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"THE GAME'S AFOOT"

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#K1815

SLIDERS

''The Game's Afoot''

QUINN MALLORY  
WADE WELLES  
MAXIMILLIAN ARTURO  
REMBRANDT BROWN

DR. PUNCH  
WONK  
DR. BOLIVAR  
ERIN  
ANNE  
LESTRADE  
MRS. HUDSON  
TREVOR  
DIGGS  
YOUNG WOMAN  
GUIDE  
CABBIE  
SECURITY MAN  
BOY

#K1815

SLIDERS

``The Game's Afoot''

SETS

INTERIORS:

CHANCELLOR HOTEL  
LAST CHANCE BAR  
EVALUATION (E-VAL) CENTER  
EXAMINATION AREA  
PARK 21  
DR. BOLIVAR'S OFFICE  
TREATMENT ROOM  
INDOC HALL  
EMPLOYEE LOUNGE  
MUSIC HALL DRESSING ROOM  
221 B BAKER STREET  
SCOTLAND YARD  
RECEPTION AREA

EXTERIORS:

A BUSY STREET (``BUSINESS WORLD'')  
PARK  
EVALUATION (E-VAL) CENTER  
PARK 21  
ENTRY LEVEL/CORPORATE OFFICES  
VICTORIAN STREET  
CAFE  
ANOTHER STREET IN THE PARK  
STREET NEAR 221 BAKER  
ALLEY  
MOUTH OF AN ALLEY  
SIDEWALK CAFE  
MUSIC HALL  
SCOTLAND YARD  
ANOTHER PART OF THE PARK

#K1815

CHRONOLOGY PAGE

SCENES	1 - 13	DAY #1
SCENES	14 - 18	NIGHT #1
SCENES	19 - 20	DAY #2
SCENES	21 - 26	NIGHT #2
SCENES	27 - 35	DAY #3
SCENES	36 - 53	NIGHT #3

SLIDERS

"The Game's Afoot"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. A BUSY STREET - "BUSINESS WORLD" - DAY

1

This should look like something out of a stylized commercial or music video. DUTCH ANGLES, gleaming luxury CARS coming AT and OVER CAMERA, a seeming ARMY of PEDESTRIANS, both male and female, all wearing the "uniform" of this world: BLACK SUITS, WHITE SHIRTS, NARROW TIES, DARK RAY BANS, all carrying slim ATTACHE CASES and doing deals on CELL PHONES. All action, movement, a hustle-bustle, take-no-prisoners attitude. Roll with these IMAGES until the SOUND of a METALLIC CRASH pulls the LENS INTO:

A NARROW ALLEY

where the SLIDERS have just vortexed in. Arturo has landed smack in the middle of a row of trash cans; he's sprawled in the garbage amid the still-rolling cans. The others fight laughter, but he's not at all amused. He bats away their helping hands, comes up growling.

ARTURO

Go ahead, laugh! It's so comical to see me humiliated!

QUINN

We're laughing with you, Professor.

ARTURO

(brushing the garbage from his clothes)

Don't patronize me, Mr. Mallory. I know the difference between being in on the joke and being the butt of it.

WADE

(to Rembrandt)

Looks like he carried his bad mood from the last world into this one.

ARTURO

It's far more than a "bad mood," I assure you.

He goes storming off toward the street.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

1

REMBRANDT

We'd have laughed no matter who  
face planted in the garbage.

WADE

Is it our fault it's always him?

This gets them laughing again.

CUT TO

2 INT. CHANCELLOR HOTEL - DAY

2

The Sliders are relaxing in the suite. Remmy's at the  
window, watching the street below.

REMBRANDT

This is the first world we've been  
in with a dress code. You see the  
way people looked at us when we  
checked in?

ARTURO

(comes in from the  
bedroom)

A man covered in garbage would draw  
stares in any world, Mr. Brown.

QUINN

(re: his suit)

That looks alot better.

ARTURO

Now it looks like a badly stained  
suit. I'm going out to get a  
replacement.

WADE

Want some company?

ARTURO

No.

Quinn moves to intercept him, speaks quietly, concerned.

QUINN

Are you okay?

ARTURO

No, Mr. Mallory. I am not "okay."

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

QUINN

Look, about that disagreement on the last world, if it makes you feel any better, you were right and I was wrong.

ARTURO

Cold comfort. I am trapped in a game I no longer wish to play.

Arturo slams out.

CUT TO

3 EXT. PARK - DAY - ARTURO

3

walks through the park, oblivious to the stares of the "suits" around him. A man on a BICYCLE rides past, hits a puddle and SPLASHES Arturo with mud; it's the last straw.

ARTURO

Look what you've done, you careless fool!

The guy keeps going. But THREE PEOPLE are approaching. TWO MEN and a WOMAN. All in business suits, all young. The young woman, DARLA, speaks into a small walkie-talkie as they move in.

YOUNG WOMAN

We have a probable fracture in the east end of the park.

Arturo's furiously flicking at the mud on his suit when the "thought police" reach him.

YOUNG WOMAN

Is there a problem, sir?

ARTURO

Look at what that dunce did to me!

YOUNG WOMAN

Would you mind telling me why you're out of uniform?

ARTURO

(angrily)  
I haven't been in uniform in thirty years, what the devil are you talking about?

The two men each take an arm; he shakes them off roughly.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

ARTURO

Who are you people? This is  
outrageous ---

The Young Woman slips what looks like a lipstick tube from her pocket; a needle springs out just before she jabs it into Arturo's shoulder. He staggers....

YOUNG WOMAN

We're your friends.

He's helpless as the two men flank him, steer him across the park toward the street, where a couple of dark sedans are pulling into the curb. PAN OFF THEM to FIND:

DIGGS

The bartender from the Last Chance, watching Arturo's abduction from a vantage point close to the action. He's seen this scene before.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

4 INT. LAST CHANCE BAR - DAY

4

A light daytime crowd, all in suit-and-tie uniform. No games or frivolous conversation: this place is all business. People work on laptops, deal on cell phones, pore over files and print-outs. DIGGS is behind the bar, studying the open books and papers spread before him, working on a project. He looks up as the Sliders come IN; so do a lot of the other patrons: they're out of uniform, strangers in a strange land.

REMBRANDT

(looking around)

Doesn't anyone around here have any fun? I've seen libraries with more action than this.

DIGGS

(as they reach the bar)

There's no profit in "fun". Time spent frivolously is time wasted. I have no modem connections available, you might try next door.

QUINN

We just want a beer.

DIGGS

No alcohol here, dulls the senses. Iced ephedrine tea, a nice triple espresso? Better wired than tired.

REMBRANDT

We're looking for a friend of ours, big guy, beard.

DIGGS

Dressed tramp, like you.

WADE

Tramp? Hey, so we don't look like accountants like everyone else here, don't be insulting.

DIGGS

(lowers his voice, looks around)

They got him, in the park. I saw it all go down.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

QUINN  
Who the hell is they?

DIGGS  
Walk around dressed like that,  
you're gonna find out. Try the  
E-val center, that's where they  
take the fractures.

A look between them; what the hell's he talking about?

CUT TO

5 EXT. EVALUATION (E-VAL) CENTER - DAY - ESTABLISHING

5

this cold, futuristic-looking government building. OVER  
THIS:

VOICE  
Professor Maximilian Arturo doesn't  
appear in any national data bases,  
nor do his fingerprints, biothermal  
scans, or dental records. The man  
literally doesn't exist.  
(smiles)  
At least in this dimension. Maybe  
he's a bigshot on some parallel  
world, like he claims.

6 INT. E-VAL CENTER - EXAMINATION AREA - DAY

6

A pretty young woman EVALUATOR named DR. PUNCH gazes through  
observation windows at ARTURO lying on an exam table in the  
next room, wired up to all kinds of scanning monitors,  
EKG's, etc. He's conscious, but sedated. An eager young  
government WONK has just given her the news.

DR. PUNCH  
He's a bigshot here. His identity  
has been electronically cloaked,  
and that happens only by executive  
order.

WONK  
So what do we do, just put him back  
in the park and wait for the  
government agents to find him?

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

DR. PUNCH

(a dry laugh)

You weren't here for the Gates fiasco. Same situation. Gates was picked up swinging naked from a sailboat mast in the marina. There were no records of his existence, either. The E-vals in charge shipped him to a country unit, where he hanged himself with piano wire. His wasn't the only head that rolled.

WONK

Who was he?

DR. PUNCH

The First Lady's psychic medium. Now she's the only one he communicates with.

(scans a file folder)

Arturo's a Sherlock Holmes aficionado. He'll be happy in Park 21 until they come looking for him, and we can be damn sure they will. Get me a video link with Dr. Bolivar.

CUT TO

7 INT. EVALUATION CENTER (E-VAL) - DAY

7

CAMERA FINDS the SLIDERS -- now in "uniform" -- as they enter the lobby, PUSHES IN...

QUINN

I feel like one of the Blues Brothers.

REMBRANDT

Don't get me started on how they ripped off Sam and Dave.

WADE

If they think the professor's flipped out, getting him out of here may take more than a polite request.

QUINN

Once we find him, we take him, no matter how rough it gets.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

REMBRANDT

We don't even have a plan, Q-Ball.  
And we're way outnumbered.

QUINN

(as they near a reception  
desk)

We've got a plan. We just don't  
know what it is yet.

(steps to desk; to the  
pretty RECEPTIONIST)

Hi. We're looking for a friend of  
ours. Professor Maxmillian Arturo.

DR. PUNCH

is passing the reception station when she hears Arturo's  
name; she reacts quickly, moves to the Sliders, all brisk  
efficiency.

DR. PUNCH

(to receptionist)

I'll handle this. These are  
government agents.

(to the Sliders)

I'm Dr. Punch, I did the E-val on  
Professor Arturo. It certainly  
didn't take you long to find him.

A look between them; she's clearly making some assumptions  
here.

WADE

We knew where to look.

QUINN

We'd like to see him.

DR. PUNCH

He's on his way to Park 21. His  
fracture is severe, but Dr.  
Bolivar's had great success with  
his new treatments.

QUINN

I'm sure he has, but no such  
treatment has been authorized.  
Where is this place?

Suspicion comes into Dr. Punch's eyes.

DR. PUNCH

I'd like to see your  
identification, please.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED 2

7

Rembrandt smiles, moves closer to her.

REMBRANDT  
(quiet and forceful)  
Here's a better idea: you show me  
yours, so I won't forget. This  
whole thing may fall hard, and I  
want to be sure it falls on you.

Off Dr. Punch's look:

CUT TO

8 EXT. PARK 21 - DAY - ESTABLISHING

8

A bleak futuristic fortress on a hill, massive and  
forbidding. OVER THIS: the VOICE of DR. BOLIVAR.

DR. BOLIVAR (V.O.)  
A fracture is nothing to be ashamed  
of, Professor Arturo.

9 INT. DR. BOLIVAR'S OFFICE - TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

9

A cold, sterile room, all stainless steel and hi tech  
machinery. ARTURO is strapped onto a table, conscious but  
sedated into submission. DR. BOLIVAR, trim, sandy haired  
mid-40's, hovers with various medical implements, pushing  
and prodding Arturo.

DR. BOLIVAR  
Quite the contrary, a fracture is a  
badge of honor, a symbol of  
dedication to peak performance.

ARTURO  
(thickly)  
There's nothing wrong with me, why  
won't anyone listen....

DR. BOLIVAR  
Believing you live in parallel  
worlds indicates you've exceeded  
your stress threshold.

ARTURO  
The parallel worlds exist

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

DR. BOLIVAR

Of course, just relax. Listen to this tone, Professor. Isn't it soothing?

(holds an electronic wand to Arturo's ear, adjusts the frequencies as Arturo's eyes soften)

Yes...that's nice...You're now in a light hypnotic state, and you'll remember only this when you awaken.

He dangles a gold pocket watch on a chain and fob in front of the Professor.

DR. BOLIVAR

You will look at this watch every hour on the hour, its impulses will reinforce the scans.

ARTURO

Scans...I'm not familiar with....

Bolivar is fitting a electronic "halo" to Arturo's head.

DR. BOLIVAR

Your brain needs rest. Even now, it continues probing, questioning, looking for answers. When we're done, Professor Arturo will no longer exist. At least for a week or two. You'll be someone new! But don't worry, you'll be waiting for yourself when you get back.

Arturo, even in his drugged and tranced state, tries to resist, but Dr. Bolivar twists some dials on the machine; it hums ominously as the waves scan Arturo's brain. Arturo's head drops back, his eyes glazing and jaw going slack.

CUT TO

10 EXT. PARK 21 - ENTRY LEVEL/CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY

10

A staging area of sorts, outside the park proper. Still more an industrial look here, hi tech and cold. Lots of people -- all in "business uniform" -- mill about, being organized by officious young PARK GUIDES in distinctive uniforms barking order on BULLHORNS, separating the people into small groups: "TT's to the right, Civvies to the left."

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

CAMERA FINDS the SLIDERS alighting from a cab. They pay the driver, move toward the entrance, checking out the action. One of the GUIDES with an electronic bullhorn calls to them on the horn.

GUIDE

You three...TT's or civvies?  
(how stupid are you)  
Training Therapists or civilian  
workers?

QUINN

Civilians.

GUIDE

To the left. Board the trams.

The Sliders move to join a group waiting in a line at a tram stop.

REMBRANDT

What's going on here, look at all  
these people....

A pretty, harried looking young WOMAN hurries up on them, collides with Quinn. Her name is ERIN.

ERIN

Oops, excuse me. I can't believe  
I'm here, I submit an application  
every year and I finally got  
picked! Have you worked before?

WADE

It's the first time for all of us,  
pretty exciting. What kind of job  
did you apply for?

ERIN

Oh no, am I in the wrong line? I'm  
going to be a theme character,  
aren't you?

Quick looks around; they have no idea where this is going.

REMBRANDT

Sure, absolutely, what else is  
there?

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED 2

10

ERIN

(relieved)  
For dedicated actors, there's  
nothing else. I haven't had much  
experience, I'll probably get a  
small part, but I'll be inside!  
I'll be a park player!

QUINN

There are no small parts, only  
small actors, right?

The TRAM PULLS UP; people start filing aboard. Erin moves  
away.

REMBRANDT

I think we just got jobs. I hope  
we don't have to wear stupid  
costumes.

QUINN

Still steamed about the elf suit on  
mall world, huh Remmy?

They board the bus as we:

CUT TO

11 EXT. PARK 21 - DAY - IN A MOVING HANSOM CAB - ARTURO

11

rocks with the movement of the horse-drawn vehicle, eyes  
closed, his chin on his chest. The clop-clop of the animal's  
hooves echo on the cobblestone streets.

Arturo slowly comes to, looking around as he clears his  
head. CAMERA CREEPS BACK, WIDENING to REVEAL he's in period  
dress: tweed suit, a heavy cape or overcoat, and a  
deerstalker cap made famous by the legendary fictional  
detective Sherlock Holmes. He looks around, a smile coming  
to his lips as he drinks in the sights.

THE STREET

is a perfect recreation of Victorian London. All the people  
are in period costume, vendors sell from street carts,  
bobbies on patrol, rag-tag bands of street urchins at play,  
etc.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CABBIE

turns and smiles at Arturo.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

CABBIE

Where to, Mr. Sherlock Holmes?

Arturo hears the TOLL of BIG BEN in the distance; he pulls the gold pocket watch from his vest and opens the case. A strange CGI effect lets us know the watch is reinforcing the brain scan. He snaps it shut, smiles.

ARTURO

221 Baker Street!

CUT TO

12 INT. PARK 21 INDOC HALL - DAY

12

A large, nondescript room lined with rows of chairs filled with new "civvies" and "TT's". All are in period costume now. CAMERA FINDS the SLIDERS in one of the rows up front. QUINN is dressed as a young gentlemen-of-the-period, REMBRANDT looks the proper British Bobby (Policeman), and WADE wears the frills and lace of a music hall performer. Their new friend ERIN wears a similar costume.

REMBRANDT

We're burning time, Q-ball. We should be out there looking for him.

Personnel AIDES move among the crowd, handing out laminated ID cards and small personal communication devices (PERCOMS). During this, A young WOMAN addresses them from a raised platform at the front of the hall. We'll call her ANNE.

ANNE

Each of you is responsible for your PERCOM. You lose it, you buy it. Carry your PERCOM with you at all times. Dr. Dunhill... People, please welcome Dr. Dunhill, park supervisor.

Applause as a handsome YOUNG MAN in period dress -- a suit and bowler hat -- makes his way to the mic, acknowledges the applause.

LESTRADE

Good afternoon, and welcome. Outside this room, I am Inspector Lestrade, Scotland Yard. You must remain in character at all times while in restoration areas.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

LESTRADE (CONT'D)

Breaking character will result in immediate discharge. The illusion of a different time, a different world must be maintained in order for our therapy to be effective.

THE SLIDERS

trade smiles.

WADE

(sotto voce)

I think we can handle the different world thing.

CUT TO

13 INT. 221 B BAKER STREET - DAY

13

Arturo, wrapped in a silk smoking jacket and calabash in hand, paces the room, reciting a verse from the newspaper he's holding. The headline screams: "RIPPER STRIKES IN WHITE HALL!"

ARTURO

"A pretty flower plucked so young,  
but my gardening has just begun.  
Another bloom for my bouquet  
tonight, my passion watered with  
blood so bright. Cheers, Jolly  
Jack."

He turns him to see MRS. HUDSON just inside the door with evening tea. A kindly older woman -- meaning at least 35.

ARTURO

Ah, Mrs. Hudson. No Shakespeare,  
our Jolly Jack. What news of  
Watson?

MRS. HUDSON

Still delayed in Liverpool, I  
imagine.

ARTURO

I need him here! Wire again for  
him to come at once!

MRS. HUDSON

Yes sir, I'll just leave the  
tea....

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

She backs out, leaving Arturo pacing.

CUT TO

14 EXT. PARK 21 - VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT

14

Fog hangs low in the streets, just like in the old Universal horror pictures. Gas lamps glow in the mist; the street is quiet, deserted.

THE SLIDERS

have re-grouped, and have just bought some roasted chesnuts from a street vendor. Rembrandt takes a bite of his, spits it out.

REMBRANDT

Folks must buy these chestnuts for the heat, not the flavor.

QUINN

We better get inside, Wade's chilled to the bone.

WADE

I'm fine. As long as there's a chance we'll spot him, let's stay out here.

REMBRANDT

Can't see across the street in this fog. We'll start again in the morning.

Suddenly, the SHRILL of bobbies' WHISTLES echo from a distant street; CRIES rend the night air: "Murder! The Ripper's struck again!", etc. They take off to investigate.

15 EXT. AT THE MOUTH OF AN ALLEY

15

A crowd of onlookers has quickly gathered. Bobbies keep them back. The Sliders arrive on the scene, make their way through the crowd to the mouth of the alley. A small group of BOYS -- all around ten or eleven -- have the front row view. Their leader's a cocky kid named TREVOR.

QUINN

What's happening?

TREVOR

Another Ripper murder!

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

Now the crowd surges, pushing the Sliders back and jamming Trevor up against Quinn. Cries from bystanders: "Make way for Sherlock Holmes! Make way!" The Sliders look to see what the commotion's about, and Trevor takes advantage of the diversion to skillfully pick Quinn's pockets. He's just grabbing the timer when Quinn feels his hand, grabs for him.

QUINN

Hey! Grab him Remmy, he's got the timer!

Rembrandt takes off after the kid and his gang.

WADE

(looking O.S.)  
It's the Professor!

ARTURO

is led down the alley by a couple of SCOTLAND YARD DETECTIVES, passing by Wade and Quinn. But he doesn't react, just keeps moving.

IN THE ALLEY - INSPECTOR LESTRADE

kneels beside the body of a young WOMAN. He waves for her to be covered and taken away as ARTURO comes INTO SHOT.

LESTRADE

Mr. Holmes, come to help poor  
bumbling Inspector Lestrade again,  
I suppose.

ARTURO

Apparently someone must. You  
there! Stop moving about,  
trampling evidence! The least you  
can do is secure your crime scene,  
Inspector.

Quinn comes down the alley. Lestrade goes off to confer with the DETECTIVES as Quinn approaches. Arturo stares quizzically at Quinn, as if trying to place him.

QUINN

Don't you recognize me?

ARTURO

Don't be daft, Watson! Thank  
heaven you've arrived. The game's  
afoot!

Off Quinn's reaction....

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED 2

15

THE STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Wade rubs her arms, stamps her feet to keep warm. Rembrandt comes back, still winded.

WADE  
Tell me you got the timer.

REMBRANDT  
(shakes his head)  
I chased them all over this park....

ANGLE ADJUSTS as Arturo and Quinn exit the alley, Arturo chatting with Lestrade. Quinn sidles over to them, looking shell-shocked.

WADE  
Bad news, Quinn.

QUINN  
Me too.

REMBRANDT  
He's okay, right?

A hard moment for Quinn; this isn't easy for him.

QUINN  
The Professor thinks he's Sherlock Holmes.  
(beat)  
He's lost his mind.

ARTURO  
Watson! We've a long night ahead, don't dally!

Quinn takes off after Arturo, leaving Rembrandt and Wade to deal with the unimaginable....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

16 INT. PARK 21, EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - NIGHT

16

A spacious, comfortable area for the park employees to relax and socialize. Tables, couches, video games, etc. REMMY AND WADE sit together at a table with coffee, deeply troubled by what's transpired.

REMBRANDT

It can't be as bad as it looks.  
The Professor's rock solid, no way  
he's jumped the track.

WADE

Maybe they've got him drugged or  
something.

(beat)

If we can just get him out of  
here...once we slide, maybe he'll  
be okay.

REMBRANDT

If we slide. We'll grow old here  
if we can't find the kid that  
swiped the timer.

(beat)

This place is too weird for my  
blood, a girl gets murdered and  
it's business as usual. Nobody's  
even called the cops.

Scattered APPLAUSE pulls their attention toward the front of  
the room, where:

INSPECTOR LESTRADE

and a young WOMAN still in "tart" costume have just come in.  
The woman's costume is blood-soaked, but she's smiling and  
waving as the other employees applaud. Lestrade holds her  
hand up like a winning boxer.

LESTRADE

Ladies and gentlemen, our D.V. for  
tonight, Jack the Ripper's latest  
victim, Jennifer!

More applause.

REMMY AND WADE

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

WADE

(confused)  
What's a D.V.?

ERIN appears with a cup of coffee, joins them as:

ERIN

Designated Victim. Lucky Jennifer, it's a featured role. But we still have a chance, Wade -- we're both tarts, and that's who the Ripper kills.

WADE

It's all a game....

ERIN

(laughs)  
No, the Ripper's actually killing people! You guys didn't really think....

REMBRANDT

Wade's just funning you, had you for a minute, didn't she?

ERIN

Ohmigod, Dr. Dunhill -- I mean inspector Lestrade is coming over here, maybe we've been chosen.

LESTRADE

(as he gets there; he's got eyes for Wade)  
Good evening. Are you enjoying your time in the park?

ERIN

It's fabulous!

But Lestrade is watching Wade, and she's aware of it.

WADE

Yes, it's really incredible.

LESTRADE

Civvie or TT?

REMBRANDT

We're all civvies. That murder was very real, you even got Sherlock Holmes on the case to help you.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED 2

16

ERIN

He must be someone really famous,  
that's a starring role.

LESTRADE

Yes, but policy prohibits even  
speculating about patient  
identities.

(back to Wade)

Enjoy yourselves. I hope we'll see  
more of each other.

He moves off.

ERIN

Something tells me you'll be moving  
up to a featured role.

REMBRANDT

Uh-huh, remember us peons when you  
get to the top.

WADE

You guys, he's just being friendly.  
Who's that he's talking to?

They look to SEE Lestrade talking to DR. BOLIVAR across the  
room.

ERIN

That's Dr. Bolivar, the Senior  
Director, he runs this whole park.

Bolivar glances directly at them, holds the look, then  
shifts back to Lestrade.

CUT TO

17 INT. 221 B BAKER STREET - NIGHT

17

Arturo is poring over the clues gathered at the crime scene:  
plaster casts of shoe prints, fibers, the Ripper note, etc.  
He's looking through a microscope as Quinn paces, deeply  
concerned about his friend and unable to break through to  
the Arturo beneath the Holmes.

ARTURO

These fibers are clearly synthetic,  
a nylon derivative. Lightly soiled  
at the top, but pristine below.

(looks up)

Jolly Jack has new carpets in his  
home or office. Care for a look?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

QUINN

Let that go for now and talk to me!

ARTURO

(points to the shoe mold)  
And his shoes have recently been  
half-soled, I'll need you to check  
cobblers within a five mile radius  
for a list of their recent  
customers with a size eleven

QUINN

-- Professor!

ARTURO

Watson, this "Professor"  
affectation grows tiresome. Cease!  
What is wrong with you, man? The  
sight of that poor murdered girl  
has you shell-shocked.

Arturo rises, stretches wearily.

ARTURO

I'm worn to a nub myself, dreadful  
business this.

He pulls his gold pocket watch, opens it; the CGI EFFECT  
is triggered. He stares a long moment at it, seemingly  
drawing new energy from it. Quinn notices.

QUINN

That's an interesting watch, may I  
see it?

ARTURO

(snaps it shut)  
You've seen it every day for years.  
Ah, that's better. I feel my  
second wind coming on. Put on the  
kettle, it's going to be a long  
night.

He settles back at the microscope with a fresh slide....

CUT TO

18 EXT. PARK 21 - VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT - WADE

18

walks along the foggy street, shawl drawn tight against the  
damp night.

A PAIR OF SHOES

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

emerge from an alley. BLACK. SHINY. Straps with small BRASS BUCKLES. They move soundlessly after WADE.

STALKER'S POV - WADE

continues along. The STALKER closes the distance, gaining on her.

WADE

slows; she hears something. She stops, listening, looks around...and GASPS as REMBRANDT APPEARS through the fog.

WADE

Don't scare me like that!

REMBRANDT

Get a grip, girl, you're taking this Ripper thing too seriously. I thought you were going to the dorm.

WADE

I was, but I left my PERCOM back at the lounge. Walk with me?

REMBRANDT

I better, I don't want you scaring yourself to death.

STALKER'S POV - WADE AND REMMY

continue down the street, disappearing into the fog. Only the sound of heavy BREATHING....

CUT TO

19 EXT. STREET NEAR 221 BAKER - DAY - TREVOR AND THE STREET URCHINS

19

are working their pickpocket scam on an unsuspecting older Gentleman when QUINN appears suddenly, grabs TREVOR by the collar. The other boys scatter as Quinn pulls the gent's wallet from Trevor's fist, hands it to the older man.

TREVOR

(struggling)  
Let me go!

QUINN

Sure. After you give back what you swiped from me last night.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

Quinn is patting the boy's pockets, comes out with a slingshot. Trevor looks at him, a cunning coming to his eyes.

TREVOR

The gizmo's worth a lot to you.  
Some kind of a timer, isn't it?  
Not very sophisticated technology,  
those microchips are strictly last  
year.

QUINN

(alarmed)  
You took it apart?

TREVOR

And put it back together.

ARTURO (O.S.)

Watson!

TO INCLUDE ARTURO

coming toward them, bakery bags in arm. Trevor twists away from Quinn, takes off on the run. Quinn starts after him; Arturo calls him off.

ARTURO

Save your strength, Watson. You'll  
never catch him. The Baker Street  
Irregulars know these streets too  
well.

(getting there; pulling a  
pastry from the bag)  
Scone?

Quinn accepts, and they enjoy the pastries as they walk along the street. Now a HANSOM rounds the corner and draws into the curb. LESTRADE AND DR. BOLIVAR greet Arturo, but remain in the vehicle.

LESTRADE

Ah, Holmes. The Chief Inspector  
and I were just on our way to see  
you.

ARTURO

You don't bother with a salutation  
to Watson?

Lestrade reacts, but slightly, as he climbs down.

LESTRADE

Forgiv  me, Watson. Good morning.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 2

19

QUINN

Good morning.

Lestrade hands Arturo an envelope.

DR. BOLIVAR

That arrived at the Yard in the morning post, Mr. Holmes. What do you make of it?

ARTURO

(carefully extracts a note, reads it aloud)

"Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, but I won't use a candlestick. My blade gleams silver in the light, another flower plucked tonight. Cheers! Jolly Jack."

(beat)

I suggest you double your forces in Whitehall by dark, gentlemen. Our Jack is not one for idle threats.

DR. BOLIVAR

Can you give us nothing to go on, Mr. Holmes?

Arturo moves to the hansom as Lestrade moves Quinn a short distance away.

LESTRADE

Who assigned you to Professor -- to Holmes?

QUINN

(scrambling)

He glommed onto me last night in the alley where the girl was killed, started calling me Watson. I'm supposed to play along, not break the illusion, right?

LESTRADE

(nods)

The override's been maintained, Holmes remains dominant. The murder was real to him, and he's trying to solve it.

Quinn reacts, pieces it together.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 3

19

QUINN

Absolutely, he's on the case. This therapy is fascinating. He really believes he's Sherlock Holmes. His real personality's still there, but somehow you override it, then restore it. Do you use drugs, or

LESTRADE

(sharply)

You're a civvie, not even a T.T.! Look, how or what we do isn't your concern. Just stay in character, there's a bonus in it for you.

QUINN

Whatever you say.

DR. BOLIVAR

Lestrade, let's not keep Mr. Holmes from his work.

Quinn rejoins the Professor as Lestrade climbs back into the hansom. We should note a distinctive Scotland Yard crest on the hansom door. The hansom pulls away.

ARTURO

Blundering fools. It's no wonder they can't get along without me.

They continue on up the street.

CUT TO

20 EXT. PARK 21, SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY - LATER

20

Quinn is having coffee with Remmy and Wade.

WADE

It sounds like they've got the professor brainwashed. But what have they got to gain by immersing him in some stupid murder mystery game?

QUINN

It's some kind of mental health therapy. It's scary. The Professor is gone. I look into his eyes and he's not there, he's a stranger.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

REMBRANDT

We'll get him back, buddy, no matter what it takes. What they did to him they can undo.

(beat)

You really think that kid's gonna give you back the timer?

QUINN

Sell it's more like it. He knows how bad we want it. I just hope he hasn't fouled it up messing around with it.

WADE

How much time you figure we have left?

QUINN

We slide tomorrow night.

REMBRANDT

If we're lucky.

CUT TO

21 EXT. PARK 21, MUSIC HALL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

21

MUSIC and SOUNDS of a CROWD from within the building. Posters outside advertise a Revue with comedians and dancing girls, typical music hall fare.

CUT TO

22 INT. PARK 21, MUSIC HALL DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

22

A number of young women PERFORMERS come off stage and into the dressing room to tumultuous applause and whistles O.S. CAMERA FINDS WADE and ERIN in the group, MOVES WITH THEM to the makeup table. Both are tired, sweaty from the hot lights.

WADE

(as she sinks to a chair)  
And to think I actually dreamed of being in show business...my feet are killing me.

Erin is opening the card on a single blood-red ROSE that been delivered to her station; she's delighted.

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

ERIN  
Wade! Listen to this: 'I can't wait till you're in my arms tonight. Church Street and Abbey Road, ten o'clock. Jolly Jack' I'm a D.V. tonight! I'm a featured player, a designated victim!

WADE  
Congratulations. I'd say break a leg, but in your case I guess it's more knock 'em stiff.

ERIN  
(gives her the note;  
touches up her makeup)  
Hang onto that for me, wouldja? I want to put it in my scrapbook. I better get out there, I don't want to keep Jack the Ripper waiting. Do I look okay?

WADE  
You'll make a beautiful corpse.

ERIN  
Thanks, Wade. See you in the morgue!

Erin hugs her, grabs her shawl and goes OUT as Wade looks at the note, shakes her head; it's a little creepy.

CUT TO

23 EXT. PARK 21 VICTORIAN STREET - WITH ERIN

23

as she moves along the deserted, foggy street.

THE BLACK, SHINY SHOES

with the small brass buckles we saw before wait in the shadows of an alley. We HEAR ERIN'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH AND PASS the alley, CONTINUE on down the street. The BLACK SHOES move OUT of SHOT.

STALKER'S POV - ERIN

continues along, oblivious to her pursuer. The Stalker is gaining on her....

A BLACK-GLOVED HAND

is withdrawn from an overcoat pocket; a SCALPEL glitters.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

ERIN

reaches the corner, stops, cocks her head to a SOUND behind her.

STALKER'S POV - ERIN

He's almost on her now. She turns INTO CAMERA, smiles with recognition and relief, then GASPS in horror as A GLOVED HAND clamps over her mouth.

HER FEET

kick wildly as she struggles; the SHINY BLACK SHOES pull her OUT OF SHOT, REVEALING TREVOR peering at the scene from the sewer grate. He gasps with fright, looking up at:

STALKER'S POV - TREVOR

is looking up at CAMERA; a split-second later he disappears down the drain. But it's clear that the Stalker has seen him.

24 EXT. ANOTHER STREET IN THE PARK - REMBRANDT

24

is out looking for Trevor and the other urchins when a blood-curdling SCREAM pierces the night; it's come from the neighboring street. Remmy takes off on the run to investigate.

WITH REMBRANDT

He rounds a corner, stops, listening...He slides his club from its ring, moves cautiously along the darkened, foggy street. He tenses; he's heard a sound from the alleymouth just ahead. He swings his lamp that way...just as a CAT races out of the alley and away. He sags with relief... when suddenly a DARK FORM busts from the alley, slams into Rembrandt. Remmy struggles, but the DARK MAN hits him with a sap, sending him face down to the ground, out cold. The Ripper's FOOTSTEPS disappear into the black as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

25 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - REMBRANDT

25

sits, back against the wall, as QUINN examines his bruised head. The alley is abuzz with activity, and we SEE ARTURO examining Erin's body in the b.g.

REMBRANDT

It happened so fast, I grabbed hold of him, then the lights went out.

QUINN

So you didn't get a look at his face?

REMBRANDT

(shakes his head)  
This murder's no joke, huh Q-Ball?

QUINN

I wish it was...Wade! Where've you been, we were worried sick!

REVEAL WADE

as she comes through the crowd, not aware yet what's happened.

WADE

I was waiting for you at the employees lounge, you never showed.  
(nods down the alley)  
How's Erin's performance going?  
(she sees their reaction, tries to move around Quinn for a look, but he holds her back)  
No...She's not....

QUINN

Don't, Wade. You don't want to see this.

ARTURO

is examining Erin's slashed remains. Lestrade emerges from behind a stack of pallets, wiping his mouth on his handkerchief; he's been hurling.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

ARTURO

Good heavens man, you act as if  
you've never seen a dead body.  
These wounds are clean, decisive, a  
skilled surgeon, our Jack. The  
weapon was undoubtedly a scalpel.  
Watch where you step!

LESTRADE

I need some air....

He makes his way out to the street, passing Quinn, Rembrandt  
and Wade. He gets out his PERCOM unit, punches in a code.

LESTRADE

(into PERCOM)

There's been a murder...one of the  
civvies, a young girl...A real  
murder, damn it!

QUINN, WADE AND REMBRANDT

Quinn is reading the card that was on the single rose in the  
dressing room while Rembrandt steadies Wade with a hug.

WADE

(dull, shocked)

She was so happy, we joked about  
her getting killed...This can't be  
happening....

QUINN

(concerned)

Who delivered the rose?

WADE

I don't know, it was there when we  
came off stage.

QUINN

How did Erin know it was for her?

WADE

It was in her station, her name's  
on the card.

QUINN

(shows her)

No, it's not. The killer must have  
seen her there before the show.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED 2

25

WADE

(it sinks in)  
I was sitting there until just  
before curtain, then she asked me  
to change, she was superstitious...  
The rose was for me.

REMBRANDT

Whoa now, we can't be thinking that  
way....

She reacts as ERIN'S BODY is brought out of the alley by  
some bobbies.

WADE

It was supposed to be me!

A worried look passes between Quinn and Rembrandt. Off to  
one side, watching wide-eyed as the BODY is taken away,  
stands TREVOR. He darts away as we:

CUT TO

26 INT. PARK 21, DR. BOLIVAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

26

Lestrade has just finished briefing Dr. Bolivar, who is up  
and pacing.

DR. BOLIVAR

We have to call in the police,  
there's a madman loose in the park!

LESTRADE

We can't, sir! We can't put the  
patients at risk that way, the  
consequences might be tragic

DR. BOLIVAR

-- A girl is dead!

LESTRADE

(there's no politic way  
to say this)  
Our patients are some of this  
country's most greatest minds! To  
put their recoveries at risk over  
this civvie worker would be  
reckless and irresponsible.  
(pointedly)  
Careers are at stake here.

Dr. Bolivar stares at him a long moment, mulling it;  
self-interest elbows conscience aside.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

DR. BOLIVAR

How do we handle it?

LESTRADE

No one knows what goes on inside this park. We keep it under wraps until the killer's caught. We have ample security forces at our disposal. I'll impose a curfew, double foot patrols....

(a wry smile)

...We've even got Sherlock Holmes on the case. He always gets his man.

CUT TO

27 INT. PARK 21, 221 B BAKER STREET - DAY

27

Sunlight pours through the windows. Arturo is still in the same clothes; he hasn't slept, nor has Quinn. Quinn is hunched over the microscope.

ARTURO

(puts on a kettle for another pot of tea)

I daresay this case has caught your fancy, Watson. I've seldom seen you go without sleep.

QUINN

(leans back, excited)

The fibers from the two crime scenes match!

Arturo goes for a look.

ARTURO

(patiently)

Indeed. But they could have been tracked there by any number of people common to both scenes.

QUINN

Scotland Yard, bobbies...You suspect one of them's the killer?

ARTURO

That conclusion is hard to ignore, but not the only one to be drawn.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

27

ARTURO (CONT'D)

(crosses to a number of  
plaster casts)

These shoe impressions...three sets  
in common, including our size 11  
with new half-soles. But here,  
these...these are unique to last  
night's scene. A heavier man, by  
the depth of the impression. But I  
saw no man last night I didn't see  
the previous evening.

(a challenge)

Quick Watson -- what do you make of  
it?

QUINN

The strange prints belong to the  
real killer!

Quinn's forgotten in the heat of the moment that Arturo  
believes the staged murder to be real....

ARTURO

Real killer? Watson, two victims  
dead by different hands, ergo two  
killers. A copy cat.

He goes to the desk, shows Quinn the two Ripper notes  
furnished by Lestrade.

ARTURO

Both the notes sent to the Yard  
written by the same hand.

(now compares the note  
card from the single  
rose)

But this from the rose in the  
dressing room, clearly written by  
another. Perhaps two men working  
in league together. There's  
precedent for such perversion.

Quinn longs to tell him there's only one killer, but he  
can't risk doing damage to Arturo's fragile psyche.

ARTURO

I remember reading about a prior  
murder...Blast! Why can't I  
think!

(MORE)

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED 2

27

ARTURO (CONT'D)  
(rustles through stuff on  
the table, finds the  
paper he read the first  
night)

Here! Yes...the first Ripper  
murder...why can't I remember it,  
Watson? I can't seem to remember  
anything beyond the last day or so.

A helpless confusion has come over the Professor that's  
heartbreaking for Quinn to see.

QUINN  
(guides him gently to a  
chair)  
You're just exhausted.

ARTURO  
(gripping his hand)  
Is that all? I feel so strange, as  
though my mind's a blank....  
(forces a smile)  
...Perhaps the seven percent  
solution's taking its toll.

QUINN  
I'll get your tea.

Quinn goes to make the tea. Arturo takes out his pocket  
watch, opens it, triggering the CGI EFFECT. Quinn watches  
over his shoulder, turns back.

ARTURO  
(snaps it shut; the  
soothing effect is almost  
instant)  
...That's better. Yes. I'm going  
to doze for a moment, Watson. Then  
it's off to Scotland Yard. I need  
more information from our friend  
Lestrade.

By the time Quinn turns around with the tea, Arturo's asleep  
in his chair. Quinn gently removes the gold pocket watch  
from his vest pocket. He opens the case, triggering the  
CGI EFFECT. It has no effect on him. No answers to the  
mystery here. He snaps the case shut, puts it back in the  
prof's vest.

CUT TO

28 EXT. PARK 21, SCOTLAND YARD - DAY 28

A hansom pulls up in front of a building ID'd by signage as "Scotland Yard" -- in fact, this is the rear of the office complex housing Dr. Bolivar and staff, dummied up to look turn-of-the-century. Arturo climbs out, goes into:

29 INT. SCOTLAND YARD - DAY 29

It looks like the Yard might at the turn of the century, on a much smaller scale. Arturo approaches the Sergeant on Duty.

ARTURO  
Please inform Inspector Lestrade  
Sherlock Holmes is here to see him.

30 INT. BOLIVAR'S OFFICE - DAY 30

Bolivar is at his desk, going over some reports with Lestrade; they've turned their attention to the video monitors and ARTURO.

DR. BOLIVAR  
You better get in there.  
(Lestrade starts for the  
door)  
You're out of costume!

LESTRADE  
Damn!

He hurries OUT.

31 INT. SCOTLAND YARD - RECEPTION AREA 31

Arturo is waiting when LESTRADE hurries IN, buttoning his period suit coat.

LESTRADE  
Mr. Holmes. What brings you out so early?

ARTURO  
I'd like copies of all your crime scene and field reports relating to the Ripper killings.

LESTRADE  
(these don't exist;  
covering with temper)  
I don't have time for that, there's a killer loose.

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

ARTURO

That is precisely why I suggest you  
make time, sir.

(beat)

You seem reluctant to cooperate,  
shall I ask the Chief Inspector?

LESTRADE

All right, all right! But I'm on  
my way out, I'll have the reports  
sent to your rooms.

ARTURO

Excellent.

32 INT. BOLIVAR'S OFFICE

32

He's watching all this on the VIDEO MONITOR.

ARTURO

Thank you, Inspector. Oh, by the  
by, what size shoe do you wear?

LESTRADE

Eleven. Why do you ask?

Arturo just smiles. Lestrade goes OUT. Bolivar watches,  
mulls....

CUT TO

33 EXT. PARK 21, VICTORIAN STREET - DAY

33

Rembrandt, Quinn, and Wade walk along the street.

QUINN

That pocket watch helps keep the  
Professor in this alternate  
reality, it's like the override  
gets a recharge every hour when he  
looks at it.

REMBRANDT

You've only got a few hours left to  
figure it out.

WADE

Then again, you'll have about 29  
years, if we miss the slide. God I  
wish he was Sherlock Holmes,  
maybe he could catch this monster.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

CRIES of ALARM pull their attention across the street, where a rough-looking man is chasing a BOY down the street. The boy's TREVOR. He barrels into a fruit stand, spilling fruit all over the street, keeps going.

QUINN

That's him!

The three join the chase, racing across the street.

TREVOR

crashes into a chimney sweep, sending him sprawling, then darts down an alley. He's running toward CAMERA when the MAN comes charging after him. Trevor tries to jump some obstacle, catches a foot and goes down hard. The MAN is on him quickly, roughly subduing the boy, who fights like hell. In the b.g., the Sliders come running down the alley, see the MAN "attacking" the boy.

QUINN

Hey! Let him alone!

The Man ignores Quinn; Quinn grabs his arm, spins him.

QUINN

I said let him go!

The Man fends Quinn off; Trevor slips his hold and takes off.

REMBRANDT

We're on him, Q-ball!

He and Wade go tearing after the boy as Quinn holds the Man back. The Man shoves Quinn, Quinn shoves back and suddenly it's a brawl. Into some crates...garbage...a puddle... Quinn ends up pinning the Man.

QUINN

What are you, some kind of freak?

SECURITY MAN

Park Security, get the hell off me!

(Quinn does; helps him

up)

There's a park-wide alert out on that kid, he's to be picked up on sight.

QUINN

Kind of rough treatment for a juvenile pickpocket.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED 2

33

SECURITY MAN  
He's a fracture, some kind of boy  
genius that's gone psychotic. He's  
dangerous. I oughta run you in for  
interfering.

CUT TO

34 EXT. ANOTHER ALLEY - DAY - WADE AND REMBRANDT

34

walk through the quiet alley, both winded and breathing hard  
from the chase. No sign of Trevor.

WADE  
He's gotta be here somewhere.

REMBRANDT  
Listen up, kid, I know you can hear  
me. You have something of ours and  
we need it. We'll pay you a nice  
piece of change.

Now QUINN comes into the alley.

QUINN  
That guy's a security man. The  
boy's in trouble. Every cop in the  
park's after him.  
(calling)  
We helped you out back there, that  
should mean something to you.  
Maybe we can help. You've got  
nothing to lose trusting us. So  
how about it?

Silence....

WADE  
Damn.

CUT TO

35 EXT. PARK 21, VICTORIAN STREET CAFE - DAY

35

Quinn, Rembrandt, and Wade sit together at a table near the  
sidewalk.

QUINN  
I talked to the boy yesterday, he's  
no more psychotic than I am.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

REMBRANDT

No wonder he fought so hard to get away. I know what it's like to have the cops on you when you've done nothing. It's a damn scary and lonely place to be.

WADE

Hey, isn't that one of his gang right over there?

They look to see a BOY loitering near a street vendor. Now the boy sees them watching him, glances around furtively and comes over.

BOY

Hey, you got any loose change for a starving orphan, come on give me some pocket money, you can spare it.

QUINN

Where's your friend?

BOY

I got no friends. Won't give me nothin', huh? Well hose you then.

He throws a balled up piece of paper at Quinn and takes off.

WADE

Nice manners, makes you want to settle down and have a few.

Quinn's caught the ball of paper like a fast ball; he bounces it in his hand, watching after the kid, and impulsively spreads the paper out on the table. There's a message written on it.

QUINN

Guys, listen to this: "I know who the Ripper is. Bring Sherlock Holmes to the back of the Blacksmith shop right after dark. You get your gizmo back if you help me."

REMBRANDT

Could be a con to set you up to get rolled.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED 2

35

WADE

We offered to help him, he believed us. I say we go, what have we got to lose?

QUINN

We help him, he returns the favor. It's worth a shot. Now all I have to do is convince Sherlock Holmes.

A WAITER

clearing a table nearby has been listening; he watches them rise and leave the cafe, then hurriedly wipes his hands and goes inside.

CUT TO

36 EXT. PARK 21, VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT

36

Another foggy night in faux London town. Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, and Arturo walk along together.

ARTURO

Admirable of you to lend a hand to one of the Baker Street Irregulars in a fix, Watson. But I hold out little hope that the lad can identify the Ripper.

(eyes Wade)

I can see where you've been off too, Liverpool indeed, you dog. What's your name again, miss?

WADE

Wade.  
(to Rembrandt)  
This is just too weird.

REMBRANDT

Tell me about it.

ARTURO

A police escort's a nice idea, but hardly warranted. Unless of course the boy can identify the killer.

(laughs)

Wouldn't it be rich if a mere lad gets the best of Sherlock Holmes and puts an end to this bloody affair?

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

Now, in the distance and coming fast, the SOUND of HORSE'S  
HOOVES clattering on the cobblestones.

ARTURO

What idiot makes such haste through  
this soup?

A BLACK HANSOM

appears OUT of the fog, thundering right at them, its HOODED  
DRIVER lashing the horses like the devil himself.

QUINN

He's trying to run us over!

They run for it, but the coach comes too fast. Quinn dives  
sideways, pushing Wade into a pile of boxes as the hansom  
jumps the curb, nearly scrapes the wall as Quinn rolls,  
dodging the wheels. The hansom veers away, aiming at

REMBRANDT AND ARTURO

who rush for the other side of the street. Rembrandt throws  
himself atop the Professor; they go crashing to the sidewalk  
as the hansom barely misses them, continues on into the  
night, the HOOFBEATS fading as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

37 EXT. PARK 21, VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 37

The Sliders slowly pick themselves up and dust off. Wade stumbles when she puts weight on her foot; she nearly falls but Quinn grabs her.

WADE  
My ankle...it really hurts.

ARTURO  
(as he hurries over)  
Is it broken, Watson?

QUINN  
(examines it)  
Sprained, I think. Can you walk?

WADE  
I can shuffle.

QUINN  
I saw the Scotland Yard crest on the coach door. Someone knew we were were meeting the boy -- someone inside the Yard.

REMBRANDT  
That explains why the cops are after him -- the killer's high enough up to give the order.

ARTURO  
An extraordinary turn of events. You must get to the boy, he's in grave danger.

REMBRANDT  
But he asked for you.

ARTURO  
This business will have put him to flight. Find him. My time will be better spent back in our rooms, seeing how this new piece of the puzzle plays on the board. Come along, young Wade.

He offers Wade his arm, and she takes it, leaning on him for support as they move away. Remy and Quinn go the other way.

CUT TO

38 EXT. BACK STREET/ALLEYS - NIGHT - TREVOR

38

moves quickly through the darkness, light as a cat. He's quick, furtive -- he knows he's in danger. He HEARS APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, ducks down behind some cans. WE SEE QUINN stop at the alleymouth, shine his lantern in... TREVOR peeks out cautiously.

TREVOR

Over here!

Quinn sighs with relief, comes down to join the boy.

TREVOR

He tried to kill you, I saw the whole thing!

QUINN

Who is he?

TREVOR

Promise first you'll take me with you if you don't catch him.

QUINN

I don't follow you. Take you with us where?

TREVOR

(shows the timer)  
Through the mouse hole this thing opens.

(laughs at Quinn's amazement)  
Didn't think I'd figure it out, did you? You jump into another dimension.

QUINN

Look....

TREVOR

(hands him the timer)  
Trevor.

QUINN

Trevor, we've got some serious problems, the timer's just one of them. Your life's in danger. Tell me who the killer is!

TREVOR

I couldn't see his face, it was too dark. But I saw his shoes, they were about this far from my face!

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

QUINN  
That's it? Shoes?

TREVOR  
Not enough to catch him, huh? I guess you've gotta take me with you. Those other people, they're jumpers too?

QUINN  
Sliders. Yeah.

TREVOR  
Even Mr. Holmes?

QUINN  
Yeah. That's another one of the big problems. He's not really Sherlock Holmes.

TREVOR  
No duh. They scanned him, huh?

QUINN  
You tell me. They override his personality with some kind of brain scan?

TREVOR  
Man, you guys are so yesterday. This stuff is neuroscience 101.

QUINN  
Humor me, all right?

TREVOR  
The brain reaches stress thresh, fractures. Useless, right? So the neuroscientists started manipulating the hypothalamus, cingulate gyrus, all that stuff that affects cortisol secretion, looking for a way to manage stress.  
(taps his head)  
Long story short, they figured out a way to erase the hard drive up here, override it with a new personality so the brain can rest and recharge. Then they restore the original, good as new.

QUINN  
You're a fracture?

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED 2

38

TREVOR

I'm a kid. I still work a hundred hour week like everybody else, but kids get to come to the park for a month every year to play. We don't stress as easy as adults. Play restores us. Last year I went to Sherwood Forest ---

He freezes; FOOTSTEPS are coming toward them. Before Quinn can react, Trevor takes off, disappearing into the darkness.

REMBRANDT

appears at the alleymouth; Quinn signals him with him lamp, comes to join him. Quinn shows him the timer; Remmy grins with relief.

REMBRANDT

All right!

CUT TO

39 INT. PARK 21, 221 BAKER STREET - NIGHT

39

Arturo is peering at something under the microscope, Wade looking on from the couch. He yawns, rubs his eyes wearily. He takes out his watch, opens it...and SEES that the CRYSTAL is SMASHED. No CGI EFFECT.

ARTURO

Blast, I must have broken my watch in the fall.

A knock sounds softly; MRS. HUDSON comes IN with a package.

MRS. HUDSON

I didn't hear you come in, Mr. Holmes. A messenger brought this for you a bit ago.

ARTURO

(rises, takes the package)  
Thank you, dear lady.

Mrs. Hudson goes OUT as Arturo slides some documents from the wrapping.

ARTURO

Excellent...Lestrade's crime scene reports.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

39

He goes to the desk, compares the writing on the notes to the forms he's just received, then compares the note card from the single rose...and makes a grim smile.

WADE

What is it?

ARTURO

(crosses the room for his  
cape, shrugs into it)  
Tell Watson I've gone to Scotland  
yard to confront Jolly Jack. Tell  
him to bring his pistol!

WADE

(struggling to rise)  
Wait, Professor! Don't go alone!

Too late. He's out the door.

CUT TO

40 EXT. SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

40

Dr. Bolivar opens the door to greet Arturo.

DR. BOLIVAR

Mr. Holmes, I suppose you're  
looking for Lestrade.

ARTURO

Yes, I imagine you do. As you  
might have surmised, I have solved  
the Ripper murders.

DR. BOLIVAR

Well done, Holmes! Come in!

41 INT. SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

41

Dr. Bolivar turns up a lamp, offers Arturo a seat at his  
desk, sits across from him..

DR. BOLIVAR

Come on, don't keep me in suspense.  
Who's our Jolly Jack?

ARTURO

Lestrade's crime scene reports  
filled in the final blanks. The  
handwriting, when compared to the  
Ripper notes, is conclusive proof.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

DR. BOLIVAR

(shocked)

Lestrade...I can't believe it.

ARTURO

Nor can I sir, no matter the great lengths you went to to be sure I did. Lestrade wrote the first two Ripper notes, but the note card from the single rose and Lestrade's crime reports delivered to my rooms this evening were written by a different hand -- yours, Chief Inspector. Or shall I call you Dr. Moriarty?

DR. BOLIVAR

Holmes, I won't take offense because of our longstanding relationship, but this is outrageous!

ARTURO

I'm sure your shoes will match the impressions I made at the last crime scene....

Arturo's eyes seem to lose focus; he sways in his chair, blinks, suddenly disoriented. Bolivar observes.

ARTURO

(confused)

Yes...you tried to frame Lestrade. You wrote those reports, sent them to me before you tried to run me over tonight...you know about the boy...What's happening, I feel so strange....

Bolivar rises quickly, hand in his pocket, moves around to Arturo's side.

DR. BOLIVAR

(as he plunges a needle into Arturo's neck)

You haven't been checking your watch, have you Professor? The override is slipping.

ARTURO

Professor...I'm...Holmes. And you, you are the fiend....

He slumps.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED 2 41

DR. BOLIVAR  
Hardly a fiend, Professor. Just  
another player in the game. The  
villain is always the best part.

42 INT. PARK 21, 221 BAKER STREET - NIGHT 42

Rembrandt and Quinn come in; Wade's at them before they get  
through the door.

WADE  
The Professor solved the case, he's  
gone after Jack The Ripper! It's  
Lestrade!

QUINN  
My god...What exactly did he say?

WADE  
(anxious, uncertain)  
He said he was going to Scotland  
Yard, the Inspector was the Ripper,  
and for you to bring your pistol.  
You have a pistol?

REMBRANDT  
I wish you did.

QUINN  
Lock the door behind us, Wade.  
(gives her the timer)  
Hang onto this. If we're not back,  
slide without us.

He and Rembrandt exit; she locks the door behind them.

43 INT. DR. BOLIVAR'S TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT 43

Arturo is strapped to the table. Bolivar is injecting him  
with a syringe.

DR. BOLIVAR  
The pentothal will help you tell me  
the truth. Who else have you told  
about me?

ARTURO  
Watson...he has my notes, he'll  
figure it out...Rembrandt will help  
Quinn, they're with Wade in my  
rooms....

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

DR. BOLIVAR  
Rembrandt? Quinn, Miss Welles...I  
think your real personality is  
struggling for dominance. Who are  
Rembrandt, Quinn, and Miss Welles,  
Professor Arturo?

CUT TO

44 EXT. PARK 21, SCOTLAND YARD - NIGHT

44

Quinn and Rembrandt are on their way toward the yard when a  
HANSOM comes toward them.

QUINN  
That's Lestrade!

They're about to move on the coach as it passes; they see  
it's DR. BOLIVAR. He's lost in thought, doesn't see them.

Remmy and Quinn hurry to the entrance of Scotland Yard, ring  
the bell, pound on the door -- nothing.

REMBRANDT  
I'll use my key.

He rears back and kicks the door in. They go inside.

CUT TO

45 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - LESTRADE

45

has just left a restaurant; he's on his PERCOM.

LESTRADE  
Holmes is the killer? Professor  
Arturo....

INTERCUT - BOLIVAR IN THE HANSOM

DR. BOLIVAR  
Yes, it's shocking. He had a  
complete breakdown, confessed  
everything. He keeps babbling  
about a second killing, one he did  
tonight, but he could be  
delusional. He had two accomplices  
in the murder, his friends Quinn  
Mallory and Rembrandt Brown. I  
want them taken at once.

LESTRADE  
Absolutely. I'll put security on  
full alert.

46 INT. SCOTLAND YARD - BOLIVAR'S OFFICE 46

Quinn and Remmy check out the empty Yard set, calling the Professor's name. Nothing. They see LIGHT from under the door at the rear of the building, head toward it and go into the INNER OFFICES...They continue calling, opening doors, finally look into the:

47 INT. TREATMENT ROOM 47

and SEE ARTURO on the table, barely conscious.

REMBRANDT

Professor!

ARTURO

(groggy)  
Stop him...He's after Miss  
Welles...The Chief Inspector....

QUINN,

Bolivar's the Chief Inspector,  
not Lestrade! You've got to get to  
Wade, I'll see if I can break this  
override, we'll meet in front of  
the music hall.

Rembrandt takes off. Quinn goes to the scanning machines, Arturo's eyes on him. He gingerly fits the halo on Arturo's head as we:

CUT TO

48 INT. 221 BAKER STREET - NIGHT 48

There's a knock at the door.

WADE

(cautious)  
Who is it?

DR. BOLIVAR

It's Dr. Bolivar, Miss Welles.  
There's been a tragedy, Professor  
Arturo's badly hurt.

She hobbles to the door, panic gripping her, unchains it. He darts his hand through, catches her by the neck as he pushes his way in. She struggles he hits her, hard. She goes down.

Wade lies on the floor, dazed, blood trickling from her mouth. BOLIVAR pulls on a pair of surgical gloves, smiling down at her.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

48

DR. BOLIVAR  
We finally have our date. You  
disappointed me last time, and your  
friend was very little sport.  
(draws the scalpel)  
I had to rush, I couldn't enjoy it.  
But we have plenty of time, pretty  
Wade.

He starts to lean down; she jams her hand under a coffee  
table, upends it into his legs and rolls quickly as he  
lunges after her. He grabs her foot, starts dragging her...  
her fingers close around a FIREPLACE POKER. She twists,  
swipes savagely with the poker, hitting his arm. He howls  
in pain, backs away and trips over a chair, falls hard.

Wade struggles to her feet, runs limping OUT the door as  
Bolivar drags himself up to give chase.

CUT TO

49 EXT. PARK 21, VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT

49

Wade comes lurching down the street...BOLIVAR appears out of  
the fog behind her, walking briskly, scalpel in his hand,  
relishing this, knowing she can't escape. PAN OFF them to  
FIND TREVOR watching from an alley.

50 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE PARK - REMBRANDT

50

hurries along the street when LESTRADE steps from hiding,  
armed with a stun gun.

LESTRADE  
You've got nowhere to run. Don't  
make it harder on yourself.

REMBRANDT  
Your boss has flipped out, he's the  
Ripper, you've gotta believe me!

LESTRADE  
Your friend the Professor has  
already confessed. Turn around and  
put your hands behind your back.

Remmy's not about to comply. Lestrade moves in....

TREVOR  
(from across the street)  
The Ripper's after Miss Welles!

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

Remmy flattens Lestrade with an elbow smash, runs across the street after Trevor.

TREVOR

Follow me!

ANGLES - THEIR RUN: DOWN ALLEYS, OVER OBSTACLES, ETC.

INTERCUT this with FLASHES of BOLIVAR finally capturing WADE, dragging her into an alley. She fights wildly, but he's too strong for her....

51 EXT. IN AN ALLEY

Bolivar pins Wade against the wall, arm against her throat, moves in with the scalpel...she knees him hard in the groin (off CAMERA); he doubles over, and she elbow smashes him to the back of the head, drives him to the dirt. But he grabs her around the legs, pulls her down, just as REMBRANDT charges down the alley with TREVOR. Rembrandt pulls Bolivar off Wade, hits him in the face. In the b.g., we HEAR a CACOPHONY of BOBBIES WHISTLES, SHOUTING, etc.

52 EXT. A NEARBY STREET - QUINN AND ARTURO

52

move down the street, Quinn supporting him. The Professor is dazed from the scanning, disoriented. They head toward the NOISE in the distance.

ARTURO

Where are we, Mr. Mallory?

QUINN

On our way out.

53 EXT. IN THE ALLEY

53

Rembrandt is still hammering Bolivar when LESTRADE and some security men come down the alley; they pull Rembrandt off.

DR. BOLIVAR

Thank God...sedate him.

WADE

No! Bolivar was trying to kill me!

DR. BOLIVAR

I captured her, her friend Arturo's already confessed.

Trevor picks up the SCALPEL, shows it to Lestrade.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

TREVOR

Then why did he have this? I saw  
him kill that girl, I saw his  
shoes. Those shoes!

He points to the BLACK, SHINY SHOES WITH THE BRASS BUCKLES.

ANOTHER ANGLE - QUINN AND ARTURO

come down the alley (or street, if we want to move this  
out).

QUINN

His shoes will match the  
impressions the Professor made at  
the rear murder scene, and his  
handwriting will match the note on  
the card that he delivered to his  
victim. He's fractured, Lestrade.  
He tried to frame you for the  
murder.

ARTURO

What the devil's going on here?

WADE

(checks the timer)  
Long story, we'll explain on the  
next world. Thirty seconds, Quinn.

LESTRADE

Now just a damn minute, no one's  
going anywhere until I sort this  
out.

QUINN

(goes to his knee beside  
Trevor)

You want to come with us, Trevor?  
I made you a promise. But I can't  
promise I can bring you home. It  
will mean leaving your family  
behind, all your friends....

TREVOR

(a beat)  
Naw, I'd miss my folks too much.  
And I've still got two weeks left  
of play. I wish I could though,  
maybe I'll build my own jumping  
sliding -- gizmo someday.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED 2

53

QUINN

I'll bet you can. Just make sure  
of your home coordinates.

He hugs Trevor as Wade aims the timer and OPENS the VORTEX.  
The shock of it pushes everyone back. Remmy and Wade hug  
Trevor and make the jump, then the Professor goes. Quinn  
gives the boy the "thumbs up" and jumps.

TREVOR

watches the shimmering vortex, tempted to jump himself...  
then it CLOSES; the alley is eerily quiet.

TREVOR

See you on another world, guys.

FADE OUT

THE END