

"GENIUS"

Teaser

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Quinn, Wade and Rembrandt are seated around a table with an umbrella through the middle. They look out, wistfully at the view. The timer is on the table, counting down.

REMBRANDT

I'm sure gonna miss this world.

QUINN

Tell me about it. How could we ever replace the services of Professor Arturo?

(then, to Wade)

Can't you make him bet you again?

WADE

Somehow, I doubt he'd take it.

(then, calling)

Boy! Hurry up with our drinks. We have to leave soon.

ARTURO

Carrying a small tray with four tall drinks on it, trudges carefully across the sand towards them.

WADE

(playfully)

Good. You remembered to bring one for yourself.

ARTURO

Yes, Miss Welles. Thank you. It was most kind of you to include me.

(he distributes the drinks, then to Wade)

May I sit?

Wade waves her arm in a regal gesture. Arturo drops the tray and plops into a seat.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

(eager)

How much time?

QUINN

(checks the timer)

About three minutes.

ARTURO

Thank God.

QUINN

(raises his glass)

A toast! To Wade, for treating us
to this lovely beach resort complete
with personal manservant.

He indicates Arturo, who curls his lip a bit. Everyone
stands, clinks glasses and drinks.

ARTURO

I may be alone in this sentiment,
but I am quite happy to be departing
this world.

With that, Quinn points the timer and opens the vortex.
Rembrandt finishes his drink, sighs deeply and steps in.

Wade steps up, turns to the professor, and waves a regal
hand.

WADE

You have honored your commitments
well. I declare you free.

She laughs and jumps into the void.

ARTURO

Thank you, Ms. Abraham Lincoln.

Quinn chuckles and steps through the gate. Arturo takes one
last look around, as though seeing it for the first time.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Under other circumstances...

(beat)

I'd still hate you.

He leaps into the void.

CUT TO:

EXT. A RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS

emerge from the vortex, check themselves out first, then the
neighborhood.

REMBRANDT

How much time we have on this one, Q
Ball?

QUINN

A little more than 13 days.

ARTURO
 (displeased)
Thirteen days?

WADE
 What's wrong with that? Don't tell
 me you're superstitious.

ARTURO
 It so happens I've made a statistical
 analysis of the number 13 based on
 objective empirical data -- and it
is unlucky.

QUINN
 Well, we're only a block from my
 house...much closer than usual to
 our geographical point of origin. I
 don't think that's unlucky at all.

REMBRANDT
 Don't start. I'm not getting my
 hopes up again.

QUINN
 All we have to do is look in my
 basement to find out.

The sliders exchange a look. Dare they hope?

They start walking, in a hurry. They soon pass

A TEENAGE HEADBANGER

carrying a BOOM BOX with CLASSICAL MUSIC blasting out of it.

REMBRANDT
 (off the music)
 This ain't our world.

WADE
 (more hope than
 conviction)
 It could be!

EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY

The sliders arrive, look around. The first thing they notice
 is a plaque attached to the fence or mailbox.

WADE
 (reading)
 "Quinn Mallory lived here."

The sliders exchange a look - how to interpret this?

QUINN

My mom might've done that...

He tries the gate. It squeaks... this is very positive.

QUINN (CONT'D)

I still have my back door key.

The hurry around to

THE BACK DOOR

Quinn slides his key into the lock, looks at the others -- turns it.

QUINN

(excited)

It works!

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - DARK

The door opens at the top of the stairs -- back lighting the sliders as they hurry down the steps.

REMBRANDT

(fervent)

Oh, please...Please, let me see that sliding machine!

QUINN

I thought you weren't getting your hopes up...

Click -- a light switches on - revealing the sliders' devastated reaction.

REMBRANDT

Damn!

REVERSE ANGLE - WHAT THEY SEE - THE BASEMENT

has no sliding machinery. It is filled with trophies of all shapes and sizes.

ARTURO

I told you 13 was unlucky.

They move into the room. Rembrandt picks up one that is particularly distinctive.

REMBRANDT

(totally impressed)

Hey, man! You won the Heisman Trophy!

The sliders react, astonished. Arturo comes for a closer look -- reacts, appalled.

ARTURO
Good Lord!

WADE
What's the matter?

ARTURO
(pointing at the trophy)
That's not a football he's carrying,
it's a brain!

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - DAY

The sliders move through the multitude of trophies reading the plaques at their base.

QUINN

"Most Valuable Player, California High School Physics Championships?"

WADE

"People's Choice Award, College Physicist of the Year."

ARTURO

"T.V. Guide Award, Television's Most Popular Physicist???" It would appear that on this world academics are valued in the way that sports are valued on ours. Very sensible, I must say.

Quinn, rummaging in a corner, has found a stack of magazines, all with him on the cover.

QUINN

Look at this. I'm on the cover of Time, Newsweek, Academics Illustrated, Science World...I'm like...really famous!

(then, finding another)

Hey. Wait a minute. Look at this one.

He holds it up for the others to see. It a "Newsweek" featuring a picture of Quinn and Arturo, with a big caption: "MISSING" Quinn starts rifling through it.

WADE

Maybe they slid...

ARTURO

This world certainly would have all the necessary components.

REMBRANDT

Hey! Maybe this is your video log!

Rembrandt has found a videotape recorder and a t.v.. Quinn runs over to it and turns it on.

ON THE T.V. - EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - SLOW MOTION

of several fans bundled up against the cold - huge (SLOW MOTION) clouds of breath coming out of their mouths. Some wear parkas and ski masks, others have a more collegiate appearance.

An {NFL FILMS THEME}, featuring bold kettle drums and muted trumpets, plays as a familiar, deep voiced, NFL Films NARRATOR speaks...

NARRATOR (O.S.)

The legend began here...under a slate gray sky on a wintry day, in the city by the Golden Gate.

ANGLE - DOWN A LINE OF MEN'S FACES - EYES SET, DETERMINED

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Eleven battle-hardened goliaths stood resolute, committed to a single goal -- to face the challenge of a young titan, and destroy him.

CUT TO AN 8 YEAR OLD QUINN MALLORY, APPROACHING IN SLO-MO. HE'S DRESSED IN JEANS AND A 49ERS JERSEY - WITH THE NUMBER 16 ON IT. IT'S WAY TOO BIG FOR HIM.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Quinn Mallory strode into the fray like Xerxes sacking Persia in 263 B.C..

Shots of the crowd, on its feet in anticipation, cheering in SLO-MO - some wearing cardigans, others football jerseys, in support of their favorite.

CLOSE ON A REFEREE checking his watch and then blowing a WHISTLE, signifying the start of the game.

ANGLE - DOWN THE LINE OF THE ELEVEN HARDENED FACES - as one, they look down.

CRANE DOWN TO REVEAL A LONG TABLE IN FRONT OF THEM. ON THE TABLE - ELEVEN CHESSBOARDS.

NEW ANGLE - YOUNG QUINN

starts at one end of the table, moves a piece on the first board, then the second, then the third, and so on.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Young Mallory started fast, rocking his opponents with a series of daring pawn strikes.

DISSOLVES - QUINN'S OPPONENTS - SHOW THE PRESSURE, THE STRAIN OF TRYING TO COMPETE WITH THE YOUNG MASTER. SOME SHAKE THEIR HEADS, POUND THEIR FOREHEADS, MASSAGE THEIR TEMPLES, ETC.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

They countered with a fierce barrage leveled by knights, bishops, rooks and queens. But Mallory withstood them all.

DISSOLVES - MACRO CLOSE UPS - BLACK KINGS being turned on their side - one by one in SLO-MO.

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

In the end, there was only one king standing...Quinn Mallory. Auspicious as this debut was, it was only a prelude to the feats Mallory would perform at "Mindgame." For in this new...

WADE (O.S.)

(interrupting loudly)

Turn it off! Turn it off! I found something!

ANGLE - WADE

as Quinn shuts off the tape. She holds up a leather bound book.

WADE

(to Quinn)

It's your diary!

QUINN

Journal.

WADE

Whatever. Listen. "Our grant was finally approved today. We have to keep our work a secret, but Professor Arturo and I will get the chance to prove my theory. If it works, we'll be able to visit other dimensions, parallel earths..." Guys, there is sliding equipment on this world!!!

REMBRANDT

That's it. We've got it made in the shade. The machine's here, all we got to do is find it.

ARTURO

That won't be easy if they had to keep their work a secret. The equipment could be anywhere - under lock and key.

WADE

Yeah, but as far as anyone here knows, you guys are the inventors. If you show up and want access, they'd have to give it to you.

QUINN

(leery)

I don't know. We'd have to step into the lives of our doubles here and we don't know anything about them.

WADE

(picks up a magazine)

So, read about yourselves. It's probably all here.

(off their uncertain looks)

You gotta do this, guys! It's our best shot yet to get home.

Quinn and Arturo exchange a look. What choice do they have?

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL 12 ROOM - NIGHT

The sliders are all seated around the table, reading magazine articles. There's a stack of magazines on the floor. Wade tosses hers onto the pile.

WADE

(frustrated)

I can't believe it. Even People magazine doesn't have any personal information on you. It's all about your work and your accomplishments. Who cares about that?

ARTURO

In an academically oriented society, that's all they would care about.

QUINN

Well, if we're gonna try to be these guys, we have precious little to go on.

REMBRANDT

What're you sayin'? You are these guys. You know all the stuff they know.

QUINN

But we don't know any of the personal things.

REMBRANDT

The professor just said no one cares about the personal stuff on this world. Hell, if someone doesn't believe you, let 'em fingerprint you.

Quinn and Arturo exchange a look. They can't get out of this.

ARTURO

Well, we do know where I teach. I'm certainly capable of conducting any of the classes my alter ego taught and I should still have an office at the school.

QUINN

And I know some of the guys on my physics team. I guess we could try and wing it.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - DAY - QUINN AND ARTURO

hurry through the relatively empty halls, but every student or teacher that they pass gapes at them in shock and wonder. Professor Myman, clearly a colleague, can scarcely believe his eyes and comes over to join them.

PROFESSOR MYMAN

Professor Arturo! When did you get back? And Quinn Mallory! I'm surprised your return wasn't on the news.

ARTURO

Yes...Well, we're not quite ready to make a public announcement yet. Actually, I was just hoping to stop in at my office.

The professor is confused. He points down the hall in the direction Quinn and Arturo have just come from.

PROFESSOR MYMAN

But your office is back there...

ARTURO
That's the Chairman's office.

PROFESSOR MYMAN
You're still the chairman.

ARTURO
(shocked, pleased)
I am?

PROFESSOR MYMAN
Of course. Professor Wertz wouldn't dare try to move in there while you were on sabbatical. But now that you're back, you'd better watch your back -- if you know what I mean.

ARTURO
Yes. Yes, thank you. Please excuse us.

He takes Quinn and hurries to

INT. CHAIRMAN ARTURO'S OUTER OFFICE

There's an assistant, Lydia, at a desk in the outer office. She's about 55, and has seen a lot of chairmen come and go. She quickly shoves her knitting under her desk and jumps to her feet in shock at the sight of Arturo.

LYDIA
Professor Arturo! You're back! No one told me...

Arturo recognizes her, but can't remember her name.

ARTURO
Yes... It was a...a rather sudden decision.

LYDIA
Everyone's been wondering about you...How are you?

ARTURO
The same as ever. Please excuse us...

He goes to turn the handle on his office door. It's locked. He turns to Lydia.

LYDIA
(off his look)
Here, I'll get it.

She opens her desk drawer, pulls out a key and opens Arturo's door. Arturo and Quinn go inside and close the door.

INT. CHAIRMAN ARTURO'S INNER OFFICE

Arturo is not prepared for the sight of "his" office. It's very luxurious, befitting a celebrity academic on a world that reveres intellect.

There are framed posters on the wall: a Sands Hotel "one sheet" that reads, "In the Main Showroom - Maximilian Arturo Lectures Live!" the second from the New York Metropolitan Opera - "Arturo Live, The Algebraic Variations Tour." Pictures: Arturo as a guest host on Saturday Night Live, a young Arturo playing golf with Dwight Eisenhower.

Arturo takes it all in, enjoying "his" status to the hilt.

ARTURO

There is something to this world.
This is a world with its priorities
in order.

QUINN

Don't get too attached to it. We're
leaving in 12 days -- hopefully less.

Arturo nods curtly, hurries to his desk and begins going through drawers. Quinn looks through file cabinets. Arturo finds a significant piece of paper.

ARTURO

Here's something with my address and
phone number.

QUINN

Call it. Make sure it's current.

Arturo dials the phone.

WOMAN'S VOICE/LEONA

(through phone)
Hello?

Arturo reacts, confused.

ARTURO

Is this Maximilian Arturo's residence?

WOMAN'S VOICE/LEONA

Max! Where are you?

Arturo hangs up.

ARTURO

There's a woman in my house!

QUINN

She might know where the sliding
machinery is.

ARTURO

She might also have a lot of questions that I can't possibly answer. I think I'd better stay away from her.

The phone rings. Arturo picks it up before thinking.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE/LEONA

(through phone)

So! You are back!

Arturo slams the phone down. Gets up.

ARTURO

We'd better get out of here.

QUINN

I should talk to coach Almquist. Maybe he knows something.

As they walk out the door, they walk right into professor Myman.

PROFESSOR MYMAN

It's all set.

ARTURO

What's all set?

PROFESSOR MYMAN

You're going to guest lecture in my quantum physics 214 class in twenty minutes. You should have seen Wertz' face when I told him.

ARTURO

I don't want to guest lecture today.

PROFESSOR MYMAN

But you have to. It's already been announced. I know I shouldn't have trapped you like this, but I couldn't resist being the first. And you do owe me one...

Obviously, Arturo has no idea what he owes.

ARTURO

(resigned)

Ah, yes...I suppose I do.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - DAY - COACH ALMQUIST

He's thin, old and frail but he's tough as hell. No one on the team would dare say a cross word to him. He watches, flinty eyed, as his team goes through warm up calisthenics.

COACH ALMQUIST

Sound mind, sound body. Keep it going. I want to see you sweat. You haven't been using your damn brains, so you damn well better show some heart! Hit the stands!

The team starts running up the steps of the stands. At the top row of seats, the players run across to the next aisle to dome down the steps there. As they do, members of the second team start throwing volleyballs at them while:

COACH ALMQUIST (CONT'D)

Elementary particles. Go!

WILSON

Repton!

He now runs across the floor and back up the first stairs.

WING

Electron!

He follows Wilson, the line continues in the circle.

CHANEY

Meson!

VICTOR

Muon!

BOYER

Kaon!

Wilson has not yet made it across the top of the stands for the second run.

WILSON

Neutrino!

The coach blows his whistle. The action stops.

COACH ALMQUIST

Wilson! You see what I mean? Where the hell's your concentration...

ANGLE - A DOOR

It opens and Quinn cautiously enters the gym.

COACH ALMQUIST (O.S.)
 ...You're supposed to be coming down
 the steps before you answer. You
 have to be dodging the balls. That's
 the whole point!

WILSON

has the look and attitude of a young George Will.

WILSON
 Yes, but it's really not necessary
 that it be the whole point. In
 actuality...

COACH ALMQUIST
 (interrupting)
 Shut up, Wilson. Save it for when
 you turn pro. They take that kind
 of crap. I don't.

Boyer spots Quinn and reacts, stunned.

COACH ALMQUIST (CONT'D)
 What's your problem, Boyer?

BOYER
 (pointing)
 It's Quinn...

Now the other players see him. They gape. It's too good to
 be true.

COACH ALMQUIST
 (disbelieving)
 Mallory? Who're you trying to...
 (he turns, sees Quinn)
 Mallory! You son of a bitch! I
 oughta wring your neck! I bend the
 rules for you till they look like a
 pretzel, then you just disappear...

QUINN

is tremendously uncomfortable.

QUINN
 I'm sorry, Coach. Can I maybe talk
 to you in private?

COACH ALMQUIST
 I need every minute I got to get
 these lunkheads ready for Stanford.

Quinn reacts - what to do? He starts to leave. Almquist
 changes his mind, fast.

COACH ALMQUIST (CONT'D)

But you're back, and you're gonna be
captain of these lunks again, right?

(before Quinn can say
no)

Right. So I guess I better make
some time for you.

(to the team)

Take five, boys, while I have a little
chat with your captain.

He hurries towards Quinn as fast as his gnarled old legs
will take him.

The team quickly coalesces into small groups of excited
players, buzzing about the return of Quinn, everybody's all
America. They're totally reenergized. Except for

WILSON

who looks pissed off. Victor notices, elbows Boyer.

VICTOR

Our new ex-captain seems displeased.

BOYER

How would you feel if you could've
been a first round draft pick and
Mallory waltzed back in out of nowhere
and took your spot? Wilson just saw
a few million bucks go bye-bye.

CUT TO:

INT. LECTURE HALL - ARTURO

stands before a room crammed with adoring students. They
gape at him, moon faced, slack-jawed, hanging on his every
word. He eats it up.

ARTURO

Proving that these other dimensions
aren't flat, however, is a daunting
mathematical task, and it may be up
to the Columbus of our time to prove
this theory empirically rather than
mathematically...

ANGLE - A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

leaning against the classroom wall. She's older than most
of the other students, better dressed. She watches the
professor with catlike inscrutability.

ARTURO

notices her, and she unnerves him. It is a struggle for him to keep his eyes off her and focus on his lecture.

ARTURO

So...you can see...String Theory has several faults...Not that it is likely to fall into complete disrepute...In fact, it can remain almost intact...just a few mathematical revisions here and there...

ON THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN'S CLEAVAGE - ARTURO'S POV

ARTURO (O.S.)

...to explain why certain dimensions are larger than others...

The woman doesn't seem to mind. She smiles at him.

ARTURO

has forgotten where he is, what he's doing. He's on automatic pilot.

ARTURO

When we meet again, I will discuss why real time is actually imaginary time, and imaginary time is really real time.

The class "ooohs" with delight. The BELL RINGS, scaring Arturo. The class rises as one to give him a standing ovation.

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

takes some papers out of her briefcase and approaches Arturo. She waits politely for the applause to die down and the rest of the class to start to leave. Arturo, utterly enchanted with the response to his lecture, turns to the woman, eager to see what new delight she will present.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(suggestively)

You've been a naughty, naughty boy.

ARTURO

(eagerly)

I have?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Oh, yes. You've been playing hard to get.

ARTURO

Not anymore, I assure you.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

(whispers in his ear)

I know. I'm a process server.

She hands Arturo her papers. He looks at them, confused.

ARTURO

What's this?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Service with a smile. Your wife's
suing you for divorce.

Off Arturo's shattered reaction

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL 12 - SLIDERS ROOM - MORNING

Wade, in her "nightgown" -- an oversized "California University" T-shirt -- pounds on the bathroom door.

WADE

Hey! If you use up all the hot water again I'm gonna kill you! You hear me, Mr. Superstar?

No response from behind the door except the continuing SOUND of a SHOWER. Wade steams.

Arturo is rushing to get dressed. He's looking for his pants, which happen to be on the chair that Rembrandt is sitting in.

ARTURO

Life is cruel! The moment I learn I have a wife I'm being sued for divorce. I can't believe I have to go through this again.

REMBRANDT

(surprised)

You were married?

ARTURO

(with feeling)

Oh yes. She pillaged my life, laid waste to everything she touched. And I'd have her back in an instant.

(beat)

And now this! It's so typical.

Rembrandt and Wade exchange a confused look.

WADE

What's so typical?

ARTURO

It's typical that this woman, my "wife" as it were, would have the gall to claim she co-authored my textbooks!

REMBRANDT

They're not your textbooks, Professor. And it's not your fight.

ARTURO

It's my fight now!
(MORE)

ARTURO (CONT'D)

I cannot allow this woman to do --
to whomever -- what my wife did.

WADE

How do you know she didn't help write
the books?

ARTURO

Because no Maximilian Arturo would
need such help.

Rembrandt gets up, revealing the pants. Wade gets them and
hands them to Arturo during:

REMBRANDT

So what? You gotta let go of this.
Concentrate on finding the sliding
machine. That's all that matters.

Arturo reacts to his horribly wrinkled pants.

ARTURO

Good Lord! They look like a
rhinoceros hide.

He puts them on a hanger and opens the bathroom door. A
huge CLOUD OF STEAM escapes. Wade reacts, steamed.

WADE

(calling into bathroom)
You're history, Mallory!

Arturo hangs the pants on a hook just inside the bathroom,
then closes the door again.

ARTURO

(to Rembrandt)
Perhaps you're right. If possible,
I'll get them to delay the legal
proceedings until after we slide.

WADE

(pounds on the bathroom
door again)
Quinn!

ARTURO

Let him be. The opening round of
the NCAA Championship in physics is
today. He's probably trying to
concentrate on his game.

Rembrandt reacts, intrigued.

REMBRANDT

This NCAA Championship...Would that be anything like the March Madness back home?

(then, deciding)

Wade, how much money you got left from your fancy job on bossy female world?

WADE

(suspicious)

Why?

REMBRANDT

'Cause Quinn's like the Shaquille O'Neal of his team and he's been missing. If they have bookies here, and the bookies don't know Quinn's back yet, we could get some killer odds on the game today.

WADE

You want to bet my money?

REMBRANDT

Hey, so far the professor doesn't have a clue where the sliding machine is. If we win enough money, maybe we can buy the stuff Q-ball needs to build another one.

Wade and Arturo exchange a look. It seems like a good idea.

WADE

I still have about twelve hundred dollars. I guess we could risk a thousand of it--so long as we win.

REMBRANDT

We should bet it all. This is the only chance we'll get at the big odds.

WADE

How big?

CUT TO:

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Eleven to one.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - WADE AND REMBRANDT IN

INT. JIMMY FOUNTAIN'S BOOKIE PARLOR - DAY

It's like any "sports book" establishment, with numerous t.v. monitors, comfortable seating, waitress service, and a collection of gambler types hanging out.

Rembrandt forks over a wad of bills.

REMBRANDT

Twelve hundred and forty one dollars
on Cal U.

Jimmy takes the money and writes them a marker.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Nil desperandum.

REMBRANDT

(taking the marker)
What's that mean?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Never say die.

As they move away from Jimmy, towards the seating area.

WADE

(giddy with excitement)
He's in for a surprise, isn't he?

Rembrandt shushes her, but it's too late. Jimmy reacts, exchanges a look with a nearby henchman.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

What do you think they know?

The henchman shrugs.

REMBRANDT AND WADE

have a seat. Rembrandt points to one of the t.v. monitors.

REMBRANDT

Chess matches in a bookie joint.
Never thought I'd see that.

ANOTHER (BIG SCREEN) T.V. MONITOR - A COMMERCIAL A TITLE ON BLACK: "TODAY'S GAME IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:"

A SEPARATE TITLE: The Nike logo.

CUT TO: INT. A RICHLY APPOINTED OFFICE (ARTURO OFFICE REDRESS)

A HAND HELD CAMERA explores the office in rapid sweeps and stops.

It FINDS TWO NIKE-CLAD FEET propped up on the desk, follows the legs to find ALBERT EINSTEIN leaning back in a chair, a thoughtful expression on his face.

FADE UP TITLE: "Just think it."

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - OVERLOOKING A HARDWOOD FLOOR

with a 36 foot square "court" laid out on it. The court has a thick line down the middle that divides it in half. Each half is divided into 6 foot by 6 foot sequentially numbered squares: 1-18 on one side of the mid-court line, and 19-36 on the other. Finally, a 6 foot in diameter circle is drawn in the very center of the court.

Seated in the broadcast booth are two famous announcers. A PLAY BY PLAY guy and a COLOR commentator. Behind them, the PLAYERS come out on the floor and start to stretch and warm up. As the FANS start to notice Quinn, the NOISE LEVEL RISES.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY

Well, this is the game we've been waiting for. The first real test of how Cal. U. can hold up in this tournament without their all American, all everything, Quinn Mallory.

COLOR GUY

Wow. It sounds like the finals down there already - and this is just the quarter finals.

(then, looking at his monitor, stunned)

Holy cow! Do you see what I see?

SWITCH TO - LONG SHOT - THE PLAYERS

The color guy's "tele-strator" draws a circle around Quinn.

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

That's Quinn Mallory down there!

INTERCUT - WADE JUMPING UP AND DOWN AND CLAPPING - JIMMY FOUNTAIN PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

How the heck did that happen?

PLAY BY PLAY GUY

Dick Cavett is court side, let's see if he can talk to the coach.

SWITCH TO - THE SIDELINES

Dick Cavett approaches Coach Almquist.

DICK CAVETT

Coach, I know this is not the best of times to disturb you, and I don't mean to distract your focus from the big game, but shouldn't you be applying some sort of sanctions against Mallory in light of his unexplained absence?

COACH ALMQUIST

No comment, Dick. He said he had a good reason and I took him at his word.

SWITCH TO - THE PLAYERS - TAKING OFF THEIR WARM-UP SUITS

Cal.'s jerseys are WHITE, Stanford's are RED. While the players undress:

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

Times have sure changed, haven't they? Twenty years ago, a guy disappears for 3 months, he's off the team. No question. But now, there's so much money involved, they coddle their players as much as the pros.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY

Here comes the ref for the drop.

SWITCH TO - CENTER COURT - THE REF - EIGHT PLAYERS

Quinn, Wing, Boyer and Victor (for Cal) take their positions along one side of the center circle. Conrad Bennish and Stanford Players 2, 3 and 4 line up on the opposite side of the mid-line. Each player now carries a small REMOTE CONTROL BOX. The ref could well be Richard Dawson.

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

This drop is crucial for Cal. They can't afford to let Stanford, with all that speed, have first run. So they really have to make sure that feather falls in the Stanford zone.

INTERCUT - REMBRANDT AND WADE - WATCHING

WADE

What feather?

Rembrandt shakes his head and shrugs.

ON THE T.V. - THE GAME BEGINS

as A LONG TUBE lowers down from above the center circle. At the end of the tube is a FEATHER, which is DROPPED when it's

about 8 feet high. The players all frantically try to blow the feather into the opposing team's court while:

THE REF

Name a characteristic of Relativity.

The players all hit buttons on their remote controls, but only Quinn's lights up, so presumably he was fastest. Meanwhile, they're all still blowing and the feather is getting lower.

THE REF (CONT'D)

Mr. Mallory.

As Quinn speaks, Bennish jumps up in the air and blows the feather down right at Quinn. His teammates dive to the floor trying to blow it back across the line, but they can't get to it fast enough. It touches down on the Cal side.

QUINN

No absolute time.

THE REF

Survey of top 100 physicists said:

ON THE SCOREBOARD - A DISPLAY LIGHTS UP THAT READS:

"No Absolute Time - 71" A BELL RINGS as the Cal score goes from 0 to 7.1

WADE AND REMBRANDT EXCHANGE A LOOK - "HUH?"

BACK TO THE GAME

The ref uses football-like officiating signals to punctuate:

THE REF

"White" gets the points. "Red" wins the drop and has "first run."

The Stanford players high five exuberantly.

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

It's too early for that kind of celebrating. Cal's defense is just too strong...

Stanford player #2, Weiss, who shares square 22 with Bennish, darts into square 17. Quinn, confused, looks to coach Almquist, who angrily points emphatically to Boyer. Quinn taps his remote and Boyer's remote lights up.

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

Boy! Mallory looks very tentative. This doesn't bode well for Cal.

Boyer works his remote control while:

THE REF

Remember, you must lock in your hazard
before you psych.

BOYER

Locked.

THE REF

Your psych, please.

BOYER

(to Weiss)

So you're are getting married. Does
your fiance know about you and Gary,
or did you think you could keep that
a secret?

Weiss blanches. At the same time Boyer hits a button on his
remote. A HEAVY METAL CYLINDER, 2 feet in diameter, suddenly
rolls across the court right at Weiss, as:

THE REF

Properties of a perfect reflector:

Weiss has to jump over the cylinder as he answers:

WEISS

(distracted)

Non-visible radiation.

THE REF

Survey said:

INSERT - SCOREBOARD

A BUZZER SOUNDS as a big "X" goes over the words "Non-visible
Radiation." The Stanford score remains zero.

A GRAPHIC shows the "square possessions" still evenly divided.
Squares 1 through 18 are shown in white, 19 through 36 in
red.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY

Great defense! So California holds
on to square 17 for now.

BACK TO THE GAME

The ref uses the football signal for "first down."

THE REF

"White" runs.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY (O.S.)

How about Boyer's psych? Terrific
research!

WADE AND REMBRANDT

WADE
I don't get this "psych" thing.

REMBRANDT
(this he knows)
It's a psych. You know...a psych!

She looks at him, totally uncomprehending.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Like this. Shake.

He sticks his hand out. As Wade reaches to shake it, he pulls it away, thumb up.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Psych!!!

Wade reacts, offended by the childishness of the concept.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOOKIE PARLOR - LATER - WADE AND REMBRANDT

are cringing in horror as they watch, while over:

COLOR GUY (O.S.)
See, that's bad strategy. You got the guy all sticky from the slime drop, why go for the high pressure hose? I mean, you're just washing him off.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY (O.S.)
He was probably trying to short out Bennish's controller.

COLOR GUY (O.S.)
Well, sure. But Bennish's hands are way too fast for that.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOOKIE PARLOR - LATER - TRACK PAST WADE AND REMBRANDT

and all the patrons in the joint. They're all on the edge of their seats, while:

PLAY BY PLAY GUY (O.S.)
So it all comes down to the last square. Mallory trying to pull off the miracle against Bennish.

COLOR GUY (O.S.)
 It really would be a miracle, too,
 because so far today Bennish has
 totally dominated this match up...

ANGLE - THE BIG SCREEN T.V.

The squares on the floor are now all lit up in either red or white, except for square 31, where Quinn stands. Bennish is beside him, in square 32. They face each other, intense.

The red lighted squares significantly outnumber the whites -- but white controls the corner squares 6 and 36, as well as edge square 7. The score, in a corner of the screen, shows Stanford leading by 20.7 points.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY (O.S.)
 (hushed)
 It's Quinn's serve...

TIGHT ON QUINN AND BENNISH

sweating profusely, each looking worn and battle scarred. Their jerseys are filthy. The floor is barely recognizable.

It looks like a war zone, strewn with a variety of slime and debris.

Quinn punches in the hazard on his controller.

QUINN
 Locked.

THE REF
 Psych and serve, please.

Quinn starts singing "MANDY" by Barry Manilow. Bennish struggles to maintain focus but it's driving him nuts. He looks over to the ref.

BENNISH
 C'mon, man! It's cruel... Call the
 foul...Call the foul!

Quinn pushes the final button on his controller just as:

QUINN
 Name the Big Bang's consequent!

Bennish turns from the ref to Quinn, disoriented. He tries to focus.

BENNISH
 The big...

A huge "heavy bag" like those used by boxers, comes bearing down on Bennish at high speed from the side.

He just sees it out of the corner of his eye and at the last second, sidesteps out of it's path. His foot, however, hits a boundary line of the box as:

BENNISH (CONT'D)

...Crunch!

THE REF

(pointing emphatically
to the foot)

Out of bounds!!! Out of bounds!!!
"White" square!

Bennish goes wild with rage, protesting the call while

SQUARE 31 LIGHTS UP WHITE. THEN, SQUARES 13, 19, AND 25 (ALONG THE LEFT EDGE) TURN FROM RED TO WHITE, AS DO 11, 16, 21 AND 26 (CENTER DIAGONAL) AND 32 THROUGH 35 (ALONG THE BOTTOM). ALL TOLD, 11 SQUARES CHANGE COLOR AS 11 POINTS ARE DEDUCTED FROM THE STANFORD TOTAL AND ADDED TO THE CAL. TOTAL.

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

Holy cow! That'll do it... Eleven squares change color! A 22 point swing! Cal wins! Cal wins!!

ANGLE WADE AND REMBRANDT

leaping up and down, hugging and screaming with joy.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY (O.S.)

Conrad Bennish is absolutely beside himself. He's going after Mallory, the ref, even his own teammates...

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

That's just bad sportsmanship. You hate to see that kind of thing. It was obvious Mallory had him totally psyched out on that play.

Wade and Rembrandt run to the counter to collect their money.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY (O.S.)

Mallory's always had that ability to come through in the clutch...

AT THE COUNTER - JIMMY FOUNTAIN

counts the money into Rembrandt's hand. Wade suppresses squeals of delight.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Fourteen thousand, eight hundred and 92 dollars.

REMBRANDT

Yes!!!!

He and Wade hurry away. Jimmy leans over to his henchman and says a word or two in his ear. The henchman nods, moves away as we:

CUT TO:

INT. HUGE STRETCH LIMO - LATER - QUINN

struggles (but not too hard) to fend off the affections of two or three GORGEOUS CO-EDS as the CAR STOPS. The DRIVER gets out and opens the door to let Arturo in.

QUINN

Please girls, down. Down.

ARTURO

(reacting to the girls)
Who are they?

QUINN

Cheerleaders. I'm just dropping them at their dorm.

The girls groan, disappointed. Arturo is in no mood for them. The driver gets back in and they depart again.

ARTURO

What an appalling day! My lawyer informed me that we cannot delay the arbitration because I am considered a flight risk, so I had to spend hour upon hour boning up on how drastically overextended my finances are.

(off Quinn's cheery mood)

I take it you won.

QUINN

I got lucky. The only thing that saved me was knowing how to get to Bennish.

Arturo reacts.

ARTURO

You won by beating Bennish?
(off Quinn's nod)
I wish I'd been there.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE MOTEL 12 - DAY

Wade and Rembrandt are waiting at the curb as QUINN'S LIMO PULLS UP. The driver gets out and opens the door for them. Wade reacts to the co-eds as she gets into the car.

WADE

Hi Quinn, let me be the last woman
in the city to congratulate you.

INT. THE LIMO

QUINN

(defensive)

Hey, we're supposed to be
celebrating...

REMBRANDT

(impressed)

The school just gave this to you?

QUINN

Not the school -- that's against the
rules. The Alumni Association...

REMBRANDT

All right! Let's party.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOTEL 12 - SLIDERS' DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

We HEAR the sliders outside the door. Quinn is laughing, somewhat tipsy. We hear KEYS, fumbling into the lock. The door opens. Someone turns on the LIGHTS. The sliders react, in shock.

REVERSE ANGLE - WHAT THEY SEE - JIMMY FOUNTAIN

and his huge henchman - who has a huge gun pointed at them.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

I would have thought you were smarter
than this, Mr. Mallory -- but I
suppose **desperati desperanda faciunt.**

REMBRANDT

Say what?

ARTURO

(translating, ominous)

Desperate men do desperate deeds.

Off the sliders deeply concerned look

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL 12 - SLIDERS ROOM - AS BEFORE

Jimmy's henchman holds a gun on the sliders while

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

(to Quinn)

While I found it personally offensive that you chose to disappear rather than pay what you owed me, I did have to acknowledge that it was an efficacious decision from your perspective. On the other hand, this penny ante swindle of yours defies credulity.

Rembrandt reacts - "Huh?"

QUINN

You're saying I owe you money?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

You thought I'd forget in a scant 3 months?

WADE

(holds up the cash)

We'll pay you out of our winnings.

Jimmy takes the money, quickly counts it.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Fourteen thousand scarcely reduces a half million dollar debt.

The sliders react with complete dismay. Quinn falls into a chair.

QUINN

I owe you half a million dollars?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Cognitive dissonance? You should have a better memory. In any case, I am prepared to excuse the debt - provided that in the upcoming semi-final game you see to it that your team fails to cover the point spread {nitor in adversum}...

(off Quinn's blank look)

In defiance of the odds...

REMBRANDT

You expect Quinn to shave points?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Only if he wants to remain alive.

(to Quinn)

You do, don't you?

(off Quinn's dazed
nod)

Good. Then we have a deal.

The two mobsters leave. Wade turns on Rembrandt.

WADE

(quoting him, angry)

"We should bet it all..."

REMBRANDT

How could I know Quinn was into his
bookie for half a million?

QUINN

Don't look at me! I didn't do it.

ARTURO

Good Lord! How much worse can things
get? No wonder our counterparts
haven't returned from their slide.
Their lives here are utter hell!

CUT TO:

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - TWO DAYS LATER

Arturo and his lawyer sit on one side of the conference table. Leona Arturo, a good looking woman of about 40, and her lawyer sit on the other. Both teams are bolstered by reams of paperwork before them. It appears they've been at this for some time. Only Leona looks fresh, fueled by revenge and greed.

LEONA

Once again, Max, feel free to contest
this. I'm ready. I had a private
eye following you for the last year.
I have pictures to substantiate a
dozen "liaisons" with nubile co-eds.
I'd love your adoring public to know
about them.

ARTURO

(weary)

Very well, forget it...I waive my
interest in the Manhattan condo and
the beach house in Bimini. Are we
done with the real estate now?

LEONA

All except for the townhouse on Polk Street.

Arturo reacts in confusion, sorts through his paperwork.

ARTURO

I don't have a townhouse on Polk Street.

LEONA

You think I don't know about the little gift from Uncle Sam, where you spent all your time before you disappeared? Where you and Quinn Mallory built your precious gizmo?

Arturo reacts with the realization that she means the location of the slider machinery. He tries to grab the piece of paper she's referencing, but she's too fast and pulls it away.

ARTURO

Let me see that!

LEONA

Does it matter?

ARTURO

I want that townhouse!

LEONA

What will you give me for it?

ARTURO

I don't have anything. You've taken it all.

LEONA

You have sole authorship of all those textbooks...

Arturo reacts - he had sole authorship.

CUT TO:

INT. "MINDGAME" ARENA - LATER - WADE AND REMBRANDT

stand up and stretch at their court side seats as cheerleaders run out on the floor and go through their routine.

P.A. ANNOUNCER

The halftime score is California University 281.3, Alcorn State 52.

REMBRANDT

(already an expert)
Not much of a game.

WADE

(worried)

California's already beating the
spread by over a hundred points!

Quinn jogs away from his team's bench and joins Wade and Rembrandt. He's deeply troubled.

QUINN

Alcorn State is totally tanking.
It's like we can't lose a point.

(sotto)

I couldn't blow this lead if I wanted
to.

ANGLE ARTURO

showing his ticket to an usher at the end of the row and
being allowed to pass. He joins the other sliders.

ARTURO

Impressive seats.

QUINN

(matter of fact)

Yeah, alumni association.

(then)

How'd the arbitration go?

ARTURO

The good news is that I found out
where the sliding machinery is and
we can have access to it...

All the sliders react with enthusiasm.

QUINN

(very excited)

That's great! I don't have to worry
about the score... We can slide out
right after the game!

Arturo is about to interrupt, but coach Almquist beats him
to it, calling from across the floor.

COACH ALMQUIST

Hey Mallory! Get your butt over
here! We still have a second half
to play!

QUINN

(moving off)

Gotta go...

He hurries back across the floor and joins his teammates.
Arturo, concerned, looks at Rembrandt.

ARTURO
What is the score?

REMBRANDT
California's leading by 231 points.

ARTURO
That's a problem.

WADE
Why? If we can slide...?

ARTURO
We can't slide. I won't know the address of the townhouse until the divorce agreement is signed, and the papers won't even be drawn up until tomorrow.

REMBRANDT
Can't you ask?

ARTURO
Not without revealing I'm not really that fiendish harpy's husband.

WADE
Oh, my God. They're gonna kill Quinn!

ARTURO
No they won't! We'll let someone else use Quinn's limo. Maybe they'll follow it. If we hide here until late tonight, then stay away from the motel until we can slide, he might be safe.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA EXIT - NIGHT - ANGLE A DOOR

It cracks open and Rembrandt sticks his head out, looks around quickly. He comes out further, more confident, and turns back to the others, inside.

REMBRANDT
The coast is clear. Let's go!

The sliders come out the door and run like crazy across the open space of the empty parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLK STREET - TWO DAYS LATER - THE SLIDERS

collars up, shoulders hunched, hurry up the steps of an inconspicuous brownstone.

Arturo removes a key from his pocket, fumbles with the key in his haste.

ARTURO
Oh, no! She sold a key that doesn't fit.

WADE
Turn it over, professor.

He does, and now he can insert the key. He turns it.

ARTURO
(pleased)
It works!

He opens the door and the sliders hurry inside.

INT. BROWNSTONE TOWNHOUSE - WITH THE SLIDERS

They're in a hall, with a stairway going to a second floor and an entry into a perfectly normal looking living room. Arturo starts to get nervous.

ARTURO
The witch tricked me!

REMBRANDT
Now hold on, I'll check upstairs.

He runs up the stairs, looks in the rooms.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)
(calling down)
Bedroom... Bedroom... Bathroom...
Bedroom... Closet. That's it.

He reappears and comes down the stairs with a lot less bounce than he went up.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
If it's any consolation, the master bedroom's very nice.

Arturo is not consoled. The sliders proceed down the hallway. It opens into a dining room next.

WADE
Pretty curtains.

Quinn opens a door in the hall.

QUINN
(disappointed)
Closet.

He spots another door ahead, hurries and gets there first, opens it.

QUINN (CONT'D)
 (relishing it)
 Basement!

The other sliders race for the door.

INT. BASEMENT - DARK

as the sliders clamber down the steps - back lit as in the teaser.

WADE
 Where's the light switch?
 (then)
 Ouch!

ARTURO
 Sorry.

Suddenly, a CLICK, and the lights come on to reveal

A LOT OF DUSTY JUNK - THE SLIDERS LOOK DESPERATE

QUINN
 Maybe there's an attic.

The others look at him - "dream on"

INT. ATTIC - DAY

THE SLIDING EQUIPMENT

looks just as it does in Quinn's basement. The sliders let out a jubilant yelp. They jump up and down dancing with each other. They're ecstatic. Finally Arturo and Quinn begin checking out the control panels.

ARTURO
 All right. Everything seems in order.
 I'll hit the reset, and you can start
 configuring it to take us home.

Arturo reaches up, about to punch some buttons. Suddenly Quinn leaps at him, grabs his hand away, horrified.

QUINN
 Stop! We can't!

ARTURO
 What do you mean, "We can't?"
 Everything's here!

QUINN

But it's in use! If we change any of these settings, the Quinn and Arturo who built this will be stranded wherever they are.

REMBRANDT

With all the trouble they're in, they're not gonna want to come back here anyway.

QUINN

(grim)

But we don't know where they are. We could strand them on a world about to have a nuclear war, or one where the environment's been destroyed...Who knows? We can't do that to them. It is their device.

REMBRANDT

This is too cruel! I don't care about them. I want to go home!

WADE

Quinn, for God's sake! There are guys trying to kill you!

QUINN

I know... I know. Let me just think about it. I'll come up with something.

REMBRANDT

I'll bet that's what your double said. And what he came up with was to get the hell out of here.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL 12 - DAY

Quinn is at the table, again reading the "Mindgame for Morons" handbook. Wade hovers all around him, blowing in his ear, humming a tune and dancing suggestively in front of him, touching him seductively -- all to no avail. He remains totally focused on the book. Finally, out of frustration, she playfully attacks, tickling him.

QUINN

(laughing, squirming
away)

Hey! No fair. No contact!

She continues the assault. He counterattacks. They fall to the floor and roll around fighting and laughing. He pins her down. Their eyes meet, suddenly intimate. They kiss. They both want to keep kissing but

QUINN (CONT'D)

I have to get ready for the game.
You're supposed to be helping me.

WADE

I hate being ignored.

QUINN

I'm not ignoring you...Well, maybe I am, but the whole point is for you to challenge my ability to concentrate.

WADE

I challenge you...

She looks him in the eye, pulls him towards her. There's a KNOCK at the door. They jump to their feet, neat themselves. Quinn opens the door. Rembrandt enters with a pizza and sodas. He puts them on the table and they sit to eat during:

QUINN

Where'd you go, Italy?

REMBRANDT

I put a bet down on the game tonight.

WADE

You bet again?

REMBRANDT

Hey, I got 2 to 1 on M.I.T..

QUINN

Rembrandt, you know I'm gonna play all out.

REMBRANDT

I know. But you still don't know what you're doing.

QUINN

I know a lot more than I did last game.

REMBRANDT

Maybe so, Q-ball, but you ain't no superstar. I just hope your escape plan works. This is not the world I'd pick to get trapped on.

QUINN

Me either.

REMBRANDT

(eating, realizes)

Hey, where's the professor?

QUINN

He said he had some business to take care of.

WADE

He's really gonna miss her.

The other sliders nod sympathetically as we

CUT TO:

INT. ARTURO'S OFFICE - DAY

Arturo sits, talking into a video camera mounted on a tripod.

ARTURO

...I'm sure you detest taking advice as much as I do -- but I have already lost this woman in my world and I know far better than you what it's like to be without her. You cannot yet know the pain I feel knowing I must leave her tonight, but on this world she is your wife, not mine. If you allow her to slip away, I promise you, you will know my pain, and it will haunt you the rest of your days.

Arturo takes a deep breath. He can think of nothing further to say and gets up, turns off the recorder and removes the tape.

He takes the tape to his desk, puts it in the top drawer, and pulls out a piece of stationery and an envelope. As he writes something on the stationery, he buzzes the intercom.

LYDIA (O.S.)
(through intercom)
Yes, professor?

ARTURO
Come here, please.

He folds the stationery and puts it in the envelope, seals it. Lydia enters.

ARTURO (CONT'D)
I must be leaving again. I'm not sure how long I'll be gone, but I want you to give me this envelope as soon as I return. First thing. Do you understand?

LYDIA
Of course.
(she starts to leave,
then)
There's a royalty check in today's mail. Do you want me to deposit it for you, or will you need it?

Arturo considers the possibilities as we:

CUT TO:

INT. "MINDGAME ARENA" - NIGHT - CLOSE ON QUINN
who is focused and sharp.

QUINN
Gravitation!

The crowd cheers. PULL BACK to see that we're in mid-game. The place is rocking. M.I.T. players look at each other and shake their heads. The scoreboard shows "Cal 437.2, M.I.T. 72.7".

THE REF
Survey of one hundred top physicists
said!

A BELL rings. The ref punctuates with hand signals.

THE REF (CONT'D)
"White" square! Run again.

Quinn darts to the only blue-lit square on the court. It is surrounded by M.I.T. players, who knows that's where he's going, but he slides under them and gets there.

THE REF (CONT'D)
 "Blue," psych and serve.

M.I.T. PLAYER
 You're a dead man, Mallory.

THE REF
 (blows his whistle)
 Foul! Personal threat! "White"
 square!

CUT TO:

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Play-By-Play is shaking his head at Color.

COLOR
 That's just frustration now. If
 you're M.I.T., you've got to be
 wondering what hit you. We're almost
 at the end of the third quarter and
 they're facing one of the worst
 defeats in NCAA history.

PLAY-BY-PLAY
 Quinn Mallory has been unconscious
 out there today. He cannot be
 stopped.

CUT TO:

INT. LEONA ARTURO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Arturo and Leona sit at a candle-lit table, finishing after
 dinner drinks. Arturo looks at his watch, deeply pained.
 He can delay no longer. He removes a jewelry box from his
 pocket, offers it to her.

ARTURO
 I have something for you.

LEONA
 (reacts, surprised)
 Max, that's silly...

ARTURO
 No, it's not. Open it.

She does, and reacts to a simple but elegant, and absolutely
 stunning diamond necklace.

LEONA
 Max!!!! It's incredible!

She takes it from the box, starts to put it on, has trouble
 with the clasp.

LEONA (CONT'D)
I can't close it. My hands are
shaking.

ARTURO GETS UP, GOES BEHIND HER, CLOSES THE CLASP. SHE
HURRIES TO A MIRROR, LOOKS AT IT, OVERCOME.

LEONA
Oh my God. It's so beautiful.

She throws her arms around him, gives him a big kiss. He's
in agony. She senses it.

LEONA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?
(then, realizing)
You're leaving again, aren't you?

ARTURO
I have no choice, believe me.

LEONA
(starts removing
necklace)
I don't want this.

He stays her hand.

ARTURO
Leona, please. To have had this
time with you has meant more to me
than you can ever know...and to have
to say good-bye again hurts me more
than you can even imagine.

LEONA
Will you be back?

ARTURO
As soon as possible...But... If I
act differently... Promise you'll
remember me as I am now, and that
you'll always remember how much I
love you...

He looks deep in her eyes. She will remember.

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA - QUINN'S SEATS - WADE AND REMBRANDT

in the crowd. Rembrandt has a big bucket of popcorn.

WADE
(proud)
He's incredible, isn't he?

REMBRANDT
 (disgusted)
 Yeah. He's great and I'm broke.

WADE
 Uh-oh, here comes another unhappy
 bettor.

She indicates the aisle, where...

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

approaches with a henchman. He looks about as we'd expect
 of a man who'd bet two million dollars on Cal to lose.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN
 What does your friend think he's
 doing?

REMBRANDT
 Rope-a-dope, man. Relax.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN
 What?

REMBRANDT
 He can't tank without setting it up.
 Losing a game this big has to look
 legitimate.

WADE
 Yeah. Just wait until the fourth
 quarter.

Fountain frowns. He's got no choice. He gives them a nod
 and goes back up the aisle, his henchman following.

WADE (CONT'D)
 It worked.

REMBRANDT
 For now.
 (checking watch)
 It's almost time. Let's get out of
 here before he comes back.

They slip away --

CUT TO:

INT. ARENA - THE COURT - CONTINUOUS

A BELL rings as The Ref makes a hand signal.

THE REF
 Points -- "Blue!"
 (MORE)

THE REF (CONT'D)
 (another hand signal)
 "Blue" runs!

A hollow cheer from the M.I.T. fans, then a loud BUZZER stops the action. The Ref responds with a jerky Aussie Rules football motion, hands pointing out in front of him.

THE REF (CONT'D)
 Third quarter termination!

As the team jogs for the sideline, everybody congratulates Quinn. Coach Almquist grabs him by the shoulders, gives him a bear hug.

COACH ALMQUIST
 Thanks, kid. It's in the bag. I'm goin' out a champion. In all my years, I never saw anyone play like you're playin' tonight.

Quinn shakes his head, looking a little dazed.

COACH ALMQUIST (CONT'D)
 Quinn! You all right?

QUINN
 I'm whipped, Coach. I think I've got a migraine. I'm starting to see spots out there.

COACH ALMQUIST
 It's okay. Grab a seat.
 (then)
 Wilson! You're in for Mallory.
 (then)
 Don't blow this lead.

WILSON
 (annoyed)
 As if that was possible.

Quinn starts to walk off.

COACH ALMQUIST
 Where are you going?

QUINN
 My head's swimming. I need some quiet...

COACH ALMQUIST
 Anything you say, son...

CUT TO:

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

PLAY-BY-PLAY

Wilson has reported into the game to replace Quinn Mallory. I'm not sure if I follow Coach Almquist's strategy here...

COLOR

Wilson's specialty is the reverse psych and he could certainly stop any "Hail Mary's" that M.I.T. might attempt in the fourth quarter. I just hope there's nothing wrong with Mallory.

CUT TO:

INT. EXIT TUNNEL - QUINN - CONTINUOUS

reaches the entrance of the tunnel where Wade and Rembrandt are waiting for him.

WADE

Fountain's in the crowd.

REMBRANDT

But it's okay, we got the car waiting.

QUINN

Let's go!

As they race down the tunnel, they find their way blocked by Jimmy Fountain's henchman.

REMBRANDT

Uh-oh.

QUINN

The other way!

They turn and race the other way.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

The Sliders run to Quinn's limousine.

REMBRANDT

You double-crossed the wrong people, man.

QUINN

Too late now.

WADE
 (looking back)
 Did we lose them?
 (then)
 Hurry!

They jump in the car, Quinn in the driver's seat. The limo peels out.

FOUNTAIN AND HIS HENCHMAN

run up to the curb. A second limo pulls up quickly and they pile in.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Quinn's driving. Rembrandt and Wade are next to him in the front.

QUINN
 How much time?

REMBRANDT
 About five minutes.

QUINN
 Please, Professor, no glitches...

REMBRANDT
 Will it really work? We'll be able to backtrack our way home?

QUINN
 I hope so.

She turns and looks back.

WADE
 (reacts)
 Uh-oh.

ANGLE OUT REAR WINDOW - FOUNTAIN'S LIMO

WADE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Here they come!

ON THE SLIDERS

REMBRANDT
 I hope this sled has bullet-proof glass.

QUINN
 Hold on!

He floors it.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Sliders' limo roars up the street and suddenly fishtails sideways. It executes a perfect ninety-degree turn and rockets down a narrow alley.

Fountain's limo fishtails to follow it, but can't make the turn. It has to back up and try the alley again.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Arturo paces, holding the timer.

ARTURO
Hurry up, for God's sake.

A squeal of tires and the limo rounds the corner, brakes quickly and the others jump out and run up to Arturo. Quinn takes the timer.

QUINN
Did you finish the adjustments?

ARTURO
Hopefully, we will return to the last world we were on --

REMBRANDT
The beach resort!
(he whips his shoes off)
I can't wait to feel that warm sand on my bare feet...

Quinn activates the timer and the swirling blue gate begins to form. Before anyone can jump, a shouted command stops them.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN (O.S.)
Freeze!

ANGLE ON FOUNTAIN'S LIMO

It's pulled up behind theirs. His henchmen have their guns drawn as they get out of the car.

The thugs can't help gaping in wonder at the whirlpool-like gateway. As they do,

QUINN
Vie, carenis, enundum.

Quinn and Wade leap into the void, followed by Rembrandt, and finally Arturo, who truly hates to leave.

The gate closes, leaving a stunned look on Jimmy.

HENCHMAN

What'd he say?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

He said... "so long sucker."

Off their surprised reactions, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARTURO'S OFFICE

Lydia, at the videotape player, pushes a button. Leona, seated in a chair, looks at the t.v.

LYDIA

When I found out what it was, I knew you should see it.

ON THE T.V. - ARTURO

ARTURO

Hello Max, as you can guess, I'm a slider, the same as you. While you were gone, I was here -- trying to redeem the both of us in the eyes of the most wonderful woman on any world; your wife...

LEONA

reacts, comprehending, and missing Arturo all the more.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR