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**Prod. Draft**  
**1st Pink Revs.**  
**1st Blue Revs.**  
**1st Yellow Revs.**  
**1st Green Revs.**  
**2nd White Revs.**  
**2nd Pink Revs.**  
**2nd Blue Revs**  
**2nd Yellow Revs.**  
**2nd Green Revs.**  
**3rd White Revs.**  
**3rd Pink Revs.**



**“ DEAD MAN SLIDING ”**

**Written by**

**Nan Hagan**

**Directed by**

**Richard Compton**

**REVISED PAGES**

**1st Pink Revs.** Full script  
**1st Blue Revs.** Full script  
**1st Yellow Revs.** Full script  
**1st Green Revs.** Full script  
**2nd White Revs.** 6, 6A, 8-11, 12-13A, 19-21, 29-31, 34, 41, 42, 45, 46, 50, 53, 54  
**2nd Pink Revs.** Full script  
**2nd Blue Revs.** 16-18, 24/24A, 28, 39  
**2nd Yellow Revs.** 23  
**2nd Green Revs.** 20, 20A  
**3rd White Revs.** 53, 53A  
**3rd Pink Revs.** 26A/B/27, 27A

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#K1804

SLIDERS

"Dead Man Sliding"

CAST

QUINN MALLORY (Q2)  
WADE WELLES  
MAXIMILLIAN ARTURO  
REMBRANDT BROWN

TARYN

PHIL

SKIP COLLINS

EMCEE

LAURENCE HILTON JACOBS (CELEBRITY PROPONENT) (X)

PRISON GUARD #2

DEANNE BLOCH

STUDIO GUARD

NAN PRODUCER (V.O.)

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

FEMALE VOICE (INTERCOM)

STUDIO VOICE (V.O.)

UNSEEN PERSON (V.O.)

#K1804

SLIDERS

"Dead Man Sliding"

SETS

INTERIORS:

ROYAL CHANCELLOR HOTEL

BAR

ROOM

GAME SHOW

PRODUCTION OFFICE

EDIT BAY

AIR CONDITIONING SHAFT

STUDIO SET

AUDIENCE SECTION

FRONT HALL

PUNKY PINK'S BAR

PRISON

QUINN'S CELL

COURTYARD

REMOTE NEWS TRUCK

SECRET COMPARTMENT

CAB

#K1804

SLIDERS

"Dead Man Sliding"

SETS

EXTERIORS:

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

SIDEWALK

ANOTHER AREA (PROFILES OF FAME)

ANOTHER AREA (W/ VENDOR)

PUNKY PINK'S BAR

GAME SHOW STUDIO

STAGING AREA

PRISON (THE TOWER)

ENTRANCE

COURTYARD

VISITING AREA

PRESS GATE

CLIFF AREA

RUN DOWN NEIGHBORHOOD

DEANNE'S HOUSE

FRONT YARD

SIDE YARD

SUBURBAN HOME

BACK YARD

VEHICLES:

TARYN'S CAR

REMOTE NEWS TRUCK

GREG'S JEEP

SLIDERS

"Dead Man Sliding"

TEASER

FADE IN:

- 1 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. SIDEWALK - DAY (D1) 1
- Various shots establish we're in Hollywood; Palm Trees, (X)  
Neon; There's even a Vendor selling maps to the Star's (X)  
Homes...
- CAMERA FINDS
- WADE buys a map from the Vendor. WIDER REVEALS QUINN, (X)  
ARTURO and REMBRANDT with her. She opens the map and they (X)  
walk on --
- WADE  
I've always wanted to do this... (X)  
After we eat, let's rent a car and (X)  
check out the Stars' homes... (X)
- Arturo looks less than enthusiastic.
- 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. Rembrandt turns and NOW WE SEE  
behind him, a sign: HOLLYWOOD ATHLETIC CLUB.
- REMBRANDT  
So, it says Hollywood. For all we  
know, this could still be Fresno on  
this world.

1 CONTINUED

1

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.

ARTURO

Very well, Miss Welles. Lead on.

And she does. They move THROUGH FRAME and down the street.

Now, CAMERA RACK FOCUSES REVEALING a woman (TARYN, rhymes  
w/Karen) watching them. She's attractive in a formidable  
way. She pulls down her sunglasses for a better look,  
smiles.

2 EXT. SIDEWALK - ANOTHER AREA

2

WE TRACK as they move through the crowd, looking at  
"PROFILES OF FAME", full color pictures of celebrities on  
the ground. It's this world's Walk of Fame. WE NOTICE  
CAMERAS, mounted on buildings, monitoring the streets.

REMBRANDT

Oh man, Lionel...  
(shakes his head)  
I know I should've taken that gig  
when the Commodores offered it to  
me...

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

He looks down at the ground. NOW WADE SEES --

(X)

WADE

Dolly Parton! I love her. Quinn.

She hands him a disposable box camera, kneels by the picture  
and smiles. He snaps the pic. CAMERA FINDS Taryn behind  
them, following. She draws near and pulls an unusual gun...  
(People passing notice her gun, hurry along. They've seen  
this before and don't want to be part of it).

The Sliders move on. Remmy sees a wallet on the sidewalk.  
Citizens 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, his gaze turns.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

2

Passersby look at Rembrandt reaching for the wallet and  
move faster, in fear for him. Just as Remmy reaches --

(X)

WADE  
Rembrandt, wait. Something about  
that is saying "leave me alone" in  
a major way.

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

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED 2

2

ARTURO

Perhaps those cameras have something to do with it.

Taryn moves closer as they debate. She lifts her gun.

QUINN

Hey, it's just a wallet. Someone's got to be missing it. We should at least check for I.D.

And just as he bends for it, Taryn fires a dart, which misses Quinn and strikes a tourist a few feet behind them. The man stumbles, his wife rushing to his side. Again, citizens keep moving. No one wants to get involved.

Quinn kneels for a look at the wallet (unaware of the dart incident). There's cash, I.D., credit cards...

QUINN

It's loaded. Must be over three hundred bucks in here.

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

REMBRANDT

Better just move on, Q-ball.

Quinn looks around and notices the looks. He gingerly places the wallet back and they move on again. A beat later, Taryn passes THRU, moving to catch them as --

ANOTHER ANGLE - A HUGE CROWD

Gathered around a novelty sidewalk act. The Sliders move through. Taryn raises her gun and the Sliders disappear into the crowd. She rushes around to catch them. A Tall Man steps in her way, obscuring her view, forcing her to change course. She moves around him, and a pushcart is rolled in front of her... She changes course again --

ANOTHER ANGLE - OTHER SIDE OF CROWD

Finally, Taryn manages to push through, but the Sliders are 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:

3 INT. LAST CHANCE BAR - CLOSE ON A PICTURE OF ARTURO

3

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 convicted criminals from the 80's & 90's. There is also a big board with "SCORES" and odds of other criminal proceedings. Above the bar is a DIGITAL BOARD... More news of other trials scrolls across.

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 Lifeguard cut-out, surrounded by Baywatch-type beauties. Rembrandt laughs. Wade, who's looking at a map to the stars' homes, sighs --

WADE

Okay, some of these are stars but, Arnold Stang, 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:

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED

3

The crowd. It's 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.

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?

4 EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

4

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

He hesitates. She pulls a fifty... He points down the street.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED

4

Taryn smiles, pulls two event tickets to go with the fifty, sticks them in his pocket. She looks down the street, signals to her partner, Greg. He's twenty-something, built and dangerous (he's probably wearing a leather vest, jeans and steel-tipped boots). He follows after her...

5 INT. LAST CHANCE BAR - LATER

5

Wade, Rembrandt and Quinn are at their table. Behind them, Arturo is at the bar. The crowd there CHEERS.

WADE

What are they watching, anyway?

QUINN

(turns to look)

It's a game show.

REMBRANDT

The way they're cheering, you'd think it was the Olympics or something.

Arturo returns with a fresh beer and a sheet of paper. He sits... He furrows his brow as he reads.

REMBRANDT

Whatcha' got, Professor?

ARTURO

Not sure. The bartender handed it to me, said I have five minutes to get it in.

Quinn leans over and looks at the paper, reads the top line...

QUINN

Martinez, conviction. Five to one...

He and the Professor exchange a look.

WADE

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

ARTURO

Not unless he runs in every race.

Arturo turns the paper to Wade and Rembrandt. It's a sheet of 50 lines and on about 47 of those lines, conviction is written in big, bold letters...

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED

5

Before they can figure this out, their attention is drawn  
by --

TARYN  
Stepping up, Mallory? New bar, new  
friends, new girl? I'll bet  
Deanne's crying in her tip jar over  
at Punky Pink's...

They turn as TARYN and Greg approach them. Greg  
nonchalantly moves around the back.

QUINN  
Who?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED 2

5

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.

What happens next, HAPPENS FAST:

Taryn pulls Quinn. He resists and pays in a painful jolt  
from the cuffs.

Arturo steps forward. The partner, Greg, comes up behind  
him, pulling him back, holding his arms.

ARTURO

(surprised)

Hands off, you hooligan...

Wade looks from Arturo to Quinn. What's going on?  
Rembrandt reaches for Taryn

REMBRANDT

Let him go.

He puts a hand on her arm. In a flash -- she's got a stun  
gun in Rembrandt's side. ZAPS. He goes down cold.

WADE

Rembrandt!

Quinn turns to Taryn, fire in his eyes...

ARTURO

(warning)

Quinn -- don't.

(X)

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.  
They love every minute.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED 3

5

Greg immediately releases Arturo and gut-punches Quinn, who takes the hit hard. He buckles. Greg continues to beat him. Taryn looks up, angry and a little surprised at the resistance. She pulls her dart gun --

TARYN  
(points the  
gun)  
Step off, Greg...

WADE  
Watch out...!

Greg steps aside. Quinn struggles to get to his feet. She shoots and Quinn buckles again, groggily... Arturo moves closer. Taryn turns her gun to him, puts another dart in...

(X)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED 4

5

ARTURO

(X)

(angry)

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

(X)

TARYN

I have all the authority I need.

ARTURO

(reaches out to Quinn)

You're not taking him anywhere...

As his hand is about to grab on, Greg releases his hold on  
Quinn and throws a punch at Arturo. He takes it hard, goes  
down gasping for air...

Greg stands over him. Silent, menacing.

(X)

TARYN

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

(X)

And now, Taryn and Greg move out with Quinn... Rembrandt  
stirs...

(X)

(X)

ARTURO

Are you alright?

(X)

REMBRANDT

(X)

(nods)

That was the strangest thing. I  
just went out...

(X)

(X)

(X)

The Professor nods and races out of the bar

(X)

6 EXT. ROYAL CHANCELLOR HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

6

Arturo exits, looks both ways -- Taryn, Quinn and Greg  
have disappeared...

(X)

(X)



6A CONTINUED

6A

ARTURO

I have no idea. (X)  
(looks around)  
We better find a police officer. (X)

REMBRANDT

Don't bother.  
(off Arturo's look)  
According to the people in the bar,  
she's allowed to yank you off the  
street whenever she wants.

ARTURO

This is nonsense. Quinn hasn't  
done anything wrong.

WADE

Nonsense or not. She's got 'em.  
And she's taken him to someplace  
called "The Show".  
(holds a slip of paper)  
The Bartender gave us the  
address...

REMBRANDT

He also said we should hurry before  
it's too late...

A look between them. They turn, and head down the street in  
search of a cab --

7 EXT. STUDIO - FRONT AREA - DAY

7(X)

A JEEP pulls to the curb, Taryn gets out, pulling Quinn with  
her.

TARYN

I'll beep you when I need you  
again.

She closes the door as the Jeep drives off. As they cross (X)  
to the production office door. Quinn is shaking his head, (X)  
clearing the dart's effect... (X)

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.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED

7

QUINN

I'm not who you think I am.

TARYN

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

She waves her credential at the door. It CLICKS open and  
they enter...

8 OMIT 8 8

9 INT. GAME SHOW PRODUCTION OFFICE - LATER 9

Busy. PHONES RING. Taryn pulls Quinn along just as PHIL, the consummate, sleazy executive producer exits his office. He's tan, confident... arrogant.

Phil crosses to her.

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  
Who'd you get for back-up?

TARYN  
Greg Hughson. I already covered his expense... (X)

PHIL  
Excellent, Taryn. I'll make a change and put him in today's show. Come in my office. I'll settle up.

Phil moves off. Taryn seats Quinn, cuffs him to a special bar on the chair, just for this purpose...

QUINN  
What is this? You a bounty hunter?

TARYN  
Contestant coordinator.

QUINN  
What the hell is that?

She gives him a sideways glance, starts toward Phil's office.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED

9

QUINN

Don't I get to see a lawyer?

TARYN

What's with you today, Mallory?

QUINN

How many times do I have to tell you. I'm not your Quinn Mallory.

Taryn doesn't want to hear it. She walks away.

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. Phil comes to his door as Taryn enters.

PHIL

Aren't they pathetic right before they play?

He closes the door.

10 EXT. GAME SHOW STUDIO - DAY

10

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

Near the stage, there's a large monitor (which is dark at the moment. It'll broadcast the show later). The pre-game show is hosted by an Emcee. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

The CROWD CHEERS AS (X)

A Punk whose hands are tied, is caned on stage. (X)

Our Sliders watch, aghast. They wince as the SOUND of the CANE lashes against flesh. The CROWD YELLS: THREE! (X)

WADE

We'd better find Quinn and quick. (X)

11 OMIT 11

11

12 INT. STUDIO - FRONT HALL

12

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

STUDIO GUARD  
The audience is already seated.

ARTURO  
Please, we must get in.

STUDIO GUARD  
Not today. No seats left.

REMBRANDT  
You don't understand, our friend,  
he's, I guess you'd call him a  
contestant...

(X)  
(X)

STUDIO GUARD  
Are you his advocate?

WADE  
Yeah. Will that get us in?

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

They look amongst themselves: Who will it be?

13 INT. GAME SHOW SET - SAME TIME

13

SKIP COLLINS, the perfect helmet headed game show host, waits in the wings. A Make-Up Girl applies last minute touches. A STUDIO VOICE BOOMS over the P.A. system

STUDIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Ladies and Gentlemen! Skip  
Collins!!

He enters. The audience CHEERS. He picks up a mic.

SKIP  
Alright! It's time to play

THE CROWD  
The Judgment Game!

The NOISE IS DEAFENING. Skip calms them...

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

(X)

Quinn is escorted out by two guards. The CROWD BOOS. He looks out, blinded by the lights.

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

Quinn is placed in a box in the middle of the set -- "the hot seat" and cuffed to the box. No chance for escape. To Quinn's right, Arturo (now in a gaudy purple and gold trimmed robe) is brought to the wings by a burly P.A.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED

13

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".

INTERCUT:

OMIT 14

14A EXT. STUDIO - WADE AND REMBRANDT

14A

Push through the crowd for a better look at the monitor.  
They flash a look at each other: Murder??

RETURN TO 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!? Will he live  
or die!? 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:

15 INT. GAME SHOW SET - A MOMENT LATER 15(X)

Skip is center stage, reading from a small hand held card. (X)

SKIP

(rapidly; by rote)

By the power vested in me, by the State of California, I hereby declare you, the viewing audience, the jury.

(X)

(to Quinn)

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.

(then)

I'm told you have one -- is that right?

Quinn looks to Arturo, who nods.

QUINN

Yes. I do.

SKIP

Get him out here.

Arturo steps forward from the crowd.

SKIP

What's your name, sir?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED

15

ARTURO  
Professor Maximilian Arturo.

A Model dressed in a sexy bailiff's outfit crosses to Arturo with a Bible. Arturo places his hand on it.

SKIP  
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.

SKIP  
Alrighty 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: Laurence Hilton  
Jacobs!

(X)  
(X)

The CROWD CHEERS. LAURENCE HILTON JACOBS comes running out, his hands over his head, waving to the crowd.

(X)

LAURENCE  
(his signature line)  
Hi there...

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

THE CROWD GOES WILD

(X)

16 INT. PUNKY PINK'S - SAME TIME

16

A swirl of neon engulfs this bar, which is empty. The crowd that hangs here doesn't stir until at least 10pm. In the corner another Quinn watches TV. 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 Laurence read from a file.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED

16

RETURN TO GAME SHOW SET

LAURENCE

(X)

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

ARTURO

Your... your -- Skip. The evidence  
code clearly states that prior bad  
acts may not be used to prove a  
subsequent crime. I object to this  
line of --

Skip mock GASPS. The AUDIENCE GASPS.

(X)

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

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

SKIP

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, Larry?

(X)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED 2

16

LAURENCE

(X)

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).

The tape shows Quinn (of course, it's Q2) mugging a man; strangling him. 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...

RETURN TO PUNKY PINK'S

Q2 looks like he might be sick. He gets up and shuts the TV OFF. Q2 stubs out his cigarette, pulls a twenty from his wallet, tossing the cash on the table and exits...

BACK TO GAME SHOW SET

Our 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.

LAURENCE

(X)

Skip, the People rest.

MORE GUILTY CHEERS...

17 OMIT 17

17

18 EXT. STUDIO - STAGING AREA

18

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.

The EMCEE, who's next to Rembrandt signing autographs, overhears. He turns to them --

EMCEE

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

REMBRANDT

Why not? Looks pretty convincing to me.

EMCEE

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 Emcee shrugs, it's just part of the game. He turns to sign more autographs...

WADE

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

She leads Rembrandt away from the crowd...

19 OMIT (19)

19(X)

20 INT. STUDIO - DESERTED AREA

20

Wade and Rembrandt crawl in from an open window thru --

WADE

It's her fault Quinn's even in  
this mess. She's got to at least  
be willing to listen to us.

REMBRANDT

Willing or not, she's going to...

They cross to a door with a glass panel. Rembrandt peeks  
through just as a Guard crosses. They pull back to hide.

A moment later, they look again and spot two office workers  
(in Judgement Game shirts) passing...

REMBRANDT

(whispers)  
Might as well follow them.

They go through the doors and move into a hallway. They  
watch as the two workers enter a door and disappear.

Rembrandt and Wade cross to the door and try it. Locked  
tight. Wade looks around, searching...

WADE

You'd think they'd have a  
reception area or something...

REMBRANDT

I've got a feeling these people  
aren't too keen on visitors.

He walks a few feet over and looks up at a vent; easily  
pried open.

REMBRANDT

What do you think the penalty here  
is for illegal entry?

WADE

Doesn't matter. I'm willing to  
risk it.

The only way to reach the vent is for Rembrandt to lift her  
up... And then, only she'll be able to go in. As she  
opens the vent --

WADE

I'll meet you out front, okay?

REMBRANDT

You be careful.

She nods and crawls in...

21 INT. AIR CONDITIONING SHAFT

21(X)

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.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED 2

21

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

The door opens and an unseen person says --

UNSEEN PERSON (V.O.)  
We got a tip on Golin this morning,  
so Phil said to use him.

The editor nods and hits a few keys... The door closes...

RETURN TO WADE

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

22 INT. GAME SHOW SET - SAME TIME

22

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... Now, Arturo is rained on by anything that will fly.

(X)  
(X)

SKIP (V.O.)  
This is a good time to pay some  
bills... Back in a moment.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Another commercial. Frustrated, Arturo crosses to Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED

22

ARTURO

All they're interested in is a good show, and truth be damned.

QUINN

They couldn't handle the truth.

Arturo looks at the crowd, mulling this...

ARTURO

The truth... Now that's entertainment. I'll tell exactly how and why we're here -- instill a bit of reasonable doubt.

QUINN

You can't. You'll be putting yourself at risk.

ARTURO

Your life is at risk.  
(then)  
I'll gladly take my chances if it gives you one.

A look between Quinn and Arturo.

23 INT. GAME SHOW PRODUCTION OFFICE

23

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

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED

23

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.

(CONTINUED)

WADE

He's not.

(then)

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...

TARYN

(huh?)

My Quinn?

WADE

That's what I'm trying to tell you... We're not exactly from around here.

TARYN

I know, he's from San Francisco.

WADE

It's bigger than that... We're sort of from another world, like an alternate dimension.

She's lost Taryn completely.

TARYN

I don't need to hear this...

. She starts to walk away. Wade follows.

WADE

Wait... I know I sound crazy, but if you just give me a minute I can explain everything.

TARYN

Don't bother... He's already playing. It's too late.

Taryn exits through a security door marked: Stage. Wade is left to exit on her own...

25 INT. GAME SHOW SET

25

WE HEAR APPLAUSE. Quinn, still in the "hot seat" (one of his hands has been uncuffed), has sketched a picture of several PLANETS and connecting WORMHOLES on an easel. Arturo is center stage, smiling. (X)  
(X)

QUINN

You see, not only did we find doorways to alternate dimensions, but, we discovered that on a lot 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.

QUINN

I'm not even the Quinn of your world!

ARTURO

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...

Laurence nods his head, impressed. Arturo, holds up his hands to calm the crowd. He's about to speak again when a BUZZER goes off. (X)

SKIP

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

ARTURO

But we're not done yet.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED 25

SKIP  
Oh, I'm afraid you are. (X)  
Because -- that's all the time we (X)  
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 -- 1-96-JUSTICE. (X)

26 INT. STUDIO - AUDIENCE SECTION 26

We see multi-color circular devices on the tables before (X)  
each person. You can choose from "Guilty" and "Innocent" (X)  
with the push of a button... (X)

27 EXT. GAME SHOW STUDIO - STAGING AREA 27

Wade pushes back to find Rembrandt... They exchange a (X)  
look. She shakes her head... (X)

28 OMIT 28 28

29 INT. GAME SHOW SET 29

Taryn watches Quinn from the wings. Phil comes up, smiling.

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.

The Tally Sheet goes by and is handed to Skip. The TICKING  
CLOCK stops.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED

29

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

Pandemonium. The CROWD is DELIGHTED. Phil smiles. Yes!  
He heads back to the office...

Quinn and Arturo are crushed by the verdict. Quinn gulps.  
A curtain rises, three doors are visible...

SKIP  
Quinn Mallory, choose your door!  
Quinn looks to the Professor, shakes his head --

SKIP  
Mr. Mallory..?

But Quinn won't do it...

(X)

SKIP  
Alrighty -- you all know what that  
means!

The CROWD CHANTS: THE WHEEL, THE WHEEL... And sure enough,  
the model, now in a sexy executioner's robe, rolls out the  
Wheel of Fortune (please, no signage with this on it).  
Think the lottery wheel with the numbers 1, 2 or 3 randomly  
placed. A ping-pong ball is the selector. Skip sends the  
wheel flying. The ball bounces... And finally it lands  
on --

SKIP  
Number one!!

The Model comes back out and opens door #1, which REVEALS a  
mini-guillotine. The BLADE DROPS.

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

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 2

29

The AUDIENCE "Ahhs" 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 --

29A EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

29A

A transport van waits in an empty courtyard -- engine running. Maybe there should be a sign that reads: "Contestant Transport Area. Authorized Personnel Only".

The door opens and a uniformed guard pulls Quinn out.

QUINN

Let me go! I want to talk to a judge. I didn't do this!

The guard just gives him a look. They all say that. Quinn struggles more. A second guard comes around the van and slides open the passenger door.

And just as the guard is pushing Quinn in, he lowers a shoulder...

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED:

29A

QUINN

No way...

He pushes the guard back in to the second guard. Quinn then runs for it --

It's a short run. There's a fence (or a wall) that surrounds the area. The guards come up, grabbing him. They either club him or beat him with their fists into submission (your choice).

Aturo rushes out of the open door, crossing to them -- still wearing the purple gown.

ARTURO

Stop it! Stop it! That's quite enough.

And it is. Quinn hangs there roughed up, the fire out of him. Arturo reaches to help him up, but a guard blocks him.

QUINN

Professor...

ARTURO

Quinn

But what is there to say exactly. The guards drag him back towards the van.

ARTURO

Don't worry. We'll do something. We'll get you out of this.

They toss Quinn into the van. The guards getting in

ARTURO

Where are you taking him?

The guard won't say. He closes the door. Arturo moves to the van.

ARTURO

Answer me, dammit. Where are you taking him?

The van drives off. Quinn turns looking through the window at the Professor. Their eyes lock and as the van drives off, we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

30 EXT. PRISON - THE TOWER (OPTICAL SHOT) - NIGHT (N1) 30

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.

31 EXT. PRISON - VISITING AREA 31

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

We can still try for 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 can qualify.

ARTURO

Yes. I agree. But they don't. (X)

WADE

(frustrated)  
Maybe you just didn't explain it right.

ARTURO

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

A sting which burns deeply. There's a look between them. Rembrandt eyes them both. He intercedes --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED

31

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, is pushed in. The door closing behind him.

REMBRANDT

Q-ball, you alright?

QUINN

I've been better.  
(moves in)

You guys got a plan? How're you going to get me out?

The 3 exchange a look.

QUINN

What?

WADE

(points)  
They're taping us. Everything we say can be heard...

Quinn looks up, pissed.

QUINN

(sarcastic)  
What's it for... the half hour special right before they take my head off?!

Arturo looks down. Quinn realizes he's exactly right. He grabs the chair with his cuffed hands and crosses to the camera...

QUINN

Broadcast this, you vultures!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED 2

31

He attacks it with the chair, smashing it to bits, releasing all his anger. Rembrandt steps up to him.

REMBRANDT

Q-ball, man. The thing's dead...

Quinn stops. He leans against the wall...

QUINN

How much time is left?

(X)

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.

The Sliders exchange grim looks. Quinn thinks; then

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED 3

31

QUINN

You've got to find my double. It's the only way I'll get out of this.

WADE

Remember at the bar Taryn said something about a Deanne and Punky Pink's?

QUINN

Yeah! If you can find her, maybe she can tell you where he is...

32 INT. CITYWALK - SKYWALK - NIGHT

32(X)

Wade wears Arturo's coat. Her make-up is a little on the strange side: green eye-shadow, "Vamp" lipstick.

WADE

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

REMBRANDT

Place like this, you can't just walk in and start asking questions.

WADE

I know. But this --

ARTURO

Miss Welles, we realize that perhaps this is not the kindest ruse we could have come up with, but time is of the essence.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED

32

Wade nods, placing a fake nose piercing on and removes the top coat, REVEALING a leather outfit that's held together mostly by safety pins. There's another fake piercing on her belly button.

A look between the three and then she heads into the bar. As she goes, WE SEE a tattoo on the back of her neck...

33 INT. PUNKY PINK'S - NIGHT

33

At night, the neon swirl is almost psychedelic. The place is filled with kids sporting piercings that make adults cringe and hairstyles of unnatural multi-colors (Robyn will be an extra)... The crowd is the kind that would've loved Sid Vicious (if any of them had been alive when he was on). There is LOUD, DRIVING MUSIC -- VERY ANGRY, VERY IN YOUR FACE.

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 didn't have a chain linking her upper lip with her left eyebrow.

Wade turns, intercepting Deanne on her way back to the bar. They have to yell a bit to be heard over the MUSIC.

WADE

Deanne, right?

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.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED

33

DEANNE

You're carrying for him?

WADE

All I want is an address. He's  
gotta give me some fly money, so I  
can get home. If he does that, I'm  
gone and he's all yours.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED 2

33

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...

34 OMIT 34

34

35 INT. GAME SHOW PRODUCTION OFFICE - MORNING (D2)

35

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

36 OMIT 36 36

37 INT. QUINN'S CELL - DAY 37

Quinn is anxious, nervous. He gets up and looks out the window. There's a moment. This could very well be the last day he ever sees... (X)

He turns angrily and swats at his food tray, sending it flying across the room with a CRASHING BANG... The door opens. He looks up to find Taryn escorted in by a guard. The guard closes the door... (X)  
(X)  
(X)

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.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED

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.

38 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

Tom cats come home earlier..

(checks watch)

Where could he be?

WADE

Maybe he's out killing somebody else.

The guys look at her... She shrugs.

ARTURO

You are certain this is the right house?

REMBRANDT

(irritated)

For the hundredth time, yes! The mail is addressed to Deanne Bloch. This is definitely 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.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED

38

Rembrandt closes his eyes, resting against the tire of a derelict car.

(X)

ARTURO

(X)

Miss Welles, about what I said at the jail...

WADE

It's okay.

(X)

(beat; then)

(X)

We're both just worried. I know you did everything you could...

(X)

(X)

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. But you know what keeps me going..?

(X)

A look, he doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED 2

38

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

REMBRANDT

Okay. Now remember, I'll do the talking.

They move down the sloping hill and across the street, toward --

(X)

39 EXT. DEANNE'S HOUSE

39

Q2 is at the front door. He turns to see the Sliders heading up the front path. They smile.

ARTURO

Good morning, young man...

Q2 reacts -- He jumps the porch railing and runs.

REMBRANDT

What'd I say?

Arturo sighs... Rembrandt chases after Q2.

40 OMIT 40

40

41 EXT. DEANNE'S HOUSE - SIDE YARD

41

Q2 flies through. A beat later, Rembrandt flies through as well. Q2 makes a leap for the fence and Remmy grabs his legs, pulling him down. Wade and Arturo race up. There's a struggle to subdue Q2 and then suddenly Q2 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.

42 INT. ROYAL CHANCELLOR HOTEL - ROOM - LATER

42

Q2 is cuffed to a chair. Taryn yanks on 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 top of the room TV -- 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.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED

42

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. She pulls the folded magazine covers out from her pocket... (X)  
(X)

WADE

I know how his face got on that tape.

She turns the magazine covers to them... (X)

43 INT. EDIT BAY FOUR

43(X)

Taryn is at the editing consol booting up the computer... (X)  
Wade stands behind her... (X)

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. (X)

TARYN

Not when you think about it. In the old system, justice cost the taxpayers a lot of money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED

43

TARYN (CONT'D)  
By televising it, we earn money for  
the state. Judgments are swift,  
crime is down, everybody's happy.

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

A look between them. Taryn knows it's not right. She's  
had these thoughts before. And now --

(X)  
(X)

The computer beeps...

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

Wade leans in 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?

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED 2

43

WADE

This is not even a challenge. In my world, we have a lot 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.

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 --

44 OMIT (44)

44(X)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

45 INT. EDIT BAY 4 - A MOMENT LATER

45

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. The office doors auto-lock. There's no way out. Guards'll be here any second.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED

45

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

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, opens a ceiling panel. Taryn looks up as Wade crawls in...

WADE  
How do you think I got in  
yesterday?

46 INT. PRODUCTION OFFICE - HALLWAY

46

Guards rush into the office. Once they pass, a panel opens and out drop Taryn and Wade. They run out the door...

47 INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

47

Q2 channel 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 clock 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 a commercial for Quinn's execution (we don't see the TV).

(X)  
(X)

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED

47

TV VOICE OVER

Don't miss this special live  
edition of -- The Judgment Game.  
Tonight... when Quinn Mallory pays  
for his crime...

(X)  
(X)

The TV is clicked off angrily by Rembrandt.

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. A family can sleep  
with doors unlocked.  
(pointed)  
You can even drop your wallet on a  
busy sidewalk and have it  
returned with your money and  
credit cards intact.

Q2

What's so unusual about that?

REMBRANDT

Where we come from, 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

My point exactly.

REMBRANDT

(turns; angrily)  
So it's okay for innocent men  
die -- as long as everybody can  
go to bed with their doors  
unlocked?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

ARTURO

Of course not! I'm simply pointing  
out that there needs to be a  
balance. That perhaps this society  
is not that far off the mark.

Rembrandt looks at him, incredulous. He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED 2

47

REMBRANDT

Easy to say when you're not the man  
sitting on death row...

Another look between them. The Professor furrows his brow.  
Now, Wade and Taryn enter.

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.

48 INT. QUINN'S CELL - NIGHT (N2)

48

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

49 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD

49

There's a crowd of news personnel gathering.

On the stage, there's a guillotine. The technicians  
practice the drop. The BLADE falls with A METALLIC  
SWOOSHING sound crushing a watermelon that's standing in for  
Quinn. It explodes with a grotesquely human SQUISHING  
SOUND. The technicians LAUGH.

RETURN TO QUINN

He gulps and shivers. The sight of melon bursting all over  
is too much for him.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED

49

PRISON GUARD (V.O.)  
(ominous voice)  
It's time.

A 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 barriers, hollow eyes glued on Quinn, blank eerie expressions. Quinn's fear increases as he passes each one.

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

50

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...

51 EXT. PRISON ENTRANCE - PRESS GATE

51

The truck drives up. Taryn hands the Gate Guard her credentials. He runs it through a list...

(X)

There's a long beat. He checks her off, smiles, and allows her to enter...

(X)

(X)

52 OMIT 52

52

53 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD

53

The area is brightly lit. The truck drives in. There are already several news trucks all bearing "News America Network" insignias...

(X)

(X)

Quinn emerges. Prison Guard #2 and a second guard are his escorts. 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 NAN mic is thrust at Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED

53

NAN PRODUCER (V.O.)  
News America... Any chance for an  
interview, Mallory?

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  
No execution until he does a  
remote for the European  
Affiliates...

(X)

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 #2  
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 #2  
Surround the truck. No one goes in  
or out.

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

54 INT. NEWS TRUCK - SAME TIME

54

Everybody moves with urgency. Rembrandt cuts the shackles.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED

54

QUINN

Am I glad to see you...

REMBRANDT

The feeling's mutual.

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.

WADE

Your ticket out, compliments of your double.

(X)  
(X)

ARTURO

Move. Quickly...

(X)

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

QUINN

I'm sorry, I misjudged you.

(X)

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.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED 2

54

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.

55 OMIT (55)

55(X)

55A EXT. PRISON COURTYARD

55A

Phil parks and sees Prison Guard #2 by the News Truck.

PHIL

(to the Guard)

You -- where's the contestant??

(then, angrily)

It's ten after, why didn't it start on time?

PRISON GUARD #2

Network interview...

PHIL

Who the hell authorized that?

PRISON GUARD #2

One of your coordinators...

PHIL

(burning)

Taryn...

INTERCUT:

56 INT. SECRET COMPARTMENT

56

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.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED 56

RETURN TO SCENE

Phil pulls at the door. It's locked tight.

PHIL

Get something over here... Rip it  
off the hinges.

57 OMIT 57 57

58 INT. NEWS TRUCK - A MOMENT LATER 58

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

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.

Guards run off... (X)

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). (X)

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.

59 OMIT (59) 59(X)

60 INT. NEWS TRUCK - CAB 60

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.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED 2

60

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...

61 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD -- ANOTHER AREA

61

Taryn approaches a crew that's standing by their "News America Network" truck. The NAN producer from the earlier scene is here...

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

BEHIND HER --

Phil locates the nearest guard, grabbing his walkie talkie.

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

A SECOND gate closes, sealing off the courtyard, as...

The Truck approaches.

62 OMIT 62

62

63 INT. NEWS TRUCK - CAB

63

Arturo bites his lip, thinking.

REMBRANDT  
Now what? We got a plan B  
somewhere?

Arturo spies the REAR-VIEW MIRROR.

Behind them, there's an open area... And behind that --  
some open ground...

(X)  
(X)

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

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED 63

REMBRANDT  
Whoa. What are you doing?

ARTURO  
You wanted a Plan B! This is it!

64 EXT. PRISON COURTYARD/CLIFF AREA 64

The truck tears through, people scramble away. It clears the courtyard heading for the open area. Suddenly the truck skids and stops just feet before they careen off the cliff. The back wheels teeter. Guards rush that way. The lights turn, blazing light into the area. (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

65 OMIT (65) 65 (X)

66 INT. TRUCK - BACK COMPARTMENT 66

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.

67 EXT. CLIFF AREA - CONTINUOUS

67

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.

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

Guess that's why there's no fence back here...

(X)  
(X)

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 he thinking?

(X)

ARTURO

Of escape. Let's go --

ARTURO RUNS

(X)

The two remaining Sliders take the leap of faith as well...

(X)

67A EXT. CLIFF AREA - THE PLUNGE

67A

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

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

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.

BACK TO PHIL

Phil and the guards watch, amazed. Phil shakes his head.  
Now, the Fox producer and his crew step up, camera rolling,  
mic extended. We PULL BACK, knowing exactly what's going  
down.

68 OMIT 68

68

69 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

69

The Sliders fall into a patch of grass: Quinn, Arturo,  
Wade; then Rembrandt. They're all hopped up on  
adrenaline...

The vortex ROARS off screen as Quinn helps Arturo up

ARTURO  
Good Lord, what a rush!

WADE  
No kidding. Talk about your turbo  
slide...

Quinn is quiet, but smiling. Glad to be free...

REMBRANDT  
You felt that kick too -- when we  
entered the vortex?

ARTURO  
Falling into the wormhole must  
have accelerated our speed.

The vortex closes. Wade crosses to Quinn.

WADE  
Was that slide good timing or just  
incredible luck..?

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED

69

QUINN  
(with a twinkle)  
A little of both...  
(then)  
Everybody, okay?

The four head out of the yard.

REMBRANDT  
Sure, except for my heart...  
(taps his chest)  
I thought it was gonna come right  
out about half way down...

Wade, Arturo, and Rembrandt exchange smiles. Quinn however, has stopped and is staring at the house, an unhappy look on his face. Now, we SEE just inside the house on the other side of a window -- a videocamera and a feminine shape holding it. She is taping them...

Quinn burns and starts toward the back door.

QUINN  
I'll be right back.

ARTURO  
Mr. Mallory...

But it's too late. Quinn is already in the house. The three look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED

69

WADE

Please don't let him get arrested  
again...

A beat later, Quinn opens the door and exits with a  
videotape in hand. He crosses to the others.

REMBRANDT

She actually gave it to you?

QUINN

Not exactly.

ARTURO

You didn't...

QUINN

Of course not.

He pulls the tape out of the plastic box, destroying it.

QUINN

I simply told her we were alien  
life forms from another world and  
that if she didn't give me the  
tape, we'd take her back with us  
when we left.

REMBRANDT

We look like alien life forms to  
her? How is that --

(stops, realizing)

What exactly does she look like?

QUINN

You don't want to know...

And with that, Quinn heads out of the yard. The other three  
Sliders turn and look at the house... What exactly does she  
look like?

FADE OUT.

THE END