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"MURDER MOST FOUL"

(FORMERLY: "THE GAME'S AFOOT")

Written by

David Peckinpah

Directed by

Jeff Woolnough

REVISED PAGES:

1st Pink Revs.	Full Script
1st Blue Revs.	47,47A,49,49A
1st Yellow Revs.	6-9
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#K1815

SLIDERS

``Murder Most Foul''

CAST

QUINN MALLORY

WADE WELLES

MAXIMILLIAN ARTURO (REGINALD DOYLE)

REMBRANDT BROWN

DR. PUNCH

WONK

DR. BOLIVAR

ERIN

ANNE

INSPECTOR REED

(X)

MRS. TAYLOR

(X)

TREVOR

DIGGS

YOUNG WOMAN

(X)

(X)

SECURITY MAN

BOY

**PLEASE NOTE:**

INSPECTOR LESTRADE IS NOW INSPECTOR REED

(X)

SHERLOCK HOLMES IS NOW REGINALD DOYLE

(X)

MRS. HUDSON IS NOW MRS. TAYLOR

(X)

#K1815

SLIDERS

``Murder Most Foul''

SETS

INTERIORS:

CHANCELLOR HOTEL  
LAST CHANCE BAR  
EVALUATION (E-VAL) CENTER  
EXAMINATION AREA  
PARK 22 (X)  
DR. BOLIVAR'S OFFICE  
TREATMENT ROOM  
INDOC HALL  
EMPLOYEE LOUNGE  
MUSIC HALL DRESSING ROOM  
441 WHITEHALL STREET (X)  
DOYLE'S ROOMS (X)  
``YARD'' BUILDING (X)  
BOLIVAR'S ``YARD'' OFFICE (X)

EXTERIORS:

A BUSY STREET (``BUSINESS WORLD'')  
PARK  
EVALUATION (E-VAL) CENTER  
PARK 22 (X)  
ENTRY LEVEL/CORPORATE OFFICES  
VICTORIAN STREET  
CAFE  
ANOTHER STREET IN THE PARK  
STREET NEAR 441 WHITEHALL STREET (X)  
ALLEY  
MOUTH OF AN ALLEY  
SIDEWALK CAFE  
MUSIC HALL  
``YARD'' BUILDING (X)  
ANOTHER PART OF THE PARK

VEHICLES:

HANSOM CABS (X)

PLEASE NOTE:

NO ``SCOTLAND YARD'' SIGNS OR LOGOS SHOULD EVER BE SEEN (X)  
ON SCREEN (X)

#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

"Murder Most Foul"

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 whose  
face planted in the garbage.

(X)

WADE  
Is it our fault it's always him?

This gets them laughing again.

CUT TO

2 INT. CHANCELLOR HOTEL - LAST CHANCE BAR

2 (X)

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.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

The Sliders draw curious stares from the crowd of "suits"  
that fill the bar. A young WOMAN BARTENDER pores over her  
books at the end of the bar, studying for a test.

(X)

(X)

(X)

REMBRANDT  
This is the first world we've been  
in with a dress code. You see the  
way people are checking us out?

(X)

ARTURO  
(comes in from the  
restroom)  
A man covered in garbage would draw  
stares in any world, Mr. Brown.

(X)

QUINN  
(re: his suit)  
That looks a lot 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?

CONTINUED

2 CONTINUED

2

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

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 goes out.

(X)

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 speaks into a small walkie-talkie as they move  
in.

(X)

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?

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

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.

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

DIGGS comes in, goes behind the bar. The Sliders sip cups of tea.

(X)  
(X)

REMBRANDT

(looking around)

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

(X)

DIGGS

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

(X)

QUINN

This tea is terrible. Look, this is a bar, why can't we get a beer?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

DIGGS

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

REMBRANDT

Have you seen the guy that we came in with, big guy, beard...?

(X)  
(X)

DIGGS

Dressed tramp, like you.

WADE

Tramp? Don't be insulting. So we don't look like accountants like everyone else around here.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

DIGGS

(lowers his voice, looks around)

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

QUINN

Who the hell is they?

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

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 Maximillian 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 big shot on some parallel  
world, like he claims.

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

6

A pretty young woman EVALUATOR named DR. PUNCH walks down  
the hall with an eager young government WONK.

DR. PUNCH  
I think we can assume he's a big  
shot here. His identity has been  
electronically cloaked, and that  
happens only by executive order.  
He's probably working on some top  
secret project and hit brain fry.  
Getf me a video link with Doctor  
Bolivar.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

(X)

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.

REMBRANDT

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

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

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 Maximillian 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.  
(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.

(X)

QUINN  
We'd like to see him.

DR. PUNCH  
He's on his way to Park 22. His fracture is severe, but Dr. Bolivar's had great success with his new treatments.

QUINN  
No such treatment has been authorized. Where is this place?

(X)

Suspicion comes into Dr. Punch's eyes.

DR. PUNCH  
I'd like to see your identification, please.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED 2

7

(X)

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 22 - 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.

CONTINUED

ARTURO  
The parallel worlds exist

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. So you can return to work. 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. Now let's talk about your alter ego, the famous Detective Reginald Doyle... (X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

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 22 - ENTRY LEVEL/CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY 10(X)

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 orders on BULLHORNS, separating the people into small groups: "TT's to the right, Civvies to the left."

CAMERA FINDS the SLIDERS alighting from a cab. They pay the driver, move toward the entrance, checking out the action. GUIDES with electronic bullhorns give orders. They see signs indicating lines for "Training Therapists" and "Civvies."

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

(X)

QUINN

Let's line up with the civvies.  
Less questions that way.

(X)  
(X)

The Sliders move to join a group waiting in a line at a tram stop. A pretty, harried looking young WOMAN hurries up on them, collides with Quinn. Her name is ERIN.

(X)

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?

ERIN

(relieved)  
For actors, there's nothing else ever since acting was prohibited by the government because it's too frivolous. I haven't had much experience, I'll probably get a small part, but I'll be inside! I'll be a park player!

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

CONTINUED

10 CONTINUED

10

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

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

(X)

CUT TO

11 EXT. PARK 22 - DAY - IN A MOVING HANSOM CAB - ARTURO

11(X)

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 walking  
stick. He looks around, a smile coming to his lips as he  
drinks in the sights.

(X)  
(X)

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.

(X)

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  
Cabbie! To my rooms, 441  
Whitehall!

(X)  
(X)

CUT TO

12 INT. PARK 22 INDOC HALL - DAY

12(X)

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.

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

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.

REED

Good afternoon, and welcome. Outside this room, I am Inspector Reed, Scotland Yard. You must remain in character at all times while in restoration areas. 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. These patients must be restored and returned to work -- their country needs them.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

THE SLIDERS

trade smiles.

WADE

(sotto voce)  
I think we can handle the different world thing.

CUT TO

13 INT. 441 WHITEHALL STREET - ONE OF DOYLE'S ROOMS - DAY 13 (X)

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

ARTURO  
Ah, Mrs. Taylor. No Shakespeare, (X)  
our Jolly Jack. What news of (X)  
Marple?

MRS. TAYLOR  
Still delayed in Liverpool, I  
imagine.

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

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

She backs out, leaving Arturo pacing.

CUT TO

14 EXT. PARK 22 - VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT 14 (X)

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 chestnuts 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.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

QUINN  
 (to Wade; drapes his coat around her)  
 We better get inside, you're chilled to the bone. (X)  
 (X)  
 (X)

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!

Now the crowd surges, pushing the Sliders back and jamming Trevor up against Quinn. Cries from bystanders: "Make way for 'Reginald Doyle, the Detective!' 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. (X)

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

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

Rembrandt takes off after the kid and his gang.

ARTURO

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

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

(X)

IN THE ALLEY - INSPECTOR REED

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

REED

Mr. Doyle, come to help poor  
bumbling Inspector Reed again, I  
suppose.

(X)

(X)

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. Reed 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, Marple! Thank  
heaven you've arrived. Jolly Jack  
is on the prowl.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Off Quinn's reaction....

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 Reed. Quinn sidles over to them, looking shell-shocked.

WADE

Bad news, Quinn.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED 2

15

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 some  
detective named Reginald Boyle.  
He's like Sherlock Holmes on our  
world.

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

(beat)

He's lost his mind.

ARTURO

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

(X)

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 22, EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - NIGHT 16

A spacious, comfortable area for the park employees to relax and socialize. Tables, couches, video games, etc. (X)

(X)

INSPECTOR REED

and a young WOMAN still in "tart" costume enter to scattered applause. The woman's costume is blood-soaked, but she's smiling and waving as the other employees applaud. Reed holds her hand up like a winning boxer. (X)

(X)

REED

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

More applause as we reveal (X)

REMMY AND WADE

sitting at a table together. (X)

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

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

(X)

ERIN

Wade! Dr. Dunhill -- I mean Inspector Reed... is looking at us!

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

Reed is watching Wade; he likes what he sees.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED 2

16

REMBRANDT  
Who's that he's talking to?

(X)

(X)

Reed has been joined by DR. BOLIVAR.

(X)

ERIN  
Dr. Bolivar, the Senior Director,  
he runs this whole park.

(X)

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

CUT TO

17 INT. 441 WHITEHALL STREET - ONE OF DOYLE'S ROOMS - 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 Doyle.

ARTURO  
These fibers are lightly soiled at  
the top, but pristine below.  
(looks up)  
Jolly Jack has new carpets in his  
home or office. Care for a look?

QUINN  
Let that go for now and talk to me!

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

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

QUINN  
-- Professor!

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

Arturo rises, stretches wearily.

ARTURO  
I'm worn to a nub myself, dreadful  
business this. Something's off  
here. Something I can't put my  
finger on. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

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 22 - VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT - WADE

18 (X)

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.

(X)

(X)

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 441 WHITEHALL STREET - DAY - TREVOR AND THE STREET URCHINS

19 (X)

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.

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

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

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.)  
Marple!

(X)

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, Marple.  
You'll never catch him. The  
Whitehall boys know these streets  
too well.  
(getting there; pulling a  
pastry from the bag)  
Scone?

(X)

(X)

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

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

(X)

ARTURO  
You don't bother with a salutation  
to Marple?

(X)

Reed reacts, but slightly, as he climbs down.

REED  
Forgive me, Marple. Good morning.

(X)

QUINN  
Good morning.

Reed hands Arturo an envelope.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 2

19

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

(X)

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. Doyle?

(X)

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

REED  
Who assigned you to Professor -- to Doyle?

(X)

QUINN  
(scrambling)  
He glommed onto me last night, started calling me Marple. I'm supposed to play along, not break the illusion, right?

(X)  
(X)

REED  
(nods)  
The override's been maintained, Doyle remains dominant. The murder was real to him, and he's trying to solve it.

(X)

Quinn reacts, pieces it together.

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

(X)

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED 3

19

REED

(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

Reed, let's not keep Mr. Doyle  
from his work.

(X)

Quinn rejoins the Professor as Reed climbs back into the  
hansom. The hansom pulls away.

(X)

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 22, SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY - LATER

20(X)

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.

She feels his pain, reaches to take his hand.

(X)

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?

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

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

(X)

WADE  
How much time you figure we have  
left?

QUINN  
We slide tomorrow night.

REMBRANDT  
If we're lucky.

CUT TO

21 EXT. PARK 22, MUSIC HALL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

21(X)

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 22, MUSIC HALL DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

22(X)

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's  
been delivered to her station; she's delighted.

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!

CONTINUED

22 CONTINUED

22

WADE  
It's a little creepy, but (X)  
congratulations, I guess. I'd say (X)  
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. (X)

CUT TO

23 EXT. PARK 22 VICTORIAN STREET - WITH ERIN

23 (X)

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.

ERIN

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

STALKER'S POV - ERIN

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

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. Remy 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 alley mouth 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. Remy 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.

(X)

(nods down the alley)  
How's Erin's performance going?

(X)

(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. Reed 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!

REED

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.

REED

(into PERCOM)  
There's been a murder... A real murder, damn it! One of the civvies, a young girl...

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

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 22 - DR. BOLIVAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

26 (X)

Reed 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!

REED  
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!

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

(X)

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?

REED  
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 Reginald Doyle on  
the case.

(X)  
(X)

CUT TO

27 INT. PARK 22 - 441 WHITEHALL STREET - ONE OF DOYLE'S  
ROOMS - DAY

27 (X)  
(X)

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, Marple. I've seldom seen  
you go without sleep.

(X)

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 Marple -- what do you make  
of it?

(X)

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? Marple, two  
victims dead by different hands,  
ergo two killers.

(X)

(X)

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

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. Something's  
not right... There are pieces  
out of place...

(X)

(X)

(X)

(beat)

(X)

There was no smell of blood at the  
first murder scene. You never  
forget that coppery smell once  
it's filled your nostrils... Why  
was there no blood...?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

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

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED 2

27

ARTURO

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

(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, Marple? I can't seem to remember anything beyond the last day or so.

(X)

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 rest for a moment. Then it's off to Scotland Yard. I need more information from our friend Reed.

(X)

(X)

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 22 - "YARD" BUILDING - DAY 28 (X)

A hansom pulls up in front of the "Yard" building -- 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, just as Reed is coming out. (X)

REED  
Mr. Doyle. What brings you out so early?

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

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

ARTURO  
That is precisely why I suggest you make time, sir.  
(beat)  
You seem reluctant to cooperate, shall I ask the Chief Inspector?

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

ARTURO  
Excellent.

29  
THRU OMITTED  
31

29  
THRU  
31

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?

REED  
Eleven. Why do you ask?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

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

CUT TO

33 EXT. PARK 22, VICTORIAN STREET - DAY

33(X)

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 Reginald Doyle, maybe he could catch this monster.

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!

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

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.

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 OMITTED

34 (X)

35 EXT. PARK 22, VICTORIAN STREET CAFE - DAY

35 (X)

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.

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.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

A BOY loitering near a street vendor looks around furtively, then comes over to them. (X)

BOY

Hey, you got any loose change for a starving orphan, come on give me some pocket money, you can spare it. Won't give me nothin', huh? Well hose you then. (X)

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

QUINN

Guys, listen to this: "I know who the Ripper is. Bring Reginald Doyle to the back of the Blacksmith Shop right after dark. You get your gizmo back if you help me." (X)

REMBRANDT

Could be a con to set you up to get rolled. (X)

WADE

I say we go, what have we got to lose? (X)

QUINN

It's worth a shot. Now all I have to do is convince Reginald Doyle. (X)

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 22, VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT

36(X)

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

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

ARTURO

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

(eyes Wade)

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

(X)

WADE

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

(X)

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 Reginald Doyle and puts an end to this bloody affair?

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

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED 2

36

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 HOOF BEATS fading as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

37 EXT. PARK 22, VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS ACTION 37 (X)

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, Marple?

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 meeting the boy -- someone inside the Yard.

(X)

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, Miss Welles.

(X)

He offers Wade his arm, and she takes it, leaning on him for support as they move away. Remmy 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 alley mouth, 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. Doyle?

QUINN  
Yeah. That's another one of the big problems. He's not really Reginald Doyle.

(X)

(X)

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. Adults take everything so  
seriously. Play restores us.  
Last year I went to Sherwood Forest

(X)  
(X)

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

REMBRANDT

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

(X)

REMBRANDT

All right!

CUT TO

39 INT. PARK 22 - 441 WHITEHALL STREET - ONE OF DOYLE'S  
ROOMS - NIGHT

39 (X)  
(X)

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. Taylor comes IN with a package.

MRS. TAYLOR

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

(X)

ARTURO

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

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

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

39

ARTURO  
Excellent... Reed' crime scene reports. (X)

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 Marple I've gone to Scotland Yard to confront Jolly Jack. Tell him to bring his pistol! (X)  
(X)

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

Too late. He's out the door.

CUT TO

40 EXT. "YARD" BUILDING - NIGHT

40(X)

Dr. Bolivar opens the door to greet Arturo.

DR. BOLIVAR  
Mr. Doyle, I suppose you're looking for Reed. (X)

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

DR. BOLIVAR  
Well done, Doyle! Come in! (X)

41 INT. BOLIVAR'S "YARD OFFICE"

41(X)

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?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

ARTURO

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

DR. BOLIVAR

(shocked)

Reed... I can't believe it.

ARTURO

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

DR. BOLIVAR

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

ARTURO

There was only one murder - the one you committed. The first was only an elaborate charade, to what end I have no idea.

(beat)

I'm sure your shoes will match the impressions I made at the real murder scene.

DR. BOLIVAR

You're not feeling well, are you Doyle?

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

ARTURO

(confused)

Yes... you tried to frame Reed... 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.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED 2

41

DR. BOLIVAR  
(as he plunges a needle  
into Arturo's neck)  
You haven't been checking your  
watch, Professor. The override is  
slipping.

(X)

ARTURO  
Professor... I'm... Doyle. And  
you, you are the fiend....

He slumps.

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

42 INT. PARK 22 - 441 WHITEHALL STREET - ONE OF DOYLE'S ROOMS - 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  
Reed!

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.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

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

(X)

ARTURO  
Marple... he has my notes, he'll  
figure it out... Rembrandt will  
help Quinn, they're with Miss  
Welles in my room....

(X)

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 22 - "YARD" BUILDING - NIGHT

44 (X)

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

QUINN  
That's Reed!

(X)

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.

Remy 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 - REED

45

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

REED  
Doyle is the killer? Professor  
Arturo....

(X)

INTERCUT - BOLIVAR IN THE HANSOM

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

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.

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

46 INT. BOLIVAR'S "YARD" 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 Reed! 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, moves to the control panel and activates it. He studies the controls, trying to make sense of them. He knows he must do something, even if it's wrong. He closes his eyes, steadying himself, then begins manipulating the controls, watching the monitor. The machine hums as Arturo's brain is scanned; the monitor shows the progress of the scan: Arturo's personality is being restored. After a moment, Arturo opens his eyes, looks to Quinn.

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

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

ARTURO

(thickly)  
Mr. Mallory...

Quinn leans over to hug Arturo gratefully, then removes the halo and helps him sit up.

ARTURO

What's happening...?

QUINN

We've gotta get moving.

He helps him off the table as we...

CUT TO

48 INT. 441 WHITEHALL STREET - ONE OF DOYLE'S ROOMS - NIGHT

48

There's a knock at the door.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

48

WADE

(cautious)  
Who is it?

DR. BOLIVAR

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

(X)

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 as 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.

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 22, VICTORIAN STREET - NIGHT

49(X)

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 REED steps from hiding, armed with a stun gun.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

REED  
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!

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

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

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

Remmy flattens Reed 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

51

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 REED 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 Reed.

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, Reed. 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.

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

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

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.

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