

Prod. #K1801

Sliders
“Double Cross”

Written

by

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&

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SLIDERS

"Double Cross"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. OMNICORP LAB - NIGHT

Like celluloid held too long in a sprocket, a strikingly unique VORTEX materializes in a gleaming LAB filled with advanced sliding equipment. It undulates as it slowly floats around the lab, a menacing GROWL coming from deep inside.

LOGAN ST. CLAIR approaches. Mid 20's, intense, intelligent, stunning. And absolutely unafraid. Of anything. She stops a safe distance from the vortex, glances at her watch. The undulating grows more intense, then suddenly reaches a climax and the Vortex disgorges a CHARRED BALL OF MELTED STEEL that rolls to her feet. She kneels to inspect the smoking mass, then looks ruefully at the vortex.

LOGAN

Damn you Max.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S)

Yes. Damn me.

Startled, Logan turns to find a grim faced ARTURO, who's entered behind her. Surprised, she tries to cover.

LOGAN

Max... what are you doing here so late?

ARTURO

Did you really think I wouldn't find out?

LOGAN

(innocently)
Find out what?

ARTURO

About your presentation to the board.

Her friendly demeanor vanishes as she turns her back on him and moves to a long CONTROL BOARD of computers, slide dials, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LOGAN

This makes thirty-seven probe failures in a row. Looks like your theories are a bust, Max. Much like your lovemaking.

An enraged Arturo angrily turns her to face him. Behind him, the vortex continues to float across the lab.

ARTURO

How dare you speak to me like that! Don't forget, I'm the one who brought you into this project in the first place!

LOGAN

You're also the one who's now in the way.

ARTURO

Of what? Your plans to use sliding to raid other worlds? You're right. I won't let you do this. I'll go public if I have to.

She softens, places her hands on his chest, slowly rubs him.

LOGAN

Max, I'm sure we can come to some middle ground on this problem.

Arturo roughly grabs her wrists, pushes them away.

ARTURO

No, Logan. You're not going to make a fool of me again.

LOGAN

It's too late for that, Max.

A confused look crosses Arturo's face, then he suddenly realizes the VORTEX HAS FLOATED UP RIGHT BEHIND HIM. Before he can think, Logan shoves him into the swirling light.

The angry vortex sucks Arturo into the abyss. His anguished SCREAMS disappear as the vortex closes and vanishes.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL

Two parallel silver ribbons of steel glint in the dim light. A beat, then a FLASH OF LIGHT explodes with a ROAR into the WHIRLING VORTEX that spits out QUINN, rolling him against the tunnel wall. WADE and REMBRANDT follow, trailed (surprisingly) by ARTURO. The Vortex vanishes, but an ominous RUMBLING persists.

ARTURO

Lord, what have in landed in now?

WADE

What's that noise?

REMBRANDT

Hey, I see lights. Wait a minute.
I think they're gettin' closer.

In the distance, Quinn spots what Rembrandt sees. Two SMALL WHITE LIGHTS, slowly growing larger. A rush of WIND blows their hair as the RUMBLING grows. Quinn reaches out, feels one of the steel ribbons.

QUINN

(worried)
Guys. We're in a subway tunnel.

REMBRANDT

(realizes)
That's a train!

ARTURO

(pointing in the opposite
direction)
Look!

ARTURO'S POV

A subway station. Seventy-five yards down the tracks.

ON SLIDERS

Quinn's already moving.

QUINN

Come on!

They take off at full sprint, Arturo in the rear. As they frantically race along the tracks, the trailing lights rapidly grow larger, the ROAR louder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Twenty five yards from the station...

WADE
(over her shoulder)
We're gonna' make it!

And for a moment it looks as if she's right, until Arturo suddenly trips and goes sprawling across the rails.

WADE
Professor!!

Quinn and Remy turn. Arturo, fifteen yards back, struggles to get to his feet. As the two men head for him...

ARTURO
No! Go!

For a moment they're frozen. If they go back to help they'll die. The train bears down relentlessly, the ROAR now deafening. Finally a tortured Quinn grabs Remy and pulls him toward the station.

ARTURO

stumbles to his feet... staggers forward. The train grows frighteningly large, SOUNDING ITS HORN, its BRAKES SQUEALING. Seconds from impact... the lights inside the train go out, the headlights dim, the HORN fades and the train rolls to a dead stop, inches from Arturo. Silence. Then...

P.A. ANNCR
Attention please. This is the
daily ten o'clock power blackout
for sector forty seven. Service
will resume in thirty minutes.
Thank you.

The astonished Sliders rush to Arturo, who leans against the tunnel wall to steady himself. A moment as they breathlessly eye the quiet monster looming up in front of them. Finally...

ARTURO
(breathing hard)
I think I'd be safe in saying...
this was one of our more
interesting slides.

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP LAB - DAY

An intrigued Logan looks up at a large electronic wall map of parallel dimensions, randomly dotted with reddish curved tubular shapes. ADRIAN FAYNE enters. CEO of Omnicorp, late 30's, (think Gordon Gekko), Fayne never smiles. He strides up to Logan. She points to a glowing BLUE tubular shape on the map.

LOGAN

You see that photon trail? The interferometer just tracked an incoming wormhole.

FAYNE

You called me down here for that?

LOGAN

Adrian. It's not one of ours.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET #1 - DAY

The Sliders exit the Bart station as...

REMBRANDT

I need something to eat. Running the hundred yard dash created a big hole in my stomach.

They suddenly stop and take in the surroundings. We immediately notice it's extremely quiet for a city street. And then we realize why: No gas powered vehicles. Commuters, shoppers, business workers, all use skateboards, bikes of all kinds, sleek looking rickshaws, electric trolleys. Commercial vehicles are modern but horse drawn.

WADE

Wow. Maybe we landed on a world that's outlawed the internal combustion engine.

REMBRANDT

I don't care what they outlawed as long as it isn't food.

QUINN

(pointing)
There's a Mac's.

They glance across the street at a "McVeggie" fast food place. A BANNER trumpets their "\$99 Value Veggie Menu."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ARTURO
Ninety nine dollars for a veggie
burger? This doesn't bode well for
our financial situation.

REMBRANDT
(spots a sidewalk vendor)
Let's hope dogs are cheaper.

The Sliders approach what looks like a hot dog vendor.

REMBRANDT
Hey, my man. How much for a hot
dog, with chili and cheese?

The VENDOR eyes him skeptically.

VENDOR
What are you, a comedian? What'll
it be?
(points to a sign on his
cart)
Green or yellow?

The Sliders eye the sign advertising a yellow looking gruel
called "Geomash."

REMBRANDT
(wrinkling his nose)
Geomash? What's that?

VENDOR
What planet are you from?

The Sliders exchange a look.

QUINN
Uh, do you know where we can find a
hot dog?

VENDOR
Sure. In the dictionary.

MONIQUE (O.S.)
Rembrandt!? Rembrandt Brown!?

Remmy looks up to see a gorgeous woman hurrying toward him
carrying several boutique boxes. Late 20's, all class and
dressed to kill, this is MONIQUE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

MONIQUE

(flirtatious)
I can't believe it. The Cryin'
Man. In person. Variety said you
were in Europe on tour.

REMBRANDT

Well, I uh...

MONIQUE

You know you are even more gorgeous
in the flesh?

Remmy's in love... shoots a glance at the other Sliders.

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP LAB - DAY

Logan eyes a computer screen that reads out data. Fayne is
nearby.

LOGAN

The wormhole opened in sector forty
seven.

(and then)

The size of the mass would indicate
it's more than one life form.

FAYNE

Find them. It's obvious they know
more than we do. Maybe they're the
solution to our problems.

LOGAN

What if they won't share their
knowledge willingly?

FAYNE

Then we start killing them until
somebody sees the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET #1 - DAY

Arturo Wade and Quinn huddle near a newspaper vending
machine. Quinn pulls out a single sheet newspaper and eyes
it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN

Either it's a slow news day or they've stopped reading on this world. This is the entire newspaper.

ARTURO

What's the headline?

QUINN

"Congress puts horses on endangered species list."

As they exchange a look, an excited Remmy approaches.

REMBRANDT

Hey guys. This woman is a huge fan of my double... and she's loaded. Get this... she's offered to fly me to L.A. in her private jet and buy me lunch at a five star restaurant.

WADE

And you're gonna take advantage of her?

REMBRANDT

(sheepish)
Well...

ARTURO

Well why not? How long are we here for?

QUINN

(checks timer)
Thirty eight hours.

ARTURO

Plenty of time. Carpe diem my boy!

QUINN

Just be back at the Dominion in time for the slide.

REMBRANDT

Thanks guys.

As Remmy exits, Wade glowers at Arturo.

ARTURO

He's the same man, if not the same person, Miss Wells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

WADE
How very male of you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET #2 - DAY - LATER

Quinn, Wade and Arturo make their way down another street. Long lines of people seem to be everywhere. At a phone booth, an ATM, etc.

QUINN
What's with all these lines?

WADE
(looks up)
Oh my god. Look at that.

HER POV

A Gas Station price sign reads \$409.9/10 per gallon.

ON SLIDERS

ARTURO
That explains why we haven't seen any internal combustion engines. This world's running out of oil.

QUINN
And meat. Maybe that's why horses are an endangered species.

EXT. CITY STREET #1 - DAY

A motorcyclist in a white nylon jump suit, Omnicorp shoulder Patch and black helmet, drags the Geomash Vendor over to three other similarly dressed cyclists.

MOTORCYCLIST
They're close. He says he just had some people asking for a hot dog.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET #2 - DAY

Wade leads Quinn and Arturo toward a Tram shelter where a short line of people waits. On the curb stands a uniformed "TRAFFIC CONTROL OFFICER" holding what looks like a long metal tube.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

Maybe we can catch one of these
trams to the Dominion.

They spot a huge Route Map of the "City of San Angeles" on
the side of the shelter. As a crowded Tram marked
"Downtown" pulls up...

ARTURO

What the devil is San Angeles?

QUINN

I don't believe it. San
Francisco's just a neighborhood
here. The city of San Angeles
spreads from here to L.A.

As the Sliders wait for several people ahead of them to get
on...

ARTURO

No wonder they have dwindling
resources.

WADE

And all these lines. This world's
overpopulated.

They step onto the tram. Arturo, last to board, stands on
the edge in the last remaining inch of space.

ARTURO

You couldn't get another person on
here with a shoehorn.

The Traffic Control Officer suddenly jabs his metal tube
into Arturo's side. It's a CATTLE PROD. Arturo ROARS from
the electric jolt and reflexively squeezes further into the
tram.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The four motorcyclists we saw earlier ROAR around the corner
with the Geomash Vendor riding on the back of one. He
spots the Sliders and points them out.

ON TRAM

The Sliders see this. Exchange a look. This can't be good.
As the cyclists slow...

QUINN

Let's go!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

The Sliders push their way through the passengers and hop off the Tram, taking off on foot.

THE LEAD CYCLIST

spots them, pushes the Vendor off the bike, does a 180 and ROARS off after them. As the others follow...

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Quinn rounds a corner into an alley. Wade and Arturo follow. They race toward a fence at the far end. Quinn gives Wade a boost up as Arturo steps up on a pile of debris to raise himself higher.

THE MOTORCYCLES

ROAR into the alley and race toward them. Wade goes over. But as Quinn and Arturo struggle, the four cyclists skid to a stop in front of them. Three pull their sidearms and train them on the Sliders. The fourth cyclist pulls off her helmet, revealing Logan.

LOGAN

Sliders!

The word stops Quinn and Arturo whose backs are to them. As Quinn turns, Wade's head re-appears over the top of the fence.

LOGAN

(smiles)

Welcome to San Angeles.

Now Arturo turns, revealing himself. Logan's stunned. For a moment she's not sure if this is the Max she thought she killed or his double.

LOGAN

Max?

ARTURO

(guarded)

Professor Maximillian Arturo, yes.
And you are...?

A small smile crosses her lips as she realizes this is her victim's double. She nods to the guards who re-holster their weapons, then...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LOGAN

Pleased to meet you.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OMNICORP LAB - DAY - LATER

Quinn, Arturo and Wade walk with Logan toward the lab, trailed by the three Motorcycle Guards who are a little too close for Wade's comfort.

LOGAN

So why can't you get back to your home earth?

QUINN

I opened the vortex early on another dimension, before the timer hit zero. The early access corrupted the program and erased our home co-ordinates.

Logan steps up to a BIO-THERMAL SECURITY SCANNER just outside the locked glass door to the lab.

LOGAN

Logan St. Clair.

A RED STROBE fans across her body. The scanner HUMS, then Logan steps through. On the screen remains her unique orange and yellow heat imprint (similar to Total Recall). The Sliders eye it curiously.

LOGAN

It's a bio-thermal security scanner. It reads a person's unique body heat pattern.

Quinn goes next.

QUINN

Quinn Mallory.

Again the red strobe... the HUM. Quinn steps away and moves to Logan as Arturo and Wade repeat the process...

LOGAN

(flirtatious)
You know I think it's amazing we both named the concept sliding. Was that the first name you thought of?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN
(attracted to Logan)
Actually it was.

INT. OMNICORP LAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Logan leads Quinn, Arturo and Wade inside. The two men take in the surroundings, captivated by the elaborate equipment. Wade warily eyes the three guards who've entered and "casually" block the door.

QUINN
Wow. This is an incredible set up.

ARTURO
I dare say it's a far cry from your basement.

QUINN
What's the process that allows you to track the path of a wormhole?

LOGAN
It's not the wormhole I track but objects traveling through it.

She points to a black metallic box with a MINI-VORTEX swirling constantly on top of it, encased in a mesh screen.

LOGAN
I developed an eight dimensional photon echoing process that resonates whenever a photon trail is created between dimensions.

Quinn turns to Wade, a bit in his own world.

QUINN
Photons. Of course.

WADE
(blank)
Of course.

As Quinn and Arturo wander around inspecting the equipment...

LOGAN
Unfortunately, we still have a lot to work out. Every probe we send into a wormhole comes back burned to a crisp, and most of the time they return hundreds of miles away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN

(to Arturo)
The burning could be a function of
incorrect re-entry portal
co-ordinates.

ARTURO

(to Quinn)
And the random return? A problem
with the gyroscope in the spectrum
stabilizer?

WADE

Guys, what about our problem? Can
this stuff get us back home?

Quinn and Arturo exchange a look, then...

QUINN

Uh, Miss St. Clair...

LOGAN

Call me Logan.

QUINN

Logan... if we can help solve some
of your problems, could we use your
equipment to see if we can get back
to our home earth?

She glances to the guards, who take the cue and exit. The
moment is not lost on Wade. Then...

LOGAN

(to Quinn)
That's the least I could do for
you.

CUT TO:

INT. CINE GRILL RESTAURANT - DAY

A line out the door for a table in the packed restaurant. In
a secluded booth, Monique returns to Remmy and cuddles
close. As he gently disentangles himself...

REMBRANDT

You know Monique, I feel like I'm
at a disadvantage 'cause I don't
know anything about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONIQUE
There's not much to know. My daddy
made a fortune inventing the
paperless toilet.

REMBRANDT
Paperless toilet. How exactly
would you use a... never mind.

MONIQUE
Rembrandt...
(she snuggles closer)
...would it be too forward if I
invited you back to my place for a
dip in the hot tub?

The woman's intoxicating to Remmy.

REMBRANDT
That sounds like a plan.

A WAITER places two plates in front of them.

MONIQUE
I hope you don't mind, but I
ordered for us. I got them to make
your favorite dish.

REMBRANDT
How do you know what my favorite
dish is?

MONIQUE
I'm your number one fan. I know
everything about you.

Remmy reacts. That's a little unsettling. He eyes the
green glop in front of him, forces a smile, realizes he'd
better play along. Monique stabs a fork into his plate and
comes up with something green and slimy. As she holds the
fork out to feed him...

MONIQUE
And this place makes the best frog
sweetbreads in San Angeles.

What?! She puts the fork to his lips. He reluctantly takes
a bite, stifles a grimace, then...

REMBRANDT
(a touch garbled)
Excuse me. I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

He rises and passes DIGGS, the bartender, who's crossing toward Monique.

REMBRANDT

Men's room?

Diggs points him in the right direction then approaches Monique.

DIGGS

Say Monique. Am I seeing straight?
Is the Cryin' Man your new squeeze?

MONIQUE

He's more than my new squeeze,
Diggs. We're engaged.

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP LAB - DAY

Logan stands near Quinn who works at a computer. Arturo's eyeing the wormhole tracking map as Wade approaches him.

WADE

(quietly)
Professor, did you notice the
guards didn't leave until Quinn
agreed to help these people?

ARTURO

Of course I noticed.

The lights suddenly dim. The Sliders react.

LOGAN

It's the noon brownout. That's
what happens when you start running
out of natural resources.

ARTURO

Miss St. Clair. I was wondering...
when you first saw me, how did you
know my name? Is my double
involved in this project?

Logan's caught off guard. Takes a beat, then...

LOGAN

Actually... he was. But I didn't
know him very well. He was an odd
sort... kind of a loner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ARTURO

Would it be possible for me to meet him?

LOGAN

I'm afraid not. Your double thought he'd solved the re-entry problem. He came in after hours two nights ago and tried to slide.

(a beat)

His charred body was discovered in San Jose.

The Sliders react.

FAYNE (O.S.)

Logan.

They turn to see Adrian Fayne up on the observation deck.

FAYNE

Can I see you a minute?

LOGAN

It's the boss. I'll be right back.

As she exits, Wade and Arturo approach Quinn.

WADE

Quinn, didn't it bother you that they had guards watching us until you agreed to help?

QUINN

What? Wade...

ARTURO

Miss Wells is right. Something's odd here. I don't believe for an instant that my double would try to slide without testing it first with a probe.

QUINN

C'mon Professor. Haven't we learned by now that our doubles can have different personalities?

(and then)

Guys, look around you. She's giving us the chance to get home. I'm not gonna blow this because you two are a little paranoid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

He turns back to the computer, leaving Wade and Arturo frustrated.

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

On the cut the door opens and Adrian enters, followed by Logan. A SECURITY TECHNICIAN sits in front of a large screen computer.

FAYNE

Security found something on the bio-thermal scanner. I thought you might want to see it.

The technician punches a short key sequence. The red and yellow image of a body heat imprint slides in from the left, filling half the screen. Another slides in from the right.

LOGAN

They're identical. So?

More keystrokes. Logan's name prints out across the I.D. slot on the left image. Then, across the I.D. slot of the image on the right, the name "Quinn Mallory" appears.

LOGAN

(stunned)
Oh my god. He's me.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE OMNICORP LAB - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Fayne and Logan approach the lab...

FAYNE

You going to tell him you're his double?

LOGAN

No. I may have to keep him past his slide tomorrow. To do that I'm going to have to charm him. And if he knows, it might... turn him off.

INT. OMNICORP LAB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Logan enters. Spots Quinn huddling with Wade and Arturo.

ARTURO

Mister Mallory, I caution you not to be blinded by this woman's...

LOGAN

Quinn? How's it going?

Her presence startles them. Quinn's attention immediately shifts to Logan. They're both staring into a mirror but only one knows it. Logan remains cool. A beat then Quinn gestures to the numbers whizzing by on a split screen. The left half is labeled OMNICORP; the right, MALLORY.

QUINN

Good. I'm running a dual program with the formulas I've entered. Your data's on the left, ours is on the right. When the computer finds our individual re-entry portal time space coordinates, it'll automatically lock them into place.

LOGAN

How long will it take?

QUINN

Could be minutes, could be weeks.

LOGAN

And this will stop things from burning up? I'm impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN

Well, let's not get too excited.
Even if we find your co-ordinates,
we still have to work on your
spectrum stabilizer.

LOGAN

That sounds like something I might
enjoy.

Quinn flushes, Wade rolls her eyes, Arturo shakes his head.

QUINN

Are you using a laser gyro in your
stabilizer?

LOGAN

No, a whispering gallery.

WADE

(annoyed)
Quinn, I'm going over to the
Dominion.
(off his oblivious wave)
Coming, Professor?

A miffed Arturo shoots a last look at Quinn and Logan.

ARTURO

Gladly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOMINION HOTEL - DAY

Sliding glass doors HISS open as Wade and Arturo approach.
Behind them we see a Taxi Driver pocket some bills before
painfully lifting his rickshaw and moving on.

ARTURO

\$85 for a ten block cab ride?! And
what was that rubbish about a
weight limit surcharge?

Wade wisely doesn't respond.

INT. DOMINION LOBBY - DAY

Arturo rings the bell at the counter as Wade drifts toward a
sign hanging on a nearby wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

You might as well get two singles.
I don't think we'll see Quinn
tonight.

ARTURO

Let's hope you're wrong Miss
Welles.

WADE

Professor, listen to this: "Five
minute power blackouts are
scheduled every three hours;
bathing is limited to two minutes
whenever water is available..."
(her eyes widen)
... and "it's requested that same
room guests shower together to
conserve resources!"

They glance over their shoulders at each other.

WADE

I'll wait till the next world.

She returns to the sign as a DESK CLERK approaches.

DESK CLERK

How are you today, Professor?

Arturo reacts to his name, tries to cover as the clerk
pushes over a registration slip.

ARTURO

Fine. Thank you.

As a wary Arturo signs in, the Clerk sneaks a look at Wade.

DESK CLERK

I see you've got a new... friend.

ARTURO

I beg your pardon?

DESK CLERK

(leans in chummily)
Between you and me, she's cute...
but your other nooner's more my
style.

ARTURO

My other... nooner. Exactly what
is it about her that appeals to
you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

DESK CLERK

I guess I just like 'em tall, dark and brainy. But if you don't mind my saying... I never thought it was a good idea that you two worked together.

(handing Arturo a key)

Your regular room, sir. Have a good afternoon.

The Clerk winks, turns away. Arturo move to Wade, out of earshot of the clerk.

ARTURO

Miss Welles, if one is to believe that cretin behind the counter, it appears my double was having an affair at this very hotel.

WADE

No way!

ARTURO

You don't need to sound so surprised. I may not be your idea of a shower fantasy but I do have my admirers.

WADE

I didn't mean...

ARTURO

Just listen. Judging by the clerk's description of the mistress, it appears my double and Miss St. Clair were researching more than just Sliding.

WADE

But didn't Logan say she barely knew your double?

ARTURO

(suspicious)

I have this sudden urge to find out more about Miss St. Clair.

As they eye each other, wheels turning...

CUT TO:

EXT. MONIQUE'S MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

INT. MONIQUE'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY

A bikini clad Monique enters the living room, carrying a tray of drinks. As she lays them down...

REMBRANDT (O.S.)
Monique? You got something I can
wear over these wet swim trunks?

MONIQUE
There's a robe behind the door.

She lays the drinks on a table, spots her reflection in a nearby mirror. She smiles, extends her hand to herself.

MONIQUE
Hi. I'm Mrs. Rembrandt Brown. So
nice you could come to our party.

She giggles at the fantasy, reacts when Rembrandt enters, lost in a HUGE SILK ROBE. As he flaps the sleeves that hang down to his waist...

REMBRANDT
King Kong been sleeping over?

MONIQUE
Don't you look adorable!

She hands him a drink, slides her arms around him.

MONIQUE
I've got something I've been saving
for you. It's in my bedroom.

REMBRANDT
Lead on girl.

MONIQUE
Why don't you go to your room and
see what I've done with it? I'll
meet you there.

REMBRANDT
My room?

CUT TO:

INT. REMMY'S SHRINE ROOM - DAY - A MOMENT LATER

The room's dark until Remmy opens the door and sunlight floods in, revealing a veritable SHRINE to the Cryin' Man. Everything from posters, programs, and album covers to velvet wall hangings and commemorative plates... all bearing Remmy's likeness. It's unnerving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT
(a whisper)
Oh man...

MONIQUE (O.S.)
Do you like it?

A stunned Remmy drifts through the shrine, spots a pair a
bronzed baby shoes engraved "Remmy's 1st."

REMBRANDT
Where did you get all this stuff?

MONIQUE (O.S.)
Like I said, I'm your biggest fan.
I told you all about it in my
letters.

REMBRANDT
Letters?

MONIQUE (O.S.)
I sent you over a hundred. And I
never got an answer. Except from
your attorney. That hurt my
feelings, Rembrandt. But I'm not
mad anymore.

He hears a rustling, turns to see Monique in the doorway,
radiant in a stunning WEDDING DRESS.

MONIQUE
How could I stay mad at the man I'm
going to marry?

Remmy just stares at her. What was that about mad?

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP LAB - DAY

Logan and Quinn hover over two opened timers laid side by
side. Logan's timer is more high-tech than Quinn's. As he
points to a part with a tiny screwdriver...

QUINN
If your probes are coming back
hundreds of miles away, we've got
to narrow the spectrum stabilizer
band. Then you'll always slide
into a dimension within a fixed two
mile radius... like we do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LOGAN

Yeah, but how?

QUINN

I'm not sure you can do it with this gyro. You may have to construct a laser. But that could take weeks.

A BEEPING NOISE from another computer draws their attention.

QUINN

What's that?

LOGAN

It means we're about to go back on line with full power. We've got thirty minutes until the next brownout.

She moves to another computer terminal.

LOGAN

I'm going to use this window to execute a power test.

She taps a few keys on the keyboard and a vortex SEARS THE AIR as it appears nearby. As Quinn approaches...

QUINN

What kind of power test?

LOGAN

I've been trying to amp up the size of the vortex so I can send larger payloads through the wormhole.

She taps a key. The VORTEX ROARS as a massive rush of powers surges into it.

QUINN

It's too much! Dial back!

Too late. The powerful VACUUM jerks Quinn off his feet, but he snags the rail around the observation deck and holds on for dear life, now perpendicular to the lab floor.

Logan screams as she's sucked from behind the control board, but she just manages to grab onto one of Quinn's legs at the last instant.

As Quinn desperately struggles to keep them both from being sucked up, a small chair whips past his head as it's

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

consumed by the powerful vortex. Like a twister looking for victims, the vortex starts to move towards them.

Quinn hand walks several feet along the rail and pulls himself close to the keyboard. With a desperate lunge he hits the "Escape" key. As quickly as it roared to life, the vortex dies, dropping Quinn and Logan to the floor.

QUINN

What the hell were you thinking?

LOGAN

I... I didn't expect that kind of response...

QUINN

That vortex had enough power to slide a convoy through!

LOGAN

(oddly pleased)
Yeah, it did, didn't it?

She notices Quinn's askew reaction, covers. She moves seductively close to him.

LOGAN

Look, we've been in here all day.
Why don't we take a break?

Quinn hesitates. But whatever his doubts, Logan's smile is reason enough to forget them.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH-TECH GREENHOUSE - DAY - TO ESTABLISH

A sign reads OMNICORP GENETIC VEGETATION RESEARCH.

INT. OMNICORP GREENHOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON AN ATTRACTIVE MIDDLE AGED WOMAN

MRS. ARTURO

(eyeing someone O.S.)
Even your beard's cut the same. I
always liked the feel of Max'
beard. It was comforting.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Arturo and Wade with the woman, who we now realize is his double's widow, MRS. ARTURO.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ARTURO

I hope my coming here hasn't caused you too much distress.

MRS. ARTURO

Not at all. It's nice to know his theories about inter dimensional travel were accurate.

WADE

Mrs. Arturo, we have some questions about your husband's accident and we didn't know who else to talk to.

Mrs. Arturo starts down a row of odd looking vegetables. Genetic mutants, hanging from the ceiling. Wade and Arturo follow.

MRS. ARTURO

Yes, I imagine Omnicorp is being very secretive about that. They want to keep Max's death private. They're worried the publicity could jeopardize the project.

She stops to adjust a misting valve, then...

MRS. ARTURO

Anyway, I all I know is they said Max tried to slide too soon, before all the bugs were worked out.

(turns to them)

And that surprises me. Because my Max was not an impetuous man. He would never take a risk like that.

Wade and Arturo exchange a knowing look, then...

WADE

What do you know about your husband's chief researcher?

MRS. ARTURO

Logan?

(long beat, then softly)

Let's just say she had a special relationship with Max. One I used to have and envied her for.

Arturo places a comforting his hand on her arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

ARTURO

Madam, despite whatever you may be thinking now, know if your heart that he cherished you. I'm absolutely sure of it.

She looks at him gratefully. As Arturo smiles...

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Quinn stares off at the bay. Where once was the Golden Gate bridge there are now TWO FLUORESCENT BULLET TRAIN TUBES spanning the water. Logan approaches, carrying a pair of double scoop cones.

LOGAN

Cherrific chunk cherry, right?

QUINN

Yeah, how'd you know?
(tastes some, GRIMACES)
Oh, man... what is this stuff?

LOGAN

It's Jerry and Ben's. They make the best rice cream in town.

QUINN

(another lick)
All it lacks is flavor.

She laughs, maybe a little too hard.

QUINN

You know... I never seemed to click with a girl the way I have with you. It's like we're in perfect sync or something.

LOGAN

I know exactly what you mean.

QUINN

I knew you would.

LOGAN

Quinn, this thing we have between us... I'd like to see where it could go.

He starts to say something but she stops him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LOGAN

I know, the Slide. But... what if you skipped it? We could work together, maybe find a way to get you home later. And if we didn't, would it really be that bad?

QUINN

It's not just me... my friends...

LOGAN

This isn't about them. It's about us.

Suddenly the lights die as a power blackout begins. Only the bright moonlight illuminates their faces. Their eyes close, their lips meet. But Quinn's reaction is instant. Something's not right. He pulls back.

LOGAN

What's the matter?

QUINN

Nothing... it's... nothing.

LOGAN

(knows he's lying,
but...)

C'mon. There's more of the city I want to show you.

She leads him away but it's clear he's still unnerved.

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP LOBBY - NIGHT

Wade and Arturo try not to fidget as they stand at a SECURITY KIOSK manned by a bespectacled GUARD. The guard reads something on his computer, looks up at them.

GUARD

I'm sorry Professor. But Miss St. Clair and her guest signed out a couple of hours ago.

Wade surreptitiously gestures at the computer. Arturo nods, then makes a show of patting his suit pockets.

ARTURO

Damn. It appears I've left the key to my office in my other jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

GUARD

I can unlock it for you.

ARTURO

You're a good man.

(to Wade)

Why don't you wait here. I'll be right back.

Wade smiles obediently as the guard leads Arturo towards a nearby hallway. As soon as they're out of sight, Wade slips into the guard's chair at the computer and starts hacking.

INT. ARTURO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The guard opens the door for Arturo, who fumbles for the light switch before realizing it's on the other wall. But the guard doesn't seem to notice. Arturo drifts past a TV/VCR. On top is a small statuette. He reads the inscription, reacts.

ARTURO

(awed)

My God... I won a Nobel Prize...

(then, covering)

I uh... still get a thrill every time I see it.

The phone on the desk rings. Arturo snatches it.

ARTURO

Yes?

INTERCUT ARTURO AND WADE

WADE

(eyeing computer screen)

I accessed the bio-thermal security records for the night your double died, and guess what? Your suspicion was right. Logan was with him.

ARTURO

(mindful of guard)

Really. Well, all it would take was a little push.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

And get this. When I called up her heat print, two profiles came back. Hers and Quinn's. She's his double!

ARTURO

Are you sure?

WADE

I checked her personnel file. St. Clair's her stepfather's name. She dropped Mallory after her real father died.

ARTURO

I see. Well, I suggest you get some hard proof of that.

WADE

Working on it.

END INTERCUT

Arturo hangs up, shrugs at the guard.

ARTURO

The little woman. Can't do anything without me.

INT. OMNICORP LOBBY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Wade hovers over a laser printer as it spits out a record of Quinn and Logan's heat prints. As she reaches to grab the sheet a HAND GRABS HER WRIST. Startled, Wade looks up to find...

ADRIAN FAYNE

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. DOMINION HOTEL - MORNING (DAY #2)

Morning rush hour. Dozens of business types skateboard, roller blade, bike (2 and 4 seaters) etc. to work. An exhausted Arturo strides toward the lobby. Reaching the door he almost collides with Quinn, who's rushing out. The conversation is rapid.

QUINN

Professor. Where have you been?

ARTURO

Miss Wells has disappeared. I've been out all night searching for her.

QUINN

What happened?

ARTURO

Despite your feelings about your friend Miss St. Clair, we were suspicious. So we did some poking about. Miss Wells hacked into Omnicorp's security system last night and found both your bio-thermal prints. They're identical.

QUINN

(stunned)
I'm a woman?

ARTURO

What's more, we have reason to believe she killed my double by pushing him into the wormhole.

QUINN

Why would Logan kill your double?

ARTURO

I'm not sure. But they were having an affair.

The information is totally distasteful to Quinn.

QUINN

You've got to be kidding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ARTURO

Believe me, you're not the only one
who's uncomfortable with that idea.

Something O.S. catches Quinn's attention.

QUINN

There's Wade!

Arturo whirls to see Wade coasting down the sidewalk on a
bike.

ARTURO

(furious)
Where the devil have you been?

WADE

(getting off bike)
I got caught by Adrian Fayne. They
took me into a room and questioned
me all night but I finally
convinced them I didn't know
anything. They just let me go.

(re: Quinn)
Does he know about Logan?

Arturo nods.

QUINN

I guess that's why we seemed like a
perfect fit.

ARTURO

And you thought it was love.

WADE

(to Quinn)
You'd better go back to the lab so
they don't get suspicious.

ARTURO

Too dangerous. I say we stay
together until Mr. Brown comes back
and then slide off this world.

WADE

Hey, who asked you?

They react, eye her surprised.

WADE

I'm... I'm sorry. I'm just tired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

QUINN

Wade's right. And maybe I can find our co-ordinates before we leave.

He starts to go. Arturo stops him.

ARTURO

Be extremely careful my boy.

As Quinn exits, Wade starts inside.

ARTURO

Where are you going?

WADE

Inside to get some sleep.

ARTURO

Sleep on the next world. We've got things to do.

CUT TO:

INT. MONIQUE'S BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Monique, dressed in a robe, knocks on Remmy's door, holding his clothes. That slightly demented look is still in her eye.

MONIQUE

Rembrandt I have been very patient with you. You wanted to spend the night alone and I respected that. Now it's time to open the door.

(no response; sweetly)

Rembrandt, if you don't open this door right now I will burn your clothes.

We HEAR the lock turn. Monique opens the door.

INT. REMMY'S SHRINE - DAY

A wary Rembrandt, in oversized pajamas, backs toward a corner as Monique enters. He forces a genial smile.

REMBRANDT

Sorry. I guess I'm just an old fashioned boy. You know, I really have to go. I got to be in San Francisco by three o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

MONIQUE
Rembrandt, you're with me now.
I'll take care of you. You don't
ever have to work again.

REMBRANDT
(trying not to upset her)
I appreciate that, I really do, but
I really can't miss this thing.

Monique pouts. Then...

MONIQUE
All right. But first... I want you
to sing for me.

REMBRANDT
(relieved)
Okay. That's fair. That'll work.
(sings)
"I got tears in my 'fro cause I'm
upside down over losing you."

MONIQUE
(interrupting; annoyed)
What's that?

REMBRANDT
"Tears In My 'Fro."

MONIQUE
That is the stupidest... I hate
it. I want you to sing your big
hit. "I'd Pawn My Gold Crown For
You."

REMBRANDT
What the heck is that? I never
heard of... I mean... uh...

MONIQUE
(provoked)
You never heard of it?

Suspicious, Monique tosses his clothes on the bed and starts
advancing on him.

REMBRANDT
Hey, now take it easy. Take it
easy... I've heard of it, it's
just...

She grabs his jaw and forces it open. Looks inside, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

MONIQUE
You don't have a gold crown!
You're an impostor!

He jumps across the bed, grabbing his clothes as he does.
The bed now between them...

REMBRANDT
Does this mean you won't be flyin'
me back up north?

Furious, she's about to go over the bed at him when...

MIKE (O.S)
Monique!

They both turn. Standing in the doorway is Mike. Six foot six, 275 pounds of solid steel and at the moment, furious.

MONIQUE
Michael! You weren't supposed to
be back 'til next week!

MIKE
Yeah, well the fight was canceled
so we broke training. Who's he?

A terrified Rembrandt flashes a wan smile at Mike.

MONIQUE
I thought he was The Cryin' Man.
You know I got a weakness for the
Cryin' man. But he's an impostor!

Mike starts around the bed toward Remmy.

MIKE
What are you doin' in my fiance's
bedroom?

REMBRANDT
(weakly)
Fiance?

A desperate Remmy dives across the bed, passing Monique who swats at him, and bolts out the door. Mike lumbers after him thru...

MIKE
Get back here, so I can kick your
sorry ass into next week!

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP GREENHOUSE - DAY

Arturo and Wade are with Mrs. Arturo, who's just sitting down after hearing some troubling news.

MRS. ARTURO
Murdered?

ARTURO
I can't do anything about it. I'm leaving in a few hours. But I thought you should know.

MRS. ARTURO
(a beat, then)
Well, I suppose if anyone had a motive it would have been Logan.

ARTURO
Had he rejected her?

MRS. ARTURO
(smiles ironically)
Not for the reasons I would have hoped. Well... if this is murder I suppose there's no reason to tow the company line anymore.
(signs, then)
Last week Max told me he'd discovered a video disc with disturbing information about Omnicorp's plans for sliding. He blamed Logan and was going to confront her about it.

ARTURO
Do you know what was on the disc?

MRS. ARTURO
No. All he said was he'd rather kill his invention than see it used to hurt people.

ARTURO
His invention? Your husband invented sliding?

MRS. ARTURO
Of course.

Arturo's amazed. Turns to Wade.

ARTURO
Ironic isn't it? That I would invent sliding on this world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE
Well, if you're both the same guy
wouldn't it make sense that you'd
invent the same thing?

He looks at the girl. A realization. Oh my god.

CUT TO:

INT. SANTA MONICA BULLET TRAIN STATION - DAY

A typical busy station. Remmy, now in his own clothes, hurriedly makes his way across the floor, frequently glancing over his shoulder, making sure Mike's not on his trail. He eyes a bank of ticket windows, spots one marked "San Francisco Express." Fifty people wait on line. He walks to the front and reads a Fare sign. "San Francisco - One Way - \$300."

REMBRANDT
(to himself; incredulous)
Three hundred dollars?

Remmy turns, looks around, reacts to something he sees.

REMBRANDT
Damn.

HIS POV

Mike strides into the station, carefully checking faces.

ON REMMY

He takes off down a ramp marked "To All Trains."

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP CORRIDOR - DAY

Quinn cautiously makes his way down a corridor when he hears...

ARTURO
(hissed)
Quinn!

Startled, he turns to see Arturo beckoning him from a storage room.

INT. OMNICORP STORAGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Quinn enters to see Arturo and a contrite Wade's double.

QUINN
Wade, what are you guys....

ARTURO
She's not Wade. She's her double.

QUINN
What?!

ARTURO
Under threat of going to the police she told me Omnicorp put her up to it.

WADE 2
Sorry. I needed the money.

ARTURO
Fortunately they failed to tell her that I didn't invent sliding on our world.

QUINN
Where is Wade?

WADE 2
Somewhere in the building. They said something about using her as leverage to keep you here.

ARTURO
Any luck with the co-ordinates?

QUINN
No. But I got our timer back.

ARTURO
When do we slide?

QUINN
Ninety minutes.

ARTURO
Well we may have some leverage ourselves. My double had a video disc with information that could bury their entire project. If we can find it, perhaps we can free Miss Wells.

Quinn scans the room, then quickly grabs a roll of duct tape. As he strips some off...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN
(to Wade's double)
I hope you like spending quiet time
alone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA BULLET TRAIN STATION - DAY

A busy platform as passengers board the San Francisco express. Remmy wanders down the platform looking for a way to sneak on. Conductors stand at the entrance to every car taking tickets. He spots one with no conductor. Hops onto the steps when suddenly ...

CONDUCTOR (O.S)
Excuse me!

He turns and sees a CONDUCTOR approaching.

CONDUCTOR
Ticket please.

Off Remmy's chagrin...

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA MONICA BULLET TRAIN STATION - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Now near the back of the train, a worried Remmy checks his watch, looks around the platform. Almost empty now as the last of the passengers board. Suddenly he spots a ragged looking man hop off the platform and down onto the tracks behind the last car. As he disappears, Remmy hustles to the back of the train where he see two "hoboes" climbing up onto the roof.

REMBRANDT
Hey man. There room for one more?

HOBO
Always, 'bo.

The 'bo gives him a hand and helps Remmy up.

EXT. ROOF OF TRAIN - DAY

Two other hoboes lie prone on top of the gleaming silver roof. They each wear what looks like a bike helmet with a plastic face protector. Along each edge is a thin aerodynamic rail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT
Thanks man, 'preciate it.

HOBO
(putting on helmet)
Sure. Where's your gear?

REMBRANDT
Gear? What gear?

The train begins to move. The hoboes pull belts from under their shirts with large clips that they SNAP ONTO THE RAILS.

HOBO
(re: clips)
When this baby hits 200, this is gonna' be the only thing between you and the hereafter.

REMBRANDT
(freaked)
Two hundred? Like in miles per hour?

The hobo smiles, the train accelerates. Remmy quickly yanks off his leather belt and loops it around a rail.

REMBRANDT
Think this'll work?

HOBO
(amused)
We're gonna find out.

As the train suddenly catapults into a blur of high speed, Remmy's face contorts like a rubber mask.

REMBRANDT
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

CUT TO:

INT. ARTURO'S OFFICE - DAY

From the looks of the office it appears Quinn and Arturo have been searching a while. Arturo's rummaging through a credenza. Quinn's going through a file cabinet. Disgusted, he slams the drawer.

QUINN
We slide in an hour. What do we do if we can't find this disc?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Arturo looks up, grim.

ARTURO
I don't know. Would she have
destroyed it?

QUINN
Well, if I were Logan...

ARTURO
You are Logan. What would you do
if you knew I had evidence that
could hurt you?

QUINN
If I killed you, I wouldn't care
about the disc. The question is
where would you hide it?

ARTURO
(musing)
Me. Hmm.

Arturo takes a moment to think, then bolts out of his chair to the Nobel Prize. He turns it upside down and rips off the felt bottom. Smiling, he extracts the video disc.

ARTURO
Great minds do think alike.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. ARTURO'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Quinn and Arturo study the video monitor. ON SCREEN, Logan stands before her Wormhole Tracking board giving a presentation to someone off screen.

LOGAN
Our goal is to transport large
vehicles through the wormhole.
Once we achieve that objective,
we'll be able to successfully raid
parallel dimensions and strip them
of their natural resources.

QUINN
(to Arturo)
No wonder your double wanted to
kill the project.

ARTURO
And why she killed him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LOGAN

(on screen)

...once we control the supply of oil, water, gas, and every other resource on this planet, we'll have the power to essentially hold the world hostage. I'd say that's worth the money you've invested.

Arturo quickly shuts off the player and pulls the disc from the machine.

ARTURO

I think they'd be willing to trade Miss Wells for this.

As they hurry out the door...

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Quiet. The only vehicles present are bicycles, motorcycles, golf carts and two expensive cars. Suddenly an unmarked door bursts open. Quinn and Arturo barrel out in full stride. Quinn's eyeing the timer.

QUINN

We're running out of time.

ARTURO

We'll make the call from the first phone booth we find.

QUINN

(runs to a bike rack)

Let's take some wheels.

As they head for the a bike rack...

LOGAN (O.S.)

Quinn!

They whirl to see Logan and two motorcycle guards, guns drawn. There's no way out. Logan's unruffled.

LOGAN

I believe you have something that's mine.

Quinn glances at Arturo. How did she know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

LOGAN

You're not much of a whiz at duct tape.

QUINN

Give us Wade and we'll give you the disc.

LOGAN

(bemused)
And if I don't?

QUINN

Look, the computer will eventually find the co-ordinates you need. Let us go.

LOGAN

You really think I'm going to let you slide out of here?

The revelation stuns Quinn and Arturo. She pulls out her Timer.

LOGAN

You and I are going to create miracles with this that I never dreamed of.

QUINN

(to Logan)
What black corner of our soul did you crawl out of?

LOGAN

C'mon, Quinn. We both know we have a dark side. Mine's just closer to the surface.

(beat, then)
The disc.

ARTURO

Well, I suppose we have no choice.

He shoots a quick glance to Quinn then holds out the disc to the guard. As the guard steps up to get it, Arturo delivers an uppercut that drives him back into Logan, jarring her timer from her hand.

THE TIMER

hits the ground, causing the VORTEX TO OPEN on impact.

ANOTHER ANGLE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

Quinn struggles with Guard #2, as Logan and Guard #1 wrestle with Arturo. Suddenly, to Arturo's surprise, Logan puts her shoulder into his chest and shoves him backward. As he stumbles into the wormhole...

QUINN

No!

Quinn watches in horror as Arturo, still gripping the disc, is sucked into the deadly vortex with a HARROWING YELL.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. OMNICORP LAB - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

A despondent Quinn enters the lab, followed by Logan and a motorcycle guard. She puts her hand out. He reluctantly places his Timer into it.

LOGAN

I know how you're feeling about me right now.

QUINN

Then you know the only reason I don't strangle you is Wade.

LOGAN

Well... you're not as far removed from your dark side as you thought.
(and then)
Look, I hold all the cards. Cooperate and your friend stays alive.

Quinn stares at her. He has no choice. He brushes past her on his way to the control board. Fayne enters on the observation deck.

ON QUINN

As he nears the control board, he glances at the computer. The right side (Quinn's) is still searching. But the left side (Logan's) has stopped, and a SEVEN DIGIT COORDINATE flashes in RED on the screen: the computer's locked in the correct coordinates to slide safely back into Logan's world!

He reacts, then looks up at the wormhole tracking map where a blue cylindrical shape appears, indicating the wormhole that took Arturo is returning to the same location! A small smile crosses Quinn's lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. OMNICORP SUB GARAGE - DAY - SAME TIME

The lobby Security Guard rounds a corner, freezes.

ANGLE - THE REFLECTION IN HIS GLASSES

His eyes widen as a VORTEX opens before him and Arturo is spit out onto the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ANOTHER ANGLE

As a stunned Arturo recovers the guard rushes to him, the vortex disappearing as he nears.

GUARD
What the hell... are you okay?

ARTURO
(realizing)
It's you!
(to himself)
Or maybe another damn double.
(to guard)
Tell me... what city am I in?

GUARD
San Angeles. Where else?

A relieved Arturo leans his head back and laughs, delighted.

ARTURO
(extends his hand)
Help me up, my good man..

As the guard reaches down to grab hold, Arturo whips the guard's gun from its holster with his free hand.

ARTURO
(aiming it at him)
Don't even try to understand.

As he gestures for the man to walk ahead of him...

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP LAB - DAY

Quinn, pretending to busy himself at the control board, sneaks a glance at the electronic map. The pattern of the lights reveals the wormhole has completed its return. He slides over to the computer. A beat as he eyes his half of the screen, then bites the bullet and types in some commands. Instantly, a WARNING BEEP sounds and the words "Fatal Error, Program Failure" appear across the screen. Logan and Fayne react to the warning beep, hurry over.

LOGAN
What happened?!

QUINN
Nothing. There must be a virus in the software.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Logand and Fayne are skeptical.

FAYNE
Reconstruct it. Now.

QUINN
After I see Wade.

FAYNE
I don't make deals.

QUINN
Then I don't fix computers.

A beat, then Logan turns to the guard.

LOGAN
Bring the woman in 267.

As he starts to leave, Logan glances up at the electronic map, sees the BLUE CYLINDRICAL route of the wormhole.

LOGAN
And tell maintenance there's a mess
in the garage that needs to be
cleaned up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BULLET TRAIN STATION - DAY

A dirty and dissheveld Remmy exits the front of the station through glass doors, his new hobo friend with him.

REMBRANDT
Thanks man. It's all clear sailing
from here.

Suddenly...

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey! You 'bos!

Remmy glances back. Two TRAIN POLICE OFFICERS race towards them, batons drawn. As Remmy and the 'bo take off...

REMBRANDT
Oh, man!

HOBO
This is always the best part of the
ride!

CUT TO:

INT. OMNICORP LAB - DAY

Quinn works at the computer as Logan and Fayne hover nearby. They all turn as Wade's led in by the guard.

WADE

Quinn...

She hurries to him, embraces him.

QUINN

You okay?

WADE

(nods)
The slide's in thirty minutes.

FAYNE

Okay, you've seen her. Deal's done.

QUINN

Not yet. I want her released.

FAYNE

You see, Logan? This is what you get when you negotiate.

QUINN

(to Logan)
I'm the one you need. Let her slide. At least she'll have a chance to get home.

FAYNE

It's not her decision anymore.

ARTURO (O.S.)

No, it's mine.

Startled, everyone turns to see Arturo entering, pushing the security guard into the room. He flashes the gun at a stunned Fayne.

LOGAN

(shocked)
How...
(realizing; to Quinn)
The computer found the right coordinates.

QUINN

Just before you pushed him into the wormhole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

As a furious Logan locks eyes with Quinn, he reaches out and takes his Timer back from her.

ARTURO
(eyeing his watch)
Mr. Mallory...

As the Sliders head for the door Quinn stops and rips the phone from the wall, then follows his friends out.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As the door closes, Arturo smashes the bio-thermal scanner's control panel with the butt of the gun. Sparks fly as they hurry away.

CUT TO:

EXT. OMNICORP ENTRANCE - DAY

The three Sliders hurry out.

ARTURO
Fifteen minutes to the Slide!

WADE
We'll never get there on foot!

QUINN
Guys...

He points to a LINE OF BLACK OMNICORP CHOPPERS parked nearby. As Quinn and Wade hop on one...

WADE
You know how to operate one of these, right?

QUINN
I rode a 90cc once. They're pretty much all the same.

He fires the bike up, glances back at Arturo, who's settling in over another machine.

ARTURO
Don't worry about me, Mr. Mallory. Believe it or not, I did have a life before Sliding.

As they peel out, Quinn inadvertently pulls a wheelie. As Wade YELLS, Quinn gets control of the bike and they ROAR away.

INT. OMNICORP LAB - DAY - SAME TIME

The guards heave a fire extinguisher through the heavy glass door. As Logan steps through...

FAYNE

Logan...
(she stops, turns)
Don't come back if you fail.

Off her bitter look...

CUT TO:

INT. DOMINION LOBBY - DAY

The doors HISS OPEN and Remmy trudges in, his hair wild, his clothes grimy. The Clerk eyes him with disdain.

DESK CLERK

No, I don't have any spare change.
And no, you may not use the toilet.

REMBRANDT

(staying calm)
My friends should have checked me
in. The name's Brown. Rembrandt
Brown.

DESK CLERK

Oh my God... the Cryin' Man! I'm
your biggest fan!

Remmy's eyes flare. He leans in close to the Clerk.

REMBRANDT

(icy)
Don't ever say that to me again.

The ROAR of approaching motorcycles grabs their attention.

THEIR POV - THROUGH SLIDING GLASS DOORS

Quinn and Wade jump the curb and jerk to a halt on the sidewalk, Arturo right behind.

RESUME SCENE

Rembrandt heads for the door to meet them. The doors HISS WIDE to admit them. As they enter...

REMBRANDT

Why do I get the feeling you aren't
riding those things for kicks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN
Long story, Remmy. I'll explain it
on the next world.

He pulls out the timer. Only seconds to go.

ARTURO
(reacting to Remmy)
Good Lord, Mr. Brown. What
happened to you?

REMBRANDT
Carpe Diem is what happened to me.

FOUR BLACK MOTORCYCLES screech to a stop outside. As Logan
and her men scramble off...

REMBRANDT
Let me guess. That's the long
story.

QUINN
Here we go!

He activates the Timer and the VORTEX STARTS TO OPEN.

WADE
(urging)
Come on, COME ON!

ARTURO
We're not going to make it!

Suddenly a power blackout and the SLIDING GLASS DOORS CLOSE
just as Logan and her men reach the entrance.

WADE
All right!

ARTURO
You first, Mr. Brown!

As Remmy leaps, Quinn moves to the locked doors where
Logan's men futilely try to pry open the heavy glass. Quinn
and Logan's eyes meet. Something passes between them.
There's a lot of hate, but maybe a little respect too.

ARTURO
Go, Miss Welles, now!

Wade leaps. Arturo tosses the video disc to the stunned
Desk Clerk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

ARTURO

Make sure my wife gets that.
She'll know what to do with it.

Arturo leaps, leaving only Quinn. His moment with Logan's broken when one of the guards revs a bike and aims it towards the entrance. The motorcyclist CRASHES THROUGH THE SLIDING DOORS, spraying shattered bits of glass everywhere as Quinn dives headlong into the Vortex. As it closes we...

CUT TO:

INT. CINEGRILL RESTAURANT - DAY

Empty. Diggs works behind the bar, wearing a differently styled vest. He's startled when the VORTEX opens and Rembrandt flies out. He slides wildly the length of the wooden bar, coming to rest directly in front of Diggs.

REMBRANDT

Uh... table for four?

Diggs's stands paralyzed as we HEAR THE SOUND of the other Sliders coming out of the vortex O.S.

ANGLE - WADE, ARTURO, QUINN

They cover their faces as bits of broken glass spew out of the vortex before closing. A beat as they recover, then...

WADE

Where are we?

REMBRANDT

(steps up; baffled)
The Cinegrill.

ARTURO

Never heard of it.

REMBRANDT

That's because it's in LA.

The surprised Sliders glance around. LA type posters adorn the walls: Lakers, Dodgers, Jurassic Park Ride, etc.

WADE

How did we land here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN

(eyes timer, then)

Logan. She must have switched our geographic spectrum stabilizer with hers.

REMBRANDT

What's that mean?

ARTURO

It means, Mr. Brown, that from now on we won't always be sliding into San Francisco.

QUINN

Her stabilizer has a six hundred mile range. So we could land in San Francisco... or LA... or anywhere in between.

ARTURO

(peevied)

Just marvelous. I hate LA.

Suddenly LOGAN'S VORTEX SEARS THE AIR. The Sliders react as Logan slides out landing on her feet, holding her timer. As her Vortex closes...

LOGAN

Did you forget I could track wormholes?

(tosses timer to Quinn)

I've got thirty seconds on this world. Import the coordinates I need to slide back safely. Or I kill her.

Logan produces a small gun, levels it at Wade.

ARTURO

Don't do it Quinn. She won't shoot. Without the coordinates she's stuck here. And who knows what they do to killers on this world.

LOGAN

(cocks the gun)

Don't test me. I'll take my chances with a good lawyer.

Quinn hesitates a beat, then taps a seven digit code into her timer. As he finishes, her VORTEX OPENS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

LOGAN
The smart move. Now let's go,
Quinn.

WADE
Go?

LOGAN
How else will I be sure he put in
the right coordinates?

QUINN
Sorry Logan. This time I hold all
the cards.

Quinn tosses the timer at the vortex.

LOGAN
No!

Logan dives, catches it just before it's sucked in. But now
the vortex has her. As she's pulled inside, she FIRES
wildly.

ANGLE - THE BULLET

speeds towards Wade, but at the last instant it falls victim
to the powerful suction. It's swept back and disappears
with Logan as the vortex closes.

ANGLE - SLIDERS

A collective sigh of relief, then...

WADE
Did you give her the right
coordinates?

QUINN
No. I programmed a set from
another dimension. She's out there
somewhere... lost like us.

REMBRANDT
She said something about tracking
wormholes. Does that mean she's
gonna find us again?

Quinn doesn't answer. He doesn't have to.

FADE OUT

THE END