

Prod. #K0812

SLIDERS

"Post-Traumatic Slide Syndrome"

Written

by

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Writer's Draft
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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. DR. WHELAN'S OFFICE - DAY

The CAMERA PANS a wall of medical degrees. One is clearly a board certification for Dr. Bernard Whelan, Psychiatrist.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

... then there was this shaman-guy who wanted to take Q-ball's brain. Man, that world was one of the weirdest we've been to yet.

We COME AROUND to find REMBRANDT lying supine on a fur covered couch. He shivers at the thought of Mystic World.

REMBRANDT

I hope we never see that doc's ugly face again...

DR. WHELAN

And what do you think this shaman planned to do with "Q-ball's" brain?

ANOTHER ANGLE - REVEALS

He is talking to Dr. BERNARD WHELAN, more ZZ Top than Ph.D. He listens fascinated, fingers steepled, head nodding.

And now, we notice the office decor, it's heavy into feline images; Egyptianesque cat statues, pictures of cats and in a corner an actual live cat naps. On this world, it appears, cats are highly revered.

REMBRANDT

I guess put it in a jar or something. We didn't exactly stick around to find out.

DR. WHELAN

I see.

REMBRANDT

I'm telling you, Doc, I can't keep it together any more. My boat's been rocked one too many times.

DR. WHELAN

I understand, the strain of visiting all those different planets...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Yeah...

(then; correcting)

But it's the same planet every time.
Just a different dimension.

ANGLE THE DOCTOR'S NOTEPAD

As he clearly writes: Delusional, Paranoid, Schizo-affective disorder. The Doctor underlines Schizo twice.

BACK TO SCENE

DR. WHELAN

Why don't you go back to where this
all started, where you first began to
have these feelings...

Rembrandt lays back, getting a bit more comfortable...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACK YARD - REMBRANDT'S FLASH BACK - THE SLIDERS - DAY

As they fall out of the void and into a family's back yard:
QUINN, WADE, ARTURO...

Now, Rembrandt flies out onto Arturo, knocking him into a
child's sandbox. An explosion of sand engulfs Arturo.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

Man, it was like deja vu all over
again.

ARTURO

From now on, Mr. Brown, I insist you
leap through the vortex before me...

REMBRANDT

And have you fall on me? No thanks.

QUINN

(helps Wade up)
You okay?

WADE

Yeah. Where are we?

They look around. They've landed in a quiet neighborhood.

QUINN

I don't know. But it looks familiar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT
That's the cruel joke, Q-ball. It
always looks familiar.

Quinn sniffs the air, a sensation gripping him.

WADE
(re: the timer)
At least it looks pleasant, since we
have two weeks and four days here.

QUINN
Mrs. Randall's oatmeal cookies..!

REMBRANDT
Huh?

QUINN
Smell the air...

They all sniff and shrug. Yeah. Cookies.

ARTURO
With a hint of cinnamon and
Quinn finds the side gate and runs out.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)
Next thing we knew, Q-ball took off
running like that shaman was still
trying to get his brain...

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quinn races down the block, the other Sliders behind him.
As he turns the corner, he stops and smiles.

QUINN'S POV

His house. Exactly as it should be.

BACK TO SCENE

As the 3 Sliders come up next to Quinn...

WADE
Oh my God. Are we really..?

ARTURO
This could not possibly be...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Why you always have to be so negative,
Professor?

ARTURO

Ever hear of the Judaic principle of
Kineahora, Mr. Brown? Expect the
worst and hope for the best.

REMBRANDT

You mean, you think we could actually
be home too?

ARTURO

The possibility does seem to loom just
before us.

QUINN

Only one way to find out for sure.

They cross to the gate. Quinn's hand reaches to it. He
slowly pulls the gate back: IT SQUEAKS. Loud and clear.

REMBRANDT

Oh man, music to my ears.

WADE

We made it...

They begin to hug one another, overcome with joy. Now,
Quinn sees

EXT. FRONT STEPS

MRS. MALLORY, standing there, trying to hold back emotion,
but losing the battle. Quinn crosses to her and they hug.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

And that was it, man. After eighteen
months of sliding, we were home...

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - CLOSE ON A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE

As it's popped open, champagne flows. A CHEER goes up.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)
Home sweet home. Back safe and sound.
Definitely something to celebrate...

Wider REVEAL we are in Quinn's kitchen. There is an electrified excitement in the room.

REMBRANDT
The world where I was King. Yeah.
That was sweet.

Wade places 5 crystal flutes in front of Quinn. He pours.

WADE
For me, it was that world where the
sixties never left. I liked being a
"prophet"...

MRS. MALLORY
Wade was a prophet?

QUINN
Trust me, Mom. A long story. I'll
explain it all later.

Quinn hands a glass to each.

ARTURO
Well, if I had to choose just one...

WADE/REMBRANDT
You do!

ARTURO
I believe it would have to be where we
introduced antibiotics.

REMBRANDT
That's not fun, Professor.

ARTURO
You have your definition of fun. I
have mine.

WADE
Quinn, you haven't told us which world
you liked the best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

No one can laugh, but maybe it was that world where I was a brainiac. It was kind of fun being a celebrity.

REMBRANDT

Haven't I been telling you??

QUINN

Don't get me wrong. I wouldn't want to live that way. Besides, there's only room in this group for one true celebrity.

He tilts his glass to Rembrandt, who tilts his back. They're both about to drink when

WADE

Wait, shouldn't somebody make a toast?

QUINN

Go ahead, Professor.

ARTURO

No, my boy, the honor should be yours.

QUINN

To home.

How could it be anything else?? We HEAR murmurings of HOME. Here, here, etc. They CLINK their glasses and drink.

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT/LABORATORY - LATER

Arturo stands by the chalk board. Quinn, Wade and Rembrandt come down the steps. The mood is still light...

QUINN

Professor, what are you doing down here?

ARTURO

Just thinking, my boy. Just thinking.

WADE

(looks around)

It may not look like much, but thanks to all this, we've just had the adventure of a lifetime.

REMBRANDT

More like twenty lifetimes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

You're not still sorry we dragged you along, are you, Crying Man?

REMBRANDT

There were times, Q-ball, that I was definitely not your biggest fan. Like when we were trapped on that world of forty days and forty nights. Or when those monkey-men were after us.

WADE

Or that time you had to wear a dress?

REMBRANDT

You tell a soul about that, girl, I swear, I'll deny every word of it!

Quinn and Wade laugh. However, Arturo looks very serious.

QUINN

What is it, Professor?

ARTURO

It occurs to me that if news of this technology were to get out, there's no telling what might happen.

REMBRANDT

I'm thinking what might happen is a big boost to the Crying Man's career.

ARTURO

This is not a time to be thinking about free publicity, Mr. Brown.

REMBRANDT

Why not?

ARTURO

For one thing, I have no desire to have Hard Copy camping in my front yard.

REMBRANDT

Hard Copy?? You think they'd be interested in this story?

QUINN

The Professor's got a point. I'm not all that interested in being swamped by the press either. Maybe it would be better to just keep quiet for now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

WADE

But your invention is a scientific breakthrough, Quinn -- on the scale of Galileo discovering the telescope or Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

(caught up)

You have to tell the world. It could open doors to discoveries we can't even imagine.

ARTURO

Perhaps our civilization is not ready to open all those doors just yet.

REMBRANDT

You serious? You really want to keep this whole thing a secret?

Arturo nods. Rembrandt turns to Quinn...

QUINN

Just for awhile. To give us a chance to study the equation and figure out what went wrong.

Rembrandt gives a heavy sigh, shakes his head.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

So there it was. Much as I was against it. We agreed, Sliding was gonna be our secret.

EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY

A cab waits as the Slider's say their goodbyes.

WADE

A spiritual retreat? It suits me.

REMBRANDT

That's good for you, but no one's going to buy I was on tour this whole time in France.

QUINN

Of course they will.

ARTURO

Just stick to your story. You will be fine. We all will.

REMBRANDT

It's only for a little while, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

I promise, we'll do a big press conference. Reporters from every major news operation...

REMBRANDT

Now you're talking my language.

(then)

You call me, Q-ball. I'll be there.

Rembrandt shakes Quinn's hand, which leads to a hug.

REMBRANDT

I'm gonna miss you. All of you guys. Even the mangy Professor.

Rembrandt laughs. Arturo makes a face, then turns to Quinn.

ARTURO

Let's both get some rest. We can start work on the equation next week.

QUINN

Good idea, Professor. I could use a break from sliding.

ARTURO

As we all can.

He shakes Quinn's hand, then he and Rembrandt head for the cab, leaving Quinn and Wade... A look between them --

QUINN

How are you going to tell them?

WADE

I don't know. I can't imagine what I've put them through. Last thing they knew, I went to work and I never came back.

QUINN

They're going to be so glad to see you, they're not going to care about any of that.

(off her nod)

You want me to come with you?

WADE

It'll be better if it's just me.

Quinn nods. There's a beat, a look between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

WADE

When I think of the things we've done,
the places we've been and it's all due
to you. It's all so amazing. You're
amazing.

QUINN

I think we're all pretty amazing.

They hug. One last look. She gets in the cab and it drives
off. Quinn watches, filled with mixed emotions.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Quinn and his mother.

QUINN

It was the strangest thing, time was
going backwards, we had no idea what
was going on. And then this thing
with Daelin...

(sighs)

God. Sliding is so incredible. If I
can just perfect the timing mechanism,
I can open doors to thousands of
worlds. Think of the possibilities.

(off her look)

What is it, Mom?

MRS. MALLORY

What if you can perfect it? I don't
think I could go through this again.

QUINN

I made it back this time. And I
promise, I won't go through again
unless I'm sure I can make it home.

He hugs her tight, quelling her fears... Over which

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

I guess randomly traveling through an
Inter-Dimensional vortex has a way of
making you appreciate what's important
in your life. Each of us had
something we wanted to get back to.

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM NIGHT

Wade is on the sofa. Her older sister, KELLEY, next to her.
She's got a big bowl of popcorn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. and MRS. WELLES enter, dressed for an evening out.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)
For Wade, that was her family...

MRS. WELLES
You girls going to be alright?

KELLEY
Don't worry, Mom. I promise not to
let Wade slide tonight.

Wade and her father smile, but Mrs. Welles doesn't.

WADE
We'll be fine. Go, have a good time.

Mr. Welles kisses each of the girls on their foreheads...

MR. WELLES
Bed by nine, right??

Kelley tosses popcorn at him. And he and Mrs. Welles leave.
Now, Kelley turns to Wade, tosses a kernal her way.

KELLEY
Finally. Now I can get the real
scoop. So, did you do him or what?

WADE
Nothing happened.

KELLEY
Eighteen months on the ultimate road
trip. A single girl. The guy of your
dreams... Something must've happened.
If not with Quinn, then maybe somebody
you met along the way??

Bingo. Wade blushes. Kelley smiles.

KELLEY
Go Wade. I want all the details.

WADE
(anxious to tell)
Okay, but like don't say anything to
Mom or Dad. They might get the wrong
idea.

WE FADE OUT as Wade begins to fill Kelley in...

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Rembrandt enters the booth shaking hands and hugging several technicians, including EASY.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)
Everybody knows for me, it was my music...

EASY
Rembrandt Brown. Where you been hiding yourself? It's like you just fell off the face of the earth.

REMBRANDT
No, Easy. I've been touring... In France as a matter of fact.

EASY
No kidding? Cherchez la femme, man??

Rembrandt shrugs, huh??

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Arturo enters an empty classroom. He closes his eyes, takes a deep satisfying breath. He is home.

MISS VONBAECK
Professor??

He turns to find a stunning young woman, LEILA VONBAECK. She wears Lisa Loeb glasses and a lab coat.

ARTURO
Miss Vonbaeck? What a pleasure to see you again.

MISS VONBAECK
You're back?

ARTURO
I am indeed. And eager to resume my course load, providing the dean hasn't already replaced me.

MISS VONBAECK
He kept your position open.

ARTURO
Ah. Good man. Perhaps I should inform him, the position is again occupied. If you'll excuse me...

He turns and exits. Miss VonBaeck moves to the doorway and watches him go -- a look of concerned confusion on her face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (V.O.)
You would've thought the Professor was
happy just getting his job back. But
oh not, not him --

CLOSE ON A TV

Arturo is being interviewed by LARRY KING on his CNN show.

ARTURO
(holds up the timer)
Based on calculations using my theory
of the Einstein Rosen Podalsky Bridge,
an ordinary device, just like this
one, activates the pathway to the
space/time continuum...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are in --

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Wade is watching, jaw down. She's on the phone.

WADE
Are you watching this??

INTERCUT:

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Quinn is indeed watching.

QUINN
I don't believe it.

WADE
The Professor just took credit for
developing the theory of sliding...
(then)
You've got to do something. Call in,
tell them it's you, not him.

Quinn just shakes his head, keeps right on watching...

BACK ON THE TV

ARTURO
As a matter of fact, there were three
others with me... However, none have
expressed a desire for their identity
to be known.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I understand.
(re: the timer)
Looks kind of like a cellular phone,
doesn't it??

ARTURO

Actually, that one there is a replica.
The real device is safely tucked away
in my home.

BACK WITH QUINN AND WADE

WADE

What's he talking about? You have the
timer, don't you?

QUINN

Yeah. I guess he must've built a
look-alike.

BACK ON ARTURO AND LARRY

Larry is holding the timer, turning it over in his hand.

LARRY

Professor Arturo, you expect us to
believe all this hooey about 'sliding'
and yet, you won't demonstrate the
device or give us any details???

ARTURO

(with a smile)
All in good time, Larry. If you or
your audience wish to know the secret
to sliding, you'll have to buy the
Scientific Journal when it comes out.

LARRY

What can you tell us now?

ARTURO

(looks to the camera)
That there are worlds out there;
Worlds to explore; Worlds to teach;
Worlds to learn from...

LARRY

We're talking with Professor
Maximillian Arturo, the
self-proclaimed Father of Inter-
Dimensional Travel. Back after this.

INT. LAMPLIGHTER BAR - DAY

CLOSE ON A TV. Pictures of ARTURO from various interviews. In all, he holds the timer replica. WIDER TO REVEAL at a table: Quinn, Rembrandt and Wade.

WADE

You have to do something. The Professor is way out of line here.

QUINN

What am I supposed to do, call him a liar in front of the whole world?

REMBRANDT

You don't have to go that far. But if you play this right, you could at least get the credit you deserve.

QUINN

I'm more worried about how this will affect our lives. I not worried about the credit thing.

REMBRANDT

You know, maybe it's not that bad that the secret's out. This thing's gonna blow my career sky high. I already got offers from three major labels...

QUINN

You came forward?

REMBRANDT

The opportunity was just too sweet to pass up.

(then; a look)

And it's not like I'm the only one.

A beat. Quinn looks to Wade. She looks a bit sheepish.

QUINN

You too?

WADE

Since it was already out...

(shrug; then)

It's amazing, Quinn. Two publishers have already put bids on my diary. A Studio wants the rights to my life story... I'm only 23.

Quinn just shakes his head, then checks his watch.

QUINN

I'm going to call the Professor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn gets up and heads for the pay phones...

WADE

What do you think of "Wade's World"?

REMBRANDT

For the diary?

(off her nod)

I like it. Got a good sound to it.

ON QUINN - AT THE PAY PHONE

He puts in change, dials. After two rings, it's answered.

QUINN

It's Quinn Mallory. Is the Professor there?

MISS VONBAECK (V.O.)

(filtered)

Just a minute, Mr. Mallory. I'll check.

While he waits, he looks around. On the wall across from him are framed photos of 49're greats: John Brodie, Dwight Clark, Roger Craig, Jerry Rice and Joe Montana. It makes Quinn smile. But suddenly, his smile fades...

MISS VONBAECK (V.O.)

I'm sorry, but Professor Arturo is unavailable at the

But Quinn doesn't hear this. He hangs up, stunned.

QUINN

Oh my God.

BACK ON THE TABLE

As Quinn returns, carrying the photo in his hands.

QUINN

You're not going to believe this...
Look at this.

He thrusts the picture at them.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

It's Joe Montana, wearing the jersey #15.

BACK TO SCENE

Rembrandt looks around, worried.

REMBRANDT
Whoa, Q-ball. What're you doing? You can't take that.

QUINN
I'm not stealing it, Crying Man. Just look at it.

Wade and Rembrandt do. Neither of them see anything.

WADE
Joe Montana. What about it?

QUINN
His number. It's sixteen!

REMBRANDT
(looks at the picture)
No, man. He's wearing fifteen.

QUINN
That's my point. He's sixteen! Always has been. The whole time he was a Forty-Niner. Don't you see what this means? This isn't our earth.

Rembrandt and Wade exchange a look.

WADE
Quinn...

QUINN
I know this, Wade. This is wrong.

Rembrandt and Wade exchange a another look...

WADE
I don't really follow football.

REMBRANDT
I can never keep the teams straight. One year they're in Oakland, then L.A., then they're back in Oakland. It's too confusing to follow.

They both shrug. Quinn gives them both a look.

QUINN
Alright. You don't believe me. Ask the bartender.
(turns; yells)
Hey, Bartender...

ANGLE - THE BARTENDER

He looks over to Quinn.

QUINN
Joe Montana. What's his number??

BARTENDER
You're kidding, right? Everybody
knows that. One-five, that's no jive.

QUINN
Not sixteen?

BARTENDER
Joe's been 15 long as I can remember.

The Bartender turns and helps another customer...

BACK ON THE TABLE

Quinn smiles to the others.

QUINN
Satisfied?? We're not home, guys. We
didn't make it.

Off their uncertain looks

EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As Quinn drives up, parks and exits. He notices a strange van in front of his house, gives it a look.

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - FOYER

QUINN
(entering)
Mom? Mom are you here?

No answer. Quinn starts up the stairs, but hears a SOUND coming from the back of the house.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Quinn enters, listening. The noise comes from the basement.

QUINN
Mom? Are you in the basement?

He crosses and reaches for the door when suddenly, it opens, catching him by surprise, smashing him with the force.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A mysterious body (we'll shoot so we can't identify) knocks him over and rushes past.

It takes Quinn a beat to get to his feet and follow.

INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - FOYER

The door is open. Quinn arrives just as the mysterious van SCREECHES off. He runs out.

EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He races to the curb, but it's no use. The van is speeding down the street, out of sight.

We HOLD ON QUINN. Who was that and what were they doing in his basement??

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT/LABORATORY - DAY

Ransacked. Rembrandt and Quinn put the place back together.

QUINN
Far as I can tell, the timer's the only thing they took.

REMBRANDT
Who even knew you had it?

QUINN
Could be anybody who knew I used to be the Professor's grad assistant...

REMBRANDT
But it's no sweat, right? You were going to build another one anyway.

QUINN
I can't. If I build a timer here, it'll be connected to this sliding apparatus. It'll just return us to this earth every time.

REMBRANDT
This earth?? You still on that?

QUINN
Yeah. I'm still on that.

Rembrandt furrows his brow.

REMBRANDT (V.O.)
I know for some guys who'd been in Nam, coming home was the hardest part. The way I figured it, poor Q-ball was probably suffering from P-T-S-S...

INT. DR. WHELAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rembrandt is still on the sofa.

DR. WHELAN
Post traumatic stress syndrome?

REMBRANDT
Post-traumatic slide syndrome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. WHELAN

I see. Well, we've talked alot about your friend Quinn, but what about you? How were you readjusting?

REMBRANDT

Me? Things were real good. I was right about the publicity too. When word got out, my greatest hits CD went right off the charts. There was even talk of an MTV Unplugged Special.

(then; sighs)

But good as things were, you know, something was still missing...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Rembrandt is in a booth with a Easy, listening to playback. He rocks, liking what he hears.

REMBRANDT

Sweet, Easy. But can we pop the lead track up? I really want to hear the sniffles when I hold back my tears.

Easy nods, starts to whirl the tapes back. And now, MAURICE FISH enters the recording session.

REMBRANDT

Maurice, man, it's good to see you.

MAURICE

Remmy, look at you -- Success always did make you prettier.

REMBRANDT

I must be looking mighty fine, then.

They both laugh.

MAURICE

So, what's this about reuniting; some crazy PR stunt of Artie's?

REMBRANDT

It's my idea. I want the Spinning Topps to spin together again.

MAURICE

Mr. "I can do better without all those fools"?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A very pointed remark. There's a look between them.

REMBRANDT

How many times I gotta tell you,
Maurice, I was misquoted on that.
That was way out of context.

MAURICE

Say I believe you. What do you need
us for, now that you're a big star
again?

REMBRANDT

The best times we ever had was when we
were together. No matter how much
success I have solo, none of it means
anything without you and the guys.

MAURICE

You mean that, Remmy?

REMBRANDT

I think I do.

He laughs, then launches in to "Cry Like a Man".

REMBRANDT

I'm gonna cry like a man...

Maurice picks right up and before you know it, the Spinning
Topps are together again. As the two sing

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

The first time through, I had messed
everything up. It was like sliding
was giving me a second chance...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Quinn enters a packed room. Arturo is giving a presentation
on Inter-Dimensional travel. Several CAMERA CREWS tape it.

Miss Vonbaeck turns a display revealing a beautifully
rendered 3-D vortex, connected to dozens of earth spheres.

ARTURO

Here is the gateway to the inter-
dimension. Traveling through it will
take you to an infinite number of
destinations. The trick, as I'll
explain, is in controlling to where
you slide, and when you return...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arturo looks up to find Quinn near the front of the room. His presence startles the Professor for a beat.

ARTURO
As the hour grows late, this is perhaps the appropriate moment to break for the afternoon.

There is an audible GROAN from the class, but they begin to clear the room nonetheless.

Quinn crosses to the Professor. Miss Vonbaeck gives Quinn the eye. The Professor nods to her and she exits as well.

QUINN
I can't wait to hear how your theory explains the timing reaction and inversion vortexing.

ARTURO
Inversion vortexing? Is that what you call it?

QUINN
Go ahead and use it. You've used everything else.

ARTURO
(undaunted)
Come now, my boy, your theory was nothing more than an advancement on my own workings. That much you have admitted all along.

QUINN
Your equation never worked.

ARTURO
Not according to Newsweek.

Arturo holds up a magazine, hands it to Quinn.

INSERT NEWSWEEK COVER

Arturo wears a lab coat and stands before the vortex 3-D picture. The headline: Father of Inter-Dimensional Travel.

BACK TO SCENE

ARTURO

Perhaps you've heard. there's talk of nominating the theory for this year's Nobel Prize.

(then)

If it were alright with you, Mr. Mallory, I'd like to name you as my assistant. It's only right you should share in the recognition.

QUINN

(smiles)

Thanks, but I don't want it. But you go ahead. Reap the glory while you can, because we won't be here long. We're due to slide tomorrow afternoon.

The Professor gives Quinn an intrigued look, then breaks out into a wide grin. He slaps him on the shoulder.

ARTURO

Ah, your idea of humor, Mr. Mallory. Very amusing. You almost had me.

QUINN

I'm serious. We're not home.

ARTURO

Of course we're home. Was that not your mother who greeted us so warmly upon our return? Is Miss Welles not convinced she's home? Or Mr. Brown? What do they say?

QUINN

They're wrong. We didn't make it.

ARTURO

Time to face facts. Your gate squeaked. We have returned, for better or worse.

QUINN

Home or not, there's another problem. Somebody's stolen the timer.

ARTURO

Is that so?

QUINN

Do you have any idea who might have done it? Maybe you told somebody I was involved in this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Not a soul. As far as the world is concerned, only Miss Welles, Mr. Brown and myself participated in this experiment.

Quinn looks down, thinking...

ARTURO

But I don't really see how this is a problem. We'll simply work together and build a new one.

QUINN

What good would that do? A new one won't get us home.

ARTURO

My boy, the adventure is over. Settle back into your life. I think you'll realize this is every bit your home.

QUINN

It's not. And there's nothing you can say to change my mind.

ARTURO

Yes. You always were a stubborn one.

Miss Vonbaeck appears in the doorway, indicating time...

ARTURO

Now, forgive my urgency, but I must go, I have an interview with the BBC.
(then)
Let me know if you need assistance in your search for the timer.

He exits... Off which we --

INT. WADE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Quinn enters to find Kelley, reading the paper. Wade is on the cordless. She holds up her finger -- just a sec.

WADE (V.O.)

David, I know Sandra Bullock is a catch, but what about Wynona? I really think she'd be better to play me. She's so much more real.

Quinn makes a face. Is this Wade? Kelley looks up, amazed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLEY

Is this true, Quinn..? You built an atomic bomb to destroy a comet??

QUINN

What? What is that?

He crosses to Kelley, who hands him the paper.

KELLEY

Wade's diary. They're serializing portions of it. This is the second installment.

QUINN

(reading)

We found ourselves in a wanton world, where nothing mattered; not love, nor money nor right nor wrong. For anon, none of us would even be alive...

(in disbelief)

Wade wrote this?

KELLEY

I helped a little.

Wade hangs up. She crosses to Quinn, points to the paper.

WADE

Neat, huh?? Who would've ever thought I'd have a by-line in the New York Times? Or a multi-picture deal with Universal... It's weird.

QUINN

Wade, we need to talk.

KELLEY

(stands; heads out)

Sure. I can take a hint.

QUINN

Thanks, Kel.

Once she's gone --

WADE

So, any luck with the timer? Do you have any idea who took it yet?

QUINN

(shakes his head)

Unless I can get it back, we're going to be stuck here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

A look between them. A beat.

WADE

I think it's okay if we get stuck here...

Quinn pulls out a grade school class photo.

QUINN

Look, my 6th grade class. Mrs. Meader's homeroom. See this kid...

(points)

Chipper Fisher. In our world, he had braces. He was the first kid I knew who had them but he doesn't have them here.

WADE

Quinn, don't do this. This is just like the thing with Joe's number. Maybe Sliding does something to your mind. You're just remembering these things wrong.

He takes her by the shoulders, looks into her eyes... His look is certain. There's nothing wrong with his memory.

QUINN

We've been to a few great places, Wade, places we could've easily stayed. But we always go on. We always keep trying to get home.

She breaks away. Quinn just gives her a look.

WADE

We fit here too perfectly. My family, your mom. Everything is exactly what it's supposed to be because we're home. This is the end of the ride.

QUINN

No. There's another explanation. We've slid into a world that's almost exactly like ours.

WADE

Then where are our doubles? Why aren't they here?

QUINN

They'd be Sliders too. They've must've slid out the same time we left our world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

Wade is uncertain, turns from him.

QUINN
 Look, I'm not trying to ruin things for you. I want you to enjoy the success. You totally deserve it. But if I'm right, we've only got about 23 hours left here. I've got to get the timer back so we can slide.

WADE
 (turns back)
 This is home, Quinn. I'm not sliding anywhere.

Off which --

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Wade and Rembrandt are in a CROWD that has gathered to celebrate the dedication of the MAXIMILLIAN ARTURO wing of the University's Science Museum (a banner tells us as much).

There are two displays which are covered. The first is a large statue. The second is a smaller, display case.

REMBRANDT
 Why didn't Q-ball come?

WADE
 He's having the police fingerprint the basement. He thinks it might help.

A look between them.

REMBRANDT
 What do you think? About all this with timer; the break in; the mysterious black van..?

WADE
 Honestly, I'm worried for him. It's like he's imaging things, twisting facts to fit his theories. He hasn't been the same since we've been back.

REMBRANDT
 He show you that picture of the kid, Chipper Flipper or something?? How're we supposed to know if he had braces or not??

(shrugs)
 I'd like to help him, but I just don't know how.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

All we can do is be there for him.

REMBRANDT

(smiles to her)

That boy doesn't have the slightest idea how much you care about him, does he?

Wade kinda shrugs. APPLAUSE BUILDS as Arturo enters.

ON ARTURO

As he raises his hands to quiet the crowd. His graduate assistant, Miss Vonbaeck, is at his side.

ARTURO

You are all too kind. Thank you.

(the applause wanes)

It with great pleasure that I am here today to open the Maximillian Arturo "Sliding" exhibit.

(more APPLAUSE)

However, it would be remiss of me to take all the credit without mention of those brave souls who accompanied me on this extraordinary journey... Miss Wade Welles and Mr. Rembrandt Brown.

More APPLAUSE.

ON REMBRANDT AND WADE

They smile, inflate a bit, egos responding to the applause.

ARTURO

Why don't you both step up here?

Rembrandt and Wade join Arturo.

Arturo pulls the cover, revealing the statue. It is a large rendition of Arturo, holding the timer, pointing the way towards the next adventure, like Columbus leading his lowly sailors. Behind him, much smaller, are versions of Wade and Rembrandt, clearly in awe of their leader...

More APPLAUSE... Wade and Rembrandt exchange a look. Not great, but still, they are part of the exhibit.

ARTURO

And now, for the heart of the exhibit. I present the I.T.M. -- The Inter-dimensional Timing Mechanism.

He pulls the cover off the display case REVEALING:

THE TIMER DISPLAY CASE

The Timer on a pedestal, under glass. A light spots it, highlighting it's beauty and design. We actually see the numbers tick off. We are at 21:47:32 and counting.

There is THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE and audible GASPS of AWE. People crowd around the display.

BACK TO SCENE

Rembrandt and Wade are stunned.

WADE
He stole it?? I can't believe it.

REMBRANDT
Kind of hard not to, considering it's
the heart of his exhibit.
(heavy sigh)
I'd better call Q-ball...

Just as Rembrandt takes a step, Arturo calls to him --

ARTURO
Rembrandt, please, if you would, say a
few words. These people would love to
hear of your sliding adventures...

Rembrandt stops, points to himself. Me? There's a moment when he struggles. He needs to make a call, but --

WADE
Go ahead. I'll call.

As Rembrandt steps up to the microphone...

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

As Quinn's car pulls to the curb, stopping abruptly. He hops out and runs toward the museum...

INT. MUSEUM - DAY - LATER

The event is over, the crowd gone. Of the few who're left, most are crowded around Arturo, (science groupies). Miss Vonbaeck, as always, is by his side.

Wade and Rembrandt hover near the timer display case. They turn to see --

Quinn, angrily storming in...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Uh oh. I've never seen Q-ball look like that before.

Quinn crosses to the Professor, gives him a hard look.

QUINN

You may be a lot of things, Professor, but I never pegged you for a common thief.

Miss Vonbaeck Gasps.

ARTURO

I have no idea what you're talking about, Mr. Mallory.

QUINN

You know exactly what I'm talking about. You broke into my house. You stole that timer from me.

Quinn goes to grab the Professor by the lapels. Wade and Rembrandt move to the action. Rembrandt interceding.

REMBRANDT

Whoa, Q-ball, no call for that.

QUINN

Are you kidding? After what he's done to me? To all of us...

WADE

Is it true, Professor? Did you really steal it?

ARTURO

(guffaws)

Absolutely not, Miss Welles. I would never do such a thing to Mr. Mallory.

(turns to Quinn)

Don't you remember, Quinn, you gave me the timer upon our return. You said you would be honored to have it in a sliding exhibit.

Quinn is amazed at this. He looks to Wade and Rembrandt, who are clearly disturbed by this...

REMBRANDT

I thought you said it was stolen last night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

QUINN

It was. You saw the basement.
Somebody ripped it to pieces...

ARTURO

Impossible. This exhibit has been
fully installed, timer and all, for
the last week.

MISS VONBAECK

The Professor's right. I personally
brought the timer over last Friday.
It has been in that case ever since.

QUINN

She's lying. They both are...
(to Wade and Remmy)
You guys know I wouldn't give it to
him. I need it, we all do, if we're
going to make the slide tomorrow.

Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo exchange looks. Quinn appears to
a little crazed... Arturo puts a hand on his shoulder.

ARTURO

Quinn, I don't understand what's
happening with you. But I am
sincerely worried for you. You must
accept that we are home.

QUINN

I don't have to accept anything.

Quinn turns to Wade and Rembrandt.

QUINN

You guys know I'm right, don't you?
You believe me?

They are silent. It's betrayal enough. Quinn is truly
hurt. But he bucks up, turns back to Arturo.

QUINN

I want the timer, now.

ARTURO

I'm sorry, my boy, but you donated it.
The Museum has a signed release from
both of us. I can't help you. The
I.T.M. belongs to the exhibit now.

QUINN

We'll see about that.

Quinn turns and charges for the timer display case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3

REMBRANDT

What's he doing?

WADE

Making a really big mistake.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As two UNIFORM guards step in front of Quinn, grabbing him by the arms...

EXT. MUSEUM - COURTYARD - DAY

As Quinn is tossed out by the guards -- angry, upset. He storm away to walk off the anger. Wade emerges.

WADE

Quinn, wait!

But he doesn't. She takes off after him.

EXT. PARK - DAY

In the real San Francisco, we'd be in Fort Mason park, walking up the pathway, a beautiful view of the Northeast bay. Around the corner looms the Golden Gate...

Quinn walks up, clenching a fist, blinded by anger. Wade catches up to him.

WADE

What are you doing, Quinn?? You can't just grab a museum exhibit and expect to walk out with it?

QUINN

It's mine. It shouldn't be there in the first place.

He paces back and forth where they've stop.

WADE

We'll get it back. There are ways. You can hire a lawyer, sue him for --

QUINN

There's no time for lawyers. Did you see the read out? There's less than a day left. If I don't get back, we'll miss the slide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

Maybe this is one slide we're supposed to miss.

A look. He looks away, hurt. He shakes his head.

QUINN

I know you're happy here, Wade. Don't you think I wish I could be? Don't you think I wish that was my mother waiting for me at my house?? But wanting something doesn't make it real.

(then)

And I know you don't want to hear it, but this ride isn't over. Not by a long shot.

He starts off, back the way he came. Wade, upset, turns away from him. And then she SEES it.

WADE

Quinn!!

Something about the way she yelled that. He turns back.

WADE

Look at the bridge!

His gaze looks past her, his jaw drops.

QUINN

Oh my God...

THEIR POV ~ THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

Only on this world,

WADE

A look between them... Now there's no doubt, Quinn has been right all along.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. QUINN'S CAR

Parked in front of the University. Wade is clearly upset by what's happened.

WADE

On the radio, I kept hearing about the Azure Gate Bridge. But I didn't put it together. Maybe I didn't want to. I wanted this to be home.

(looks to Quinn)

Why couldn't this have just been home?

His hand reaches out to hers.

QUINN

We'll get there, Wade. I promise. Some how, some way. We'll make it.

WADE

I know.

(beat; then)

C'mon, let's tell the Professor.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Arturo stands before his blackboard, crossing out numbers, adding new ones -- pondering the 'sliding' equation.

ARTURO

Why doesn't this damn thing work??

QUINN

Maybe it's because you've left out the vortical parameters.

Wade and Quinn enter. He crosses to the board and adds some numbers, then multiplies out the new equation.

ARTURO

Of course. That's extraordinary.

WADE

You want to hear something else extraordinary? Get this -- The Golden Gate bridge is blue.

The Professor shows no surprise, no inquisitiveness...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

You knew? You've known all along we weren't home.

ARTURO

At first I merely suspected. By the time I knew for certain, word of our sliding was already out.

QUINN

And you were becoming famous.

WADE

You should have told us, Professor.

ARTURO

Be honest, woman, did you really want to know?? Were you not content to simply believe this was home?

Wade looks hurts, part of what he says is true.

QUINN

Doesn't matter. We leave this place tomorrow.

ARTURO

I am going nowhere. This is my home. And I fully intend to remain here.

WADE

But what about our doubles? What if they comeback?

ARTURO

I believe the odds of that to be very slim if not altogether impossible...

Arturo is clearly making a stab at Quinn's invention.

QUINN

We don't think so. We'll keep sliding until we make it.

ARTURO

There is no guarantee you'll ever make it home. You should stay here and work with me. Together we could take the scientific world by storm!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

QUINN

Not interested, Professor. Maybe there is no guarantee we'll get home, but I'd rather keep trying than stay behind and pretend to be something I'm not.

WADE

Will you at least help us get the timer back?

ARTURO

As I told you earlier, the timer belongs to the museum. It is out of my hands. There is nothing I can do to help you.

QUINN

Is that your final word?

A look. Clearly it is. Quinn shakes his head, exits.

WADE

We've been through so much. It wouldn't feel right to leave you.

ARTURO

Very kind of you to care. But I'm perfectly content to be left.

A final look between them, then Wade exits.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - STREET

Quinn is standing by the car. His turn to be upset.

QUINN

I can't believe him. It's like he's not himself. All he cares about is the prestige and winning that Nobel. That's probably why he won't help us with the timer.

WADE

I don't think that's it, Quinn. I think maybe he's just tired and a little afraid. He is right, we may never get home.

QUINN

Does that mean you want to stay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE
 No. I want to keep trying too.
 (smiles; then)
 Come on. We're going to have our
 hands full with Rembrandt too.

And they get into the car.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - ON REMBRANDT

Singing his new song: "Slidin Thru the Tunnel of Love".

REMBRANDT
 Slidin thru the tunnel of love...
 Falling from the sky above...

TOPPS
 Fallin, fallin...

REMBRANDT
 On each and every earth I land,
 Ooh, baby, ooh, it's you girl,
 C'mon and take my hand...

TOPPS
 Take it, take it...

REMBRANDT
 Hold it, hang on. Easy, kill the
 playback.

The PLAYBACK STOPS. The Topps Stop. They all sigh. Behind them, in the booth, WE SEE Quinn and Wade slip in. There are also a bevy of groupies here as well.

REMBRANDT
 You guys are dogging that last 'take
 it'. You need to come up on the end.
 (singing)
 Take it... Take it...
 (patronizing)
 Now, how hard is that?
 (spots Quinn & Wade)
 Take five. Maybe a little rest'll
 help you hit the note.

He moves to the booth, unaware that behind him, one of the Topps makes a move to swing, being held back by Maurice.

INT. BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

REMBRANDT
(entering)
Topps sound pretty good, huh?

WADE
Really good.

REMBRANDT
I'm telling you, sliding may be the best thing that ever happened to me. This song's got number one written all over it.

WADE
We need to talk.

QUINN
It's important.

Something about the way Quinn says that.

REMBRANDT
Easy, how about a little privacy?

Easy nods, exiting, taking the groupies with him.

REMBRANDT
Okay. Hit me with it.

WADE
We're not home.

REMBRANDT
Now he's got you thinking that too?

QUINN
I'm sorry, Crying Man, but it's the truth.

Rembrandt shakes his head. Wade hands him a post card.

INSERT POST CARD

It's of the Golden Gate Bridge, but of course, now it's blue. The words "Azure Gate Bridge" are prominent.

BACK TO SCENE

REMBRANDT
Azure Gate Bridge? So?

QUINN
Doesn't the bridge look familiar?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rembrandt looks again and this time he's sees it.

REMBRANDT

Oh man...

WADE

Looks funny blue, doesn't it?

REMBRANDT

Okay, so maybe they painted it while we were gone.

Very doubtful. Rembrandt stands, agitated.

REMBRANDT

No. No. No. I can't hear this. I'm not going to let you do this to me.

(points to studio)

See in there -- those are my boys. The Topps. We're together again. My career's hot. This song is pure gold.

(then; pained)

I don't know what you guys want from life, but everything I've ever wanted is right here. This has to be home.

He gives them a look, full of hope, full of something. Maurice sticks his head into the booth.

MAURICE

Remy, we're paying five bills an hour here.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, hang on.

Maurice disappears. Rembrandt looks back to Quinn a Wade.

QUINN

You have a day, Crying Man. Then we slide.

REMBRANDT

Not me, man. The only sliding I'm gonna be doing is up the charts.

And he exits back into the recording studio.

WADE

That went great.

QUINN

He just needs sometime. Let's give him the night, we'll hook up with him after we get the timer back.

They exit. CAMERA MOVES to REMBRANDT.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO

Rembrandt is upset. He picks up his headphones.

REMBRANDT

You think you guys can get this in one take or not??

A look between the Topps.

REMBRANDT

What's that look supposed to mean?

MAURICE

It means here comes the same old Rembrandt, pulling that same old tired star attitude again.

REMBRANDT

You saying I'm not the star here? Cuz if I'm not mistaken, the crowds that used to pack our gigs were there to see the Crying Man, not Maurice Fish.

Maurice moves to Rembrandt threateningly...

MAURICE

That's it. I've had it.

REMBRANDT

With what?

Maurice winds up and pops Rembrandt. Remmy falls to the ground, holding his nose.

MAURICE

With you, Mr. Big Star...

He turns, waving the Topps with him. As he opens the door:

MAURICE

I didn't want to sing with you again anyway. I only did this because you were married to my sister, Thania.

REMBRANDT

Thania?

MAURICE

Maybe she's lucky she died in that accident, after all. At least she doesn't have to spend the rest of her life with you!

Maurice and the Topps exit.

REMBRANDT

Oh my Lord. Q-ball was right!

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT/LABORATORY

Wade watches as Quinn goes through a steamer trunk, pulling out all sorts of strange items. He yanks out a fishing rod.

QUINN
I knew this Quinn would have it!

WADE
What exactly is that?

QUINN
A Popeil pocket fisherman. This is just what we need...

He tests the device, tossing the line back and forth.

WADE
I don't know if this is such a good idea, Quinn. Maybe it won't work.

QUINN
You don't have to go, Wade. I can do this by myself.

WADE
No. If we're going to do this, we do it together.

They share a smile.

INT. MUSEUM - ENTRANCE - DAY

Quinn and Wade enter. Wade pushes money through a window.

WADE
I know you're about to close. We just want a quick look at the new Sliding exhibit.

Two tickets are pushed through and they enter...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUSEUM - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Lights illuminate the closed museum.

INT. MUSEUM - SECOND FLOOR - LATER

Empty, Quiet. Closed. A GUARD moves through. He radios in:

GUARD
Second floor clear. Set the alarms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He moves on. CAMERA PANS THE ROOM. We PASS over the TIMER DISPLAY CASE and can see laser beams emanating from the ceiling, a light sensor alarm system.

THE CAMERA COMES TO a closet door.

INT. CLOSET

Quinn and Wade hide. Quinn tests the line for buoyancy.

QUINN
I think it needs more weight. What've
you got on you?

Wade searches, not much. However, she's got a necklace on. It's a film camera pendant. Quinn seizes on it.

QUINN
Give me your necklace.

WADE
Penny Marshall gave me that when we
closed the deal for her to direct.

QUINN
Give.

She takes it off, sad to see it go. Quinn weights the line and then takes a step out of the closet.

INT. MUSEUM/EXT. CLOSET

Quinn casts the line into the exhibit area.

CLOSE ON THE FISHING LINE

WE WATCH SLO-MO as the line ribbons through the air. As it reaches it's furthest point -- THE ALARMS ARE SET OFF. RING. RING. RING.

Quinn reels the line back in, ducks into --

INT. CLOSET

Where Wade and Quinn are. They smile to each other. The ALARMS BLARE from the outside...

QUINN
I saw this in a movie. It worked like
a charm.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
 After three more times of this,
 they'll be ripping the system out of
 the walls...

The ALARM TURNS OFF.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUSEUM

As the Guard moves through again and sees nothing. He walks off. A beat later, Quinn opens the door again...

INT. CLOSET

As the ALARMS GO CRAZY again. Quinn and Wade wait, tired of being in the closet. Quinn checks his watch.

WADE
 Don't these guys ever give up?

QUINN
 (hears something)
 Shh. Wait...

INT. MUSEUM

The guard is standing near the closet door.

GUARD
 (into his radio)
 I don't know what the problem is, Ted.
 Just shut the damn thing down and call
 the alarm company to get over here.

INT. CLOSET

Quinn and Wade heard this. They do a silent high-five.

INT. MUSEUM - A MOMENT LATER

As the guard's moves off, Quinn and Wade emerge from the closet. They cross to --

THE TIMER'S DISPLAY CASE

The Timer waiting to be snatched. Quinn gingerly reaches out to the case and lifts the cover.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An ALARM BEGINS TO BLAST. It sounds like a FOREIGN POLICE SIREN.

WADE
There's a double alarm?

QUINN
There wasn't in the movie...

WADE
You can tell me about it later.

She grabs the timer and they run. They exit out an EMERGENCY EXIT door. MORE ALARMS BLARE. A moment later, the guards come rushing back.

INT. STAIRWAY

As Quinn and Wade run for their lives, exiting out a door. The guards close behind.

EXT. MUSEUM - COURTYARD - NIGHT

At the wall, Quinn helps Wade over and then jumps over.

EXT. PARK /EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

As they come over the wall and run like hell.

EXT. PARK - ANOTHER AREA

As they get deeper into the park. They stop to catch their breath and get a moment to check the timer.

WADE
It's at thirty seconds!

QUINN
What??
(grabs the timer)
I must've gotten the time wrong!

Several Guards race towards them. We hear VOICES: OVER HERE. I SEE THEM. DON'T SHOOT, etc...

Quinn and Wade start to run. Guards chasing after them. They duck around a corner and hide...

WADE
We'll have to slide!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
We can't go without the others.

WADE
I know. But if we don't, we'll miss
the window.

Police barrel down on them. They exchange a look. Wade looks at the Timer.

INSERT TIMER

As it ticks down to Zero, Zero, Zero.

BACK TO SCENE

It's now or they're stuck here forever. They hesitate. Uncertain. And then -- the Timer resets to 1:59:00.

Wade looks to Quinn, confused...

WADE
It reset?? How can that happen?

QUINN
It can't...
(looks closely)
This isn't our timer. It's some kind
of duplicate.

And now, POLICE LIGHTS and guns surround them. They hold up their hands, ready for arrest.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. DR. WHELAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Rembrandt stands by the window...

REMBRANDT

Man, they were going to miss that window, for me. Makes you realize who your true friends really are.

DR. WHELAN

And how does that make you feel?

REMBRANDT

Lucky. Q-ball and Wade, they're good people.

(re: his watch)

Damn. Look at the time. And I was hoping I could get to the end.

He crosses and pulls on his jacket.

DR. WHELAN

Wait. You must have some time. Please. I'd really like to hear more.

REMBRANDT

Yeah? Well, I guess I could spare another half hour.

DR. WHELAN

Wonderful. Let me just tell my secretary she may leave if she'd like.

INT. RECEPTION AREA/EXT. DR. WHELAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Another office done in the CAT LOOK. The SECRETARY has a cattish look to her wardrobe as well. Dr. Whelan exits, closing the door behind him. He speaks low:

DR. WHELAN

Call Gatehaven. Have them send a team.

SECRETARY

The patient's that ill?

DR. WHELAN

Classic case of schizo-affective disorder. Tell them to hurry. I may have trouble holding him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING AREA - DAY

Rembrandt is here, a big bandage on his nose...

REMBRANDT (V.O.)

Well, Maurice's little ego adjustment made it even more clear who my real friends were. When they called, there was no doubt the Crying Man was gonna be there for them.

Rembrandt checks his watch. He turns to Wade, who's on a payphone. He indicates his watch. She nods understanding.

ON WADE

A difficult conversation.

WADE

Kelley, tell them I'm sorry. Make them understand why I had to go.

(beat; then)

Yeah. It was good meeting you, too.

She hangs up slowly. Rembrandt crosses to her.

REMBRANDT

I know, girl. Hardest part is leaving people behind.

WADE

(nods; then)

How's Quinn doing?

They both look to

ON QUINN AND MRS. MALLORY

Who're on a bench across the station. Mrs. Mallory looks struck. Quinn reaches out and takes her hand.

QUINN

I'm sorry.

Mrs. Mallory looks at him. This is son she knows so well and yet, he's actually a stranger.

MRS. MALLORY

You are so much like him. How is that possible?

QUINN

Remember how I explained doubles? Some are just more like us than others. You're like my mom, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She simply stares at him for a long beat... Wade and Rembrandt step forward.

Quinn stands, a last look to his double's mother.

QUINN
Thank you for everything.

MRS. MALLORY
Thank you. I had been missing him so much. Spending time with you has really helped.

QUINN
He'll make it back. If he's anything like me --

MRS. MALLORY
He's exactly like you.

QUINN
(kneels before her)
Then he won't stop trying until he gets home.

A final hug and they part.

MRS. MALLORY
(to all of them)
You'll make it too. I know you will.

REMBRANDT
We're sure gonna try.

Wade gives her a smile and then she and Rembrandt move on.

Mrs. Mallory reaches out to Quinn and takes his hand. No words necessary. After a beat, Quinn moves on as well.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

As the Sliders walk. Wade rolls her neck, trying to get the crick out. Quinn looks lost in thought.

WADE
If we're going to spend the night in jail on every slide, maybe I should carry a travel pillow or something.

REMBRANDT
Maybe we should try staying out of jail for awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
Remember during the Larry King
interview? He was holding a duplicate
timer. He said he had the real one
safely tucked away in his house.
(checks his watch)
The Professor always teaches a ten
a.m. Advanced Theory course. He won't
be home.

REMBRANDT
Oh no. Don't go there Q-ball. You
just got out of jail!!

But Quinn walks a little faster. Rembrandt rolls his eyes.

EXT. ARTURO'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Quinn's car is parked outside a nice, middle class home.

INT. ARTURO'S HOUSE - OFFICE

Rembrandt, Wade and Quinn ransack the place...

REMBRANDT
Nothing but science journals and
research books. What kind of man
doesn't even own a stereo?

WADE
(touches a knob)
Look at the TV. It's got knobs on it.

REMBRANDT
How much time do you think we have?

QUINN
Maybe an hour, maybe less.
(frustrated)
It has to be here...

Quinn starts to rip the place apart more, a sense of
desperation creeping in. There is a distant TAP, TAP sound.
Like metal on metal.

WADE
What's that??

They listen as the TAP, TAP continues.

REMBRANDT
It sounds like it's coming from
underneath us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn notices a heating grate, moves to it. TAP, TAP, TAP.

QUINN
(listens; then)
It's coming from the basement.

He says this just loud enough...

ARTURO
(distant, surprised)
Mr. Mallory? Is that you??

The Sliders exchange surprised looks.

INT. BASEMENT

The Sliders comes down the steps to find a crude bedroom set up. Also, a desk and a chalkboard (with an equation erased and a happy faced drawn over it).

On the bed, Arturo sits, chained at the ankle. He's been pounding on the chain with rock.

ARTURO
It's about time you buggers found me.

REMBRANDT
(re: Arturo's chains)
I've had dreams about this.

They stand there, astounded.

ARTURO
Well don't just stand there -- get me out of this shackle.

INT. BASEMENT

CLOSE ON A HAMMER HITTING a SCREWDRIVER which is wedged into the Professor's ankle bracelet.

WIDER REVEALS, Wade sits on the bed next to Arturo. Quinn and Rembrandt are working on the restraint.

WADE
It's wild to think you been down here this whole slide.

ARTURO
Almost from the moment of our return.

QUINN
That explains a lot...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Imagine my surprise when a second Arturo appeared in my office.

REMBRANDT

Had he been here all along?

ARTURO

Apparently on sabbatical in the Santa Cruz Mountains. His graduated assistant realized immediately who I was and phoned him with the news.

QUINN

How did she know about sliding and doubles?

Quinn strikes the hammer again.

ARTURO

He must have told her. From what I can gather, the Arturo of this world was present when their Quinn and Wade slid. He apparently was too afraid to leap into the void himself.

(laughs)

He didn't believe in the theory.

QUINN

And now?

ARTURO

He's attempting to win the Nobel is he not?

Quinn strikes the hammer again. The Professor winces.

ARTURO

Careful Mr. Mallory...

QUINN

Sorry.

(shakes his head)

I can't believe that wasn't you who went on Larry King.

ARTURO

He went on Larry King? That pompous, arrogant, misrepresenting hound!

(but, then)

What was the reaction to the news of sliding?

WADE

You made the cover of Newsweek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

ARTURO
I did? How was the picture?

WADE
Very professorial...

Quinn and Rembrandt exchange a smile.

ARTURO
What I cannot understand is how could you not have known it was me? The other fellow is mean spirited, self-promoting, malcontent. Didn't you notice his horrid behaviour?

The Sliders exchange a look between one another. Shrugs.

WADE
We were all pretty busy on this slide, Professor.

REMBRANDT
What I don't understand is why is he holding you captive?

QUINN
He needs a working equation, so he can win the Nobel.

ARTURO
Exactly. Of course, I gave him nothing.

He points to the happy face on the chalk board. Then:

ARTURO
Which reminds me, when do we leave this hellish earth?

REMBRANDT
We don't exactly know. We don't have the timer.

ARTURO
If Mr. Mallory can free me, I can help you with that.

And now, Quinn strikes one more time, the bracelet breaking, freeing Arturo. He stands, walking freely.

ARTURO
My God, now I know how the Israelites felt when Moses led them from Egypt!

Wade and Quinn exchange an amused look.

INT. ARTURO'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

The Professor leads the Sliders to the TV. He pushes the screen and front flips out. He pulls the timer out.

ARTURO

I'm surprised you didn't realize the television was a fake. Have I not made it clear in all our days together how much I revile this invention??

(hands it to Quinn)

There you go, my boy. The genuine article.

QUINN

(reads the timer)

Three minutes.

REMBRANDT

That was close.

WADE

Too close. Let's get out of here.

They turn to go, but are surprised as --

PROFESSOR #2

I was afraid of this. That man is an impostor. You mustn't believe a word he says.

Another Professor standing by the door, breathless. Let's dress them alike to add to the confusion.

REMBRANDT

Looks who's calling the kettle black.

PROFESSOR #2

Mr. Brown, please. This is no time for pithy sayings. You must listen to me. I managed to escape earlier today and in the process, incarcerate the Arturo of this world, whom you've unfortunately mistaken for me and released.

The Sliders look amongst themselves ~ uncertain.

WADE

Guys what do we do?

QUINN

You guys like to play twenty questions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Excellent idea. Mr. Mallory. Ask me a question only I could answer.

WADE

I know. In that world with the Constitution -- what was different about the police?

ARTURO/PROFESSOR #2

They wore skirts.

Arturo gives the other an annoyed look.

REMBRANDT

Uh oh. Double trouble.

ARTURO

Don't be fooled, Mr. Brown. This man is the impostor. Somehow he must have learned some of our adventures.

Quinn walks up to Professor #2, gives him a look in the eye.

QUINN

What happened to you in the Australian embassy?

Arturo rolls his eyes. Professor #2 looks down, ashamed.

PROFESSOR #2

My boy, you know I'd prefer not to discuss that.

ARTURO

Oh, please. He's as phony as a Red Communist dollar bill!

PROFESSOR #2

Please, Mr. Mallory, trust me. I am your Arturo. Do not leave me here. I wish to get home, with all of you!

REMBRANDT

How could they both know everything?

QUINN

(realizing)
Wade's diary.

WADE

Oh my God. Everything about us...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

QUINN

(thinks)

What didn't you write about, Wade?

WADE

I pretty much covered everything.

(then)

Can't we just take them both?

REMBRANDT

No way. It's hard enough sliding with one Professor. I'm not doing this with two.

QUINN

Crying Man's right. We can't take both. We have to figure out who's who.

ARTURO

This is ridiculous.

PROFESSOR #2

I'll tell you what ridiculous is
You marauding yourself as me. You're
not half the Cosmologist as I am!

ARTURO

I've had as much of you as I care to
take.

Arturo moves to the Professor and swings. Professor #2 goes
down cold.

ARTURO

That is for shackling me in that hell
hole for these last two weeks...

(turns to the Sliders)

It shames me somewhat to have had to
resort to violence, but a man can only
take so much. Now, I believe we have
a slide to get to??

REMBRANDT

You our Professor?

ARTURO

Am I not the man you found chained in
the basement?

Rembrandt shrugs, looks to Wade and Quinn.

QUINN

No time to second guess. We'll have
to take our chances.

Quinn leads the Sliders out the door.

EXT. ARTURO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As the Sliders come out. Quinn holds the timer out and activates the WORM HOLE. As the LIGHT and WIND bathe them. Arturo looks on in wonder. They YELL to be heard above.

ARTURO
 She really is a thing of beauty!
 (to Quinn; complimentary)
 I only wish she had been my invention.

Smiles between them. Wade jumps, then Rembrandt.

QUINN
 Good to have you back, Professor.

ARTURO
 Good to be back.

Now, Quinn leaps and finally Arturo. WE HOLD on the WHIRRING VORTEX as it shrinks and then disappears...

REMBRANDT (V.O.)
 Here's the weird part, we're not even really sure which Professor we got.

INT. DR. WHELAN'S OFFICE - DUSK

Rembrandt sits up.

REMBRANDT
 It's the damndest thing. Ever since we slid out of there, he's been totally different, actually kind of nice to be around.

DR. WHELAN
 Are you concerned you might've left your friend behind on this other world?

REMBRANDT
 Nah. One thing I learned on this slide, you gotta trust your friends. If the Professor says it's him, I believe it.
 (checks his watch)
 Whoa, it's definitely time now. I gotta go or next thing you know they'll be leaving me behind.

Remmy stands to put his jacket on. The Doctor's worried. He's doesn't want him to leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

You know, Doc, I never did believe in you guys all that much, but I got to admit, I feel better having shared all this with you.

DR. WHELAN

But you can't leave.

REMBRANDT

Worried about the bill, huh?

DR. WHELAN

To be truthful with you, Mr. Brown, I am worried about you. This delusion you're lost in could very well lead you to some harm.

REMBRANDT

Delusion? You mean after all this, you still don't believe me?

The doctor shakes his head. There's no way.

And Now, Wade, Arturo and Quinn burst into the office...
The secretary attempting to hold them back.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, but they just barging in.

REMBRANDT

Hey, guys, what're you doing up here?

WADE

You were supposed to meet us downstairs ten minutes ago.

DR. WHELAN

It's okay, Nancy.

The secretary recedes, closing the door behind her.

QUINN

There's no time now. We'll have to slide from here.

DR. WHELAN

You believe in this 'sliding' as well?
All of you?

The Sliders look amongst themselves, sly smiles.

ARTURO

Shall we make a believer of him, Mr. Mallory?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 2

QUINN
Absolutely, Professor.

Quinn activates the VORTEX. The WIND and LIGHT blow in the doctor's face. The Slider's leap. Quinn, Arturo, Wade.

REMBRANDT
Still think I'm crazy, doc?

The Doctor stands, gaping, mouth open.

REMBRANDT
I'm sorry about stiffing you on the bill, but I promise somehow I'll make good with you on another world.

And then he leaps. The Doctor continues to stare at the vortex, mesmerized by the light.

INT. RECEPTION AREA/EXT. DR. WHELAN'S OFFICE

The Gatehaven team arrives. A worried secretary stands on this side of the door. The VORTEX light shines underneath.

SECRETARY
Hurry. I think something strange is happening in there...

INT. DR. WHELAN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

The VORTEX CLOSES. The doctor plops into his chair, dazed. The Gatehaven team bursts in.

DR. WHELAN
Did you see it? My God. It was so beautiful. The light, the wind. The sky just opened, like a pathway to heaven...

The Secretary shrugs. She's never seen him like this.

SECRETARY
Dr. Whelan, where did the people go?

DR. WHELAN
To their next world. They jumped into the light, actually it's a tunnel which leads them to another planet. Oh no, same planet, different dimension. They call it sliding.

The Gatehaven team exchanges a look and move to Dr. Whelan. They hold out a straightjacket...

EXT. PARK - DAY

As our Sliders all land softly in a N.D. world. Rembrandt lands last and of course, he falls onto Arturo.

They stand, brushing themselves off, sharing smiles.

REMBRANDT
Sorry about that, Professor.

ARTURO
No problem, Mr. Brown.

REMBRANDT
No problem?

ARTURO
None whatsoever... I will gladly
break your fall anytime.

The Professor walks off, leaving Rembrandt somewhat uncertain. Anytime?

FADE OUT.

THE END