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SLIDERS

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SLIDERSACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

of an old, three-story Victorian sitting on a hilltop. The front bay overlooks the cityscape of San Francisco.

2 INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A GREY CAT sleeps contentedly at the foot of a bed across which is sprawled the fully-clothed body of our hero, QUINN MALLORY -- an open book on his chest rises and falls softly with each breath; his bedside reading lamp still on.

Quinn suddenly sits up into frame, wide awake. He's 25 and handsome in an unassuming, boyish way. On the wall behind him is a POSTER OF ALBERT EINSTEIN with a quote from E.E. Cummings:

"Listen, there's a helluva universe
next door. Let's go!"

He adjusts his glasses and looks at the alarm clock -- just as the numbers flip to seven a.m. and the CLOCK RADIO bursts to life with the cynical, frustrated voice of THE SPACEMAN, San Francisco's early morning shock jock.

SPACEMAN (O.S.)

Mornin' Bay Area, Spaceman here, ^w
shatterin' your sleep with the truth
and nothing but, Friends, I fear
we're being invaded. Hordes of
earthquake-freaked So.Cals are
flocking to our city, bringing all
the wonderful things that make L.A.
so special: carjackings, tacos,
drive-bys and silicon. Some might
say I'm bein' paranoid - but believe
me, I can smell a Dodger fan a mile
away. They're here. You've been
warned. Food for thought from your
humble Spaceman, loyal greenblooded
siren of the airwaves.

Quinn punches the off button on the radio and rolls out of bed.

3 OMIT (3)

4 INT. BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING - ANGLE ON MRS. MALLORY

Quinn's mother, a reformed sixties-radical with a pretty smile and sympathetic eyes, cooks breakfast. Quinn enters.

MRS. MALLORY

Morning.

She puts breakfast on the table. Quinn grabs the cat food out of the pantry.

QUINN

Ma, I gotta fly. I got a million things --

MRS. MALLORY

-- Eat. You're too much like your father; up all night, working crazy hours - and look what happened to him; he worked himself to death.

QUINN

(gently)

Mom... dad was hit by a car.

MRS. MALLORY

But he was on his way to work. That's my point. He had too much on his mind.

QUINN

(impishly)

Better than too little.

MRS. MALLORY

Is that the same shirt you had on yesterday?

QUINN

(checks his pits)

What? I took a shower.

MRS. MALLORY

Young man, there's a clean pile of clothes on the dryer. Run downstairs and pick something.

QUINN

(good-naturedly)

Well, it's about time you got to those. That pile's been on my floor for a week -- and when are you gonna make up my room?

She snaps the dish towel at him.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

MRS. MALLORY
You just watch it, buster. Two
more semesters and I'm turning
this place into a Bed & Breakfast.

QUINN
I got dibs on the basement.

He opens a door and heads for the basement. She yells after
him.

MRS. MALLORY
That's the only reason you're not
on the streets already. It'd take
years to get rid of all that junk.

QUINN(O.S.)
It's not junk -- ow!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

4

Mrs. Mallory pets the cat, then catches a glimpse of a FAMILY PHOTO stuck to the fridge with a magnet.

MRS. MALLORY

You know, Michael, I worry about that kid sometimes. He's too smart for his own good.

Quinn returns, tucking in a clean shirt.

QUINN

Who're you talking to?

MRS. MALLORY

Your father and I were just having a private conversation.

QUINN

(smiles)

Well, tell him I say hi.

He makes a quick sandwich with his bacon and eggs and, with a kiss, is out the door. She watches him go and sighs to the cat.

5 OMIT

5A EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY

5

Quinn hurries outside to his vintage 2002 BMW. He throws open the door and dumps in his backpack. Just as he starts to climb in, a GOLDEN RETRIEVER bounds up and in -- making herself at home in the passenger seat.

GIRL'S VOICE

Cleo!

He turns as the dog's owner approaches with a sheepish grin. This is STEPHANIE; an absolutely beautiful young woman and the object of Quinn's desire.

STEPHANIE

I don't know what's got into her. Cleo, get outta there. I'm sorry, Quinn.

QUINN

I'm not. I mean, it's okay. She's just being neighborly.

STEPHAINE

(to Cleo)

C'mon, girl. After Quinn gets his PHD you can go anywhere you want with him.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

5A CONTINUED

QUINN

Masters...

(then)

So how's it going over there?

STEPHANIE

Well, all the pictures are up...
all of his anyway. You learn a lot
about a person when you move in
together.

QUINN

I'll bet.

Quinn glances across the street. Stephanie's BOYFRIEND stands
on the porch, sipping coffee and watching. Quinn gives a
small wave; the boyfriend doesn't even acknowledge him.

Stephanie moves around to the passenger side.

STEPHANIE

Look at her; she won't budge. I
don't know what it is -- but she's
crazy about you.

Stephanie opens the passenger door and pulls Cleo out. Quinn
winces ever so slightly -- Stephanie closes the passenger door
-- which pops open the glove box --

Quinn reacts, nervously.

QUINN

She can ride with me anytime.

STEPHANIE

(smiles)

Seeya later.

He climbs in and sneaks a peek inside the glove box --
REVEALING a large RAWHIDE BONE: his "bait". His eyes cut to
the rearview mirror and Stephanie and Cleo crossing the
street.

QUINN

I owe you one, Cleo.

6 INT. QUINN'S CAR - MORNING - QUINN

is racing across town in his vintage BMW 2002. The Spaceman
is working himself up on the radio, alienating listeners by
the second...

SPACEMAN (O.S.)

... But the thing I like most about
feminists, besides their WONDERFUL
sense of humor of course, is how
HAPPY they always seem to be.

Quinn cracks the hint of a smile, knowing this is going to go
over like a lead balloon in San Francisco.

6 CONTINUED

SPACEMAN (O.S.)

(cont'd)

Spaceman wants to know - why is it
EVERY TIME I see them BITCHING AND
MOANING in yet another man-hating
demonstration, it's just one grim
mug after another. No wonder they
don't like bein' broads!

7 EXT. STREET ALONGSIDE GOLDEN GATE PARK - MORNING

Quinn's car comes to a screeching stop along the sidewalk, and
Quinn hurries across the park.

8 EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - MORNING - CLOSE ON A MAN'S FACE
speaking right at us, with calm thoughtful passion...

CRAZY KENNY

... I'm running for senate because
I believe I can make a difference
for the working men and women of
this State.

PULL BACK to reveal all CRAZY KENNY, standing on an apple
crate and speaking to an audience of pigeons.

CRAZY KENNY

It's time to overthrow the chains
of capitalist oppression. Communism
will soon sweep the world, and the
days of the imperialist U.S. war
machine are numbered!

Quinn hurries by, carting his overload of books - passing
between a statue of Abraham Lincoln and Crazy Kenny's perch.
The park preacher points a shaking, bony finger at the
scurrying student.

CRAZY KENNY (CONT)

Heed my words boy - The New World
Order is at hand! Join the
revolution or suffer the
consequences!

Quinn pumps his fist and grins.

QUINN

Thanks for the warning.

9 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - PANNING THE ROOM FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

as nervous students pay rapt attention to their lecturing
Professor. Most are older than the norm, all are brainy
types. There are many empty chairs; this is a select class of
little more than a dozen.

The professor slowly pacing at the front of the room is
MAXIMILIAN ARTURO. The blackboard behind him is filled with
complex notations.

ARTURO

As any reasonably intelligent
single-celled organism can tell you
...the largest symmetry group of a
single Dirac field is...?

Dead silence from the intimidated class.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

ARTURO (CONT'D)

The silence is deafening, my young friends. You're supposed to be the best of the best. You are, after all, my students.

Arturo scans the room demanding an answer, his students look down or away, praying not to be called upon.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Miss Zachery?

The young librarian type has no answer.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Montague?

The nerd hems and haws, his foot twitching under the steely gaze of the Professor.

ARTURO

Mr. Wing?

The Asian student simply shakes his head and looks down, smiling self-consciously. Arturo's eyes wander to Quinn and linger there...

Quinn is preoccupied, quietly doodling on his ever present scratch pad. The paper is filled with vibrant, bewildering sketches of a strange whirlpool-like shape. ✓

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Mr. Mallory -- I've spent the best years of my life honing my intellect to a razor-sharp edge so I could impart to you these pearls of wisdom. The least you could do is pretend to pay attention. I won't bother inquiring whether you know the answer -- which, my dear, hapless babes in the woods, is...

QUINN casually jots "U (4)" on a piece of scratch paper and tilts it so the Wing can see what he's written.

Arturo flamboyantly writes "U(4)" in large arrogant letters. He spins and points to BENNISH, a long-haired student in a tie-dye shirt...

ARTURO (CONT'D)

That's U-four, Mr. Bennish, not "U2"!

Arturo checks his watch and dismisses them.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED (2)

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Now get out of my sight, all of you.

(watching them scramble)

You better shape up, people. This kind of work might get you a job at Chernobyl -- or NASA -- but it certainly won't cut it with me!

10 INT. CAMPUS HALLWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Quinn, Nan, and Wing exit together, stepping out into the moving throng of students heading to and from class.

WING

I should've gone to law school like my old man wanted. This Relativistic Quantum pop cosmology is such a mind warp.

NAN

If you ask me, Professor Arturo's not nearly as smart as he thinks he is.

QUINN

The man should be a Nobel Laureate for his theory on "Coset Wormholes in Keller Oribifolds" and I just read his thesis on Chiral Field Anomalies; it's killer.

NAN.

(worried)

That's not on the class list, is it?

QUINN

(a wink)

Nah, just a little light reading.

11 OMIT

12 OMIT

13 INT. COMPUTER STORE - DAY - ANGLE ON WADE WELLES

a keen-eyed girl of 23 - surprisingly pretty but refreshingly self-conscious. She is with a PAIR OF EXECUTIVES, huddled around a database system in CORPORATE SYSTEMS.

WADE

There's really no sense in dropping twenty thousand on this system right now.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

1:

WADE (Cont'd)

Wait a month; CD ROM seek rates are still in the 130 millisecond range; there's tons of screen flicker; and the new Pentium controller chips from Intel will make these MX 480's obsolete.

EXECUTIVE

(smiles)

Now I know I'll be back.

She HEARS the door and SEES Quinn blow into the store -- knowing he's late. She immediately brightens; heart-thumping, adrenaline racing. He disappears into the service bay. Wade excuses herself.

WADE

Why don't you two poke around here. I'll be right back.

14 IN THE SERVICE BAY

14

Quinn lights up six monitors and goes to work; moving through the computers like Bobby Fisher plays chess. Wade catches up.

WADE

Hey, I scored those hockey tickets.

QUINN

Great.

WADE

My old boyfriend has connections.

(beat; then)

I can't believe he actually got jealous. He thinks I'm going on some hot date... Funny, huh?

QUINN

Maybe you can answer this. Why do people spend so much energy on the wrong person?

WADE

Must be some girl -- they're the only equation you can't figure out.

QUINN

You think you're so smart.

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

1

WADE

Not around you, I don't. I barely
got through that book you lent me
last week. What is it with you and
biographies?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED (2)

1.

QUINN

(he shrugs)

They give me perspective. Something my dad said you can't get without living.

VOICE (O.S.)

-- Wade!

WADE

Watch it. Computer Boy's on the warpath.

MICHAEL HURLEY, the bespectacled, prima donna store manager pokes his chubby head in.

HURLEY

Ah, Mallory. How good of you to join us. And only nine minutes late this time. Will wonders never cease?

(then; to Wade)

Twenty thousand dollars just walked out the front door!

WADE

So next month they'll spend fifty on the 680's --

-- Hurley shoots her a look. She cringes. ✓✓

WADE

(muttering)

-- Delete, delete, delete.

QUINN

She's right, Michael. I told you not to order those things. Every single hard drive has crashed.

HURLEY

Don't start with me. Computer Boy pays your rent, mister. If it weren't for my mistakes you'd be out of a job.

Hurley exits. Quinn and Wade share a confused look.

15 EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - QUINN 15

parks his car on the street and hops out. He opens the perpetually SQUEAKY GATE and trots up the front walk.

16 INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - QUINN

makes a beeline for the basement, his cat Schrodinger right on his heels. He inadvertantly passes his mother, reading in the living room.

MRS. MALLORY

Don't I even get a hello?

Quinn steps back into view.

QUINN

Hi, I didn't see you.

MRS. MALLORY

How was your day?

QUINN

You know, same old; same old.
Listen, um, I've got some things
to do --

MRS. MALLORY

(smiles)

-- In the basement, I know. Go.
I'll call you for dinner.

17 OMIT 17

18 INT. BASEMENT/LABORATORY - NIGHT 18

as Quinn reaches the bottom of the stairs and flips on a series of breakers to slowly REVEAL an astounding room: the basement has been converted into an incredible scientific laboratory.

There are several shelves, looking like stereo racks, full of complex wiring, computers, keyboards, face tubes, and oscilloscopes with screens which display fluctuating wave patterns.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

1

There's an optical table, steel-topped with drilled holes, on which many refractive mirrors, a laser and an electron microscope are anchored. A doorless refrigerator is surrounded by small tanks and connected by multiple wires to a "dewar", a one-hundred-gallon stainless steel cylinder with frozen tubes coming out of the top that "sweat" steam.

Quinn walks toward a blackboard in the corner of the room, which is filled with a tremendously complex mathematical equation. At the end of the equation is a giant question mark: The one missing piece to a fantastic scientific problem.

Quinn studies the intimidating array of numbers with a frown, speaking to his observant cat...

QUINN

One missing piece... you'd think
after three months I'd be able to
crack it. Some genius.

Quinn picks up a piece of chalk, about to try something on the board... but he pulls back, shaking his head, frustrated.

Quinn discards the chalk and moves to a video tape machine positioned over a TV set, still talking to his pet, thinking out loud...

QUINN (CONT'D)

But while searching for the answer,
accidents may happen... amazing
accidents. ✓✓

He throws in a tape with "Quinn's Diary" written on the label -- rewinds a little -- and kicks back in a chair next to his cat, facing the set.

18A ON SCREEN: QUINN PEERS

18

directly into the camera, lit goulishly by a flashlight. He's wild-eyed, breathless, and completely overwhelmed.

QUINN

Ohmigod, it was great! You
shoul'da seen -- I mean -- this --
uh, weird thing -- outta nowhere
just blew --

MRS. MALLORY (O.S.)

Quinn!

QUINN

(whisper)

I think I knocked out the power.

ON SCREEN: Quinn is pacing around the lab, excited, enthused, speaking directly into the unmanned camera...

CONTINUED

18A CONTINUED

18A

QUINN

(on screen)

September 13th: my attempt to create
the world's first anti-gravity
device has taken a decidedly bizarre
turn.

The ON SCREEN Quinn picks up a gadget, looking something like
the remote control for a TV set.

CONTINUED

18A CONTINUED (2)

18A

QUINN (CONT'D)

(on screen)

Anti-grav? Uh-uh. Something else?
Definitely. But what...?

The on screen Quinn presses a button and something incredible happens -- a CRACKLING SOUND, followed by a static electricity wind that makes Quinn's hair stand on end.

Something unearthly is forming before him, right out of thin air, about five feet off the ground. It's donut shaped, with the texture of a purple smoke ring... shimmery... diaphanous... reflective.

ANGLE ON QUINN, leaning forward in his seat. He fast-forwards the machine to several days ahead...

18B ON SCREEN: QUINN

18B

is now studying the black heart at the center of the ring.

QUINN

(on screen)

September 21st: after days of careful analysis, I've come to the conclusion that the center of the ring could be the mouth of a tunnel...or a gateway... to another existence.

QUINN hits the fast-forward again and stops on another day.

18C ON SCREEN: QUINN

18C

is standing before the hole, gazing at it in rapt fascination.

QUINN

(on screen)

September 25th: for three days I've been sending objects into the void -- a paper airplane, Rubic's cube, even T-Rex -- I figured the carnivore could take care of himself. All vanished without a trace. Last night I perfected a timing device designed to return things from... wherever it is they're going. I sent another object in...

(checks watch)

...nineteen minutes forty seconds ago, with the timer set on twenty minutes. With any luck, it should be returning, right about...

CONTINUED

18C CONTINUED

18C

Before the ON SCREEN Quinn can say the word "now" the gate makes a loud CRACKING NOISE, and a REGULATION BASKETBALL shoots out of the void and bounces across the floor into the corner. As the bouncing diminishes, a devilish smile spreads across Quinn's face.

QUINN

...And the crowd goes crazy.

19 NEW ANGLE

19

ON QUINN sitting before the TV set, freezing the image of himself on the screen. He is deep in thought as he rises and walks toward the video camera set-up across the room.

With Schrodinger tucked under an arm, Quinn turns on the camera and records today's diary entry.

QUINN

September 26th: I've been thinking about sending Shrodinger through -- first cat into the void -- but if anything were to happen I knew I couldn't live with that. Still the need to know overwhelms the human instinct for self-preservation. Course, sending the camera's the logical choice -- but the electrical field nukes the picture. So...

(X)

(steps toward camera, somber, serious)

...tomorrow morning, I myself will step through the gate...and finally see...what's on the other side.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

20 EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - MORNING

20

We hear THE SPACEMAN click on with the radio...

SPACEMAN (O.S.)

It's seven o'clock, Bay Area and if I were you I'd stay in bed. If you're headin' to work turn around and go home! Nothing good's going to happen today.

(X)

21 INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - DAY

21

CLOSE ON the radio at 7:00am. As Spaceman continues, CAMERA PANS the bedroom to discover Quinn is nowhere to be found.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

2

SPACEMAN (CONT'D)

So stay off the bridges; don't bet on the horses; and forget the Lotto -- because Mercury's in retrograde. I got the paper here and, I swear to god, there's not one good horoscope in the bunch.

22 INT. BASEMENT/LABORATORY - MORNING

2

as Quinn's head pops up out of a clean T-shirt. He grabs his jacket and activates the video camera -- ready for his great adventure.

His speaks to it, his voice betraying a rising sense of nervousness and expectation...

QUINN

September 27th. Well, here goes nothing. I've set the timer for fifteen minutes but, well, ...mom, in the event something goes wrong and I don't return...this is a message for you. I want you to know that I love you very much and I hope you understand that I have to do this... Try not to worry. You know me -- wherever I am I'm probably having a blast.

(afterthought)

Oh, and don't throw out any of my stuff. Who knows? I might make it back one day.

Quinn picks up the hand held gadget and points it into the air before him. The magnificent, mysterious smoke ring gate forms again, opening a gaping passageway to an unknown existence.

Quinn gives his cat a farewell scratch and hug... takes a deep breath... and steps into the void.

23 INT. THE VOID - QUINN

2

finds himself sucked forward by an unseen force. He hurtles at breakneck speed across a plane of black nothingness.

The initial dead silence of the void being replaced by A RUSHING, ROARING SOUND, not unlike waves crashing on a beach.

There is a shape up ahead -- a bending focal point of light not unlike a prism. Quinn tumbles right into its heart and the world around him explodes in a plethora of brilliant colors. Quinn finds himself swimming through a pulsing array of greens, yellows, blues and reds.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED 2

Quinn belts out a quivering yell, familiar to all who've ridden a roller coaster streaking downwards, as he flies into the jet-black tunnel and lands with a thud --

24 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING - TIGHT ON QUINN

shaking, shuddering -- exhilarated and a little unsettled as he gets his bearings.

He takes a deep breath and dares to look around... shock slowly spreads across his features as his eyes take in the surroundings.

QUINN
(whisper)

Oh no.

WIDEN ANGLE to see that Quinn is right back in his laboratory/basement. The gate led nowhere.

From his seat on the floor, he turns to see the gate disappear. Schrodinger nuzzles up against his leg.

MRS. MALLORY (O.S.)
(from upstairs)
Quinn, don't you have class this morning?

(X)
(X)

Quinn sits there a moment, depressed. There's no place like home but it's the last place he wants to be right now.

QUINN
(soft, sad)
I'm a failure, Schrodinger. I'm
right back where I started.

He grabs the video remote and clicks off the camera...

25 VIDEO CAMERA POV: THE IMAGE 25

suddenly clicks ON -- not off. And WE SEE Quinn walking to the stairs and shutting off the breakers, one by one, until we're in the dark.

26 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF HOUSE -- MORNING -- QUINN'S CAR 26

pulls away from the house, beginning its daily race to class. Still reeling from his pointless trip, Quinn doesn't see his mother call to him from the gate.

MRS. MALLORY
Honey, don't forget the dry
cleaners on your way home!

(X)

Quinn never sees her -- never sees that she's now wearing glasses and her red hair has been bleached blonde.

27 INT. QUINN'S CAR - MORNING - QUINN

switches on the radio. Still preoccupied, he doesn't notice that The Spaceman is whistling an oddly different tune...

SPACEMAN (O.S.)

Guys who bitch and moan about feminists are wimps. FACE IT -- men have been rigging the game for centuries, and now that women are kicking ass across the board, those macho losers can't face up to the competition! I say GROW UP!

27A EXT. INTERSECTION - QUINN IS APPROACHING

a major intersection -- he speeds up a little to make the light before it turns yellow. As the car heads through the crossing, Quinn is horrified to see that all east and west bound traffic are running the red lights!

HORNS BLARE from either side -- Quinn jerks the wheel in terror, swerving left-right-left and barely misses several cars that nearly blast into him at forty miles an hour!

27B Astonished, he screeches to a halt and looks back at the intersection, but the cars that nearly clipped him have continued on. Shaken, he drives ahead...

SPACEMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well, I got good news and bad news. The good news is the Brooklyn Dodgers lost again last night and you know how much I hate The Dodgers. The bad news is Dukakis says he's gonna seek another term.

Quinn frowns, glancing at the radio.

SPACEMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Now don't get me wrong -- as President, the Duke's been an okay prez, but I was hoping they'd convince Jack Kennedy to make a run for it. Apparently JFK's enjoying his retirement a little too much and doesn't need the hassle of a campaign. And who can blame him -- if I was married to Marilyn I'd probably never get outta bed!

Quinn stares at the radio with a deeply puzzled frown as he slows to a stop before a red light at a quieter intersection.

QUINN

Weird, Spaceman... Weird and not real funny.

CONTINUED

27B CONTINUED

27

A BLASTING HORN coming from the car behind makes Quinn jump. He looks in his rearview mirror and sees a row of cars with angry drivers shaking their fists and urging Quinn to run the red. Quinn is chilled to see all opposing traffic stopped before the green.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What on Earth...?

Confused and uncertain, Quinn accelerates cautiously and drives through the red light intersection -- the other cars follow suit -- those on the green stay put.

SPACEMAN (O.S.)

In local news, Mayor Reagan vows to bring law and order back to our streets by -- get this -- allowing private citizens to own handguns!

(biting, sarcastic)

Great idea, Ronny. That's all we need, guns in everyone's home! A few more proposals like that and it's back to sitcoms. I always liked him better than Tom Bosley anyway -- to me there's only one Mister C and that's Ron Reagan -- enough said!

QUINN

(driving slow, heart racing)

What... what's happening?

He cuts off as he spots something through the windshield that leaves his mouth hanging open. Quinn pulls the car to the curb and stares up and to the right in utter disbelief.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

My God... where am I?

Numbed, yet excited, he pulls a screeching U-turn and heads back toward the house.

ANGLE UP to see what he just saw:

A roadside billboard for The Las Vegas Hilton, featuring a snarling, heavysset man with tinted glasses and salt and pepper hair...

#83584

17

Pink Revs. 4/14/9

Now Appearing! One week only!

ELVIS!!

28 HOLD ON THE BILLBOARD...AND:

2

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

29 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - MORNING 29

Quinn's car runs straight through a red light with the rest of the morning traffic.

30 EXT. FRONT OF QUINN'S HOUSE - MORNING - QUINN 30

parks in front of his house and exits the car, spooked, looking around the street for telltale signs that this is another world -- but everything looks so much the same.

Quinn walks up the front path... and discovers that the gate does not squeak.

Mrs. Mallory comes walking out the front door, arm-in-arm with JAKE. His mother and Jake seem amazingly friendly... and Mrs. Mallory is blonde, bespectacled... and very pregnant.

MRS. MALLORY

What'd you do, honey? Forget something?

(X)
(X)

Quinn stares up at the house, alarmed by her comment -- then down at her belly, alarmed by her condition.

QUINN

(stammering)

Mom, look at you?! You're... I mean, you and Jake?! ~

Before she can respond, Quinn HEARS his backpack BEEPING and, reaches in, pulling out the gizmo which is flashing yellow... then BEEPING LOUDER and flashing red.

30A QUINN'S POV 30A

He feels a sudden yanking sensation and the world is enveloped in black --Quinn finds himself being hurtled right out of this existence!

31 EXT. THE VOID - QUINN 31

is now being sucked upward, going back the way he came.

32 INT. BASEMENT/LABORATORY - MORNING - QUINN 32

POPS THROUGH the smoke ring energy field, pinwheeling his arms to keep his balance as he skids across the hardwood floor.

Schrodinger MEOWS. The dial on his timing device shows his fifteen minutes have just elapsed. Quinn takes a delicious moment to gather his thoughts.

CONTINUED

#83584

18A

Green Revs. 4/18/94

32 CONTINUED

31

Yes!

QUINN

33 INT. FOYER - MORNING

33

Quinn bursts upstairs and grabs his mother in a bearhug.

QUINN

Mom!

MRS. MALLORY

Quinn, honey, put me down and get to school. You're gonna be late again.

(X)

QUINN

(beaming)

I'm home, mom. Home!

MRS. MALLORY

That's just the point.

(amazed frown)

School, sweetheart.

Mrs. Mallory watches her son bound down the steps and, like an old friend, greets JAKE, the gardener; trimming the shrubs in front of the house.

33A EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - QUINN SWINGS OPEN

33A

the GATE which squeaks mightily, music to his ears. He moves back and forth, again and again. His mother rolls her eyes heavenward.

MRS. MALLORY

Your boy's a strange one, Michael.~

34 INT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY - QUINN

34

strides down the hall on cloud nine. He can't wait to tell Professor Arturo what he's done; he's not the least bit concerned about being grossly late for physics class.

35 INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - QUINN

35

bursts into class, breathlessly.

QUINN

I'm sorry, Professor -- forgive me.

I don't mean to interrupt but we have to talk!

Arturo eyes him with hot-tempered indignation.

ARTURO

I don't think we have anything more to say to each other, Mr. Mallory.

Quinn freezes for a second, taken aback. It feels like he's stepped into an E.F. Hutton commercial; his classmates look stunned, even nervous to see him.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

3

QUINN

(mutters)

Gee, a guy's a little late, you'd think I'd killed someone.

He moves toward Arturo and lowers his voice.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Professor, the Einstein-Rosen bridge; I crossed it --

ARTURO

(livid)

-- Get out of my classroom!

Quinn backs away, reeling.

QUINN

Wait, what's happening here?!

ARTURO

Very well. If you refuse to leave, then I shall...

(clenched teeth)

...Don't you ever dare speak about MY THEORIES like that again. Class dismissed!

Arturo slams closed his briefcase and storms out the far door. Quinn looks around slowly and SEES himself caught in the spotlight as the other students slowly pack up.

Wing ventures a word as he passes.

WING

Man, I can't believe you came back. The guy's Three Mile Island; it's gonna take him years to cool off.

Bennish, the long-hair in the tie-dye shirt, is the only one sporting a crooked, appreciative grin...

BENNISH

He's right, dude. I think Arturo's a pompous windbag too, but I'd never have the guts to say it to his face. Bigtime congrats.

(X)

As the other students file out, they all take extreme notice of him -- some are careful to keep their distance -- a few pat his arm in solemn support.

Soon the completely puzzled Quinn is the only one left in the room.

36 OMIT

30

37 OMIT 37

38 OMIT 38

39 OMIT 39

40 INT. COMPUTER STORE - DAY 4

Wade fills out a slip and looking up absently as A JANGLING SOUND indicates someone's entering the store. Her eyes bug out when she sees who it is -- she drops what she's doing and hurries toward the newcomer.

ANGLE TO REVEAL A TROUBLED QUINN coming into work with a lot on his mind.

WADE

(hushed, shocked)

Quinn!! What're you doing here?

QUINN

I work here, remember?

She nervously glances back toward Michael Hurley's office.

WADE

Not anymore you don't. Have you flipped!? Get outta here before he calls the cops.

QUINN

Who? Hurley? C'mon, Wade. I'm not that late.

WADE

The man just fired you.

QUINN

For what?!

WADE

For telling him to stick his computers where -- Look, knock it off, Quinn. You know what you said. We were all standing right here.

(X)

Quinn closes his eyes and exhales.

QUINN

Look, Wade. There's something really strange going on. I swear to god that wasn't me.

WADE

Oh, right. And I suppose now you're going to tell me that kiss meant nothing.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

4

QUINN

Kiss?

(blanches)

Ohmigod, I kissed Hurley! No
wonder I'm fired.

Wade punches him.

WADE

Will you stop it! It was with me
and don't you dare tell me you don't
remember.

QUINN

But that's just it. Why would I
kiss you? We're buds, right? It'd
be incest or something. What else
did I do?

Quinn looks down and away; his frazzled mind spinning. Wade's
arms are folded indignantly; she's steaming.

WADE

I don't think this is funny.

She walks away. Quinn chases after her.

QUINN

You're right, it's not. Please,
Wade. Humor me. I'm losing my
mind. ✓

WADE

I'll say. You've completely
snapped. You walked in here with
this strange look on your face --
and then Hurley saw us together and
made some crack and you went off...

QUINN

It's like I'm Dr. Jekyll all of a
sudden.

WADE

(warming)

It really was great; the look on
his face.

Quinn winces, then seems to draw a strange satisfaction from
what he's just heard.

QUINN

It was?

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED (2)

WADE

He gets me so mad. I wish I
would've said something but... you
know how I am. I need the job...
and I was afraid.

The managers voice bellows from behind his closed office door,
making Wade jump nervously.

HURLEY (O.S.)

Wade! In my office.

WADE

Quinn, you'd better get out of here.
Go home and get some rest. That
brain of yours is fried. Go!

40A EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Quinn climbs out of his car -- turns -- and SEES Stephanie
approaching.

QUINN

Hi, Stephanie.

She slaps him across the face; hard.

STEPHANIE

My butt is not your personal
property! You're lucky Glenn
isn't home...

(on her exit)

... And to think I actually liked
you!

41 INT. QUINN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON A TELEVISION: WE SEE a commercial featuring an
aggressive young lawyer speaking straight into the camera...

LAWYER

Had an accident on the job? I know
how to exploit the law to secure the
benefits you deserve!

CUT TO A BEEFY CONSTRUCTION WORKER wearing a hard hat and
speaking stiffly, reading from cue cards.

HARDHAT

I was relaxing on the job... when
someone ac-ci-dent-ly dropped an
an-vil on my head... Ross Kelley got
ME a mill-yon dollars.

CUT BACK TO THE LAWYER excitedly barking at the camera.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

LAWYER

I'm Ross J. Kelley and I won't take
no for an answer -- I'll FIGHT for
YOU!!

His 800 number flashes, the commercial ends and PHIL DONAHUE
resumes.

41A INT. QUINN'S LIVINGROOM - CAMERA FINDS

4

Mrs. Mallory cutting flowers on the dining table and sticking
them in a vase of water. She looks up as Quinn enters,
dejectedly.

MRS. MALLORY

(preoccupied)

You're home early?

CONTINUED

41A CONTINUED

412

QUINN

Mom... have I done anything to upset you today?

MRS. MALLORY

(good-naturedly)

Not that I'm aware of. Why, are you planning to?

QUINN

(exiting)

God, I hope not.

42 INT. BASEMENT/LABORATORY - DUSK -

perplexed and unsettled, Quinn steps into the lab, mildly surprised to find Schrodinger already there. He picks him up...

QUINN

Oh, man... did I lock you down here, Shrode? I'm sorry.

Quinn strokes the cat, speaking in a worried half-whisper.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Nothing makes sense anymore. Stepping into the hole must've messed up my mind. Maybe the energy field causes hallucinations...

Quinn turns and stops dead in his tracks. Something he sees at the other end of the room has completely captured his attention. He puts the cat down.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE BLACKBOARD where the question marks at the end of the massive equation have been erased and replaced by a crudely drawn happy face... and the elusive, complex answer he's been struggling to find for months.

Quinn approaches the board slowly... mouth open in stunned recognition. He traces his fingers along the answer...

QUINN (CONT'D)

Ohmigod... that's it. Yes... yes!
Of course!

The ear-to-ear smile he wears slowly fades as he realizes the solution has been written in Quinn's own handwriting!

QUINN (CONT'D)

But...who did this?

A VOICE comes out of the semi-darkness behind him. A voice all at once confident and strangely familiar.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

4

I did. MYSTERY VOICE (O.S.)

Quinn spins to see a silhouetted figure standing in the shadows. There's an eerie moment of silence before the unknown intruder steps out of the darkness and into the light.

Quinn Mallory finds himself standing face to face... with himself...

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

43 INT. LABORATORY - LATE AFTERNOON FADE IN ON TWO QUINNS 43

standing nose-to-nose with their mirror images.

Quinn Mallory slowly circles the double who stepped out of the shadows.

QUINN 2 sports a crooked grin -- he seems to be enjoying the look of astonishment on the original Quinn's face.

QUINN

Who are you?

QUINN #2

Isn't it obvious? I'm you.

QUINN

(anguished)

My God... The gateway split me in half!

QUINN #2

(laughing)

Not hardly. I'm you Quinn, but I'm not from this world. I'm from another Earth -- an Earth that exists in a parallel dimension.

QUINN

Wait a minute... I may have been there. Just this morning --

QUINN #2

-- Not likely. There may be hundreds, even thousands of Earths, all co-existing on the same multi-dimensional space/time continuum.

QUINN

How do you know that?

QUINN #2

Because I'm a Slider -- and this happens to be my eighth Slide.

QUINN

Slider?

QUINN #2

Yeah. Little term I cooked up. Like it?

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

4

QUINN
(slow grin)
Yeah... that's pretty cool.

QUINN #2
Probably would've dreamt it up
yourself sooner or later. It's a
safe bet we think alike. Mostly.

Quinn 2 picks up the gizmo and presses some buttons... The
smoke ring/gateway materializes in the room. Quinn 2
indicates the undulating black hole in its center.

QUINN #2 (CONT'D)
That's the entrance to a wormhole
that runs between worlds. When you
step inside, you "Slide" through to
another universe, completely
distinct and separate from your own.

QUINN
Can you choose your destination?

QUINN #2
'Fraid not -- or at least not yet.
Think of a roulette wheel with an
infinite number of slots, each
representing a different planet
Earth. Each time you Slide, you're
spinning the wheel, never knowing
where the ball will come up.

MRS. MALLORY (O.S.)
(from upstairs)
Quinn, telephone.

Both Quinns answer at once!

QUINN/QUINN #2
I'll call 'em back.

Quinn shoots his counterpart a look.

QUINN #2
Sorry...
(then; more seriously)
How's she doing? She still
talking to pictures?

QUINN
Yeah. I wish she'd meet somebody.

QUINN #2
(comforting)
Me too...

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED (2)

43

As Quinn ponders that thought, his mercurial double strolls over to the blackboard, sporting a cocksure grin.

QUINN #2

I'm amazed that you slid without knowing this. I solved that old thing months ago. Now, thanks to me, you've got the answer too and you owe me big, hombre.

(X)

QUINN

Thanks to you I lost my job!

QUINN #2

Computer Hell? I did you a favor - that guy Hurley's a dick on every world I've been to. Amazing.

(checks watch)

Aw Well, gotta go. Wife's waiting.

The double sees Quinn is unnerved by the word "wife."

QUINN #2 (CONT'D)

Been married two years now. Her name's Stephanie.

Quinn can't believe his ears. Stephanie! He smiles broadly, exhales, shakes his head in gleeful disbelief.

QUINN #2 (CONT'D)

Know her?

QUINN

Uh... not as well as you do.

The thought is almost too delicious for Quinn to bear. He comes out of his Nirvana long enough to notice that his double is looking at him with a gleam in his eye, his expression sincere and personal. Quinn looks into his face -- his own face -- and recognizes genuine pleasure...

QUINN #2 (CONT'D)

You're gonna love Sliding Quinn. I've been to a world where the Cub's've won three straight world series!

Quinn #2 is being surrounded by a series of blue electrical coils and a SOUND LIKE AN APPROACHING FREIGHT TRAIN is almost drowning out his words...

QUINN

(amazed)

Get out.

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED (3)

41

QUINN #2

I once stepped onto an Earth just
this side of paradise... no
pollution... no crime or hate.
People were happy... and a stranger
was welcomed with love. No one was
afraid there, Quinn. Think about
it...

Quinn #2 is being surrounded by a series of blue electrical
coils and a SOUND like an APPROACHING FREIGHT TRAIN begins to
drown out his words.

QUINN #2 (CONT'D)

I'd set the timer for twenty hours
before I left home that day
(drowned out)
not nearly enough time for a world
like that. I hope I find it again.
(drowned out)
I'll always keep looking.
(words drowned out)
Oh, and about the timer. I gotta
warn you. No matter what happens
during a Slide, never...
(drowned out)
...the timer before it's...

(X)

With a wild rush of air and a brilliant flash of light, Quinn
#2 is yanked back to his world -- through another vortex --
back the loving arms of his future wife on ~~the~~ Earth he calls
home.

ON QUINN staring at the spot where his double just stood,
smiling and shaking his head in excitement and wonder.

Still buzzing on high, his mind racing with thoughts of worlds
like the one just described, Quinn moves to the phone and
punches in a number...

QUINN

(into phone)

Wade, it's Quinn. I need to ask you
a huge favor.

OVERLAP THE SOUND OF A SEVENTIES POP/SOUL HIT and CUT TO:

44 EXT. REMBRANDT'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON - EST. SHOT

44

of a flamboyant little home in a fashionable section of San
Francisco. The song we've been hearing is "Cry Like A Man"
an early seventies hit by "The Spinning Topps".

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

SPINNING TOPPS (V.O.)
(lead singer, parroting
backups)

My friends ask me why I cry (why I
cry!)... It's 'cuz I feel like I
wanna die (wanna die!)... These
tears spring from my eye (from my
eye!)... Ever since ya said good-bye
(so-oo long!)

45 INT. REMBRANDT'S DEN - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

45

ANGLE ON ARTIE FELD, longtime booking agent from the old school of show biz. He's chomping on a cigar as he browses the walls of this room, which have been turned into a shrine honoring the twenty-year career of REMBRANDT BROWN, former lead singer of The Spinning Topps (whose song is playing in the background).

SPINNING TOPPS (V.O.)
(singing)

I'm gonna cry like a man (man!) Hard
as I can (oooh!) and if you had a
heart... maybe you'd start to
understand.

(X)
(X)
(X)

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE TV SCREEN where a video tape of an American Bandstand-type show from the seventies is running. A youthful REMBRANDT BROWN is lip-syncing, the other three Spinning Topps dance in unison behind him, using highly stylized, "groove to moves."

All wear pastel-colored, polyester three-piece suits with wide lapels and matching cuffs. Rembrandt Brown sports the largest of the four Afros.

Artie turns his attention back to the numerous articles, plaques, awards and gold records lining the walls -- A MAN'S VOICE calls out from the connecting bathroom...

REMBRANDT (O.S.)

Turn that off, will ya, Artie! Don't
need to be hearin' any of that old
stuff, the night of my big comeback!

ARTIE

(toward bathroom)
But I love The Spinning Topps!
(under his breath)
Wish to hell you'd never left 'em.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)

They ain't nothin' without
Rembrandt. Straight down the tubes
the minute I walked.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

Rembrandt turns on a blow-dryer in the bathroom.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

4

ARTIE

(aggravated)

Who you kiddin'? Fifteen number one hits, minus you!

REMBRANDT BROWN cracks open the door aand sticks out his face.

REMBRANDT

Thirteen, and they were all flukes!
What counts is The Cryin' Man's bigger and better than ever -- he won't need those has-been Spinnin' Topps leaching all his glory!

He slams the door closed. Artie shakes his head. He focuses on the framed articles...

HIS POV: perusing a pictorial history of Rembrandt "Cryin' Man" Brown's career:

The days fronting The Spinning Topps... big news of the acrimonious breakup -- Cryin' Man goes one way, rest of Topps another... Photos of Rembrandt playing lounges following the split... Rembrandt going into early retirement.

Throughout the years, Rembrandt's Afro has grown and shrunk, come and gone, but his trademark three-piece, wide-cuffed disco outfits and penchant for crying real tears in every performance, have remained constant.

46 CLOSE ON REMBRANDT

46

primping in the bathroom mirror.

REMBRANDT

I tell ya Artie, my comeback will shock the world! I'll be bigger than ever -- all my fans will be flocking to the field tonight.

Artie stands outside the door.

ARTIE

Remmie, you're singin' the Anthem at a Giants game, not performing for the Queen. It's a start, that's all.

Rembrandt discards that thought with ease.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)

It's a rebirth! And wait'll you see my new look -- you'll be floored, my man -- it's TOTALLY NINETIES!

(MORE)

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

REMBRANDT (Cont'd)
(kills dryer)
Here, I'll show ya.

Artie turns expectantly -- he's never seen Rembrandt change his basic appearance in all the years he's known him.

ANGLE ON REMBRANDT stepping into the room... He's wearing the usual three-piece, the usual shiny black shoes, the usual gold on his fingers and around his neck.

The only difference are three "awareness type" ribbons on his lapel; one for every bandwagon; red, lavender, and white -- making him look like a politically-correct Three Star General.

REMBRANDT (CONT)
Nineties baby! The Cryin' Man is
back!!

47 INT. QUINN'S HOUSE/FRONT LANDING - LATE DAY

Mrs. Mallory moves toward the KNOCKING SOUND at her front door. She pulls back the sheer, SEES who it is, and opens the door -- REVEALING Professor Arturo and Wade Welles.

MRS. MALLORY
Yes?

WADE
Hi, Mrs. Mallory. I'm Wade. I
work with Quinn.

(X)

MRS. MALLORY
Oh, it's nice to finally meet you.

ARTURO
Good evening, madam. I am Professor
Maximilian Arturo.

MRS. MALLORY
Oh, isn't this an honor. My son
thinks the world of you Professor.

ARTURO
(humbled)
I'm afraid we've had a bit of a
falling out. You see, Quinn behaved
rather badly today and this young
lady assures me it was an aberration
and that he's terribly distraught.

WADE
May we come in?

48 INT. BASEMENT/LABORATORY - LATE DAY

48

Wade and Arturo come down the steps and are stunned at the sight of Quinn's lab. They find Quinn bent over a desk in a corner, writing feverishly.

ARTURO

What in the world...?

WADE

Wow, the batcave.

Quinn greets the newcomers, cheerfully, without ever looking up.

QUINN

Oh, great. Great. Come on in.
Make yourselves at home. I'll be
with you in a second.

The vain Professor is already put off by being put off; his arms folded across his chest.

ARTURO

My time is valuable, Mr. Mallory.
Don't insult me by wasting it. If
you have something to say to me, I

--

-- Arturo catches sight of the FULL EQUATION on the blackboard. It's a whallop; a shock. So much so that he has to sit down.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

(reverently)

-- My good Lord....

WADE

Professor? Uh, Quinn, maybe you
better get over here.

Quinn looks up and SEES Arturo staring at the blackboard.

QUINN

Oh, that. Yeah, I can explain. One
sec.

ARTURO

...You've done it.

WADE

Done what? What's he done? What're
you looking at? What is this?

Arturo marvels at the equation.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

4

ARTURO

(growing apoplectic)

Young lady, that is the Sistine Chapel; a Puccini Opera; and the Taj Mahal. By God, it's the Holy Grail of Physics and it's in the basement of this unKEMPT, unASSUMING, unPUBLISHED, unfortunately-BRILLIANT boy's house! How the hell did YOU SOLVE THIS?!

QUINN

(smiles)

Wait. It gets better...
(holds up gizmo)
... a lot better.

49 EXT. CANDLESTICK PARK - LATE DAY

4

The parking lot is beginning to fill. The Cryin' Man's fans are, indeed, flocking to the field.

50 EXT. REMBRANDT'S CADILLAC - LATE DAY

5

The Cryin' Man is stuck in RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC. A freeway sign READS: CANDLESTICK PARK -- 5 MILES. He is practicing the Anthem, singing it slowly and soulfully...

REMBRANDT

(singing)

Oh say... can you see... Can you see? I wanna know if you can see!
By the dawn's early light...

At this rate, it'll take twenty minutes to complete.

51 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT/LABORATORY - LATE DAY

5

Arturo is pacing back and forth, incredulous.

ARTURO

Roulette wheel?! What kind of scientific jargon is that?! I tell you I simply don't believe it. A Parallel universe is a theory -- nothing more. I supposed next you'll be telling me the dog ate your homework!

-- Quinn presses a button on the timer/gizmo. The air reacts.

In a few moments the gateway is complete.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

Arturo swallows hard -- there is no longer a question of belief or disbelief -- he simply can not argue with his own eyes.

Wade and Arturo approach the ring... Quinn steps in behind him.

QUINN

(modestly)

I, uh, don't have a dog...

52 INT. CADILLAC - DUSK - ON REMBRANDT

52

still stuck in traffic.

REMBRANDT

(singing)

...home, I mean home, I said home...

(James Brown Scream)

...of the... braaaaaave!

Deeply satisfied, Rembrandt gives himself a thumbs-up in the rearview mirror, checks his hair, and punches up the Giant station on the radio...

SPORTSCASTER (O.S.)

Welcome to the pregame show of tonight's game between the Giants and the Houston Astros -- brought to you by Blue Eagle Beer -- when the workday is done, Blue Eagle's the one.

Rembrandt hits the horn, repeatedly. Traffic is at a standstill.

SPORTSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well fans, the Giants made a roster move today that came as little surprise -- shortstop Vic Smith, who's been struggling with the leather -- three errors last night -- was sent down to triple-A Phoenix of The Pacific Coast League. The Giants hope the youngster will learn to relax and regain his confidence --

REMBRANDT

-- Who cares about Vic Smith, man! The Anthem, the people wanna know who's singin' the Anthem!

Rembrandt steers off onto the shoulder and takes a side street.

53 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT/LABORATORY - DUSK - CLOSE ON WADE

5

WADE

Whoa, wait a minute. I'm on overload here. This is really out there. You mean, we can just slide through here -- without getting thrashed -- and, like, boom, we're on another planet?!

QUINN

No. Same planet; different dimension.

WADE

And it's safe, right?

((Quinn nods))

That is so cool! Where do I sign up?

ARTURO

(barks)

Don't be a child. This is not a toy!

WADE

Whoa, lighten up. Quinn's done it. And his double's gone through nearly a dozen times. You got something better to do?

Arturo is caught off-guard by the question -- she's struck a nerve.

ARTURO

This wormhole must be carefully studied. All the permutations must be plotted and computed.

WADE

-- Fine. You work out the numbers; Quinn and I are gonna take a spin around the universe.

Arturo looks at Quinn, expectantly. The feisty young lady obviously doesn't know how intimidating he's supposed to be.

ARTURO

You can't be serious...

QUINN

(meets his gaze)

Coming?

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

ARTURO

Fine. Then in the interest of
science I have no other choice than
to accompany you on this...
foolish... joyride.

Wade and Quinn share a conspiratorial smile.

54 SAME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

as Quinn punches in numbers on the timer gizmo...

QUINN

What do think; five hours? That would give us time to explore and still be home by midnight.

ARTURO

(smiles)

Yes, I should think you'd want to be well-rested for tomorrow's class. It should be a doozie.

Heart pounding with anticipation, Wade moves toward the gateway. Arturo takes a deep breath, masking his instinctive fear of the unknown... then he steps forward, too.

WADE

Think we'll all fit?

QUINN

Maybe I should increase the power. The question is, how much?

ARTURO

(rolls his eyes)

God help us.

Quinn turns a dial on the gizmo -- the sound, the indoor wind, the static electricity start to build -- the would-be Sliders' hair begins to stand on end.

55 INT. REMBRANDT'S CADILLAC - DUSK - REMBRANDT

steers his Caddy down a suburban street, taking a shortcut to the stadium. It's the street where Quinn lives.

56 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT/LABORATORY - DUSK

CLOSE ON QUINN'S HAND turning the dial almost as far as it will go. The hole grows in a frightening instant and swallows all three of them like a shark devouring a school of fish!

The hole continues to expand with lightning swiftness, passing right through the walls of the house!

56A INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Mallory is starting dinner. The lights dim momentarily as the power drains from the house.

MRS. MALLORY

(mutters)

So help me, Quinn Mallory, if you blow another fuse...

5

5

5

56A

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

57 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 57
The hole moves out into the street.

58 INT. REMBRANDT'S CADILLAC - NIGHT - REMBRANDT IS CRUISING 58
down the block when he suddenly spots an ominous black shape heading directly into his path. He tries to brake but it's much too late -- Rembrandt HOWLS as he and his beloved car plunge headlong into the void!

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

Shortly after swallowing the Caddy, the smoke-ring hole reaches its zenith...

59 INT. THE VOID - A MAROON CADILLAC

streaks through the wormhole.

CLOSE ON REMBRANDT howling like a banshee, locked in a state of panicky disbelief, his hands glued to the steering column. It beelines for the increasingly brilliant prism of light.

THE CADILLAC enters the prism and plummets straight down through a wall of multicolored lightning, faster than any roller coaster known to man!

60 EXT. STREET WHERE QUINN LIVES - NIGHT - THE CADDY

appears in the exact same spot it was enveloped, but this time on a parallel Earth. Before Rembrandt can thank his lucky stars for a safe landing, he has to deal with the fact that he's careening down a slippery street at forty-five miles an hour with his feet nowhere near the pedals!

As he scrambles to find the brakes he notes three things: 1. it's very cold 2. the street lights are not working -- 3. HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR AN ICEBERG THAT'S INEXPLICABLY DEAD AHEAD IN THE ROAD!!

ANGLE ON THE CADDY making a screeching skid into the wall of ice and hitting it head-on, with A TRAGIC CRUNCHING THUD.

Unhurt, but pissed to the point of tears, Rembrandt sees that the front of his beloved car is caved in and embedded in ice, looking like a giant cherry Popsicle.

61 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT - WADE, QUINN AND ARTURO

make a tumbling landing in the dark, musty basement. Arturo sits up, rubbing his neck.

CONTINUED

58 CONTINUED

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61 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT - WADE, QUINN AND ARTURO

make a tumbling landing in the dark, musty basement. Arturo sits up, rubbing his neck.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

ARTURO

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph...I think
I've just seen God... and I coulda
swore he was driving a cadillac.

He shakes his head to get the cobwebs out, figuring he must've
hallucinated. Quinn gets to his feet, dusts himself off,
turns to Wade.

QUINN

You okay?

Wade jumps to her feet, excitedly.

WADE

Man, that was so great! It was,
like, better than sex!

ARTURO

Yes, well, I wouldn't go that far.

The WORMHOLE EVAPORATES plunging the trio into darkness. Wade
begins to shiver - it's cold in here, their words turn to mist
in the air.

Wade nods, checking for bumps and bruises. Wade begins to
shiver - it's cold in here, their words turn to mist in the
air.

WADE

Quinn, where are we?

QUINN

(scoping the place)

In my basement. If there's a me
living here, I guess he never turned
it into a laboratory. If we're
lucky, there could be candles above
the washer. (X)

Arturo notes the cobwebs in the corners; he runs his hand
along a table and sweeps up a large pile of dust. Quinn finds
an old candle and lights it with Arturo's pocket lighter.

The flame illuminates two beedy pairs of RED EYES; a couple of
RATS scurry away. Wade grabs hold of Quinn's arm.

ARTURO

Whatever was here...

(looks at Quinn)

...hasn't been here in a long time.

They both share an ominous feeling.

62 INT. QUINN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

62

The three shivering Sliders enter this world's version of the Mallory family's living room -- but this place isn't warm and inviting, it's a freezing, evacuated hell.

The room has been stripped, even wooden planks have been uprooted for firewood. There is no heat or electricity; the useless bare light bulbs are all frozen over. Arctic air blows in through holes in the frost-encrusted windows, making eerie MOANING sounds that fit the morgue-like nature of this dark, neglected building.

63 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - QUINN

63

moves about the skeletal remains of his mother's kitchen, feeling. He turns the tap but there is no running water -- finds the fridge and cupboards bare -- rifles through drawers in search of some sign of the family that once lived here.

At last he finds a drawer with a few discarded mementos and artifacts: a supermarket receipt, some paper clips, the torn corner of a newspaper article, and a single faded family snapshot.

Arturo enters the kitchen and notes the nonplussed look on Quinn's face as he studies the photograph.

ARTURO

What is it?

QUINN

(softly)

My family... I mean, the family that lives -- lived... here.

Arturo looks at the aged photo. With the sun in her eyes, Quinn's mother has one arm around a bespectacled, short haired Quinn, the other around the shoulder of a pretty young girl, a few years Quinn's junior. A full-grown black labrador sits by their feet, happily panting toward the camera. (X)

The photo exudes summertime... happiness... family togetherness. Quinn indicates the dog in an amazed voice tinged with long-lost emotion.

QUINN (CONT'D)

That's Bopper... he... he ran away when he was just a puppy. We never found him.

ARTURO

Who's the girl? (X)

Quinn takes a moment before answering from instinct.

QUINN

The sister I never had.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

He and Arturo exchange glances, each contemplating the wonder and irony contained in this one simple snapshot.

Quinn takes a long last look at the photo... then reverently places it back inside the drawer, in a kitchen no one will ever return to.

64 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

64

Rembrandt Brown is pacing around near the front of his car, totally agonizing its condition.

REMBRANDT

It's just not fair... My wheels...
my beautiful beautiful wheels!

Rembrandt senses the presence of others. He turns to see Wade shivering near the door of the Mallory house as Quinn and Arturo step outside to join her.

Quinn and Arturo stare at Rembrandt. Rembrandt does likewise.

Wade looks out toward the bay. Quinn notes that she is deeply shaken by whatever it is she sees. He follows her look.

MOVE IN ON QUINN AND WADE staring in stunned disbelief.

WADE

(worried, whisper)
Now is the winter of our
discontent.

(X)

SWITCH TO THEIR POV: the entire city of San Francisco is dark and deserted -- not a single sign of life. A full moon illuminates the Golden Gate bridge...

Two-thirds of it are completely embedded in ice.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

65 EXT. DARK WINTERY STREET - NIGHT - FADE IN ON

6

Rembrandt's pathetically wounded Cadillac, still stuck in the iceberg UGLY MECHANICAL RUMBLINGS coming from under the hood - one headlight is crushed, the other half-working projecting a weak beam of light against the ice.

ARTURO (O.S)

It would appear that our roulette ball has landed us on an Earth that has suffered a terrible climatic cataclysm.

66 INT. CADDY - NIGHT - A FREEZING, HIGHLY PERTURBED

66

Rembrandt is at the wheel, Arturo beside him, Wade and Quinn shivering in the backseat.

They are all in constant motion: bouncing on their toes, rubbing their hands, struggling to stay warm. Arturo is trying to coax heat from the vents, without much success...

Arturo is teaching without realizing it -- drawing with his finger against the frosted windshield. Given the primitive conditions, his is a cool, cogent, rendition, of our Earth as a home port, with the smoke ring gate acting as a conduit to multiple tunnel-like lines that lead to the other parallel Earths.

Quinn illuminates the drawing from the backseat, with a flashlight.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

6:

QUINN

Nuclear winter?

ARTURO

Quite possibly. Or a shifting of the planet's axis -- or perhaps an ecological disaster --

WADE

(grim; nervous)

This is all my fault. How was I to know Frosty the Snowman was gonna take over the world.

REMBRANDT

-- Who cares who rules this world, girl. The question is, how we gettin' home?!

QUINN

The same way we came. The timer will return us to my basement in about four hours.

REMBRANDT

Four hours! That's like four years in a place like this!!

CONTINUED

w

66 CONTINUED (2)

ARTURO

The string theory dictates that time will always be the same on a parallel world. Present Day wherever you go. In fact, time will remain concurrent during all interdimensional Slides.

REMBRANDT

Wanna float that by me again, man?
In ENGLISH this time!

ARTURO

I'm saying that four hours spent here are equivalent to four hours back home.

Rembrandt slows his shivering long enough to think about this concept with a rush of hope. He bends his cold, stiff arm and glances at his watch.

REMBRANDT

So if now is now... I can still make the game and do the gig!

(turning to Quinn, angry,
urgent)

You're gonna take me back, man --
and you're gonna do it this instant!!

QUINN

But... I don't think I'm suppose to alter the timer..

(frowning, remembering)

The other Quinn was trying to warn me about that... but his voice kept fading --

WADE

-- Hold it a minute, hold it!
(holds up a hand, listens)
Do you guys hear something?

They all go quiet.

Outside AN OMINOUS SOUND is growing... getting louder... nearer. The Sliders hold still, listening intently.

The windows are completely fogged, there's no way to see what's coming.

And whatever it is... it's headed this way.

Rembrandt takes a deep breath and timidly rolls down his frosted-over window - a powerful rocket blast of cold air screams into the car.

67 OMIT 67

68 EXT. CADDY - NIGHT - ON REMBRANDT 68

pointing his shivering face in the direction of Promethean blare. After a moment of squinting into the gale, his jaw hangs open and his eyes go wide with disbelief and alarm...

SWITCH TO REMBRANDT'S POV: an incredible ice tornado is coming in from the Pacific, heading straight for where their car is stuck!

It is ice-white and monstrously huge; its rapidly rotating funnel-like peak is taller than the top of the frozen Golden Gate. Seaweed, marine life and even pieces of ships can be seen spinning around inside its nightmarish body.

69 INT. CADDY - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS - REMBRANDT 69

yanks his head back in, frantically rolls up the window and completely pivots around in his seat, grabbing Quinn by the shirt, going nose to nose and SHOUTING above the coming roar!

REMBRANDT

End of discussion Q-ball. We're
OUTTA here!

Suddenly, the occupants are thrown around in their seats as the caddie is pivoted by an enormous GUST OF WIND.

70 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 70

CLOSEUPS: The back tires slide in the snow. The loose chrome flies off. The huge car lifts partway off the ground!

71 INT. CADDIE - CONTINUOUS 71

suddenly the roof peels off toward the back. The occupants scream. The cloth becoming tatters...

72 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT - THE ANXIOUS SLIDERS 72

scramble out of the car and are huddled alongside it, Quinn is concentrating on readjusting the timer. The others try block out THE PROMETHEAN BLARE of the rapidly approaching megacyclone.

QUINN

I hope we're doing the right thing!

ARTURO

Anywhere's better than here,
Mallory!

REMBRANDT

Let's go, let's go, let's GO!!!

CONTINUED

72 CONTINUED

73

Quinn turns up the juice. The gizmo BEEPS yellow... then red. The air becomes static... the smoke ring begins to form... but more slowly this time... fading in and out as if struggling to materialize.

THE STORM is deafening now -- it is picking up speed as it reaches land.

WADE

(mantra-like)

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon,
c'mon --

QUINN

I'm trying! Something's wrong!

The Sliders hear the sound of trees being uprooted like matchsticks. The roar is all around them!

Quinn works frantically. The smoke ring begins to take shape... but this occurs a good eight feet above the ground!

The gizmo starts to smoke and spark.

QUINN

MOVE IT!

They SCRAMBLE ONTO THE TRUNK. Arturo is only too ready -- Quinn gives him a boost and he jumps in first, disappearing into the gate. Wade dodges a flying tree branch, steps into Quinn's cupped hands and leaps through herself.

Rembrandt is about to do the same when a chilling thought suddenly occurs, stopping him dead in his tracks.

REMBRANDT

Wait a minute... my car... WHAT
ABOUT MY CAR?!

A huge tree collapses right behind him -- car or no car, Rembrandt SQUEALS and steps into Quinn's hands and up he goes.

Suddenly, a BIG TREE BRANCH catches Quinn in the midsection and knocks him back into the front seat. He glances out the windshield and SEES the twister almost at the car!

He spins back around and SEES the wormhole is getting smaller and smaller! He scrambles over the backseat as the world is devoured in a sea of rotating white ammonia... (X)

73 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE -- LOOKING UP INTO BLACK as the wormhole opens and Arturo dives out -- head first and screaming -- tumbling to the grass eight feet below. Just as he struggles to one knee...

...Wade comes sailing out of the void, landing on top of the professor. Man and woman share an awkward moment (as they realize their intimate position) broken only by the sound of Rembrandt's REBEL YELL.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)
Waaahhhh, look out!!

Wade and Arturo look up; here comes Rembrandt -- feet first! The two Sliders roll in opposite directions the instant before Rembrandt slams to the ground between them.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Oh man... that trip is a trip!

The three Sliders find themselves on the side of the road; identical to the one they just left, on the edge of Golden Gate Park - but the temperature is much more pleasant here, and a full moon agreeably lights the surrounding park area.

Wade looks up toward the gate expectantly... then worriedly.

WADE
Professor, where's Quinn?
(to Rembrandt)
Wasn't he right behind you? Didn't
you see him in the void?

REMBRANDT
Girl, I didn't see nothing. I flew
with my eyes closed.

WADE
What if he didn't get through?
(looking up at gate)
We have to go back!

Arturo grabs her arm, gently.

ARTURO
My dear... This portal leads to an
infinite number of Earths --

WADE
-- I don't care!

ARTURO
There is simply no way to control
the journey back!

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

WADE

You mean, if he didn't make it...

ARTURO

...We may never be able to find him.

Wade shakes free of Arturo and stares hard into the void, willing Quinn to appear as she fights back tears.

WADE

(a prayer)

Please, Quinn...

The gate is starting to shrink. Wade stares into its black heart in fear and frustration.

WADE (CONT'D)

...Don't let me lose you.

The gate is shrinking... shrinking... about to fade to nothingness. Wade starts to cry.

And Quinn pops through!

He lands on his chest and quickly bounces to his feet just before the gate completely disappears.

QUINN

Whoa, that was close.

Quinn notices Wade wiping away a tear -- he questions her in a soft voice with sincere, straightforward curiosity.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Hey, what's with the tears? You hit your head or something.

Wade wipes her eyes and shakes her head, exasperated.

WADE

Yeah -- maybe I need to have it examined.

The Sliders collect themselves and look to the east... taking a collective deep breath... and smiling with relief.

THEIR POV: Golden Gate Park looks beautiful and serene in the moonlight - the Golden Gate Bridge stands free and clear above the shimmering bay - the night is clear and warm, no ice to be found. Anywhere.

74 BACK TO SCENE

74

They all enjoy a moment of pure bliss. Rembrandt gets down on his knees and kisses the Earth.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

Home.

WADE

(sighs)

Home.

ARTURO

No place like it.

Rembrandt snaps out of it, checking his watch as he rises.

REMBRANDT

Seven twenty-five -- I can almost still make it.

(sudden mood swing)

If I had a car, that is.

(glowers at Quinn)

You're gonna explain all this to the insurance boys, Q-ball. Gonna have to tell them that my beautiful red sled is...

(growing angry)

...on another planet, where it's stuck in a freakin' iceberg!!

THEY'RE NEVER GONNA BUY THAT WHEN I PUT IN MY CLAIM!!

Rembrandt's going nuclear just thinking about it. Wade smartly steps in, deflecting the subject.

WADE

We'll worry about that later, Mr. Brown. Right now you've got an anthem to sing!

REMBRANDT

Right, right, gotta get movin', gotta catch a cab.

(to Quinn, glowering)

That's what a man without a car is forced to do...

He leans forward till he's nose-to-nose with Quinn.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Don't you NEVER do that again, y'hear?

And Rembrandt is off, racing across the park in his slick three-piece suit.

75 EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - NIGHT/MINUTES LATER

75

A wistful Quinn walks along the path that leads across the park, flanked by Wade and Arturo.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

WADE

God, Quinn, that was better than
Virtual Reality -- It was reality.

Wade spots an enclosed phone booth in the park, ahead and to
the left.

WADE

I wanna call home... talk to my
folks. Be right back.

She veers off. Arturo and Quinn slowly stroll a little ahead,
following the path through the park.

QUINN

To tell ya the truth, I'm kinda
sorry we're back.

(enthused)

I mean, just think of all the other
worlds out there, and how much fun
we'd have exploring them.

(ironic chuckle)

It seems kinda dull to be back home.

Arturo points a fatherly finger in his student's direction.

ARTURO

Think of that tornado, and count
your blessings.

Quinn laughs and nods reluctantly, getting the point. He
glances at the timer/gizmo; it's still smoking...

QUINN

The pre-set controls are shorted.
I wonder why it brought us to the
park instead of my basement, like
it's supposed to?

ARTURO

Maybe that's what your double was
trying to warn you about -- perhaps
speeding up the timer has unforeseen
side effects --

The Professor cuts off when he sees Quinn has stopped in his
tracks. His young student is wearing a sudden frown.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Dear God. It's Lenin.

QUINN

Yeah? So where's McCartney?

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED (2)

Quinn's smile fades when he follows the Professor's line of sight.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE A PARK STATUE just off the walking path. It is the bronzed figure of a balding man with a moustache and goatee, holding a book in one hand and pointing toward the horizon with a bold, determined visage.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED (3)

ARTURO
Nicolai Ilich Ulyanov Lenin.
(to Quinn worried)
Has this always been -- ...?

QUINN
(dazed)
-- It was Lincoln, Professor.
Abraham Lincoln.

Wade looks from worried face to worried face. Now she's a little worried too.

76 EXT. CITY STREET BORDERING PARK - NIGHT - REMBRANDT

hails a cab and climbs in.

77 INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT - REMBRANDT

is STILL breathing hard and mopping his brow as the cab pulls away.

REMBRANDT
Candlestick, my man, and step on it!

Rembrandt casually checks out the driver -- a swarthy foreign-born man named PAVEL KURLIENKO, according to the driver's ID card on the front dash.

Pavel drives slowly and carefully as A COMMERCIAL runs on the radio, spoken by an announcer with a CASEY KASEM voice...

RADIO (O.S.)
Tell me comrades, is your carpet
really clean? When you drop to your
knees to give thanks to Supreme
Leader, does your rug look as drab
as yesterday's cabbage?

Rembrandt is trying to relax but the fact that cars are passing on the left and right doesn't help.

REMBRANDT
Hey Payvill, could ya hurry it along
a little?

PAVEL
Parinska illiumavitch respit!

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

(under his breath)
Immigrants. If you're gonna live
in the land, you gotta learn the
language.

(big smile)

Well, do the best you can, chief,
and hey, could you turn on the
Giants game while you're at it?

(pause, rolls eyes)

You know, baseballski?

PAVEL

Bazeball? Reds? Reds game?

REMBRANDT

Yeah, baseball game, capice?

Still moving with maddening deliberation, Pavel turns the dial. Every station seems to be filled with numbing talk, there is no music of any kind to be heard... until suddenly, The BOOMING SOUND of THE INTERNATIONALE fills the cab.

PAVEL

Anthem!

REMBRANDT

Damn!

Rembrandt checks his watch and beats his fist against the seat. Then something odd begins to seep into his mind as he catches wind of THE BARITONE OPERATIC SINGER belting out the Anthem in a foreign language.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

That don't sound right. Must be
playin' a Canadian team.

Rembrandt notices that Pavel is driving with one hand -- the other is pressed against his head in a rigid salute.

Rembrandt discovers that some drivers and passengers of passing cars are also locked in a frozen salute position.

The minute the Anthem ends, Pavel snaps his arm down and so do those in neighboring cars, obviously listening to the same station.

MOVE IN ON REMBRANDT leaning back in his seat, wondering what the hell's going on.

78 EXT. CITY STREET NEAR PARK - NIGHT

Quinn and company exit the park. Wade spots a phone booth across the street...

CONTINUED

77

78

78 CONTINUED

7

WADE

Um, listen... I wanna call home,
talk to my folks. Be right back.

As she exits, Quinn is drawn to a man preaching to a large crowd from a POLITICAL PLATFORM. The man is long-haired, with a neatly trimmed beard and fine three-piece suit. He is speaking fervently to a hundred true believers.

It takes a moment for Quinn to recognize him as Crazy Kenny, the radical soapbox lunatic! The banner behind Kenny identifies him as a US Senator...

CRAZY KENNY

Friends of the state will always be rewarded. But enemies must be purged from the body! The imperialist so called 'American Underground' is being crushed as we speak -- it's simply a matter of time before the last of their kind are wiped from the face of our land!

Boisterous APPLAUSE from the crowd.

ARTURO

What in the world is he babbling about?

QUINN

Y'know, I could never figure that out. But now people are actually listening to him!

79 EXT. PHONE BOOTH ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

79

Wade reaches up to put a quarter in the phone... but finds there is no coin slot. An eerie TONE beeps three times in her ear followed by the voice of a WOMAN OPERATOR, who speaks with plastic, sing-song professional friendliness.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

PT&T. We want you back.

WADE

Excuse me?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

If you switched from PT&T to PT&T-2 we want you back. And now, thanks to our 'Comrades Call Comrades' program, we can save you up to six rubles a year on long distance to The Motherland.

Wade is unsettled.

CONTINUED

79 CONTINUED

WADE

PT&T? What is this? I just wanna
make a phone call.

There's an ominous moment of silence. When the Operator
speaks again her voice is cold and officious.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Identify. This is Operator 9-3-4.
Identify.

(pause)

This is Operator 9-3-4. You will
state your telephone permit number
now.

Wade is unsure and a little scared. She doesn't know what to
say.

OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You are in violation of Section
33956 of the California Penal Code.
Your location has been traced.
Please remain with this unit until
a Communications Security Team
arrives. Failure to do so will --

WADE

Thanks... I'll try again later.

Wade drops the phone and steps outside -- then looks up to SEE
the phone company logo: a red telephone receiver crossed by
a hammer and sickle, above the words People's Telephone and
Telegraph.

79A EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF PARK - NIGHT - QUINN AND ARTUROO 79

have been drawn to a man preaching to a crowd from a POLITICAL
PLATFORM. He is long-haired, with a neatly trimmed beard and
fine three-piece suit. He is speaking fervently to a hundred
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speak -- it's simply a matter of
time before the last of their kind
are wiped from the face of our land!

Boisterous APPLAUSE from the crowd.

CONTINUED

79A CONTINUED

79

ARTURO

What in the world is he babbling about?

QUINN

Y'know, I could never figure that out. But now people are actually listening to him!

A breathless Wade rejoins them.

WADE

(scared)

Quinn, there's something I gotta tell you...

QUINN

I know. We never made it 'home.

80 INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT - CLOSE ON REMBRANDT

8

sitting bolt upright in the back seat, looking out the window at the passing street scene with a palpable sense of unease. The smooth, familiar VOICE of the Giants play-by-play man is coming over the radio.

RADIO SPORTSCASTER (O.S.)

Tonight's game is brought to you by Red Bear Beer -- when quotas are reached, reach for a Red Bear.

CONTINUED

80 CONTINUED

8

Rembrandt is unsettled and increasingly dismayed by the sight of his hometown. The feel of the place is decidedly dark, brooding, ominous.

81 SERIES OF SHOTS: THROUGH THE TAXI WINDOW

Citizens walk the streets in drab clothes; their heads down. Looking over their shoulders, no one dares congregate. There is little color or vibrancy.

Billboards and bus stop benches offer mind-controlling statements or commands to conform and serve The State.

The sidewalks are oddly quiet -- just the droning sound of androgynous STATE-CONTROLLED VOICES on street corner speakers.

82 RESUME ON REMBRANDT

8

trying to figure out what his eyes are telling him. Meanwhile, the PRE-GAME continues in a typically laid-back baseball manner...

RADIO SPORTSCASTER (O.S.)

(cont'd)

...and in case you hadn't heard, shortstop Veektor Jones, has been sent to the Reds minor league re-education camp where he will be punished for his mistakes. Jones' three errors last night were a disgrace to himself, his family and the entire Reds organization. Perhaps a windowless cell in Phoenix will allow Comrade Jones the time to ponder how to properly field a ground ball.

The cab is slowing as it approaches a toll booth situated before a bridge.

PAVEL

Insk vla hordka minishkin.

Rembrandt is frozen. The driver indicates the toll booth and holds out his palm for the money.

REMRANDT

(smiles)

Oh, I gotcha. You need some mula for the toll.

Rembrandt pulls out a dollar and hands it to the cabbie.

Pavel stares at the dollar... his eyes slowly narrowing. He looks from the dollar... to Rembrandt in the rearview mirror. Rembrandt smiles, nods... the man does not smile back.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

8

As they reach the toll booth, Pavel bolts out of the car and blabbers excitedly in Russian to the haggard looking WOMAN behind the glass booth.

The woman takes a pronounced look at Rembrandt that makes his heart pound twice as fast.

She presses a button and a horrible BLARING KLAXON goes off. All traffic stops -- some people hit the deck -- several heavily armed soldiers storm out of the toll booth building, ready for action.

Rembrandt sees Pavel excitedly showing their commander the dollar bill Rembrandt gave him, then pointing into the back of the cab with words that can only mean "that's him, that's him!"

Rembrandt gulps as the soldiers spring into action, surrounding the cab and dropping into firing position. In an instant, five Koloshnikov assault rifles are aimed directly at Rembrandt's head.

The Cryin' Man is sweating big time... and trying not to live up to his nickname.

Terrified, he still offers a weakly hopeful smile.

REMBRANDT

Y'all need exact change? Is that
it?

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN

83 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - FADE IN ON A STREET VENDOR 8:

hawking borscht and blinis on a busy corner.

Speakers have been set up along the street, featuring pleasant-voiced men and women, SPOUTING PARTY RHETORIC to passersby.

ANGLE ON QUINN, WADE and ARTURO as they walk past the vendor. The Sliders are intent on blending into the crowd, careful not to attract the attention of armed soldiers who patrol the sidewalks. The city they love feels like Belfast.

Wade glances around warily. Two men in overcoats seem to be eyeing them from across the street, tracking their movements.

WADE

This place gives me the creeps.
When can we leave?

QUINN

When the timer recharges itself.

WADE

And how soon will that be?

Quinn hesitates before answering.

QUINN

Maybe soon... maybe never.

ARTURO

Any chance that gadget can be fixed?

QUINN

Maybe with the right tools and a little bit of luck.

ARTURO

Well, if we do get the chance,
please allow me to sit in. I'd love
to see what's under the hood.

84 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE ON REMBRANDT 84

sitting in a hard-backed chair, being grilled under a single lamp in the center of an enormous warehouse. (X)

Two men stand in the shadows -- a short, portly, nervous guy in civilian garb and an ARMY COLONEL with mean eyes, smoking from an elegant black cigarette holder.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

3

THE INTERROGATOR pacing before the prisoner is a GQ type American who has the corporate lawyer look down to a T.

REMBRANDT

Look... I ain't heard nothing about no American Underground. Is it a band, or some kinda club? You tell me 'cause I don't know.

INTERROGATOR

You're a very foolish man, Mr. "Brown." Lying to us has the gravest of consequences.

REMBRANDT

I'm telling you the truth! I ain't lyin'!

INTERROGATOR

Let's begin with your alias --

REMBRANDT

-- Alias?

INTERROGATOR

There is no 'Rembrandt Brown' in our computer files! A man by that name was killed twelve years ago in the Detroit Uprising. You've obviously taken on his identity for nefarious, counter-revolutionary purposes.

Rembrandt rings his hands together... looking over at the two men in the shadows... then back to his questioner.

REMBRANDT

Okay... I can explain everything. You see... I'm not really from this Earth.

The Interrogator raises his eyebrows and glances at his comrades with a mixture of amusement and distaste.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

No, no, it's true. I was just driving along, minding my own business, when this crazy genius zapped me into a big black hole -- and the next thing I knew, my car slammed right into a giant iceberg, and...

His voice trails off, he realizes how this must sound.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED (2)

84

The room falls silent. Rembrandt fidgets in his chair as the Interrogator moves closer, holding up the dollar bill Rembrandt gave the cab driver.

INTERROGATOR

You admit to handing this to the taxi driver?

REMBRANDT

Yeah. So?

The Interrogator glances back at the watchers, nodding with satisfaction. He turns his attention back to Rembrandt... slowly circling the chair before stopping dead in front of the prisoner.

INTERROGATOR

Listen carefully, friend -- if you cooperate, I'll fight for you with the high command --

REMBRANDT

(brightening)

-- Wait, say that again.

(X)

INTERROGATOR

What?

REMBRANDT

I'll fight for you...

(snaps fingers, excited)

I knew I recognized you! You're Ross J. Kelley, that shyster lawyer from TV! Man, I've seen your mug a thousand times.

(X)

The Interrogator steps back, unsettled by this seemingly crazy behavior. Rembrandt is LAUGHING now, pointing at the Interrogator with a wagging finger and knowing look...

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

You're always telling folks you'll get 'em a trillion bucks if they had an accident on the job! Like that big moose construction worker who had that anvil dropped on his head!

(X)

(X)

Rembrandt is giggling and nodding, tickled to have made the connection. The Interrogator is unnerved. He backs away, moving to the observers in the shadows. They speak in anxious WHISPERS...

SHADOWY COLONEL

He knows you - your name, your civilian profession - how?

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED (3)

3

INTERROGATOR

I don't know.

SHADOWY COLONEL

(icy, deliberate)

We've been infiltrated.

The other two men are looking at the Interrogator with suspicion now.

INTERROGATOR

What're you looking at? All that stuff was wrong -- I've never been on TV!

SHADOWY COLONEL

Subterfuge, performed by a master. He's flaunting his inside knowledge to unnerve us. This man is highly skilled and extremely dangerous. He must be tried and disposed of as quickly as possible!

INTERROGATOR

Quickly... yes. I have connections -- and I know just the thing.

The Interrogator reapproaches his prisoner... but this time there is a glimmer of respect, even fear in his eyes.

INTERROGATOR (CONT'D) ✓

We have determined your allegiance with fascist enemies of the state. I therefore hand over jurisdiction of your situation to The People's Court where you will be tried and sentenced.

85 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - QUINN AND COMPANY

85

continue down the sidewalk, remaining as inconspicuous as possible. The STORE FRONTS and WALLS have been strafed by bullets. Broken windows; pockmarked doors; and a BANK MACHINE has been viciously sabotaged.

Around the corner, they SEE a TROLLEY CAR on its side and burning. BROKEN BOTTLES and BRICKS everywhere -- ugly reminders of an ongoing urban struggle.

They pass a temporary barricaded street corner, guarded by a HUMVEES, a HALFTRACK, and some ARMED SOLDIERS with GERMAN SHEPARDS, behind a BARBED-WIRE perimeter.

They slow to take a peak at what's beyond the blockade.

86 THEIR POV;

86

A CHAIN-GANG CLEAN-UP CREW wipes graffiti off the face of a government building. WE SEE...

...a defiant AMERICAN EAGLE; wings spread, talons clutching a flock of arrows.

...the upper torso of THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, rebelliously grasping an automatic in a classic black power type salute.

The words FREEDOM... LIBERTY... and 1776... have all been spray-painted in bright red, white and blue colors.

87 BACK TO SCENE

87

as a FLASH of gunfire startles our heroes -- who turn to SEE TWO MEN crumple against the wall -- shot to death by a makeshift FIRING SQUAD.

A MOLOTOV COCKTAIL hits the pavement near the tank. Soldiers chase the thrower down an alley.

A SOLDIER spots the Sliders and moves toward them with aggressive intent -- a clear signal to move on. They do so with little hesitation, and come upon a CROWD --

With startling swiftness, a BLACK SEDAN pulls up and TWO KGB TYPES jump out. An unsuspecting LITTLE OLD LADY is suddenly grabbed by the goons and whisked into the idling vehicle. The burly KGB men slam the doors and the car streaks away.

(X)
(X)
(X)

ARTURO

We've got to find Rembrandt. I don't imagine he went over too big at the ballpark.

QUINN

Yeah, and we can't maroon him here forever. He'll never get home.

Arturo steps over to the street vendor.

ARTURO

(gallows humor)

In the meantime, nothing like a good execution to build up a man's appetite. Would anyone else like a kielbasa?

(X)
(X)

QUINN

How can you eat at a time like this?

ARTURO

My stomach has no political preference. One, please.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

87

VENDOR
Sausage, one dollar.

Wade notices that some in the crowd now seem to be drawn toward her! They are WHISPERING and POINTING... debating something amongst themselves.

Arturo digs for his wallet and pulls out a dollar, handing it to the vendor. The young man is visibly shaken. He quickly pockets the greenback and covertly slips Arturo a proper dollar bill to replace it. Arturo notes that the magenta-colored dollar still has the familiar pyramid and all seeing eye, but it now says "IN THE STATE WE TRUST." And the picture in the bill's center is of Kruschey not Washington.

VENDOR
(to Arturo, hushed)
Be careful, comrade.

(X)
(X)

Arturo frowns uncertainly. Meanwhile, Wade quietly sidles over to her fellow sliders....

(X)
(X)

WADE
(tense)
Guys, guys, guys...

They turn to Wade, who eyes the crowd nervously. They notice it, too -- Wade's presence is causing an uproar. The VENDOR is also visably reacting to her presence...

(X)

QUINN
What's going on?

WADE
It's that damned phone company!

ARTURO
What?

WADE
The phone company! I disobeyed their commands and now they're after me!

Wade starts to move -- the crowd starts to follow. Alarmed and confused, Quinn and Arturo scamper after her.

QUINN
Just stay cool. We'll get out of this... somehow.

They are unexpectedly joined by the Street Vendor.

(X)

VENDOR
Quickly comrades, follow me.

88 OMITTED

88

89 EXT. ANOTHER CITY STREET - NIGHT - THE VENDOR

89

and the Sliders are running full-tilt as they come around the corner. The first of their pursuers appears about forty yards behind, followed by an excited, angry mob.

ARTURO

Talk about reaching out to touch
someone!

The crowd is closing in -- the Sliders hear WHISTLES, BELLS, and voices shouting "There she is!" "It's her, it's Wade Welles!"

90 EXT. NEW CITY STREET - NIGHT - THE VENDOR

90

leads the fleeing Sliders onto another street, having given their pursuers a momentary slip.

VENDOR

(hushed, excited)

Wade Welles.... My god, it is you.

Wade looks to her friends, caught off guard. Quinn sees some of the crowd coming back their way.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

90

VENDOR (CONT'D)
Thank liberty you're still alive.
The Soviets announced your capture
three days ago!

Wade doesn't know how to respond, afraid of a misstep.

VENDOR (CONT'D)
We have to keep moving.

(X)
(X)

ARTURO
(to Wade, quietly)
It seems you're a VIP on this world,
Miss Welles. I suggest you do
nothing to undermine that notion.

91 OMIT

91

92 OMIT

92

93 EXT. DIFFERENT CITY STREET - NIGHT - THE VENDOR

93

looks left and right, making sure no one is watching, then
leads the way across an abandoned parking lot in a rundown
section of waterfront, marked by pro-American graffiti.

The fog is rolling in; FOGHORNS add an eerie touch to the
dilapidated setting as the vendor makes tracks toward a
subterranean staircase.

94 INT. STAIRCASE/TUNNEL - NIGHT - THE VENDOR

94

leads the Sliders down a dank, winding staircase. A single
red light bulb illuminates this claustrophobic concrete square
of a room, casting weird red shadows across the decaying
cement walls. There is nothing in this room and there is no
place to go.

They finally reach rock bottom, four levels below ground.

The vendor turns to Wade.

VENDOR
Feel good to be home, Commander?

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

Wade glances at Quinn and Arturo before answering, with a weak smile and a nod of her head. The vendor touches a crack in the wall -- the wall rotates and opens up to another room. (X) 94

95 OMITTED

96 INT. THE UNDERGROUND LAIR - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS

follow the Vendor into a warehouse lit by lanterns and stacked with multiple crates filled with guns and ammunition. 95

Pieces of surrealistic Americana abound. (X) 96

The Sliders take it all in -- this is an urban guerilla den, loaded with fascinating but unsettling signs of a proud movement struggling to survive. (X)

Soon, a commando unit steps into the flickering light. (X)

WILKINS, the masked leader, with a surrealistic stars and stripes bandana, steps toward the newcomers, a lethal M-16 in hand.

He studies Quinn... Arturo... then stops directly in front of Wade. He stares into her eyes with a powerful look of emotion -- she stares back self-consciously, overwhelmed and intimidated by his intense gaze.

Wade glances at the rifle, then over at Quinn -- fighting an urge to bolt. Wilkins removes the mask, revealing a hard, lean black face, rugged, intelligent, handsome features.

WILKINS
(whispering)

Wade.

CONTINUED

96 CONTINUED

96

Wilkins passionately takes Wade in his arms and plants the kiss of the century on her. Valentino would be proud. Soon, Wade is responding to the kiss -- Quinn and Arturo exchange looks.

(X)

At last Wilkins pulls away, leaving Wade breathless and dazed.

(X)

He turns to her fellow Sliders, speaking in a voice as cool as the iceworld they left behind.

(X)

WILKINS (CONT'D)

Welcome... to The Revolution.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN

97 INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR - MORNING

97

ON QUINN -- wrists bound to an overhead pipe -- his head tilted to one side, barely dozing. He wakes with a start. WE SEE Professor Arturo tied behind him in the same manner.

PAT, a female Asian-American commando, approaches and pulls a HUGE KNIFE, cutting their bonds.

PAT

Wilkins will see you now.

98 INT. LAIR PLANNING ROOM - MORNING - PAT

98

leads them into a small conference room being used as a center of operations, featuring a detailed grid and topographical map of the city.

Wilkins is looking at the map with Wade and DOC, a brilliant, sharp-eyed 38 year-old.

WILKINS

Get any rest, gentlemen?

ARTURO

And how were we supposed to accomplish that?!

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED

98

WILKINS

I understand your resentment, but we had to take precautions. Your appearance here was highly suspicious, to say the least.

DOC

It's not every day someone comes to us claiming to be from a parallel Earth. We had to take precautions.

(X)

Wade crosses to her friends.

WADE

But they believe us now.

ARTURO

(insulted)

Really? Exactly when, Miss Welles, did you become our "resident expert?" Last night they didn't believe a word I said.

DOC

On our world, Commander Wade Welles is a great leader of the revolution.

Her friends look at Wade with surprise and respect. She blushes and looks down shyly.

WADE

Wild, huh?

DOC

The Soviets captured her four days ago. She's being held at the NoCal Federal Penitentiary -- a converted college campus now used solely for high-profile political prisoners...
(arched eyebrows)
...and run by former Professor, now Citizen-General, Maximilian Arturo.

Arturo reddens but tries to spin it to his advantage.

ARTURO

Always a leader of men, no matter what the circumstance.

Doc is studying Arturo carefully, distrustfully. Quinn shifts the focus.

CONTINUED

98 CONTINUED (2)

98

QUINN

What finally convinced you that our
Wade wasn't... well, your, Wade?

WILKINS

Wade Welles is my commanding
officer... and my lover.

Wade looks at Quinn and shrugs, palms up.

WILKINS (CONT'D)

The two may look identical...but I
can surely tell the difference.

99 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - WILKINS AND DOC

99

accompany the Sliders across the vast expanse of their
reclusive hideout. There is activity all around as
underground members clean rifles and stock ammunition. Still,
there seems to be a solemn, somber quality to their movements.

As Wade passes, various rebels nod or salute her way, talking
quietly amongst themselves, visibly excited by her presence.

WILKINS

The rebellion is near defeat. Too
much money and power on the other
side -- too many upstanding citizens
bought off or grown complacent.
Freedom is a forgotten luxury.

ARTURO

Then who are you still fighting for?

DOC

For the idealists who created this
country - and we've been at it a
long time. Wilkins here flew for
the airlines. I was a surgeon.
There's no way to go back to our old
lives.

WILKINS

(nodding)

It's liberty or death. For all of
us.

Quinn is looking at Wade in a new light -- really seeing her
for the first time. He subtly pulls her aside as they
continue on.

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

99

QUINN
 Okay, look. You don't have to answer me, but... what was that all about -- "I can tell the difference?"

She's delighted to hear him sounding almost...jealous.

WADE
 (needling him)
 What do you care? "We're buds," right?

100 INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTER - MORNING - THE SLIDERS

100

are led into a small but busy room where Wilkins and Doc join four of their people. Two headphone-wearing revolutionaries are manning short-wave radios and communicating with guerillas in the field.

There is a large monitor in the corner. Wade moves toward it, intrigued by the bizarre yet eerily familiar media on this Earth. Arturo and Quinn remain by Wilkins and Doc...

ARTURO
 How in God's name did this happen?
 The United States; a conquered nation?

DOC
 It began in the fifties when we lost the Korean War. The Sino/Soviet empire swept the globe. First Indo-China, then Europe, South America... We were economically isolated from the rest of the world. Their assets and technology grew while ours shrank and finally collapsed.

(X)

ARTURO
 The Domino Theory. In practice.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED

100

ARTURO
(to Wilkins and Doc)
In our universe, it's the Soviet
Union that collapsed. The Berlin
Wall was torn down. Communism is
virtually extinct.

Wilkins and Doc exchange looks of hope and disbelief.

WILKINS
Sounds like a dream, doesn't it?

DOC
(wry smile)
We're on the wrong planet.

101 CLOSE ON WADE

101

whose attention is drawn to a bank of television screens.

Most are of a military and radar style. However, one soldier
monitors what looks like a talk show.

He SEES Wade looking over his shoulder and jumps to his feet,
saluting. It's Michael Hurley -- her boss from the computer
store! She smiles at the irony, and looks up at the monitor. (X)

101A OMITTED

101A

101B RAPPER

101B

ON SCREEN: a RAP ARTIST is standing on pallets of grain, outside a grain elevator (shot in typical MTV fashion: quick cuts and jerky hand held camera).

RAPPER

Comrades-Comrades-get-on-down...
Get-that-grain-right-into-town...
Serve-the state-feed-the-people...
The-in-di-vid-u-al-is evil!

Wade looks on, incredulous. The Young Soldier takes the clicker and presses a specific channel.

102 RESUME ON WADE -- COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

102

WADE

This is a joke, right?

HURLEY

This is prime time.

Wade reacts - and changes the channel....

102A OMITTED

102A

102B ON SCREEN:

102B

a powerful face, strong brows, Van Dyke beard. The distinct sound of a ticking clock runs in the background...

CONTINUED

102B CONTINUED

102B

PBS SPOKESMAN

It's pledge week, comrades, on PBS.
So pick up your phone and pledge
your support for public
television.... or else.

(ominous)

We know who you are.

(X)

Wade shakes her head and changes channels...

102C OMITTED

102C

103 ON THE MONITOR

103

BLACK SCREEN/WHITE LETTERS: "Live! From San Francisco, capitol of The Western Sector"...

Wade recognizes the familiar THEME MUSIC of The People's Court as the double doors to a courtroom open and Pavel, the cab driver walks down the aisle...

DOUG LLEWELLEN (O.S.)
This is the plaintiff, Pavel Kurlienko. He says he was shocked when the defendant slipped up and handed him a counterfeit bill.

The doors open again and a confused Rembrandt Brown enters the court!

DOUG LLEWELLEN (O.S.)
(cont'd)
And this is the defendant, alias Rembrandt Brown; accused of showing his true colors in a taxi.

103A COMMUNICATION CENTRE -- ON WADE

103A

her eyes popping out of her head!

WADE
Ohmigod, Quinn -- look! Come here quick!

Quinn and Arturo rush to Wade's side. Quinn SEES Hurley and trades looks with Wade. Apparently, this Hurley isn't quite the jerk he is on their world.

(x

104 ON THE MONITOR -- PEOPLE'S COURT

104

as Rembrandt tentatively approaches the defendant's podium. In classic People's Court style, Rembrandt's name is teletyped over his image, before the camera CUTS TO DOUG LLEWELLEN standing in the back of the half-full spectator area.

DOUG LLEWELLEN (CONT'D)

This is the case of The Rat Caught In the Trap. Now the plaintiff...

(CUT TO PAVEL)

...did his civic duty by heroically detaining his insidious passenger long enough for the authorities to arrive. The defendant...

(CUT TO REMBRANDT)

...dubiously claims that he is not of this Earth and therefore shouldn't be expected to abide by the laws of civilization.

The black-robed magistrate enters the room. COMMISSAR WAPNER takes his seat behind the bench, which is elevated to great height so that he can truly look down on those appearing before him.

WAPNER

You may be seated. I have read your complaint, sir; you say the defendant is a treacherous terrorist pig?

PAVEL

Is true, Commissar Wapner. He give... he give me this.

The cabbie hands the green dollar bill to the bailiff, who in turn gives it to Wapner. The Commissar looks at it with great condemnation before setting contemptuous eyes on Rembrandt...

WAPNER

You know full well this is the trademark of the Underground Resistance. This bill came out of your hand, did it not?

REMRANDT

Look, I can explain!

CONTINUED

104 CONTINUED

104

WAPNER

What possible defense could you have against this?

REMBRANDT

(nervous smile)

Y'see your Honor.... this Earth is not my Earth; you dig? I mean, it looks like it, smells like it, but it is definitely NOT my Earth.

Onlookers titter. Wapner is annoyed. Rembrandt digs deeper.

REMBRANDT

This guy, Q-ball --

WAPNER

-- Q-ball?

REMBRANDT

Right -- he's got this, like, gizmo, which sucked up my Caddie into a worm-hole -- that's this kinda freaked-out limbo land that sits between Earth's One, Two and Three.

(takes a deep breath)

So when we got to Earth Two; this big, albino tornado, man, came hammering down on us --

WAPNER

-- Sir, I've heard enough. Rembrandt Brown, I find you guilty of treason, and hereby sentence you to fifteen years in the Alaskan Gulag, without possibility of parole.

Wapner pounds his gavel. Rembrandt gulps. The studio audience breaks into carefree, enthusiastic APPLAUSE, further horrifying Rembrandt.

105 OMITTED

105.

106 OMITTED

106.

107 OMITTED
108 INT. OUTSIDE COURTROOM

107(
108 (

above them, WE SEE Rembrandt being shackled as he exits the courtroom. Doug Llewellen approaches, sporting a cordial, contented grin.

DOUG LLEWELLEN
The defendant is coming out of the courtroom. Mr. 'Brown,' the Commissar simply didn't believe a word you said. How does that make you feel?

REMBRANDT
How do you think I feel, fool? I am NEVER watching this show again!

DOUG LLEWELLEN
Thank you very much. Officer Burrell has some confessions you must sign.
(turning to camera)
And that will bring this case to a happy conclusion. The litigants for our next case are now entering the courtroom.

109 INT. SMALL UNDERGROUND CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - THE SLIDERS

109

are having a closed-door meeting with Wilkins, Doc and Pat. Quinn is pacing, deep in thought...

(X)

WILKINS
Seems we have a common problem. Your friend and our Commander are being held in the same facility until tomorrow. Commander Welles is about to be shipped to Moscow for a very public execution.

(X)

(X)

QUINN
Then we're gonna have to move quickly.

(X)

WILKINS
What do you have in mind?

QUINN
A raid.

DOC
Look, kid. Don't you think we would've already done that if it were at all possible?

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

QUINN

Yes, but you're forgetting. The
Warden here is on our side.

All eyes turn to Arturo; who doesn't look the least bit
pleased.

110 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

110

as the revolving secret door opens and out bursts Arturo -- dressed as a Soviet General -- with Quinn, Wade, Wilkins and Doc all filing out behind him. (Quinn and Wade have changed into Rebel Commando garb).

ARTURO

(being pushed along)

What if they don't believe me? What if I'm still at work?!

WILKINS

Your double works banker's hours, professor. Just play your part and everything will be fine...

(to Quinn)

I hope.

ARTURO

He "hopes." Some revolution.

111 EXT. WAREHOUSE -- ABOVE REBEL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

111

TWO DOZEN COMMANDOS move rapidly to their designated troop carriers; receiving their weapons and hopping into the back as SERGEANT'S pump them up.

The Sliders and their escorts emerge from their hideout and join the rank and file. Doc leads Wade toward the troop truck -- as Wilkins steers Arturo, Quinn and Pat to the LEAD JEEP.

Arturo settles into the passenger seat; Quinn and Pat hop in back.

ARTURO

I'll have you know, Mr. Mallory, I could be at home, sipping saki and watching Jeopardy.

QUINN

Yeah, I know. It's Tournament of Champions week. I miss it too.

Wilkins slaps a loaded Glock automatic into Quinn's hand.

WILKINS

If they discover he's an imposter, hit the ground running and don't be shy about using this.

Quinn looks at the mean-looking gun in his hand, wondering how he got himself into this deadly mess.

112 ON WADE AND DOC

11

huddled in the back of a troop truck. The former surgeon speaks softly to Wade, his voice betraying a deep-seated concern...

DOC

You do know that if we fail tonight, the entire West Coast uprising will be extinguished. Everything... finished.

Wade glances at the others -- all former civilians turned urban guerillas. She senses what they must be feeling and swallows hard.

WADE

Then we won't fail.

113 EXT. ROAD LEADING UP TO PENITENTIARY - NIGHT

11

A convoy of unmarked jeeps and military trucks approaches the university turned political prison.

114 OMIT

1

115 EXT. GUARD GATE - NIGHT - THE TWO SENTRIES

11

step toward the lead Jeep, rifles at the ready. They frown when they see two troop trucks following right behind.

The first sentry draws his gun and aims it at the Jeep driver... but quickly lowers it in puzzlement when he recognizes Maximilian Arturo, in the passenger seat.

SENTRY

(Russian accent)

Citizen General -- sir, what are you doing here?

Arturo freezes for a moment, like an actor with debilitating stage fright. He finally snaps out of it, recapturing some of his intrinsic arrogance, even though his voice is tight and nervous.

ARTURO

Since when do I have to explain my movements to you, soldier?

SENTRY

My apologies sir... I was just... well, surprised to see you at this hour.

ARTURO

I'll overlook it this time.
(deep breath)
Now... open the gate.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

11

SENTRY

But... what are these trucks doing here? I have no authorization --

ARTURO

-- A surprise defense readiness test -- and of course you wouldn't be told about it! If the revolutionary dogs launched a raid, do you think they'd call you to say they were coming?

Arturo looks to his companions and laughs heartily. They stiffly join in, trying to sound contemptuous and unconcerned. Arturo snaps his gaze back on the unsettled sentry.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

You will open the gate and you will maintain radio silence. There must be no warning to anyone in the main facility. Do you understand?

The sentries are looking at one another, wondering what to do. The first sentry eyes Quinn... Wilkins... Pat...

SENTRY

Understood, sir.

ARTURO

Very well..

SENTRY

But I will need a handprint identification before allowing your team to pass.

Arturo glowers at him.

SENTRY (CONT)

Policy, sir. Your own in fact.

ARTURO

I'm well aware of my own policies, mister!

The sentry snaps off a crisp salute, as a sign of acknowledgement. The second sentry arrives with an object that looks like a lit, horizontal computer screen. Arturo places his hand on it...

SENTRY (CONT'D)

Left hand, sir.

Arturo clears his throat, trying not to show how tensed up and under the gun he feels. He removes his right and places his left hand on the monitor.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED (2)

115

Everyone nervously awaits the results. A COMPUTER VOICE from the scanner is the arbiter...

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Handprint identification complete.
Maximilian Arturo, Citizen General,
People's Army, Western Sector.

Arturo is immensely relieved. He shoots the sentry a haughty look -- the young soldier swallows hard.

SENTRY
Forgive the formality sir, but I was only following --

ARTURO
-- You did a fine job soldier. Tell me your name and I'll see that you're commended.

SENTRY
But... you know my name, sir. Lieutenant Karpov. You selected me for this post.

ARTURO
(laughing it off)
Of course I did, Karpov, it was a joke. You've got learn to relax a little bit.

Karpov offers a feeble chuckle.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
You will ignore all warning bells and alarms triggered by this mock raid. We must do our utmost to conduct the test in as real a manner as possible.

116 OMIT

116

117 OMIT

11

118 EXT. GUARD GATE - NIGHT/SECONDS LATER

118

The gate goes up and the clandestine raiding party passes through, under the wary, watchful eye of the diligent sentry. Once the convoy is gone, the sentry thinks for a moment before reaching for the base phone that hangs on the wall by the sentry post.

MOVE IN ON THE SENTRY as he summons up his courage...

CONTINUED

118 CONTINUED

118

SENTRY (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Put me through to the home of
Citizen General Arturo...

(X)
(X)

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

119 EXT. ENTRANCE TO HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT - ARTURO

11

strides up the stairs of what used to be his university and approaches two armed PRISON GUARDS standing on each side of the double doors. Looking beyond Arturo to where the commandos are jumping out of the truck, they start to raise their rifles...

ARTURO

You're looking at a Court Martial,
soldier, if you raise that weapon.

They parade rest their rifles and salute.

ARTURO

(cont'd)

The interior security of this
building is scheduled for a surprise
inspection; under no circumstances
allow anyone to follow us in. Open
the doors!

The Guards unlock the doors and two TEAMS OF COMMANDOS races in. Taut salutes indicate compliance. Arturo enters the facility; the guards shut the doors and stand ready once again.

120 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - ARTURO AND QUINN

120

look around in wonder at the familiar corridor that used to lead to Arturo's physics classroom. The architecture is the same, but the place now has the feel of a stockade rather than a university.

ARTURO

We used to promote free thinking
in these halls. Now we condemn
it.

(X)

(X)

Wilkins, Doc and several U.S. commandos escort a number of captured, disarmed guards down the hall.

DOC

These boy'll wish they were sent to
Siberia. C'mon, prisoners are being
held over in the Vet Science
Building. Lower levels.

ARTURO

(quietly; to Quinn)

That's where they kept the lab rats!

121 INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT - ON REMBRANDT

121

pacing back and forth in what USED TO BE A DOG RUN which he shares with two downtrodden prisoners: a goateed old man and a nerdish scientist.

A grim-faced GUARD slides a DOG BOWL under the bars.

CONTINUED

121 CONTINUED

12

PRISON GUARD
Food comin' through for the star
from People's Court.

A famished Rembrandt eagerly moves to accept the tray but pulls up short when he sees what's on it: an aged onion and a puny radish.

REMBRANDT
What the hell's this, Dog Chow?

PRISON GUARD
Bon appetite.

The sadistic Guard LAUGHS heartily at Rembrandt's pained expression... but as he turns to go he discovers a rifle pressed against his neck.

PAT
Open the cage.

The surprised Guard does as he's told. Rembrandt spots Arturo and Quinn backing up Pat and pumps his fist in exhilaration at the sight of these familiar faces -- he hugs his fellow Sliders gleefully as he and the other prisoners are set free.

REMBRANDT
Never thought I'd be happy to
seeyou guys! Hey... where's the
girl?

QUINN
She's uh... off looking for herself.

REMBRANDT
Huh?

ARTURO
We'll explain later -- come on.

They move down the chaotic hall -- all around them, the raiders are capturing guards and opening cells, freeing scores of grateful political prisoners.

122 EXT. SENTRY POST - NIGHT - SENTRY KARPOV

hangs up the guard phone and snaps a clip into his rifle.

SENTRY
The Citizen General is home in
bed. Send for reinforcements and
sound the alarm.

123 INT. PRISON/BELOW GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT 123

The last of the prisoners are being freed when A BOOMING KLAXON rhythmically blares across the facility, accompanied by flashing red lights.

DOC

(into walkie talkie)

Trouble -- get those trucks over here now! We're on our way.

(X)
(X)

QUINN

Wait! What about Wade?

DOC

(on the move)

She'll be okay -- she's in the other building with Wilkins.

(X)
(X)

The Sliders react to the sound of GUNFIRE ringing out just outside the building.

124 EXT. FRONT STAIRS - NIGHT - PAT AND HER COMMANDOS 124

are laying down covering fire as Quinn and company join the freed prisoners in a dash for the revving commando trucks.

The first Soviet/government forces haven't had time to fully form yet -- they are being driven back by the scrambling Underground guerilla fighters.

Rembrandt and Arturo dart under a hail of bullets and make it to the cab of a nearby truck. Quinn is a few paces behind, desperately searching through the tumultuous discord for any sign of Wade.

He spots her just as she's fleeing the building with Wilkins; the rebel leader's guns are blazing, the first of the commando trucks is starting to pull away.

Three more commandos, including Pat, turn toward the main building and launch grenades onto its roof. They are well aimed and blow the ceiling off the facility in a fiery crescendo.

Quinn runs back to Wade, taking her by the hand and sprinting toward the cab where Rembrandt and Arturo are already entrenched. The truck is under fire and on the move as they catch up and leap onto the edge of the cab with the help of their Slider friends.

Quinn hangs on tight to Wade, his own body kept from falling off the accelerating vehicle by the strong grip of Rembrandt Brown. Quinn holds Wade to his chest as Soviet bullets riddle the side of the cab --

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

12.

QUINN
(to Wade, above din)
Hold on!! We're almost there!

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED (2)

124

The truck continues to accelerate, blazing past a machine gun nest and crashing through the lowered sentry gate. It careens onto the city street -- nearly tipping over as it turns -- and streaks away, followed by the other commando vehicles.

Quinn can see Wilkins firing from the back of his Jeep as another explosion rocks the former university building, sending a blazing fireball into the heavens.

124A INT. TRUCK -- CLOSE ON QUINN

124

holding Wade tightly so she won't fall; the dark city street flashing by just below their precarious perch on the outside of the cab.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(whispering to her)
We made it. It's over... We can all
try to get home now...

Wade doesn't respond. Quinn pulls back and looks at her face... her eyes are closed... her skin pale and cold to the touch... she is barely breathing. Quinn looks down at the near lifeless body and sees that the back of her shirt is covered in blood. She must've been hit as the truck was pulling away.

Quinn is devastated. He holds her face in his hands and looks for any sign of hope, but the life that once radiated from Wade Welles seems gone. He holds her tight and speaks in A TREMBLING WHISPER...

QUINN (CONT'D)
God, Wade -- no! Don't die on me.
I... I never should've brought you
here... It's my fault... Wade, it's
all my fault...

He holds the back of her head to his chest and closes his eyes in anguish. Then he hears her MOAN...

QUINN
Stop the truck! Stop!

125 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT - DESPITE THE DANGER

125

the truck has pulled to the curb in a residential area. Arturo is frantically applying resuscitation techniques on the fallen Wade, who has been gently placed on the grass in front of a spacious house.

The Professor obviously has a certain amount of medical knowledge and is using it with as much skill as possible to keep Wade alive.

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED

125

Rembrandt and Quinn are on their knees alongside their friends, feeling desperate and helpless.

CONTINUED

125 CONTINUED

125

Rembrandt looks up to see that one of the other trucks has also stopped and Doc is racing back toward them. The medical man quickly assesses the situation and takes over from Arturo...

DOC

Get back! Give me some room!

(X)

Rembrandt gets to his feet and pulls Quinn back with him. They watch with bated breath as Doc explores the wound.

WADE (O.S.)

Quinn?

Quinn thinks he's hallucinating, hearing that voice from behind. He turns, immensely relieved to find Wade -- the identical Wade from our world -- approaching on foot, having stepped out of the back of the truck Doc was riding in.

Quinn surprises Wade by moving to her and hugging her with all his might.

Wade is happy but confused by the raptured greeting Quinn is giving her. Her attention is drawn to the body ten yards ahead, now being surrounded by a throng of sad and obeisant rebels.

Quinn pulls her head back into his shoulders before she can get a clear view...

QUINN

(intense whisper)

Don't look.

WADE

But --

QUINN

-- Trust me. Close your eyes...
I'm gonna get you home.

MOVE IN ON QUINN holding the woman he thought he lost.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

126 EXT. UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT - THE RAIDING TRUCKS

126

have all made it back to the rundown area of town where the Sliders first met them.

127 INT. UNDERGROUND LAIR - NIGHT/LATER - THE UNDERGROUND

127

is bustling with frenetic activity -- the rebels are in the process of hurriedly packing up and moving. In a far corner of the room, Underground Radio is announcing the incredible news of their stunning raid on the political prison.

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED

12

MOVE IN on the back of a rebel radio man, wearing headphones and speaking into the shortwave microphone with the rapid-fire skill of a deejay.

REBEL ANNOUNCER

This is the Voice of America...

KEEP MOVING IN on the back of the Rebel Announcer...

REBEL ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

It's time to wake up, people! The resistance has struck a mortal blow against the powers that be, freeing hundreds of illegally imprisoned patriots and sending a fiery message of defiance to those who've stolen our country.

REVERSE ANGLE to get a look at the Announcer: he has long wavy hair, a three day beard and wears mirrored shades. We recognize the cool, confident voice now... on some other worlds he is known as The Spaceman.

REBEL ANNOUNCER/SPACEMAN (CONT'D)

Don't believe the papers -- don't believe the puppet media drones -- always question authority.

(wry smile)

And remember, Mr. and Mrs. Jones -- you don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows...

PAN AWAY from the Spaceman and into the moving throng of rebel soldiers. A WOMAN'S VOICE comes into the room through a speaker system, urging everyone to be quick and precise in their movements. She reminds them that the Underground must relocate quickly, before stirred-up government troops can follow leads and triangulate this base.

ANGLE ON WADE dressed in their Slider garb again, walking with Doc, Pat and a somber but focused Wilkins, who is attentively supervising his soldiers movements.

DOC

The bullet's lodged against her shoulder blade -- we've stopped the bleeding -- and luckily there's no organ damage. Commander Welles is a very strong woman. We expect a complete recovery.

(X)

Wade's glad to hear it.

CONTINUED

127 CONTINUED (2)

12

PAT

(a smile)

This raid has given us a tremendous shot in the arm. Word will spread across the country; it may give others the spirit to keep fighting.

WILKINS

Thanks to what you've told us of your world, we know they can be defeated. You've given us hope again.

Wilkins leans forward and gently kisses Wade's cheek.

WILKINS (CONT'D)

Good luck. I hope you make it home.

Wilkins and his lieutenants stride away, throwing themselves back into command, barking orders and hurrying up the troops.

Wade is attracted by the barely audible sound of SINGING, coming from somewhere overhead. Curious, she heads in that direction.

128 NEW ANGLE - QUINN AND ARTURO

12

are huddled over the gizmo -- working feverishly with a stream of computations and soldering iron. ✓

ARTURO

Okay, let's close 'er up.

QUINN

I sure hope your computations are correct.

ARTURO

I beg your pardon. You know, Mr. Mallory -- there was an entire life before computers. When we did our work the old fashion way.
(whips out a long, thin object)

Ever seen one of these? It's called a Slide Rule.

QUINN

(laughs)

I'm sorry; I didn't mean to doubt you. So with these settings --

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

128

ARTURO

I believe the odds of getting home
would be better if we returned to
the exact point of arrival.

QUINN

Golden Gate Park.

ARTURO

Precisely.

129 EXT. WAREHOUSE ABOVE TUNNELS - NIGHT

129

Wade recognizes the deep, soulful voice, coming from the far
end of the warehouse -- a makeshift morgue surrounded by a
partition. She moves that way...

REMBRANDT (SINGING O.S.)

... Amazing grace... how sweet the
sound... that saved a wretch like
me.

She quietly opens the curtain. Six bodies, rebels killed in
the raid, are covered in American flags. A few mourners stand
in silent tribute as Rembrandt sings the timeworn hymn
beautifully, with straightforward, heartfelt tenderness.

REMBRANDT (SINGING CONT'D)

... I once was lost... but now I'm
found... Was blind... but now I see.

Tears flow, perfectly meshing with the pain in the singer's
voice.

Quinn and Arturo step in behind Wade. Rembrandt looks up at
them with somber eyes -- even in this world, so far from home,
death is all too real.

130 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - THE FOUR REUNITED SLIDERS

130

move across the city streets, heading back the way they came.
The wind is kicking up and the sidewalks are largely deserted,
giving the cityscape an eerie, forbidding quality.

Rembrandt's voice reverberates from the previous scene...

REMBRANDT (SINGING O.S.)

Through many dangers, toils and
snares... I have already come...
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus
far... and grace will lead me home.

A frustrated Quinn is making adjustments on the gizmo as they
hurry across town -- the gusting wind makes him squint, and
forces him to raise his voice above its roar...

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED

13

QUINN

We have no way to verify the condition of the timer. Assuming the Professor's calculations are correct -- and allowing for minimal deviation --

REMBRANDT

-- Quit talkin' like a brain and say something a normal man can understand. You gonna get us outta here or what?

QUINN

Just keep your fingers crossed.

The Sliders have hurried within a block of Golden Gate Park when a trenchcoated man steps out of the shadows and abruptly blocks their path. The wind is whipping up all around them as the grim stranger shines a flashlight from face to face, getting a good look at the Sliders.

TRENCHCOAT

You're in violation of curfew. Show me your papers; now.

Quinn and Arturo hesitate; Wade is completely exasperated by the delay, her patience shot. She rolls her eyes irritably and steps toward him...

WADE

I don't have time for this!

She shocks her companions by landing a swift kick to the groin -- the security man is wide eyed from the astonishment of being so challenged and doubled over from the effects of her well aimed boot. Rembrandt grins broadly and high five's her.

REMBRANDT

No papers here, Jack. But I'll show you my fingerprints.

Rembrandt throws a clean uppercut that decks the man and sends his flashlight flying. Quinn is looking at Wade, amazed...

QUINN

You're just full of surprises, aren't you.

WADE

Guess my double's shown me my untapped potential.

The Sliders hurry from the scene, heading for the park. The man in the trenchcoat groggily recovers and blows his shrill WHISTLE as loud as he can. The Sliders break into a sprint, looking back over their shoulders with each new step.

131 EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - NIGHT - THE SOUND OF DISTANT

13

whistles fill the air, getting steadily closer, as the out of breath Sliders stop near the statue of Lenin in the midst of the deserted, moonlit park.

QUINN

Here goes nothing.

Quinn activates the gizmo and presses several buttons. Wade crosses her fingers. Nothing happens. The whistle blowers are drawing near. Quinn looks at his friends helplessly... and tries again.

The gizmo finally BEEPS yellow... The gizmo BEEPS red... The smoke ring gate appears with A SUDDEN CRACKLE, blasting them with an electric wind and rotating before them in awesome purple black hues...

VOICES IN THE DISTANCE (O.S.)

There they are!! Get them!!

WADE

Quinn, Quinn, Quinn, Quinn, Quinn,
Quinn...

ARTURO

More power, Mr. Mallory!

(X
(X

Quinn turns up the power, making the gizmo quiver, shake and sizzle. The angry flock of whistle blowers are almost upon the Sliders.

QUINN

Okay, do it!!

One by one the Sliders leap into the void. The first of the whistle blowers arrives just as Quinn vaults headfirst into the shimmering black hole.

The whistle blowers reach the scene one after another... and can only stare in wonder and disbelief at the rotating purple smoke rings. The inhabitants of Soviet America hear a loud sound like a THUNDERCLAP and the smoke ring gateway instantly recedes to the size of a black button... then nothingness.

132 EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - NIGHT - CUT TO THE SAME PARK

13

but devoid of people and activity at this time of day. The wind blows, the air CRACKS, the smoke rings form just above the ground. One by one the Sliders pop out of the black center -- Arturo, Rembrandt, Wade and Quinn land on the soft grass... and the gateway dissipates behind them.

CLOSE ON THE SLIDERS rising slowly, almost afraid to look around after the last two rude awakenings. The park is quiet and well manicured, the night calm and still.

CONTINUED

132 CONTINUED

133

ANGLE FROM BEHIND THE PARK STATUE... it's molded in the figure of a man, and stands just a few yards from where the Sliders reappeared. We see the Sliders approach it cautiously, looking up with a mixture of hope and dread.

Arturo EXHALES and wipes his brow.

ARTURO

Thank you, God.

REVERSE ANGLE to include the front of the statue of... Abraham Lincoln.

The Sliders look to one another hopefully... and then are attracted to the sound of SNORING coming from just beyond Lincoln. They move to find Crazy Kenny lying beside the bushes, sound asleep.

It's the man Quinn is long familiar with -- same ragged beard and dirty clothes, same wacked-out Revolution Now buttons pinned to his grimy, tattered T-shirt.

Quinn is so grateful to find Kenny back in his normal state, he leans over and drops a couple of bills by his knapsack.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(heartfelt half-whisper)

Good to see you again, man.

The optimistic Sliders move on and we see the bills Quinn left behind: a green twenty with Andrew Jackson... and a pink two dollar note featuring Trotsky.

133 EXT. CITY STREET ON OUTSKIRTS OF PARK - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS 133

exit the park, still wary but increasingly optimistic. Everything looks as it should. Arturo raises his arm and achieves success. A cab pulls to the curb.

134 INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT - QUINN JUMPS IN THE FRONT 134

Arturo, Wade and finally Rembrandt climb in the back. As the cab pulls away, Rembrandt SHRIEKS, freaking his friends and making a jumpy Arturo hit his head on the roof.

WADE

What is it, Rembrandt? What's wrong?

Rembrandt points toward the driver with a shaky finger...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE DRIVER... it's Pavel Kurlienko!

REMBRANDT

(tense whisper)

That's the guy that turned me in!!

CONTINUED

134 CONTINUED

13

The others now recognize the plaintiff from the People's Court. Pavel is looking back at the terrified Rembrandt with soft, concerned eyes. He speaks with a moderate accent.

PAVEL

Are you okay, my friend?

REMBRANDT

Don't you know me?

The cabbie's eyes narrow...

PAVEL

Yes...yes! I do know you!

REMBRANDT

(reaching for the door)

Let me out!

PAVEL

Spinning Topps! You is Crying Man, no?

Rembrandt's fear quickly turns to ego. His hand leaves the door handle and he smooths his hair.

REMBRANDT

Why yes, my good fellow. I am The Crying Man.

PAVEL

You great. Have all your record -- big price on black market for Topps..

Rembrandt leans back in his seat and glances at his friends with a confident smile.

REMBRANDT

That settles it. We're home.

135 EXT. QUINN'S STREET - NIGHT - THE CAB

13

approaches Quinn's house.

PAVEL (O.S.)

I am here eight years now and still think I am dreaming. Greatest country on Earth!

The cab stops in front of the Victorian and the Sliders get out. Rembrandt pays the man, throwing in a hefty tip.

PAVEL

Do Svedanya.

CONTINUED

135 CONTINUED

135

REMBRANDT

Arrivederci.

After the happy driver pulls away, the others notice Quinn's guarded expression. He starts walking toward his house; the others follow closely...

QUINN

This gate's been squeaking since I was twelve...

He doesn't have to finish the sentence; all eyes are on the front gate. CLOSE ON QUINN'S HAND as he summons his courage and pushes the gate open...

The gate SQUEAKS.

The happy Sliders hug each other. All except Quinn.

REMBRANDT

(pained)

I'm gonna kill this guy. What now?

Quinn holds up his house key.

QUINN

Will this open the front door?

REMBRANDT

Aw man, don't do this to me!

CUT TO THE KEY smoothly sliding into the lock and turning to the right, successfully opening the door.

136 INT. FOYER - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS - QUINN LEADS THE OTHERS

13

inside and discovers his mother on the stairwell, looking down on the Sliders. For a moment she is eerily still, her expression unreadable. Then she comes to greet them...

MRS. MALLORY

Quinn, oh thank god. I was so worried.

The Sliders exchange looks. She speaks to his friends with the good-natured exasperation of a concerned parent...

MRS. MALLORY (CONT'D)

Honestly, I almost called the police. You spend so much time in that damn basement I never know when you're home or not. Where have you been?

QUINN

It's a long story, mom.

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED

138

MRS. MALLORY

Perhaps you and your friends would care to share it over dinner. I'm making your favorite.

QUINN

Mom... what's my favorite?

Quinn's mom is wondering what's going on, wondering if she's being set up for a joke. She hesitates... The Sliders hold their breath...

MRS. MALLORY

Why, lamb chops and Rice-a-Roni, of course.

REMBRANDT

(worried frown)

Lamb chops and Rice-a-roni? Man, you're weird.

He looks to Quinn, his jaw dropping when he sees the grim, troubled expression on the young man's face.

WADE

Quinn, is that your favorite?

He hangs his head a little and doesn't answer... his friends are dying with every silent second.

MOVE IN ON QUINN as he slowly raises his head, breaks into a big grin and winks at Wade...

QUINN

We're back.

The Sliders explode with joy. Rembrandt throws up his hands as if celebrating a touchdown and hugs Arturo, practically squeezing the life out of him -- Wade throws herself into Quinn's arms and they hold each other like never before.

ANGLE ON MRS. MALLORY trying to understand their bizarre, overemotional reactions.

MRS. MALLORY

Good thing I didn't mention dessert.

137 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - PAN THE TABLE

139

where the happy Sliders are filling their plates, buffet-style. Mrs. Mallory enters with a basket of hot rolls.

ARTURO

Quinn, your mother's an angel.

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED

13

REMBRANDT

Yeah, and the best cook in the world
-- least the ones I've been to.

QUINN

So... where are we going tomorrow?
(off their LOOKS)
Just kidding.

WADE

Hey, Crying' Man. D'you ever think
about singing Gospel?

REMBRANDT

Girl, I haven't sung like that in
twenty years. Maybe I still do in
some places.

(X

QUINN

What do you think we should do with
this thing?

(X

ARTURO

Well, philosophy's never been my
strong suit. But, I'll tell you
this... Einstein always regreted
giving the world atomic energy. As
Oppenheimer said; "I have become
God. A destroyer of worlds."

QUINN

But think of the benefits. Some
Earth's are bound to have outlawed
war or cured cancer.

(X

ARTURO

Yes, and some may have perfected war
and created new cancers.

WADE

Maybe that's why we should keep it
a secret. If I found a place that
was paradise, I don't think I would
tell anybody.

The table falls silent as each Slider considers Wade's wisdom.
Quinn raises his glass.

QUINN

Well, I'd like to propose a toast;
to wherever you live....

REMBRANDT

...and whatever your struggle.

(X

(X

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED (2)

11

WADE
To the Revolution.

(2)
(2)

ARTURO
To the end of a journey.

(2)
(2)

They all lift their glasses.

REMBRANDT
Amen.

(2)

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED (2)

137

They all lift their glasses.

REMBRANDT
Amen. To home!

CONTINUED

137 CONTINUED (4)

137

The four Sliders click glasses... and share a quiet, satisfying moment of thanks.

MRS. MALLORY

Oh, I forgot napkins.

QUINN

I'll get 'em.

138 ON QUINN

138

as he moves into the kitchen and catches a quick glimpse of the photo on the fridge (it's the same one as at the beginning of our show). Quinn smiles, turns and SEES something in the doorway that makes him drop his wine. GLASS SHATTERS! All heads turn -- to SEE Quinn staring, wide-eyed in disbelief.

139 ANGLE - A WHITE-HAIRED MAN

139

stands in the kitchen with a briefcase and an overcoat.

WHITE-HAIRED MAN

Hey, did I miss anything?

The room is silent. Quinn's throat is dry as a bone -- the words come out in a hollow half-whisper...

QUINN

Hello, Dad.

WADE

(quietly shocked)

But isn't he... supposed...

Quinn nods, never taking his eyes off this older version of the father he lost fourteen years ago.

MICHAEL MALLORY

What's the matter, son? You look like you've seen a ghost.

FLASHCUT TO: Rembrandt, Wade and Quinn as each freezes, their minds racing around the same shocking facts.

They must slide again.

They're still not home.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END

