

SLIDERS

"A Current Affair"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. CHANDLER HOTEL - DAY

President JEFFERSON WILLIAMS, 45, stands on a platform, wrapping up a rousing speech. Behind him, a large banner proclaims "L.A. WELCOMES PRESIDENT WILLIAMS." Below him, an enthusiastic crowd cheers his every statement. A number of media people stand by with video recorders, still cameras, and tape recorders.

WILLIAMS

Yes, America is stronger than ever,
and you -- the people who sent the
First Lady and myself to the White
House six short years ago -- you made
it all possible!

CROWD

Yay!! Hooray for President Williams!
etc.

A few REPORTERS jockey for position.

WOMAN REPORTER

(hard-hitting)

Mr. President! Mr. President! Boxers
or briefs?

WILLIAMS

I'd like to answer that, Helen, but
I'm afraid it might embarrass Mrs.
Williams.

The crowd laughs.

MALE REPORTER

But Mr. President! Doesn't the public
have a right to know?

WILLIAMS

I don't know, Tom.
(playing to crowd)
Do they?

CROWD

Yeah! Tell us! Come on!! etc.

WILLIAMS

You'll just have to wait'll I write my tell-all memoir after I leave office.

CROWD

Awwww.....

WILLIAMS

But I promise you it'll be worth the wait!

Thunderous applause and cheering. Many of the women look as if they were watching a movie star.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CROWD

From towards the back, a slightly scruffy-looking reporter, BOBBY HAWKS, 30, shouts out:

HAWKS

What about the war with Switzerland, Mr. President?! When will you end the senseless slaughter?!

RESUME SCENE

A hint of annoyance crosses the President's face, but Williams, ever the smooth politico, points to his ear and shakes his head apologetically: He just can't seem to hear the questions over all the cheering. Finally:

WILLIAMS

Thank you, L.A.!

More cheers as the President steps down from the platform and, flanked by a couple of SECRET SERVICE MEN, approaches the crowd, whose cheers grow louder still as he gets closer.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY NEAR THE CHANDLER - DAY

Not a soul in sight. Suddenly, the Wormhole opens and the Sliders arrive. Once they get their bearings, Rembrandt notices the CHANDLER HOTEL sign, smiles.

REMBRANDT

Hey -- For once, we landed near the hotel!

MALLORY

That's a switch.
(to Diana)
How long have we got?

Diana checks the Timer.

DIANA

A shade under three days.

REMBRANDT

Plenty of time for a little R&R.

A loud cheer catches their attention.

MAGGIE

I wonder what that's all about.

REMBRANDT

Probably one of my doubles finishing a song.

MAGGIE

Yeah, right.

REMBRANDT

Hey, you never know.

MALLORY

C'mon.

They set off around the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANDLER HOTEL - DAY

The Sliders see the crowd, move forward to discover the object of their enthusiasm: President Williams and his entourage.

CLOSER ANGLE - MAGGIE

As the commotion nearly engulfs the Sliders, a sudden surge of eager fans pushes Maggie right into the President's arms!

MAGGIE

Oops...sorry....

Instantly, news cameras swing around and we hear the whirring of automatic film advancing as the press overdoes its thing.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP - LOS ANGELES TIMES

A banner headline declares, "PRESIDENT'S SECRET AFFAIR EXPOSED!" Taking up the rest of the front page is a familiar-looking photo of Maggie and the President, locked in "the embrace."

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

CLOSEUP - LOS ANGELES TIMES - CONTINUOUS

Pull back to reveal that we are in:

INT. CHANDLER HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The newspaper has just been shoved under the door. Mallory picks it up. The other Sliders are settling in. Rembrandt plunks himself down on the bed, grabs the TV remote.

MALLORY

(to Maggie)

How many people can say they just ran into the President of the United States?

MAGGIE

Please...I just want to forget it ever happened.

MALLORY

Not much chance of that.

Mallory holds up the paper. She grabs it.

MAGGIE

What?! Gimme that!

Maggie gives the photo and story a quick scan.

DIANA

How'd they get the paper out so fast?

REMBRANDT

It's not just the paper....

Maggie and Diana follow Rembrandt's gaze over to the TV. Rembrandt clicks the sound up a couple of notches.

CLOSEUP - TV

There is "the embrace" in full color. Then we see a serious, Tom Brokaw-like news ANCHOR sitting at his desk, a giant SNN sign on the wall behind him.

ANCHOR

If you're just joining us, we're bringing you continuing coverage of the President's not-so-secret affair.

MAGGIE (O.C.)

Oh, give me a break!

ANCHOR

We have with us in our SNN studios our resident psychologist, Dr. Leonard Scherl. Dr. Scherl, what do you make of the revelation that President Williams has been having an affair with this mystery woman?

DR. SCHERL

Well, Stan, I think there's little doubt that what we're dealing with here is sexual addiction.

ANCHOR

The President or the mystery woman?

DR. SCHERL

(beat; shrugs)
Maybe both.

RESUME SCENE

MAGGIE

Remmy...!

Rembrandt changes the station, but wherever he goes, it's the same old story.

ANCHOR #2 (V.O.)

...that President Williams had been seeing the young woman....

ANCHOR #3 (V.O.)

...not known how long the romance has been going on, but insiders say....

ANCHOR #4 (V.O.)

...our unseasonably hot and steamy weather forecast....

MAGGIE

There! Leave it!

ANCHOR #4 (V.O.)
 (continuing)
 ...but first, more on the President's
 hot and steamy affair!

MAGGIE
 Shut that thing off!

An amused Rembrandt obliges. Maggie starts thumbing
 through the rest of the Times.

REMBRANDT
 I think you and the Prez make a pretty
 cute couple, if you ask me.

MAGGIE
 I don't remember asking you.

DIANA
 What kind of a place is this?

MAGGIE
 Tabloid World, I guess. Listen to the
 lead stories: 'Baseball hunk strikes
 out with starlet but loses thirty
 pounds,' 'Image of Virgin Mary appears
 in slice of rye toast...' And this is
 the Times!

REMBRANDT
 I'd love to see what kinda stories the
rags print!

Mallory has been looking through desk drawers, pulls out
 another newspaper, printed on cheap, pulpy stock.

MALLORY
 I think I found one.
 (starts reading)
 'Stocks plunge to record lows,'
 'Senate tables health-care vote,'
 'heavy fighting continues in
 Switzerland.' Hey, this is real news.

MAGGIE
 What is it?

Mallory checks the front.

MALLORY

The Hawks Report...put out by somebody named Bobby Hawks.

DIANA

What was that about fighting in Switzerland?

MALLORY

(reads on)

'Recent reports confirm an escalation with heavy casualties in the war between the United States and the Swiss.'

REMBRANDT

Over what? Cheese?

MALLORY

(skims story)

Let's see...Apparently Switzerland was responsible for a banking scandal that's led to a worldwide depression. The Swiss army overran France and is proceeding with ethnic cleansing.

REMBRANDT

Ethnic cleansing? In France?!? This is crazy!

DIANA

But how did the United States get involved?

MALLORY

(skimming on)

It doesn't say.

(checks front)

This is from last week. I'd love to see the current issue.

Hold on the front page of The Hawks Report, then:

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A much larger, more impressive place than the Chandler.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DAY - CLOSE ON THE HAWKS REPORT

This time, the headline reads: "PRESIDENT EXPECTED TO ADDRESS L.A. CROWD -- BUT NOT ISSUES." Pull back to reveal the paper is in the hands of Presidential Chief of Staff, CHUCK PIERSON, 40, who is sitting in President' Williams' posh suite, along with the President and First Lady, SELA WILLIAMS, 38. They are watching news coverage of "the embrace" on TV.

WILLIAMS

I can't believe they're making such a big deal out of...out of nothing!

MRS. WILLIAMS

Jeff, you know there's nothing they won't do to sell papers or attract viewers.

WILLIAMS

You're right, as usual, Sela, but it's really gotten out of hand.

(to Pierson)

Chuck, I want you to quash this story before it goes any further.

Pierson finishes looking through The Hawks Report, tosses it on the table. Clearly, he's got something on his mind.

PIERSON

That may not be our best bet, Mr. President.

(off Williams' look)

As weird as it sounds, this sex scandal situation may be a blessing in disguise.

WILLIAMS

(glancing at TV)

Then it's a damn good disguise! What are you talking about?

PIERSON

Well...hear me out, sir. As your Chief of Staff, I have an obligation to give you my opinion on ---

WILLIAMS

Yes, yes, go on.

PIERSON

Well, sir, you'll notice that ever since this story broke, nobody's been paying any attention to the 'situation' in Switzerland.

MRS. WILLIAMS

True, but you're suggesting ---

A glance from Pierson quiets the First Lady. Williams doesn't notice. Pierson continues.

PIERSON

So as long as we keep the people in a feeding frenzy over the scandal, they won't give a damn what we do in Switzerland.

WILLIAMS

Play it up instead of down, huh?

PIERSON

Exactly, sir.

WILLIAMS

I don't know, Chuck....

MRS. WILLIAMS

So we'd be using the media, instead of having them use us.

PIERSON

Yes, ma'am.

WILLIAMS

Hmm...Good point, honey....

Williams wanders out of the room, pondering Pierson's suggestion. The First Lady gives Pierson a sly smile: They have some sort of a rapport that the President is unaware of. Hold on their shared smile, then:

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The Sliders are window shopping. Maggie takes a deep breath.

MAGGIE

It feels so good to get away from all that stupid scandal coverage.

REMBRANDT

Don't count your chickens just yet.

Rembrandt indicates a number of PASSERSBY, who are pointing and staring. Maggie whips around and confronts them.

MAGGIE

(irked)

Can I help you?

MALE PASSERBY

Aren't you the President's mystery woman?

MAGGIE

Look, this is all a big mistake!

Maggie's protest only draws more attention to her.

FEMALE PASSERBY

It's a mistake alright, breaking up a happy marriage! Shame on you!

MAGGIE

I am not having an affair with the President!

By now, others have stopped to gawk at the "celebrity."
A LITTLE GIRL extends a small book.

LITTLE GIRL

I don't know what an affair is, but will you sign my autograph book?

Exasperated, Maggie turns to the other Sliders.

MAGGIE

It's worse out here. I'm going back.

MALLORY

Sorry....

Maggie ducks the crowd, which disperses. The remaining Sliders continue checking out the store windows. Diana and Rembrandt stop outside a Circuit-City-type store.

Every TV in the window is featuring "the embrace."
Mallory sees something a short distance away.

MALLORY

I'll catch up with you guys in a bit.

And Mallory strides off in the direction of:

EXT. SMALL STORE-FRONT OFFICE - DAY

A sign in the window announces, "THE HAWKS REPORT - THE TRUTH AMERICA DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW." Mallory enters the office.

INT. HAWKS' OFFICE - DAY

It's crammed with newspapers, computer printout sheets, photos, stationery supplies, etc. A modern printing press is centrally located. Videotape machines whir away beneath a bank of TVs showing "the embrace" on different channels. Behind a computer terminal, typing away, is Bobby Hawks. His clothes are wrinkled, his hair is uncombed, and he could use a shave.

HAWKS

(without looking up)

If you don't like what I write, don't read it. Nobody's forcing you.

MALLORY

But I do like what you write.

Startled, Hawks looks up at Mallory.

HAWKS

You sure you have the right place?

MALLORY

Do you publish The Hawks Report?

HAWKS

Yes.

MALLORY

Then I've got the right place.

Hawks can't quite believe he has an admirer.

HAWKS

This is a joke, right? Who sent you?

MALLORY

Nobody sent me. I'm interested in what you do.

Hawks pops up out of his seat like a Jack-in-the-Box, wheels a chair over, dumps out the papers that are stacked on the seat, and beckons Mallory.

HAWKS

Please, Mr...?

MALLORY

(taking a seat)

Call me Mallory.

HAWKS

Call me Bobby.

MALLORY

Okay, Bobby. Doesn't anybody care about real news?

HAWKS

Let's just say they're 'easily distracted.'

MALLORY

And you?

HAWKS

(indicating computer)

I like hard news. I'm online right now with a compatriot in Chicago. We have a sort of loose network of people around the world who share information on issues a little more important than who's sleeping with whom and which soap star is really an alien.

MALLORY

Like the war in Switzerland?

HAWKS

(guardedly)

Well...yeah....

MALLORY

What's the story there?

HAWKS

Well, the Swiss President, Marcel Vache -- affectionately known as the Butcher of Bern -- started the whole thing by invading France and plunging the world into a massive banking crisis.

MALLORY

But how'd the U.S. get involved?

HAWKS

You really are interested. Well, President Williams couldn't get U.N. approval, so he just went ahead and sent in ground troops, hoping to restore stability to the world economy.

MALLORY

I can understand his concern, but is it really worth risking all those lives in an undeclared war?

Hawks sees a kindred spirit in Mallory.

HAWKS

I wish more people felt that way.

MALLORY

I don't see how they could ignore it.

HAWKS

First off, they think I'm a crackpot who makes this stuff up. Second, even if they did believe me, they're still more interested in dirty laundry. Take this affair business.

(indicating TVs)

I have a theory about that.

MALLORY

Which is -- ?

HAWKS

A source in Geneva says our side is actually losing the war.

(off Michael's surprise)

They cut the military budget before the war started and we just don't have the muscle anymore.

MALLORY

But how does that tie in to the scandal?

HAWKS

I think the President's affair is being played up to keep people distracted from his real problems overseas.

MALLORY

Could be. Want a piece of inside info?

HAWKS

What's that?

MALLORY

'The President's affair' is a fake! There is no relationship with 'that woman.'

HAWKS

How do you know?

MALLORY

I was there when it happened...or when it didn't happen, I should say. Her name's Maggie Beckett.

HAWKS

So they're feeding a phony story to the hungry public, to cover up the real bad news. That figures.

Mallory checks his watch.

MALLORY

Speaking of Maggie, I'd better see how she's doing.

HAWKS

I'd like to talk more.

MALLORY

(as he exits)
You can count on it.

Mallory leaves the office. Hawks returns to his computer, typing away furiously.

CUT TO:

INT. CHANDLER HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Maggie is pacing like a caged animal, carrying the remote control.

MAGGIE
 (checks watch)
 Guys, I'm going stir crazy.

She points and clicks without looking up. We hear "...romantic involvement with the mystery woman..." and she clicks it off, never looking up at the screen. She continues pacing.

MAGGIE
 Gimme a break....

There is a knock at the door.

MAGGIE
 It's about time!

Maggie opens the door to reveal two MEN IN BLACK with dark glasses and earpieces. They look like they mean business.

MAN #1
 Good afternoon. We represent the
 President of the United States.

MAGGIE
 We are not having an affair!

MAN #2
 We know.

MAGGIE
 You do?

MAN #2
 Of course. May we come in?

At least they believe her. Maggie cautiously lets them in, closes the door.

MAN #1
 Ms. Beckett, you are in a unique
 position to help your country.

MAGGIE

How do you know my name?

MAN #2

It's our business to know.

MAN #1

We realize that this is all an innocent misunderstanding.

MAGGIE

Would you please tell that to the press?

MAN #2

I'm afraid we can't just yet. In the meantime, we'd like you to come with us. The President needs you.

MAGGIE

He can need somebody else. I'm just passing through.

MAN #1

But nobody turns down a presidential request.

MAGGIE

Then I guess I'm that nobody.

MAN #2

In that case, it's not a request.

Both men pull aside their jackets enough for her to see two large bulges. Hold on Maggie's concerned face, then:

CUT TO:

INT. CHANDLER HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mallory, Rembrandt, and Diana enter.

MALLORY

Never leave the door unlocked. You don't know what might come slithering in.

REMBRANDT

Yeah. Like us.

DIANA

Maggie?

But she is nowhere to be seen. The room is just as they'd left it, but there is no note, no sign of a struggle, nothing to indicate what happened to Maggie. As the Sliders exchange puzzled, concerned looks:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CHANDLER HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Mallory, Rembrandt, and Diana are at the front desk. Mallory gets the desk CLERK's attention and points to the Times' front page photo.

MALLORY

Excuse me, have you seen this woman?

CLERK

(squints at photo)

Sure. Right over there.

The Clerk points off in the direction of the bar. The Sliders follow his finger and see:

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - THE BAR'S TV

which, of course, is still showing "the embrace."

RESUME SCENE

The Sliders are disappointed.

DIANA

When did you last see her in person?
She's a guest here.

CLERK

Oh, I don't come on until noon. But if you do run into her, could you have her autograph one of those newspapers 'To Harold'?

REMBRANDT

Let's check out the bar.

As they walk off toward the bar:

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - AFTERNOON

President Williams and Maggie are seated at a small table that's covered with a white tablecloth, flowers, fancy food on silver platters, and champagne. They are being

"directed" by Pierson, who is posing them for an incriminating video. Behind them, looking very out of place, is a large green screen. Sela Williams sits off to one side, observing the process. The President looks a little uncomfortable and Maggie is a very reluctant participant.

PIERSON

Remember, you're having a great time!

MAGGIE

Oh, is that what I'm having....

PIERSON

If you could just be a little more cooperative....

MAGGIE

If you could just let me out of here....

Pierson exchanges a glance with the President.

WILLIAMS

You know, this is just as awkward for me as it is for you, Ms. Beckett.

MAGGIE

Oh yeah, like I believe that.

WILLIAMS

No, really. Posing for these fake pictures is not my idea of a good time. And I apologize for putting you through all of this. After all, you were just an innocent bystander.

Maggie gazes into Williams' eyes: Is he on the level?

PIERSON

Perfect! Hold that!

And Pierson takes advantage of the soulful gaze by running the video camera.

MAGGIE

What's with the green wall?

PIERSON

It...makes for a sharper picture. Okay, you can relax for a while.

WILLIAMS

That's a relief. I'll be glad when this is over.

MAGGIE

Tell me about it.

(turns to First Lady)

So -- I guess this isn't easy for you, either.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I beg your pardon?

MAGGIE

Standing by your man and all that.

Mrs. Williams and Pierson share a quick glance, then:

MRS. WILLIAMS

But you're not really having an affair with my husband -- are you?

MAGGIE

Oh, of course not. It's just that everybody thinks we are and that puts you in an awkward position. That's all I meant.

Mrs. Williams smiles diplomatically and glances at Pierson, who is over by the green screen. He gives a subtle nod.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I appreciate your concern. And now if you'll excuse me....

The First Lady gets up and walks over toward Pierson.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BEHIND THE GREEN SCREEN

Once they're out of earshot:

PIERSON

Smart girl.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Yes. Very perceptive.

PIERSON

We may have to keep an eye on her.

They stick their heads around the green screen and give Maggie a big smile.

ANGLE - MAGGIE

She's not sure what they're smiling about, but what the heck -- she smiles back.

ANGLE - BEHIND THE GREEN SCREEN

Pierson walks over to where the video camera has been hooked up to some equipment, still hidden by the green screen. A video technician is seated at a keyboard, watching a monitor.

INSERT - SCREEN

We see a freeze-frame of the scene that Pierson just taped.

PIERSON (O.C.)

Okay, Mel, do your stuff.

The technician changes the green background so that Maggie and Williams are suddenly at an outdoor cafe in Paris, on a gondola in Venice, inside Air Force One, etc.

RESUME SCENE

Pierson looks pleased.

PIERSON

Fine.

And on Pierson's sinister smile, we:

CUT TO:

INT. CHANDLER BAR - AFTERNOON

Mallory, Rembrandt and Diana are seated at the bar.

REMBRANDT

At least we still have a couple of days to find her.

DIANA

Yeah, but it's always a hassle when we get split up.

MALLORY

The sooner we hook up with Maggie, the better.

REMBRANDT

Agreed.

The bartender turns up the volume on the TV.

ANCHOR

...as we bring you brand-new,
exclusive pictures of President
Williams and his mistress....

The Sliders react, look up to see:

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - THE BAR TV

In full color, we see Maggie and Williams having their intimate dinner. Only now, they appear to be dining on a penthouse terrace overlooking the Manhattan skyline -- nude, with black bars censoring the good parts.

REMBRANDT (O.C.)

Hello!

RESUME SCENE

They are mesmerized by the image on the TV. The other patrons have rushed over and are fairly drooling over the new photo, as is Mallory. Diana notices.

DIANA

That could be computer generated, you know.

MALLORY

Or it could be legit!

REMBRANDT

In which case she'd be in New York, since that's the Chrysler Building.

MALLORY

(distracted)

Hmm? Oh. Yeah. In the background. But she wouldn't have gone there voluntarily, right?

DIANA

Maybe she got nabbed by the Secret Service.

MALLORY

And they flew her to New York and took her clothes off and fed her dinner?

REMBRANDT

Look guys, before we take Manhattan, we better find out if that picture is for real.

MALLORY

I think I know a way.

Off Rembrandt's and Diana's looks, we:

CUT TO:

INT. HAWKS' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mallory, Rembrandt, and Diana surround Hawks at his terminal. On his screen is the frozen image of the naked lunch...er...dinner.

MALLORY

First off, let's lose those black bars.

DIANA

Mallory!

MALLORY

What?! Don't we need to see the whole picture?

Diana, Rembrandt, and even Hawks give Mallory a look.

MALLORY

It was worth a shot.

DIANA

Can we blow up the image?

HAWKS

Sure. I like to do this with a lot of the 'official' footage the media sends out. You never know what you're gonna find.

Hawks types instructions into the machine. The image is blown up to the point where we can't see below their heads and shoulders, with the skyline in back. Mallory is on alert.

MALLORY

Not too close....

HAWKS

There could've been a little video cutting and pasting at the neckline.

REMBRANDT

What about the skyline?

Hawks types in more instructions. The closeup image shifts all the way to the left margin, beyond what appeared on TV.

MALLORY

There! What's that?

REMBRANDT

I don't remember Manhattan having a green outline.

DIANA

They probably used a green-screen matte to change the backgrounds.

MALLORY

So they're not necessarily in New York.

HAWKS

Right.

REMBRANDT

What is that to the left of the World Trade Center? It looks like -- towels.

HAWKS

Let's take a look.

Hawks types a few keys. The background boundary is magnified, revealing something just beyond the green-screen area. Sure enough, it's two towels hanging on a towel rack. There is a fuzzy "A.H." monogram on them.

HAWKS

That's about as close as I can get
without losing resolution.

REMBRANDT

'A.H.'

MALLORY

I don't think those are Anne Heche's
towels.

HAWKS

No, it's the Ambsasador Hotel.

DIANA

Are you sure?

HAWKS

I stole one after a press conference
last year.

MALLORY

So Maggie never left L.A.

HAWKS

Right. And your friend must be in on
the conspiracy or she wouldn't be in
this footage.

REMBRANDT

(bristling)

Look, pal, Maggie is not a part of any
conspiracy.

MALLORY

She'd never go along with a political
coverup.

HAWKS

So how'd she end up in these pictures?

MALLORY

(can't quite believe his
own thinking process)

They're...really having an affair?

Rembrandt, Diana and Hawks look at Mallory: What is the
real story here?

REMBRANDT

One way or another, we still have to hook up with Maggie before the next slide.

MALLORY

I'm guessing security's pretty tight at the President's hotel.

HAWKS

Right, but remember, I am a member of the press -- which most people would rather forget.

DIANA

You think you could get in?

HAWKS

Well, they're always having press briefings.

REMBRANDT

You got any spare credentials?

HAWKS

(surveying the mess)
Somewhere around here, yeah.
Photographer's pass, assistant, that sorta thing.

MALLORY

It's worth a shot.

On their hopeful look, we:

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - SMALL ROOM - NIGHT

Pierson is on the phone, all business.

PIERSON

(into phone)

I realize noxin gas has been outlawed, General, but given our heavy casualties, the President has emphasized how imperative it is to end the war as quickly as possible -- and with honor.

(beat, then)

Well, if noxin is as effective as you say, we can't afford not to use it.

(beat, then)

U.N. sanctions are a risk we're going to have to take, General. You let me worry about public opinion. I think we'll be able to keep a lid on things until after the fact...Right.

And Pierson hangs up, pondering the situation.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The tuxedoed President is preparing to leave.

WILLIAMS

They always serve burgundy chicken at these fund-raisers. I hate burgundy chicken.

Maggie stands off to the side, arms folded -- she'd really like to get the hell out of there. The President notices, approaches her.

WILLIAMS

I really do appreciate your putting up with all of this.

MAGGIE

Well, thanks, but it's not like I had much of a choice.

Williams smiles, extends his hand. After a beat, Maggie takes it.

WILLIAMS

No hard feelings, then?

MAGGIE

Well, maybe one or two.

A detente has been achieved. Pierson enters.

PIERSON

Sir? Your car is waiting.

WILLIAMS

I'm the President of the United States, Chuck. Let them wait.

(to Maggie)

I should go. Thanks again.

He separates from Maggie and exits. After Williams is gone, Maggie looks over to Pierson.

MAGGIE

Not much point in my sticking around either, right?

PIERSON

Actually, something has come up that will necessitate your continued cooperation.

MAGGIE

But the President said ---

PIERSON

Never mind what the President said. You're coming with us to the next campaign stop.

MAGGIE

Forget it, Chuckles. I'm outta here.

She sprints to the door, but before she can open it, Pierson signals to the two Men in Black, who each grab an arm and "escort" her into a bedroom. They lock the door and stand guard outside.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie is pissed. She tries the door again. Still locked. She tries another door. It's a closet. She goes over to the window, tries to open it. It won't budge (and judging from the distant traffic noise, it's pretty high up to begin with). She spots a phone, picks up the receiver, pushes 0.

MAGGIE

Yes, I'd like an outside line.

(beat, then)

What do you mean I can't? What kind of a hotel is this? Hello!?!?

She tries dialing again, but it's no use. Angrily, she slams down the receiver.

MAGGIE

Great....

Frustrated, Maggie plunks herself down on the bed, tries to figure a way out.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Pierson looks agitated. Then we hear a familiar voice.

MRS. WILLIAMS (O.C.)

Relax, Chuck. You're all tense.

Pull back to reveal the First Lady on a nearby couch.

PIERSON

It's a little hard to relax after that stunt she just pulled. If she gets out, she could really screw things up. She's a loose cannon.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Then I guess that's a cannon that'll have to be fired.

Pierson ponders this. The First Lady rises, sidles over to Pierson, puts her arms around him. He seems accustomed to this.

MRS. WILLIAMS

By the way, good job on the nude photos. I only wish Jeff really looked that good under his suit. Now you, on the other hand ---

And they kiss, which starts to get fairly involved.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie is still trying to figure out what to do. We hear the jangle of keys and the door opens, revealing the MAID, who is being allowed in by one of the Secret Service men. As soon as the Maid is inside, the door is quickly closed and relocked. Without looking at Maggie, the Maid starts emptying the wastebasket.

MAID

I'll just be a minute.

MAGGIE

That's okay. I could use the company.

The Maid looks up, her eyes widen.

MAID

Oh my stars, the President's girl
friend! I saw you on TV!

Not this again....

MAGGIE

Look, I am not...
(a light dawns;
changing tone)
Yep. You caught me. Guilty as
charged.

MAID

It must be so exciting!

MAGGIE

You don't know the half of it.

Maggie has been staring at the Maid's outfit: short
black uniform, white apron, paper hat. The Maid feels a
little self-conscious.

MAID

Is my uniform dirty?

MAGGIE

No, I was just thinking....

Off Maggie's mischievous look, we:

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The Sliders and Hawks enter, press passes hanging around
their necks. They have a video camera, still camera,
mike, etc. They approach the elevator, where a stern
Secret Service man stands guard.

HAWKS

Press briefing...Continental Room.

The Secret Service man pulls a piece of paper out of his jacket pocket, scans it.

HAWKS

It's -- not on the agenda. Pierson just called it. Must be something important.

The Secret Service man checks their press badges, gives them the once-over, lets them get in the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Secret Service men are still guarding the door. We hear a knock from inside the bedroom. One agent unlocks the door. Out steps what appears to be the Maid. She has the cap pushed forward somewhat and she looks downward, as if she were trying to hide part of her face. She grabs hold of the cleaning cart and begins to push it down the hallway. The agents watch her go, but don't seem particularly suspicious.

"The Maid" stops at the elevator, presses the DOWN button. After a beat, the doors open. She pushes the cart in and enters. Just as the doors close, another elevator opens and Hawks and the Sliders exit.

Our group approaches the Presidential suite, encounters the Secret Service guards. Uh-oh. Then:

HAWKS

Mr. Pierson asked us up here. Something about an exclusive.

The guards look skeptical.

HAWKS

Day in the life of the Chief of Staff and all that.

The guards check out the passes, look them in the eye, then open the door. The gang enters.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They look around. It's deserted. Suddenly, we hear the muffled sounds of shots being fired from a silenced gun. The group runs in the direction of the shots, sees the bedroom door slightly ajar.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Sliders and Hawks push open the door to reveal a female figure lying face-down on the bed, apparently dead. She is wearing Maggie's clothes. No one else is around.

MALLORY

Maggie!

They race to her side, turn her over. It's not Maggie; it's the Maid. And she is quite dead. On their puzzled looks, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The group is still hovering over the Maid's body.

DIANA

She's dead.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, but who is she?

HAWKS

And who killed her?

MALLORY

And why is she wearing Maggie's clothes?

Things are getting curiouser and curiouser.

REMBRANDT

Either somebody wants us to think Maggie's dead.

MALLORY

Or else whoever did the shooting thought this was Maggie.

DIANA

Either way, she's in danger.

HAWKS

Maybe they only wanted her for photo ops to begin with, but this changes all the rules. You don't think she was making trouble for them, do you?

MALLORY

Maggie? No....

DIANA

Well we're not doing her any good here. If she got away, she knows we'll meet up with her at the Chandler.

And they exit the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - NIGHT

Maggie, dressed as the Maid, exits the hotel. If nothing else, at least she's out.

MAGGIE

Free at last, free at last....

And she starts down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - PIERSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Pierson and the First Lady are curled up in bed after having made the beast with two backs.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Mmm...Those sensual massage videos are really paying for themselves.

Pierson leans toward Mrs. Williams as if to give her a kiss. The mood is broken by the ringing of the phone. Pierson grabs it.

PIERSON

(into phone)

Pierson...What?!?!? You stupid....

(to Sela)

They offed the wrong girl.

(into phone)

So where's Beckett?...Look, I don't care what it takes, you find her and fast, is that clear?

Pierson slams the phone down. Mrs. Williams slips into her robe, gets out of bed, and begins dressing.

PIERSON

I don't believe this.

(noting her activity)

What are you doing?

MRS. WILLIAMS

I'm going back to my room. I'm beginning to think maybe I didn't pick the right man for the job after all.

PIERSON

We'll get her, Sela. You'll see.

As she finishes gathering her things together:

MRS. WILLIAMS

You better pray you're right.

And she gives Pierson a chilling look as she exits his room, slamming the door behind her. Hold on Pierson's concerned look, then:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Maggie is hustling down the street. Suddenly:

MALE STROLLER

Look! It's the President's mistress!

MAGGIE

Oh jeez....

A crowd of gawkers starts to gather again.

ELDERLY WOMAN STROLLER

Why is she wearing that?

MAGGIE

(what's the use?)

The President gets really turned on whenever I dress up like a French maid! Happy?

Offended, the Elderly Woman Stroller storms off in a huff. Maggie realizes she's not as free and clear as she thought. She looks around to make sure nobody suspicious is nearby, then she ducks down a side street. As she takes off:

MALE STROLLER

Tell him I voted for him twice, you got that?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHANDLER HOTEL - NIGHT

Mallory, Rembrandt, Diana and Hawks are about to enter. Suddenly, from across the street:

MAGGIE (O.C.)

Remmy! Mallory!

The group turns to see:

THEIR POINT OF VIEW - MAGGIE

sprinting down the sidewalk, about to cross to the hotel.

MALLORY

Maggie!

MAGGIE

Am I glad to see you guys!

RESUME SCENE

as they start to cross towards one another.

DIANA

You really had us worried, girl!

But before they can rendezvous:

A BLACK LIMO

comes screeching around the corner, causing our group to retreat back to the sidewalk. The limo pulls up to where Maggie is crossing and the door opens. A Man in Black grabs Maggie, shoves her in the back of the limo, which squeals off into the night.

Our group dashes across the street, but it's too late: the limo is out of sight.

REMBRANDT

Damn!

Diana glances down, spots something.

DIANA

What's that?

Mallory picks it up: It's the Maid's paper cap.

MALLORY

It looks like one of those little hats that maids wear.

HAWKS

Why was she dressed like that?

DIANA

Who cares? They've got her again!

REMBRANDT

It's anybody's guess where they're taking her.

DIANA

Or what they're gonna do to her.

HAWKS

Well, I don't want to scare you, but if that dead girl at the hotel is any indication, I'd say she's in big trouble.

Mallory's brain gears are spinning, then:

MALLORY

(to Hawks)

Let's go back to your office. I've got an idea.

And on Mallory's pensive expression, we:

CUT TO:

INT. HAWKS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The group is gathered around the computer area. Hawks is at the keyboard.

HAWKS

Okay. What do you need?

MALLORY

You've got some clear pictures of Maggie stored up, right?

HAWKS

(indicating bank of
whirring video machines)

Hundreds of them. All you've gotta do is pick a tape and a frame. But what's the deal?

MALLORY

The deal is fighting fire with fire.

DIANA

Meaning -- ?

MALLORY

Bobby here is going to doctor up some pictures of Maggie and then leak them to the press.

HAWKS

No, he's not.

MALLORY

What do you mean?

HAWKS

If I did that, I'd be just as deceitful as everyone else.

MALLORY

Don't think of it as lowering yourself to their level, think of it as beating them at their own game.

HAWKS

I'm sorry, Mallory. I'd like to help, but it goes against everything I believe in.

REMBRANDT

You don't believe in helping save a person's life?

HAWKS

Of course, but disseminating false ---

MALLORY

You're willing to work to save innocent lives in Switzerland. What about saving an innocent life right here?

Hawks gives this some thought. It's a tough decision. After a few pensive beats, Hawks looks up at Mallory.

HAWKS

What do you want me to do?

The Sliders breathe a sigh of relief.

MALLORY

Great! Okay, first, let's get a good, clean shot of her face.

Hawks starts typing instructions into the machine. The Sliders share a hopeful smile. While they are focussing on Hawks, camera pans over towards the bank of TVs and video recorders, stopping on one in particular. The audio is low enough that our gang can't hear it.

ANGLE - TV

More news coverage of the scandal.

ANCHOR

We've now learned that the name of the President's mistress is Maggie Beckett. Our crack reporter Ed Collins has tracked down a Maggie Beckett in Pacoima. Ed?

Shot changes to a reporter with a mike standing next to a trailer door, inside of which sits this world's Maggie Beckett: Eight months pregnant, holding two screaming babies, looking worn and scruffy.

ED

Could you tell us how long you've been seeing the President?

MAGGIE DOUBLE

(surly)

I ain't never seen the President except on the TV. That was before the appliance store repo'd it.

ED

(embarrassed)

I see...Well, thank you ---

MAGGIE DOUBLE

If you do see the President, ask him can I have my TV back. I'm missin' all my shows!

ED

This is Ed Collins in Orange County! Stan?

And we:

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT

Present are the President and First Lady, Pierson, and Maggie, who struggles to free herself from the grip of two Men in Black. A muted television is still showing embarrassing photos of the President's affair, but no one's paying any attention.

MAGGIE

Let go of me!!!

The President nods to the Men in Black. They release her. Maggie rubs her sore arms.

MAGGIE

Please, Mr. President! You're a reasonable person. Help me!

Williams is on the spot.

WILLIAMS

I'd like to Maggie, but...I'm sorry.

Maggie tries again.

MAGGIE

Can't you see that the best thing to do would be to come clean about this whole setup? The American public can be very forgiving if you just tell them the truth.

PIERSON

The truth?!? That's a new one!

WILLIAMS

I'm sorry. If there were any way around this ---

PIERSON

We can't have you running around town, telling everybody about our little 'project.'

MAGGIE

I swear I won't say anything about the noxin gas.

Pierson and Williams exchange a surprised look.

PIERSON

I was referring to the phony affair.
Where did you hear about noxin gas?

MAGGIE

Oh, I, uh....

MRS. WILLIAMS

(to Pierson)

She must've overheard your phone
calls. I told you those walls were
too thin.

WILLIAMS

Chuck, isn't there some way we could
handle this without...you know....

Sela turns to face her husband. She's all-business.

MRS. WILLIAMS

It's either this little whistle-blower
or you, Jeff. That's the menu, pure
and simple. You knew going into this
you'd have to make compromises.

WILLIAMS

Compromises are one thing, Sela, but
murder ---

MRS. WILLIAMS

Lose the girl or spend the rest of
your presidency in disgrace, or even
impeachment.

That word hits Williams as if it were "castration."

MRS. WILLIAMS

(continuing)

And I have no intention of remaining
married to an impeached President, I
can guarantee you that.

Williams looks at his wife as though for the first time.

WILLIAMS

I've known you were cold ever since we
were in law school together, Sela.
But I never realized how utterly
ruthless you could be.

MRS. WILLIAMS
(flatly)
Surprise.

Maggie tries appealing to the President again.

MAGGIE
The news shows are gonna have a field
day when they find my body. Everyone
will think you murdered your mistress.
Impeachment nothing...It'll mean
prison!

Before Williams can respond:

PIERSON
What makes you think they're going to
find the body?

Gulp. It doesn't look good for Maggie, who seems to have
run out of cards as we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Men in Black advance on Maggie, grab her by the arms.

PIERSON

Use the back exit.

The Men in Black nod, start out. Just then, Williams notices something on TV.

WILLIAMS

Holy...Turn it up!!

Pierson picks up the remote and clicks the mute button.

ANGLE - TV

We see a closeup of Maggie's face. Her eyes are closed, her face is bruised, and there is a small trickle of blood out of the corner of her mouth.

ANCHOR

The dead woman has been tentatively identified as Maggie Beckett, the President's mistress, although, at present, officials have only these photos to go by.

Another photo comes up, this time of Maggie's entire body, lying lifeless in a field, looking badly roughed up.

MAGGIE (O.C.)

Whoa!

MRS. WILLIAMS (O.C.)

Those are obviously phony pictures!

PIERSON (O.C.)

But where did they get them?!?

The Anchor appears, this time in a two-shot with psychologist Leonard Scherl.

ANCHOR

Once again, we're pleased to have with us our resident psychologist, Dr. Leonard Scherl. Dr. Scherl, as a psychologist, what sort of person would commit such a vicious crime?

DR. SCHERL

Well, Stan, due to the savagery of the murder, I would have to say the killer was someone who had strong feelings about the victim.

ANCHOR

A crime of passion?.

DR. SCHERL

Exactly.

ANCHOR

But wouldn't that point in the direction of the President?

DR. SCHERL

I would say the President is an excellent candidate...if you'll pardon the pun.

RESUME SCENE

The "expert analysis" continues in the b.g. while Pierson and the Williamses, in a panic, scramble to make sense of this. Maggie, too, would like to know what exactly is going on.

WILLIAMS

How can they think I had anything to do with her murder?

MRS. WILLIAMS

Jeff, you idiot, she's not dead...Not yet, anyway.

PIERSON

I think we're going to have to rethink that situation, Mrs. Williams.

MRS. WILLIAMS

What are you talking about?

MAGGIE

(catching on)

If everybody thinks the President murdered me, the only way to clear him is to show the world I'm alive and well.

WILLIAMS

We can't do that! Everyone would know we've been scamming them.

Pierson's brain gears have been working overtime.

PIERSON

Not necessarily, sir.

WILLIAMS

Go on.

PIERSON

Well, as much as I'd like to make Ms. Beckett disappear, I think as long as we keep her from talking, we'll still be in the clear.

Williams is thinking it over.

WILLIAMS

Show everyone that she's alive, that I haven't killed anyone, and let them go on believing the affair is still ongoing.

PIERSON

Exactly. We could actually use this to our advantage.

WILLIAMS

Meaning -- ?

PIERSON

We hold a big rally. Let the press pepper you with murder allegations, and then you dramatically produce Ms. Beckett. Seeing the two of you, side by side, will make the affair an even hotter story, especially if the First Lady's there!

WILLIAMS

It'll certainly help restore my
credibility.

MRS. WILLIAMS

And make me look like an even bigger
fool for staying with you.

MAGGIE

It beats indicting your husband for
murder.

MRS. WILLIAMS

I suppose....

Williams shoots his wife a sharp look (or maybe he just
shoots her, period). Maggie looks relieved at her stay
of execution, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHANDLER HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The Sliders and Hawks are following the story on TV.

ANGLE - TV

ANCHOR

Thus far, there has been no word from
the White House, increasing
speculation that the President has,
indeed, brutally murdered his
mistress, Maggie Beckett.

RESUME SCENE

DIANA

So far, they're buying it.

MALLORY

Yeah, Bobby. Good job on those
photos.

HAWKS

I just hope I did the right thing.

ANGLE - TV

The Anchor presses his earpiece, listening intently,
then:

ANCHOR

I'm getting word now that the President is scheduled to hold a rally at the Ambassador Hotel in one hour. White House sources say he is expected to address the murder allegations at that time.

RESUME SCENE

The Sliders look relieved.

MALLORY

Bingo!

DIANA

(checking Timer)

An hour's gonna be cuttin' it close.

REMBRANDT

Let's rock!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - DAY

A throng of people awaits the President's arrival. The Sliders and Bobby Hawks arrive, their press passes and paraphernalia in hand.

DIANA

I sure hope Maggie's okay.

The other Sliders nod in agreement.

P.A. VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States.

Despite the overflow crowd, there is only polite applause this time -- a far cry from the thunderous response at the beginning.

ANGLE - THE PLATFORM

The President exits the hotel, climbs up the steps of the platform, and takes his position behind the podium. Sela Williams follows her husband, a brave smile on her face, takes a seat behind the President. Immediately, Reporters start hitting him with questions.

REPORTER #1

Mr. President! Was it a lovers' quarrel?

REPORTER #2

What kind of weapon did you use?

REPORTER #3

Was her death the result of rough sex play?

The First Lady feigns shock and embarrassment. Williams holds up his hands. A hush falls over the crowd as all eyes and cameras are on him. He clears his throat, looks deadly serious, and then points his index finger right into the cameras.

WILLIAMS

I'm only going to say this once: I did not have homicidal relations with that woman, Maggie Beckett.

A beat of silence while the crowd absorbs this, then:

REPORTER #1

Did you have someone else kill her for you?

REPORTER #2

Did you drive her to take her own life?

REPORTER #3

Did the First Lady kill her in a fit of jealous rage?

Mrs. Williams is shocked and angered by that last accusation, stares daggers at her husband.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE CROWD

The Sliders and Hawks exchange looks at the nature of these lurid questions.

HAWKS

Look what we started! I sure hope it was all worth it.

MALLORY

We'll know soon enough.

RESUME SCENE

REPORTER #1

With all due respect, sir, why should we believe you?

Williams holds his hands up again. The crowd quiets.

WILLIAMS

Now that's the first valid question I've heard today. Why should you believe me? Well, for one thing, I've always been honest with the American people.

Rumblings of skepticism in the crowd.

WILLIAMS

(continuing)

And for another, Maggie Beckett is not dead!

Gasps of "What?" "The pictures!" "How?" etc. Williams gives a signal, and Maggie exits the hotel, followed very closely by Pierson, who prods her up the steps of the podium, then stands just behind her. The crowd cheers wildly: "Yay!" "She's alive!" "He was telling the truth!" etc. The First Lady plays her part by looking on Maggie disapprovingly. Perhaps she dabs a phony tear from her eye. Williams is behaving like a magician at the conclusion of a death-defying trick.

WILLIAMS

As you can see, she is completely unharmed!

The crowd cheers again.

REPORTER #2

But where did those photos come from?

WILLIAMS

Those photos were altered by some sick prankster in order to embarrass me and make it appear as though Ms. Beckett had been killed. I'm afraid you've all been made the victim of a cruel hoax.

While the crowd is digesting this, a loud voice rises above the rest.

HAWKS

What about the other cruel hoax, Mr. President?!

Williams and Pierson look uncomortable. There's really no way to ignore him this time, so:

WILLIAMS

Ah, Mr. Hawks, our resident conspiracy theorist. What is it this time? Poisoned water supply? The shadow government? Or maybe we've all been replaced by pods from outer space!

The crowd chuckles. Hawks presses on.

HAWKS

No, Mr. President, I'm talking about the war in Switzerland. The noxin gas coverup. The phony affair with Maggie Beckett.

WILLIAMS

I never cease to be impressed by your vivid imagination! As you can see, Ms. Beckett here is quite real.

Maggie seizes the opportunity, dashes over to the mike.

MAGGIE

Yes, but our 'affair' isn't and never has been.

Gasps from the crowd. Williams glares at Pierson. The First Lady doesn't know whether to register shock that the cover has been blown or feign relief that her husband has been faithful, for the sake of the crowd. Pierson starts toward Maggie.

MAGGIE

(to Pierson)

What are you gonna do? Shoot me in front of all these witnesses?

Pierson is on the spot: What can he do? Maggie continues.

MAGGIE

(re: Hawks)

What that man is saying is true! The President has been using me to fool you! He's one to talk about phony pictures. All that footage of our 'affair' was as fake as the pictures of my dead body, and he's known it all along.

The crowd is really buzzing this time. Hawks fairly leaps up the steps of the podium to help her out.

HAWKS

She's right! Williams has sent hundreds of your sons, your brothers, and your husbands to fight an undeclared war with Switzerland.

The First Lady is seething. She glares at Pierson.

MRS. WILLIAMS

Do something!

PIERSON

Like what?

HAWKS

And he's about to unleash a nerve gas that's so horrible, it's been declared illegal by international law!

The crowd is horrified. Williams tries to retake the mike.

WILLIAMS

Please! Don't fall for it! This man is a crackpot! We all know that!

The crowd reacts: "No!" "Let him speak!" "Sit down!" Williams, the First Lady, and Pierson exchange a look, realize the jig is up, beat the most dignified retreat they can manage back into the Ambassador. Hawks watches them go, feels vindicated, breathes a sigh.

HAWKS

You don't know what a relief it is to finally be taken seriously by all of you. Sure it's fun to talk about bizarre or sexy stories. I'm a newspaper man. I understand that. But if we don't watch what's really going on in the world, the results could be disastrous.

The crowd murmurs as they discuss what Hawks is saying. Hawks looks over to Maggie, smiles.

HAWKS

We all owe a huge debt of gratitude to Maggie Beckett and her friends, for having risked their lives in order to expose the President's scheme.

Hawks gestures to Mallory, Remmy and Diana, who ascend the podium to the applause of the crowd. Maggie can finally embrace her friends, after this short but traumatic separation.

MAGGIE

Am I glad to see you guys!

REMBRANDT

That goes both ways, Maggie!

Hawks beckons Mallory to say a few words. He steps up to the mike.

MALLORY

If Bobby Hawks has a flaw, it's that he's too modest. It was his hard work that really made it possible for the truth to come out. Listen to what he's telling you: There's so much more to life than gossip and scandal.

The crowd has been chastised. Diana points to the Timer.

MALLORY

And now, if you'll excuse me, it's time for us to go.

HAWKS

(to Sliders)

Thanks, Mallory. Thank you all.

(to crowd)

And I hope this incident will serve as
a lesson for all of us: We must be
ever vigilant.

We see a lot of nodding heads in the crowd: They get it.
Things will, indeed, be different on this world. Diana
presses the Timer, the Wormhole opens, and the Sliders
are whisked away.

CUT TO:

A NEWSPAPER

that comes spinning out at us, like in an old movie. It
stops and we see that it's The Los Angeles Times. There
is a huge banner headline that reads: "STRANGE VISITORS
FROM ANOTHER WORLD!" Below that, we see a large photo of
the Sliders, standing on the podium, just as the Wormhole
is opening. On that image, we:

FADE OUT:

THE END