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SLIDERS

"GENIUS"

Story

by

Scott Miller

and

Jacob Epstein

Teleplay

by

Scott Miller

PRODUCTION DRAFT  
2/16/95

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"GENIUS"

Teaser

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BEACH - DAY

1

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

REMBRANDT

I'm sure gonna miss this world.

QUINN

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

(then, to Wade)

Can't you make him bet you again?

WADE

Somehow, I doubt he'd take it.

(then, calling)

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

ARTURO

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

WADE

(playfully)

Good. You remembered to bring one for yourself.

ARTURO

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

(he distributes the drinks, then to Wade)

May I sit?

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

ARTURO

(eager)

How much time?

QUINN

(checks the timer)

About three minutes.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

ARTURO

Thank God.

QUINN

(raises his glass)

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

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

ARTURO

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

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

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

WADE

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

She laughs and jumps into the void.

ARTURO

Thank you, Ms. Abraham Lincoln.

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

ARTURO

Under other circumstances...  
(beat)  
I'd still hate you.

He leaps into the void.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. A RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS

2

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

REMBRANDT

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

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

QUINN

A little more than 13 days.

ARTURO

(displeased)

Thirteen days?

WADE

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

ARTURO

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

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

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

QUINN

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

The sliders exchange a look. Dare they hope?

They start walking, in a hurry. They soon pass

A TEENAGE HEADBANGER

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

REMBRANDT

(off the music)

This ain't our world.

WADE

(more hope than conviction)

It could be!

3 EXT. QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY

3

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

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

WADE

(reading)

"Quinn Mallory lived here."

The sliders exchange a look - how to interpret this?

QUINN

My mom might've done that...

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

QUINN

I still have my back door key.

The hurry around to

THE BACK DOOR

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

QUINN

(excited)

It works!

4 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - DARK

4

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

REMBRANDT

(fervent)

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

QUINN

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

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

REMBRANDT

Damn!

REVERSE ANGLE - WHAT THEY SEE - THE BASEMENT

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

ARTURO

I told you 13 was unlucky.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

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

REMBRANDT  
(totally impressed)  
Hey, man! You won the Heisman  
Trophy!

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

ARTURO  
Good Lord!

WADE  
What's the matter?

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

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - DAY

5

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

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

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

ARTURO  
"T.V. Guide Award, Television's  
Most Popular Physicist???"

ARTURO  
It would appear that on this world  
academics are valued in the way  
that sports are valued on ours.  
Very sensible, I must say.

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

QUINN  
Look at this. I'm on the cover of  
Time, Newsweek, Academics  
Illustrated, Science World...I'm  
like...really famous!  
(then, finding another)  
Hey. Wait a minute. Look at this  
one.

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

WADE  
Maybe they slid...

ARTURO  
This world certainly would have all  
the necessary components.

REMBRANDT  
Hey! Maybe this is your video log!

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

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

6

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

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

NARRATOR (O.S.)

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

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

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

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

CUT TO AN 8 YEAR OLD QUINN MALLORY, approaching in SLO-MO. He's dressed in jeans and a 49ers jersey - with the number 16 on it. It's way too big for him.

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

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

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

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

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

CRANE DOWN TO REVEAL A LONG TABLE in front of them. On the table - eleven chessboards.

NEW ANGLE - YOUNG QUINN

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

DISSOLVES - QUINN'S OPPONENTS - show the pressure, the strain of trying to compete with the young master. Some shake their heads, pound their foreheads, massage their temples, etc.

NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
They countered with a fierce  
barrage leveled by knights,  
bishops, rooks and queens. But  
Mallory withstood them all.

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

NARRATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
In the end, there was only one king  
standing...Quinn Mallory.  
Auspicious as this debut was, it  
was only a prelude to the feats  
Mallory would perform at  
"Mindgame." For in this new...

WADE (O.S.)  
(interrupting loudly)  
Turn it off! Turn it off! I found  
something!

ANGLE - WADE

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

WADE  
(to Quinn)  
It's your diary!

QUINN  
Journal.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 2

6

ARTURO

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

WADE

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

QUINN

(leery)

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

WADE

(picks up a magazine)

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

(off their uncertain looks)

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

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

CUT TO:

7 INT. MOTEL 12 ROOM - NIGHT

7

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

WADE

(frustrated)

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

ARTURO

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

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

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

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

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

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

ARTURO

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

QUINN

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

CUT TO:

8 INT. UNIVERSITY - CORRIDOR - DAY - QUINN AND ARTURO

8

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

PROFESSOR MYMAN

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

ARTURO

Yes...Well, we're not quite ready to make a public announcement yet.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

ARTURO (cont'd)  
Actually, I was just hoping to stop  
in at my office.

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

PROFESSOR MYMAN  
But your office is back there...

ARTURO  
That's the Chairman's office.

PROFESSOR MYMAN  
You're still the chairman.

ARTURO  
(shocked, pleased)  
I am?

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

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

He takes Quinn and hurries to

9 INT. CHAIRMAN ARTURO'S OUTER OFFICE

9

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

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

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

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

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

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

ARTURO

The same as ever. Please excuse  
us...

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

LYDIA

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

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

10 INT. CHAIRMAN ARTURO'S INNER OFFICE

10

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

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

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

ARTURO

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

QUINN

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

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

ARTURO

Here's something with my address  
and phone number.

QUINN

Call it. Make sure it's current.

Arturo dials the phone.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

WOMAN'S VOICE/LEONA  
(through phone)  
Hello?

Arturo reacts, confused.

ARTURO  
Is this Maximilian Arturo's  
residence?

WOMAN'S VOICE/LEONA  
Max! Where are you?

Arturo hangs up.

ARTURO  
There's a woman in my house!

QUINN  
She might know where the sliding  
machinery is.

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

The phone rings. Arturo picks it up before thinking.

ARTURO  
Hello?

WOMAN'S VOICE/LEONA  
(through phone)  
So! You are back!

Arturo slams the phone down. Gets up.

ARTURO  
We'd better get out of here.

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

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

PROFESSOR MYMAN  
It's all set.

ARTURO  
What's all set?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

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

ARTURO  
I don't want to guest lecture today.

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

Obviously, Arturo has no idea what he owes.

ARTURO  
(resigned)  
Ah, yes...I suppose I do.

CUT TO:

11 INT. COLLEGE GYMNASIUM - DAY - COACH ALMQUIST

11

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

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

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

COACH ALMQUIST  
Elementary particles. Go!

WILSON  
Repton!

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

WING  
Electron!

He follows Wilson, the line continues in the circle.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Meson! CHANEY

Muon! VICTOR

Kaon! BOYER

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

Neutrino! WILSON

The coach blows his whistle. The action stops.

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

ANGLE - A DOOR

It opens and Quinn cautiously enters the gym.

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

WILSON

has the look and attitude of a young George Will.

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

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

Boyer spots Quinn and reacts, stunned.

COACH ALMQUIST  
What's your problem, Boyer?

BOYER  
(pointing)  
It's Quinn...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 2

11

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

COACH ALMQUIST

(disbelieving)

Mallory? Who're you trying to...

(he turns, sees Quinn)

Mallory! You son of a bitch! I oughta wring your neck! I bend the rules for you till they look like a pretzel, then you just disappear...

QUINN

is tremendously uncomfortable.

QUINN

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

COACH ALMQUIST

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

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

COACH ALMQUIST

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

(before Quinn can say no)

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

(to the team)

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

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

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

WILSON

who looks pissed off. Victor notices, elbows Boyer.

VICTOR

Our new ex-captain seems displeased.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 3

11

BOYER

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

CUT TO:

12 INT. LECTURE HALL - ARTURO

12

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

ARTURO

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

ANGLE - A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

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

ARTURO

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

ARTURO

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

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

ARTURO (o.s)

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

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

ARTURO

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

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

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

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

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

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

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
(suggestively)  
You've been a naughty, naughty boy.

ARTURO  
(eagerly)  
I have?

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

ARTURO  
Not anymore, I assure you.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
(whispers in his ear)  
I know. I'm a process server.

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

ARTURO  
What's this?

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

Off Arturo's shattered reaction

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. MOTEL 12 - SLIDERS ROOM - MORNING

13

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

WADE

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

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

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

ARTURO

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

REMBRANDT

(surprised)  
You were married?

ARTURO

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

(beat)

And now this! It's so typical.

Rembrandt and Wade exchange a confused look.

WADE

What's so typical?

ARTURO

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

REMBRANDT

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

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

ARTURO

It's my fight now! I cannot allow this woman to do -- to whomever -- what my wife did.

WADE

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

ARTURO

Because no Maximilian Arturo would need such help.

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

REMBRANDT

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

Arturo reacts to his horribly wrinkled pants.

ARTURO

Good Lord! They look like a rhinoceros hide.

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

WADE

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

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

ARTURO

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

WADE

(pounds on the bathroom door again)  
Quinn!

ARTURO

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

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

Rembrandt reacts, intrigued.

REMBRANDT

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

(then, deciding)

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

WADE

(suspicious)

Why?

REMBRANDT

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

WADE

You want to bet my money?

REMBRANDT

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

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

WADE

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

REMBRANDT

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

WADE

How big?

CUT TO:

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Eleven to one.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - WADE AND REMBRANDT IN

14 INT. JIMMY FOUNTAIN'S BOOKIE PARLOR - DAY

14

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

Rembrandt forks over a wad of bills.

REMBRANDT

Twelve hundred and forty one dollars on Cal U.

Jimmy takes the money and writes them a marker.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Nil desperandum.

REMBRANDT

(taking the marker)  
What's that mean?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Never say die.

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

WADE

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

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

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

What do you think they know?

The henchman shrugs.

REMBRANDT AND WADE

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

REMBRANDT

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

ANOTHER (BIG SCREEN) T.V. MONITOR - A COMMERCIAL A TITLE ON BLACK: "Today's game is brought to you by:"

A SEPARATE TITLE: The Nike logo.

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

15

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

A HAND HELD CAMERA explores the office in rapid sweeps and stops. It FINDS TWO NIKE-CLAD FEET propped up on the desk, follows the legs to find ALBERT EINSTEIN leaning back in a chair, a thoughtful expression on his face.

FADE UP TITLE: "Just think it."

16 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - OVERLOOKING A HARDWOOD FLOOR

16

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

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

PLAY BY PLAY GUY

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

COLOR GUY

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

(then, looking at his monitor, stunned)

Holy cow! Do you see what I see?

SWITCH TO - LONG SHOT - THE PLAYERS

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

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

That's Quinn Mallory down there!

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

17

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

How the heck did that happen?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

PLAY BY PLAY GUY

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

SWITCH TO - THE SIDELINES

Dick Cavett approaches Coach Almquist.

DICK CAVETT

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

COACH ALMQUIST

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

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

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

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

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

PLAY BY PLAY GUY

Here comes the ref for the drop.

SWITCH TO - CENTER COURT - THE REF - EIGHT PLAYERS

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

COLOR GUY (O.S.)

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

18 INTERCUT - REMBRANDT AND WADE WATCHING

18

WADE

What feather?

Rembrandt shakes his head and shrugs.

ON THE T.V. - THE GAME BEGINS

as A LONG TUBE lowers down from above the center circle. At the end of the tube is a FEATHER, which is DROPPED when it's about 8 feet high. The players all frantically try to blow the feather into the opposing team's court while:

THE REF

Name a characteristic of  
Relativity.

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

THE REF

Mr. Mallory.

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

QUINN

No absolute time.

THE REF

Survey of top 100 physicists  
said:

ON THE SCOREBOARD - A DISPLAY LIGHTS UP THAT READS:

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

WADE AND REMBRANDT EXCHANGE A LOOK - "HUH?"

BACK TO THE GAME

The ref uses football-like officiating signals to punctuate:

THE REF

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

The Stanford players high five exuberantly.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

COLOR GUY (O.S.)  
It's too early for that kind of  
celebrating. Cal's defense is just  
too strong...

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

COLOR GUY (O.S.)  
Boy! Mallory looks very tentative.  
This doesn't bode well for Cal.

Boyer works his remote control while:

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

BOYER  
Locked.

THE REF  
Your psych, please.

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

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

THE REF  
Properties of a perfect reflector:

Weiss has to jump over the cylinder as he answers:

WEISS  
(distracted)  
Non-visible radiation.

THE REF  
Survey said:

INSERT - SCOREBOARD

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

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 2

18

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

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

BACK TO THE GAME

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

THE REF  
"White" runs.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY (O.S.)  
How about Boyer's psych? Terrific  
research!

WADE AND REMBRANDT

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

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

She looks at him, totally uncomprehending.

REMBRANDT  
Like this. Shake.

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

REMBRANDT  
Psych!!!

Wade reacts, offended by the childishness of the concept.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 INT. BOOKIE PARLOR - LATER - WADE AND REMBRANDT

19

are cringing in horror as they watch, while over:

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

20

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

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

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

ANGLE - THE BIG SCREEN T.V.

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

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

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

TIGHT ON QUINN AND BENNISH

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

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

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

Quinn punches in the hazard on his controller.

QUINN

Locked.

THE REF

Psych and serve, please.

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

BENNISH

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

Quinn pushes the final button on his controller just as:

QUINN

Name the Big Bang's consequent!

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

BENNISH

The big...

A huge "heavy bag" like those used by boxers, comes bearing down on Bennish at high speed from the side. He just sees it out of the corner of his eye and at the last second, sidesteps out of it's path. His foot, however, hits a boundary line of the box as:

BENNISH

...Crunch!

THE REF

(pointing emphatically to  
the foot)  
Out of bounds!!! Out of bounds!!!  
"White" square!

Bennish goes wild with rage, protesting the call while

SQUARE 31 LIGHTS UP WHITE. Then, SQUARES 13, 19, and 25 (along the left edge) turn from red to white, as do 11, 16, 21 and 26 (center diagonal) and 32 through 35 (along the bottom). All told, 11 squares change color as 11 points are deducted from the Stanford total and added to the Cal. total.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

COLOR GUY (O.S.)  
Holy cow! That'll do it... Eleven  
squares change color! A 22 point  
swing! Cal wins! Cal wins!!

ANGLE WADE AND REMBRANDT

leaping up and down, hugging and screaming with joy.

PLAY BY PLAY GUY (O.S.)  
Conrad Bennish is absolutely beside  
himself. He's going after Mallory,  
the ref, even his own teammates...

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

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

PLAY BY PLAY GUY (O.S.)  
Mallory's always had that ability  
to come through in the clutch...

AT THE COUNTER - JIMMY FOUNTAIN

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

JIMMY FOUNTAIN  
Fourteen thousand, eight hundred  
and 92 dollars.

REMBRANDT  
Yes!!!!

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

CUT TO:

21 INT. HUGE STRETCH LIMO - LATER - QUINN

21

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

QUINN  
Please girls, down. Down.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

ARTURO  
(reacting to the girls)  
Who are they?

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

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

ARTURO  
What an appalling day! My lawyer  
informed me that we cannot delay  
the arbitration because I am  
considered a flight risk, so I had  
to spend hour upon hour boning up  
on how drastically overextended my  
finances are.  
(off Quinn's cheery mood)  
I take it you won.

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

Arturo reacts.

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

CUT TO:

22 EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE MOTEL 12 - DAY

22

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

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

23 INT. THE LIMO

23

QUINN  
(defensive)  
Hey, we're supposed to be  
celebrating...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

REMBRANDT

(impressed)

The school just gave this to you?

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

All right! Let's party.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 INT. MOTEL 12 - SLIDERS' DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

24

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

REVERSE ANGLE - WHAT THEY SEE - JIMMY FOUNTAIN

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

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

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

REMBRANDT

Say what?

ARTURO

(translating, ominous)  
Desperate men do desperate deeds.

Off the sliders deeply concerned look

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 INT. MOTEL 12 - SLIDERS ROOM - AS BEFORE

25

Jimmy's henchman holds a gun on the sliders while

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

(to Quinn)

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

Rembrandt reacts - "Huh?"

QUINN

You're saying I owe you money?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

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

WADE

(holds up the cash)

We'll pay you out of our winnings.

Jimmy takes the money, quickly counts it.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Fourteen thousand scarcely reduces a half million dollar debt.

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

QUINN

I owe you half a million dollars?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

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

(off Quinn's blank look)

In defiance of the odds...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

REMBRANDT

You expect Quinn to shave points?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Only if he wants to remain alive.  
(to Quinn)

You do, don't you?

(off Quinn's dazed nod)

Good. Then we have a deal.

The two mobsters leave. Wade turns on Rembrandt.

WADE

(quoting him, angry)

"We should bet it all..."

REMBRANDT

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

QUINN

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

ARTURO

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

CUT TO:

26 INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM - TWO DAYS LATER

26

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

LEONA

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

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

ARTURO

(weary)

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

LEONA

All except for the townhouse on Polk Street.

Arturo reacts in confusion, sorts through his paperwork.

ARTURO

I don't have a townhouse on Polk Street.

LEONA

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

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

ARTURO

Let me see that!

LEONA

Does it matter?

ARTURO

I want that townhouse!

LEONA

What will you give me for it?

ARTURO

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

LEONA

You have sole authorship of all those textbooks...

Arturo reacts - he had sole authorship.

CUT TO:

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

27

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

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

REMBRANDT  
(already an expert)  
Not much of a game.

WADE  
(worried)  
California's already beating the  
spread by over a hundred points!

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

QUINN  
Alcorn State is totally tanking.  
It's like we can't lose a point.  
(sotto)  
I couldn't blow this lead if I  
wanted to.

ANGLE ARTURO

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

ARTURO  
Impressive seats.

QUINN  
(matter of fact)  
Yeah, alumni association.  
(then)  
How'd the arbitration go?

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

All the sliders react with enthusiasm.

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

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

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

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

QUINN  
(moving off)  
Gotta go...

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

ARTURO  
What is the score?

REMBRANDT  
California's leading by 231 points.

ARTURO  
That's a problem.

WADE  
Why? If we can slide...?

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

REMBRANDT  
Can't you ask?

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

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

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

CUT TO:

28 EXT. ARENA EXIT - NIGHT - ANGLE A DOOR

28

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

REMBRANDT

The coast is clear. Let's go!

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

CUT TO:

29 EXT. POLK STREET - TWO DAYS LATER - THE SLIDERS

29

collars up, shoulders hunched, hurry up the steps of an inconspicuous brownstone. Arturo removes a key from his pocket, fumbles with the key in his haste.

ARTURO

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

WADE

Turn it over, professor.

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

ARTURO

(pleased)  
It works!

He opens the door and the sliders hurry inside.

30 INT. BROWNSTONE TOWNHOUSE - WITH THE SLIDERS

30

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

ARTURO

The witch tricked me!

REMBRANDT

Now hold on, I'll check upstairs.

He runs up the stairs, looks in the rooms.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)

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

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

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

REMBRANDT

If it's any consolation, the master bedroom's very nice.

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

WADE

Pretty curtains.

Quinn opens a door in the hall.

QUINN

(disappointed)

Closet.

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

QUINN

(relishing it)

Basement!

The other sliders race for the door.

31 INT. BASEMENT - DARK

31

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

WADE

Where's the light switch?

(then)

Ouch!

ARTURO

Sorry.

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

A LOT OF DUSTY JUNK - THE SLIDERS LOOK DESPERATE

QUINN

Maybe there's an attic.

The others look at him - "dream on"

32 INT. ATTIC - DAY

32

THE SLIDING EQUIPMENT

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

ARTURO

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

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

QUINN

Stop! We can't!

ARTURO

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

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

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

QUINN

(grim)

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

REMBRANDT

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

WADE

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

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

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

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 INT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY - CLOSE ANGLE - A TELEVISION SET - A RAP VIDEO 33

in progress, featuring FOUR AFRICAN AMERICAN YOUTHS standing under a lamp post in the mean streets of the city.

The leader is a thin, birdlike youth wearing a backwards baseball cap and round glasses -- the other three guys are considerably bigger and tougher looking. The video is shot in BLACK AND WHITE -- the guys have the look and attitude of classic gangster rappers...

RAPPER #2

Yo homes, what up?

LEADER

What up with you?

RAPPER #2

What we gonna say, what we gonna do?  
Where we gonna go, what we gonna see?

LEADER

We're goin' to the LI-BRAR-REE!

SMASH CUT TO:

THE FOUR RAPPERS

coming straight at us down the aisle of the public library, still possessing a menacing attitude...

LEADER

I'm moving down the aisle with my homeys in tow... We're groovin' in the home of the librarian ho.  
(passing bookish librarian)

She checks us out from behind thick glasses... We walk right past and we wiggle our (censored beep).

CUT TO:

THE RAPPERS

moving between the bookshelves...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

LEADER

Hemingway... Lawrence... Chekhov  
and Miller... Fitzgerald was a  
freak, Mailer is a killer.

LIBRARIAN

Quiet pleeease!  
Quiet pleeease!

NEW ANGLE

as the rappers are all sitting around a table, reading books  
-- Tolstoy, Dostoyevski, Umberto, Eco and Murray Kempton.

LEADER

The silence is golden  
To books I am beholden  
I know I'm bad 'cuz of the  
knowledge that I'm holdin'  
(aggressive, into camera)  
And I give you one warnin'  
there will be no repeats  
get out of my face  
while I'm readin' my Keats

THE LAST SHOT

is of the leader and his three-man crew nodding to the beat  
as they exit the library, each holding a stack of books  
they've just checked out.

The name of the song and the group appear as the BEAT SLOWLY  
FADES: **Library Rapp... by MC Poindexter and The Study Crew**

ARTURO (O.S.)

Rembrandt, turn that off, I think  
I'm on to something.

As the set clicks off, WIDEN --

34 INT. TOWNHOUSE ATTIC (QUINN BASEMENT REDRESS) - ARTURO'S

34

at the workbench, soldering on a tiny circuit board.

REMBRANDT

How's it going?

ARTURO

Please. It's a very complex job.  
If the connection's not perfect,  
next time we slide we could be  
trapped in the void.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Rembrandt reacts       silently -- not about to disturb him.

ARTURO

I've added a bypass circuit that can use this sliding machine as a kind of a inter-dimensional mirror. If we leave from the same spot where we arrived, it should reflect us back the way we came. With luck, we can retrace our steps all the way home.

REMBRANDT

Oh, my God -- you mean we'll have to go back through plague world and ice world and tidal wave world and all those other horrible worlds I got dragged through since you people snatched my Cadillac off the street?

QUINN

The thing is, if we lean backward, at least we'll know we'll get home again. The way it is now, it could be a million to one shot -- or worse.

Wade climbs up steps, enters --

WADE

I'm getting worried. It's quarter to four. Quinn should've been back by now.

Off her worried look --

CUT TO:

35 INT. JIMMY FOUNTAIN'S BOOKIE PARLOR - BACK OFFICE - HENCHMEN 35

block the doorway

QUINN

sits uncomfortably on a leather chair facing Big Jimmy. Jimmy is pissed.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

You showed a lot of scrotal matter coming back here.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

QUINN

If I don't want to spend the rest of my life on the run, do I have a choice?

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

That's assuming you're gonna have a life.

QUINN

You promised me five minutes. Hear me out.

(off Fountain)

Look -- I feel bad about what happened -- I don't want to cost you money, and I don't want to owe you money --

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

Little late for that.

QUINN

Not necessarily

(then)

The way I see it, you've got two options. You can break my legs, or worse -- or you can be smart for a change.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

(sarcastic; annoyed)

Really? Am I gonna be smart like you now, Quinn?

QUINN

You are. Because I'm worth a hundred times more to you alive than dead.

(men)

Especially if you bet the house on M.I.T. tonight.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

You're talking about blowing the finals?

QUINN

I ask you again -- do I have a choice?

Off Jimmy Fountain. He's beginning to see the upside of Quinn's proposal.

CUT TO:

36 INT. "MINDGAME ARENA" - NIGHT - CLOSE ON QUINN

36

who is focused and sharp.

QUINN

Gravitation!

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

THE REF

Survey of one hundred top  
physicists said!

A BELL rings. The ref punctuates with hand signals.

THE REF

"White" square! Run again.

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

THE REF

"Blue," psych and serve.

M.I.T. PLAYER

You're a dead man, Mallory.

THE REF

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

CUT TO:

37 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

37

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

COLOR

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

PLAY-BY-PLAY

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

CUT TO:

38 INT. ARENA - QUINN'S SEATS - WADE AND REMBRANDT - CONTINUOUS 38

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

WADE  
What's he doing out there? He's  
supposed to lose.

REMBRANDT  
How the hell do I know? You think  
he talks to me?

WADE  
You better think of something  
because we've got trouble.

She indicates the aisle, where...

JIMMY FOUNTAIN

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

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

REMBRANDT  
Rope-a-dope, man. Relax.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN  
What?

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

WADE  
Yeah. Just wait until the fourth  
quarter.

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

WADE  
It worked.

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

They slip away

CUT TO:

39 INT. ARENA - THE COURT - CONTINUOUS

39

A BELL rings as The Ref makes a hand signal.

THE REF  
Points -- "Blue!"  
(another hand signal)  
"Blue" runs!

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

THE REF  
Third quarter termination!

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

COACH ALMQUIST  
In all my years, I've never seen anything like this.

Quinn shakes his head, looking a little dazed.

COACH ALMQUIST  
Quinn! You all right?

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

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

WILSON  
I don't think that's possible, Coach.

Quinn starts to walk off.

COACH ALMQUIST  
Where are you going?

QUINN  
My head's swimming. I need a little quiet for a minute.

COACH ALMQUIST  
Anything you say, son...

CUT TO:

40 INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

40

PLAY-BY-PLAY

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

COLOR

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

CUT TO:

41 INT. EXIT TUNNEL - QUINN - CONTINUOUS

41

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

WADE

Fountain's in the crowd.

REMBRANDT

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

QUINN

Let's go!

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

REMBRANDT

Uh-oh.

QUINN

The other way!

They turn and race the other way.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

42

The Sliders run to Quinn's limousine.

REMBRANDT

You double-crossed the wrong people, man.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

QUINN  
Too late now.

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

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

FOUNTAIN AND HIS HENCHMAN

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

CUT TO:

43 INT. QUINN'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

43

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

QUINN  
How much time?

REMBRANDT  
About five minutes.

QUINN  
Please, Professor, no glitches...

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

QUINN  
I hope so.

She turns and looks back.

WADE  
(reacts)  
Uh-oh.

ANGLE OUT REAR WINDOW - FOUNTAIN'S LIMO

WADE (O.S.)  
Here they come!

ON THE SLIDERS

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

REMBRANDT

I hope this sled has bullet-proof glass.

QUINN

Hold on!

He floors it.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

44

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

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

CUT TO:

45 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

45

Arturo paces, holding the timer.

ARTURO

Hurry up, for God's sake.

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

QUINN

Did you finish the adjustments?

ARTURO

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

REMBRANDT

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

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

JIMMY FOUNTAIN (O.S.)

Freeze!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

ANGLE ON FOUNTAIN'S LIMO

It's pulled up behind theirs. His henchmen have their guns drawn.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN  
Anybody moves, they die!

The Sliders, as the gangsters approach:

QUINN  
(anxiously checking  
timer)  
We're really up against it now --  
the gate'll close for good in sixty  
seconds!

WADE  
What difference does that make?  
We'll be full of holes by then!

The thugs continue to approach, but they can't help gaping in wonder at the whirlpool-like gateway.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN  
What the hell is that?

REMBRANDT  
It's a --

ARTURO  
-- A molecular de-atomizer.

QUINN  
Stay back, or we'll use it against  
you.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN  
(intrigued)  
Yeah? What does it do?

ARTURO  
It destroys anything it comes in  
contact with!

The thugs react, itchy fingers tightening on triggers as Arturo picks up a sizable rock. The Professor hurls it into the void. The thugs are highly impressed when they hear a loud CRACKLE and witness the rock's seeming disintegration.

ARTURO  
If that rock could talk, it would  
be screaming in agony!

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 2

45

Fountain approaches Wade.

QUINN  
I'm warning you! Don't come any  
closer!

JIMMY FOUNTAIN  
You don't have the guts.  
(to his henchmen)  
I sense a unique opportunity here.

He suddenly pushes Wade into the void. Rembrandt and Quinn  
move as if to help her.

JIMMY FOUNTAIN  
(impressed)  
And there is no corpse left to  
dispose of.  
(to his henchmen)  
Do it!

They shove Rembrandt, then Quinn into the void.

ARTURO  
(to thugs)  
You animals, that's inhuman!

This brings a smile to Fountain's face. He indicates the  
void with his gun...

JIMMY FOUNTAIN  
You're next, or would it be more  
humane if I shoot you first?

Arturo hesitates a moment, an ironic smile betrayed on the  
corner of his lips...

ARTURO  
Vie, carenis, enundum.

With a gleam in his eye, Arturo leaps in as well.

Two seconds later, the gate closes leaving a stunned look on  
Jimmy.

HENCHMAN  
What's wrong, boss? What were his  
dying words, what'd he say?

MOVE IN ON the Fountain's face as a grim look colors his  
features...

JIMMY FOUNTAIN  
He said... "so long sucker."

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 3 45

Off their surprised reactions, we:

CUT TO:

46 EXT. THE VOID 46

Arturo slides through the tunnel and comes out landing in a...

47 EXT. STREET - DAY - FLOCK OF CHICKENS 47

Hundreds of them clucking and pecking. The other Sliders have arrived and are brushing themselves off.

REMBRANDT

I'm standing in something warm,  
Professor, and it's not sand...

Arturo looks around at the sea of chickens, strutting and flapping, and hopes this is something more than Chicken World.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR