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SLIDERS

"El Sid"

Written

by

John Povill

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SLIDERS

"El Sid"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. A STREET THAT LOOKS LIKE A WAR ZONE - DAY 1

littered with bricks, boxes, destroyed cars. Small fires burn, unattended. The PEOPLE, too, look like detritus -- hard bitten, dressed in ragged, rugged, utilitarian clothes. We might be in Northern Ireland, or Bosnia.

THE SLIDERS

come running, full tilt down the sidewalk.

QUINN

Hurry up!

Behind the Sliders --

A PICKUP TRUCK

In the back, MEN with MACHINE GUNS. One of them is a young BLACK MAN (L.J.). He's drunk -- with booze and power -- as he waves his gun and snaps off a few rounds, just to see the people dive for cover.

QUINN

In here! Come on!

Quinn points into --

2 EXT. AN ALLEY 2

piled high with trash, broken furniture, and rusted-out cars. The Sliders take refuge behind a DUMPSTER. As they catch their breath:

WADE

How much time?

QUINN

(checks timer)
Fifty-eight seconds.

There is a SOUND from nearby. Quinn turns, alerted and tense, only to see:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (MICHELE)

hiding behind some other debris nearby. She reacts to Quinn's gaze like a mountain lion -- waiting to either run or attack.

ANGLE - THE STREET - THE TRUCK

stops at the head of the alley. A vicious giant of a MAN gets out of the cab. He says something to L.J., who slaps the cab roof twice -- a signal. The truck moves on as the man swaggers into the alley.

THE MAN (EL SID)

Michele!

ANGLE - MICHELE

She shrinks back, holds her breath.

SID'S VOICE (O.S.)

I know you're here!

WADE

(whispers)

What's going on?

SID'S VOICE (O.S.)

(threatening)

Gonna count to three.

(then, slowly)

One...Two...

MICHELE, grimaces and stands to reveal herself --

MICHELE

(more pissed off than
cowed)

All right! I'm coming out.

We now see that she's tall, with an athlete's build.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

MICHELE

Sid, please...

THE SLIDERS

watch her go beyond their view, feeling very uneasy.

SID (O.S.)

When I say do something, you do
it!

(X)

We hear a SLAP; Michele CRIES OUT in pain. The Sliders react to this. It is painful and loathsome to all of them to hear it.

ARTURO

I've never seen such vermin as what passes for human on this world.

More CRASHING SOUNDS, SCREAMS.

WADE

Quinn. He's gonna kill her!

Quinn's reached his boiling point. He grabs a length of PIPE, lying nearby, heads in the direction of the trouble.

QUINN

Stay down.

ARTURO

Are you crazy,
boy? He'll kill
you!

WADE

(to
Rembrandt)
Do something!

REMBRANDT

Like what?

The other Sliders scramble to watch...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

QUINN

advances. MICHELE'S lying on a pile of trash, scrabbling backwards like a crab, trying to keep away from SID.

QUINN
(into the breach)
Run! I'll keep him back.

SID
(undaunted)
Who's he?

MICHELE
I never saw him before!

QUINN
Quit arguing and get out of here!

She doesn't leave. Sid starts to move towards Quinn --

QUINN
Stay back. (X)

ARTURO (O.S.)
(calling)
Mr. Mallory! For God's sake!

Sid steps decisively forward. Quinn has no choice, swings the pipe. Sid intercepts it with one hand and tosses it aside. (X)

Quinn swings at the guy, but he blocks it and punches Quinn, sending him flying. Suddenly a 2x4 comes down on the giant's head, (X)

REMBRANDT

to the rescue. Sid doesn't go down, but his legs wobble. He stumbles, steadies himself against a car frame. (X)

WADE

presses the timer, the GATE OPENS. Sid and Michele both gape in wonder as it forms.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (4)

2

REMBRANDT

Let's go, Q-Ball.

Quinn's not ready.

MICHELE

(re: the wormhole)

What's that thing?

(X)

QUINN

(to Rembrandt)

I'm right behind you.

(Rembrandt doesn't like
it; to Michele)

I have to go.

MICHELE

What about me? Thanks to you,
he'll probably kill me.

Quinn glances to Arturo. Arturo knows what he's thinking.

ARTURO

No, Mr. Mallory. Absolutely not!

Quinn looks at Sid, who is coming to, and looking extremely
pissed. Quinn makes the decision. He grabs Michele and
starts to run towards the gate.

SID

What the...?

(then)

Michele!

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory, no!

QUINN

No choice!

Sid lurches towards them. Quinn hurls Michele through the
gate. Arturo follows.

SID

Michele!!

He gropes at the vortex, torn between his confusion at its
presence and his rage. At the last second, rage wins and he
jumps through the gate just before it closes.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. SAME ALLEY - DIFFERENT WORLD - OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY 3

The alley is spotlessly clean and bright. There are numerous tables under cheery umbrellas. A WAITER passes by with a tray of snacks and drinks. A sign overhead: "Please Be Courteous. Vacate Your Table When People Are Waiting." CAMERA FINDS L.J., the black guy with the machine gun on the previous world. He's at one of the tables engaged in a game of SPEED CHESS.

CLOSE ON THE CHESS BOARD

which has a great many white pieces and very few black ones. Beside the board, we can see all the lost black pieces plus some money held down by two unopened packs of CIGARETTES.

OPPONENT (BIG JAKE)

Give it up L.J., it's checkmate in three.

L.J.

(bluffing)

Maybe, maybe not. You never know.

L.J. strains, perplexed and troubled. His situation is clearly desperate. Then he gapes in amazement as --

THE VORTEX APPEARS

over Big Jake's shoulder, and as the big fellow turns around to see what's going on --

WADE

tumbles out -- right into him. She knocks him from his chair onto the ground. Then Rembrandt lands on both of them.

REMBRANDT

(to Big Jake)

You okay, buddy?

Big Jake's fuzzy --

MICHELE

hits the table, scattering the chess pieces. Quinn follows, finishing the job as he knocks the table onto its side, clearing the way for Arturo.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

L.J.

watches with extreme interest as Arturo checks over the timer to make sure it's okay and then tucks it carefully into his pocket. Everyone is up and dusting himself off when --

SID

is spit out -- just before the gate closes -- and slams into Quinn, knocking him down again.

BIG JAKE

is curious and starts to approach: L.J. casts him a warning glance and he lays off.

SID'S

all over Quinn, straddling him. He's whipped out a customized, wicked-looking gun from beneath his bush jacket, trained the barrel hard against Quinn's forehead.

SID
(savoring it)
Get ready...

Quinn's eyes are wide with fear. The other Sliders are frozen lest Sid pull the trigger.

L.J.
Get off him, man!
You wanna get us
all in trouble?

MICHELE
Sid, don't!

SID
Shut up, L.J.!

L.J. reacts -- how'd you know my name?

MICHELE
It's not him! It was Ray!

Sid reacts. Apparently he can almost believe this.

SID
You filthy bitch!

MICHELE
All we did was talk!
(off Sid)
Ask Shawna, f'God's sake.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

This seems to give Sid pause. He starts to get up.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

MICHELE

I woulda' told you, but you're
always so damn jealous...

(X)

For the first time, Sid looks around and reacts to the surroundings. He glances at Michele who is equally confused. Quinn gets to his feet.

QUINN

(to L.J.; he tried to
save Quinn's life)

Thanks, man.

L.J.

No problem.

SID

I told you to stay in the truck...

L.J.

Wasn't me, pal.
(then)

You see any trucks here?

SID

Where the hell are we?

L.J.

Webb Court. And there's a
custodian around the corner, so if
I were you, I'd stash the gat.

SID

(what!?)

Webb Court? I know every inch of
San Francisco, and this...

(indicates)

...ain't Webb Court.

ARTURO

(hushed, to Sid)

If I may -- We are not in your
San Francisco. When we came
through the...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

ARTURO (cont'd)
(thinks of a word Sid can
understand)
...tunnel, it took us to a
different San Francisco.

L.J. reacts, controlled excitement as he takes this in.

SID
What?

Arturo comes closer to Sid, trying to be as secretive as possible, but L.J. is determined to eavesdrop.

ARTURO
I promise you, sir. We've been to
dozens of San Franciscos before
visiting yours, and we'll be going
to another one tomorrow.

(X)
(X)

Sid's dumbfounded by all this --

L.J.

seizes the opportunity --

L.J.
C'mere, c'mere.

waving Quinn into a doorway where they won't be observed.
(A sign overhead: "No Loitering, Please. By Order of
S.F.N.P.)

L.J.
(to the others)
You, too.

Quinn's okay with it. The others linger --

L.J.
Hurry up.

The others converge. L.J. raises Quinn's shirtsleeve.

QUINN
What're you doing?

L.J.
Buddy bracelets.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (5)

3

QUINN

What're you talking about?

L.J. opens his jacket, indicates, hanging from the liner, along with assorted other merchandise, several metal BRACELETS.

ARTURO

(sour)
Wonderful. A street hustler.

L.J.

Put 'em on, man. It's required.
(off their skepticism)
Gratis. No hype.

The Sliders look at the other people in the alley. Everyone has identical bracelets showing.

REMBRANDT

(going along)
When in Rome...

L.J.'s come to Sid --

SID

I ain't wearing that.

L.J.

Your funeral.

L.J. moves out, gesturing them out of the doorway. Sid holds back, reluctantly putting on the buddy bracelet.

L.J. (Cont'd)

Stay with me. You're gonna need
someone to look after you.

(X)
(X)

(off the Sliders)
I was new here once myself.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (6)

3

The Sliders exchange uncertain looks, off which --

CUT TO:

4 EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET

4

which features electric GOLF CARTS and TRAMS rather than cars and buses.

THE SLIDERS ET AL

taking all this in. Wade takes a deep, appreciative breath.

WADE

The air's so clean!

ARTURO

These people seem to have done away with the internal combustion engine.

REMBRANDT

(re: many street signs)
Sure got a lot of rules and regulations, though.

(X)

L.J.

(indicating ahead)
Here we come - Everybody get ready to show your bracelets.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

A CUSTODIAN

He wears an orange jumpsuit or some such -- looks more like a janitor than anything else. He eyes the group expectantly.

(X)

(X)

L.J.

raises his right arm, lowers his shirtsleeve to reveal his bracelet.

L.J.

Right here, sir.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

The Custodian nods, polite but officious.

(X)

The Sliders replicate this ritual. Suddenly --

A TREMOR

rumbles beneath them, sending street signs swaying --

WADE

Earthquake!

Everyone stops and holds his or her breath till it stops.
Then L.J. relaxes, smiles at the custodian, relieved.

L.J.

How about that one, sir? An
aftershock?

The custodian shrugs -- "could be", waves them through --

REMBRANDT

You been havin' a lot of
earthquakes?

L.J.

You don't know the half of it.
(then)
C'mon, get in the cab.

L.J. points the group toward --

A TRAM

parked at the curb. It has a jaunty red-and-white striped
canvas top and easily seats eight to ten people.

WADE

You're a cab driver?

L.J.

Kind'a like that.

The Sliders, Sid and Michele pile in.

WADE

Can you just take us to the
Dominion Hotel on Hubbard Street?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

L.J.
Hubbard Street's rubble, darlin'.
'Whole section of the city came
down in last month's six point
four.

SID AND MICHELE

are behind Quinn.

MICHELE
Maybe it's L.J., but he sure don't
sound like L.J. (X)
(X)

As --

L.J.
So you all figure on cuttin' out
manana... An' you'd be goin' out
the same way you came in? (X)
(X)
(X)

ARTURO
Yes, but please keep that under
your hat, as it were. We'd just as
soon people didn't know about it.

L.J.
I understand entirely.

Sid slaps Quinn in the back of the head. Quinn turns around
angry --

SID
Just a reminder -- it's not over
between us.

CUT TO:

5 OMITTED

5

6 EXT. STREET - GOVERNMENT HOUSING COMPLEX - L.J.

6

drives the tram into the parking lot. The buildings are
ultra-modern steel and glass --

ARTURO
It certainly is clean here.

L.J.
Oh yeah -- the campus is great. I
stayed here myself the first couple
of months.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

REMBRANDT

No mortars going off. That's a plus.

The group disembarks.

7 EXT. COMPLEX CHECK-IN STATION

7

It's the registry for what seems to be a very high-tech university dorm or condominium complex.

ARTURO

(off the architecture)

It's a clear variation on a pyramid structure, undoubtedly designed to survive the tremors.

L.J.

leads the others up to the desk, speaks to the middle-aged woman behind it, DELORES, simultaneously slipping a carton of cigarettes from under his jacket across the counter to her.

L.J.

'Mornin' sweetheart. These folks need a place to stay, minimum hassle.

She slips the cigarettes into her purse, then pulls out a stack of forms and slides them across the counter to the Sliders. L.J. shoves them right back to her.

L.J.

I said, minimum hassle.
(off her concerned look)
Don't sweat it baby. Just do it.

She takes back the forms, replacing them with a single page.

DELORES

(to L.J., concerned)
How long?

ARTURO

(reassuring)
Just the one night.

Delores reacts -- "overnight?"

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

DELORES
What'd he do, steal a penny?

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

L.J.
(covering, aside to
Delores)
Newcomers, Rosey. I'll move 'em
on tomorrow.

DELORES
(passing out the form)
Signature and fingerprints at the
"X". You're in Annex 622.
(then)
Here's the group therapy schedule.
Ladies at three. Men in the
morning --

The Sliders react, bewildered.

REMBRANDT
(sotto voice)
Group therapy? What's this place,
a loony bin?

Delores checks her computer during:

QUINN
(to L.J.)
Look...I'm not sure we can afford
this.

L.J.
It's taken care of -- on the "G".
(off Quinn's confusion)
Government housing.

Off Quinn's confusion --

CUT TO:

8 EXT. COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS - THE SLIDERS

8

on the move. L.J. points to a group of townhouses.

L.J.
622's just across the quad.
(then)
Be there in a few.

REMBRANDT
Where are you going?

L.J.
Gotta make things right with the
supervisor -- nothing major.

Rembrandt's put off --

ARTURO
Won't we need a key?

L.J.
Key? There's no lock.
(then)
No one steals in San Francisco.

The Sliders are surprised, but Sid is aroused by this.
Arturo notes Sid's reaction with great concern.

L.J.
Look, I understand you people don't
belong here. Everything's gonna be
fine so long as you don't go
anywhere, or trust anyone -- except
me.

He goes --

REMBRANDT
Something awfully oily about that
guy.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ARTURO

On the contrary --
(of Sid)
Considering the sociopath we've
brought to this society, we're
awfully lucky to have met him.

WADE

(to Quinn)
What do we do now?

Off Quinn --

CUT TO:

9 OMITTED

9

10 INT. COMPLEX UNIT 622 - ENTRY - MICHELE AND SID

10

enter first --

MICHELE

Wow!

SITTING ROOM - SID

moves in -- scopes out the street through the windows.
Michele's wide-eyed, touching things - like a child.

MICHELE

(urgent whisper)
No locks, Sid. We could be rich in
no time.

Sid's overheating -- grabs Michele and lifts her off her
feet.

(X)
(X)

SID

(nods)
That's right, baby. We're gonna
take home a bundle.

Sid heads off, back the way he came --

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

THE FOYER

where the Sliders have been conversing in whispers.

REMBRANDT

I just don't want any part of what
that cab driver's giving out.

WADE

(off Sid's approach)
Uh oh --

Sid is heading for the door --

ARTURO

Excuse me. We were advised to stay
put.

SID

When I come back you're gonna get
me 'n' her home.

ARTURO

I'm afraid that's impossible. Our
device can't be activated again
until tomorrow.

Sid grabs Quinn by the collar, jerks him away from the group
and pins him -- by the throat -- to the wall. Rembrandt and
Arturo make a move to help but:

SID

All I have to do is lean on him
and his windpipe snaps.

Arturo and Rembrandt stop in their tracks.

SID

(to Quinn; nose to nose)
Listen to me. I don't like it
here. And I wouldn't be here if
you hadn't stuck your face in my
business. So, you're gonna see
to it I get home when I want to.
Got it?

Quinn can barely breathe, but he's defiant. Arturo steps
up --

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

ARTURO
Think what you're doing.
(then)
He's the one person who can get us
out of here.

Sid's processing this.

QUINN
Piss me off and you're here
forever.

For one tense moment it looks as though Sid will kill Quinn. Then, he releases him and storms out the door. Before Quinn can even catch his breath, Arturo is on his case. Michele looks on as --

ARTURO
Expect no sympathy. If you'd used
your brain, we wouldn't be in this
mess. You and your ill-considered
act of bravado.

WADE
Stop it! This isn't solving
anything.

Quinn and Arturo face each other a beat.

QUINN
I need some air.

He turns, heads back outside.

MICHELE

watches him go, feels bad.

CUT TO:

11 EXT. COMPLEX - THE FRONT YARD - QUINN

11

comes down the front steps, stops and takes a deep breath. The full weight of all that's happened -- not just on this Slide, but on all of them -- bears down on him. Suddenly--

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MICHELE

touches his back. He jumps, turns to her --

MICHELE

Sorry.

(then)

I just wanted to thank you for
tryin' to help me. I know it made
a lot of problems and your father's
pissed off an' everything...

QUINN

Father?

She gives him a kiss on the cheek that has just the
slightest hint of being more than a thank you.

MICHELE

Anyway. Thank you.

Quinn is embarrassed. Suddenly --

L.J. (O.S.)

Morning, again --

(X)

L.J.

heading up the walk. A tall, gaunt MAN (LEO) of about
forty dressed in a custodian's uniform is with him.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

QUINN

(sotto)
Now what?

CUT TO:

12 INT. COMPLEX FOYER - QUINN, MICHELE

12

L.J. and the custodian (Leo McGill) enter and join the other Sliders in the sitting room.

L.J.

These are some forms you need to fill out for the Board of Registry. Last Wills and Testaments, Donor Cards, and etc.

CUSTODIAN (LEO)

I only count five.

ARTURO

Our colleague is napping. He was exhausted.

L.J.

(supports the lie)
That shouldn't be a problem, should it, sir? Just make sure he signs the paperwork.

Leo looks them over very carefully. He holds a manila envelope.

LEO

I want to officially welcome you to San Francisco.

He takes a small device from his pocket:

LEO

I'll need to register your bracelets for the computer log.

The Sliders exchange quizzical glances as Leo points the device at Rembrandt's bracelet and pushes a button. Rembrandt's bracelet begins to glow red, as does Arturo's.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

LEO

You and this good gentleman are buddies.

Leo releases the button, the bracelets return to normal. He points the device at Wade's bracelet. It glows red, along with Michele's.

LEO (Cont'd)

The two ladies...

He repeats the procedure on Quinn's bracelet.

LEO (Cont'd)

That puts you with the other fellow.

(a rote spiel)

Now, the way the buddy system works is each of you...

(he reacts to something outside the window)

Hold on...

(into walkie-talkie)

I'm looking at a red blinker.

VOICE FROM WALKIE-TALKIE

Curfew Violation, 674-C.

(X)

LEO

(perfunctorily)

Safety check.

VOICE FROM WALKIE-TALKIE

No malfunctions reported. Action approved.

Leo hurries to one of the vent windows and opens it, then draws his huge gun with a silencer.

WADE

(to L.J.)

What's he doing?

L.J.

Policy.

LEO

aims and fires, dropping a MAN on the sidewalk dead in his tracks. Leo returns the gun to his holster and turns back to the astonished Sliders with an air of utter nonchalance.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

LEO
Now, where were we?

Off which...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. SITTING ROOM - POV THROUGH THE FRONT WINDOW - LEO 13

overseeing TWO MEN IN ORANGE JUMPSUITS as they pick up the dead man and strap him to the back of a special GOLF CART.

WADE (O.S.) (X)
What're you saying? His "buddy"
committed a crime, that man didn't
even do anything?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE SLIDERS

with L.J., watching the scene through the window.

L.J.
(resigned)
The buddy system, man.
(then)
"Friends don't let friends break
the law in San Francisco."

REMBRANDT (O.S.)
They're carting him off like
garbage.

WADE
(as it dawns)
Ohmigod. Sid.

Meaning there's a grave concern -- Sid's on the loose.

ARTURO
(wording carefully)
Inasmuch as we're leaving so soon,
hypothetically -- if one of us were
to... slip... Presumably there
would be time to ... uh...

L.J.
Between the bracelets and the
neighborhood watch, the
custodians'd be on you in no time.

QUINN
Neighborhood watch?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

L.J.
Oh, yeah. Major perks for
reporting a crime.

Quinn, anxiously --

WADE
(to Michele)
Where would he go?

MICHELE
How should I know?

ARTURO
Think, woman.

MICHELE
I don't know. -- Where the money
is.

QUINN
(to L.J.)
My buddy's out there.

L.J.
So? What's he gonna do, knock off
a bank?

ARTURO
I suspect that will be his first
impulse.

Quinn starts towards the door.

QUINN
(grim)
Unbelievable.

L.J.
Wait up. I'll give you a lift.

Michele watches, surprised, as all the Sliders follow --
automatically volunteering to help. L.J. stops Wade.

L.J.
No. The ladies have group therapy
at three. No exceptions.

(X)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

WADE

Forget it.

L.J.

You wanna end up like the guy in
the street?

Wade reacts, frustrated. Neither she nor Michele is
thrilled about being left alone with the other.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. TRAM - L.J. AND QUINN

14

clamber aboard.

L.J.

(to Quinn)
Get in.

ARTURO

(indicates)
We'll try up there.

L.J.

'Be back here by dark, whether we
find him or not.

(X)

L.J. starts up -- the tram rumbles away --

L.J.

What's your buddy's M.O.?

(X)

(X)

QUINN

Don't ask me. I just met the guy.

(X)

(X)

L.J.

Bad news. The whole idea is to
keep tabs on each other.

QUINN

This "buddy system" is insane.

L.J.

Hey, it sucks. But the city'd
self-destruct without it. Everyone
knows they're gonna die pretty
soon, so how else you gonna keep
'em in line.

QUINN

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

L.J.

Big ass earthquake's coming any
time now. Seismologists say the
whole damn peninsula's gonna drop
into the ocean.

QUINN

If you know it's coming, what are
you doing here?

(X)

L.J.

Like I got a choice.
(off Quinn's confusion)
This is prison, man! San Francisco
National Penitentiary.

Quinn gapes at him in disbelief as we --

CUT TO:

15 OMITTED

15

FADE IN:

16A EXT. STREET - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

16A

search for Sid.

REMBRANDT

I mean -- what do we do if we do find this guy? -- him and his bad temper and that big Saturday Night Special and everything?

ARTURO

We'll have to drive off that bridge once we get to it.

(then)

Assuming we find him before he sets this whole city on fire.

REMBRANDT

(off the environs)

Sure is one strange world.

A beat.

ARTURO

Mr. Brown -- can I rely on you?

REMBRANDT

Of course, Professor.

ARTURO

Assuming we get out of this mess, you and I must sit down and have a long talk with the others.

REMBRANDT

About what?

ARTURO

This Sid and Michele. Mr. Mallory's quixotic rescue.

(X)

REMBRANDT

What choice did we have? Let that poor girl get her head beat in?

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED:

16A

ARTURO

Of course not.

(then)

But we have to draw the line when it comes to taking people through the wormhole with us. I remind you, the mechanism was originally set to accommodate three people. It seems to be handling the four of us adequately enough. But every time we add another body, we run the risk of having all our molecules scattered among infinite dimensions.

REMBRANDT

That's an ugly picture, man.

ARTURO

And then consider all the other problems it causes.

(then)

For example, take a look at this world. Would we really be having so much trouble if we didn't have that lunatic Sid to worry about --?

(then)

In many ways -- with notable exception -- it reminds me of Switzerland or Singapore. Clean streets, a well-regulated citizenry, stiff penalties in support of quality-of-life.

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED:

16A

ANGLE - MORE STREET SIGNS

"Kindly Do Not Tread Upon The Grass, Section 419-7, By Order of the S.F.N.P."

REMBRANDT
Paradise, if you like getting caned for littering.

They have moved up on an open-air basketball game. Several spectators looking on. Arturo and Rembrandt stop for a moment to scan the crowd for Sid when suddenly --

WHOOSH!

A knife comes flying through the air, hits, WHACK! into the post not six inches from Arturo's nose --

REMBRANDT
Whoa!

Arturo's turned, sees --

TWO MEN

advancing on them. We recognize them from before -- two of the men from the back of Sid's truck on the prior world.

BLADE (MAN #1)
(calling)
Hey, Fish! My knife slipped. Bring it back here for me.

ARTURO
I am not a fish, Sir. In name, or species.

REMBRANDT
(hastily; sotto)
Shut up, man, before this gets ugly.

He retrieves the knife, sizing up the situation as he slowly walks it back to its owner. (X)
(X)

REMBRANDT
You need to be more careful with this. (X)

BLADE
Give it. (X)
(X)

The second man moves behind Rembrandt -- ready to rumble. (X)

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED: (2)

16A

	REMBRANDT	(X)
(gives it)		(X)
We don't want any trouble.		(X)

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED: (2)

16A

BLADE

Got any smokes?

REMBRANDT

I'm a singer, man. Smoking's bad
for the pipes.

BLADE

(threatening)

You don't give me something we're
gonna turn you upside down an' see
what shakes out.

Arturo doesn't understand why this is happening, but the
threat is apparent enough. He calls out to the men on the
basketball court.

ARTURO

(clutching at straws)

Are any of you "buddies" to those
men? I'm with the neighborhood
watch, and it looks to me they may
be contemplating a crime.

No response -- Arturo can't understand why.

ARTURO

What's the matter with all of you?

Suddenly, from another part of the park, a WHISTLE (O.S.)
Arturo turns, sees --

THE WHISTLER - A LOOKOUT

He points to the street where a CUSTODIAN is approaching.

BLADE

(thwarted)

Next time, Fish. We'll be looking
for you.

Off Rembrandt and Arturo --

CUT TO:

17 INT. GOVERNMENT HOUSING - REC ROOM - DAY

17

Folding chairs in a circle. Women of all shapes and sizes moving in, taking their places.

WADE AND MICHELE

wait in line at a buffet table featuring coffee and pastry (we might be at an EST seminar for all we know).

MICHELE

Explain it one more time. Why can't we get home?

WADE

(sorry she said so)
Maybe it's not impossible. All I'm saying is we've been trying to get home for a long time and haven't been able to.

The pleasant, 40-ish woman in line next to them can't help overhearing. Call her GLADYS.

GLADYS

If I was you, I'd try not to have any illusions about going home. These re-hab sessions are a sham.

WADE

Then why have them?

GLADYS

(getting her coffee)
Just to keep us busy, dear. That's all it is.

She goes off to take her seat. Wade reacts, curious, then turns back to Michele as they fix their coffee.

WADE

One good thing; if you can't go home, you don't have to stay with Sid.

MICHELE

(offended)
No one's making me stay with Sid!

WADE

(defensive)
I didn't mean it like that... It's just that...
(gropes for words)
He doesn't treat you very well...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MICHELE

Sid's okay. Everyone respects him,
and no one would dare lay a finger
on me so long as I'm with him.

WADE

But he beats you.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

MICHELE

What's the difference? Once you're
with 'em, they all do it,

WADE

Not on my world.

(X)

MICHELE

(flares)
Yeah, well goody for you.
(then)

(X)

Sid came into my life when I was
nothing. I was fifteen, my whole
family wiped out in the war -- so
don't rag on me about Sid, all
right?

WADE

All right.
(then)
Forget I said anything.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(over P.A.)
Ladies, take your seats please.
Let's get started.

Wade turns and heads towards the chairs. Michele reacts,
softening. She hurries after her, touches Wade's arm...

MICHELE

Look... Maybe it's different where
you come from -- with guys like
Quinn -- but on my world, there's
no choice, so I do what I gotta do.

WADE

That's the point ... You're not
on your world anymore.

Michele reacts to this as they take their seats. Wade takes
a chair next to Gladys.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

A PLEASANT APPLE-CHEEKED M.S.W.

presides over this gathering.

M.S.W.

Ladies. Thank you for being so prompt. I see a few new faces in our group today.

(off Wade and Michele)

Before we get started, why don't we go around the room and introduce ourselves.

Gladys stands up and addresses the audience.

GLADYS

My name is Gladys and I'm a convicted felon.

THE WOMEN

Hi, Gladys.

GLADYS

I got thirty-five to life for poisoning my husband because he cheated on me with the babysitter.

M.S.W.

(tsk, tsk)

Gladys dear, we're going to have to stop you. "Step One" is: We mustn't blame the victim.

(Gladys sits, to Wade)

Now how about you, there, next to Gladys? What were you convicted of?

Wade is at an utter loss for words, as we:

(X)

CUT TO:

18 EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - TRAM - NIGHT - QUINN AND L.J.

18

scouring the streets for any sign of Sid.

L.J.

I think I can get this -- I studied the physical sciences before I was wrongfully incarcerated --

(then)

So lemme understand -- you never know what the next world's gonna be like until you get there?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Exactly. QUINN

L.J.
Ever hit a world worse than this?

Not many. QUINN

L.J.'s digesting this when suddenly --

(pointing)
L.J.! Over there!

ANGLE - ATM GAZEBO - SID (X)

is loitering outside, looking in. TWO PEOPLE come out and Sid goes in just as L.J.'s TRAM pulls up to the curb.

(calling)
Sid! Stop. QUINN

He and L.J. jump out of the tram and run into the gazebo. (X)

CUT TO:

19 OMITTED

19

20 OMITTED

20

21 INT. ATM GAZEBO - DAY - A PATRON

21(X)

is readying his deposit envelope. (X)

SID

waits near the entrance, watching his potential victim with his hand under his jacket, ready to pull his gun. (X)

(urgent)
Put that away. QUINN

L.J.
Seriously, man, they'll kill you!

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

SID
Get off my back L.J!

He pushes Quinn out of the way, draws his gun and SHOTS THE LENS OF A SURVEILLANCE CAMERA. The patron turns, frightened but Sid blocks his only path of escape. (X)
(X)

L.J.
Big mistake.

QUINN
(to Sid)
You're crazy man! You know that? (X)

SID
(to patron)
On the floor! (X)

The patron instantly obeys as L.J. grabs Quinn and pulls him back towards the entrance. (X)
(X)

L.J.
Come on, man! Now!
(off Quinn)
Ship is sailed.

He YANKS Quinn out the door.

22 EXT. ATM GAZEBO - CONTINUOUS

22(X)

As L.J. literally throws Quinn into the TRAM, jumps in himself and drives off.

23 INT. TRAM - DRIVING HARD

23

L.J.
Gimme your wrist...

Quinn looks at it. The bracelet's still normal metallic.

QUINN
It's okay.

L.J.
Not for long. Got to get you as far from here as possible.

Already we can hear SIRENS in the distance.

CUT TO:

24 INT. ATM GAZEBO - THE PATRON 24(X)

still sits exactly where he was, an obedient puppy dog.

SID

is pounding on the ATM with his gun butt, now breaks (X)
through, reaches in and pulls out cash. He looks at the (X)
money, confused, and turns to the patron, waves the money.

SID

What the hell's this? It's the
wrong color!

The patron doesn't know what Sid's talking about, shrinks (X)
back as Sid starts ripping apart the ATM in blind rage, (X)
then notices that the bracelet around his wrist is starting
to GLOW RED. SIRENS are getting closer fast.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. STREET - ATM GAZEBO - TWO POLICE TRAMS 25(X)

pull up, loaded with machine-gun-toting CUSTODIANS. They
take positions, prepare to move in --

26 INT. ATM GAZEBO 26(X)

(X)

CUSTODIANS

swarm in, stop short.

SID

has the patron in front of him, gun at the patron's head. (X)

SID

Get back or I'll blast him.

TIME CUT TO:

27 EXT. ATM GAZEBO - LATEX - CRIME SCENE 27(X)

police cordon; heavy police presence, including LEO on the handi talkie, radioing his superiors.

LEO
He has a hostage and wants to negotiate.

VOICE FROM WALKIE-TALKIE
Roger, copy that. Over.

LEO
(into walkie-talkie)
I'll be in contact
(hangs up)
Pain in the ass.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. STREET - L.J.'S TRAM - QUINN'S 28

bracelet starts to FLASH RED.

QUINN
Uh, oh.

L.J. look over, spots the bracelet and slams on the brakes.

L.J.
Get out, man.

QUINN
Get out??

L.J.
If I'm seen driving with you, my bracelet's gonna light up.

29 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 29

As Quinn reluctantly gets out of the tram:

L.J.
Hole up till after dark. Then wrap the bracelet in something.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

QUINN
I thought it had to be showing.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

L.J.

People don't notice it as much at night -- unless they see it glowing.

QUINN

I have to get back to the others.

L.J.

You'll never make it. Try to get to the B.A.R.T. station at Market and Van Ness. Sneak through the fence.

L.J. pulls away. Quinn pulls his jacket sleeve down. Sticks his hand in his pocket. We can still see the red flash -- Low rumble from an aftershock. Quinn looks up to see a CUSTODIAN has spotted him, and is pointing in his direction.

The CUSTODIANS speak nonchalantly on their headsets as they approach Quinn. Quinn turns and runs in the opposite direction.

More CUSTODIANS approach in front of Quinn, and so he turns and scurries into a passageway between two buildings.

On a patio of one of the buildings, a SHARPSHOOTER tracks Quinn as he runs.

POV - THROUGH THE SCOPE SIGHT - QUINN IN THE CROSS HAIRS

He's dead meat the minute this guy pulls the trigger. But now there's a BIG RUMBLING SOUND and harder SHAKING. The scope loses Quinn.

29A EXT. STREET - QUINN

29A

rounds a corner, oblivious to the shaking. People are pouring from the buildings to escape the quake. Quinn pulls up his collar and mixes in, running with the crowd.

The CUSTODIANS are suddenly swamped with calming the people, and lose sight of Quinn. Quinn disappears into the crowd.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

30 OMITTED 30
THRU
31 OMITTED 31

32 INT. COMPLEX UNIT 622 - FOYER - NIGHT - QUINN 32
blows in.

QUINN
Big trouble. Sid hit an ATM.

WADE AND MICHELLE (X)
react --

WADE
What?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

QUINN

(grim)

No time to explain. We have to
find Arturo and Rembrandt and
leave now.

(X)
(X)

The Sliders hurry to collect their belongings. Michele
looks on, feeling like the fifth wheel.

WADE

You better come with us.

MICHELE

Sid told me to stay here.

QUINN

(no time to mince words)

Sid's not coming back. Every cop
within a hundred miles is coming
down on him.

MICHELE

You don't know him like I do.

(then)

He'll make it.

Quinn finds a small towel in his backpack, takes it out.

QUINN

(indicates bracelet)

Not with one of these.

(off Michele)

Look, it's your choice.

Quinn wraps the towel around his bracelet, puts on his
backpack and heads for the door. The others -- except for
Michele -- follow.

AT THE DOOR - WADE

turns back to Michele.

WADE

You're sure?

MICHELE

Considers. She doesn't want to be left behind.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

MICHELE

Hold on!

She reaches into the pocket of her leather jacket, pulls out an automatic pistol, pumps it once (expertly) to check the clip.

MICHELE

I'm coming.

As the Sliders re-evaluate their opinion of her:

CUT TO:

33 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS

33

(reunited with Arturo and Rembrandt) walk carefully down the street, fighting the urge to break into a run as the sound of sirens and helicopters grow steadily closer and louder.

REMBRANDT

(X)

What do you mean the entire city's a prison?

QUINN

Earthquakes. The government helped evacuate the local population, then turned this place into a penal colony for every madman and murderer in the country.

ARTURO

Is there a plan, Mr. Mallory? Or are we simply to wander the streets until we're discovered?

A HELICOPTER swoops low, too close for comfort. The SOUND of its ROTORS drowning out any answer as its searchlight barely misses the Sliders. Then:

QUINN

(over the row)

We have to get to Market and Van Ness -- there's a B.A.R.T. station there.

REMBRANDT

(dreading the thought)

A B.A.R.T. station? With all these earthquakes?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

ARTURO

(caustic)

Yet another strategic gem.

QUINN

(testy)

Hey. Anytime ya want to take over,
Professor.

These guys are pissed.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. B.A.R.T. STATION ENTRANCE - NIGHT - A CHAINLINK FENCE 34

with a "Condemned - Do Not Enter" sign on it.

L.J.

is there.

L.J.

Come on! Move it!

The Sliders hurry to the fence. L.J. holds back a corner of it that has been strategically cut, allowing the Sliders to nervously slip through.

Rembrandt catches his jacket on a stray link and rips it. He stops to examine the damage, disgusted.

REMBRANDT

Great!

ARTURO

Keep moving!

Rembrandt gets out of his way as Michele takes Quinn aside.

MICHELE

Quinn --

(off him)

On my world, L.J. was a lying,
double-crossing son of a bitch.

Off Quinn --

CUT TO:

35 INT. B.A.R.T. STATION - NIGHT - RATS 35

scurry ahead of a flashlight beam as --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

L.J.

leads the Sliders down the rubble-strewn stairs.

WADE

Don't worry, professor. We're due
for a nice luxury hotel any slide
now.

ARTURO

I'll believe that when I see it.

The entrance is boarded up at the bottom of the stairs.
L.J. reaches into some hidden recesses and we hear CLICKS as
catches come undone. Then he pushes and a PANEL swings
open. L.J. leads the Sliders through.

36 INT. THE B.A.R.T. STATION - THE SLIDERS

36

come through the barricade into the dimly lit station. It
looks like a bomb hit it. L.J. replaces the panel.

L.J.

This way.

L.J. indicates --

THE TRACKS

The Sliders follow L.J. along the platform.

WADE

glances at Michele, concerned.

WADE

You okay?

MICHELE

Fine.

She doesn't sound fine.

MICHELE

Can't do anything about it, so
what's the point of talking.

WADE

You're worried about Sid.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

MICHELE

(admits)

What if he made it? What if he came
back for me?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

WADE

What if he did? I can't believe you'd ever be happy with him.

MICHELE

What's with you? Who the hell gets to be happy?

(then)

Look around for God's sake. You see any reason to be happy?

WADE

Yeah. I do.

(then)

I see friends I care about, who care about me. People I can count on. I think I'm pretty lucky.

MICHELE

Yeah? Well you're luckier than me, that's for sure.

(X)
(X)

WADE

Anyone's luck can change.

(then)

For what it's worth, I think you made the right choice.

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

Michele thinks about it, but isn't ready to concede it yet.

(X)

REMBRANDT

points up ahead.

REMBRANDT

Attention K-Mart shoppers...

ANGLE - BLACK MARKET WAREHOUSE AREA

A large area of the platform and tracks has been given over to rows of well-stocked shelves filled with cartons of cigarettes, televisions, small appliances, sporting goods and a variety of other merchandise.

There's no shortage of well-armed TOUGHS to guard the region.

L.J.

(calling)

Yo! Jakie!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

Big Jake, Blade and Man #1 (from the basketball court) step out from behind some shelves, Rembrandt and Arturo react uneasily. Blade leers at them malevolently, just for the fun of it.

(X)
(X)

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (4)

36

BLADE

Look at the fish the cat dragged
in.

Rembrandt knew it -- he distrusted L.J. from the start.

L.J.

(to Blade)
Later, baby. Time's of the
essence.

ARTURO

Wait a minute. What is going on
here?

(X)

The Sliders react, realizing they've been had. Rembrandt
whirls around as if to run, but Blade has moved behind
them - gun drawn.

L.J.

(to Big Jake)
You got the cash?

BIG JAKE

(not so fast)
I want to see it first.

L.J.

Give him the gizmo!
(off Arturo's reluctance)
The thing that makes the tunnel in
the air! Give it to him!

QUINN

Better do it, professor.

Arturo reluctantly removes the timer from his bag, hands it
to Big Jake who looks it over. It's meaningless to him.

BIG JAKE

(to L.J.)
This makes a tunnel?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (5)

36

QUINN

There won't be any tunnels, Jake.
You can't make it work without us.

Without skipping a beat, L.J. grabs Wade and puts his gun to her ribs.

L.J.

I said "be smart." (X)

(then)

My buddy and I're trying to protect
you people. (X)

The Sliders react, there's no alternative. Michele reaches her hand into her jacket pocket, but thinks better of it -- too many guns against her. Quinn reaches for the timer.

QUINN

Let her go. I'll do it.

WADE

Quinn, no.

L.J.

(hard)
Shut up!

Big Jake comes to Quinn, doesn't relinquish the timer.

BIG JAKE

I'll hold it. You just tell me
what to push.

Suddenly, FLOODLIGHTS come on from the darkness of the tunnel just beyond the station.

LEO (O.S.)

(through bullhorn)
Nobody move!

L.J. shields his eyes, trying to see into the lights. Leo is hidden behind them.

L.J.

Leo? That you, man?

LEO

(through bullhorn)
You should've told me about this --
if you wanted to stay alive.

Man #2 fires into the lights, shooting one out. Fire is returned as everyone dives for cover.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (6)

36

The searchlights now sweep the area as shots are fired by both factions.

QUINN

crawls to a relatively sheltered spot -- finds Wade and Rembrandt

WADE

Where's Arturo?

QUINN

Stay down! I'll find him.

(X)

He starts to creep away.

REMBRANDT

(pointing)
Quinn! The timer!

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (7)

36

Quinn looks where Rembrandt is pointing and sees:

BIG JAKE

lying on the ground, shot -- the timer still in his hand.

QUINN

scrambles to Big Jake, passing Arturo on the way, who tries to get Quinn's attention.

ARTURO
Quinn, no! L.J.!

(X)

QUINN

turns to see --

L.J.

guarding the prize. Quinn is dead meat as L.J. takes aim, but

MICHELE

fires her gun and

L.J.

gets hit as he pulls the trigger. His shot misses.

QUINN

grabs the timer and scrambles away.

QUINN
Let's go!

Using whatever is available for cover, the Sliders (and Michele) scurry back up the tracks.

REMBRANDT
Where're we going?

QUINN
The street! Out the way we came!

LEO

speaks calmly into his walkie-talkie.

LEO
Unit 2, you're in play.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (9)

36

MICHELE
(moving in)
Over here!

She releases the catch and the panel comes away. They rush out and

UP THE STAIRS

REMBRANDT (O.S.)
(at the top)
Oh, no!

37 EXT. STATION ENTRANCE - BEYOND THE FENCE - CUSTODIANS

37

A slew of them, with guns drawn, pointed at the Sliders. Then, SID steps out from behind them.

SID
Well, look who's here.

Off the Sliders reaction...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

38 INT. DETENTION ROOM - MORNING

38

Mesh gratings on the windows, and a long table with a half dozen chairs around it.

The Sliders, plus Michele, are seated around the table except for Quinn, who is pacing in agitation.

ARTURO

We're stuck here -- all thanks to your meddling in a lover's squabble.

Quinn is pissed off, but barely looks at Arturo. Michele looks on, feeling guilty.

REMBRANDT

Let it alone, Professor. We'll get out of this somehow.

(X)

ARTURO

Really? And how are we going to do that?

No one seems to know. Then, another EARTHQUAKE rumbles through, just to remind them of their dreadful prospects.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

THE DOOR OPENS - LEO

(X)

enters, along with two GUARDS. He holds up the timer.

LEO

Here's how it works. Survival of the fittest.

(then)

Whoever comes forward, volunteers to pilot this thing -- gets to come with us. If not, we're gonna start executing you one by one. Either I get what I want, or you're all dead.

QUINN

Great incentive.

WADE

You kill us. You'll never get it to work.

LEO

We all gotta go sometime.

He leaves.

MICHELE

That's got Sid's paw prints all over it. I saw him use it a couple of times.

ARTURO

Did it work?

MICHELE

Always -- as soon as he killed someone to show he was serious.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

MICHELE (cont'd)
(then to Quinn,
indicating Arturo)
He's right. You should've just let
him beat on me.

QUINN
Look...don't blame yourself.

She regards him appreciatively, but Quinn's mind is racing.

WADE
(looks to Quinn)
What are we gonna do?

As now a small tremor slams into the building --

CUT TO:

39 INT. LEO'S OFFICE - MORNING - LEO

39

sits behind his desk.

In a bookcase behind the desk are stacks of survival provisions, books on seismology.

SID

sits opposite Leo, his feet up on the desk, total balls, as he looks over the timer.

LEO
Damned earthquakes.

SID
Relax. Just play the waiting game.

LEO
You're a cocky S.O.B., aren't you?

SID
Damn right. If I wasn't, L.J.'d be getting out of here instead of you and me.

Leo regards Sid, bland and enigmatic, but cold -- like a shark. Sid is unruffled. There's a KNOCK at the door. Leo jumps up, blocks the view inside as he cracks open the door.

(X)

(X)

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

LEO

(to Sid)
Stay there.
(then, to whoever's
outside)
What's that?

Leo closes the door, comes back to his desk unfolding a piece of paper.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

LEO
A guard found this outside their
door.

(X)
(X)

Leo reads the note, smiles.

(X)

LEO
We got one.

CUT TO:

40 INT. DETENTION ROOM - DAY

40

As the door flies open, two guards with machine guns at the ready, step in. Leo stands in the doorway.

LEO
Let's go, professor. Get your
things.
(then, to Michele)
You, too.

Quinn and the others look at Arturo, uncomprehending.

QUINN
What's going on?

Arturo is unapologetic as he collects his bag.

QUINN
You sold us out?

WADE
Professor, please!

ARTURO
Don't waste your breath my dear.
I'm doing the only thing that
makes sense. Otherwise, they
will kill us all.

(X)
(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT
Arturo. You can't mean this.

Arturo's at the door --

QUINN
What are you gonna do, professor?
Steal the idea? Call it your own
once I'm out of the way?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

ARTURO

I'm going to get home and perfect
it -- something you should have
done before endangering the rest of
us. And once I've done that, I'll
have every right to claim sliding
as mine.

WADE

You're a monster!

ARTURO

(to Wade and Rembrandt)
I am truly sorry.

Arturo and Michele exit.

QUINN

I'll get you for this. You hear
me? It's not over!

As Quinn's words echo --

CUT TO:

41 OMIT(41)

41

42 INT. LEO'S OFFICE - ARTURO'S

42

all business.

LEO

Your friends are pretty pissed off.

ARTURO

That's their problem.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

ARTURO

(to Sid)
Hand me the timer.
(Sid takes his time)
Hurry, man!

Sid then hands him the timer. Arturo begins feverishly pressing buttons.

ARTURO

What have you done?

LEO

(concerned)
What do you mean?

ARTURO

It's been thoroughly reconfigured.
We'll have to bring it to my
companion.

SID

(to Leo)
It's a trick. He's lying.

(X)

ARTURO

I'm not! It's his invention. He
knows it better than I do.

As Leo considers this Sid puts his gun to Arturo's temple.

ARTURO

Sir, I would not have deserted my
companions if I was not interested
in saving my life. You must
believe me, there's nothing more I
can do.

Sid cocks the hammer. Arturo sweats. Suddenly --

MICHELE

Drop it.

Michele's got her gun in Sid's ribs. Sid hesitates, she
cocks her hammer.

MICHELE

No more. Sid --
(off him)
I'll kill you.

(X)

Sid knows she means it, drops his gun.

CUT TO:

43 INT. DETENTION ROOM - QUINN AND REMBRANDT 43

nervous. Wade is at the table. Rembrandt checks his watch. (X)
(X)

REMBRANDT (X)
We're gonna miss the slide, know (X)
it. (X)

EARTHQUAKE

A big one, though not very long. Plaster falls. The Sliders barely have time to dive for cover before it's over. Then:

REMBRANDT
Keys!

The door opens. Arturo and Michele rush in.

ARTURO
It didn't exactly go according to Hoyle, but let's not quibble...
(checks timer)
... thirty seconds.

CUT TO:

44 INT. LEO'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE 44

Leo and Sid are tied up, but Sid is already nearly free, ripping the final piece of rope from his ankles.

SID
(to Leo)
If I had time, I'd kill you.

LEO
When I get free, you'll wish you had!

Sid's gone. Leo works one hand free as we:

CUT TO:

45 INT. DETENTION ROOM - ARTURO 45

has the timer

REMBRANDT
Hurry up.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

ARTURO
Patience, Mr. Brown.

As now --

THE VORTEX

forms. Suddenly --

SID

bursts into the room.

QUINN
Go!

QUINN

braces himself, like a goal-line defender. The bigger man is enraged.

ARTURO, WADE, MICHELE

frozen at the wormhole mouth

REMBRANDT
(to the aid of Quinn; to
the others)
Slide, man! While there's time.

QUINN'S

on the floor, Sid's hand around his throat. Rembrandt moves to club Sid with a chair leg, but with one swipe of his arm, Sid throws off the lighter man, slams him into the wall.

SID

unencumbered now, reaches into his pants leg, and from an ankle holster, extracts a hunting knife. Just then --

BANG!

Gunshot.

SID

turns, disbelieving.

MICHELE

hands trembling. She fires a warning shot.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

MICHELE

Get off him, Sid.

SID

Put the gun down, bitch.

He rises, moves towards her --

SID

Give me the gun.
(then)

Now!

BANG!

This time she fires and doesn't miss.

SID

falls --

SID

Why?

MICHELE

goes to him, holds him, weeping. Sid dies.

(X)

MICHELE

(crosses herself)
God forgive me...

Wade goes to Michele, consoling.

(X)

WADE

It's gonna be okay. I promise you.

(X)

(X)

ARTURO

(to Quinn)
Let's go.

(X)

Rembrandt's jumped. Now Arturo.

(X)

Another EARTHQUAKE starts to RUMBLE through. This could well be the big one.

QUINN

(to Michele and Wade)
Come on!

(X)

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

The plaster falls and the wormhole weakens. Quinn starts (X)
toward them to pull them along, but Wade gestures him away (X)
then gently pulls Michele from Sid and leads her into the (X)
wormhole. (X)

Quinn surveys the sorry scene a moment, then dives into the (X)
vortex. (X)

46
THRU OMITTED

46
THRU
(X)

FADE OUT:

THE END