

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: Robert K. Weiss
Leslie Belzberg
John Landis
CO EXEC. PRODUCERS: Tracy Torme
Jacob Epstein
PRODUCER: Steven Ecclesine

PROD. #70408
February 28, 1995 -- White Master
March 1, 1995 -- Pink Revs.
(Incomplete Set)
March 6, 1995 -- Blue Script
March 8, 1995 -- Yellow Script
March 9, 1995 -- Green Script
March 10, 1995 -- 2nd White Revs.
(Incomplete Set)
March 14, 1995 -- 2nd Pink Revs.
(Incomplete Set)

SLIDERS

'THE KING IS BACK'

Written By

Tracy Torme

Directed By

Vern Gillum

-- NOTICE --

THIS MATERIAL IS THE PROPERTY OF UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. AND IS INTENDED AND RESTRICTED SOLELY FOR STUDIO USE BY STUDIO PERSONNEL. DISTRIBUTION OR DISCLOSURE OF THE MATERIAL TO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS IS PROHIBITED. THE SALE, COPYING OR REPRODUCTION OF THIS MATERIAL IN ANY FORM IS ALSO PROHIBITED.

ARTURO
QUINN
REMBRANDT
WADE WELLES

LAWYER
JUDGE
GOMEZ CALHOUN
CAPTAIN JACK
JACK'S SECRETARY
PAM JENSEN
DEL RUBIO SISTERS
EXPERT
REMBRANDT 2
CRYING PRINCE
ALBINO REMBRANDT
WAYLON CHONG
CHARMAGNE
KID
NICK

*

OMITTED:
IRV BLINTZ

*

SET LIST

EXTERIORS:

STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE
IRV'S LOCK AND KEY
CITY STREET
MOTEL 12
ALLEYWAY BEHIND MOTEL
OAKLAND HILTON
CAPITOL THEATRE
PORCH OF A RUSTIC CABIN
DINGY HOUSE

*

INTERIORS:

PRISON HALLWAY
PRISON CELL
COURTROOM
LOCKSMITH
HOTEL ROOM
FRONT DESK - MOTEL 12
CAPTAIN JACK'S OUTER OFFICE
CAPTAIN JACK'S INNER OFFICE
PICK UP TRUCK
DINGY HOUSE
OAKLAND HILTON
 - BAR/LOUNGE
CREEPY BASEMENT
CAPITOL THEATRE
 - DRESSING ROOM
 - BACKSTAGE
 - THE STAGE
DAIRY KING PARLOR

*

*

*

*

TEASER

FRED (O.S.)
Ethel! Come here right this
instant!

ETHEL (O.S.)
(innocent, but knows
she's in trouble)
Oh hi, Fred.

FADE IN ON:

1 INT. PRISON - NIGHT - TRACKING DOWN A PRISON HALLWAY 1

following the steps of a feisty WOMAN LAWYER, only five one,
with Little Orphan Annie hair and a hybrid demeanor: part
cunning fox, part pit bull. She recently gained notoriety
defending wealthy brothers who murdered their parents...

FRED (O.S.)
Ethel, you've got some explaining
to do!

(audience LAUGHS)
Ricky says you and Lucy were
cooking up a scheme to get Little
Freddy into show business!

The prison hallway is sleek and surprisingly clean - this is
a federal pen, and a high profile one at that. Briefcase in
hand, and flanked by two prison guards who dwarf her, the
lawyer walks briskly toward the last cell on the left.

ETHEL (O.S.)
Well... what if we were?

2 INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT - QUINN MALLORY 2

is lying on his bunk, quietly watching a little black and
white TV - the source of Fred and Ethel...

FRED (O.S.)
I expressly forbid it! Little
Freddy's gonna grow up to be a
landlord, like his old man, and
that's final!

ETHEL (O.S.)
Waaaagghh!!

Quinn looks up, sits up, as the door to his cell opens and
the intense little lawyer steps in. As usual, she gets
right to the point.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

LAWYER
Tomorrow, the judge will pass
sentence - I don't have to remind
you of the stakes.

QUINN
You don't have to remind me.

LAWYER
(frustrated)
You tied my hands Quinn. By
refusing to allow me to raise the
specter of child abuse, you sealed
your fate.

QUINN
I'm not gonna lie now.

LAWYER
(dismissing that)
All truth is subjective, especially
in court.

The TV show is apparently ending - familiar end title THEME
MUSIC is playing...

LAWYER (CONT'D)
(leans forward, intense)
Listen to me - the insanity defense
still has merit. You could tell
the judge your story - about other
dimensions, parallel worlds, the
works! He'd have no alternative
but to declare you insane.

She sees that Quinn is sadly put off by her last remark -
she leans forward, putting a hand on his shoulder.

LAWYER (CONT'D)
I don't mean to be offensive, Quinn
- I know you honestly believe
you're some kind of alien --

QUINN
-- Not an alien. More a...
visitor.

LAWYER
(pacing now)
This fantasy of yours may be what's
keeping you so amazingly calm - but
you need to come to terms
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED? 2

2

LAWYER (cont'd)
with reality. The sad truth is,
this is your world, and you're in
big trouble.

(stops pacing)
Did you hear me, Quinn? This is
your world.

Quinn glances at the TV - the FAMILIAR THEME, played by a
brassy big band, is ending now - we see end titles which run
over a big satin heart, embroidered with I Love Ethel...

QUINN
(soft, ironic)
No it isn't.

TV ANNOUNCER
(as music reaches
crescendo)
I Love Ethel is a Willi-Van
production.

3 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - A HANDCUFFED QUINN

3

is led by bailiffs to a spot directly before the solemn,
scholarly, bearded Asian-American JUDGE.

ANGLE ON the crowd of spectators in the courtroom: sitting
amongst the reporters and curious citizens, ARTURO, WADE and
REMBRANDT worriedly look on.

BACK TO QUINN before the Judge.

QUINN
Your honor... despite the
fingerprints and the eyewitnesses,
I swear to you... it wasn't me.
I am an innocent man.

Quinn has nothing more to add. There is now true tension in
the air as the judge leans forward and stares down at him...

JUDGE
Quinn Mallory, this court is
satisfied that the guilty verdict
delivered by nine of your peers,
was just. Spray painting a freeway
overpass is an act of public
defiance that spits directly in the
face of the taxpayer, and shows
flagrant disregard for the sanctity
of public property.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

ON THE OTHER SLIDERS nervously observing...

REMBRANDT
(to Sliders, fretting
whisper)
That doesn't sound good. That
doesn't sound good at all.

An equally worried Arturo glances down at the timer in his
hand as we...

CUT BACK TO QUINN AND THE JUDGE at the moment of truth.

JUDGE
Therefore... I have no choice but
to sentence you to death by lethal
injection...
(gasps from crowd)
To be carried out immediately.

MOVE IN ON QUINN as the judge pounds his gavel and two beefy
bailiffs come to lead him to his fate...

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - THE ROOM

is still in somewhat of an uproar; photographers are flashing pictures of Quinn as he is about to be led away.

LAWYER

Your honor, I appeal, on the grounds that I believe the death penalty to be cruel and unusual punishment!

JUDGE

(hitting gavel)
Appeal noted and rejected.

LAWYER

I appeal again, on the grounds that my client is criminally insane, and that a new trial would clearly establish that fact.

JUDGE

(hitting gavel)
Second appeal noted and rejected.

The lawyer turns to Quinn, her face a grim mask but her voice betraying a touch of c'est la vie...

LAWYER

Well that's it then - you cooked your own goose kid.

QUINN

That's it? That's the entire appeal process?

LAWYER

It is now. Remember Prop 199, the "Instant Justice Initiative?" Where've you been?

QUINN

(being led away)
On another Earth!

CLOSE ON THE OTHER SLIDERS who have risen amidst the tumult in the gallery. Arturo is glancing at the timer which is down to 11 SECONDS...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ARTURO

Alright... stay close to me... stay
very, very close.

Quinn is about to be taken out a side entrance - on his way to the death chamber - when the Professor moves forward, followed closely by Wade and Rembrandt. He points the timer toward the open space between the judge's perch and the lawyers tables... and presses the button when it hits ZERO.

To the utter amazement of all present, the gate begins to form right here in the courtroom, leaving all the non-Sliders frozen in disbelief.

CLOSE ON THE BAILIFFS standing slack-jawed, hands up, as a buffer against the wind created by the swirling vortex. They are temporarily distracted from the task of carting Quinn out of the courtroom. The handcuffed Quinn takes advantage, darting away from them before they can react and diving into the void!

CROSSCUT ASTONISHED REACTIONS from the Judge, Quinn's lawyer, the gallery, etc. as one by one, the other Sliders dive in until all four are gone... and the void shrinks back down to nothingness.

MOVE IN ON THE LAWYER slowly shaking her head in astonishment.

LAWYER

(to herself)
My God... he was telling the
truth.

5 EXT. THE VOID - POV SHOT

5

as the Sliders streak down the ever bending, multi-colored tunnel.

6 INT. COURTROOM - DAY - ONE BY ONE

the Sliders pop out of the gate, tumbling down onto the hard wooden floor of an identical courtroom. The still handcuffed Quinn scrambles to his feet and spins instinctively - wary - but he's relieved to find that this courtroom is empty.

Overjoyed to be free again, he helps the others to their feet, making a special point of patting the quick thinking Professor on the back...

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

QUINN

Great work you guys. That's gotta be the coolest jailbreak of all time!

ARTURO

(pleased with himself)

It was rather "cool", wasn't it?

The other Sliders dust themselves off, check for bumps and bruises, and scope out the place...

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn)

Man, your tagging counterpart nearly got you killed back there!

ARTURO

It's a valuable lesson, my friends. Each Earth has its own set of taboos, and we must be careful not to violate them.

QUINN

Taboo or not, I've had my fill of the criminal justice system. Let's get out of here before they arrest me for something else.

7 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE - DAY - THE SLIDERS

7

have exited the building and find themselves on an urban San Francisco street. They start to walk, scanning the surroundings, immediately doing what's become a habit out of necessity - looking for signs that say this is or is not their Earth.

ARTURO

Looks just like home, doesn't it. But we've been fooled so many times... I'm starting to believe our Earth only exists in our minds.

QUINN

Our Earth is real, Professor, and we'll make it back there - I know we will.

(checking timer, looking around)

But if this isn't our world.. it's roughly three days to the Window.

*

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

His voice trails off because A MARRIED COUPLE walking in the opposite direction are in hysterics at the sight of the Sliders. They are pointing and LAUGHING, as if they've seen one of the funniest things ever.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

ARTURO (CONT'D)

(half-whisper)

Gentlemen... check your flies.

The three male Sliders give a quick look - all three flies are up. The couple has passed by, still pointing and LAUGHING as they go - leaving the Sliders uneasy and perplexed...

QUINN

Maybe it's these handcuffs.

(we now see that he's
still wearing them)

We'd better get 'em off.

They are interrupted by NICK, an upbeat guy in a loud shirt, who was walking in the opposite direction...

NICK

Hey, pretty good! You almost can't
tell it's an act.

*
*
*

He is looking Rembrandt up and down with unabashed glee. Nick sees the Sliders glancing at one another quizzically...

NICK (CONT'D)

You're here for the convention,
right?

(no response)

You know, the Crying Man convention
at the Oakland Hilton. All the top
Rembrandt impersonators are
gathering there - I saw it on the
news.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 3

7

Rembrandt looks to his friends, his face slowly brightening as he digests what he's just heard.

REMBRANDT

You mean to say there's a whole batch of people trying to be The Crying Man, on this world?

(to Sliders)

Do you realize what this means?

ARTURO

Yes. It means you're popular here - which means we're definitely not home.

REMBRANDT

(choked up, starting to tear)

It means that this world just can't get enough of me! Think about it.

Wade and Arturo roll their eyes as Rembrandt wipes away the first tear. He pats Nick on the back and the Sliders continue on. A prideful Rembrandt puffs his chest out a little, and takes a deep, satisfied breath...

*
*
*
*

REMBRANDT

It's a good feeling, isn't it? I mean, we may not have made it home yet, but we've finally reached the paradise planet.

WADE

(looking around)

Not exactly my idea of paradise.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

REMBRANDT

Look beyond the material things, girl! On this Earth, I am loved and appreciated the way I should be. That must mean folks have elevated their minds to a higher plane.

WADE

Oh good grief.
(indicates Arturo)
I know his ego is the size of the Grand Canyon, but I forget sometimes that yours is right there too.

As they jaywalk across a pretty quiet boulevard, the two men simultaneously reject that idea...

REMBRANDT/ARTURO

(simultaneous retort)
Hey, hold on/now just a minute Miss Welles/I'm a humble kinda guy/I'm renowned for my modesty --

They both cut off and nearly keel over (Rembrandt jumps a foot in the air) as a passing woman pedestrian suddenly lets out a BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM.

The Sliders are alarmed and off guard, uncertain of what to do. The woman is hopping up and down, pointing frantically at Rembrandt but unable to find any words.

WADE

Oh great - do you see what we've done?

REMBRANDT

WADE

We jaywalked. On this world that must be a big deal!

Other pedestrians are gathering around - some also begin to SCREAM and point - one faints - there is excitement and growing hysteria in the air. The Sliders are backing away, alarmed...

QUINN

You were saying something about a higher consciousness?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 5

7

REMBRANDT

Forget all that - let's get outta here before the cops arrive!

The Sliders begin to walk briskly up the block. Looking back over their shoulders, they're alarmed to see that the excited mob is starting to follow.

ARTURO

On the count of three... I suggest we start to run... one... two --

They're already running - this only seems to excite the flock, who run after them, SHRIEKING, sounding like a single high-pitched creature!

THRU OMITTED
10

8*
THRU*
10*

11 INT. MOTEL 12/FRONT DESK - DAY - THE SLIDERS

11

enter the familiar little lobby of the Motel 12. They are out of breath and looking over their shoulders as they approach GOMEZ CALHOUN, who, as usual, is manning the counter...

QUINN

I think... I think we lost them.

Before the nervous Sliders can be sure of that, Gomez Calhoun makes them jump by excitedly pointing at them and shouting --

CALHOUN

Tears In My 'Fro!!

ARTURO

I beg your pardon?

CALHOUN

(singing - badly)

I've got tears in my 'fro... 'cause I'm standing on my head... over you - oo-oo.

The exhausted Sliders huddle as Rembrandt covertly explains...

REMBRANDT

(a bit dazed)

Tears In My 'Fro - it was a single I put out after I split from The Topps.

(frowns, remembering)

Failed to chart.

(MORE)

10 CONTINUED: 2

10

REMBRANDT

Forget all that - let's get outta
here before the cops arrive!

The Sliders begin to walk briskly up the block. Looking
back over their shoulders, they're alarmed to see that the
excited mob is starting to follow.

ARTURO

On the count of three... I suggest
we start to run... one... two --

They're already running - this only seems to excite the
flock, who run after them, SHRIEKING, sounding like a single
high-pitched creature!

11 INT. MOTEL 12/FRONT DESK - DAY - THE SLIDERS

11

enter the familiar little lobby of the Motel 12. They are
out of breath and looking over their shoulders as they
approach GOMEZ CALHOUN, who, as usual, is manning the
counter...

QUINN

I think... I think we lost them.

Before the nervous Sliders can be sure of that, Gomez
Calhoun makes them jump by excitedly pointing at them and
shouting --

CALHOUN

Tears In My 'Fro!!

ARTURO

I beg your pardon?

CALHOUN

(singing - badly)
I've got tears in my 'fro... 'cause
I'm standing on my head... over you
- oo-oo.

The exhausted Sliders huddle as Rembrandt covertly
explains...

REMBRANDT

(a bit dazed)
Tears In My 'Fro - it was a single
I put out after I split from The
Topps.

(frowns, remembering)
Failed to chart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

(to Gomez)

You uh, like Tears In My 'Fro?

CALHOUN

Are you kidding? I'll never forget the night I took Mommy to the prom - it was playing in the limo - number four with a bullet, soon to be number one for, what was it, nine weeks?

REMBRANDT

Nine weeks? How-sweet-it-is!!

CALHOUN

You must know all that - being a Crying Man impersonator and all.

(pats Rembrandt on shoulder)

Take a tip from me pal, you need some platforms. The real King was much taller.

12 INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY - THE SLIDERS

12

are trying to relax and put recent stressful events behind them. Rembrandt and Arturo are playing gin - Quinn is lying on his stomach, facing the TV - Wade is lying the opposite way on the same bed, her head propped up by pillows. Q and W are watching the OFF SCREEN TV set with interest - all the characters seem very annoyed at someone called The Skipper...

GILLIGAN (O.S.)

That weather balloon was our way of getting off the island! But you had to set it on fire to see if it was flammable!

CANNED LAUGHTER

SKIPPER (O.S.)

Sorry little buddy. Guess I really messed up this time.

MR. HOWELL (O.S.)

This time? You do nothing but mess up, my boy! (CANNED LAUGHTER) Beginning with piloting The Minnow straight into a storm, like a complete moron. (CANNED LAUGHTER)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

WADE

Wow... they're being kinda rough on the Skipper.

REMBRANDT

(to Arturo, taking a card)

Do you realize how big I must be on this Earth? I mean, we're talking big with a capital B --
(slapping down cards)

Gin!

(laughing, gleeful)

I'm kicking your butt, Professor. That's three worlds in a row and the tab is rising!

ARTURO

(simmering a little)

The law of averages is a universal constant, Mr. Brown. Sooner or later, the tide will surely turn.

REMBRANDT

(shuffling the deck)

Yeah, but your beard'll be all white by then.

MARY ANN (O.S.)

Gilligan and I want to get married. If you were a real Skipper, you could do the ceremony, and we wouldn't have to wait!

SKIPPER (O.S.)

I'm sorry Mary Ann, I forgot to bring my bible... I left it in Hawaii.

GILLIGAN (O.S.)

Idiot! I'm sharing my hut with a complete idiot! (CANNED LAUGHTER)
That does it - I'm moving in with the Professor.

Quinn and Wade grin: the Skipper's response has a true touch of desperation...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

SKIPPER (O.S.)
But little buddy, I'd be all alone
every night. You know I'm afraid
of the dark... Please Gilligan...
please don't leave me --

The Skipper's pleading voice is suddenly cut off, replaced by a NEWSWOMAN'S VOICE -- CROSSCUT WITH THE TV as the live feed cuts to PAM JENSEN, a pretty African-American, age 28, sitting behind a news desk.

PAM JENSEN
We interrupt Skipper's Island to
bring you a special news
bulletin...

Rembrandt's shuffling comes to an immediate halt. He and the other Sliders crowd the set...

PAM JENSEN
Friday will mark the eight year
anniversary of the tragic death of
Rembrandt "Crying Man" Brown - the
undisputed king of Rock and Roll.

REMBRANDT
Did you hear what he said?
(awed whisper)
The undisputed king...

PAM JENSEN
Known for crying real tears in
every performance, his hard-core
fans have refused to accept his
passing.

REMBRANDT
He forgot to mention that I can cry
out of each eye, individually.

WADE
Shhh, Listen!

PAM JENSEN
-- and such mythic tales were
thought ridiculous, until Marc
Freedlander, a tourist from
Cincinnati, took a home video that
may place his name alongside
Zapruder, in the annals of history.

The Sliders can tell from the rising excitement in the newsman's voice that something really big is occurring.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED? 3

12

ON SCREEN: a clip from a shaky, hand-held video; while panning, the camera accidentally captures the four Sliders jay-walking across the boulevard. They walk in single file, mirroring the cover of the Abbey Road album.

The Sliders in the motel room react as the image is frozen, and computer enhancement zooms in on the face of Rembrandt, who happens to accidentally be looking straight toward the camera...

12A EXT. COUNTRY CABIN - DAY - THE SAME IMAGE

12A

of Rembrandt's face is being watched on a 12-inch TV, situated on the front porch of a rustic cabin. PULL BACK SLOWLY to reveal the rugged outdoor work boots and tough country Levi's of the lone man watching the news report.

PAM JENSEN (CONT'D)

And so today, an entire nation asks the question... is The King really back?

REVERSE ANGLE TO REVEAL the severely frowning man watching the TV on the porch. he has a beard, and his hair is somewhat long and unruly... but the face is unmistakable.

He is this world's Rembrandt Brown, and he is very much alive...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 INT. CAPTAIN JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - ANGLE ON THE DEL RUBIO SISTERS 13

doing their unique version of the DEVO hit "Whip It."

DEL RUBIO SISTERS (singing)
When a problem comes along,
You must whip it
Before the cream sits out too long,
You must whip it
When something's going wrong,
You must whip it
So whip it into shape
Shake it up, get straight
Go forward, move ahead
Try to detect it, it's not too late
Whip it, whip it good.

CAPTAIN JACK (O.S.)
Ladies, Ladies, please!

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE MAN whose interruption halted the ladies in their tracks. "CAPTAIN" JACK BRIMM is a balding guy in his mid-forties, decked out in urban cowboy gear. He is a man near the end of his rope, perpetually pained by the curveballs life keeps firing his way...

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)
You're doing Devo here - you
gotta give it some life,
comprende? *

Jack's long-legged, not too bright SECRETARY enters the room, interrupting the worried manager.

SECRETARY
Jack, there's a Pam Jensen from
Channel Seven here to see you.

CAPTAIN JACK
(quietly stunned)
To see me? Wow... it's been so
long since we've had any press.

SECRETARY
Well, don't forget, that Crying Man
convention's in town.

CAPTAIN JACK
(a little bitter)
Right, of course. Send her in.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

Pam Jensen enters the room followed by a two-man camera crew. A smiling Jack senses a self-promoting opportunity, as he offers his hand to Pam...

CAPTAIN JACK

I know you're here because of my relationship with The King. But before we stroll down memory lane, let me give you an exciting glimpse of the here and now for Captain Jack Brimm and his stable.

He indicates the Del Rubios who are working on dance steps.

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

My newest act - I convinced them to give up their day jobs and leave their families to pursue show business - believe me, they've got a big future ahead of them.

(to Del Rubios)

Okay gals, take cinco.

*

As the women exit, Jack pulls out a professional head-shot book that features his other acts. He opens the book to a glossy still of AN ASIAN COWBOY, singing and playing guitar...

CAPTAIN JACK

Waylon Chong, one of my most recent signings - the hottest country and western singer in all of Red China.

The next still is of A BALD STRING BEAN playing stand-up bass.

CAPTAIN JACK (CONT'D)

The Bass Ace. Some claim the bass is the worst instrument for a soloist - but hundreds of satisfied senior citizens beg to differ.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

Pam gently shuts the book before he can turn to the next page.

PAM

To be honest, we're just not interested in those other acts. We've come because of Rembrandt.

CAPTAIN JACK

Of course. That's all anyone remembers me for.

(long sigh)

Well, what's the angle this time - eight years Friday since he kicked?

PAM

Angle? You mean... you haven't heard?

CUT TO:

14 INT. MOTEL 12 - DAY - THE AMAZED SLIDERS

14

are watching the motel TV, completely stupefied.

ON SCREEN: Irv the locksmith is being interviewed from inside his store...

IRV

I knew it was the real Crying Man the minute he walked in! Tricked him into signing this receipt...

(holds up receipt,
cackles)

Handwriting experts confirm it's his signature! And now, this little piece of paper is worth its weight in gold!

The Sliders look at one another and Quinn changes channels.

ON SCREEN: a clip from an old Rembrandt movie - The Crying Man is wearing a lei and riding a surfboard, waving his arms to keep his balance, in front of a poorly done rear projection of the ocean. A SUPER at the bottom of the screen tells us the film was called Purple Hawaii...

REMBRANDT (SINGING)

I'm surfing on an ocean of tears...
Feels like I've been weeping for years... My little island girl, has set my mind a whirl... I think I need to sink a couple beers...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

OUR REMBRANDT

Ugh. Who wrote that tune?

Quinn changes channels again - a computer enhancement EXPERT is using a telestrator to examine the "Abbey Road" video still of the Sliders, crossing the street. At the moment, he is pointing at a fuzzy image of Quinn...

EXPERT

The return of The Crying Man is only part of the story. We believe this man could be Jim Morrison of The Doors --

QUINN

What?

EXPERT

who also supposedly "died" years ago.

QUINN

This is out of control.

EXPERT

The girl in the video remains a mystery, but you can tell by the way her eyes are fixed on The King, there is a strong bond between the two of them.

Wade gives Rembrandt a little hug.

WADE

Well at least they got that right.

EXPERT

And we have positively identified the fourth individual as none other than that great Italian tenor, Pavarotti!

All eyes turn to Arturo.

QUINN

I didn't know you sang opera.

ARTURO

Only in the shower, my boy.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

EXPERT

Of course we can only speculate, but considering that two supposedly dead stars are reemerging simultaneously, perhaps Pavarotti wished to be present, to represent the mainstream musical world on this momentous occasion.

An exasperated Arturo snatches the clicker and punches the channel changer.

ON SCREEN: a live feed from Captain Jack's office, where he is leading Pam Jensen through a room totally devoted to the memory of Rembrandt.

At the moment, he is pointing out a number of blown up stills of Rembrandt, probably taken on a Vegas stage in the latter half of his career. This Rembrandt has a medium-large Afro, wears a rhinestone tux, and has put on a good forty pounds...

CAPTAIN JACK

This is what I lovingly call "the fat Rembrandt wing." Devoted to that period when The King really took a bite out of life, and it all went straight to his waistline.

A SUPER is running over the live feed: "Live from the office of Captain Jack Brimm, Rembrandt's manager and the man credited with guiding his career".

REMBRANDT

Captain Jack! I can't believe that guy was managing my double! When I split from the Topps, he begged me to take him on. Swore up and down he'd take me right to the top!

(thinking, uh-oh)

He is a jerk... but maybe I made a mistake.

15 INT. CAPTAIN JACK'S OFFICE - DAY - JACK IS TALKING

15

to Pam Jensen - the feed is still live - and the famous manager is getting all misty-eyed...

CAPTAIN JACK

I'll never forget the night I got the terrible news. While sponge

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED

15

CAPTAIN JACK (cont'd)
diving in the gulf, The King's boat
went down in a storm... no trace of
his beautiful body was ever found.
(dabbing eyes)
Now... he belongs to the deep.

FAM
And you still believe that?

CAPTAIN JACK
We must view these rumors with
extreme caution, Ms. Jensen. It
could be more tripe from all those
bloodsuckers who've made a living
off The King's memory. You see,
Rembrandt would've contacted me
long ago if he was still alive. So
I must remain... a hopeful
skeptic.

CUT TO JACK AND HIS SECRETARY saying cordial good-byes to
the Channel Seven crew, as they show them out. As soon as
the door is shut, Jack instantly changes his tune, gleefully
giving his secretary a huge, excited hug.

CAPTAIN JACK
He's alive!! Ha, Ha, alive!!!
(more serious, begins to
pace)
Now, if I can just get back in his
good graces, I'll have a career
again.

16 INT. MOTEL 12/FRONT DESK - DAY - ON REMBRANDT

16

looking out the window - the other Sliders join him, concern
and amazement spreading across their faces. Gomez Calhoun
is at the desk in the background. We can see a LARGE and
GROWING CROWD coming down the street...

QUINN
My God... the word is out.
(to Rembrandt)
Your fans know we're here.

They look to Rembrandt, trying to figure out what to do
next. The Crying Man adjusts his collar.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

REMBRANDT

What's the big deal? If my fans are so desperate to see me, I'll go out there and give them all a little taste.

WADE

(looking out window)
Are you sure it's safe? They look pretty crazed.

REMBRANDT

Girl, my music could soothe the savage beast - and my personality is just as disarming. I'll just give 'em all a quick hello and request some privacy for me and my entourage.

WADE

Entourage?

REMBRANDT

You know what I mean!

Rembrandt is actually looking forward to this as he exits the motel.

THEIR POV - THROUGH PLATE GLASS WINDOW - THE CROWD

surges forward to greet Rembrandt. With a massive sound of frantic screams, the people envelop him and he disappears. Under which --

16A INT. MOTEL OFFICE

16A

The other Sliders watch pensively...

ARTURO

I remember when those four mop-tops evoked a similar response. I wanna squeeze your hand - yeah, yeah, yeah - disgraceful tunelessness that appealed to mankind's lowest common denominator!

WADE

Oh Please. Are you actually trashing The Beatles?

ARTURO

Is that what they were called?

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED:

16A

WADE

So what is your cup of musical
tea? Black Flag? The Beastie
Boys?

(CONTINUED)

16A CONTINUED? 2

16A

QUINN

Nah, I think the Professor's a Sex
Pistols kinda guy.

ARTURO

Don't be foul, both of you. Real
music is played by classically
trained musicians, not
pre-pubescent "grunge-meisters"
who've yet to discover the
existence of a fourth chord.

*
*
*
*
*
*

As now, a roar from outside (O.S.)

WADE

He's in trouble.

ARTURO

He never should've gone out there
in the first place. I'll go get
him...

*
*
*
*

POV - THRU PLATE GLASS WINDOW - ARTURO

steps outside and is caught up in the tide of screaming fans
and disappears. As now --

16B INT. MOTEL OFFICE - THE DOOR

16B

opens.

REMBRANDT

stumbles in, his hair ruffled, his clothes torn. A sleeve
is missing and he only has one shoe.

REMBRANDT

Those people are animals! They all
want a piece of me - and I mean
literally!!

QUINN

The price of fame?

REMBRANDT

And I loved every minute of it -
well except for when that old lady
put a vise-lock on my butt. Lord!

*

WADE

Well if you loved it so much, why'd
you race back inside?

(CONTINUED)

16B CONTINUED:

16B

REMBRANDT

I may've loved it girl, but I
couldn't have survived it! There
is such a thing as too much love.

QUINN

Did you see the Professor? He went
out to get you.

WADE

Oh, my God!

They turn too see Arturo being passed overhead by the
throng, like a reveler at a rock concert. He struggles like
a turtle on his back, but to no avail -- desperately waving
his arms at the Sliders as he passes out of sight...

QUINN

I'll get him!

REMBRANDT

(blocking the door)
I can't let you go out there, man!

WADE

(indicating TV)
Check it out, guys!

ANGLE ON THE MUTED TV: Pam Jensen is speaking to the camera,
standing at the edge of the gathered crowd outside the
motel. Behind her, we can see that the Motel 12 vacancy
sign now reads: Crying King, Lizard King, and Pavarotti,
here!!!

(CONTINUED)

16B CONTINUED? 2

16B

QUINN (CONT'D)

So much for the mystery of how they found us.

Arturo suddenly appears pressed against the glass door. Quinn manages to open it and pull him inside. Arturo is nearly as disheveled as Rembrandt was.

QUINN

Are you all right?

ARTURO

(breathless; checking extremities)

I believe I'm still in one piece.

*
*
*
*

WADE

(to Calhoun)

Is there a back way to our room?

CALHOUN

(indicating)

Right through there.

The Sliders, with a last look at the mob, hustle through the back door of the office, except for an indignant Arturo, who sidetracks to confront Calhoun...

*
*
*

ARTURO

I've had it with this motel -- I demand a police escort to assist us in escaping from that rabble!

*
*
*
*

CALHOUN

Police escort! Be reasonable, Mister Pavarotti --

ARTURO

-- Are you truly that clueless? Do I sound Italian?

CALHOUN

What's that got to do with it?

Arturo is momentarily speechless.

ARTURO

You had no right to advertise our presence on your billboard.

CALHOUN

(fidgeting)

Well uh, that was Mommy's idea --

(CONTINUED)

16B CONTINUED: 3

16B

They are interrupted by the ROAR of the mob as Captain Jack bursts into the room, accompanied by a COP who holds the rest of the crowd outside.

(CONTINUED)

16B CONTINUED: 4

16B

Jack's hat is permanently dented - they look like they've just run a battle line - but Jack is exhilarated just the same.

CAPTAIN JACK

Shazam! Haven't seen a crowd that worked up since Michael Jackson rejoined Public Enemy.

(to Cop)

Thank you officer. Your tickets will be waiting at the Will Call window tomorrow night.

The cop is thrilled - he pumps Jack's hand and makes his way back out to the tumult surrounding the motel. Jack moves toward the front desk - spots Arturo, and immediately kisses up...

CAPTAIN JACK

Mr. Pavarotti, what a pleasure it is, sir.

CALHOUN

See? I told you that's who you are!

ARTURO

My name is Arturo, sir. You have me mistaken for someone else, I'm afraid.

(looks Jack up and down)

And you are?

CAPTAIN JACK

Captain Jack Brinn.

CALHOUN

The Captain Jack? I thought you were dead too!

Jack closes his eyes for a moment - that comment really stung.

ARTURO

Can you help get us out of here?

CAPTAIN JACK

(nodding yes)

You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. I'm carrying a royal offer for The King. You must take me to him. I can't stop thinking about how happy he'll be to see me.

18
THRU OMITTED
19

17
18
THRU
19

20 INT. MOTEL 12 ROOM - NIGHT - VERY TIGHT ON JACK'S FACE

20

CAPTAIN JACK

I've come bearing a gift - I'll
tell you what it is - but only if
you say we're friends again - only
if you promise to forgive me.

*

PULL BACK TO SEE he is on his knees, hugging a perplexed Rembrandt's legs. From the "who know's" look Rembrandt is shooting the other Sliders, it's obvious he has no clue what Captain Jack so desperately wants to be forgiven for.

Rembrandt wants to shake free of Jack - but the manager won't let go yet.

REMBRANDT

Okay, fine, we're friends - now
would you let go of my leg?
(Jack does so)

So what's this "gift" all about?

*

Jack jumps to his feet - he begins to pace...

CAPTAIN JACK

Manana, seven p.m., an audience of
billions tunes in for The King's
return concert on all four networks
and pay-per-view around the
world.

Rembrandt is astonished. Frozen. Delirious.

CAPTAIN JACK

The promoters are ready to fork
over... get this... a Million
dollars a song. Did you hear
that, Renny? If you pull a
Springsteen, and stay on stage all
night, I'll be set for life!

(realizing how that
sounds)

And you - you'll be even richer
than you already are!

Rembrandt is utterly speechless, his eyes glowing at the possibilities. Finally, Arturo takes him by the arm...

ARTURO

Uh... would you excuse us for a
moment?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

A suspicious Captain Jack and his entourage move to one end of the room - The Sliders huddle in the other end, WHISPERING...

WADE

A million dollars a song! We'd never have money problems again, that's for sure.

QUINN

Wait a minute, we slide tomorrow night, nine oh three p.m. That's right near the end of the show - it's too close, too complicated. I say pass.

REMBRANDT

Are you cracked, Q-ball? This is everything I've ever wanted!

ARTURO

Might I remind you, Mr. Brown - the last time you stepped into a dead man's shoes, you ended up dodging shotgun shells.

REMBRANDT

That was then, this is now. You all worry too much -- I'm doing the show and that's final!

Rembrandt breaks out of the huddle and moves toward the Captain...

REMBRANDT

Alright Jack, I'm in.

CAPTAIN JACK

Fantastic!

REMBRANDT

Providing we ever get out of here. I don't think "live From The Motel 12" has such a good ring to it.

CAPTAIN JACK

Exiting this dive's a little tricky, but we've got lots of experience at this sort of thing, eh King?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

Jack belly laughs, cracking himself up just thinking about it. Rembrandt shoots the other Sliders a look that says - "What the hell is this fool babbling about?"

CAPTAIN JACK
Every motel's got a back exit no one uses. I slipped that big zero at the front desk a couple of bills, and he fessed up. We'll wait for the cover of darkness, then... splitsville!

21 OMITTED

21

22 EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND MOTEL - NIGHT - CAPTAIN JACK

22

and his faithful secretary, stealthily lead The Sliders up the alley and away from the motel.

CAPTAIN JACK
Hurry up! My Beamer's just around the corner!

REMBRANDT is the last to exit the building. As he turns to run after the others, he spots something out of the corner of his eye that freezes him in his tracks:

A RED CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE looking nearly identical to Rembrandt's treasured "red sled" that got stuck in an iceberg, is parked in the alleyway. Rembrandt is mesmerized, and can't help but check it out.

A STRANGE CHARACTER whom we will come to know as THE CRYING PRINCE, steps out of the shadows and approaches Rembrandt, who is busy studying the car from hood to tail.

The Prince is a Rembrandt impersonator, but there's a heavy dose of howling queen/Little Richard in his interpretation.

CRYING PRINCE
Oooh child, it's true! It is you, my, my, my.

REMBRANDT
(frowning at his appearance)
Who're you supposed to be?

CRYING PRINCE
I'm "supposed" to be you, lamb chop!

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

THE OTHERS have stopped at the far end of the alleyway, wondering why Rembrandt isn't catching up with them. Quinn instinctively backtracks...

BACK TO REMBRANDT AND THE PRINCE - The Prince surprises him by pulling out a bottle of cheap champagne.

CRYING PRINCE

In honor of your return. Welcome back.

As Rembrandt momentarily eyes the label, The Crying Prince smacks him over the head, as if christening a ship, knocking the unsuspecting Rembrandt out cold. The Prince catches him before he hits the ground...

QUINN (O.S.)

Rembrandt!

The Prince hurriedly drags Rembrandt into the open back seat - then jumps in the car and races back in reverse, scant feet ahead of the pursuing Quinn. He pulls a high-speed u-turn - Quinn manages to latch onto the side of the car and is dangerously dragged along, struggling with the kidnapper.

The Prince sharply fishtails the Caddy and Quinn loses his grip, tumbling to a stop against some trashcans in the alley.

Quinn gets back to his feet, largely unhurt, and watches in silent desperation as the Caddy (license plate "Crybaby") zooms away...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22A
THRU OMITTED
22B

22A
THRU
22B

22C INT. CAPTAIN JACK'S OUTER OFFICE - WADE, QUINN AND ARTURO
following the distraught Captain Jack.

22C

QUINN
What do you mean, you can't call
the police?

CAPTAIN JACK
I just can't!

As they enter

22D INT. CAPTAIN JACK'S INNER OFFICE

22D

QUINN
You can't? Well we can

CAPTAIN JACK
Don't! I'm begging you!
(then)
Look... I'm as concerned as you
are. More! I've got billions of
people waiting to see that man go
on stage tonight.
(off them)
Can you imagine the kind of
lawsuits I'm looking at?

*
*

QUINN
I don't believe this guy.
(then)
This is our friend, okay? I don't
give a damn about your lousy show!

*

WADE
(moving to a phone)
I'm calling the cops!

CAPTAIN JACK
You do, and we'll never see him
again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

22D CONTINUED:

22D

CAPTAIN JACK (cont'd)

(Wade pauses, mid-dial)

Whoever's kidnapped him is bound to contact us. If the cops or the press get hold of it, there's no telling what'll happen.

(then)

It'll be like the Lindbergh kidnapping.

ARTURO

(to Quinn and Wade)

He may have a point. *

CAPTAIN JACK *

Whoever did this has a vested interest in thwarting the pay-per-view.

QUINN

What're you saying? He's from a rival cable company?

CAPTAIN JACK

It's possible.

(starting to leave)

Trust me. Stay here. And stay out of sight.

QUINN

Where are you going?

CAPTAIN JACK

Down to the stage. We've got to start lining up replacement acts, just in case.

(then)

If our kidnapper calls, give him my cell phone number. *

WADE

That's it?

CAPTAIN JACK

I'm doing everything I can!

And Captain Jack goes.

(CONTINUED)

22D CONTINUED: 2

22D

WADE

Now what?

Quinn's moved to the telephone.

ARTURO

What're you doing?

QUINN

I don't care what that guy says.
I'm calling the police

Off which --

CUT TO:

22E INT. CREEPY BASEMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON REMBRANDT

22E

in a sitting position, waking up, groggy. Someone is slowly
pacing back and forth before him, but Rembrandt has yet to
focus his eyes in the moody candle light.

CRYING PRINCE (O.S.)

You did it Maurice - you pulled it
off and bagged the big cat himself!
But why am I surprised - you
alllwaaaays get your man!

(CONTINUED)

22E CONTINUED:

22E

REMBRANDT POV (fuzzy, distorted): a hand comes out of the semi-darkness - a delicate hand sporting a couple of flashy rings and holding a damp cloth.

CRYING PRINCE (O.S.)

(gentle, concerned)

Poor King. I'll bet he's got a headache. Probably runnin' a temperature, too, what with all the excitement.

The hand begins to dab Rembrandt's forehead tenderly, as if he were burning up. Rembrandt squints and shakes his head, trying to rid his brain of cobwebs. He finds himself tied to a chair in a creepy, leaky basement, lit by candles.

REMBRANDT POV: the flamboyant, effete CRYING PRINCE comes INTO FRAME and into focus, leaning forward, examining Rembrandt - Rembrandt scans behind him for others, but beyond the candlelight, all he can see is darkness...

REMBRANDT

Who were you talking to just now?

CRYING PRINCE

To myself, sugar biscuit. An occupational hazard of spending nine months a year on the road.

Rembrandt shudders and closes his eyes. The Crying Prince continues to dab Rembrandt's forehead with concern; Rembrandt finds this very irritating.

REMBRANDT

What the hell are you doing? I don't have a fever - and besides, you're stroking the wrong side of my head! Don't you remember where you hit me?

CRYING PRINCE

(dry, offended)

Well. Pardon me. Still the temperamental artiste, aren't we?

Rembrandt forces himself to take another look at the Crying Prince, who's added feathers, chiffon, and eyeliner to the Rembrandt look.

(CONTINUED)

22E CONTINUED: 2

22E

REMBRANDT

This must be hell.

CRYING PRINCE

You're not deceased, honey, that's why you're here.

(prancing, circling the chair)

Trust me, your resurrection is a bad career move. You left this world at the perfect time - a legend who had peaked - disappearing into the sunset...

(suddenly menacing)

You should've left well enough alone.

Rembrandt doesn't like the murderous look in the Prince's eyes - he strains against the bonds - but just as suddenly... something clicks...

REMBRANDT

You're starting to look familiar. Do I know you?

CRYING PRINCE

We only worked together for years - why should you recognize me?

(then)

Do the words "Spinning Topps" ring a bell? I was the most important Topp of them all.

(CONTINUED)

22E CONTINUED: 3

22E

REMBRANDT

Henry Watkins? Man, I can't believe it's you!

(Prince is grim, RB scrambles)

Uh, you said most important Topp? Lamont Tyler! Yeah, of course! Didn't recognize you under all that weird make-up!

The Crying Prince shakes his head angrily. He is deeply insulted - the look of menace is coming back - Rembrandt hurries into damage control...

REMBRANDT

That would leave... Maurice Fish?

CRYING PRINCE

Bing! But I'm now known to the world as... "The Crying Prince."

Rembrandt is scared, but the look of pride on The Crying Prince's face is just too much for him - he bursts out LAUGHING... and he just can't stop...

REMBRANDT

(howling laughter)

Little Maury Fish... Ha, ha, hah!! Most important Topp? Oh please, ha, ha, hah!!!... What happened to you, man... you look like Little Richard if he walked through a car wash!!

CRYING PRINCE

Little who?

Rembrandt looks down, desperately trying to bring his laughter to a halt...

REMBRANDT

Hey man, why're you doing this? Untie me and we'll talk about old times, okay?

CRYING PRINCE

I'll untie you, brother... all you gotta do is sign this.

He holds up a piece of paper, placing it directly before Rembrandt's eyes...

(CONTINUED)

22E CONTINUED: 4

22E

REMBRANDT

(reading)

I, Rembrandt Brown, acknowledge
that Maurice Fish was the true
brains behind the Spinning Topps.

(fighting laughter)

and I admit to the world that I
stole all my songs from him...

(laughing harder)

and that I've become famous by
stepping on his back!

Rembrandt can't help it - the thought of stealing anything
from this guy is just too funny - The Crying Man is now
laughing too hard to continue. A furious Maurice fires the
paper across the room and gets right in his captive's face.

CRYING PRINCE

(sinister whisper)

You won't be laughing long. When I
get through with you... you won't
even have a tongue.

Rembrandt stops laughing.

23 OMITTED

23

24 INT. CAPTAIN JACK'S OFFICE - ARTURO'S

24

on the phone --

ARTURO

(into phone)

I see. Well, when is the
Lieutenant due in -- ?

(then)

Don't you people understand? This
is a matter of life and death?

Click! The police operator's hung up --

WADE

is there, waiting expectantly. Quinn is hunkered down over
Captain Jack's desktop computer in b.g. --

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

ARTURO

Unbelievable. The San Francisco
Police think this is all some kind
of hoax.

(then)

Evidently, they have an entire file
of false Rembrandt sightings.

WADE

What do we do now?

QUINN

calls over from his computer.

QUINN

I think I'm on to something.
Luckily Captain Jack's got a modem
on his computer -- I've accessed
the DMV records

WADE

Why?

QUINN

The license plate on the red
Cadillac said "Kry Baby".
(as the screen scrolls
down)
Wait a minute --

ANGLE - THE COMPUTER

names, addresses. Stopping on "Kry Baby" - a typical
vehicle registration.

QUINN

Thank God for vanity plates.

WADE

Did you trace it?

Quinn's scribbling the name and address on a scrap of paper.

QUINN

Maurice Fish -- 1913 South Bell
Terrace.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2

24

WADE
That's East Oakland!

QUINN
Let's go!

They're about to tear out of there, just as --

THE OFFICE DOOR

opens. The Sliders stop in their tracks, instantly shocked and joyful --

WADE
Rembrandt!

REMBRANDT 2

stands in the doorway. Wade instinctively moves to embrace him, but he is cold and unresponsive. She pulls back --

REMBRANDT 2
Who're you?
(off the Sliders
reaction)
And where's Jack?

QUINN
You just missed him. He went down to the auditorium --

WADE
Are you all right, Rembrandt? You don't seem like yourself.

REMBRANDT 2
It's Mr. Brown to you. Only my friends call me Rembrandt.
(as it dawns on him)
You're the three from the video on the TV news.
(then)
Where's the impersonator -- the son of a bitch who's trying to steal my life?

QUINN
Wait a minute. You're the other Rembrandt!

REMBRANDT 2
I'm the real Rembrandt.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 3

24

The Sliders are reeling --

ARTURO

Let's try to clarify a few things.
You are clearly not dead.

REMBRANDT 2

Do I look dead?
(then)
Much as you and that scam artist
ex-manager of mine would like me to
be --
(then)
Now I've shared my little secret.
What's yours?

The Sliders stand there a beat

WADE

We have to tell him the truth!

QUINN

We don't have time!

WADE

We're from another dimension, the
imposter's not an imposter. He's
really you.

REMBRANDT 2

Say what?

QUINN

No time to explain.
(then)
Do you have a car?

REMBRANDT 2

Outside.

QUINN

We've gotta borrow it. Our
friend's in trouble.

REMBRANDT 2

Forget it.

QUINN

Our friend's been kidnapped. Some
guy with a red Cadillac.
(off scrap paper)
That's his name and address right
there.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 4

24

REMBRANDT 2
 (reacts; the name means
 something)
 Maurice Fish?

WADE
 You know him?

REMBRANDT 2
 Know him? I was the one who had to
 have him hospitalized. The guy
 hates me.
 (then)
 If Maurice thinks your friend is
 me, next time you see him, he'll be
 face up in the morgue.

*
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *
 *

Off the Sliders --

CUT TO:

25 INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - DAY - TIGHT ON REMBRANDT

25

trying to explain to his captor...

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Look, I can solve all this. I'm not really your Rembrandt, so you can untie me right now.

(the Prince is puzzled)

I came here from another dimension and I'm leaving this Earth tomorrow night, okay? Your Rembrandt is dead, so you've got nothing to worry about.

The Crying Prince seems suddenly saddened...

CRYING PRINCE

Those stories about the pills and the booze... they musta all been true. To see you so delusional is a sad, sad thing.

The Crying Prince wipes away a single tear... and opens up a leather shaving kit bag.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

Rembrandt notices gleaming instruments inside - The Crying Prince pulls out a straight razor...

CRYING PRINCE (CONT'D)

I usually use this to shave my legs... but it'll do your neck very nicely.

REMBRANDT

(a little frantic)

Now listen up Maurice... this has... this has gone far enough.

(the Prince is sharpening the razor)

Okay look, I'll sign the paper. Just let me loose.

CRYING PRINCE

Oh you'll sign it, alright. You'll sign it in blood.

He leans forward, the razor glinting menacingly, and gently strokes the side of Rembrandt's face...

CRYING PRINCE (CONT'D)

Don't worry sweetpea... I'll make sure your final minutes are happy ones.

MOVE IN ON REMBRANDT horrified to see that his captor is dead serious. To prove his point, the Crying Prince breaks into a herky-jerky version of the old Spinning Tops hit.

CRYING PRINCE (singing)

Slap me - love me - grab me - bump me - takes your love to really stump me - whip me - kick me - stroke me - lick me - a girl like you can really trick me -

(booming out the climax)

Slap me, love neeeeee, yeah!

He ends in a sweeping bow. Now Rembrandt knows this is hell.

★
★

26
THRU OMITTED
27

26
THRU
27

28 INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT - QUINN AND WADE

28*

enter the bustling backstage area. With no time to waste, they spot Jack's secretary amidst the frenetic activity, and hurry to her...

QUINN

Where's Jack?

SECRETARY

(indicates to other side
of room)

I think he's on the phone.

Quinn nods his thanks and grabs Wade's arm...

QUINN

Come on.

As they begin to move in that direction, Wade freezes, spotting someone out of the corner of her eye...

WADE

It's Rembrandt!

She breaks away from Quinn and makes a beeline to where Rembrandt is being made up, his back to her.

WADE

(reaching him)

Rembrandt, they found you! What happened --

She cuts off as "Rembrandt" stands and turns to face her -- he's the same size and shape as our Remmy, but underneath the familiar clothes and modest afro wig, this REMBRANDT IMPERSONATOR is Korean.

Wade backs away, startled, and bumps into someone - she turns with a gulp, to find an ALBINO CRYING MAN smiling down on her.

Quinn rejoins his confused companion...

WADE

I thought... he was Rembrandt.

QUINN

They're all Rembrandt.

She looks to see he's right -- the room is filled with 20 CRYING MAN IMPERSONATORS, milling around backstage. An amazed Quinn and Wade wade through the bogus Crying Men, finally spotting Captain Jack (wearing a tux, cowboy boots and hat) on the wall phone at the far edge of the chaos.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

CAPTAIN JACK *
(irked, getting hot) *
Oh yeah? Well listen closely, my *
friend -- *
(surprised) *
Hello? Hello? *

Jack slams down the phone, realizing he's been hung up on. *
He's about to blow a circuit when he spots his possible *
salvation in the approaching Quinn and Wade. *

CAPTAIN JACK *
I'm using up all my acts and the *
natives are ready to lynch me. *
Please, give me some good news... *

QUINN *
We're trying to track down the guy *
who took Rembrandt. *
(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

QUINN (cont'd) *
We've got a friend double parked *
outside -- and we're on our way to *
East Oakland. *
(already moving) *
Do the best you can -- we'll call *
you from there. *

Jack nods solemnly, taking a deep breath. In the b.g. THE *
DEL RUBIO SISTERS are performing before an increasingly *
hostile audience... *

28A OMITTED

28A*

28B EXT. DINGY HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - THE SLIDERS

28B

and Rembrandt 2 approach a small house in East Oakland... *

QUINN
I don't see a car.

WADE
Shouldn't we call the police? Just
to let them know what we're doing?

REMBRANDT 2
I told you when I agreed to this:
No police.

As they move up the walk, Rembrandt 2 hikes his coat collar,
pulls down the brim of his hat. He's wearing shades. An
elaborate incognito.

QUINN

stops at the front door, peers in the window --

QUINN
Doesn't look like anybody's home.

REMBRANDT 2
Ring the doorbell!

ARTURO
Is that how one usually confronts
kidnappers? By ringing the bell?

(CONTINUED)

28B CONTINUED:

28B

REMBRANDT 2

(impatient)
Ring the doorbell, man.

He reaches over and does so.

CUT TO:

28C INT. HOUSE - FOYER - THE DOORBELL

28C

rings (O.S.), the noise carrying through
THE THREADBARE
cluttered, rooms and corridors. Somebody's home.

CUT TO:

28D EXT. HOUSE - REMBRANDT 2

28D

rings again --

REMBRANDT 2

Open the damn door, Maurice!

QUINN

Maybe I should go around back.

Rembrandt 2's a man of action. Smashes the side window with
his elbow. Reaches a hand through to unlock the door --

REMBRANDT 2

Let's go!

They storm through --

28E INT. DINGY HOUSE - SLIDERS

28E

and Rembrandt 2 stop dead in their tracks --

A MIDDLE-AGED BLACK WOMAN

stands there, a long-barrelled rifle aimed at the intruders. *

CHARMAGNE *

Now back up and head right on back
where you came from. *

QUINN *

Please... don't shoot. *

(CONTINUED)

28E CONTINUED:

28E

CHARMAGNE
Don't you tell me what to do in my
own house!

*

REMBRANDT 2
Hey -- easy does it there,
Charmagne.

CHARMAGNE
How you know my name?
(she squints, moves
closer)
Rembrandt?

*

REMBRANDT 2
How you doin' Baby?

CHARMAGNE
So you are alive!

*

*

REMBRANDT 2
So to speak. Where's Maurice?

*

CHARMAGNE
Maurice? I ain't seen his
worthless self in two and a half
years since I kicked his sorry
behind out'a here.

*

QUINN
Ma'am -- you wouldn't know where we
can find his sorry behind, would
you?

*

*

CHARMAGNE
Last I heard, he took over his
nephew's lease, over near Telegraph
-- intersection of Povill Street --

*

WADE
Do you know the address?

*

CHARMAGNE
Red house on the South corner,
that's all I know.
(then)
What's he done now?

*

*

*

REMBRANDT 2
God willing... nothing yet.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

28E CONTINUED: 2

28E

CUT TO:

*

28F INT. PICK-UP - REMBRANDT 2

28F

drives --

ARTURO

Hurry, man --

REMBRANDT 2

What do you want me to do? This sled can't fly.

WADE

It's ten of eight, Quinn. We slide in an hour.

QUINN

(determined)

We'll find him --

As --

28G EXT. STREET - THE PICK UP

28G

accelerates through early evening traffic --

CUT TO:

29
THRU OMITTED
30A

29
THRU
30A

30B INT. THE BASEMENT - NIGHT - CLOSE ON THE PRINCE

30B

razor glistening, tears cascading down his cheek -- he's completely out of his mind --

REMBRANDT

bound and gagged, watches in terror as

CRYING PRINCE
(singing, sobbing)
Pack up all my cares and woe...
here I go... swinging low...

THE RAZOR

up against Rembrandt's neck, poised to start cutting

CRYING PRINCE
(singing)
Blackbird... bye... bye...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

30C INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - ON REMBRANDT

30C

terrified.

CRYING PRINCE

My one regret before I dice you up
is that I can't make you suffer as
long as I did.

Rembrandt angrily tries to say, through his gag, that he's
not really Rembrandt.

CRYING PRINCE

Uh uh... Much as I'd love to hear
you beg, we don't want to disturb
the neighbors...

He slices a button off Rembrandt's shirt.

CRYING PRINCE

I'm gonna savor this moment, Sugar.

Suddenly

THE DOOR

crashes in!

THE SLIDERS

surge in:

WADE

Rembrandt!

CRYING PRINCE

faces them --

CRYING PRINCE

Stay back! I'll slice him like a
brisket!

REMBRANDT 2

(sighing)
Put the razor down, Maurice.

CRYING PRINCE

(of Rembrandt 2; double
take)
You -- ? How the hell -- ?

(CONTINUED)

30C CONTINUED:

30C

QUINN

takes advantage of Crying Prince's confusion and tackles him. As they hit the ground, the razor flies free. Wade grabs it --

CRYING PRINCE

I was just tryin' to scare you into retirement!

(then)

You know I'd never really hurt you!

Wade meanwhile cuts Rembrandt loose --

WADE

You all right?

REMBRANDT

I am now!

CRYING PRINCE

(to Rembrandt 2)

It's great to see you again, man.

REMBRANDT 2

Shut up, Maurice.

(then)

Man, you're just as annoying as ever.

REMBRANDT

(astonished)

You're alive.

REMBRANDT 2

And you're me.

(indicates Sliders)

Thought that was the craziest story I'd ever heard -- but no one could fake me --

(off Rembrandt)

-- like that.

As now, Rembrandt and Rembrandt 2 approach one another. It is an extraordinary moment. They circle one another -- Crying Prince is still shouting, subdued by Arturo and Quinn.

QUINN

(of the Crying Prince)

What do we do with him?

(CONTINUED)

30C CONTINUED: 2

30C

REMBRANDT 2
Get him out'a here. Call security.

QUINN
You coming?

REMBRANDT 2
Give us a minute alone. Okay?

Quinn looks to Rembrandt, who's every bit as overwhelmed as his double. Then he, Arturo and Wade proceed to lead the defeated Crying Prince out of the room. But not before --

CRYING PRINCE
You're nothing, man! I was the
brains! The two of you aren't
worth half of me!

Once everybody's gone, Rembrandt 2 shakes his head sadly...

REMBRANDT 2
The ugly side of fame. It wasn't
easy, being in my shadow. *
(then)
You know, I almost feel sorry for
him.

Rembrandt shoots him a look of incredulity. *

REMBRANDT 2
I said almost.

And now, they both start talking at once --

REMBRANDT
Why'd you -- ?

REMBRANDT 2
How'd you -- ?

REMBRANDT
Sorry, man --

REMBRANDT 2
No. Go ahead.

A beat.

REMBRANDT
So... you faked your death, huh?

REMBRANDT 2
Only way to get back to being human
again.

(CONTINUED)

30C CONTINUED: 3

30C

REMBRANDT

That's so weird.

(then)

All my life I've dreamed of a success like yours. And you just walked away from it...

*
*
*
*
*

REMBRANDT 2

I was full -- needed to push back from the table. But you're still hungry.

(then)

We're just entertainers. We're supposed to make people feel good, but sometimes it gets out of hand. They built a shrine to me in Memphis called "Crying Land -- got grown women worshiping there every day. Other folks keep having plastic surgery so they can look more like me.

REMBRANDT

What's the matter with that?

REMBRANDT 2

You'll see. Walk a mile in my shoes.

REMBRANDT

I plan to.

A beat.

REMBRANDT 2

You really want the fame? The life? You sure about that?

REMBRANDT

It's all I've thought about since I was a kid.

REMBRANDT 2

Then here it is, my brother you become me.

REMBRANDT

What?

REMBRANDT 2

You step up to the plate. I go home, kick back.

(CONTINUED)

30C CONTINUED: 4

30C

You serious?

REMBRANDT

(CONTINUED)

30C CONTINUED: 5

30C

REMBRANDT 2

I am if you are.

REMBRANDT

Yeah. Yeah -- I could take that pressure off your hands.

REMBRANDT 2

Be careful what you wish for, Other Remy --

(then)

But if you're down with it, let's go --

Off Rembrandt --

CUT TO:

31 EXT. THE CAPITOL THEATRE - NIGHT - MARQUEE - ESTABLISHING 31
giant letters proclaim: Rembrandt Brown! The King Is Back!

31A INT. AUDITORIUM - STAGE - NIGHT - THE ALBINO REMBRANDT 31A
dressed in a blue tuxedo, is gamely performing "Cry Like A Man."

ANGLE - THE WINGS - CAPTAIN JACK

It's nail-biting time. The audience is booing. Checks his watch. Fiasco.

A STAGEHAND

moves to him, whispers to him: "They found him." Captain Jack reacts as you would expect --

CUT TO:

32 INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - REMBRANDT 32
is finishing his make-up. Tissues protect his cool blue tuxedo shirt. The Sliders are there with him... *

WADE

Boy. You're cool as ice. I'd be a nervous wreck.

QUINN

(to Wade)

Wade -- don't encourage this, okay?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

QUINN (cont'd)

(then)

Rembrandt -- look.. We slide at a little after nine o'clock. I'm afraid if you go on, you're gonna completely lose track of time.

ARTURO

He's right. It's risky to be separated so close to our departure.

A beat.

REMBRANDT

Well -- now you're bringing up an interesting question. That's what I want to talk to you about.

WADE

Uh oh... I know where this is going.

REMBRANDT

Don't misunderstand -- I love you guys. But my place is here. With my music --

(then)

Maybe it's fate. Maybe that's why I got caught in that wormhole in the first place.

QUINN

What about your doppelganger, your double?

(then)

Professor, say something.

ARTURO

Mr. Brown, I can only add my words of caution to what's already been said.

REMBRANDT

Guys. I know what I'm doing.

(then)

You gotta let go. And try to be happy for me.

(then)

Just like I'd be if you'd found your Paradise.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED; 2

32

The Sliders look at one another. He's got a serious point.
A knock at the door (O.S.)

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 3

32

CAPTAIN JACK
enters --

CAPTAIN JACK
Thank God!
(then)
How'd they find you?

WADE
Well we --

CAPTAIN JACK
(who cares?)
Great! Good work!
(to Rembrandt)
Time's a wasting, lad. You all
right?

REMBRANDT
Never better.

CAPTAIN JACK
You all clear on the sequence?
(then)
You open with "Tears in My 'Fro",
segue into "Love Explosion", then
"Cry Like A Man", "Explosion of
Love", "I'm a Tear Jerk" and "Who
Stole My Woman?" Before the killer
encore -- "Head Butt Me" and
"Weeping Wall of Tears."

REMBRANDT
Got it.

CAPTAIN JACK
I love this man!

He plants a big kiss on Rembrandt's cheek.

CAPTAIN JACK
The King is back!

Off which --

33
THRU OMITTED
34

33
THRU
34

CUT TO:

34A INT. CONCERT HALL - BACKSTAGE - REMBRANDT

34A

waits in the wings as Captain Jack, onstage before an extremely restless crowd, begins a long-winded introduction.

CROSS CUT as necessary:

CAPTAIN JACK (O.S.)
Ladies and Gentlemen (CROWD BOOING), thank you for your patience (LOUDER BOOING) - Oh come on now, let's try and be dignified, shall we?

The BOOING gets even louder, as Jack does a slow burn...

CAPTAIN JACK (O.S.)
Look... I know you're restless, but the moment you've been waiting for is at hand!

BOOS turn to CHEERS.

THE SLIDERS - WADE, QUINN AND ARTURO

make one final appeal.

WADE
You sure you know what you're doing?

REMBRANDT
Girl. Don't worry about me.

WADE
I guess this is good-bye, then.
(then)
We'll be in the wings but around nine o'clock we've gotta go.

The finality is for real. Rembrandt's misting up --

REMBRANDT
I'm gonna miss you, sweetheart.

He hugs her. Arturo's next. Gets a handshake, an embrace --

REMBRANDT
You too, man.

Now it's Quinn --

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED:

34A

QUINN

Nothing we can do to make you
change your mind?

REMBRANDT

I gotta take this chance, man.

Rembrandt folds Quinn into a big bear hug. It's like he's
been taken over by the ghost of Sammy Davis.

(CONTINUED)

34A CONTINUED: 2

34A

REMBRANDT

I take back all those things I said
about everything being your fault.
I'll never forget you, Q-ball.

Captain Jack is signaling: "Let's go."

Rembrandt pulls back from Quinn, fighting back emotion. He
hesitates... this is the moment of truth as he and his
friends realize they will never see each other again.

For an instant the Crying Man is uncertain and doesn't seem
to want to leave them for the stage... but the crowd is
ROARING, Jack is beckoning, and this is the moment
Rembrandt's been waiting for all his life. He blows the
Sliders a bittersweet kiss, somewhat sadly waves goodbye...
and takes the stage.

CAPTAIN JACK

(over loudspeaker)

Ladies and Gentlemen... In the
great tradition of Lazurus... and
the Phoenix... will you please
welcome the King himself,
Rembrandt "Crying Man" Brown!!!

The audience goes insane all over again.

34B INT. STAGE - REMBRANDT

34B

just basking in the crowd's unbridled adulation.. Tears
flowing like rivers.

ANGLE - OFFSTAGE - SLIDERS

watching this unfold.

WADE

I'm trying to be happy for him.
(then)
I just think he's making a terrible
mistake.

Suddenly --

A VOICE

He'll be okay.

All turn --

REMBRANDT 2

(CONTINUED)

34B CONTINUED:

34B

in Michael Jackson incognito.

QUINN

You.

WADE

Aren't you afraid you'll be
spotted?

REMBRANDT 2

All eyes are on him. Had to come
by and make sure he's got what it
takes... before I let him take my
crown.

*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

34B CONTINUED: 2

34B

ARTURO

What will you do now, in light of
this rather remarkable development?

REMBRANDT 2

Go back to fishing and relaxing.
Living my quiet, private life.
Nobody's gonna look for me, long as
he's here.

ARTURO

I must say, I have to admire you.

WADE

I'll say. I don't think I could
walk away from a million dollars a
song.

This stops Rembrandt 2.

REMBRANDT 2

A million dollars a song?

Off Rembrandt 2 --

CUT TO:

35 INT. STAGE - REMBRANDT

35

The unseen orchestra's broken into the intro to a song that
is this world's "Love Me Tender." The audience reception is
huge, but settles as --

REMBRANDT

(singing)

I've got tears in my 'fro... 'cuz
I'm standing on my head over you...
Got a long way to go... will this
crying stop... I wish I only
knew...

As Rembrandt breaks into the bridge --

36 INT. CONCERT HALL - BACKSTAGE - THE SLIDERS

36

watch their friend. Arturo checks his watch.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

ARTURO
We should plan our exit.

WADE
We've got to do something, Quinn.
He's making a terrible mistake.

*
*
*

ARTURO
Let him go, Miss Welles.
(then)
It's his life. His choice.

*

Wade hates this. Goes.

CUT TO:

37 OMITTED

37

38 INT. ANOTHER PART OF BACKSTAGE - CAPTAIN JACK

38

puts his hands together, looks skyward, and mouths, "Thank you, God."

39 INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS - REMBRANDT

39

loving every perfect second of this.

REMBRANDT
(singing)
At first I thought our love was
never ending... together, you and I
till eternity... but now I realize
I'm just pretending...

He pauses, takes a short breath for the next line. Just as he's about to sing...

REMBRANDT 2 (O.S.)
(singing)
I'm only half the man I used to
be...

ANGLE -- REMBRANDT 2

minus Michael Jackson disguise, grabs a live mike, ambles on stage --

REMBRANDT 2
(singing)
I've got tears in my 'fro --

Rembrandt's stunned. His mouth is open but no words come out. The audience is silent -- what in the world is this?

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

REMBRANDT 2
(indicates to Rembrandt)
Let's have a hand for the greatest
Rembrandt impersonator of them all!

REMBRANDT
What!?!

40 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS - THE SLIDERS
astonished, as are everyone around them.

40

QUINN
What's he doing?

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

WADE
Oh my God! They think our
Rembrandt's just another
impersonator!

41 INT. STAGE - REMBRANDT

41

recovers. Joins in now with Rembrandt 2. It's like dueling banjos. The spotlight doesn't know where to focus.

REMBRANDT/REMBRANDT 2

(singing)

'Cuz my world is upside down, over
you... I should comb them out I
know... but that's the saddest
thing I'll ever have to do.

Too late. The mantle has passed. The spotlight is all on Rembrandt 2.

42 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS - CAPTAIN JACK

42

is frozen -- not sure what has happened on-stage.

43 INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS - REMBRANDT

43

looks over at Rembrandt 2 bathed in the spotlight, as the orchestra plays an interlude. Rembrandt 2 ignores him and goes to the edge of the stage where fans rush, kept back by quick-minded security guards.

44 INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS - THE SLIDERS

44

look at each other in confusion.

WADE

We've got to get him off there.

QUINN

Come on. We slide in seven
minutes.

WADE

Rembrandt!

45 INT. STAGE - REMBRANDT 2

45

steps back from the stage mouth to finish the song.

REMBRANDT 2

(singing)

I've got tears... in my 'fro...
'cuz I'm standing on my head
girl... O-ver... Yoo-oo...

Off Rembrandt, out of the spotlight, hearing Wade calling him. As it snaps him to consciousness.

CUT TO:

46 OMITTED

46

46A INT. BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - NIGHT - REMBRANDT

46A

enters, hurt and angry. The Sliders behind him --

(CONTINUED)

46A CONTINUED:

46A

REMBRANDT

He makes his big comeback and I get
the double-cross. And after all
my hard work!

ARTURO

Actually, as this is his world, he
did the work. He, not you, is
the rightful King.

Rembrandt glares at Arturo for rubbing salt in the wound.

WADE

No matter what, Rembrandt, you're
still the only Crying Man to us.

This touches Rembrandt, cools him off a little. Arturo
checks his watch.

ARTURO

At the risk of sounding
insensitive, I believe we are a
very short time from Sliding.

QUINN

(to Rembrandt)

You coming?

REMBRANDT

What choice do I have?

CUT TO:

47 EXT. CAPITOL THEATRE - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS

47

cross the street away from the theatre.

QUINN

Let's do it.

He keys the timer.

THE WORMHOLE

appears. Suddenly, the sound of SCREAMING FANS (O.S.) from
within the auditorium.

QUINN

Don't let it get to you.

(then)

You're just as good as he is.

WADE

Better.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

REMBRANDT

Damn right.

ARTURO

Let's go, people.

QUINN

Look at it this way. Maybe on the next world, you'll be even bigger than you were here.

*

Rembrandt smiles, thinking it over. His eyes start to glow -- it is possible.

REMBRANDT

Yeah... maybe on the next world, I'll be even bigger...

*

And he leaps into the vortex.

Meanwhile, in another universe...

48 INT. THE PARLOR - DAY - TWO LITTLE KIDS

48

are looking up at someone with worshipful eyes...

FIRST KID

You're the King, right? I mean... are you really the King?

REMBRANDT (O.S.)

No, I am not really the King.

WIDE ANGLE TO REVEAL Rembrandt working behind the counter at the Dairy King, wearing an embarrassing paper hat in the shape of a crown.

REMBRANDT

(irked)

Bigger than ever, huh? Tell me something Q-ball, how come you're always right?

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

WIDER ANGLE TO REVEAL Quinn working alongside him, in the same Dairy King get-up. He tries to put a positive spin on things...

QUINN

Think of the bright side. I mean, we get free ice cream, and

REMBRANDT

Don't. Just... don't.

Quinn bites his tongue, realizing he's on shaky ground. Rembrandt begins to clean a countertop, griping to himself and fighting back tears, as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END