

SLIDERS
"PRINCE OF WAILS"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. BLUE SKIES - DAY

Idyllic. Perfect.

REMBRANDTS 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.

QUINNS 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.

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!

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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:

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.

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?

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.

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.

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

I suppose it's time to move on
again. Just when this was
beginning to feel like home.

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?

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?"

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 at him. Wade and Rembrandt stare in horror. 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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 Vallyely 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.

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?

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.

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.

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. 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.

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:

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
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 Torme
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.

-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.

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!

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.

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.

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.

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:

MANS 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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.

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.

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.

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
nanny 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.

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.

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.

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.

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