm not taking any chances

(X)
(X)
(X)

QUINN

Take off!

As they go

THE COPS

rush up the street after them.

A COP CAR

patches out in pursuit as --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 3

29

QUINN AND REMBRANDT

tear off down the street, past astonished onlookers --

WADE AND REMBRANDT

have blended in with the crowd, unseen by the pursuing
officers --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 4

29

WADE
(to Arturo)
What are we gonna do?

ARTURO
Courage, my girl
(then)
We've gotten out of worse scrapes.

WADE
Not lately.

Off which --

CUT TO:

30 INT. ALLEY - QUINN AND REMBRANDT

30

have taken refuge behind the inevitable dumpster. The wail of sirens (O.S.), the thunder of a police helicopter overhead --

REMBRANDT
(wiggling)
Oh man -- this is unbelievable
(then)
We got every cop in the city
looking for us.

QUINN
Hold on.
(then)
Listen.

Rembrandt cocks an ear. Sure enough, the sirens seem to be fading away into the distance.

REMBRANDT
What's going on?

QUINN
It's fading away, see?

It's true. The streets are quiet now.

QUINN
Come on --

As they head out towards the alley mouth

QUINN
They shouldn't be looking for us
anymore.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

REMBRANDT
Why not?

QUINN
We just had another discontinuity.
(explains)
The record skipped -- We jumped
back in time.

REMBRANDT
(looking up and around)
Sure got dark all of a sudden.

As they emerge

EXT. STREET - EERILY DESERTED

at this late hour. Few cars. The stores are gated and
barred --

ANGLE - BANK CLOCK

across the street. Digital display ticks up the seconds:
3:07 A.M. Now 3:06 A.M.

QUINN
Come on --

As he and Rembrandt move off

REMBRANDT
What about Wade and the Professor?

QUINN
They know to meet us at the park.

REMBRANDT
What?

QUINN
We're gonna stop Daelin's murder,
Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT
What for? If time's going
backwards here, she'll come right
back to life anyway.

QUINN
Don't you get it? We're the one's
going backwards, not them.
(off Rembrandt's: huh?)
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

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50A.

30 CONTINUED: 2

30

Off which --

DISSOLVE TO:

31 EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - QUINN AND REMBRANDT

31

arrive, out of breath -- The park is fog-bound, spooky.

QUINN

The paper said something about a
footbridge near the Presidio.

REMBRANDT

Q-Ball!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ANGLE - THE FOOTBRIDGE

in question, blurred by fog. The area's deserted.

QUINN

What time is it?

REMBRANDT

How should I know? My watch is upside down.

QUINN

This doesn't make any sense.

They stand there a beat, scanning the periphery. Could Quinn's entire theory be wrong?

REMBRANDT'S POV - A SHADOWY FIGURE

in the bushes. The glint of something metallic

REMBRANDT

Q-Ball

Quinn turns, sees

DENNIS MCMILLAN

camouflaged by bushes, perched upon an embankment. He's on the ground targeting a telescope rifle.

REMBRANDT

Be careful, man.

Quinn steps forward --

QUINN

(to McMillan)
Dennis! Put the gun down.

MCMILLAN

reacts -- looks up--

QUINN

I said: put the gun down, man.
(then)
I'm not gonna let you kill her.

DENNIS MCMILLAN

Who the hell are you?

Suddenly --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 2

31

QUINN'S POV - THE RIFLE

Not a pistol

QUINN'S

got it now, he realizes his mistake --

QUINN'S VOICE

It's not him!

REMBRANDT

What?

QUINN'S VOICE

He's got a rifle! My fingerprints
were found on a pistol, Rembrandt!

DENNIS MCMILLAN

Get down, you idiot!

Quinn turns

ANGLE - THE FOOTBRIDGE - A WOMAN

in a trenchcoat is moving down the pathway towards the
overpass. A man -- La Migra (we recognize him from
Spanish-American world although on this world, he's simply a
corrupt S.F.P.D. Vice Cop) emerges from the shadows, moves
in the woman's direction.

QUINN

Daelin --!

The man and woman turn --

QUINN

It's a set up!

DENNIS MCMILLAN

Daelin! Get down.

Chaos as now

WADE AND ARTURO

angle into view.

WADE'S POV - LA MIGRA

pulls a pistol from his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 3

31

WADE

(shouts)
Quinn! Look out!

La Migra wheels, FIRES.

QUINN

drops to the ground. The bullet missed --

MCMILLAN

is turning to get a bead on La Migra, there's too much
confusion

DAELIN

struggles to retrieve her police revolver. Before she can
completely remove her weapon, however...

LA MIGRA

FIRES, shoots her in the shoulder. Daelin falls to the
ground.

QUINN

is enraged.

QUINN

Bastard!!

Suddenly -- BANG!

A RIFLE SHOT

rings out.

LA MIGRA

stiffens, topples over.

MCMILLAN

emerges from the bushes, lowers his rifle.

DAELIN

on the ground, in pain. Quinn moves to her.

QUINN

Daelin...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 4

31

DAELIN

Who... in hell are you.

Meanwhile, above them...

MENACING CLOUDS

begin to scud and gather -- a bolt of lightning.

MCMILLAN, REMBRANDT, ARTURO AND WADE

have arrived where Daelin has managed, with Quinn's help, to sit up.

DENNIS MCMILLAN

Are you all right?

(then)

This jerk almost got you killed.

WADE

Are you cracked? He saved her life!

DENNIS MCMILLAN

Maybe that's how you see it - but not me! This is Obstruction of Justice.

(to arriving backup)

Call an ambulance. An officer's down.

(X)
(X)

DAELIN

It's just my shoulder, Dennis. I'm okay.

(to Quinn)

Whoever you are, you really screwed up. If you hadn't blown it, that son-of-a-bitch would've provided me with information that would have put half the corrupt police officers in this city behind bars.

QUINN

It was a set-up, Daelin. He wasn't gonna let you walk out of this park alive.

(X)

DENNIS MCMILLAN

What do you know about it, huh?

(then)

What're you? Some kind of inside guy?

(CONTINUED)

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54A.

31 CONTINUED: 5

31

Who's he?

WADE

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 6

31

DENNIS MCMILIAN

Her partner.
(then)
And her fiance.

Under which foregoing, a soft rain has begun to fall.

DAELIN

is holding her shoulder and looking at Quinn as if he were out of his head. Quinn retreats, sad and confused...

REMBRANDT

Time to give it up, Q-Ball. Three worlds - three strikeouts.

Quinn nods reluctantly.

REMBRANDT

Fate is against you, kiddo -- And you can't fight Mother Nature.

(then)
The way your karma's headed, if you two ever did get together, you'd probably have a child who'd destroy the world.

Quinn scoffs. Arturo breaks in now --

ARTURO

No need to have a destructive child. Mr. Mallory is doing just fine on his own.

The Sliders move up now, wondering what Arturo is talking about.

ARTURO

Have you noticed the rain?

They look up into the sky

WADE

It's blue! And... And my clothes aren't getting wet.

ARTURO

(holding out his palm)
It isn't water. Or even liquid as we've come to know it.

In the b.g., the cops are reacting to the strange phenomena. The Sliders look around - incredulous. A little cat runs by, chasing a big dog.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 7

31

REMBRANDT
What the hell is going on?

ARTURO
You changed the future, Mr. Mallory! You have ripped the fabric of time. God knows what the consequences will be.

QUINN
All I did was save her life...

REMBRANDT
(nervous)
Think of it this way, Q-Ball, maybe you've created a better world.

A ROAR in the distance. Something large, nasty and unknown -- a giant earthquake, some enormous underground entity - hard to say.

REMBRANDT
Then again... maybe not.

Suddenly, among all the CHAOS, there is an ODD BUZZING NOISE. Wade removes the timer from her pocket.

WADE
The timer! It's...
(then, pointing up)
Look!

Indeed...

THE WORMHOLE

is there again, shimmering mid-air... but this time it hovers some twenty feet above them, far out of any reach of the Sliders.

REMBRANDT
Yeah, but how do we get to it?

Except, the usual windflow is not toward the Sliders, but rather away from them, and toward the Vortex.

THE SLIDERS

are strongly fighting the force, trying not to be pulled into the wormhole.

WADE
What is this? Why is it pulling us?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 8

31

ARTURO

Remember? Time flows backwards for us! Perhaps we actually left this world from prison! And perhaps this is where we came in.
(then...)

Let go! Let it take you!

Quinn glances at Daelin, who is enfolded by Dennis. Then, one by one, the Sliders are sucked up into...

THE VORTEX

(If possible, it would be interesting to see us slide backwards just this once.)

CUT TO:

32 EXT. THE PARK - DAWN

32(X)

The same place in the same park.

THE SLIDERS

land in their usual jumble... The night is peaceful, serene. A gentle breeze blows.

ARTURO

Is everyone alright?

Wade picks the timer from the ground.

WADE

It's working again.

(X)

REMBRANDT

How long 'til we slide?

WADE

Three days, seven hours and fourteen minutes...

Three sets of eyes turn to Quinn.

QUINN

What're you looking at me for?

REMBRANDT

There's... a telephone just over there, Q-ball. In case you... want to call her.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

Quinn contemplates for a moment, his eyes going to the payphone. His gaze lingers -- The others hold their breath --

Off Quinn, we don't know what he'll do --

FADE OUT.

THE END