

SLIDERS

"Prince of Wails"

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Writer's First Draft

SLIDERS

"PRINCE OF WALLS"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BLUE SKIES - DAY

Idyllic. Perfect.

REMBRANDT'S VOICE

I said, here's a nice, safe,  
pleasant Earth. I said, let's not  
slide again, let's settle down in  
one place until you can fix that  
stupid machine and get us home. But  
nooo.

We slowly PAN DOWN to what is clearly the TIP of the  
TRANSAMERICA PYRAMID.

QUINN'S VOICE

Pardon me for not wanting to live in  
a world where left-handed people are  
used as slave labor.

We don't get far down its distinctive pinnacle before we  
discover it's surrounded by OCEAN...

TIGHT ON THE TIP OF THE PYRAMID

where we find our heroes clinging tenuously to tip amidst  
the choppy sea. They're not happy (or in the water).

REMBRANDT

At least we were safe there!

ARTURO

We were -- until young Spartacus  
decided to foment revolt among the  
slaves.

QUINN

There are some moral imperatives  
that are a little more important  
than my personal comfort.

WADE

Really? Back home, exactly how  
involved were you in the fight for  
social justice?

Quinn, embarrassed, checks the timer.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

QUINN

Hey, good news, the slide opens in three minutes...

WADE

Ever give money to political causes? Help the homeless? Vote?  
(off his look)  
Then why do you feel compelled to reform every Earth we land on?

QUINN

I don't. I just get carried away in the heat of the moment sometimes.  
(off their looks)  
Okay, fine. I get it. Wherever we land next, I promise we'll kick back and relax. No involvement with the locals.

REMBRANDT

Do you think maybe we could start that policy here?

WADE

Rembrandt, San Francisco is hundreds of feet under the ocean. There are no locals.

REMBRANDT

Then what do you call him?

Rembrandt points at the water. They all turn to see A GIANT, MUTATED SHARK FIN circling around them. Wade swallows hard.

WADE

I stand corrected.

A FIN streaks right past Wade. She yelps and shimmies herself up on the tower. Quinn aims the timer at the water and fires. The Slide opens in the water, a whirlpool of color. The shark closes in on the slide.

QUINN

(to Wade:)  
Ladies first.

Wade dives into the slide.

REMBRANDT

Let's hope it ain't hellsharks second!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

Rembrandt dives, quickly followed by the others. The shark is heading for the slide as we

CUT TO:

THE SLIDE

a whirling, spinning kaleidoscope of color and sound, that culminates in...SPLASH

WATER

as our heroes tumble in, one after the other. Rembrandt rolls over in the water, sputtering and coughing, to see a GIANT FISH leaping for him. He screams, scrambling backwards, and that's when the ANGLE WIDENS to reveal

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Rembrandt and the others are in a FOUNTAIN, the giant fish part of the statuary in the center. Rembrandt notices the others staring at him. He regains his dignity.

REMBRANDT

That felt good.

(stretches:)

I like a little exercise after a slide to get the blood circulating.

ARTURO

I suggest we get out of the fountain before we draw too much attention to ourselves.

They do, looking around at a pleasant, normal downtown.

WADE

This world looks a lot nicer than the last.

QUINN

Good thing, since we're here for six days, fourteen hours, three minutes and ten seconds.

Something catches Wade's eye and she wanders off.

REMBRANDT

Gives us plenty of time to head on up to Tahoe. Friend of mine, he's got this cabin up there. I know where he hides the key.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

They walk towards the street. That's when we PAN UP and see what's written on the building behind them... "BENEDICT ARNOLD SAVINGS AND LOAN."

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wade chases after a NEWSPAPER that's blown off the sidewalk into the street. She looks to her LEFT, sees no cars, then steps into the street to grab the paper.

THE PAPER - HER POV

It's BSA TODAY. The headline reads: SECRET LOVE TAPES OF PRINCE HAROLD REVEALED.

BACK TO SCENE

There's a LOUD HONK. She whirls around to see A BLACK TAXI bearing down on her. That when a Quinn grabs her from behind and pulls her out of the way. Wade shrugs free of him and yells at the BLACK TAXI as it passes, HORN still blaring.

WADE

Learn how to drive, you moron!

Arturo is still staring at the street. All the cars are Jaguars, Rovers, MGs, Rolls Royces, or black taxis. And...

ARTURO

Odd. They're all driving on the wrong side of the street.

That's when they hear a FAMILIAR SET OF CHIMES. They turn in the direction of the sound to see

THEIR POV - BIG BEN

rising out of the San Francisco skyline.

BACK TO SCENE

Our heroes share a look.

WADE

Big Ben? Prince Harold?

ARTURO

It appears that this San Francisco is run by the British.

REMBRANDT

Is that bad?

They shoot a warning look at Quinn.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

QUINN

I've got no problem with the British. I love the Beatles. And Monty Python. Kate Moss.

ARTURO

More to the point, the British make a religion of minding their own business. As long as we don't upset the status quo, we should be blissfully anonymous for our entire stay here.

That's when they turn to see that a SMALL CROWD OF POORLY DRESSED PEDESTRIANS has gathered on the sidewalk behind them. And they're all bowing to our heroes.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Or not.

And on their confusion, we FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Our heroes trudge down the sidewalk, past RED PHONE BOOTHS, several fish and chips places, and "YE OLDE TOWER OF RECORDS," which advertises an "All your favorite Andrew Lloyd Webber Musicals on Sale!" Quinn reads from the newspaper. People bow as they go by.

QUINN

It says here King Thomas is missing on the battlefields of France, and the Sheriff of San Francisco has been named acting regent of the Americas until Prince Harold can be coronated next week.

ARTURO

Clearly, we are in a dimension where the American revolution was won by the British and the monarchy continues to rule.

Wade snatches the newspaper from Quinn.

WADE

Forget the war in France. You left out the good stuff.

(reads:)

"Playboy Prince Caught in Love-Nest with Teenage Vixen."

QUINN

I can't believe that people in the twentieth century would let themselves be ruled by a monarchy.

WADE

Especially one led by a prince who "wants to be reincarnated as his underage lover's undergarments." Yuck.

ARTURO

Undoubtedly they've been waiting for an unkempt college student to show up from another world and show them the error of their ways.

QUINN

That would explain why they keep bowing to us.

(off their looks)

I'm joking.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ARTURO

I have a much better sense of humor when I'm not wet and hungry...a situation I intend to remedy right now.

They are in front of a hotel. Arturo goes inside. The others follow.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

All dark woods and leathers. Arturo approaches the front desk, where an ELEGANT GENTLEMAN in a TWEED SUIT writes in a ledger with a Quill pen.

ARTURO

Hello, my good man. I wonder if you might have a room available.

The man looks up and, after an instant of surprise, breaks into a broad smile and speaks with a BRITISH ACCENT.

DESK CLERK

The entire hotel is at your disposal, sir. The Royal Suite, I presume.

Arturo and the others share a look.

QUINN

That may be a bit more than we can afford.

DESK CLERK

Nonsense.

(to Arturo:)

Whatever your needs, we stand ready to meet them...with the utmost discretion, of course.

ARTURO

Since you put it that way, we could also use dry clothes and a hot meal.

The desk clerk snaps his fingers and the CONCIERGE immediately appears at his side, practically standing at attention.

DESK CLERK

(to concierge:)

Escort them to the Royal Suite. Have their clothes laundered immediately.

(to Arturo:)

Our chef will send you a selection of his specialties within the hour.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ARTURO  
Thank you, that's most kind.

DESK CLERK  
It is my pleasure.

The Desk Clerk bows. The concierge nervously leads the way. Our bewildered, but happy, heroes follow.

INT. ROYAL SUITE - DAY

An opulent room decorated with antique furniture and fine art. Our heroes are in BATHROBES, sipping tea and eating SCONES. Wade peruses a stack of tabloids, with headlines like "'PRINCE HAROLD FATHERED MY CHILD,' DEFLOWERED NUN SPEAKS OUT" while she snacks.

WADE  
If all slides were like this, I might never want to go home.

Rembrandt examines the room service menu.

REMBRANDT  
Don't they got any ribs in this town?

ARTURO  
You got something against kippers, bangers, scones and the finest Earl Grey tea?

REMBRANDT  
Yeah, ain't none of it is food.

Quinn finds the TV remote and hits the switch. The TV flashes on.

ON THE TV

CAMERA sweeps over an APPLAUDING AUDIENCE, over which we hear a bouncy, Mike Post-esque theme. The words SHERIFF OF SAN FRANCISCO flash on the screen in sizzling, Geraldo-style. And there is ARTURO, standing in the aisle, a microphone in his hand, dressed in MILITARY UNIFORM.

INT. ROYAL SUITE - DAY

All heads turn to Arturo, who is as shocked as they are.

INTERCUT WITH:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

THE TV

The Sheriff smiles into camera, speaking with a British accent.

SHERIFF

We're back, discussing how lenient I've been this year. Anyone have any more thoughts on this fascinating topic?

A man sitting on the aisle shoots up his arm. The Sheriff hands him the microphone. The MAN gets up, and that's when we notice he only has ONE-ARM. He addresses the camera stiffly, clearing reading off a cue card.

ONE-ARMED MAN

I can speak from personal experience. I didn't pay my taxes on time.

The audience collectively suck in their breath in shock.

ONE-ARMED MAN

And the Good Sheriff only took my left arm, when he could have taken both. I just want to say how thankful I am.

The audience breaks into enthusiastic applause. The sheriff claps the man on the back.

Quinn turns off the TV.

QUINN

So much for blissful anonymity.

REMBRANDT

What's gonna happen when they find out he--

(motions to Arturo:)

Ain't him.

ARTURO

I, for one, don't want to be around to find out.

Arturo stands up. Wade hands him the phone, a wicked smile on her face.

WADE

But for the moment, you're still the Sheriff. No sense leaving empty handed.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

ARTURO  
 (gets the point:)  
 Sometimes, Miss Welles, you frighten  
 me.

Arturo takes the phone, clears his throat, and says as  
 imperiously as he can:

ARTURO  
 I'd like a car brought around  
 immediately. I want the trunk  
 stocked with food and I'd appreciate  
 whatever spare cash you have in the  
 register.

And on Wade's approving look, we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAGUAR - DAY

Arturo sits behind the wheel of the Jaguar, glowing with  
 pleasure. He runs a loving hand over the walnut dash.

ARTURO  
 Say what you will about the justice  
 system, it's refreshing to see a  
 world in which American plastic  
 vulgarity hasn't triumphed over the  
 British tradition of pride in  
 craftsmanship.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Wade, Quinn, and Rembrandt push the Jaguar along a dirt  
 road.

WADE  
 Not to mention British engineering.

Quinn stops pushing and looks around. A wooden sign reads  
 VISTA POINT. Another, over a BRIGHT GREEN GARBAGE CAN, shows  
 a picture of a royally-garbed rodent and the message HAPPY  
 BEAVER WANTS YOU TO KEEP THE KING'S FOREST DAM CLEAN. It's  
 beautiful here. Might as well stop.

QUINN  
 We aren't getting anywhere. This  
 seems like as good a place as any to  
 camp out for the week.

They all stop. Rembrandt looks frustrated.

REMBRANDT  
 Sure, why bother with shelter?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

QUINN

You wait. As soon as the fire's going and the weenies are roasting, we'll have everything we need for the greatest camping trip ever.

He wanders off, collecting wood. Arturo gets out of the car and looks around approvingly.

ARTURO

It's not so bad -- in our world, this beautiful glade would be downtown Oakland.

And on Wade and Rembrandt looking less than enthusiastic, we

CUT TO:

ACROSS THE GLADE

Quinn wanders along out of sight of the others, collecting wood. He picks up an odd piece. It's a vertical section of a broken sign reading (top to bottom) PRESERVE WILL BE SIGHT MAJESTY. Hmm. He looks around and finds another piece: ROYAL TRESS SHOT BY. Interesting. He scrounges some more and finds a third piece. He lays it down between the first two and now can read the whole message: ROYAL GAME PRESERVE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT BY ORDER OF HIS MAJESTY. At the bottom is a cartoon of Happy Beaver holding a rifle. Uh-oh. That's when he notices the oncoming RUMBLING OF ENGINES. He looks up and sees THREE OPEN LAND ROVERS full of soldiers coming up the road right at him. He drops the wood and starts to run, but the Land Rovers are on him. One-eyed CAPTAIN HURLEY levels an automatic weapon at him as he casts a glance at the sign.

HURLEY

I see you're aware of the penalty for poaching.

Quinn raises his hands over his head. Uh-oh.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY

Wade and Rembrandt set up camp as Arturo lounges in the backseat of the Jag, leafing through a tabloid.

ARTURO

Fascinating. It seems that without the inspiration provided by the Founding Fathers, none of history's other revolutionary movements were successful. The world is run by a handful of monarchs.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WADE

You mean the French Revolution never happened? The Russian Revolution? The Chinese Revolution?

REMBRANDT

The sexual revolution?  
(off their looks)  
It's always been my favorite.

Wade takes the tabloid from Arturo and tears it up for kindling.

WADE

But even without a revolution, how can anyone take this idiot Prince Harold seriously?

REMBRANDT

It's the army.

ARTURO

No, there is something inherently appealing about the idea of a king. History has shown us that an army can't enforce --

REMBRANDT

No, I mean, it's the army.

He points over the rise, where the Land Rovers are coming right at them. They freeze as the soldiers jump out, aiming their weapons at them.

REMBRANDT

Now, this is like downtown Oakland.

Captain Hurley stares at Rembrandt.

HURLEY

Are you aware of the penalty for poaching?

Capt. Hurley cocks his trigger and aims at Rembrandt, who closes his eyes tight. That's when Arturo slides out of the Jag, looking pissed.

ARTURO

I wouldn't be too hasty. If you shoot my driver, how am I supposed to get home?

Arturo throws down his newspaper. Captain Hurley's eyes bug out. He quickly motions to his men to lower their guns.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

HURLEY  
I had no idea you'd be here,  
Sheriff.

ARTURO  
Nor did I.

HURLEY  
And dressed as a commoner.

ARTURO  
Ah, so you saw through my cunning  
disguise.

Hurley's hand shoots up to his eye patch.

HURLEY  
No, sir. I was completely fooled  
this time. We were just following  
the trail of a poacher and--

That's when Quinn, riding in the back seat of another Rover,  
shakes off his armed guards and jumps out.

QUINN  
That's Lord Quinn to you.

ARTURO  
Ah, we were wondering what had  
happened to the young lord. I  
promised his father I'd keep him  
safe on our little hunting trip.

HURLEY  
Hunting trip. That's a good one,  
sir.

He laughs -- until he sees that no one else is laughing. He  
snaps to attention.

ARTURO  
Carry on, soldier.

Captain Hurley gives the sign and the Land Rovers rumble on.  
Wade, Arturo, and Rembrandt let out a sigh of relief.

ARTURO (CONT'D)  
I suppose it's time to move on  
again. Just when this was beginning  
to feel like home.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

QUINN

I heard the soldiers talking.  
They're planning to ambush someone  
in the woods.

(off their blank looks:)

The poor guy probably took one of  
the king's deer to feed his family.

(they're still blank:)

We can't let him die for that, can  
we?

The three others exchange a look, then:

ARTURO

(to Rembrandt:)

You mentioned something about a  
cabin in Tahoe?

And on Quinn's look, we

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST - DAY

A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN, 25, decked out in the finest Barbour  
hunting attire, creeps through the brush, his rifle poised.  
He's boyishly good-looking, and utterly intent on his task.  
That's when he spots something. He raises his rifle to his  
eye.

HIS POV - THROUGH THE SIGHTS

A deer stands on a rise. A perfect target.

YOUNG MAN

Hullo.

BACK TO SCENE

His finger tightens on the trigger. He's about to fire, then  
can't bring himself to do it. He turns around and see

HIS POV

Hurley and SIX CAMOUFLAGED SOLDIERS raise their weapons at  
him.

BACK TO SCENE

The Young Man lowers his rifle, baffled.

YOUNG MAN

What ho?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

And then, the young man DISAPPEARS below the frame. The soldiers look baffled.

ON THE GROUND

hidden by brush, Arturo and Rembrandt each hold one of the prince's ankles. They've yanked him off his feet. Wade covers the young man's mouth as Quinn tugs off the man's coat and hat. As Rembrandt and Arturo start to drag the young man away

QUINN

pops up out of the brush in the young man's hat and coat, holding his rifle. He smiles sheepishly at Hurley.

QUINN

What did I do this time?

It's all frustrated Hurley can do not to shoot him.

CAPT. HURLEY

(tight:)

A thousand apologies, my Lord.

He motions to his men and they charge off. Quinn lowers his hands. As soon as they are gone, Quinn heads off in the way the others went.

ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST

Wade, Rembrandt and the young man rise up from their hiding place.

YOUNG MAN

(upper-class British  
accent)

I say, this is all a bit irregular.

REMBRANDT

Not if you know Quinn. Believe me, this kind of thing is real regular.

ARTURO

We don't have time for this. Those soldiers could come back anytime.

YOUNG MAN

Good. I'd like to give them a stern talking to.

(to Arturo)

I know you think the tabloids will improve my image, but what kind of headline is "Prince Needs Army to Slay Deer?"

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

WADE

Prince?

YOUNG MAN

(still imagining  
headlines)

"Harold the Third, Prince of the Americas, heir to throne of Greater Britain -- and complete chowderhead." That's really going to stir up support. And what if they had shot me by accident?

Our three heroes stare at him. They've just rescued the prince? That's when Quinn bounds out of the brush, a big smile on his face.

QUINN

See? That didn't get us into any trouble.

Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo pin Quinn under their furious glares.

QUINN

(off their looks:)  
What?

And on Quinn, clueless, we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Quinn, Rembrandt and Arturo stride quickly through the dense woods.

REMBRANDT

You know, for once things may be going our way.

He pushes past a branch which swings back and hits Arturo in the face.

ARTURO

How exactly have you come to that conclusion?

REMBRANDT

We got a new best friend and he turns out to be the dude who runs this world. That's gotta be good.  
(off their grim looks)  
Doesn't it?

QUINN

Couldn't do better. Unless you were tight chums with Czar Nicholas.

ARTURO

Or Louis the Sixteenth's "main man."

Rembrandt looks relieved.

REMBRANDT

That's exactly what I thought. We'll go back to the palace, be pampered, pleased --

ARTURO

-- and executed.

Rembrandt looks crestfallen.

REMBRANDT

Damn. I knew there was a reason I hated history class.

A short distance behind, Wade and the Prince follow. The Prince is in the middle of a long story, one that Wade wishes had never started.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PRINCE

It's always "Yes, Your Highness," "Please, Your Majesty," "Shall I take my knickers off now, Your Imperial Royal Wonderfulness." It all gets bloody boring.

WADE

Tell me about it.

PRINCE

But you're not like any other woman I've ever known.

WADE

Why? Because I'm over seventeen, or because I have my clothes on?

PRINCE

Look at you, tramping through the woods, not whining about tearing your stocking or hinting about a jewelry sale at Harrod's. Who would've thought a woman could be almost as much fun as one of the guys?

WADE

Gee, thanks.

She speeds up and catches up with the others. The prince follows.

PRINCE

Sheriff, I don't want to sound ungrateful for this delightfully diverting afternoon, but I am getting a little hungry. Shall we head back to the palace?

QUINN

Don't you understand? You can't go back to the palace. The Sheriff tried to have you killed.

PRINCE

Nonsense. The Sheriff's like a big brother to me.

(to Arturo)

Aren't you, old crumpet?

ARTURO

I have told you and told you, I am not the Sheriff. And I am certainly not your old crumpet. We just happen to share a superficial resemblance.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

PRINCE

Right. And I'm not the prince, and this isn't my game preserve, and that's not your Jaguar.

They stop. Indeed, as they come through the trees, they see they've reached the Jag. Unfortunately, it's been stripped clean, doors, hood, and trunk open, everything gone.

PRINCE

Though I must say, it has seen better days.

Our heroes rush over to the Jag, staring in horror.

WADE

All our food, our supplies... all gone.

QUINN

So what's the worst that happens? We live off the land for a few days.

That's when an FILTHY, RAG-WEARING MAN steps out from behind the hood, carrying the Jag's transmission. He drops the engine and lets out a piercing shriek. Before our heroes can react, they are surrounded by a DOZEN ARMED MEN ON DIRT BIKES and DUNE BUGGIES. It looks like a road company production of Mad Max. The LEADER screeches to a stop in front of them and unwraps takes off her helmet. She's beautiful, although a little harder than, say, Linda Hamilton in T2. This is REBECCA.

REBECCA

This is a no parking zone. Only The Raiders are allowed to park here. I hope you aristocrats have enough cash to cover the ticket.

The dirt-bikers raise their weapons and prepare to fire.

REMBRANDT

Raiders? Not...The Oakland Raiders?

REBECCA

So you've heard of us.

Our heroes share a look. Quinn steps forward.

QUINN

Heard of you? We've been searching for you. To join your fight.

REBECCA

Easy words to say at the point of a gun.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

QUINN  
Perhaps this will convince you of  
our intentions.

He moves aside, revealing Arturo and the prince. The crowd gasps. Rebecca is stunned.

QUINN  
I, Quinn, bring you as hostages the  
Prince of Greater Britain and the  
Sheriff of San Francisco!

There's a great WHOOP from the crowd as they rush forward, grabbing Arturo and the Prince and dragging them away to a waiting dune buggy. Quinn notices Wade and Rembrandt staring at him. He looks away and follows the convoy. Rembrandt and Wade follow.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

In a deserted, abandoned industrial district. Oil fires burn in garbage cans to keep the sentries warm.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

The "Oakland Raiders" flag hangs from the rafters over the rusting wreck that was once a factory floor. Now every nook and cranny has been turned into a nesting spot for Raiders. Rebecca leads Sliders, with Arturo and the Prince tied up, up a flight of metal stairs to a catwalk. Armed guards follow them, preventing escaped. Wade hisses angrily to Quinn.

WADE  
How could you?

QUINN  
If they thought we were aristocrats,  
we'd be dead now. Instead, we're  
heroes. It was a great plan.

WADE  
Until they kill Arturo.

Quinn looks grim. Before he can respond, the guards stop her, Rembrandt, Arturo, and the Prince. Rebecca leads Quinn to the railing of a catwalk overlooking the floor where the Raiders have assembled.

REBECCA  
We have been beaten, killed, hunted  
like animals, all for the crime of  
trying to eat.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

As Rebecca goes on, the other Sliders stand some distance down the catwalk, guarded by Raiders. Arturo and the Prince are tied up. The Prince looks shocked.

PRINCE

I don't understand. Why would people choose to live like this?

WADE

Because they're poor.

PRINCE

That can't be true.

REMBRANDT

I've been poor. Trust me, this is what it looks like.

The Prince is obviously troubled.

PRINCE

(to Arturo)

You told me we were a prosperous people.

ARTURO

You are, they aren't. And, for the 100th time, I am not the Sheriff. We are worlds apart.

At the railing, Rebecca carries on with her speech.

REBECCA

But justice is sweet. The men who stole our money, taxed away our property, and turned us into animals are now our prisoners!

One of the Raiders shoves the Prince and the sheriff up to the railing so the crowd can see him. They let out hoots and hollers. The Prince, used to cheering crowds, waves to his subjects, not hearing the shouts of "kill him," "hang him," and other equally friendly sentiments. Arturo knocks his hand away.

REBECCA

I know we'd all like the chance to kill these two parasites. But that privilege rightly belongs to the man who captured them. Fellow Raiders, I give you Quinn!

The crowd goes nuts, whooping and chanting "kill them" as Rebecca presses a pistol into Quinn's hand. Quinn doesn't know what to do. Arturo looks imploringly him. Wade and Rembrandt stare in horror.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

Quinn points the gun at the Prince, but can't shoot. Finally, an impatient Rebecca grabs the gun and points it at Arturo. Quinn shoves her away. The guards grab Quinn.

QUINN

Wait!

The crowd is suddenly silent. Rebecca turns the gun on him.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I didn't risk my life capturing these vermin so you could have ten seconds of fun.

REBECCA

They deserve to die.

QUINN

Yes, but not as much as we deserve to live like human beings. And that's what these two will bring us.  
(to the crowd)  
What do you want? Pardons? Food? A warm place to live? As long as these hostages are alive, the government will give us whatever we want!

There's a moment of confusion, then the happy crowd starts chanting "Quinn, Quinn, Quinn." Rebecca lowers the gun. Wade and Rembrandt breathe a sigh of relief.

REBECCA

(to the guards)

Find a place for the hostages from which there will be no escape. And make sure it's uncomfortable.

The guards lead Arturo and the prince away. Rebecca smiles at Quinn.

REBECCA

Come to my quarters. We will draft the ransom note together.

QUINN

And my friends?

She glances at Rembrandt and Wade.

REBECCA

Consider yourselves Oakland Raiders.

She turns and walks away. Quinn shoots the others a quick thumbs-up and follows her.

EXT PALACE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Hardly the classic castle we've come to expect. A TALL WALL surround a GLEAMING, GLASS SKYSCRAPER. Flags flap from the walls, ARMED GUARDS patrol, and the words ROYAL PALACE shine in neon on the building.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The Sheriff, in mid-show, sits at his desk, surrounded by copies of his best-selling book "Everything I Say Is Right."

SHERIFF

Can you believe this? There are some people who claim I never allow opposing points of view on this show. Well, there's a reason for that -- I am the opposing point of view. In fact, I'm the only point of view you'll ever need.

(sly smile)

Or be allowed.

His rustles papers noisily, part of his schtick. The audience laughs and applauds adoringly.

SHERIFF

But today, I'm willing to listen. I want to hear your complaints about the policies of King, and me, your humble servant. Step up to the mike and enlighten me.

A BLUE-HAIRED OLD WOMAN hobbles up to the mike.

OLD-WOMAN

I liked your hair better when you parted it on the left.

There's a silence in the audience. The sheriff nods.

SHERIFF

Thank you, I appreciate your input. But as you know, I don't like anything on The Left.

The audience applauds appreciatively. A BLUE-COLLAR WORKER steps up to the mike.

WORKER

My neighborhood is full of potholes, the trash is never picked up, and we haven't had running water in a week. And I'm sick of it.

The audience is very quiet. The Sheriff's smile falters a bit.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WORKER

It's the Prince. If our taxes weren't spent on his parties, his trips, his womanizing, there'd be something left over to help us.

Now the Sheriff's smile is genuine.

SHERIFF

I can see how you might have that misconception. But I know the Prince cares deeply about every one of you.

The audience applauds. A nervous, emaciated DIXON VALLELY steps up to the mike,

DIXON

I -- I believe that taxation should be limited to what's necessary for services rendered by government to the people.

The audience GASPS. The Sheriff maintains his smile -- with effort.

DIXON

I believe that people should be allowed to govern themselves. The monarchy should--

SHERIFF

(interrupts:)

I'm afraid we're out of time. But I'd love to talk more about this with you in private.

(then, to audience:)

I've enjoyed all your points of view, but in closing let me say--

(sly smile:)

Everything I say is right!

The crowd laughs and cheers. As MUSIC SWELLS, the Sheriff waves good-bye and strolls offstage.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

The Sheriff strolls off jovially, but the instant he's away from the audience, his face changes to its normal, savage look. HENDRICK, a slickly-suited spin doctor, rushes up to him, checking the personal digital assistant in hand.

HENDRICK

That was exactly the kind of warmth we were talking about, Sheriff.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

The Sheriff grabs Hendrick with one hand and slams him against the wall. It looks like he wants to rip Hendrick's throat out.

SHERIFF

He questioned my taxes.

HENDRICK

And judging by the response in the studio audience, your answer gave you a 26% boost with women 35-49. Look.

He holds up the PDA. The Sheriff glances at it, then lets go of Hendrick.

HENDRICK

I know this segment is uncomfortable for you, but it's getting across that avuncular quality we've worked so hard to establish.

The Sheriff likes the sound of that.

SHERIFF

I am like a kind uncle to my people.

HENDRICK

And they're responding. Your approval ratings with white males 18-59 have never been higher, and overall, you're back up to a 98% approval rating.

(off Sheriff's glare)

With a two percent margin of error. The ones who responded negatively are statistically insignificant.

SHERIFF

And if I had them tortured to death, they'd be completely insignificant.

HENDRICK

That kind of behavior is fine for a Sheriff, but if you want to be king you have to realize that brutality just doesn't play outside the moatway. Warmth, sir. Warmth.

That's when two guards slam Dixon Vallely against a wall and begin beating him mercilessly. The Sheriff smiles at the sight.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

HENDRICK

Now in this next segment, we have a subject asking you whether you prefer boxers or briefs. You respond...

SHERIFF

...with a rapid execution.

HENDRICK

(backpedaling)

Good point. It's hardly a fit question for a world leader.

That's when CAPTAIN HURLEY rushes up to the Sheriff with a piece of paper. He looks very concerned.

CAPT. HURLEY

We've received a fax from the Oakland Raiders.

SHERIFF

"Prince Harold and The Sheriff are our hostages. They will die at sunrise unless food and clothing are immediately distributed to the poor."

(then:)

What's the meaning of this?

CAPT. HURLEY

I don't know, sir. You're not a hostage and the Prince...

SHERIFF

...is dead. Right?

(off Hurley's look:)

The Prince is dead, isn't he?

CAPT. HURLEY

We lost him in the woods somewhere. You know that. You were there.

SHERIFF

I haven't left the palace.

CAPT. HURLEY

But I saw you, with my own eye.

SHERIFF

Obviously, you aren't seeing clearly.

The Sheriff grabs the Captain by his collar and pulls him close. Hurley trembles.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

SHERIFF

If you can't see clearly, there's no sense seeing at all. Do you get my point?

The Sheriff snaps the eye patch. Hurley nods, terrified.

SHERIFF

Kill every living creature in that forest. Set it all aflame if you have to. I want his head brought to me on a stick. Failing that, yours.

Hendrick leans close to the Sheriff's ear.

HENDRICK

Twenty seconds until air.

The Sheriff shoves Hurley aside, straightens his sweater and takes a deep breath. The Mike Post music SWELLS. The Sheriff marches over to where Dixon Vallely is still being beaten by the guards and gives him a couple of jabs to the stomach. Dixon doubles over, and the Sheriff slams his knee into his subject's chin.

SHERIFF

Now that's warmth.

The Sheriff grins and throws open the curtain. As he marches on stage, we

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

It has been converted to a make-shift -- and very effective -- cell. The Prince sits next to Arturo, his head turned away, as Wade comes in with two plates of roast venison.

ARTURO

How generous of our captors to provide a last meal.

WADE

Don't worry, Quinn will find a way to get you out of here.

ARTURO

As long as it's not in a pine box. You might tell him that for me.

Arturo starts eating. Wade puts a plate down in front of the prince, but he doesn't even look up.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

WADE  
Your Highness?

PRINCE  
Give it to someone who's hungry.

WADE  
Aren't you?

The prince motions upstairs.

PRINCE  
Not as hungry as they are.

ARTURO  
It's a nice gesture, but perhaps it  
would have been more effective if  
you decided to feed the starving  
before they captured you.

Now the prince turns around... and we see he's been crying.  
Wade shoots Arturo a nasty glare.

WADE  
We won't let them kill you, Your  
Highness.

He turns back, his face red with crying.

PRINCE  
Oh, me, me, me. Who cares about my  
useless life anyway? There are  
people in my kingdom forced to live  
like savages -- and I had no idea.

WADE  
You didn't know there were poor  
people?

PRINCE  
(embarrassed)  
I don't get out of the castle much.  
I mean, why bother? I have  
everything I need there, and if I  
don't, the sheriff gets it for me.

Arturo and Wade exchange a look. So this is how the kingdom  
is run.

ARTURO  
How thoughtful of him.

WADE  
But what about all those stories  
about you in the tabloids?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

PRINCE

The sheriff made those up. He said the people would look up to me if I seemed more.. what was his word?...cosmopolitan.

WADE

So all those times you were supposed to be frolicking with teenage vixens...

PRINCE

...I was at home playing with my electric trains. I have this incredible layout and --  
 (off their pitying looks)  
 I wanted to get out more, but whenever I started to feel restless, the sheriff sent me to visit my winter palace in Barbados until I got over it. And there aren't any poor people in Barbados, let me tell you.

ARTURO

Are you so sure?

It takes a moment, but her meaning trickles in.

PRINCE

You mean there are poor people everywhere?  
 (off her look)  
 Somebody should do something!

WADE

You can. You're the prince. Soon you'll be the king.

PRINCE

You're right! If I ever get out of here, I'm going to order the Sheriff to fix this problem.

Wade and Arturo exchange a look. This may be hopeless.

ARTURO

Do you think maybe there's a reason the sheriff hid the truth from you?

The Prince thinks -- and then realizes what Arturo is saying. He blanches, but before he can say anything, Rebecca bursts in, followed by a half-dozen raiders.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

REBECCA

The palace ignored our ransom demands.

(to Arturo:)

They've been running tapes of your show non-stop. They won't even acknowledge you're gone.

ARTURO

Then there's no purpose to holding us. You might as well set us free.

PRINCE

I can promise you, I've learned my lesson. If you let us go, this kingdom will change for the better.

REBECCA

That's an intriguing thought. But instead, I've decided to execute you and toss your severed limbs over the palace wall.

(then:)

Maybe that will get their attention.

The raiders drag Arturo and the Prince out of the cell.

WADE

You're making a terrible mistake. He's not the Sheriff.

ARTURO

She's right. I'm actually a physics professor from another dimension.

As they are dragged off, Rebecca looks after them, disgusted.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Raiders cook a deer on a spit over a fire in an oil drum. Quinn and Rembrandt sit at a make-shift table, eating VENISON. A raider refills their cups with water.

REMBRANDT

(to Wade:)

You know what this world needs?

QUINN

A democratic government, social welfare programs, and a free judiciary.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

Barbecue sauce. This stuff ain't bad, but it has no kick.

(to the raiders:)

Haven't you ever heard of seasoning?

That's when an ENTHUSIASTIC CHEER rises up and raiders rush toward the center of the building. Our heroes share a baffled look and wind through the delirious crowd, which is cheering and whooping about something.

RAIDER #1

Hang'em!

RAIDER #2

Shoot'em!

RAIDER #3

Burn'em!

FRONT OF THE CROWD

Arturo is hustled up against a wall. Wade is held back by two raiders. A row of Raiders prepare their weapons. Arturo makes one last, reasoned appeal to Rebecca.

ARTURO

Listen to me. I'm not who you think I am.

REBECCA

I'll say -- I expected you to be defiant until the end. But seeing you reduced to a sniveling coward has been much more satisfying.

ARTURO

Turn on the TV and you'll see. Those aren't reruns. The Sheriff is live.

Rebecca hands him a blindfold.

REBECCA

Not for long.

Arturo tosses the blindfold aside as Rebecca joins the firing squad. The CROWD goes wild. Quinn, Wade and Rembrandt are still trying to push their way to the front.

REBECCA

READY. AIM. FI-

At the last second, Quinn bursts out of the crowd and stands right in front of Arturo. The startled firing squad jerk their weapons upward -- sending a FUSILLADE of BULLETS into the wall all around Quinn and Arturo, who dive to the floor.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

Amazingly, neither of them are hit. Quinn helps Arturo to his feet. Rebecca storms over.

REBECCA

(to Quinn:)

You idiot. You almost died with him.  
Now step aside -- I wouldn't want  
you hit by a stray bullet.

QUINN

No one is going to die here tonight.

Arturo glares pointedly at Quinn.

ARTURO

The night is young, Mr. Mallory.

REBECCA

Have you forgotten how many people  
this man has tortured, imprisoned  
and killed? Don't you think he  
deserves to die?

The CROWD CHEERS with approval, and there are more cries of "kill him," "down with the Sheriff," etc. Wade and Rembrandt share a worried look. Quinn turns to the crowd.

QUINN

It would feel good to execute him,  
huh?

The CROWD ROARS. Arturo glares at Quinn.

QUINN

Why stop with him? Let's kill them  
all!

The CROWD ROARS again. Rebecca doesn't quite know what to make of this -- except that the spotlight has shifted from her to Quinn. The Prince swallows hard.

ARTURO

(to Wade:)

If we ever get back to our world,  
I'm having him expelled.

QUINN

Then you know what we'd be?

REBECCA

Free.

The CROWD CHEERS. She has them back for a moment.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

QUINN  
 We'd be just like them.  
 (points to Arturo and the  
 Prince:)  
 And nothing will have changed.

There's grumbling in the crowd.

REBECCA  
 (to Quinn:)  
 The Sheriff is no good to us  
 alive...but dead, we might get  
 something. The only thing the  
 government understands is violence.

QUINN  
 And you'll still lose, because there  
 will be another Sheriff just like  
 him...or worse. Face it, you've been  
 doing it all wrong.

There's a rumbling in the crowd. Rebecca gives him a  
 derisive sneer.

REBECCA  
 What makes you think you know any  
 better?

QUINN  
 Maybe I don't -- but I was the one  
 who captured the Prince and the  
 Sheriff single-handedly while you  
 were stripping an abandoned car.

Ouch. The crowd chews on that one. Rebecca simmers. Quinn  
 turns to the crowd.

QUINN  
 The royals rule because we, the  
 poor, let them. Because we don't  
 stand up and say no. Because we  
 don't demand change.

REMBRANDT  
 We!?  
 (to Wade:)  
 Would somebody please tell him we  
 don't live here!

QUINN  
 It's not the palace you have to  
 conquer, it's the poor. Get them  
 behind you, and you'll win.

Quinn climbs up on a pile of cartons and yells out:

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (4)

QUINN

I say -- the aristocracy have ruled  
for too long. I say -- it's time to  
redistribute the wealth. I say --  
rob from the rich and give to the  
poor!

He raises a fist in the air. The CROWD ERUPTS WITH CHEERS.  
Even the Prince seems dazed by it all. The raiders lift  
Quinn on their shoulders and carry him through the crowd,  
chanting "Rob from the rich, give to the poor..." again and  
again. And on our heroes shared worry, and Quinn's exuberant  
smile, we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - ESTABLISHING - DAY

With Big Ben, the Tower of San Francisco, and other interest mattes rising out of skyline.

EXT. BENEDICT ARNOLD SAVINGS - DAY

The ALARM blares.

INT. ALLEY - BEHIND THE BANK

as Quinn and the raiders emerge, holding bags of money. But instead of escaping with it, Quinn takes two bags of cash, climbs atop one of the raider's jerry-rigged vehicles, and addresses the stunned commoners who were sleeping in the alley.

QUINN

Down with the royals -- power to the poor!

He starts tossing money into the alley. The raiders, following his lead, also begin throwing out money. The poor clamor for the money, joyously holding up fistfuls of cash, disbelieving smiles on their faces. A stunned commoner looks up at Quinn.

STUNNED COMMONER

W-Who are you?

QUINN

One of you, my friend. And all my friends call me Quinn.

Rebecca can't help herself...she smiles. The joy is infectious. And so begins

MONTAGE OF DERRING-DO

over which we hear THE BALLAD OF QUINN, a Tracy Tormé classic ditty sung by an unseen, exuberant crowd.

EXT. THEATRE

The marquee reads: "Andrew Lloyd Webber's Cats." We pan down to see the aristocratic audience are being held up as they leave by Quinn and the Raiders. Quinn relieves a tuxedoed aristocrat of his wallet, and hands it to a poor passerby. He gives a diamond brooch to a bag lady...and so it goes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TIGHT ON QUINN

as he drops a set of keys in a commoner's outstretched hand. The thankful commoner then gets into a BRAND NEW JAG and drives off. Quinn turns to a CAR SALESMAN who glances nervously at REBECCA & THE ARMED RAIDERS behind his back, then reluctantly hands Quinn another key, which Quinn then gives to another commoner... and so it goes as we PULL BACK to see we're at a JAGUAR DEALERSHIP, new JAGS ARE STREAMING OUT, full of joyful commoners.

CUT TO:

AN ALLEY as Quinn and the raiders screech through on their dirt bikes and jerry-rigged vehicles, pursued by the ROYAL POLICE (with their distinctive British sirens). As the raiders pass, a HANDFUL OF COMMONERS cheer the raiders on, spontaneously pushing TRASH BIN, CRATES and whatever else they have, blocking the police cars.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The Sheriff, in a sweater and corduroys, sits on a very tiny stool, and looks very sour. Hendrick squats beside him. A camera crew prepares to shoot.

SHERIFF

Is this really necessary?

HENDRICK

You're doing great with angry white males, but you're losing young women. This spot is targeted directly at that demographic.

SHERIFF

Let's just get it over with.

Hendrick motions off-stage. Suddenly a dozen SMALL CHILDREN come running out and gather at his feet. Hendrick cues the Sheriff, who forces a smile and looks directly into the camera.

SHERIFF

The children are our future. It pains me to see the fear in their eyes evoked by Quinn and his Oakland raiders.

He tickles one of the children, musses the hair of another.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHERIFF

How many nightmares must they suffer? How much of their innocence has been forever lost? They are the true victims of his unrelenting campaign of terror. I know you'll join me in battling this madman. Call the 800 number on your screen and turn in a raider today.

(then:)

Think of the children. I know I am.

Hendrick signals "cut." The Sheriff immediately pushes the children away and gets to his feet. He motions the PAGES over to the kids.

SHERIFF

Send them back to the mines.

The Pages hustle the kids away. The Sheriff turns to Hendrick.

SHERIFF

Let the word slip out...the food for the coronation ceremonies is still being kept in a warehouse downtown.

HENDRICK

I don't see what that will do for your TVQ.

The Sheriff gives him a withering look.

SHERIFF

Just do it.

Hendrick bows and rushes off. And on the Sheriff's evil grin, we

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Quinn walks through the factory floor like Patton inspecting the troops, cheerfully greeting everybody he sees. The mood has brightened considerably since our last visit here. The Raiders, formerly downbeat and grungy, are now all happily working, united with the spirit that comes from pulling together for a common cause as they distribute their booty to the poor. And as if to prove it, Rembrandt leads a chorus of FOUR RAIDERS in his latest doo-wop Quinn ballad. But they sing it like a Broadway musical -- all the notes, none of the soul.

REMBRANDT

No, no, no! Like James Brown!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

RAIDER #1

Who?

REMBRANDT

James Brown. The hardest working man  
in show biz? The godfather of soul?

RAIDER #2

Oh, yeah. I think I saw him playing  
the Phantom of the Opera in a dinner  
theater in Seattle.

Rembrandt stifles a scream of frustration.

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn)

One day until we slide and these  
guys still have less soul than Barry  
Manilow.

QUINN SMILES AND MOVES ON TO

INT. FACTORY BOILER AREA - DAY

Giant steel tanks line one wall. Quinn raps on the steel,  
then pulls open a heavy door.

INT. CELLS - DAY

Arturo and the Prince are behind bars as Wade paces sternly  
in front of them. Quinn walks in and pulls Wade aside.

QUINN

What are you doing down here?

WADE

The Prince is really troubled by  
what he saw. He wants to change.  
Only he doesn't know how. So I'm  
teaching him the basics of political  
theory.

QUINN

You?

WADE

Yeah, me. Is there something wrong  
with that?

(to Prince:)

How are we doing, Harold?

He's scribbling something on a piece of paper, working in  
through in his head.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PRINCE

I think I've got it now. "We hold these truths to be inalienable, that most people are created equal."

WADE

All people. All.

(to Quinn)

We've been having a little trouble on this point.

Arturo lets out a moan.

ARTURO

And so this is hell, an eternity spent auditing Introduction to Civics, as taught to an idiot by an ignoramus.

Wade glares at him.

PRINCE

"From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

Quinn turns to Wade, surprised.

QUINN

You're teaching him Marxism?

WADE

I am? I thought that was part of the Constitution.

(then, cheery)

Oh, well, it works for now.

That's when Rebecca comes in. She goes right to Quinn, ignoring the Prince and Arturo. Rebecca pulls Quinn to the far end of the cell.

REBECCA

I know where there's enough meat, cheese, wine and milk to feed the hungry for a month.

(off Quinn's look:)

The food for the coronation ceremony is just sitting unprotected in a warehouse -- where it will rot.

QUINN

Unless we get it first. Tell the raiders to get ready. We're going grocery shopping.

She kisses him hard and leaves. Quinn looks after her.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

WADE  
Seems too good to be true.

QUINN  
Yeah -- I could never get a girl  
like her interested in me in our  
world.

Wade glares at him.

WADE  
I meant the warehouse. What if it's  
a trap?

QUINN  
After tomorrow, the Raiders are on  
their own. If we can leave them with  
this one tremendous victory, they'll  
have a much better chance of winning  
without us.

Wade studies Quinn. He's lit up with passion.

WADE  
We slide in less than twenty-two  
hours.

He hands her the timer.

QUINN  
Go without me.

He leaves. She looks after him, worried.

EXT. URBAN WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The warehouse is filled with CRATES and TRUCKS. The Raiders come in through the SKYLIGHTS, streaming down ropes. They land, prepared to fire, but the place is empty. Quinn smiles at Rebecca and goes to a truck.

QUINN  
(to Rebecca:)  
When we get back, I'm going to teach  
you my recipe for Sloppy Joes.

He throws open the back of the truck to reveal DOZENS OF ROYAL GUARDS. Holy shit. He's immediately tackled by the guards as they spill out of the truck. That same instant, DOZENS OF ARMED SOLDIERS spill out of the other trucks, GUNS BLAZING. Rebecca and her raiders take cover and open fire. A FIREFIGHT erupts, people DYING on both sides.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

TWO SOLDIERS throw Quinn in the back of a truck and slam the door shut.

INT. TRUCK

Quinn is getting to his feet, reacting to the sound of bullets pinging off the truck, when he hears:

MAN'S VOICE

Don't worry, it's bullet proof. You won't be shot.

Quinn looks up to see the Sheriff, surrounded by armed guards, grinning down at him.

SHERIFF

Not yet, anyway.

Suddenly, the TRUCK starts moving.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rebecca watches, helpless, as the truck charges. She motions to her raiders.

REBECCA

Pull out!

As the Raiders retreat, and on Rebecca's sad look, the truck disappears into the night, and we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

TIGHT ON A MONITOR

a series of MAN ON THE STREET interviews.

- a DISTINGUISHED MAN, emerging from a Rolls.

DISTINGUISHED MAN

He did the poor a favor when he raised their taxes. He's making them carry their own weight, and giving them a sense of self-respect.

- a GOOD-LOOKING MAN and his GOOD-LOOKING WIFE stand arm-in-arm.

GOOD-LOOKING WOMAN

He's warm, he's personable, very sexy--

GOOD-LOOKING MAN

And he gets the job done.

- HURLEY, eye-patches over both eyes, stands in uniform holding out a cup full of pencils. He speaks from rote memorization.

CAPT. HURLEY

I've never known a greater patriot or a gentler soul. I'd follow him anywhere.

- a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in a designer outfit holds an infant dressed in similar designer duds.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

He has something for the entire family.

ANGLE WIDENS

as we pull BACK from the MONITOR to reveal we are

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The Sheriff appears genuinely moved as he addresses the camera.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHERIFF

I can't tell you how much your support means to me during this trying time. You've put your faith in me, and I want to give you something back in return.

He motions towards the curtain, which peels open to reveal Quinn, gagged and shackled in chains and metal to a SECTION OF WALL on a PLATFORM. Hannibal Lector was restrained more comfortably. The platform glides forward towards the Sheriff -- all this backed by a TRIUMPHANT ORCHESTRAL FANFARE.

SHERIFF

The reign of terror is over. This, my fellow countrymen, is Quinn.

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE erupts -- recorded applause, that is, because unseen by the studio cameras, the seats are EMPTY.

SHERIFF

And tomorrow he shall hang -- when we broadcast live from death row at the Tower of San Francisco. You won't want to miss it!

The Mike Post theme swells, Hendrick motions "cut," and the Sheriff turns to Quinn, unsnapping his metal mouthpiece so he can talk.

SHERIFF

I suppose I should thank you. Your hanging will probably bring my biggest audience ever...and boost my approval rating with the aristocracy higher than even the King enjoyed.

QUINN

You've underestimated the people. They won't let me hang. They'll rise up against you in a staggering show of force.

SHERIFF

Let us hope so.

The Sheriff's flips the mouthpiece shut. And on the Sheriff's enigmatic grin, and Quinn's worry, we

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

The raiders stand around the TV, crest-fallen. An enraged Rebecca takes out her gun and, while the Sheriff's theme is still coming from the TV, shoots the set, blasting it apart. Wade and Rembrandt watch, concerned.

WADE

(to Rembrandt:)

There's only two hours until the slide. What are we going to do?

REMBRANDT

(to Wade:)

Try very hard to stay on her good side.

Rebecca jams a new clip into the gun just as the Prince and Arturo are brought to her by some raiders. She whips around, aiming the gun at Arturo's head.

ARTURO

And a warm hello to you to.

REBECCA

Who are you?

ARTURO

I told you -- I'm a physics professor from another dimension.

Her hand quivers for a moment. Something is eating at her rage. She turns the gun on Wade and Rembrandt.

REBECCA

And you?

REMBRANDT

(terrified:)

Rembrandt Brown...of The Spinning Topps?

(sings:)

I'm gonna cry like a man (man!),  
hard as I can (ooh!)--

She cocks the trigger. He shuts up. She swings her aim at Wade, who says, almost apologetically...

WADE

I sell computers. Or at least I used to, before I started sliding into different dimensions.

She turns to the Prince. She looks likelier to cry than shoot.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

REBECCA

You.

PRINCE

I'm Harold the Third, of course.  
 Prince of the Americas, heir to  
 throne of Greater Britain. Perhaps  
 you've seen me on the one pound  
 note.

REBECCA

At least I got something right.

She raises the gun to her head when Arturo grabs her arm.

ARTURO

You don't want to do that.

Rebecca jerks free, and wipes away a tear, still angry.

REBECCA

I wasn't going to kill myself.  
*Wouldn't give the Sheriff the*  
*satisfaction.* Not that it matters  
 anymore.

(then, to Sliders:)

Quinn -- he never captured anybody,  
 did he? He's from outer space, just  
 like you.

ARTURO

Actually, we're from a parallel  
 dimension that exists on the same  
 time/space continuum as this world.

She drops the gun and turns to the other raiders.

REBECCA

The Sheriff has won. We've lost.  
 With Quinn dead, the movement is  
 over.

PRINCE

(angry:)

Balderdash.

All heads turn to the red-faced Prince. Everyone is shocked.

PRINCE

It's just beginning. Obviously, you  
 just don't have the turnips to see  
 it through. So off you go, have your  
 tea and scones. We'll fight without  
 you.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

He picks up the gun off the floor, shoves it in his waistband and shoots a look at our Sliders. Wade and Arturo beam with pride, Rembrandt looks ill. The Prince turns to the Raiders.

PRINCE

You can quit, but freedom is an idea that can't be stopped. It's with us forever, like "Starlight Express." This isn't a movement of one man -- but of all men.

(to Wade:)

And women, of course. No offense intended.

Rebecca looks at the Prince for a long moment, genuinely moved.

REBECCA

It wasn't until this moment that I discovered how far we've come. Forgive me.

Then she drops to one knee and takes his hand.

REBECCA

Your majesty.

Suddenly the crowd breaks into CHEERS ("Hail to the King!" "Hail to the King!") and rallies around their Prince, er, King.

PRINCE

(to Wade:)

I wish my father could see this.

ARTURO

I know he'd be proud.

PRINCE

What would make him proud is seeing me lead the charge against the prison and, against impossible odds, freeing Quinn.

REMBRANDT

(to Prince:)

Did it ever occur to you why they call'em impossible odds?

Rembrandt flashes the timer to Arturo and Wade. Less than two hours left.

REMBRANDT

We don't have time to storm the prison.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

REBECCA

He's right -- they'll be braced for an attack, and we're no match for their firepower.

WADE

We can't just leave Quinn behind.

PRINCE

Then we shall free him, or die trying.

Arturo glances at the broken TV on the floor.

ARTURO

I know how to get into prison and free Quinn -- and no one has to die to do it.

And on the Prince's confusion, and Wade's hope, we GO:

EXT. PRISON - ESTABLISHING - DAY (STOCK)

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

PRISONERS peer through cells at Quinn, who is surrounded by ARMED GUARDS who lead him past TV CAMERAS up to steel platform, where a NOOSE dangles. TV MONITORS are stationed everywhere so everyone here can see the live feed. The Sheriff is nearby, having his final make-up applied. Hendrick shows him some cue cards.

HENDRICK

What do you think of Quinn's last words? I think they'll really play with both the aristocracy and the lower classes.

SHERIFF

(scans them:)

Perfect. And I know it comes from the heart.

He takes off his "make-up bib" and meets Quinn at the platform.

SHERIFF

You look so pale. Anxious about your TV debut? I can have make-up to put a little color on your cheeks.

QUINN

If I were you, I'd have your publicist working on your surrender speech. The Oakland Raiders will be here any minute.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

SHERIFF

Good -- I would hate to think the  
150 marksmen lining the prison walls  
loaded their rifles for nothing.

QUINN

150?

SHERIFF

That's not counting the battalion of  
soldiers inside the prison, of  
course.

(smiles:)

The Oakland Raiders will be killed,  
and with them, their pathetic  
rebellion.

HENDRICK

It's going to make marvelous  
television.

QUINN

You can't crush hope once it's born.  
We may die, but the promise of  
freedom lives in the hearts and  
souls of every commoner in the city.

The prisoners cheer, clanking their cups against the  
cellbars. The sheriff frowns.

SHERIFF

Good point.

(to Hendrick:)

Remind me to execute all the  
commoners who have any hope at all.

(to Quinn:)

We've put your last words on cue  
cards, lest you forget them in all  
the excitement.

The Sheriff motions Hendrick forward with the cue cards.

QUINN

(reads:)

"I want to thank the Sheriff for  
hanging me, for giving me a chance  
to pay for the crimes that have been  
weighing so heavily on my soul."

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

SHERIFF

Not bad for a rehearsal, but I'd like to hear more passion when we're live.

(then:)

That is, if you don't want your friends tortured before they're killed.

And on Quinn's look, we

CUT TO:

EXT. PALACE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. STUDIO - DAY

as the ENGINEERS, SOLDIERS and other personnel are held at GUNPOINT by Rebecca and the Raiders. The Prince leads Arturo, Wade and Rembrandt into the studio.

PRINCE

I knew those secret passageways would come in handy for something besides practicing my flute.

ARTURO

We don't have much time.

REMBRANDT

(looks at timer:)

Less than 30 minutes until the Slide.

Wade glares at Rembrandt.

WADE

Arturo meant until Quinn's hanging.

REMBRANDT

I was getting to that.

PRINCE

What do we do now?

Arturo leads the Prince to the Sheriff's set.

ARTURO

You go on television, expose the Sheriff as a traitor, demand Quinn's release, and introduce the concept of democracy. Good luck.

Arturo and the other sliders head for the door.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PRINCE  
What's democracy?

The Prince looks at Wade, who looks at Rembrandt, who looks at Arturo.

ARTURO  
I knew we forgot something.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Hendrick is behind the cameras. He holds up his hand.

HENDRICK  
We go live in one minute.

The HANGMAN puts the noose around Quinn's neck.

SHERIFF  
Hope that isn't too tight. I  
wouldn't want you turning purple  
during your last words.

Quinn is terrified.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The Prince stands nervously in front of a lectern (ala the President's) in front of the camera, preparing himself. Arturo, Wade and Rembrandt are just off stage, scribbling madly on a piece of scrap-paper.

ARTURO  
Again. From the top. The first  
amendment guarantees the right of  
freedom of speech, religion and  
assembly. The second amendment is  
the right to bear arms--

WADE  
Scratch that one.

ARTURO  
This isn't multiple choice -- this  
is the Bill of Rights.

REMBRANDT  
(motions to Prince:)  
They don't know that. We're the  
founding fathers now. Time to make  
some changes.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

ARTURO

We don't have time.

(continues:)

The fourth amendment protects against unreasonable search and seizure, the fifth provides for due process and the right against self-incrimination.

(then, awkwardly:)

Does anyone remember the sixth?

WADE

Equal rights for all, regardless of race, religion, or sex.

ARTURO

It is not.

WADE

It is now.

REMBRANDT

Seventh amendment -- all foods must be properly seasoned.

ARTURO

Ah, the hell with it.

Arturo quickly hands the paper to the Prince.

REMBRANDT

Wait -- I got some more ideas.

Wade holds him back.

INT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

The Sheriff turns to the camera, and we see his face on all the monitors.

SHERIFF

Hello, and welcome to a very special edition of--

That's when the picture is cut-off and suddenly THE PRINCE appears on the monitors.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

PRINCE-ON-TV

It is I, Harold the Third, Prince of the Americas, heir to the throne of Greater Britain. Rather a disappointment from the ninny in the tabloids, I know, but I am your Prince, and I must stop a terrible injustice.

(then:)

Actually, lots of injustice. I'm afraid I'm coming into this a bit late.

SHERIFF

(to Hendrick:)

Get him off-the-air!

HENDRICK

I can't, sir. The live feed is controlled from the studio.

PRINCE-ON-TV

I'm pardoning Quinn for any crimes he may have committed, though in my opinion, he's done a smashing good job.

The Sheriff throws down the microphone.

SHERIFF

That twit is not going to ruin my show.

The Sheriff points at Quinn, who is smiling from ear-to-ear.

SHERIFF

(to hangman:)

Hang him! Do it now.

The hangman hesitates. His eyes are glued on the TV where:

ON THE TV

Arturo steps on screen beside the Prince.

PRINCE

The Sheriff has a confession to make.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

ARTURO

I betrayed the King, tried to kill the Prince, and portrayed Quinn as an enemy... all for the greater glory of France. The man you saw on television a few moments ago is my twin brother.

BACK TO SCENE

The Sheriff is livid, he turns to see all the soldiers staring at him in dumb-founded shock.

SHERIFF

It's a trick, don't you see?

ARTURO-ON-TV

Je suis desole, Jean-Marc.

QUINN

Yes, we finally do.  
(to the guards:)  
Don't we?

Suddenly the guards swarm around the Sheriff and drag him towards the platform. The hangman unchains Quinn and takes the noose off his neck.

HANGMAN

We're gonna be needing this.

Quinn leaps off the platform and runs up to a shell-shocked Hendrick.

QUINN

You wouldn't happen to have the time?

HENDRICK

Ten o'clock.

A look of panic spreads on Quinn's face.

QUINN

Where's your car?

EXT. BENEDICT ARNOLD SAVINGS - DAY

TWO ROVERS screech up in front of the fountain, our Sliders, the Prince, and Rebecca jump out. A CROWD gathers on the street. Wade glances at the timer...three minutes.

WADE

I hope Quinn gets here in time.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

Me, too. Imagine having to listen to "Memories" for the rest of your life.

(then, realizing:)

Where's that Bill of Rights?

He searches out Arturo, who is still scribbling on the scrap of paper.

ARTURO

(to himself:)

The eighth amendment guarantees a jury trial...or is it a speedy trial?

(makes a decision:)

Now it's both.

REMBRANDT

Let me see that.

Arturo snatches it away from Rembrandt's grasp. The Prince approaches Wade.

PRINCE

I can't thank you enough for what you've done...

(takes her hand:)

Unless you stay, and let me make you my Princess.

WADE

I'm touched...I really am, but I don't belong here.

(off his sad look:)

But somewhere out there, you'll find someone just like me. In fact, I'm certain of it.

She gives him a kiss just as we hear a TREMENDOUS SCREECH OF TIRES. Our heroes turn to see

THE STREET - THEIR POV

Quinn driving up the wrong side of the street in a JEEP, cars swerving and crashing to avoid him. The jeep jumps the curb and Quinn rushes out, frantic.

WADE

Thirty seconds to spare.

QUINN

I promise, where-ever we land next, I'm absolutely, positively not getting involved.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (2)

WADE

Yeah, right.

She hands the timer to Quinn, who aims it at the fountain and "fires." THE SLIDE opens up in front of them. The CROWD gasps. Arturo hands the scrap-paper to the Prince.

ARTURO

This, your majesty, is the Bill of Rights. It's the cornerstone of democracy -- use it wisely.

PRINCE

Thank you -- I shall.

Arturo steps through the slide. Wade waves good-bye and follows him in. Rebecca steps up to Quinn.

REBECCA

Will you ever be back?

QUINN

Yes. And no. It's hard to explain.

Rebecca gives him a deep, passionate kiss.

REBECCA

Some incentive.

He smiles and turns to turns to Rembrandt.

QUINN

Coming?

REMBRANDT

In a minute.

Quinn shrugs and jumps into the Slide. The instant Quinn is gone, Rembrandt snatches the scrap-paper from the Prince and scribbles something on it.

REMBRANDT

Almost forgot the most important amendment of all.

Rembrandt smiles and steps into the slide. The SLIDE vanishes. They all stare in silence at the fountain for a moment, and then the Prince becomes aware of the crowd looking at him. He clears his throat and looks at the paper.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (3)

PRINCE

From this day forward, we shall  
abide by these ten inalienable  
rights, first and foremost, that  
rhythm and blues is the music of the  
people, and James Brown is the  
Godfather of Soul.

(then, confused:)

Who is James Brown?

And on their confusion, we

FADE OUT.

THE END