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SLIDERS

"LAST DAYS"

Written

by

Dan Lane

REVISED PAGES:

Pink rev. Full script

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CAST LIST

ARTURO  
QUINN  
REMBRANDT  
WADE WELLES  
CONRAD BENNISH

METER MAID  
NEWS ANCHOR  
DR. ANTONOVICH  
REVERAND  
MRS. WELLES  
DRIVER  
COP  
JIMMY  
CAROLINE FONTAINE  
HOLY ROLLER  
SCIENCE CORRESPONDENT  
ALLAN FONTAINE

\*

OMITTED:  
NURSE PAMELA

\*

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

CHENEY STREET  
SIDE STREET  
CITY STREET  
IN FRONT OF WADE WELLES HOUSE  
QUINN'S STREET  
SKID ROW - MAKE-SHIFT SOUP KITCHEN  
MOONATIC ELECTRONICS STORE

INTERIORS:

OBSERVATORY AUDITORIUM  
OBSERVATORY ALCOVE  
QUINN'S HOUSE  
    /KITCHEN  
    /BASEMENT  
    /DINING ROOM  
UNIVERSITY PHYSICS LAB  
LOFT SPACE  
    /BEDROOM  
    /CORRIDOR

\*  
\*

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY - A SHIMMERING BLUE VOID 1

appears above a little-traveled side street in an urban area of San Francisco. Wade exits the void... Rembrandt next... followed by Quinn... and finally Arturo. \*

QUINN  
(as they collect themselves)  
Everyone alright? \*

REMBRANDT  
Neck's a little sore - had to flip sideways to avoid slamming into the Professor, back in the void. \*

ARTURO  
And I am entirely grateful. Such a collision while in the act of Sliding would be most undignified. \*

The Sliders start to walk, taking things in... \*

WADE  
Hey... I think I know this street... it's two blocks south of Cheney. \*

ARTURO  
Then it is San Francisco. But is it our San Francisco? \*

QUINN  
(checks timer)  
72 hours, and change. Plenty of time to find out. \*

The Sliders walk on, hoping against hope, afraid to believe otherwise...

They pass a couple kissing with complete, unrestrained passion. Beyond them, the sound of SEVERAL PEOPLE LAUGHING comes floating from Cheney Street around the corner.

REMBRANDT  
Home or not... I really like the vibe here. Folks laughin'... Folks kissing like there's no tomorrow. \*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

WADE  
(to Quinn, teasing)  
When was the last time you kissed  
someone?

QUINN  
(grinning)  
Wouldn't you like to know?

ARTURO  
Come along now children. Behave.

WADE  
(to Rembrandt)  
There he goes again. Treating me  
like a child - calling me a  
child.

ARTURO  
If the shoe fits, Miss Welles.

They smile at one another - they are coming to make a habit  
of pushing each other's buttons. As they turn the corner --

2 EXT. CHENEY STREET - AN ODD GROUP OF PEOPLE

2

is the source of the laughter they heard.

THREE CORPORATE EXECUTIVE TYPES

are sitting on huge HARLEY DAVIDSON motorcycles revving the  
engines and sharing swigs from the same bottle of booze with

HELL'S ANGELS, who stand by and cheer them on. There's a  
strange urgency to their hilarity - hard to put your finger  
on - it feels forced, as though these people are really  
working at having a good time.

THE SLIDERS

have an uneasy moment walking past them. They're curious,  
but not comfortable asking questions.

ACROSS THE STREET - A NEIGHBORHOOD MARKET

Signs in the windows show a dizzying upward spiral - prices  
crossed out and raised 100%, 200% and more. Still there is  
a huge line of people waiting to get in, and a SECURITY  
GUARD armed with a machine gun to keep order.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

REMBRANDT

Seventeen dollars for an apple?

WADE

What is this place? Inflation  
world?

QUINN

I don't think so.

ANGLE - NEXT TO THE GROCERY STORE - MOONATIC ELECTRONICS

Signs in the window: "Rock-bottom Prices - Too Low To  
Quote." "Final Days Sale."

\*  
\*

MACE MOON

himself stands out by the curb, arguing with a meter maid  
who has just put a parking ticket on Mace's car.

MACE MOON

This is my store, jackass -- I'll  
park anywhere I want!

METER MAID

Not in the red, you won't. Now  
look, Mister, I got enough problems  
here.

(Mace is poised to rip up  
the ticket)

Don't do that!

\*

MACE MOON

Or you'll what? What are you  
gonna do about it?

Mace takes delight in tearing up the ticket right in front  
of her. Then throws the shredded ticket in her face.

MACE MOON

Go hassle jaywalkers!

The maid's pissed, wants to bust him. Instead

METER MAID

You're not worth the paper work.

\*

She climbs back into her little scooter and drives away --

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

MACE MOON  
(to the astonished  
Sliders)  
How many times do you get a chance  
to do that in your life?

\*  
\*

ARTURO  
Excuse me, sir -- perhaps you could  
explain what's going on here.

MACE MOON  
What's going on is the biggest sale  
in the history of discount  
electronics --  
(then)  
How about a big screen TV to  
monitor events as they happen from  
around the world?

\*

ARTURO  
I detest television. Moronic  
sitcoms passing for entertainment,  
turgid melodrama -- sensationalism  
passing for news.

MACE MOON  
Buddy boy, you're behind the times.  
What about the Mensa Channel? Or  
Astronomical Week In Review?

ARTURO  
Astronomy?

MACE MOON  
Most popular show on basic cable.

Under which --

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)  
-- In related news, residents along  
the West Coast continued to hit the  
highways today, clogging major  
arteries, in a frantic attempt to  
reach higher ground, despite the  
government's proviso against  
unnecessary travel --

\*

Quinn overhears the above, turns to see --

ANGLE - THROUGH STORE WINDOW - SEVERAL TV'S

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 3

2

broadcasting live. A NEWS ANCHOR -- pert and sassy, like Katie Couric, narrates. Stock footage underscores the above

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)  
And in San Francisco, the Union of Concerned Scientists, led by Dr. Lee Antonovich, met to consider last-minute solutions to the matter at-hand.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

QUINN  
What's going on?

REMBRANDT  
(transfixed)  
What're they expecting here? An earthquake?

\*

MACE MOON  
Earthquake? You people just climb out from under a rock?  
(then)  
The asteroid's coming.

\*

ARTURO  
Asteroid?

MACE MOON  
Ten miles in diameter. They've known about it for months.

\*  
\*

ARTURO  
When? What time, exactly?

MACE MOON  
Friday, six-twenty in the evening, Pacific Standard Time.

WADE  
That's in two days.

All eyes turn to Quinn.

ARTURO  
How long are we here?

Quinn looks at the timer again; exhales

\*

QUINN  
Three days.

Off the Sliders and the awful truth --

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. CHENEY STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS

3\*

in varying stages of shock --

ARTURO

Listen to me! Cool heads!

REMBRANDT

Cool heads? What good's cool heads  
gonna do us? I ain't ready to die!

WADE

Who is?

REMBRANDT

You miss the point, girl! The fact  
that I'll never bless this world  
with another hit single is bad  
enough. But to think The Crying  
Man will be taken out by a passing  
comet - well, that's just too much.

QUINN

Not a comet, an asteroid.

REMBRANDT

(at Quinn)  
You, I don't even want to talk to!

Rembrandt's had it with all of them; starts to walk away.

QUINN

Rembrandt!

WADE

Come back!

WADE

(moves to stop him)  
Now's not the time to split up!

REMBRANDT

(of Quinn)  
He's the whole reason we got in  
this mess!

QUINN

Listen to me! We'll figure this  
out!

(then)

The most important thing is to  
stick together.

\*

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

REMBRANDT

How, Quinn? How are you gonna figure this out?

Quinn's stuck for an answer.

WADE

Good question, Quinn...

Quinn sighs -- can't make promises he can't keep.

REMBRANDT

Look -- no hard feelings, all right. I need some time to myself. (pointedly) Especially seeing as I got all of two days left.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Wade looks to Arturo: "What do we do?"

\*

ARTURO

Let him go.

WADE

What?

ARTURO

We'll reconvene on this spot -- Friday, five p.m.

WADE

Rembrandt -- ? You okay with that?

REMBRANDT

(almost weepy)  
Yeah... whatever.

\*  
\*

He goes --

ARTURO

And then there were three.

QUINN

Now what?

WADE

I don't know about you guys, but I want to see my family.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

QUINN

We don't even know that they exist here, Wade.

WADE

Well, we have to try!

ARTURO

(sees where this is going)

First things first, lad.

(then)

Who knows how the scientists of this world are coping with this problem? Perhaps we have something to offer.

Quinn is torn. Arturo sighs, makes a Solomonic gesture

ARTURO

Never mind. Run along with Miss Welles.

(then)

Let me know where I can find you, just in case.

QUINN

You sure you're okay with this, Professor?

WADE

(has scribbled on a scrap of paper, under)

Here's my address.

(then)

Otherwise, we'll meet you back here on Friday.

(saying the unsayable)

At least we'll be able to spend our last few hours together.

ARTURO

(noble)

Don't give up hope.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

3

Quinn and the Professor embrace. Then Wade and Arturo -- who pats her back paternally. There is nothing more to say. And no time to waste.

CUT TO:

4 INT. OBSERVATORY AUDITORIUM - LATER - PROJECTION SCREEN

4\*

(if possible) where the asteroid is depicted in computer animation (like at The Planetarium). It's a big, pock marked space rock, headed for the earth --

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

DR. ANTONOVICH (O.S.)

The object, known as 2956 Yeoman,  
which is ten point three six miles  
in diameter...

\*

DR. LEE ANTONOVICH

thick brows, grave, is the one narrating this extraordinary  
slide show.

\*

DR. ANTONOVICH

... travelling at a speed of 43  
thousand miles an hour, is on an  
unalterable collision course with  
the Western-most portion of the  
United States --

The auditorium is filled to capacity -- a gathering of the  
foremost scientists on the West Coast.

ANGLE - THE CEILING - THE SLIDE SHOW

now depicts the California coast, and the asteroids  
projected trajectory -- like a map inset.

ANGLE - ARTURO

has entered the auditorium somewhere during this, stands off  
to the side, looking up at the awful representation...

DR. ANTONOVICH

Contrary to some of the  
blandishments being issued by our  
government, the asteroid will not  
bypass the earth; it cannot be shot  
down with missiles; nor will it  
shatter into smaller meteors upon  
entering our atmosphere. I am here  
to tell you that while we cannot  
pinpoint the precise area of  
impact, 2956 Yeoman is coming; it  
is significantly larger than the  
asteroid that struck the Yucatan 65  
million years ago, to which we  
attribute the extinction of the  
dinosaurs...

\*

Crowd murmurs

\*

ANGLE - THE SCREEN - THE ASTEROID

\*

striking somewhere between San Francisco and Santa Cruz -- a  
third of the continental U.S. going instantly up in flames,  
smoke spreading out across the rest of the country

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 2

4

DR. ANTONOVICH  
...within hours, the earth will be  
shrouded in a dust cloud sufficient  
to obscure the sun for several  
decades.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As now, the sound of a commotion (O.S.) -- a man shouting,  
people trying to restrain him --

ANGLE - THE CROWD - A YOUNG MAN

with wild hair, holding an armful of papers

\*

THE MAN  
What about nuclear weapons!  
(to security guards)  
Get back, man!

\*

Much to Arturo's amazement, the firebrand is none other than  
CONRAD BENNISH, JR.

BENNISH  
We gotta try the atomic bomb! It's  
our only chance!

An excited buzz goes through the audience

BENNISH  
Einstein made a mistake!

\*

DR. ANTONOVICH  
You are the only physicist in the  
world who believes that. Einstein,  
Fermi and Oppenheimer explained  
their failure with the Adiabatic  
Limit Theory -- there isn't enough  
fissionable material available in  
nature!

ARTURO

reacts -- this astounds him.

BENNISH  
Re-read my analysis, Dr.  
Antonovich! The detonator was  
misaligned!  
(to guard)  
Let me go!

\*

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 3

4

DR. ANTONOVICH  
 You're an exceptional student, Mr.  
 Bennish. The committee has studied  
 your theory and made its  
 conclusion! Come back with a  
 credible approach and you'll be  
 heard.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BENNISH  
 (as he's hustled off)  
 The end of the world's on your  
 head, man! It's on you!

ARTURO

pushes his way through the crowd, trying to follow where they're taking Bennish.

DR. ANTONOVICH (O.S.)  
 Ladies and gentlemen, please pardon  
 that outburst, many of us are very  
 tired...

The guards throw Bennish and his dossier into --

\*

5 INT. OBSERVATORY - CORRIDOR - BENNISH

5

picks up his paperwork, which has gone flying all over the floor

ARTURO (O.S.)  
 Hello Mister Bennish.

Bennish turns

ARTURO

bends down to help with the pages.

ARTURO  
 Seems no matter how far I travel,  
 you're always a thorn in my side.

BENNISH  
 And who are you anyway?

\*

ARTURO  
 A fellow scientist, and let's leave  
 it at that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

ARTURO (cont'd)  
(to the business at hand)  
If I correctly understood the  
debate in there -- Trinity, the  
first test of a nuclear device, was  
a failure?

BENNISH  
Not much of a scientist if you  
don't know that.

ARTURO  
And Albert Einstein explained this  
failure by claiming there wasn't  
enough uranium on the planet to  
build a successful bomb?

BENNISH  
Right. The Adiabatic Limit.

Arturo ponders this a moment, marveling at it.

ARTURO  
And the world was spared. \*  
Brilliant!

BENNISH  
Uh uh -- bogus! That's what I've \*  
been trying to say.

ARTURO \*  
(off the scattered  
papers)  
May I examine these documents?

BENNISH  
What for?

Off Bennish -- he doesn't know what to make of this guy --

CUT TO:

6 EXT. CITY STREET - REMBRANDT

6

feeling very much alone, heads down the street toward

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

A BAPTIST CHURCH - A REVEREND

(black, late 50's) is out front, adjusting the white block letters inside the glass marquee. (The marquee identifies the church as of Baptist denomination. Below it, the quote from John:16 they're always touting at football games. And below: "Have a Nice Last Few Days.) The reverend closes the marquee glass, looks up as Rembrandt approaches.

REVEREND

I help you son?

REMBRANDT

I don't know, Reverend. I haven't been inside a church in quite a while.

\*

REVEREND

No time like the present.

REMBRANDT

It's just... we might be meeting our end soon and I'm a long way from home.

(then)

I was hoping you might have some answers, I guess.

REVEREND

Providing answers is a tall order.

(then)

What I tell my parishioners is: Live these last few days to their fullest potential.

(then)

God loves you, Son. Count on that.

REMBRANDT

Hope you're right. If not, I'll find out soon enough.

\*

\*

\*

REVEREND

Where is your family?

REMBRANDT

Like I told you, Reverend, far away.

\*

REVEREND

You say you're far from home, perhaps we can provide the community you seek.

\*

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 2

6

REMBRANDT  
(skeptically)  
Church work?

\*

REVEREND  
Helping others is the first step  
toward helping yourself.

\*

\*

\*

REMBRANDT  
Thanks, Rev -- but I don't think  
that's for me. These being the  
last hours and all.  
(then)  
I sort of need to kick out the  
jams. Y'know?

\*

\*

\*

\*

REVEREND  
I understand.

\*

\*

Rembrandt turns, starts to walk away --

REVEREND  
Son -- ?  
(Rembrandt turns)  
You're always welcome here.

\*

Rembrandt acknowledges, goes.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. STREET - SMALL HOUSE - AFTERNOON - A WOMAN

7

slight, sturdy, with a pretty face that is aging gracefully.  
She's kneeling, tending roses in the modest front garden --

WADE

approaches, tentative. Quinn hangs back, has a bad feeling.

\*

WADE  
Mom ?

MRS. ELLEN WELLES

turns, looks up at our Sliders. No recognition.

\*

WADE  
Don't you know me? It's Wade.

\*

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MRS. WELLES

(confused)  
Excuse me?

Wade looks to Quinn for assurance.

\*

QUINN

Come on, Wade. Let's go.

MRS. WELLES

(as confused as they are)  
Is this some kind of joke? Who are you?

WADE

(to Quinn)  
Let go of me!  
(then)  
I want to talk to her!

QUINN

Wade! Listen to me! She's not your mother!

\*  
\*  
\*

Wade's eyes are filling with tears. She breaks away from Quinn, starts to run --

QUINN

(to Mrs. Welles)  
She thought you were someone else.

He takes off after his friend

ANGLE - UP THE BLOCK A WAYS - WADE

has stopped, stands near a tree, sobbing

QUINN

approaches, unsure of what to say --

QUINN

(off her back)  
Listen to me. Okay?  
(she's silent)  
Cardinal rule: no emotional involvements. We can't afford to let ourselves be hurt.

\*  
\*

WADE

I can't help it!

(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

WADE (cont'd)

(then)

I'm gonna die and I'm gonna be  
alone!

This stops Quinn. He feels responsible.

QUINN

No. You're not.

She does a shuddery EXHALE, wipes away her tears. Quinn is  
deeply moved.

CUT TO:

8 INT. OBSERVATORY ALCOVE - EVENING - ARTURO

8

studying reams of documents from Bennish's file. Bennish is  
hovering over him, steering him down the paper path...

BENNISH

It's all there - see? Einstein's  
letter to Roosevelt in 1944 saying  
the bomb was impossible.

ARTURO

Where did you get this incredible  
archive?

BENNISH

I told you: I'm a doctoral  
candidate -- I know more about this  
stuff than anybody on the planet.

(then)

I've even got the prototype.

ARTURO

The bomb is here? In San  
Francisco?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

BENNISH

Ready, willing and able... Fat boy.

ARTURO

(looking up from the documents; offended)

I beg your pardon!

BENNISH

The bomb...They nicknamed it "fat boy".

ARTURO

Fat man, you blistering idiot.

BENNISH

(unfazed)

The schematics seemed to track until I got my hands on the real deal and opened the housing.

ARTURO

(stunned)

They let you take it apart?

BENNISH

Sure...Sorta...It's just a museum piece to them, gathering dust with a sign on it that said, "Einstein's Folly."

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ARTURO

(excited)

Mister Bennish... as much as I shudder to think about it... you and I are going to be spending a lot of time together.

BENNISH

(backing away)

No way, Chief. I got a girlfriend.

\*  
\*  
\*

ARTURO

Don't be an idiot! I'm speaking of the task at hand.

(off Bennish's confused look)

We are going to build the Atomic Bomb.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Bennish takes this in a moment. Then a huge, spacey smile spreads slowly across his face as we...

\*  
\*

FADE TO BLACK \*

END OF ACT ONE

\*

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9 INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING - KITCHEN DOOR 9\*  
opens \*

QUINN AND WADE \*

enter. Quinn turns on the lights --

QUINN \*  
The key's under the mat. That's a \*  
good sign. \*

WADE \*  
What if they come back? \*

ANGLE - THE ROOM

sheets draped over furniture, as if someone'd closed up a  
summer house.

QUINN  
They're not coming back. Probably  
went down to Carmel to be with my  
grandparents.

He turns on the lights --

WADE  
What about what you're always  
saying?  
(then)  
We don't even know if you exist on  
this world.

QUINN  
We do now.

ANGLE - REFRIGERATOR - A HIGH SCHOOL PHOTO

A teenage Quinn awkwardly posed before a blue backdrop,  
affixed with a magnet.

WADE  
Nice haircut.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

QUINN  
Do you know what this means?  
(then)  
If I exist here, maybe my lab's  
here too.

\*

Off Wade --

CUT TO

10 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - QUINN

10

thunders down the stairs.

WADE

behind him. Quinn hesitates a moment before turning on the lights. Almost doesn't dare to look.

THE BASEMENT - INTACT

It looks somewhat different from what we've established in the pilot; everything's covered by sheets.

QUINN

rips the sheets off what he expects to be his lab bench --

BOXES OF DINOSAUR FOSSILS

stacks of books on Paleontology.

WADE  
(disappointed)  
Dinosaur stuff?

\*

He moves deeper into the room, hope against hope.

\*

QUINN  
It's not a complete inconsistency.  
I've always been into paleontology.

ANGLE - REAR WALL - QUINN

takes a deep breath, tears back the sheet.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

QUINN  
(thank God)  
It's here.

And indeed --

ANGLE - REAR WALL - THE SLIDING SYSTEM

It looks the same. Wade wants to cry with gratitude.

\*

WADE  
The other Quinn's a Slider! He  
must've slid off this earth to get  
away from the asteroid.

\*

\*

QUINN  
One step at a time. I can't know  
what he did or how far he got till  
I get in to the guts to see.  
(then)  
Anyway, I've still got to synch up  
the timer.

WADE  
But there's a chance?

QUINN  
There's a chance.

Off which --

CUT TO

11 INT. UNIVERSITY PHYSICS LAB - DARK - A SECTION OF METAL

11

of a spheroid whole. We don't know what we're looking at.  
The sound of a key turning in the lock (OS) as now --

BENNISH AND ARTURO

enter. Bennish turns on the lights.

ARTURO  
My God

THE LAB BENCH - AN ATOM BOMB

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

semi-dismantled. It is about twelve feet in diameter, propped up on a rolling cart, like an egg in an egg cup.

BENNISH

Beauty, huh?

(then)

Roosevelt was hoping they could use it to blow up Japan. Second World War might've ended five years earlier -- saved a lot of lives.

\*  
\*

ARTURO

(as he examines it)

Can you imagine, Mr Bennish, the destructive power sitting dormant, right before our eyes?

(then)

Who are we to unleash the nuclear genii on an unsuspecting world?

Arturo is comparing the schematics with what he sees before him.

BENNISH

Yeah, well, it's not gonna be a world if we don't --

ARTURO

Yes. Quite right.

(then)

I've studied nuclear physics extensively, and I believe I have the solution. You're right about the failure of the detonator. In fact, you're 90% of the way there--

(then)

You're going to need to focus the shock waves.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BENNISH

Focus them? How?

\*

ARTURO

Follow my logic.

(down into schematics)

Instead of packing the explosive around the outer casing which won't produce the precise implosion you're looking for, you need lenses -- wedges --

(MORE)

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 2

11

ARTURO (cont'd)  
(demonstrating how this  
will work with his hands)  
pieces of metal of varying  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 3

11

ARTURO (cont'd)  
densities, so long as they're in  
the right proportion and in the  
right shape.

BENNISH  
How're we gonna know that? Trial  
and error?

ARTURO  
(pointing to his head)  
It's all up here.  
(then)  
We need lead, aluminum -- beryllium  
too, if it's available.

BENNISH  
(retracing Arturo's  
mental steps)  
The lens focuses the shock waves,  
sufficient to cause a chain  
reaction -- whoa!  
(envisioning it)  
Do you realize what you've done?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ARTURO  
We've done nothing, yet.  
(then)  
With God on our side, we can  
perform the necessary retro-fit  
but we need to make the lenses and  
we need to move fast.

BENNISH  
Unreal!  
(then)  
We'll share the patent right?

ARTURO  
If we're successful, there will be  
plenty of credit to go around. If  
not...

The implication speaks for itself.

BENNISH  
I trust you, dude.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 4

11

ARTURO  
 (stern; as to a child)  
 Mr. Bennish. We will tell no one.  
 Until we succeed.  
 (off Bennish, no problem)  
 Agreed?

\*

Off Arturo, rolling up his sleeves.

CUT TO

12 EXT. CHENEY STREET - NIGHT - LOOTERS

12

plunder a liquor store. The atmosphere is getting ugly,  
 reminiscent of the LA riots -- rioters wedging through the  
 twisted security gate, re-emerging with bottles of liquor.

\*

TWO COPS

lounging against their cruiser, chatting up a pretty girl;  
 they're sharing a bottle of champagne and a box of do-nuts  
 as if nothing was unusual.

REMBRANDT

moves through this chaos, a lone wolf on the prowl. The  
 cop gives Rembrandt the evil-eye.

\*

\*

COP  
 (to Rembrandt)  
 What're you looking at?

Discretion's the better part of valor -- he crosses the  
 street. Suddenly -- a screech of brakes, he's almost plowed  
 under by --

A CONVERTIBLE

men and women hanging all over it like Palm Springs during  
 Spring Break.

DRIVER  
 Whatta you trying to do?

REMBRANDT  
 I didn't see you.

One of the guys -- JIMMY -- jumps out, ducks into an upscale  
 clothing store, also in the process of being looted --

DRIVER  
 (after him)  
 Get her a size 7!

\*

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

He's referring to an attractive woman in the back seat.  
She's wearing a nurse's uniform.

\*  
\*

DRIVER  
(to the gawking  
Rembrandt)  
You like? We plucked her out'a  
the emergency room. She's got all  
the Valium and prozac you can eat.

\*

REMBRANDT  
Where you guys going?

DRIVER  
End-of-the-world blow out up on Nob  
Hill.

REMBRANDT  
Open house, or you need an  
invitation?

\*  
\*  
\*

DRIVER  
You kidding?  
(then)  
The more the merrier!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Jimmy's worked his way out of the clothing store, clambers  
back in, loaded down with stolen clothing. The nurse is  
down to her skivvies now --

\*  
\*  
\*

JIMMY  
(to Rembrandt)  
You coming?

\*  
\*  
\*

Rembrandt's ecstatic; let's do it!

\*

DRIVER  
What's the name, man?

\*  
\*

REMBRANDT  
Rembrandt.

\*  
\*

DRIVER  
Make way for Rembrandt, guys.

\*  
\*

The nurse extends her hand; Rembrandt takes it, wedging  
himself in the human throng as the car patches out --

\*  
\*

REMBRANDT  
All right!

\*  
\*

Rembrandt's pumped

\*

CUT TO:

13 INT. LOFT SPACE - NIGHT - A PARTY

13

in progress, like an extension of the rioting outside. The place is spartan, in an Architectural Digest sort of way --

THE MUSIC

is wild, raucous -- you can hear it all down the block. Ordinarily, the cops would be called to bust it up, but half the cops in the precinct are here, sharing a groaning board of exotic delicacies with a cross-section of stockbrokers, social x-rays, Hell's Angels, prostitutes and Skid Row bums.

REMBRANDT

enters, with the entourage from the convertible. The nurse is decked out now in spandex top and miniskirt.

REMBRANDT

Whose place is this?

DRIVER

Who cares?

(then)

What're you worried about? The re-sale value?

REMBRANDT

People crammed in here like sardines.

JIMMY

Lighten up, Remmy. Eternity's forever. I've got twenty four hours left, I'm gonna party like it's 1999.

He goes. Rembrandt sees --

A WOMAN

attractive, late 30's, at the groaning board, helps herself to a scoop of caviar and smoked salmon

WOMAN/CAROLINE

Having fun?

REMBRANDT

Starting to.

CAROLINE

Caroline Fontaine.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

REMBRANDT

Rembrandt Brown.

\*  
\*

CAROLINE

Really? Like the painter?

\*  
\*

Things are getting flirty when, suddenly --

\*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

A BRAWL

spills out of the nearby pantry, two men locked in what appears to be mortal combat; glass shatters, furniture upends as now

REMBRANDT

Look out!

THE BUFFET TABLE

goes over, thousands of dollars of delicacies falling onto the rug -- the brawlers roll right out of the room; the party continues on, oblivious. Rembrandt starts to resurrect the table --

CAROLINE

(to Rembrandt)

Don't worry about it!

REMBRANDT

Man, this place is getting trashed!

\*  
\*

CAROLINE

I said: don't worry about it. It's my house.

Rembrandt looks up: "Huh?"

\*

A MAN

\*

moves to Caroline -- puts an arm across her shoulder. It's like Playboy-After-Dark, with Hef draping a proprietary arm over Barbi Benton. The implication's sexual.

\*  
\*  
\*

MAN (ALLAN)

What's up?

\*  
\*

CAROLINE

This is Rembrandt.

(then)

This is Allan, my husband.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALLAN

Welcome, Rembrandt.

(then)

Mi casa es su casa --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CAROLINE

Rembrandt was just about to ask me to dance.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 3

13

ALLAN  
She's all yours, man.

\*  
\*

The implication's clearly sexual. As Caroline leads  
Rembrandt towards the dance floor --

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

14 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - QUINN

14

hunkered down at his workbench; appears to be soldering a piece of circuitry. Before him

PIECES OF ELECTRONIC HIGH-TECH

The task is primarily mechanical now. He's so wrapped up in what he's doing he doesn't notice as --

WADE

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

descends the steps behind him; she's got a box of Reynold's wrap.

\*  
\*

WADE  
All I could find was aluminum foil.

\*  
\*

QUINN  
(without looking up)  
That'll do.

\*  
\*  
\*

WADE  
How's it going?

\*  
\*

QUINN  
(world of his own)  
Getting there...

\*  
\*  
\*

WADE  
I feel sort of useless, I wish  
there was more I could do.  
(off Quinn)  
Quinn?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Quinn looks up, as if seeing her for the first time --

\*

QUINN  
What time is it?

\*  
\*

WADE  
A little after two.  
(then)  
You've been working ten hours  
straight.

QUINN  
C'mere -- I'll show you something.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE BASEMENT - CLOSE ON A TV MONITOR -  
QUINN 2

15

talking excitedly --

QUINN 2  
Incredible breakthrough today! I  
am closing in on an infiltration  
of the time/space continuum  
(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

QUINN 2 (cont'd)  
 (then; holding up small  
 dinosaur replica we saw  
 in boxes prior)  
 Within months, I may be able to  
 voyage back through the centuries  
 to the land of allosaurus and  
 brachothyx -- maybe even to the  
 Dawn of Time itself.

\*  
\*  
\*

WIDEN TO REVEAL - QUINN AND WADE

watching as Quinn 2's video log plays out.

\*

QUINN  
 Basically, this guy was heavy into  
 dinosaurs, he was working on  
 time-travel

WADE  
 What good's that do? We don't want  
 to go back in time. We want to go  
 home.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

QUINN  
 I don't even think time travel's  
 possible, but that's not the point.  
 (then)  
 If I can reconfigure some of the  
 internals, and then synch the timer  
 to the new frequency, maybe there's  
 enough kick left in this thing to  
 accelerate us all out of here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He doesn't even notice that she's started to cry.

QUINN  
 You okay?

\*  
\*

WADE  
 What are you talking about? We've  
 got seventeen hours left!  
 (off Quinn)  
 Has it ever occurred to you that  
 maybe we could talk to one another?  
 Maybe discuss how we might be  
 feeling about all this?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)



16 INT. KITCHEN - ON TV - A BALL

16

like the New Year's Eve ball in Times Square, two thirds of the way down the flagpole. A L.C.D. display ticks off the time -- 11 hours, seventeen minutes --

\*

WIDEN TO REVEAL - WADE

propped up, watching TV. She clicks the channel changer. MTV, then CNN where --

\*

ON TV - THE NEWS ANCHOR

\*

narrates a newscast showing clips of former combatants laying down their arms and joining hands...

\*

\*

ON TV - THE NEWS ANCHOR (KATIE COURIC)

NEWS ANCHOR

... In related news, the world braced for the apocalypse with an unprecedented show of peace and amity -- In Belfast, Ireland, Catholic and Protestants shared a morning of prayer; elsewhere, in Bosnia-Herzegovina, the six-month truce between Serbs and Muslims continued to hold...

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

ON TV - SHOTS

of the Intifada as

\*

NEWS ANCHOR

Not so, in the occupied West Bank,  
however, where Israelis and  
Palestinians greeted the  
second-to-last day with renewed  
violence...

\*

We see as little or as much of this on TV as stock footage  
will allow.

WADE

sighs, tries to stay sane.

ANGLE - THE WALL CLOCK

Four-ten in the morning.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BASEMENT - LATER - QUINN 17

stands before the generator, activating the crucial  
circuits.

THE TURBINES

start to hum; a surge of power. All systems go!

\*

QUINN

Here we go!

Suddenly

\*

THE FUSE BOX

on the wall, sparks flying.

QUINN

No!

An electrical fire, smoke and sparks from the machine  
itself.

CUT TO:

18 INT. KITCHEN - WADE

18

the clock on the wall stops at 5:03. The lights dim, the TV volume fades, the power shuts off completely

QUINN (O.S.)

\*

Wade!

She's on her feet.

CUT TO:

19 INT. BASEMENT - QUINN

19

surrounded by darkness, blasting the fire with an extinguisher

WADE

following a flashlight, comes down the stairs -- she rushes up, helps Quinn put out the last of the fire. When it's out

QUINN AND WADE

stand there, out of breath and scared, looking on at the smoldering wreckage. Wordlessly, Wade folds into Quinn's arms and he holds her. They hang on to each other for all they're worth.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN EARLY MORNING - QUINN 20

sits, slumped over the table, his head resting on his arms.

Wade comes up behind him. She strokes his shoulders, her heart going out to him...

WADE  
You tried. You did everything  
you could.

QUINN  
No. \*  
(then)  
We wouldn't even be in this mess if  
I'd known what the hell I was  
doing.

WADE \*  
I'm the one who wanted to Slide,  
remember? Our little 'spin around  
the Universe'?

She goes to the table, pulls a chair closer to him so she can touch his face.

WADE  
Hey... Look at me.

She turns his face so that she can look him in the eye.

WADE \*  
I have no regrets, understand? \*  
(then, with deep feeling) \*  
Yeah, I miss my family. And of \*  
course I don't want to die, but \*  
I've seen more...done more, since \*  
we started Sliding than I'd ever \*  
imagined possible. \*  
(then) \*  
And - maybe I'm crazy - but I \*  
feel connected to all the other \*  
Wades are out there. They're all \*  
me. If I die here, I know they go \*  
on. \*

Quinn looks at her, grateful for her solace, and feels how deeply he has come to care for her. \*

CUT TO:

21 INT. BENNISH'S LAB - 7:20 - FRIDAY MORNING

21

The bomb is nearly back together. One access plate remains open. Bennish and Arturo sit across from each other, feverishly working on calculations. Bennish bounces to the beat of a METALLICA-like song blasting beside him.

\*

ARTURO

(annoyed)

Would you turn off that bloody noise! The fate of this world depends on what I'm doing and I feel as though I have guitars exploding inside my head!

BENNISH

Sure, man. How 'bout something a bit more mellow?

He turns off the Metallica, replacing it with AC/DC.

ARTURO

I would have been done a half hour ago if not for that cacophonous wailing.

BENNISH

Yeah, well. Better pick up the pace, bro'. That asteroid's not going any slower.

ARTURO

(hard at it)

It's a wonder I can add 2 plus 2 in the same room with you.

Bennish leans back in his chair, day dreaming.

BENNISH

I've been thinking...If this thing really works, and we live past tomorrow, it opens up all kinds of possibilities. Nuclear power plants, nuclear cars... electricity so cheap, it'll cost pennies a month.

\*  
\*  
\*

ARTURO

(still working)

What about the radioactive waste, Mr. Bennish? How would you dispose of that?

BENNISH

(shrugging)

Put it in a rocket, shoot it straight into the sun.

\*

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ARTURO

And if the rocket malfunctioned  
you'd have tons of radioactive  
material raining down on the  
population.

BENNISH

So bury it, or dump it in the  
ocean. What's the big deal?  
(then)  
We'll figure something out.

ARTURO

(irony of hindsight)  
Yes. Of course you will.

BENNISH

Who'd say "no" to us anyway, man.  
We've got the Atom Bomb.

This gets Arturo's attention. Can he really entrust nuclear  
secrets to this idiot?

ANGLE - BENNISH

feet up on the desk -- making a whistle-y, bomb-falling  
noise.

\*  
\*

BENNISH

(catching Arturo's stare)  
What're you looking at?

ARTURO

Nothing.

Bennish shrugs -- no big deal. Then --

BENNISH

Hold that thought, okay? I gotta  
whiz.

\*  
\*

Arturo scowls. Bennish gets up, bopping to his music,  
goes. Once he's gone --

\*

ARTURO

gets up, moves around to Bennish's work station.

ANGLE - DESKTOP - A BOMB SCHEMATIC

blueprints depicting a nuclear core, and emanating from it  
like rays from the sun, spikes of metal, all different  
shapes and sizes. (see David Politzer's notes.)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

ARTURO

needs to move quickly. He takes out a gum eraser, starts erasing two of the most critical wedges, sabotaging Bennish's version of the diagram.

CUT TO:

OMITTED (22-23)

\*

21A INT. LOFT - EARLY MORNING - REMBRANDT

21A\*

at the piano, belting out some up-tempo rhythm and blues-type funk (like the first song Ike Turner sings in "What's Love Got To Do With It"). His shirt's open to his waist, he's been going for hours. Women are everywhere, available, thrilled by his music.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CAROLINE FONTAINE

\*

stands in the doorway, looking on. Reacts to something -- a noise (O.S.)

\*  
\*

THE PARTY'S

\*

so loud, the revellers' so raucous, no one hears anything but her. She slips away.

\*  
\*

REMBRANDT

\*

takes notice that she's gone; egged on by the beautiful blonde woman next to him on the piano bench, keeps right on going

\*  
\*  
\*

21B INT. CORRIDOR - CAROLINE

21B\*

moves in, toward the bedroom.

\*

CAROLINE

\*

Allan?

\*

ANGLE - HER BEDROOM DOOR

\*

ajar. A woman's screams (O.S.). She's about to push the door open --

\*  
\*

21C INT. LOFT - THE PARTY

21C\*

oblivious as now, the sound of Caroline screaming (O.S.) brings the room, the party, the music to a halt.

\*  
\*

REMBRANDT'S

\*

on his feet, the first one down the hall --

\*

21D INT. CORRIDOR - ALLAN 21D\*

a towel around his waist and Caroline, distraught going  
toe-to-toe -- \*

CAROLINE \*

How dare you! How dare you! \*

ALLAN \*

What difference does it make? \*

(over her shrieking) \*

Stop being irrational! \*

REMBRANDT \*

(approaching) \*

What's going on, Caroline? \*

ALLAN \*

Keep out of this, Piano-Man! \*

As Rembrandt nears, we see \*

ANGLE - THROUGH BEDROOM DOOR - NURSE PAMELA \*

the object of Caroline's distress, a bed sheet hastily  
thrown around her, peering out from behind Allan. \*

ALLAN \*

(to the gathering  
gawkers) \*

Go back to the party! \*

REMBRANDT \*

(to Caroline) \*

You all right? \*

ALLAN \*

(aggressive) \*

You got some problem with your  
ears? \*

CAROLINE \*

(Allan's grabbed her) \*

Let go of me! \*

REMBRANDT \*

Do what the lady says, man. \*

Caroline struggles to break free. Allan slaps her, sends  
her flying to the floor -- \*

(CONTINUED)

21D CONTINUED:

21D

ALLAN  
 (challenging)  
 Who's next?  
 (to Rembrandt)  
 You?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Rembrandt moves in, feints like a mongoose. Allan's haymaker misses him by inches.

\*  
\*

REMBRANDT

\*

uppercuts him, boom! to the solar plexus, chops him down like Ali taking out George Foreman. Allan's down, almost out.

\*  
\*  
\*

REMBRANDT  
 (to Caroline)  
 You all right?  
 (she nods, dazed)  
 Come on. We're getting out of here.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

He leads her out, through the crowd --

\*

ALLAN  
 You're welcome to her, man!  
 Uptight bourgeois bitch!  
 (then)  
 You hear me Caroline? Don't come back!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Off Rembrandt, Allan's imprecations resounding in his ears.

\*

CUT TO:

24 INT. QUINN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

24

Wade is at the stove, stirring a pot of pasta. Quinn is nearby at the counter, slicing vegetables.

QUINN  
Maybe the dust cloud won't be as  
bad as they think; or they  
mis-calculated somehow.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She shoves an al dente noodle in his mouth and returns to the stove--

WADE  
Don't, okay?  
(off Quinn)  
I don't want to spend my last hours  
worrying about something I have  
no control over.

\*  
\*

Quinn reacts to this unexpected show of character. She feels his gaze, turns to him.

QUINN  
You're amazing. I guess I never  
realized it...

WADE  
There's a lot you haven't  
realized about me.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

QUINN  
Yeah? What else?

She moves to him and gently kisses his lips. They separate briefly, look into one another's eyes. They both know what's to come.

CUT TO:

25 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - WADE AND QUINN

25

at the table, finishing eating. It's a romantic setting, tablecloth, candle-lit, wine, some Generation X love ballad on the CD player.

QUINN  
If I had it to do over again?  
(ponders, then)  
I probably wouldn't've been so impatient. I'd have waited till I knew more about what I was doing before I started Sliding.

WADE  
Part of me likes not being in control...having to just go with the experience...  
(off Quinn)  
It's like when I am in control...I can't let go. I'm afraid to do what I want - or say what I'm really feeling...

The romantic tension is building by the moment. He gets up, comes towards her, takes her in his arms. They sway to the music together.

\*  
\*

WADE  
This feels good.

He nods, the magnetism is incredible. They start to kiss, the kiss grows more passionate; their pent-up feelings for each other obscuring their fear and sense of doom --

\*  
\*  
\*

LOUD KNOCKING (O.S.)

someone's at the kitchen door.

ARTURO

bursts in, not waiting for an invitation. He's manic, running on adrenalin...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

ARTURO  
Thank God. You're here.

\*

QUINN AND WADE

break apart, embarrassed, frustrated.

\*

ARTURO  
You have to come at once! I need  
your help.

Arturo starts to usher Quinn to the door until he notices:

\*

ARTURO  
Food! I can't even remember the  
last time I ate.  
(grabs leftovers, talks  
between bites)  
I've recreated the atom bomb with  
your obnoxious friend, Bennish...  
(re the food)  
Mmm... this is excellent.  
(then)  
There are inconsistencies in some  
of my calculations and I refuse to  
trust that quote metalhead unquote  
on something so important, so you  
have to backstop me so the launch  
technicians can make the final  
adjustments when they put it on the  
missile.

\*  
\*  
\*

QUINN  
What missile?

ARTURO  
The one that's about to be fired  
at the asteroid.  
(then)  
It seems on this world, the  
Manhattan Project was a hoax.  
Einstein rigged it so the bomb  
wouldn't work.

\*

WADE  
What?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 2

25

ARTURO  
He couldn't shoulder the moral  
responsibility.  
(then)  
Quite to his credit, too  
(re the spaghetti)  
Is there more?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Quinn offers him the pot on the stove --

\*

ARTURO  
The Pentagon, the scientific  
community -- everybody's on  
notice -- but there's no time to  
lose.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 3

25

ARTURO (cont'd)  
(gobble, gobble)  
Let's go -- Dr. Antonovich is  
outside with a police escort.

\*  
\*  
\*

He heads for the door. Quinn hesitates, looking back at Wade.

WADE  
I'm not staying here by myself!

Quinn is glad. They go out the door and bump into Arturo - who has stopped in his tracks.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. QUINN'S STREET - DUSK - COP CAR

26\*

Parked. Two cops, next to it, looking up into the sky.

NEIGHBORS

in front of every house, looking up --

\*

THE SLIDERS

stare in wonder

ARTURO  
My God.

ANGLE - THE SKY - A BRIGHT LIGHT

like the Star of Bethlehem hurtling towards them.

WADE (O.S.)  
It's almost beautiful.

Somewhere out of which we --

\*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 EXT. CHENEY STREET - MOONATIC ELECTRONICS - ON TV 27

as we see (stock footage again) military personnel readying an enormous ICBM for launch

NEWS ANCHOR

The missile, a conventional ICBM with an experimental warhead, the result of years of top-secret research, conducted under the aegis of Dr. Lee Antonovich, a university Professor and advisor to NASA, was installed at the launch pad at Andrews Air Force Base at approximately three o'clock this afternoon.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

In a small quadrant of the screen -- picture within picture -- the Times Square Ball and L.C.D. display: 17 minutes to Doomsday.

WIDEN TO REVEAL - THE STREET

a throng of street people clustered out in front of Moon's store, like Macy's window at Christmas season.

TV SCIENCE CORRESPONDENT (O.S.)

(pretentious)

The warhead is enough of a wildcard, Katie -- it's got to be timed precisely. A millisecond too early or too late, and the bomb will fail; this is a real long shot...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Blah, blah, blah -- playing out under --

QUINN, WADE AND ARTURO

are there, faces pressed up against the glass.

ARTURO

(warhead's on screen)

There it is.

\*

QUINN

Incredible.

As now --

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

BENNISH

(arriving)  
Yo! Fellas -- what's up?

ARTURO

They're showing the missile launch  
on CNN.

BENNISH

Far out!  
(to Quinn; in greeting)  
How's it going?

Quinn is astonished to see his old friend and classmate.  
Can't let on --

ARTURO

Conrad Bennish, Jr. -- My friend  
and protege, Quinn Mallory

BENNISH

The facts and figures guy!  
(shaking Quinn's hand)  
All right.

\*

WADE

Wade Welles

BENNISH

Any friend of Arturo's good enough  
for me.

(sotto, to Quinn)  
She's a stone fox, man. I say,  
"Go for it!"

\*

\*

Arturo hears this, rolls his eyes --

BENNISH

They mention my name yet?

ARTURO

Not yet.

(then)  
You can understand with the fate of  
the world hanging by a thread,  
there might be more important  
things to talk about.

\*

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

BENNISH  
No problem.  
    (then, to Arturo)  
We're gonna save the world. Fat  
Boy!  
                    (MORE)

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 3

27

ARTURO (cont'd)  
 (Sliders think he's been  
 insulted)  
 It's the name of the bomb.  
 (to Bennish)  
 Did it ever occur to you in your  
 possibly drug-enduced euphoria,  
 that maybe this is something less  
 than a sure thing?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BENNISH  
 Lighten up, Daddy-o. It's in the  
 bag.  
 (checks his watch)  
 We got a couple minutes yet  
 anyone want a candy bar?

\*

ARTURO  
 Thank you. No.

Demurrals from Quinn and Wade. Bennish goes --

WADE  
 (once he's gone)  
He's the key to the world's  
 survival?

ARTURO  
 Genius comes in all shapes and  
 sizes -- galling as that is to  
 admit.

QUINN  
 Hope you know what you're doing.  
 (Arturo knows where he's  
 headed)  
 You just gave Conrad Bennish the  
 A-bomb. He could take over the  
 world.

ARTURO  
 Not to worry. I've taken care of  
 that.

WADE  
 How?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 4

27

ARTURO

While he was otherwise occupied, I managed to re-jigger his version of the schematics. The bomb on the missile is active -- but Einstein's secret is safe.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Arturo removes the correct diagram from his jacket pocket.

ARTURO

The exact computation is here, and stays here --

Quinn nods, appreciatively. Wade, meanwhile, has been looking around, scanning the growing crowd

\*

WADE

Where's Rembrandt?  
(then)  
It's almost five o'clock.

QUINN

Maybe he's not coming.  
(then)  
Probably decided he didn't want anything more to do with us.

WADE

Rembrandt's not like that.  
(then)  
I'm worried something's happened to him.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. SKID ROW - MAKE SHIFT SOUP KITCHEN - EVENING - VOLUNTEERS

28

doling out portions of turkey and soup to a rag-tag line of grateful homeless men and women. Among the volunteers

REMBRANDT AND CAROLINE FONTAINE

\*

still wearing their party nines, spooning out food for the hungry as fast as they can. Our friend,

THE REVEREND

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

in shirtsleeves, carrying a steam tray of turkey meat wrapped in tin-foil, moves to resupply Rembrandt

REVEREND

More turkey.

CAROLINE

Just in time.

\*

The reverend deposits the steam tray --

REVEREND

(to Rembrandt)

How're you feeling?

REMBRANDT

Better, Father. Sorta helps to take my mind off things.

REVEREND

Only by helping others can we begin to understand the meaning of personal salvation.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

REMBRANDT

You got that right.

\*  
\*

The reverend smiles, pleased at this outcome.

\*

REMBRANDT

Reverend? We only got twenty minutes left. If it's okay with you, I told some friends I'd spend the last minutes with them. Okay if you spell me here?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

REVEREND

Of course.

\*  
\*

Rembrandt turns to Caroline.

\*

REMBRANDT

You wanna come?

\*  
\*

CAROLINE

No, Rembrandt. My place is here.  
(she embraces him)  
God bless you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

REMBRANDT

Take care of her, Rev --  
(then to homeless)  
Later, fellas.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Goes.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 3

28

CAROLINE  
(to the line of homeless  
guys)  
Let's go, guys. Get it while it's  
hot.

\*

Caroline's found her niche --

\*

CUT TO:

29 EXT. CHENEY STREET - MOONATIC ELECTRONICS - THE CROWD

29

is somber now. Everybody's silent, like the moratorium  
outside the Dakota when Lennon was killed.

ANGLE TV - THE MISSILE

is in the final stages of launch --

THE SLIDERS

all but Rembrandt are there. Bennish stands off to the  
side, alternately looking at the TV and then up at the  
heavens --

BENNISH  
(of the crowd)  
Why all the long faces?  
(then)  
We didn't come all this way to  
fail.

ARTURO  
(to Quinn; of Bennish,  
sotto)  
One day, if we survive, I will  
isolate the gene in his body that  
made him this way, and destroy it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The announcer is ticking off the time -- T-minus 50 seconds  
and counting

\*  
\*

WADE

\*

sees something -- a familiar face, struggling to work his  
way through the throng.

\*  
\*

WADE  
Rembrandt!

QUINN AND ARTURO

turn as --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

REMBRANDT

reaches them, he and Wade collapse in a gigantic hug

WADE

We didn't know if we'd ever see you again!

\*

REMBRANDT

What're you talking about, girl? I hadda come back to see my friends.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Quinn doesn't know if Rembrandt's forgiven him. But gets his answer --

REMBRANDT

How're you doing, Q Ball?

\*

Now it's Quinn's turn to hug Rembrandt -- it's a reunion just short of joyous, given the circumstances

WADE

(to Rembrandt)  
Arturo and Bennish built an atom bomb.

REMBRANDT

What?

WADE

They're firing it at the asteroid right now!

\*

As now --

\*

ON TV - THE MISSILE

rumbles skyward.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

And she's aloft -- and with her, the hopes of mankind

The crowd is silent around them

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn)  
Hey, man -- no hard feelings. Even if this thing doesn't work, at least we faced it down together.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 2

29

Which prompts more hugging. Wade moves to this group, arms around both her friends

WADE  
I love you guys. You know?

\*

Arturo stands off to the side; he appears aloof, but in fact, he longs to be inside the circle -- he just doesn't know how --

WADE  
(extends her arm)  
Professor!

He reaches out, takes it.

BENNISH  
There it goes!

Indeed, barely visible to the naked eye --

ANGLE - THE SKY - THE ASTEROID

hurtling down and now

THE MISSILE

a speck of silver trailing a smoke plume.

BENNISH  
Five... four... three --

ANGLE - THE SLIDERS

as if frozen in place at this dramatic moment. Each staring up at the sky, hands together --

BENNISH  
...Two... one...

Nothing. A long beat.

BENNISH  
Uh oh.

Suddenly

THE SKY

seems to explode in a million flaming fragments, a spectacular cosmic fireworks show, so deafening and so blinding that --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 3

29

THE SLIDERS

instinctively cringe. It takes a moment for it to dawn on them -- they're alive.

QUINN

It worked!

BENNISH

What'd I tell ya! What'd I tell ya!

Bennish is exultant -- does a celebratory end zone dance that would have made Billy "White Shoes" Johnson proud, ending with a series of splits that would impress a gymnast.

\*

THE CROWD

mobs him. Mobs --

ARTURO AND THE SLIDERS

it is an excitement beyond description. In the excitement --

\*

\*

ARTURO'S SCHEMATIC

\*

slips out of his pocket, falls to the ground.

\*

BENNISH

\*

being carried aloft on the crowd's shoulders -- did he see the schematic or not? -- looks over at the exhilarated Arturo, shrugs as if to say, "What're you gonna do?"

\*

\*

\*

CUT TO:

30 EXT. CHENEY STREET - ESTABLISHING - NEW MORNING

30

The sun shining brightly on Allan Fontaine's loft.

\*

31 INT. LOFT - PARTYERS

31

still going strong, like they have a new lease on life the place is utterly destroyed.

ALLAN FONTAINE

\*

moves through, sifting through the shards. People are sleeping, the sound of someone violently retching (O.S.) he's got the worst hangover imaginable.

\*

THE DRIVER

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

enters, Rembrandt's friend from the night before

DRIVER  
Hey, buddy -- ya got any more  
champagne?

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 2 31

ALLAN \*

Get out!

(then)

All of you! Get out of here!

Allan's fucked up his entire life. \*

CUT TO:

32 EXT. SOUP KITCHEN - CAROLINE 32\*

still in her strapless party dress, scooping scrambled eggs onto a poor man's plate. \*

CAROLINE \*

Coffee's over there.

The reverend is there.

CAROLINE \*

It's a beautiful morning, isn't it? \*

REVEREND

Yes. It truly is.

Off Caroline's well-being -- \*

CUT TO:

33 EXT. MOONATIC ELECTRONICS - ON TV - NEWS ANCHOR 33

NEWS ANCHOR

-- The result of behind-the-scenes maneuvering. The young physicist, a graduate student at University of California is an international hero today -- telegrams have been pouring in...

(then)

Do we have that footage, Terry?

BENNISH - ON TV

trying to get to his parked car, through a phalanx of press. He's ecstatic, receiving high-fives, like a rock star.

BENNISH

I shocked the world, man! I shocked the world!

WIDEN TO REVEAL - THE SLIDERS

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

watching --

WADE

(to Arturo)  
The least he could do is mention  
you.

ARTURO

All fame is fleeting, Miss Welles.  
What's important is, this world  
goes on.

REMBRANDT'S

been standing off to the side, reading the morning paper.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, but it's got a helluva  
hangover.

(then)

Listen to this, Ivan Boesky bought  
up half of Beverly Hills for  
\$10,000 a house -- now these  
people want their property back.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ARTURO

(philosophical)  
It was ever thus.

(then)

Okay. Let's get started.

\*

Quinn takes out the timer, activates the wormhole --

QUINN

What if Bennish's able to  
reconstitute the bomb? He may be a  
pothead, but he's not stupid.

\*

ARTURO

Not to worry.

WADE

How can you be so sure?

\*

Arturo reaches into his inside jacket pocket, where we've  
seen him stash the A-bomb schematic. Not there. He checks  
the other pocket --

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 2

33

ARTURO

Where are they?  
(off them)

The schematics. They were in my  
breast pocket.

ARTURO'S

looking all over the place -- in his other pockets, on the  
ground --

REMBRANDT

Better hurry up and find 'em,  
man -- it's time.

ARTURO

They were here last night!

Wade jumps, then Rembrandt --

ARTURO

They were here yesterday!

QUINN

We don't have time!

The wormhole is beginning to lose potency.

QUINN

jumps. Followed a beat later by a devastated Arturo.

THE WORMHOLE

vanishes. A beat or two as the wind dies down --

REVERSE ANGLE - SOMEONE WATCHES

from inside a parked car. It's Bennish.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BENNISH'S LAB - BENNISH'S BOOM BOX

34

playing something nasty, like Courtney Love.

BENNISH

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

pumps up the volume, there is work to be done --

ANGLE - HIS WORKSPACE - HIS SCHEMATICS

the one we saw Arturo sabotage. And now, he reaches into his pocket, unfurls another set of plans, lays them out side-by-side for comparison. As he locates with his finger the vectors Arturo erased --

BENNISH

\*

is almost giddy with power --

\*

BENNISH  
(he's got a small globe)  
Anyone messes with us now  
(big grin)  
Boom!

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

\*

Off Bennish --

\*

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW