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"VIRTUAL SLIDE"

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3 CONTINUED

3

QUINN

Should be enough time to find out
where we are.

REMBRANDT

If this is your Earth, maybe these
ruins are left over from the last
time humans and Kromaggs duked it
out.

MAGGIE

No, these buildings aren't battle
damaged...

Suddenly A HIGH PITCHED SIREN WAIL rips through the air.

They react... what the?

A HUGE EXPLOSION.

4 INT. A HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT (N1)

4

Maggie is lying in a hospital bed, unconscious. Suddenly,
her eyes snap open. She bolts upright.

(X)

5 MAGGIE'S POINT OF VIEW

5

The action is fuzzy, strobed, dark and almost dreamlike.
Two hulking ham-fisted ORDERLIES grab her and slam her back
into the rack. Leather straps appear and she is quickly and
efficiently lashed down.

A third orderly appears, carrying a strange-looking piece of
headgear. It's a VR rig, with wrap around, sunglass-type
eye gear and walkman-type headphones.

He firmly plants it on Maggie's head.

A WHITE FLASH.

CUT TO

6 INT. KROMAGG-EARTH OPERATIONS - RECEPTION AREA - DAY (D2)

6

A small featureless room. Maggie is lying on a couch,
sleeping. She awakens to see Rembrandt seated in the
corner, fighting to keep his eyes open.

(X)

Quinn is idly holding up the wall.

What's going on?

CONTINUED

ACT ONE

FADE IN

- 9 INT. KROMAGG-EARTH OPERATIONS - CORRIDOR - DAY 9
Part of the nerve center of Kromagg-Earth military operations. A number of uniformed operatives pass our view as...
- 10 THE SLIDERS AND SIMMONS 10
make their way down the hall toward us. Maggie is trailing the group. She's disoriented, looking as if she'd just been pulled from a very deep sleep.
- QUINN
If you've defeated the Kromaggs, what was that battle we saw?
- REMBRANDT
Yeah. We nearly got our heads blown off.
- SIMMONS
Ninety percent of the planet is back under human control, but there are still pockets of Kromagg resistance. You had the bad luck to slide into a hot LZ.
- They stop at a door and Simmons ushers them into...
- 11 INT. SIMMONS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 11
As they file in...
- SIMMONS
In addition to Kromagg weapons technology, we've also adapted their sliding capability.
- Simmons points to...
- 12 SUSPENDED DISPLAY OF GLOBES 12 (X)
showing the location of all known alternate Earths. (X)
- SIMMONS
This display shows our tactical status on all multi-Earth battle fronts. These colored rods indicate worlds which are liberated, Mr. Brown. We've got the Maggots on the run on over two dozen parallel worlds. (X)
(X)

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

(X)

Simmons turns to a large armoire and swings open its double doors. A well-stocked liquor cabinet. As he starts to pour...

SIMMONS

I'd say that calls for a drink.

Maggie, looking a little more coherent, finally breaks...

MAGGIE

Will someone please tell me what is going on here?

Quinn moves to Maggie, takes her by the shoulders.

QUINN

It's okay. Just relax and try to remember...

REMBRANDT

You've been having memory lapses since the attack. The docs say it'll pass.

SIMMONS

We've seen this kind of thing before.

QUINN

We slid into the middle of a battlefield...

REMBRANDT

Yeah, and almost bought the farm from a Kromagg plasma cannon.

As she struggles to remember...

MAGGIE

I do remember something... an explosion... a hospital...

QUINN

That was three days ago.

MAGGIE

Three days?

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED 4

12

Simmons blanks, freezing in place for a second. He blinks once, twice, then the smile returns.

SIMMONS
You're not from our Earth, Captain.
Our military may be run differently
than yours.

As Maggie continues the offensive...

MAGGIE
Granted. Is it also customary on
your world for Marine officers to
give naval field commissions? Last
time I checked, we worked for the
Navy.

Simmons pauses and blinks hard once again. Then, point blank...

SIMMONS
Tell me what you want. I can make
it happen.

MAGGIE
That was no battlefield we slid
into. I've seen bombed-out
buildings. That was a demolition
site.

(X)

13 MAGGIE'S POINT OF VIEW - ON SIMMONS

13

Simmons suddenly SHIMMERS, then GLITCHES. As if he were an image on a faulty video monitor.

Maggie blinks hard -- what's happening? She stands and backs away from Simmons, trying to shake off this weird effect.

MAGGIE
No. No way. This is all some
trick.
(sharply)
Quinn. Remmy.

Maggie looks to Quinn and Remmy, but they are standing strangely still, with distant, blank smiles on their faces.

Simmons rises and moves slowly towards her.

SIMMONS
What are you talking about?

MAGGIE
You can stop the charade now.
You're a Kromagg, aren't you.

CONTINUED

31 INT. CRYIN' MAN PRODUCTIONS (REMBRANDT'S FANTASY) 31

A busty, gum chomping, black SECRETARY in a tight, low cut dress looks up from her emery board and freshly filed nails.

SECRETARY

May I help you?

MAGGIE

What is it with these guys?

Maggie makes a beeline past the hired help to a door labeled, "R. BROWN." A MUFFLED CONVERSATION is heard from within.

32 INT. REMBRANDT'S OFFICE (REMBRANDT'S FANTASY) 32

Maggie charges in to find Rembrandt seated at a huge desk, deep in a heated phone deal. He sees her, smiles and waves her in. The pursuing Secretary gets the idea and scurries out.

While Maggie waits patiently for Remmy to end his call, she takes in his self-congratulatory panacea.

The walls are lined with dozens of platinum records and photos of Remmy posing with various celebrities. Featured prominently behind his desk is a movie one-sheet for DEADLY WEAPON VI starring REMBRANDT BROWN.

(X)

His desk top is cluttered with framed family photos. In this fantasy, Remmy is a recording artist, a mogul, an action hero and a family man.

REMBRANDT

I'll meet 'em halfway. I'll pay for my own nutritionist if I have to, but we're not budging on the money. You're my agent, Chester, you tell him twelve mil is as low as I'll go. Plus I do my own stunts, no bare butt shots and I get Tuesdays off for choir practice!

He slams down the phone and looks up...

REMBRANDT

Maggie!

(then a beat, puzzled)

Which part of the program are you?

MAGGIE

I'm not part of your fantasy.

REMBRANDT

You're real? Oh yeah, you can do that.

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

39

REMBRANDT

I feel sick. If I could just get back in the VR world for a minute, I'm sure it'll pass.

MAGGIE

Forget it. Can't you see what's going on here?

She snatches up Remmy's belt pack, then Quinn's...

QUINN

Hey.

MAGGIE

These things are like a drug. Just jack in and make the pain go away. Well, I don't plan on spending the next twenty-nine years in a VR coma. If we're going to get out of here, we have to work together. And that means going cold turkey.

She places the belt packs on the lab table -- grabs a hammer...

She raises it high...

QUINN

No!

REMBRANDT

Maggie, stop!

40 ON LAB TABLE

40

Down it comes... KEEERUNCH! Bits of multi-colored plastic and pulverized circuit boards spiral through the air. Maggie swings again and again, a fourth time. Then silence.

MAGGIE

Now let's get to work.

41 QUINN AND REMBRANDT

41

upon seeing the destruction of their "stash" are horrified. Off their reactions, we go to...

41A OMITTED

41A(X)

41B INT. SIMMONS' OFFICE - NIGHT

41B(X)

Simmons enters in a hurry. He is surprised to see Duvall in his office.

(X)
(X)

CONTINUED

41B CONTINUED

41B

DUVALL
How's our little project coming
along?

SIMMONS
Very nicely, thank you.

DUVALL
That might not be good enough.
(off Simmons' look)
The board's been asking questions.
They want to know when this new
breakthrough is going to be ready.

SIMMONS
It won't happen any faster with you
breathing down my neck.

Simmons goes to his desk.

DUVALL
Just keeping an eye on our
investment. You're siphoning off a
lot of money into that lab.

Simmons hits a remote and the TV monitor on the wall flips
on.

41C ON THE MONITOR

41C

We see the same "surveillance" view of the lab. Quinn and
Remmy can be seen moving about.

41D BACK TO SCENE

41D

DUVALL
The board's going to want to see a
significant return.

Simmons walks in front of the desk and locks eyes with
Duvall.

SIMMONS
A 'significant return'? How about
worlds without end? Limitless
resources to exploit. An unlimited
labor pool. Infinite markets.

DUVALL
And infinite risk.

SIMMONS
It's worth it.

She rises.

CONTINUED

41D CONTINUED

41D

DUVALL

It's not just your ass on the line,
Randall. We need to make this
happen. I can bring in some of the
tech team from San Diego if you
need more help.

SIMMONS

It's under control.

DUVALL

I hope so. For both our sakes.

Off her look...

42 INT. LABORATORY - THE NEXT DAY (D3)

42

Quinn is at the bench, working on the induction coil.
Merely lifting his soldering iron is a major effort, but he
continues to tough it out.

Rembrandt is seated across the room. He's no better, but he
continues his work, plunking away on a PORTABLE KEYBOARD,
listening through headphones, trying to puzzle out Maggie's
tune. (X)

Maggie steps in from the kitchen carrying two cups of soup.
She takes in the carnage, then moves to Remmy and hands him
a cup.

MAGGIE

How's it coming?

REMBRANDT

Your tune sounds a lot like a
standard twelve bar bass riff.

MAGGIE

My husband loved The Rolling Who.

REMBRANDT

The who?

MAGGIE

No, The Rolling Who. You know,
they wrote that rock opera,
'Angie.'

REMBRANDT

(then, chuckling)
Now that's a show I'd like to see.
(shows her notes)
I've written it all out here.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

REMBRANDT (O.S.)

Step over the mess.

Rembrandt steps out of the shadows.

REMBRANDT

Come on, the exit is clear.

Rembrandt wraps a coat around Maggie and they are gone.

48 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

48

As our heroes head into the night, we now see the city on this world as it really is...

It's an Orwellian hellhole. A poisoned cancerous society teetering on the brink of death. Buildings lie in decay. Pollution is rampant. Workers, dressed in rags, wander the street behind the controlling blinders of their VR gear.
(TOP PART OF SCENE IS MATTE PAINTING)

(X)

49 THE SLIDERS

49

make their way through the darkness. Maggie is shaking badly, a victim of the VR withdrawal.

QUINN

Thank God we finally found you.

MAGGIE

We were in the lab... Found me where?

REMBRANDT

Simmons' virtual reality opium den.

QUINN

We slid into a demolition site in some kind of slave labor zone. Remmy and I were thrown clear of the blast, but Simmons got you and the timer.

REMBRANDT

(takes the lead)
This way to miss the patrols.

QUINN

He's been using VR to trick you into telling him how to build a sliding machine.

MAGGIE

I told you, I don't know how to build a sliding machine.

CONTINUED

57 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

57

Five workers are lugging boxes into the laboratory. Suddenly, they CRY OUT. Clutching at their skulls, they begin to convulse as the new VR program kicks in.

(X)

TECHNICIAN

What's going on?

The workers one-by-one tear off their headgear.

SIMMONS

(calling out)

We need some help in here!

Three guards quickly intervene. They try to subdue the workers as they slip into grand mal-like seizures.

SIMMONS

Get them out of here. Take them to the infirmary.

The workers continue to seize as the guards round them up.

58 EXT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

58

The guards have their hands full as they struggle to load the spastic workers into an ambulance.

The Sliders are able to slip past the hectic scene. Just as they reach the door, however, another GUARD emerges carrying an automatic machine pistol.

Before he can raise the pistol, Rembrandt grabs him and pulls him down the steps. He drops unconscious.

(X)

QUINN

Like I said, good to have you back on the team.

Maggie smiles. She grabs the guard's gun and leads the Sliders into the building...

59 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

59

The Sliders rush in and come face-to-face with Simmons. Maggie raises the gun. Simmons and the Technician freeze in their tracks.

MAGGIE

(to Simmons)

I told you I didn't like people inside my head.

Quinn spots the timer on a lab table and scoops it up.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED 2

59

MAGGIE
That'll be your job. You made this
mess, Simmons. You can clean it
up.

QUINN
Accessing worldwide VR net.
(then)
Program is up and running.

59A EXT. STREET - NIGHT

59A

People walking down the street wearing their VR rigs
suddenly spasm. Howling in fear and pain, they tear off the
rigs. Chaos.

59B BACK TO SCENE

59B

MAGGIE
We've just given your world a wake
up call. I don't think anyone will
be interested in using your virtual
reality toys for some time.

Maggie picks up the timer. It's time. She keys it.

The VORTEX OPENS and our heroes are gone.

DISSOLVE TO

60 INT. LAST CHANCE BAR - DAY (D4)

60

Maggie and Quinn sit at the bar. She's fighting off the
last vestiges of the VR withdrawal. Behind the bar, Remmy
is making a vile brew in a blender -- Tabasco sauce, eggs,
etc. Quinn checks the timer.

QUINN
Another hour till we slide again.

(X)

REMBRANDT
Then let's spend it bending our
elbows.

MAGGIE
Please. I haven't got that VR buzz
out of my system yet.

Remmy fires up the blender and it whips his concoction into
a foul-looking soup. Maggie winces from the sound.

REMBRANDT
Spend enough time on the road and
you learn how to mix up a hangover
cure.

CONTINUED