

***Sliders***  
“Dead Man Sliding”

Written

by

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## TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. SIDEWALK - DAY (D1)

CLOSE ON WADE, hip sunglasses on, a guidebook in her hands.  
PULL BACK to REVEAL, QUINN, ARTURO and REMBRANDT with her.

WADE

... then after the Chinese Theatre,  
we'll head over to the beach, kay?

Arturo rolls his eyes, what fun!

QUINN

At least there's something to do  
here. It's already better than  
Buttonwillow.

Arturo reaches down and pulls a few burrs from his sock.

ARTURO

Buttonwillow, Lemoore, Wasco. I  
never knew California had so many  
dreadfully dull patches of dirt  
between here and San Francisco...

QUINN

Get used to it. With Logan's  
spectrum in our timer, we can  
pretty much land anywhere within a  
four hundred mile range.

REMBRANDT

It was bad enough when it was the  
same place, different dimension.  
Now this. How do we even know for  
sure this is Hollywood?

Wade taps him and points. As Rembrandt turns, WE SEE in the  
distance on the hills above them, the Hollywood sign.

REMBRANDT

For all we know, that sign could be  
in Fresno on this world.

WADE

What difference does it make?  
Wherever we are, it's Hollywood.  
We've got two days. Let's have  
some fun for a change.

QUINN

I'm with Wade, let's just relax.

(CONTINUED)

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Rembrandt and Arturo nod in agreement.

ARTURO  
Very well, Miss Welles. Lead on.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET - ANGLE ON A WOMAN

driving (TARYN, rhymes w/Karen). She's attractive in a formidable way. She pulls her car over, eyes focused on:

EXT. SIDEWALK - ANOTHER AREA

WE TRACK at they look at the Walk of Fame. WE NOTICE CAMERAS, mounted on buildings, monitoring the streets.

WADE  
Dolly Parton! I love her. Quinn.

She hands him a box camera, kneels by the star and smiles. He snaps the picture. Behind them, WE SEE Taryn, shadowing them. As she draws near, she pulls an unusual gun...

As they walk on, Remmy notices a wallet in the middle of the sidewalk. People walk by, not one attempts to pick it up.

REMBRANDT  
Look at that. That wallet wouldn't last one minute on our world.

Rembrandt bends to pick it. Cameras SWIVEL and ZOOM on him. Arturo actually HEARS the ZOOM, puzzles over it.

Passerby's look at Rembrandt reaching for the wallet and move faster, in fear for him. Just as Remmy reaches

ARTURO  
Mr. Brown, perhaps you shouldn't...

Arturo indicates the cameras. Rembrandt looks up and also notices people looking at him. He withdraws his hand.

WADE  
(eying the cameras)  
Yeah. There's got to be a reason no one's picked it up.

Taryn moves closer, watching them puzzle over the wallet. She lifts her gun and aims. Quinn rolls his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

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QUINN

Guys, it's just a wallet.  
Someone's probably missing it. At  
least we can check if there's I.D.

And just as he bends for it, Taryn fires a dart, which misses Quinn and strikes an tourist a few feet behind them. The man stumbles, his wife rushing to his side.

ON TARYN

Angry she missed. She starts to reload.

BACK ON THE SLIDERS

Quinn looks at the wallet, unaware of the dart incident.

QUINN

Nothing. No money. No I.D.

People shoot Quinn looks. Wade smiles at them, reassuring.

WADE

Leave it, Quinn. Something about  
that wallet is saying put it back.

Quinn looks up, uncertain. Arturo nods.

ARTURO

Without any I.D, there's nothing we  
can do to help...

Quinn places the wallet back and they move on. A beat later, Taryn passes THRU, moving to catch them before --

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CURB

The light changes and they cross the street. Taryn raises her gun and -- a BUS stops, blocking her view. She rushes around, but is stopped by a car. It HONKS. Taryn runs around, weaves through traffic and makes it --

ACROSS THE STREET

They're gone. She looks both ways. Nothing. She holsters her gun. And off her frustration at their escape, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL BAR - CLOSE ON A PICTURE OF ARTURO

It's one of those fake photos -- This one is of Arturo in the cardboard cut-out of Rambo. WE HEAR CROWD NOISES. PULL BACK to REVEAL:

The place is packed. Mostly around the bar TV. On this world, the bar is decorated with pictures of famous criminals from the 80's & 90's -- Claus Von Bulow, Lorraina Bobbit, Tonya Harding, Charles Keating, Jean Harris. There's also something of a mini-WAX MUSEUM (think Madame Trussard's) displaying scenes of crimes and punishments.

The Sliders are mid-lunch.

QUINN

(re: Arturo's photo)

I can't believe Wade talked you into that.

ARTURO

Nor you, Mr. Mallory...

Arturo holds up another -- of Quinn in a David Hasselhoff cut-out, surrounded by Baywatch beauties. Rembrandt laughs. Wade, who's looking at a map to the stars' homes, sighs --

WADE

Okay, some of these are stars but, Robbie Rist, Jill Whelan, Linwood Boomer? Who are these people?

QUINN

I've heard of Linwood Boomer. He was the blind guy on Little House. But he was never anything of a star, at least not on our world.

ARTURO

Apparently here, he fared somewhat better.

REMBRANDT

That's what I love about sliding. Every world's a new opportunity, a second chance to get your dream.

Now, THE CROWD erupts with LAUGHTER. Wade turns to see:

WADE'S POV - THE BAR AREA

The crowd seems really into the show. They're even making bets. Men's wallets and women's purses lay open, vulnerable. A pile of money sits on the bar, unprotected.

WADE

That's so weird, how they leave their purses and wallets out. Anybody could just grab and run.

RETURN TO SCENE

Arturo tilts his glasses for a better look.

ARTURO

Obviously crime is not a problem here.

REMBRANDT

I guess that's why there're no locks on the doors in this place...

QUINN

That would also explain the thing with the wallet today. Something about the way those people looked at me, it's like they were afraid.

REMBRANDT

Terrified is more like it.

WADE

What could scare people like that?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

Taryn talks to a VENDOR (who's selling star maps). She holds a picture of a disheveled, edgy-looking Quinn.

VENDOR

He was here, cleaned up, with a girl and a coupla other guys.

TARYN

Where'd they go?

He hesitates. She pulls a fifty...

VENDOR

They said something about a hotel. Sounded like the Royal Chancellor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Taryn smiles, pulls two event tickets to go with the fifty, hands them to him. He reacts, incredulous at the largess.

VENDOR

Tickets to the show...

TARYN

Come today and maybe you'll get to see the guy play.

INT. HOTEL BAR

The Sliders finish lunch. Behind them, the crowd seems frenzied.

WADE

What are they watching, anyway?

QUINN

It's a game show.

REMBRANDT

The way those people are cheering, you'd think it was the Olympics or something.

DIGGS, the ever-changing bartender, comes up, pad in hand, dressed in a judge's black robe and long, white hair piece.

DIGGS

Odds are running five to one for conviction... you interested?

ARTURO

Conviction? What's that, the name of a horse?

Diggs gives him an odd look, then looks to the door, reacts:

DIGGS

Never mind, bets are all in.

Diggs takes off, fearfully. Now, Taryn arrives...

TARYN

What, are you stepping up, Mallory? New bar, new friends, new girl? I'll bet Deanne's crying in her tip jar over at the Top Hat.

QUINN

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

TARYN

You'd break her heart if she heard  
you say that...

(off Quinn's look)

You're not even going to run, are  
you?

Something about the way she says that. The Sliders are all  
instantly worried. Suddenly, Taryn slaps a pair of  
electronic cuffs onto Quinn and yanks him up -- not gently.

The others rise immediately. The bar patrons turn to  
look, all eyes glued on this.

WADE

Hey!

QUINN

What're you  
doing?

TARYN

My job.

Quinn pulls on the cuffs. He winces in pain, struggling  
against her. She grabs him by the cuffs and tugs him out.  
What happens next, HAPPENS FAST: Rembrandt reaches for  
Taryn, pulling her from Quinn.

REMBRANDT

Let him go.

Taryn pulls a stun device, sticks Rembrandt and ZAPS. He  
goes down cold. Wade rushes to his side. Quinn starts  
toward Taryn --

WADE

Rembrandt!

ARTURO

Quinn, don't --

But it's too late, Quinn knocks her down with a blow from  
his cuffed hands to the back of her head. The CROWD CHEERS.  
Taryn turns to him, somewhat surprised at the resistance and  
somewhat angry. She pulls her gun.

WADE

Watch out...

Quinn turns to get out of there, but it's too late. She  
fires. She shoots, she scores. Quinn stumbles, stops and  
then goes down, groggily. Arturo steps forward

ARTURO

What on Earth is the meaning of  
this?!

Taryn turns to him, reloaded gun pointed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

TARYN

Interfere again, old man -- and  
you'll be playing the game too.

Arturo stops, uncertain what she means, but certain of the  
gun's intent. She backs out of the bar, pulls a sedated  
Quinn to his feet and leads him out.

ARTURO

(re: Rembrandt)  
Is he alright?

WADE

He seems okay. He's breathing.

Arturo nods, then charges out the door.

EXT. ROYAL CHANCELLOR HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Arturo exits, crossing to Taryn, whose gun is now holstered  
and who's placing Quinn in the passenger seat of her car.

ARTURO

(angry)  
I demand to know by what authority  
are you arresting this man?!

TARYN

I have all the authority I need.

QUINN

(weakly)  
Professor, help...

She ZAPS Quinn, knocking him out, angering Arturo more. He  
attempts to pull Quinn out. Taryn tries to pull her stun  
device out, but Arturo manages to keep her hands from  
reaching it. Through the struggle...

ARTURO

You're not taking him anywhere!

A POLICE OFFICER runs over, billy club out. He clubs Arturo  
on the back of the knees. He buckles.

POLICE OFFICER

(to Taryn)  
You alright?

ARTURO

(incredulous)  
You club me and worry if she's  
alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

POLICE OFFICER  
(to Arturo; curt)  
Step back and keep your mouth shut.

ARTURO  
But...

POLICE OFFICER  
I said -- Step back.

Arturo steps back, infuriated. The Officer moves to Taryn and actually helps her secure Quinn to the car, by cuffing him to a metal bar on the dash. She gets in and drives off.

POLICE OFFICER  
(crossing back)  
Your name, Sir?

ARTURO  
What for?

POLICE OFFICER  
I can cite you here or down at the station. It's your choice.

ARTURO  
Cite me! On what grounds?

POLICE OFFICER  
Section 1-1-5-2-4, interfering with a valid contestant search.

INT. TARYN'S CAR - IN MOTION

Quinn is coming out of the zap.

TARYN  
I always knew you were trouble, but I never figured you for stupid.  
(off his hazy look)  
How many times've you played, now? Two, three? You always get caught.

QUINN  
I'm not who you think I am.

TARYN  
You're right. The Mallory I know would've never done this...

INT. HOTEL BAR

Wade hands Rembrandt a glass of water. He's seated at the table and okay. Arturo re-enters, citation in hand.

REMBRANDT

Who was that woman with the zap gun?

ARTURO

She works for "The Show." And for some insane reason -- whatever that is, it has jurisdiction over criminals and the courts on this world...

Wade and Rembrandt exchange a look. Criminals? The courts?

INT. GAME SHOW PRODUCTION OFFICE - LATER

Busy. PHONES RING. Taryn pulls Quinn along, locating PHIL, the consummate sleazy producer. He breaks into a grin.

PHIL

I was beginning to think you were losing your touch.

TARYN

I told you, one, maybe two days. He's not that big of a challenge.

PHIL

Excellent, Taryn. I'll make a change and put him in today's show. Find Scott; he'll settle up.

Phil moves off. Taryn pulls Quinn as she looks for Scott.

QUINN

What is this? You a bounty hunter?

TARYN

Contestant coordinator.

QUINN

What the hell is that?

She gives him a sideways glance. SCOTT, the vicious P.A. on the rise, hands her an envelope.

SCOTT

I'll take him. He's going first.

QUINN

Don't I get to see a lawyer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SCOTT

Get real.

Scott pulls Quinn away. Quinn begins to panic.

QUINN

Wait! You've got the wrong guy.  
You've got to listen to me!

Scott pulls harder. Quinn continues to yell at Taryn...

QUINN

I'm telling you, I didn't do  
this -- whatever you think I did.  
I can explain. Just give me a  
chance!

His yelling attracts the office. They turn to watch as  
Scott hustles him out. Phil comes up next to Taryn.

PHIL

Aren't they pathetic right before  
they play?

SKIP COLLINS, the perfect, helmet-headed, game show host  
moves through. A make-up girl applies last minute touches.

SKIP

Let's go people. Show time!

EXT. GAME SHOW STUDIO - DAY

Wade, Arturo and Rembrandt exit a cab. They're in a huge  
crowd (as big as production allows). There's a festival  
atmosphere; bleacher seating, vendors, pre-show warm up.

MR. CHANG (V.O.)

(heavy Asian accent)  
he was spray painting my car.  
(the CROWD JEERS)  
That's about it.

EXT. STUDIO - STAGING AREA

The CROWD BOOS meanly. Mr. Chang, the owner (who's on  
stage), bows in gratitude. Above the stage, there's a large  
Times Square monitor which displays all that is happening.  
All of this is hosted by an Emcee (JOHNNY).

JOHNNY

Not quite

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

A table is rolled out before the punk. Three small boxes are on top. He looks afraid

JOHNNY  
Go ahead, Kid. Choose your box.

The CROWD YELLS NUMBERS. The kid nods at box number 2. Johnny reads and reacts --

JOHNNY  
Ten lashes with a cane!

Mr. Chang breaks into an evil grin. The CROWD GOES WILD. The punk is immediately turned, his hands placed in a small noose and the rope pulled tight, raising his hands...

RETURN TO OUR SLIDERS

watching, aghast. They wince as the SOUND of the CANE lashes against flesh. The CROWD YELLS: ONE!

WADE  
We'd better find Quinn and quick.

They turn from this sight. The CANE LASHES again. The CROWD YELLS: TWO!

INT. STUDIO - FRONT HALL

Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo enter. The doors to the set are closed. A STUDIO GUARD blocks their entry.

ARTURO  
Please, we must get in. We have a friend in there.

STUDIO GUARD  
The audience is full.

REMBRANDT  
You don't understand, our friend, he's, I guess you call them contestants.

STUDIO GUARD  
Are you his Advocate?

WADE  
Yeah. Will that get us in?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

STUDIO GUARD  
(a look; then)  
Only one Advocate is allowed to  
speak per contestant.

They look amongst themselves: Who will it be?

INT. GAME SHOW SET - SAME TIME

Skip waits in the wings. A VOICE announces him and he enters. The AUDIENCE CHEERS. He picks up a mic and --

SKIP  
Alright! It's time to play

THE CROWD  
The Judgment Game!

The NOISE IS DEAFENING. Skip calms them...

SKIP  
Whoa. Settle down. We've got a  
big show today, so let's bring out  
our first contestant...

Quinn is escorted out by two guards. The CROWD BOOS. He looks up, blinded by the lights. (note: we never get a full view of the audience. We can imply a huge group w/sound).

SKIP  
You've seen him before, a welder,  
from San Francisco, a fugitive at  
large...

INTERCUT:

EXT. STUDIO - WADE AND REMBRANDT

They've pushed through the crowd to get close to the outdoor monitor. They watch the monitor as

RETURN TO GAME SHOW SET

Quinn is placed in a box in the middle of the set -- "the hot seat". Behind Quinn, Arturo pushes through, getting close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

SKIP

Let's give a big hand for a  
returning contestant -- Quinn  
Mallory! Today, we're going to try  
him for murder!

The CROWD GOES INSANE. This is their favorite "game".

WADE AND REMBRANDT

They flash a look at each other: Murder??

GAME SHOW SET

Quinn shares the same shocked expression. He looks around  
and finds Arturo, who gives the boy a look of deep concern.

SKIP

As always -- you're the judge.  
Guilty or innocent, you'll decide.  
Right after these messages...

The red light on the camera goes out. And on that we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GAME SHOW SET - CLOSE ON A TV MONITOR

Opening credits: Images of Skip, contestants and modes of punishment. The CREDITS END with a CELL DOOR ROLLING SHUT. The CAMERA PUSHES THRU THE DOOR and FINDS, scratched into the wall behind, the words: "The Judgment Game"...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're watching this from monitors on the set. Skip, center stage, turns and winks to camera.

SKIP

(rapidly; by rote)

By the power vested in me, by the State of California, I hereby declare you, the viewing audience, the jury. Votes are tallied by computer. All decisions are final and we are not responsible for any transmission errors.

(wipes his brow)

There, the nasty rule thing's out of the way, so let's play. Johnny.

"JOHNNY," now the announcer, is just off set.

JOHNNY

Mr. Mallory, you have the right to be represented by the Advocate of your choice, should you fail to have an Advocate present in studio, one will be provided for you.

SKIP

Do you have an Advocate present?

Quinn looks to Arturo, who nods.

QUINN

Yes. I do.

SKIP

Get him out here.

Arturo steps forward from the crowd.

JOHNNY

State your name for the Kai-ron operator...

ARTURO

Professor Maximillian Arturo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Johnny crosses w/a Bible. Arturo places his hand on it.

JOHNNY

Do you swear that you are not now,  
nor have you ever been an attorney,  
that you've never been to law  
school nor have you ever taken the  
L.S.A.T's or prepared for the bar  
in any way?

ARTURO

(odd...)  
I do.

JOHNNY

Stand by the contestant.

Arturo moves next to the box. He puts a supportive hand on  
Quinn's shoulder. Quinn tries his best to muster a smile.

SKIP

And now, the People's Proponent...  
Straight off the set of his new hit  
comedy -- ladies and gentlemen,  
please welcome: Nipsy Russell!

The CROWD CHEERS. NIPSY RUSSELL comes running out, his  
hands over his head, waving to the crowd.

QUINN

They've got to be kidding...

ARTURO

I wish they were, but I'm afraid,  
they're terribly serious.

Quinn stares, open-mouthed... MATCH TO:

INT. TOP HAT BAR - SAME TIME

Another Quinn watching. Only this Quinn is miles from ours.  
His hair is unkept, he smokes, his eyes dart. He is the  
the edgy guy from the mug shot. Right now, he's watching  
the Bar TV. Nipsy Russell is reading from a file.

NIPSY

(on TV)  
Two counts grand theft, assault  
with a deadly weapon, two felony  
drunk drivings...  
(he eyes Quinn)  
All that before age of twenty-one.

RETURN TO GAME SHOW SET

ARTURO

Your... your Skip. The evidence code clearly states that prior bad acts may not be used to prove a subsequent crime.

SKIP

Not that we didn't throw all that out a few years ago, but go ahead -- What's your point?

ARTURO

My point is -- I object to this

Skip mock GASPS. The AUDIENCE GASPS.

SKIP

You what?

ARTURO

(uncertain)  
I object.

BELLS AND WHISTLES go off. A Model, in a skimpy outfit (that's made from a judicial robe), skates onto the set.

The model does a circle around Arturo and then stops, hanging a noose around his neck. She skates away. The CROWD LAUGHS uproariously...

SKIP

Is it any wonder lawyers were banned?

(to Arturo)

Consider yourself warned, Mr. Arturo. Now, get back there and wait your turn.

The AUDIENCE APPLAUDS. Arturo moves back to Quinn's box.

SKIP

As you were saying, Nipsy?

NIPSY

Let's just get to the heart of the matter.

A WALL GOES UP behind Skip REVEALING a large projection screen. A black and white security video rolls.

THE VIDEOTAPE:

From an outside city-surveillance camera. There's a date stamp: (date is 3 days prior to when this ep. should air).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The tape shows Quinn (of course, it's Q2) mugging a man, dragging him into an alley, strangling him and then robbing him of his few meager possessions.

SKIP (O.S.)

Unbelievable.

NIPSY (O.S.)

It's so, well, heartless...

As Q2 turns to go. He looks up, as if smiling evilly at the camera itself. The tape FREEZES on this haunting image.

The CROWD CHEERS: GUILTY, GUILTY...

Quinn shakes his head. Arturo winces. In the wings, Taryn watches. Something about Quinn isn't quite right. Her beeper activates. She reads the number and heads out.

NIPSY

Skip, the People rest.

MORE GUILTY CHEERS...

INT. TOP HAT BAR

Q2 looks like he might be sick. He reaches up and shuts the TV OFF. The Top Hat bartender (Joey) returns from busing tables. Q2 stubs out his cigarette, pulls a twenty from his wallet, tossing the cash on the counter.

Q2

Joey, when Deanne comes in, tell her I'll be back at her place...

The bartender nods. Q2 puts on his shades, heads out.

EXT. STUDIO - STAGING AREA

The outside crowd is also CHEERING "GUILTY, GUILTY". Wade and Rembrandt are visibly pale.

WADE

This is a disaster. He'll never get out of that.

A GUY next to Rembrandt overhears her:

GUY

Don't sweat it. That tape doesn't mean anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

Why not? Looks pretty convincing to me.

GUY

Damn convincing. But it's not like he'd be the first guilty guy to beat a murder rap. You gotta remember, this is an L.A. audience, anything can happen.

The guy shrugs, it's just part of the game.

WADE

We can't just sit here and watch Quinn go down in flames.

She leads Rembrandt away from the crowd...

INT. GAME SHOW SET

We're in commercial. Skip gets a make-up touch up. Nipsy signs autographs. PAN to FIND Arturo and Quinn

ARTURO

Even if we could prove that wasn't you, I'm not sure these jackals would give a damn. Obviously this whole game is a judicial sham and you're nothing but sport for them.

QUINN

You're trying, Professor. That's all you can do.

They share a look. They both know that's not enough. A VOICE booms over the SOUND SYSTEM.

VOICE

Twenty seconds. We're back in twenty...

EXT. STUDIO - BACK AREA

Virtually deserted. Wade and Rembrandt approach the Production Office door.

WADE

... She's got to at least be willing to listen to us.

(CONTINUED)

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Rembrandt nods. Sounds reasonable. They cross to the door and try it. It's locked. There's an intercom. They BUZZ.

FEMALE VOICE

What?

WADE

Um, we're here to see... Well...

REMBRANDT

We don't exactly know her name.  
She's about five-ten, blonde --

FEMALE VOICE

Sorry. Authorized personnel only.

The intercom goes dead. Wade angrily kicks the door. Rembrandt looks around, sees potential.

REMBRANDT

Wade. Over here.

He walks a few feet over and looks up at a vent; easily pried open. They look around and Rembrandt lifts Wade to his shoulders. She pulls on the vent.

REMBRANDT

Hurry.

She crawls in, closing the vent behind her. Remy looks around, worried and then retreats to the corner, to watch from a safe distance.

INT. AIR CONDITIONING SHAFT

Wade crawls through, heading toward the SOUND of VOICES. She comes across a grate that's above an editing bay. Looking through.

INTERCUT:

WADE'S POV - THROUGH GRATE - INTO THE EDITING BAY

An editor works. On the monitor, Wade can make out shapes, something like severed heads. They rotate in an eerie way.

RETURN TO WADE

It's clear she doesn't quite understand what she sees. She starts to crawl on, but stops when --

RETURN TO WADE'S POV

Scott (the P.A.) sticks his head in --

SCOTT

We spotted Golin this morning, so  
Phil said to use him.

The editor nods and hits a few keys...

RETURN TO WADE

She crawls to the next grate and seeing that this editing  
room is empty, opens it and drops down.

INT. GAME SHOW SET - SAME TIME

The CROWD IS BOOING.

ARTURO

... this boy has led an exemplary  
life. He's a brilliant scholar,  
he comes from a good home and

A box of popcorn strikes Arturo on the head. There's  
general LAUGHTER. He looks up, burning...

SKIP

I think maybe they're trying to  
tell you something, Mr. Arturo.

ARTURO

Yes... that they're all a bunch of  
babbling idiots!

BOOS, JEERS. Arturo is rained on by anything that will fly.

SKIP

Perhaps this is a good time to pay  
some bills... Back in a moment.  
Don't tune away, we're just minutes  
from a vote!

Another commercial. Frustrated, Arturo crosses to Quinn.

ARTURO

I'm sorry, but the idiocy of this  
has gotten under my skin.

QUINN

I know. I'm surprised you've kept  
your cool this long.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ARTURO

All they're interested in is a good show and damn to the truth...

QUINN

(beat; a thought)

Where is it written that the truth doesn't make for a good show?

A look between Quinn and Arturo. Arturo nods his head.

ARTURO

Of course...

INT. GAME SHOW PRODUCTION OFFICE

Wade opens the edit room door, looks around, spots Taryn, just hanging the phone up. She makes a b-line for her.

WADE

Excuse me. I need to talk to you.

TARYN

(looks up; concerned)

How did you get in here?

WADE

Really not the point right now.

(impassioned)

You've got the wrong guy. The Quinn you brought here, isn't the Quinn of your world. He's not even capable of --

TARYN

(stands; backs away)

What is it with you people? You all have this bizarre fixation that Mallory isn't Mallory. I know who I picked up and it's him.

WADE

It's not!

(striving to convince)

Look, there must be something about him that's different, his attitude, the way he looks, I don't know, maybe your Quinn has a tattoo... Is there anything like that?

Taryn stares at her, not certain what to make of this. Behind them, Phil watches, not pleased.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

I know I sound crazy, but I can explain.

TARYN

Save it. He's already playing. It's too late.

WADE

No. It can't be.

TARYN

Sorry, there's nothing I can do.

Taryn turns to go. Wade reaches out, grabbing her arm.

WADE

At least hear me out.

Now, Phil is here. He grabs Taryn's stunner and ZAPS Wade. She falls onto the floor.

PHIL

I hate these ACLU freaks.  
(to Scott)  
Get her out of here.

Scott drags her off...

EXT. STUDIO - BACK AREA

Scott leaves Wade on the sidewalk and goes back inside. Rembrandt's head comes around the corner. He rushes over, cradling her head and trying to wake her.

REMBRANDT

Wade, baby... you okay?

Her eyes flutter. She's coming out of it.

INT. GAME SHOW SET

WE HEAR APPLAUSE. Quinn, still in the "hot seat", has sketched a picture of several PLANETS and connecting WORMHOLES on an easel. Arturo is center stage, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN

You see, not only did we find doorways to alternate dimensions, but, we discovered that on alot of these other Earths, there were doubles of each of us... You know, like twin versions of ourselves.

The CROWD CHEERS with APPROVAL.

ARTURO

Yes. Doppelgangers, if you will. And that really is the heart of this matter. This man --  
(finger pointed at Quinn)  
is not the Quinn Mallory you saw on that tape. This man is not the Quinn Mallory of your world. And he is certainly no murderer... He merely has the misfortune of being your Quinn's double, which makes him no more guilty of this crime than any of us here today!

MORE CHEERS... Arturo crosses to Quinn, stands nearby, feeling cocky, allowing the audience to CHEER ON.

ARTURO

This might actually be working...

QUINN

At least they seem entertained.

ARTURO

Yes, which as we know, is the entire point.

Arturo steps out, holds up his hands to calm the crowd. He's about to speak again when a BUZZER goes off.

SKIP

Excellent strategy, Mr. Arturo. You definitely scored points for inventiveness.

ARTURO

But we're not done yet.

SKIP

Oh, I'm afraid you are.

Quinn and Arturo exchange a worried look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

SKIP

... that's all the time we have  
because now, it's time to --

The CROWD CHANTS: VOTE. VOTE. VOTE. The SOUND of a TICKING CLOCK is PIPED IN. On the MONITORS, we SEE a GRAPHIC: Call Now -- 1-900-Justice.

INT. STUDIO - AUDIENCE SECTION

We see "Love Connection" type devices on the seatback before each person. There's a dial and an arrow. You can choose from "Guilty" and "Innocent"...

EXT. GAME SHOW STUDIO - STAGING AREA

Rembrandt and Wade push back to watch the big screen. They exchange a worried look. Rembrandt puts an arm around Wade.

INT. GAME SHOW PRODUCTION OFFICE

PHONES RING off the hook. A bank of P.A.'s take the calls. Taryn watches Quinn on a in-house monitor.

PHIL

Don't worry. It's a slam dunk.

TARYN

It's not that. There's something going on. He's different.

PHIL

It's just the fear of conviction, Taryn. It affects everyone. That's the whole point of The Show.

He walks off. Scott walks by, a tally sheet in hand. WE FOLLOW as the sheet is WALKED THROUGH THE OFFICE and --

INT. GAME SHOW SET

Scott hands it to Skip. The TICKING CLOCK stops.

SKIP

And your judgment is...  
(reads; dramatic pause)  
Guilty!

Pandemonium. The CROWD is DELIGHTED. Quinn and Arturo are crushed by the verdict. Quinn gulps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

A curtain rises, three doors are visible...

SKIP

Quinn Mallory, choose your door!

Quinn looks to the Professor, who shrugs. No idea.

QUINN

Number one, I guess...

The Model comes back out and opens the door, which REVEALS a mini-guillotine. The BLADE DROPS.

SKIP

Oh, too bad. Lethal injection was behind door number three.

The AUDIENCE "Aahs" with sympathy... Two guards flank Quinn and force him from the box, dragging him away.

SKIP

Tune in tomorrow for a special evening edition when we'll carry out the sentence -- live!

QUINN

Professor? Do something!

But Arturo merely looks on what can he do? Quinn is hustled out through --

SKIP

But first stick around. Next up, Mary Margaret Peters on trial for adultery... Back in a sec.

Quinn is dragged off to the wings, he passes Taryn, lunging at her. She rears back. The guards pull him away, through:

QUINN

Get a good look at me, Taryn. This is what an innocent man looks like before he's executed. You proud of yourself for being part of this? Or maybe you don't care as long as you get your money, right?

Taryn looks struck by his harsh words. And off Quinn disappearing behind a metal door, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. PRISON - THE TOWER (OPTICAL SHOT) - NIGHT (N1)

A Gothic fortress, high on a hill, surrounded by miles of barbed-wire fencing, framed eerily by bluish-purple fluorescent light that glows as a halo around the perimeter.

INT. PRISON - VISITING ROOM

Stark, uninviting. There is a table with a few folding chairs. Wade, Arturo and Rembrandt stand anxiously, waiting. The air is thick with tension. In the corner, there's a camera watching their every move...

WADE

I still think we should have demanded an appeal.

ARTURO

Miss Welles, we've been through this. Unless we could prove special circumstance --

WADE

(injects; angrily)  
I think being a double from another dimension should qualify.

ARTURO

Yes. I agree. But they didn't.

WADE

Maybe you didn't explain it right.

ARTURO

And I'm sure, you, with two years of college poetry classes, could have done so much better.

A sting which burns deeply.

WADE

At least I would've tried. I wouldn't have stood by while they dragged him off!

Touche'. There's a look between them. Rembrandt eyes them both. He intercedes

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

Hey, c'mon. We're all on the same side here.

Another look between Wade and Arturo, feelings still bruised. And now, the door opens and Quinn, cuffed and shackled, enters. The CAMERA SWIVELS and ZOOMS to catch Quinn's entrance. Rembrandt moves toward him --

REMBRANDT

Q-ball, you alright?

PRISON GUARD

No one talks yet.

Quinn is pushed to the table by the PRISON GUARD. He lays a piece of paper before Quinn.

PRISON GUARD

You want to talk, sign it. Otherwise, it's back to your cell.

Quinn looks up, Arturo nods. Quinn signs the paper and the guard takes it. He then forces Quinn to sit and --

PRISON GUARD

Try to give us something interesting, okay?

The door closes behind as he exits.

QUINN

What's that supposed to mean?

WADE

That paper, it gives them the right to tape us. And the right to broadcast any part of this meeting.

QUINN

Broadcast?? Why?

REMBRANDT

There's a half-hour special planned tomorrow, right before they

He just can't say it. Quinn looks like he'll be sick. He gets up, grabs the chair with his cuffed hands and crosses to the camera...

QUINN

Broadcast this, you vultures!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

He attacks it with the chair, smashing it to bits. It hangs lamely from the wall.

QUINN  
(turns to them)  
You gotta do something. You gotta get me out. I'm going nuts.

ARTURO  
We're working on it.

Quinn looks up, not buoyed by this tepid response.

QUINN  
But so far, there's nothing you can do, right?  
(right; beat; a look)  
How long until we slide?

REMBRANDT  
(off his watch)  
Twenty-two hours and seventeen minutes.

Quinn looks to the clock on the wall, has a realization.

QUINN  
Seventeen minutes after they kill me.

Yep. Now, the guards come in, guns drawn, aimed at Quinn.

PRISON GUARD  
You... move and you're a dead man.

Quinn holds his hands up. The Prison Guard crosses to him and places his club in his back. It looks painful.

PRISON GUARD  
You'll pay for that, you know. One way or another...

QUINN  
Sure. Feel free to bill me.

The Guard doesn't like the humor, he clubs Quinn -- hard. Quinn winces and falls to his knees.

WADE  
Quinn..!

Arturo holds her back. The guard jerks Quinn up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 3

QUINN

Find my double. It's the only way  
I'll get out of this.

And with that, he is pulled out of the room. The prison  
door slamming with a metallic PINGING noise.

There's a beat. No one knows what quite to do next.

WADE

He's right. We've gotta find the  
guy.

ARTURO

And just where do you propose we  
look? Los Angeles is a rather  
large city and we haven't the  
vaguest idea where to start.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, we do. Taryn said something  
about a Deanne and the Top Hat.  
That sounds like a place to start  
to me.

Looks between them. Arturo nods.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

Not the glamorous part either. Arturo, Wade and Rembrandt  
come down the street, passing the Top Hat Bar door. They  
turn looking around, searching for something.

Remy spots a hooker a few stores down. She wears an outfit  
that gives "cheap and easy" a bad name.

REMBRANDT

What do you think?

Arturo gets a good look, sizes her up and nods. Both Arturo  
and Rembrandt turn to Wade. She reluctantly nods as well.

ARTURO

Fine. You two wait here.

WE TRACK as he moves to the hooker, pulling out his wallet.

ARTURO

Miss, I have a business proposition  
to discuss with you.

She smiles seductively. Arturo smiles back and leads her  
down the nearby alley.

TIME DISSOLVE:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - MINUTES LATER

CLOSE on the HOOKER'S face as she exits the alley. She holds up a wad of cash and counts off. She looks quite happy. She moves out of frame (down the street).

Now, WE PULL WIDER as Rembrandt and Arturo emerge from the alley. They stop at the street entrance and look back.

ARTURO

Miss Welles, please.

WADE

(from down the alley)

I'm having second thoughts. Maybe this isn't such a great plan.

REMBRANDT

Place like the Top Hat, you just can't walk in and start asking questions...

WADE

I know. But this --

She materializes from the shadows wearing the HOOKER'S OUTFIT. She's even added blue eye-shadow and red lipstick. Poor thing looks really tacky.

WADE

I don't know...

ARTURO

Perhaps this is not the kindest ruse we could have come up with, but time is of the essence. We can't afford second thoughts.

Wade nods. She pops a wad of gum into her mouth and heads toward the bar's front entrance.

INT. TOP HAT - NIGHT

Wade enters, looking ill-at-ease. She musters some courage and her sexiest walk and glides across to the bar.

We see her talk to bartender Joey, who nods in the direction of a waitress (DEANNE), a woman who might be pretty if she wasn't wearing the Farrah wing hairdo from the seventies.

Wade turns, intercepting Deanne on her way back to the bar.

WADE

Deanne, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

DEANNE

Depends who's asking.

WADE

Look, my problem's not with you.  
It's with the creep. You took 'em  
back again, didn't you?

(off her look)

C'mon, don't pretend Quinn's not  
shacked with you. Where else could  
the jerk go?

DEANNE

What's he to you?

WADE

Nothing. Now that he knocked me  
up, he doesn't want anything to do  
with me or the baby.

DEANNE

You're carrying for him?

an address.

All I want is some <sup>WADE</sup> money, so  
gotta give me  
can get home. If he does that, I'm  
gone and he's all yours.

DEANNE

You think I want him? I'm tired of  
his baggage. It never ends...

(writes on a napkin)

Help yourself. He's at my place.

Wade takes the paper, there's a look, then she turns

DEANNE

And tell him he'd better be out by  
the time I get home or I'll have  
Joey stop by and help him move...

INT. QUINN'S CELL - EARLY MORNING (D2)

He's awake, unable to sleep. He gets up and looks out the  
window. The sun is rising. He watches, transfixed.  
Afterall, this could very well be the last day he ever sees.

INT. GAME SHOW PRODUCTION OFFICE - ORNING

Bustling with the A.M. buzz. Taryn is at her desk,  
scrolling through a computer file.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

On her screen we can see it's Q2's file. Her interest is suddenly piqued, as --

PHIL

(entering)

I've got something for you -- .

She hits a key, her screen blanks. Phil hands her a file.

PHIL

New contestant, Golin. Word is he's in the valley. We'll expect A.M. delivery.

He heads out, but turns back when:

TARYN

Phil.. You ever wonder if some of the contestants are innocent?

PHIL

(beat; a frown)

Maybe I was right after all. Maybe you are losing your touch.

He exits. Taryn sighs, then turns the monitor back on. Another picture of Quinn pops up. A strange look crosses her features.

EXT. RUN-DOWN NEIGHBORHOOD/DEANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

The kind of place where people park their "I-Roc" Camaros on their front lawns. Arturo, Wade (now in her normal clothes) and Rembrandt keep out of sight and huddle against the cold, styrofoam coffee cups in hand... Arturo checks his watch.

ARTURO

Where could he be all night?

WADE

Maybe he's out killing somebody else.

The guys look at her... She shrugs.

ARTURO

You are certain this is the right house?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

(irritated)

For the hundredth time, yes!  
There's mail in the box addressed  
to Deanne Bloch. This is her  
place.

(rubs his eyes; calms)

I'm beat, we're all tired. Let's  
just not talk for awhile, okay?

Looks between them. Nods. They're all irritable.

INT. QUINN'S CELL - DAY

Quinn paces like a caged animal. He swats at his food tray, sending it flying across the room with a CRASHING BANG... The cell door opens. He turns to find Taryn escorted in by a guard. The guard closes the door and recedes.

QUINN

What're you doing here?

TARYN

Testing a theory...

(then)

Take off your shirt.

QUINN

What for?

TARYN

Humor me...

A beat. He unbuttons his prison blues, removing his shirt.

TARYN

Turn around.

Quinn turns. Taryn looks confused. She reaches out to Quinn's back, but doesn't actually touch it. He senses something and looks over his shoulder at her.

QUINN

What're you looking for?

TARYN

Quinn Mallory was knifed in a bar  
fight last year, took over 60  
stitches...

QUINN

(with an edge)

But there's no scar, is there?

Taryn shakes her head. Their eyes lock. An understanding.

EXT. RUN-DOWN NEIGHBORHOOD\DEANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

Rembrandt dozes fitfully against the wheel of the car. Wade and Arturo sit, on the verge of sleep. He checks his watch, closes his eyes, fighting worry. Wade reaches to him.

WADE

What I said last night, at the jail. I didn't mean it.

ARTURO

I've let the boy down and if some harm should come to him --

WADE

You did everything you could.

ARTURO

I will live the rest of my life wondering if I did.

She takes his hand and gives him a supportive look.

WADE

I'm scared too, Professor. Really scared. But you know what keeps me going..?

A look, he doesn't.

WADE

You guys. Knowing that you're here. Knowing that if it were me in there, you'd do anything in the world to get me out.

(long beat; then)

Quinn knows that too. He's counting on us. We can't lose our faith now.

Another long look. Arturo smiles and nods, somehow his faith is indeed restored. Now, a car comes down the street. They're all instantly awake.

REMBRANDT

Is it him?

ON THE CAR

As it pulls into the house across the street and parks. The driver exits. And yes, it's Q2. He tosses a cigarette on the ground and heads in the front.

BACK ON OUR SLIDERS

They wait for the DOOR to CLOSE, then break into action.

WADE

Okay, here we go.

They move stealthily across the street.

INT. DEANNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Q2 is checking out the fridge. He pulls some juice and drinks from the carton.

EXT. DEANNE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Wade and Arturo try the door. It's unlocked. Arturo slowly opens it, but stops when: there's a CREAK. He pulls the door closed and he and Wade exchange a look --

RETURN TO SCENE

Q2 reacts to the noise. He turns and looks through the doorway, towards the front. After a beat, he decides it's nothing, turns back and then: the door SQUEAKS again and Q2 actually sees it move. He bolts out the back.

EXT. DEANNE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD

Rembrandt tries to pry open the back door when suddenly, it flings open, knocking him in the head. He falls. Q2 runs over him.

Rembrandt is up in a flash, chasing him down. Arturo and Wade rush out of the house. Q2 makes a leap for the fence and Remmy grabs his legs, pulling him down. There's a struggle to subdue him and then -- Q2 suddenly relaxes. He slumps.

He hits the ground. Now the Sliders see the dart in his shoulder... They turn to see Taryn.

WADE

You..? What are you doing here?

TARYN

Same thing as you -- trying to help your friend.

(checks Q2)

Let's get him into the house.

INT: DEANNE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Taryn yanks the handcuffs. Q2 winces in incredible pain.

Q2  
I swear, Taryn. It wasn't me. I  
wasn't even in town the day all  
that went down...

None of them believe a word.

TARYN  
You can't prove that, you're gonna  
be sorry you said it...

Q2 looks down, desperately thinking. His head pops up --

Q2  
I was at Del Mar all day. There're  
some betting slips in my wallet.

He indicates a wallet on a table near Rembrandt and Arturo.  
Arturo opens the wallet and pulls some slips...

ARTURO  
Race two, six and seven.

He shakes his head, this is proof. Rembrandt takes the  
slips and looks them over as well.

Q2  
See, I was there. There's no way I  
could've been in some alley in  
Hollywood by four.

Taryn looks stumped for the moment.

Q2  
Come on, Taryn, you know me. I'm  
into small jobs, a heist, maybe a  
joyride -- I'm not the type to kill  
some bum.

REMBRANDT  
We all saw the tape. That was  
definitely you...

Q2  
I don't know how my face got on  
that tape, but I'm telling you, it  
wasn't me...

Suddenly, something dawns on Wade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

I know how his face got on that  
tape.

They all turn to her

EXT. STUDIO - BACK AREA - DAY

Taryn's car pulls up to an empty lot and parks. She and  
Wade exit the car, as they cross the lot

TARYN

... people got tired of reasonable  
doubt, of criminals having more  
rights than the victims.

WADE

That I get, but why the game shows?  
That seems so bizarre.

They reach the production office door. Taryn searches for  
her credential.

TARYN

Not when you think about it. In  
the old system, justice cost the  
taxpayers a lot of money. By  
televising it, we earn money for  
the state. Judgments are swift,  
crime is down, everybody's happy.

She finds it and waves it in front of the door's sensor  
panel. It clicks open.

WADE

Everyone? Are you? What about the  
innocent people who lose, people  
like Quinn?

As Taryn opens the door, she gives Wade a look. She's had  
these misgivings before.

INT. EDIT BAY 4

As the door CLICKS open and Taryn and Wade enter. Wade  
looks back, into the office.

WADE

Where is everybody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

TARYN

(wryly)  
Special event tonight. They're all  
on site.

Taryn sits at the console and begins to type. The system  
BEEPS.

TARYN

I was afraid of this. I can't  
access this system.

Wade comes up behind her, begins to type...

TARYN

What're you doing?

WADE

Getting us in.

She hits a few keys and has entry to the memory stacks. She  
smiles at Taryn and keeps right on typing...

TARYN

How do you know how to do this?

WADE

This is not even a challenge. In  
my world, we have alot of on-line  
crime. Our protect programs are  
twice as complicated.

She types in a command, using the hit word: Mallory. And  
before you know it, they see Quinn's head rotating.

WADE

That day I got in here, I saw this.  
I didn't know what it was then.

She hits a few more keys and the DIGITAL MASTER of Quinn  
committing the murder PLAYS.

WADE

Watch this ---

More keystrokes. Suddenly Quinn's face pixelates and  
dissolves, REVEALING the REAL KILLER. As the body turns to  
camera, we SEE it's PHIL. Taryn's mouth drops.

WADE

We'd better get a copy of this.

She sticks in a tape, hits some buttons and plays it again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

TARYN  
I can't believe this...

PHIL  
Pretty shocking, isn't it?

They turn to see Phil in the door, dart gun pointed at them.  
And off this new turn of danger we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. EDIT BAY 4 - A MOMENT LATER

Phil still has the gun aimed at the girls, who are now standing near one another...

PHIL

Give me the tape.  
(they don't)  
Now!

Taryn pops out the tape, reluctantly hands it to him. He waves the gun...

PHIL

Out.

Wade moves, bumping Taryn, who stands her ground. Wade's hand is close to the stun device on Taryn's belt.

TARYN

How long, Phil?

PHIL

You've got other things to worry about, Taryn.

Wade's hand slowly grasps the stunner.

TARYN

Of course. You were almost fired in '93 -- when Justice Tonight knocked us out of the top ten. We needed a way to rack up ratings, didn't we?

PHIL

Good for you. You've got it all figured out...

He pulls Taryn forward. Suddenly, Wade sticks him. ZAP. Phil drops -- in shock -- but not out. His hand hits an alarm (that's on the side of the edit console). BELLS go OFF. Wade shoots a look to Taryn.

TARYN

Escape Alarm. Exterior doors auto-lock. There's no way out. Guards'll be here any second.

Phil groans, his hand with the gun slowly lifting. Wade ZAPS him again, knocking him cold. She grabs the tape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

Maybe they will, but we won't.  
Cuff him to the table and gag him  
with that tape.

As Taryn does this. Wade barricades the door with a chair, then jumps on the console, pulls down the grate. Taryn looks up as Wade crawls in...

WADE

How do you think I got in  
yesterday?

EXT. STUDIO - BACK AREA

Several guards rush by, confused. They've found nothing. Once they pass, the vent opens and out drop Taryn and Wade. They run across the street...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Q2 channels surfs. Rembrandt paces. Arturo is by the window, worried. He checks his watch.

REMBRANDT

How much time left?

ARTURO

Two hours and some minutes.

The clocking is ticking too fast. Q2 stops channel surfing.

TV VOICE OVER

... Tonight, television at its most  
provocative. Its finest hour as a  
community forum. An event for the  
entire family.

The guys watch, disbelief on their faces. The voice-over is somber, calming, evoking an expectation of some terrific drama or mini-series, when in fact, it's --

ANGLE - THE TV

a commercial for Quinn's execution...

TV VOICE OVER

Don't miss this special live  
edition of -- The Judgment Game.

The TV is clicked off angrily by Rembrandt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

What's happened to these people?  
They're talking about a man's life.  
(really upset)  
Have they all lost it completely?

ARTURO

From our vantage, yes. But then again, look at what they've gained. People can walk the streets here without fear of crime. A family can sleep with doors unlocked. You can even drop your wallet on a busy sidewalk and have it returned contents unmolested...

Q2

What's so unusual about that?

REMBRANDT

Where we come from, we have a little more crime to deal with.

ARTURO

We can lock our door with three locks, throw in an alarm and still be robbed by some hood with a Saturday Night Special.

Q2

What's a Saturday Night Special?

ARTURO

(looks to Remmy)  
My point exactly.

REMBRANDT

(utter disbelief)  
So it's okay with you that Quinn's going to be executed -- as long as everybody else here can go to bed with their doors left unlocked?

ARTURO

Of course not. I'm simply pointing out that there needs to be a balance between the rights of the individual and the rights of society as a whole.

(softens)

To be sure, this world's gone a bit overboard, but can you really say that our justice system is so superior to this one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

REMBRANDT

Yeah, Professor, I can. I'd rather see ten guilty men go free than to see one innocent man go to jail. That's called the price of a civilized society.

A beat. Arturo nods. Now, Wade and Taryn enter. Everybody looks to them expectantly.

WADE

We couldn't get to Network Appeals.

ARTURO

Why not?

TARYN

They're all at a retreat in Sun Valley. And now, even if we could, it's too late, there's no time to stop the proceeding.

REMBRANDT

Then we gotta figure something else out and fast.

WADE

We're on that.

(to Q2)

You have access to welding tools?

. Q2 nods. The guys give a funny look. Wade opens the door.

WADE

C'mon, we'll explain on the way.

INT. QUINN'S CELL - NIGHT (N2)

Light floods in from the courtyard (via huge crane lights). Quinn anxiously looks out his window into the area below.

INT. PRISON COURTYARD

There's a crowd of news personnel. On the stage, there's a guillotine. The technicians practice the drop. The BLADE falls with METALLIC SWOOSHING sound.

RETURN TO QUINN

He shivers. His door is opened by the Prison Guard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

PRISON GUARD

It's time.

A 2nd Guard shackles Quinn's hands and feet. WE TRACK as they lead him down the cell block -- Dead Man's Walk.

The ONLY SOUND -- QUINN'S SHACKLES CLANGING. The prisoners in the cells come to their doors, hollow eyes glued on Quinn, blank eerie expressions. Quinn's fear increases as he passes each one.

INT. REMOTE NEWS TRUCK - STOPPED (IN LINE TO GET IN)

Taryn is driving. Wade is in the passenger seat and Arturo and Rembrandt are in back. Taryn looks nervous.

WADE

Maybe we should take it from here.  
If Phil got out

TARYN

No. I want to help...

EXT. PRISON ENTRANCE - PRESS GATE

The truck drives up. Taryn hands the Gate Guard her credentials. He runs it through the computer... He gives the screen a look, turns to Taryn.

There's a long beat. A pass prints out. He smiles, hands it to her and they're in.

INT. PRISON COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

The area is brightly lit. The truck drives into a crowd of news trucks and crews from every imaginable network.

INT. PRISON COURTYARD - ANOTHER AREA

Quinn emerges. The news crews surge toward him. Cameras whirl. Lights blind him. Microphones thrust at him. "Any statement?", "How do you feel?" "Is your family here?"

A CNN mic is thrust at Quinn (we don't see the reporter).

CNN PRODUCER (V.O.)

CNN. Any chance for an interview,  
Mallory?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN

No. No interviews...

Quinn tries to pull away from the Guards, but to no avail. Suddenly, Taryn steps in front, flashing her credentials.

TARYN

I'm with The Show. I just got word from the Network, no execution until he does a remote for the European Affiliates...

QUINN

For all I care, the European Affiliates can --

WADE

(steps up)  
Just one interview. There's not much time, so it won't take long.

The Guard notices Quinn's look.

PRISON GUARD

Your choice.

QUINN

Yeah. I'll do this one.

The other newsies COMPLAIN. WE TRACK as Quinn is lead to Taryn's news truck. Wade opens the door and she and Quinn enter. Taryn turns back to the guards --

TARYN

You'll have to wait outside.

She closes the door.

PRISON GUARD

Surround the truck. No one goes in or out.

In a flash, guards take up positions around the truck.

INT. NEWS TRUCK - SAME TIME

Everybody moves with urgency. Rembrandt cuts the shackles.

QUINN

Am I glad to see you...

REMBRANDT

The feeling's mutual.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The shackles come off. Wade hugs him.

WADE

You okay?

ARTURO

There's no time for this. Get below.

Taryn and Rembrandt move some boxes, roll back the carpet. She opens a trap door REVEALING a crawl space underneath.

QUINN

What's this?

TARYN

Your ticket out.

WADE

Compliments of your double. He built it for you.

QUINN

(looks around)  
Where is he?

REMBRANDT

Long gone. Let's say he wasn't too thrilled about sticking around.

ARTURO

Hurry.

Wade heads down, a wave goodbye to Taryn. She crawls down. Quinn steps into the hole.

QUINN

Guess I misjudged you. I'm sorry.

TARYN

No, I'm sorry. I can't tell you how much.

He knows. Rembrandt hands him the timer.

REMBRANDT

This'll be safer with you.

Quinn crawls under. The door is closed, the carpet rolled back. Rembrandt takes rope and ties Taryn up.

TARYN

It's got to be tighter or they'll never believe it...

He pulls the rope taught.

## EXT. PRISON ENTRANCE - PRESS GATE

Phil's at the gate. The Gate Guard hands him a pass and he drives forward. Scott is standing nearby, talking into a radio. He checks his watch as Phil pulls up and exits.

PHIL

(angrily)  
It's ten after, why didn't it start on schedule?

SCOTT

Taryn's doing an inter

PHIL

What? She's here? Where is she?

SCOTT

(pointing)  
Over there, in our van.

PHIL

You idiot!

Phil rushes toward the van leaving Scott perplexed.

## INT. SECRET COMPARTMENT

Dark except for the timer readout. It's at:

QUINN

Five minutes...

WADE

If everything goes right, that'll be enough. We'll drive out and

QUINN

Shhh. Something's happening.

## EXT. NEWS TRUCK - BACK DOOR

Phil is here with the guards...

PHIL

I don't care! Rip it off the hinges if you have too.

## INT. NEWS TRUCK - SAME TIME

The door is pried open REVEALING Remmy and Taryn tied up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT  
Hurry! He's getting away.

Phil burns a look at Taryn, then turns to the Guard --

PHIL  
Find him! He can't be far.

INTERCUT:

EXT. NEWS TRUCK - BACK DOOR

The Guards go in every direction. The other news crews BUZZ, what's going on??

RETURN TO SCENE

Remmy, now untied (he wasn't really tied in the first place), undoes Taryn's binds. Phil angrily pulls Taryn up and tosses her out (she carries her bag with her).

Phil's foot steps on the trap door. He feels something. He and Rembrandt exchange a look. There is a long beat. Phil knows there's something under the rug. His hand moves slowly to the edge of the carpet...

He smiles maliciously at Rembrandt and starts to pull it up.

INTERCUT:

INT. NEWS TRUCK - CAB

Arturo's at the wheel. Through a glass divider, he sees Phil is about to discover the hidden compartment. Suddenly, He starts the truck, jams it in drive and FLOORS IT.

RETURN TO SCENE

With the sudden movement, Phil flies out the open door. Phil falls out. It looks painful. The truck speeds away (as fast as possible). Rembrandt pulls the door closed, then rushes to the front, hits a panel and the divider between the driving compartment swings open. As he enters:

REMBRANDT  
Fast thinking, Professor...

INT. PRISON COURTYARD -- ANOTHER AREA

Taryn approaches a crew that's standing by their truck. The slogan "News America Network" is emblazoned on the side. Just for fun, let's have the first letters in large print, so they appear as an acronym (and yes, this spells Nan...).

TARYN  
(holds up a tape)  
Hey, interested in an exclusive??  
This whole game is fixed.

EXT. COURTYARD - SAME TIME

Phil locates the nearest guard, grabbing his walkie talkie.

PHIL  
(into the radio)  
Lock down. Now. No one gets out!

THE PRESS GATE

As the truck approaches, the Press gate closes.

INT. NEWS TRUCK - CAB

Arturo bites his lip, thinking.

REMBRANDT  
Now what? We got a plan B  
somewhere?

INSERT - ARTURO'S POV - THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

Behind them, there's a fence -- not very formidable and behind that fence, some open ground...

RETURN TO SCENE

Arturo yanks the drive stick into reverse. He accelerates and the truck jerks backward.

REMBRANDT  
Whoa. What are you doing?

ARTURO  
You wanted a Plan B! This is it!

## EXT. PRISON COURTYARD/CLIFF AREA

The truck tears through, people scramble away. It clears the courtyard. The truck hits the fence. As expected, the barrier tumbles easily. Arturo accelerates until --

## INT. TRUCK - CLOSE ON ARTURO - SAME TIME

His eyes go wide. He hits the brakes.

## RETURN TO SCENE

The truck skids and stops just feet before they careen off the cliff. The back wheels teeter. Guards rush that way. The craned lights turn, blazing light into the area.

## INT. TRUCK - BACK COMPARTMENT

Rembrandt and Arturo have pulled the carpet back and are bringing Wade and Quinn up.

WADE

What's going on?

REMBRANDT

We didn't make it out the gate.

Quinn opens the back door and is surprised to find

## QUINN'S POV - A HUGE DROP

Several hundred feet down -- illuminated by the bright lights and the incredibly bright moon above...

## RETURN TO SCENE

QUINN

Out the front.

He leads them out the driver's side door.

## EXT. CLIFF AREA - CONTINUOUS

They're on the small strip of grass. Guards are rushing over from the courtyard side, guns drawn.

WADE

How much time?

QUINN

It's still over a minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Too much... They need to slide and now. Quinn begins to move away from the courtyard, through --

ARTURO

I'm sorry. I had no idea this was a cliff.

WADE

Maybe that's why the fencing back here isn't that great.

REMBRANDT

Sure -- because no one in their right mind would try and escape this way!

QUINN

Hey, guys. Not now.

Guards run in from the other direction, surrounding them. Quinn stops, spies the timer. It's at thirty seconds. Phil rushes up to where the guards are, smiles.

PHIL

Give it up, Mallory. There's no where for you to go.

QUINN

(to the others)  
Gonna need a little faith here...  
(off their looks)  
Follow me!

He takes off running TOWARDS THE CLIFF and launches himself over the edge. Caught by surprise, the guards don't shoot.

REMBRANDT

What the hell is thinking?

ARTURO

Of escape. Let's go --

PHIL

(to the guards)  
What're you doing? Shoot them!

SHOTS are fired as the Sliders run to the edge, leaping.

THE PLUNGE

The Sliders free fall, gaining speed at an alarming rate. We HEAR them SCREAM as they descend.

## QUINN'S POV - THE GROUND

rushing towards him. He struggles to view the timer.  
:04,:03,:02 -- and just as he's about to hit turf --

## RETURN TO SCENE

Quinn activates the device. The VORTEX OPENS and -- they Slide right through the ground. After a beat of the beautiful, brilliant shimmery blue, the VORTEX CLOSES. There is silence.

## EXT. CLIFF AREA

Phil and the guards watch, amazed. Phil shakes his head. Now, a "NAN" news crew steps up, camera rolling, mic extended. We PULL BACK, knowing exactly what's going down.

## EXT. WESTERN STREET - DAY

The last of our Slider's fall onto the dirt ground with a fluff of dust. WE HEAR the VORTEX CLOSE. Arturo stands, wiping off the dirt. They laugh, safe and sound.

WADE

Everybody okay?

QUINN

That was close...

ARTURO

Yes it was.

And now, from behind they hear and amazed and scared VOICE:

VOICE

Look at that, Aladdin...

They turn to see two horses approaching gingerly, staring at them in awe (as much as a horse can express awe). Rembrandt looks at them, extends a friendly hand.

REMBRANDT

Whoa, fellas, easy...

SECOND HORSE

(gasps; rears up)

They talk!!!

Rembrandt pulls back in fear. The horses WHINNY and race away. Off our Slider's own amazed expressions we

FADE OUT.

THE END