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**" PLEASE PRESS ONE "**

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**Directed by**

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**REVISED PAGES**

1st Pink Revs. 1-54  
1st Blue Revs. 1-54 (Scenes 18-73 Renumbered)  
1st Yellow Revs. 1-4, 6-7, 9, 10-10A, 11-13, 21, 23-25,  
31-31A, 35, 37-37A, 41, 43, 45

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SLIDERS

"Please Press One"

TEASER

FADE IN:

- |     |   |       |
|-----|---|-------|
| 1   | EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (D1)   | 1     |
|     | A sign that reads: "Data Universal Is There For You. In Every Way." The sign starts moving, and we PULL BACK and WIDEN OUT to discover we've been looking at an advertisement on the panel of a MINI-GARBAGE TRUCK. Continue to WIDEN OUT from the rear of the truck as it drives away REVEALING... |       |
| 2   | EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY  | 2     |
|     | A peaceful little town center. Not much going on. Some park benches, a little patch of grass. It's a pleasant day. Peaceful. Birds tweeting in the distance, until...   |       |
| 3   | THE VORTEX  | 3     |
|     | swirls in the sky, crackling open with an electrical sparkle, depositing the Sliders, and...  | (X)   |
| 4   | OMITTED   | 4 (X) |
| AND |   | AND   |

6 MALLORY

6

comes tumbling out of the vortex, somersaulting over and over. And he crashes headlong into a bush and disappears.

(X)

Maggie calls out --

MAGGIE

Are you okay?

Mallory reappears through the bush, leaves and sticks hanging all over him. But he's smiling from ear to ear.

MALLORY

Never better. Man, is that fun!  
When's the next ride leave?

REMBRANDT

(checks timer)  
You've got a ten hour layover, Mr.  
Olympiad.

They look around for a beat, trying to get their bearings. A nearby trash can has a circular Data Universal logo on it.

(X)

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

DIANA

(beat, then)

What should we call this place, Data  
Universal World?

Maggie moves away from them, seeing something off screen.

(X)

7 A ROW OF BUSINESSES

7

all tagged with the name DATA UNIVERSAL. CAMERA PANS along  
them... Data Universal Hardware... Data Universal Pharmacy...  
Data Universal Travel... ending on a BILLBOARD, the words:  
"Data Universal Is There For You. Always."

8 RESUME SCENE

8

as Rembrandt reacts with suspicion.

REMBRANDT

Data Universal? Something with a  
name like that is almost never 'there  
for you.'

DIANA

Data Universal Hardware, Data  
Universal Travel...

(X)

REMBRANDT

How about Data Universal Eats? I'm  
starving.

They see Maggie at a row of vending machines.

(X)

MALLORY

(to Remmy)  
You got any coins?

(X)

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

(X)

DIANA  
No junk for me. My system needs real  
food.

REMBRANDT  
Yeah, I say we go on a pasta hunt.

(X)

9 ON VENDING MACHINES

9

A cluster of hi-tech self-serve VENDING MACHINES in evidence. Maggie walks up and scans the choices... Candy Bars, Sodas, Chips, etc. The words, "Provided By Your Friends At Data Universal" over the machines. Maggie pulls out a crumpled dollar bill and looks for a bill slot. There isn't one.

MAGGIE  
(sotto voce)  
Great, the thing doesn't even take  
cash.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Please present data number.

Maggie stares back, a perplexed look on her face.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
(firmer)  
Present data number.

MAGGIE  
Sorry, left it at home.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE  
Please press one.

Maggie shrugs good-naturedly and reaches out, pressing the number one on a keypad. A RED LASER BEAM materializes and quickly drifts down Maggie from head to toe, scanning her. From O.C., we hear the SCREECHING sound of tires.

(X)

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Please stand by.

The ROAR of an engine. More SCREECHING tires, closer now. Concerned, Maggie turns to go, when...

10 A MINI-GARBAGE TRUCK

10

zooms up, skidding to a stop inches away, emergency lights FLASHING RED. (NOTE: This is the truck we saw in Scene 1.)

SPEAKER

Present code.

Maggie starts to run for it, but she is caught in the grip of an electromagnetic force field. A hatch opens on the rear of the truck (CGI) and the force field pulls Maggie into the hatch which closes behind her. The truck turns and drives out of the square almost as quickly as it appeared. Only there's no one at the wheel. It's a driverless vehicle, "Data Universal" stenciled across the side.

11 BACK ON THE OTHER SLIDERS

11

They try to run after the truck but it leaves them in its dust, shouting after it: "Hey!"... "Come back..." They watch helplessly as it speeds away. Off their reactions we...

FADE OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

12 EXT. TOWN SQUARE/REFRESHMENT STAND - MOMENTS LATER

12

Remmy, Mallory and Diana are still stunned, frantic... They come back to look at the vending machines.

MALLORY

What the hell just happened?

They exchange shrugs, then suspiciously eye the machines.

REMBRANDT

There's a keypad here. Maggie must have triggered something.

MALLORY

(skeptically)

A vending machine that eats the customer?

REMBRANDT

Sliders rule eleven, never rule out the obvious, no matter how weird.

{looks at machine}

Chips, sodas, candy bars. Looks normal enough.

Diana walks closer, looking up at two devices mounted on top of the machine bank. One is an ATM-type VIDEO CAMERA, the other is a GUN-LIKE DEVICE.

DIANA

One of those is definitely a camera. That other device looks like some kind of scanner.

REMBRANDT

So somebody is on the other side watching.

(X)

They all look at the camera for a moment. Then, as one, they all step out of its range.

(X)

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

MALLORY

What do you think we're dealing with  
here?

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

REMBRANDT

(looks up at camera)

The what is obviously this Data  
Universal. We find them we find  
Maggie...

(X)

(starts off)

and we've got less than ten hours to  
do it.

As the threesome head down the street...

CUT TO:

13 INT. HI-TECH CELL

13 (X)

A white room. Absent of personality. No doors. No windows.  
Suddenly, a seam appears in the wall and a DOOR opens and  
Maggie tumbles in from a chute. A large BAR CODE BRACELET is  
attached to her wrist. A panel in the wall slides back and a  
TELEVISION MONITOR appears. On it a man we'll call 5579-A.  
There is an ATM type key pad on the wall under the screen, and  
a chair with head rest in the center of the room.

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

5579-A

Hello, and good day from all your friends at Data Universal. I'm 5579-A and I'll be your personal account representative.

MAGGIE

Where the hell am I?

5579-A hesitates, an odd look on his face, then he flashes a smile and continues on --

5579-A

If you'll just hold your bar code to the screen, we can process your application as quickly as possible.

MAGGIE

I didn't apply for anything! I was kidnapped and brought here.

5579-A

We're sorry you've fallen through the bureaucratic cracks but with your speedy cooperation we can have you mainstreamed in no time.

MAGGIE

No time is exactly what I've got. I have some friends who are expecting me. Now, why am I here?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

A quizzical look from 5579-A, then --

(X)

5579-A

Why you attempted to use money, of course.

Something clicks in Maggie's mind: "Been here. Done this. Too much."

(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

And you don't use money, here. Of course. What was I thinking? So, what's the drill? A chip in the head? A bone graft? Or is this idiot bracelet the key to the bank? I wish for once I could just put a quarter in a slot and get a lousy pack of gum without getting sucked into some kind of Gulag! Is that too much to ask, Mr. Number?!

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED 2

13

5579-A

Ah... it's 5579-A.

MAGGIE

Whatever.

There is a pause as 5579-A tries to adjust to this onslaught.

5579-A

Ah... I'm sorry you seem to be so upset. But we really can't proceed until you are scanned into the system.

MAGGIE

Scan this!

13A CLOSE ON 5579-A

13A

as he is physically taken aback by whatever gesture Maggie has made to the screen.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

14

Near the vending machines. A few PEDESTRIANS pass by in the b.g. They all appear to be very efficient, walking with purpose, no one seeming to engage anyone else.

(X)

Remy and Mallory enter. Rembrandt crosses to a PAY PHONE that's emblazoned with the Data Universal logo. They look off down the street and see Diana at a newsstand. Then Remy checks out the phone.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

REMBRANDT

No phone book.

MALLORY

Try information.

He snatches up the receiver, hits '411.'

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Thank you for using Data Universal Information Services.

REMBRANDT

Have you got a number for Data Universal?

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

OPERATOR'S VOICE

For directory assistance, please  
press one, followed by your code  
number.

REMBRANDT

I don't have a code number. Look,  
I'm trying to find Data Universal...

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Enter code now.

REMBRANDT

(ad lib)  
Ah... this is a rotary phone.  
(he hears a click)  
Hello...?

Frustrated, he slams the receiver down.

REMBRANDT

This reminds me of an old Bob Seeger  
tune... 'Feel like a Number.' Well  
I'm not a number!

14A EXT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

14A(X)

Diana, meanwhile is looking over the newsstand. It is  
completely glassed in, appearing more like a huge vending  
machine than your run of the mill magazine rack. A scruffy,  
off-beat man, probably homeless, is seated on some steps  
nearby.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

DIANA

I thought we might get a business  
directory, but no chance of that.

MALLORY

Just find me a crowbar.

REMBRANDT

Squeeze it easy.

A BUSINESSMAN approaches the stand. We hear...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Welcome to the Data Universal  
newsstand. Please present your bar  
code.

CONTINUED

14A CONTINUED

14A

The Businessman holds a bar code bracelet that's attached to his wrist to a scanning device.

CONTINUED

14A CONTINUED 2

14A

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Hello, 491-538-66-B, your daily copy of the 'Dispatch' is ready for you as well as this week's issue of 'Business Trends.' A total of two dollars and ninety-five cents will be charged to your account. Thanks for shopping the Data Universal way.

(X)

A door slides out and the man picks up a newspaper and a magazine and strides off. The Sliders exchange a look, then:

REMBRANDT

Excuse me, sir.

The Businessman does not respond. Instead, he gives them an odd look and quickens his pace, as if to flee the scene. A WOMAN passes from the opposite direction.

DIANA

Pardon me, ma'am.

The Woman also gives them a look and quickly moves on her way.

MALLORY

The Data Universal way must be the rude way.

DIANA

Or the shy way.

REMBRANDT

Guess you don't really exist here without a bar code.

MALLORY

Cashless society...  
(refers to homeless man)

Wonder if anyone's told him that.

The homeless-looking man perks up. Despite his grungy appearance, there's an optimistic twinkle of whimsy in his eye. His name is ARLO.

ARLO

What, you think I'm some kind of pan handler?

The last thing the Sliders expected was a response.

CONTINUED

MALLORY

It speaks.

ARLO

It also stands, and kicks butt,  
fella. So watch it.

DIANA

Sorry, we didn't mean to... it's just  
that no one here seems to...

ARLO

Talk? Yeah, I know. Real human  
interaction has been on the out for  
years. Those damn chat rooms, I  
think. You look a little down and  
out yourselves.

He flashes open his jacket, revealing a few bar codes.

ARLO

Wanna buy a number? Get you a whole  
new identity, sky high credit limits  
guaranteed.

REMBRANDT

Actually, we're just looking for a  
little information.

Now Arlo fixes a curious look their way.

ARLO

From a person? What are you, some  
kind of protestors? Statement  
makers? I know, you're Greenvoice!

DIANA

No, we're not from around here. I'm  
Diana, this is Rembrandt and Mallory.

ARLO

(a shrug toward the  
phone)  
Those guys think I'm 719-something,  
but the name's Arlo Higgins.

MALLORY

Look, our friend got nabbed by one of  
those crazy driverless trashtrucks.

Arlo looks at Mallory closely.

CONTINUED

14A CONTINUED 4

14A

ARLO

You mean a Scoop? You folks must be from far away not to know about scoops.

REMBRANDT

Worlds away, you might say.

ARLO

Bummer, chances are your friend'll be lost in the system forever. Adios, muchachos.

DIANA

We're not that easily put off.

REMBRANDT

If she's alive we'll get to her. Can you help us?

Arlo fixes a look on Diana. It's clear he's taken by her. It's clear that she's slightly repulsed by him.

ARLO

Take on the big D?

(beat)

Yeah, I'm into it... into it big time. Come on, got some things that might help.

As Arlo leads them away, a Scoop crosses in the background.

(X)

CUT TO:

15 INT. HI-TECH CELL

15

Maggie is sitting in the chair now, kind of deflated from the expenditure of anger. 5579-A is on the screen, passively waiting for Maggie to cooperate.

MAGGIE

How long am I going to be kept here?

5579-A

I've told you. It's up to you. I would like to help you on your way, but you'll have to cooperate.

MAGGIE

(a sigh)

What do I do?

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

5579-A

That's better. Simply hold your  
bracelet up to the scanner.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Maggie crosses to the scanner and holds the bracelet up.

(X)

5579-A

Confirming your temporary I.D. number  
is 360-416-88-A. Excellent. I'll  
call you 360.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

Why don't you just call me Maggie?

(X)  
(X)

5579-A

That would be against policy.

(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

No. No numbers. You can call me  
Maggie or Ms. Beckett. Those are  
your choices.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

5579-A stammers slightly, as if caught off guard, then...

(X)

5579-A

Very well, you can be Maggie.

(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

(sarcastic)  
Thank you so much.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

A pause. Then 5579-A tries to get on with it.

(X)

5579-A

Now, then... Maggie... we have to  
build up a profile so that all of  
your daily needs can be met. This is  
really for your own good.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

All right. Get on with it.

(X)  
(X)

5579-A

If you prefer to live in an urban  
environment, please press one.  
Suburban, press two. In a rural  
area, press three.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Maggie thinks about it a moment, then.

(X)

MAGGIE

It's not that simple.

(X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED 2

15

5579-A (X)  
Of course it is. (X)

MAGGIE (X)  
I spent most of my life living on (X)  
military bases. We moved a lot. (X)  
Sometimes it was near a city. (X)  
Sometimes not. (X)  
(a memory) (X)  
The best place was a little house in (X)  
San Francisco. I lived there with (X)  
Steven, my husband. There was a (X)  
garden in the back yard. (X)

5579-A (X)  
San Francisco is one of our larger (X)  
metropolitan areas. The appropriate (X)  
button would be one. (X)

Maggie presses one. Then she looks at 5579-A. (X)

MAGGIE (X)  
I don't like your name. (X)

5579-A (X)  
I beg your pardon. (X)

MAGGIE (X)  
Your name. It's not a name, it's a (X)  
number. If it's okay for me to be (X)  
Maggie, then it's okay for you to (X)  
be... Guy. I'll call you Guy. (X)

5579-A looks at her a moment. It's clear he's never (X)  
encountered anyone like this before. (X)

5579-A (X)  
You are a very troubling client. (X)

MAGGIE (X)  
All my friends say so. (X)

5579-A allows himself a slight smile at this. (X)

CUT TO:

16 INT. SEWER SYSTEM - DAY

16

Start close on timer in Rembrandt's hand It's ticking down  
from 8:59.

16A WIDEN

16A

to show Remmy and Diana reacting to the short time. Mallory is with Arlo, who is taking a framed photo from wall. He hands it to Diana.

16B INSERT

16B

A framed photograph of a smiling Arlo. He's dressed in a suit and tie, hair parted. A sign above the picture says, 'ARLO HIGGINS, DATA UNIVERSAL'S ACCOUNT REP OF THE MONTH.'

DIANA'S VOICE

You worked for Data Universal?

16C BACK TO SCENE

16C

Arlo is shuffling through a stack of yellow curled blueprints and floorplans.

ARLO

(finds the blueprint  
he wants)

I put in my time. Ah, here.

Rembrandt and Mallory are moving around Arlo's ersatz home. ELECTRONIC GEAR litters the place, a few ancient 386 computers and their monitors in evidence. Stacks of counterfeit bar codes are apparent along with screw drivers, soldering guns, batteries, electronic monitoring devices, etc. It's outlaw techno-nerd heaven.

REMBRANDT

What do they do?

Simply put... they take care of you.  
Providing you play by their rules.

Arlo walks to a nearby locker and opens it. Inside it is stacked floor to ceiling with merchandise, all unopened.

MALLORY

What do you do with all this stuff?

ARLO

Thought about having a garage sale  
but everyone else has even more than  
I do. It's one big efficient circle.  
You work for Data Universal just to  
buy all their stuff.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

ARLO (CONT'D)

They know what you like to eat, to wear, to read, to drive. They've got all your sizes. Hell, you don't have to think at all.

REMBRANDT

Like that guy at the newsstand.

ARLO

Check this out.

Arlo points out a framed wall display. A hundred or so credit cards under glass, on display like some grand baseball card collection.

ARLO

This was my stash before Data Universal took over everything and assigned everyone a single number.

Arlo holds up a single credit card, protected in a plastic baseball card sleeve.

ARLO

This is my favorite, issued by American Provincial Bank, 1989, very rare, never been swiped.

DIANA

So you're saying they know everything about you? Kind of a big brother.

ARLO

Data! That's all you become. Numbers. Codes. Files. You're no longer a person. You're a just a consumer. And if you're not a consumer, you're not a person.

DIANA

What if you changed your personal preferences, changed your mind?

ARLO

(chuckles)  
If they want you to change your mind, they'll change it for you.

REMBRANDT

What can you tell us about what happened to our friend?

16C CONTINUED 2

16C

ARLO

They're probably processing her as we speak.

DIANA

Will they hurt her?

ARLO

Depends how cooperative she is.

MALLORY

Maggie? Cooperative?

Rembrandt, Mallory and Diana exchange looks of dread.

CUT TO:

17 INT. HI-TECH CELL

17

Maggie is in the chair, increasingly impatient. The large screen is blank, then, after a moment, it flickers to life and we see 5579-A. (X) (X) (X)

5579-A

Hello, again, Maggie. I've consulted my superiors about your, shall we say, rather special problem, and we think we can get you back to your friends soon. We'll profile you with our patented rapid processing system. (X) (X) (X) (X) (X)

Maggie is relieved. (X)

MAGGIE

Good. Thank you, Guy. (X) (X)

5579-A

We can have you processed in two hours. Now then, would you like a local or general anesthesia? Press one for local. Press two for -- (X)

MAGGIE

What?

5579-A

Why your mind scan, of course.

MAGGIE

Mind scan? For what?

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

5579-A

It's the fastest way.

MAGGIE

Forget it.

Suddenly heavy metal restraints swing out from under the arms on Maggie's chair, locking her into place.

5579-A

I'm sorry, you don't have a choice.  
The procedure is quite safe, and has  
an 87 percent survival rate.

A device that looks like a cross between a dentist's x-ray machine and a multi-lensed camera is lowered into place, directly in front of Maggie's head.

5579-A

Now, this shouldn't hurt a bit...

As Maggie continues to struggle we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. HI-TECH CELL

18

As we left off. The processing is just about to begin. A long lens-like device extends slowly toward Maggie's eye. She continues to try to talk her way out of this.

MAGGIE

Guy, why are you doing this to me?  
We were just getting to know each other,

(X)  
(X)

5579-A

This is a way for me to get to know you even better.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

No, it's not. We need to talk.  
That's how you become friends.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

5579-A

We have been talking.

(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

No, we haven't. You've been interrogating me.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

The lens stops. Maggie is relieved and sees she may be onto something here.

(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

A real friend is someone you can communicate with. A special person to spend time with.. Aren't you ever lonely, Guy? Don't you ever feel a need to have someone special in your life?

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

5579-A

Well... I network with the other account reps. We consult.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

Consult? What is that about? I'm talking about long lunches. Don't you guys ever go out for margaritas ... just hang out in a bar somewhere...

(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

5579-A

Well, that's a little difficult for me, Maggie.

MAGGIE

What's difficult about it?  
(then)

Let me ask you a question, Guy.  
Boxers or briefs?

5579-A

What?

MAGGIE

It's a simple question. Briefs, press one. Boxers, press two. I'm betting you're a boxer guy. You seem like one of those uptight corporate types.

(X)

5579-A freezes a moment, then starts up again as if on a slightly different program.

5579-A

Proceeding with the retinal scan.

The lens starts to move again. Maggie realizes she may have pushed too hard.

MAGGIE

Wait a minute...

5579-A

I'm just doing my job.

(X)

MAGGIE

Sorry I brought up your underwear.

Maggie tries to move her head away from the lens, but it is held firm by the headrest.

A laser-like beam shoots out of the lens into Maggie's eye, then...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Confirming subject, given name Maggie Beckett. Resides San Francisco, California. Spending habits - non-cooperative - low purchase quotas. Maintains no outstanding balance.

CONTINUED

An alarm buzzer goes off.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Carries zero debt. Repeat, zero debt.

5579-A

(perplexed)

This is unusual. It seems you are in our records after all. You have already been processed.

MAGGIE

(sotto voce)

Thank God for my duplicate.

Suddenly, the mood of 5579-A's light changes from a bland general wash to a rather severe low angle key light... making him look rather sinister. His demeanor changes to match as he looks accusingly back at Maggie. The lens retracts into the ceiling.

(X)  
(X)

5579-A

And you have been a bad girl, haven't you? Hardly using your credit card. What's wrong with you? Don't you like shopping?

Maggie senses she's been given some kind of reprieve from the processing... but in exchange for what?

MAGGIE

Yes, but it's not the most important thing in life.

5579-A

That is a very dangerous thing to say. Your return to society will have to be delayed.

MAGGIE

No, forget it. I've had it with you people. You have no right to my private information, thoughts or otherwise, and you have no right to keep me here. Let me out now!

5579-A

You are scheduled to begin basic buyer behavior and credit counseling first thing tomorrow.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED 3

18

Maggie's chair does a one-eighty and starts rolling for the door under its own power.

5579-A

After three weeks you should be fit to return to society as a fine upstanding consuming citizen.

The doors open as the chair rolls out of the room

MAGGIE

I thought we were friends, Guy!  
Can't you stop this?! Guy!

She exits. The doors slide closed.

5579-A almost seems regretful for what he has done and sympathetic toward Maggie. Did she have an impact on him?

5579-A

I am sorry, Maggie.

19 INT. ARLO'S SEWER - DAY

19

The four of them going over the floor plans.

MALLORY

(impatient)  
Look, why don't we just take the route in that Maggie did?

DIANA

You mean the scoop express?

REMBRANDT

And end up being processed like her?  
Bad idea.

MALLORY

Look, this should be a piece of cake.  
We lure a scoop in, climb aboard and take a joy ride into Data Universal.

(X)

Mallory skirts the issue.

CONTINUED

19 CONTINUED

19

(X)

Rembrandt turns to Diana. She shrugs.

DIANA

Those things hit their victims with some kind of force field before they capture them. If we all get zapped we'll be pretty helpless.

Arlo puts his arm around Diana. She politely squirms loose.

ARLO

I'm ready to rock. Been standing downwind of them for too many years. Time to stop running and fight.

REMBRANDT

(to Mallory)

Okay, we take the shot.

They rise and exit the sewer.

CUT TO:

20 INT. RE-PROGRAMMING CENTER/WAITING ROOM

20

Looks like a corporate waiting room. Chairs, sofas, tables with magazines. A TELEVISION MONITOR hangs from the ceiling, the Data Universal logo flashing from it. There are a number of inmates waiting there. The door opens automatically. Maggie cautiously enters, looking around suspiciously.

(X)

(X)

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Welcome to the waiting room. Data Universal thanks you for spending time with us.

A man in his early 30's walks up to her. His name is James.

(X)

JAMES

Hello, I'm James. Welcome to the waiting room.

(X)

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

MAGGIE

(extends hand to  
shake -- he doesn't  
shake)

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

Maggie Beckett. Are you being re-processed too?

JAMES

Oh, no, I'm a Refuser. Call me a prisoner of conscience.

(X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

Well, I guess I'm one of those, too. At least, I refused to make the stupid choices my account rep wanted.

JAMES

Good for you. But, if they're re-processing you, they must think you have promise. You could be out of here soon.

MAGGIE

How long have you been here?

JAMES

(proudly)  
Six years.

Maggie reacts to that, then looks around at the other inmates of the waiting room.

CUT TO:

21 ON DIANA

21

Defiantly stands before the bank of machines.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Please present data number.

DIANA

(she defies the  
machine!)  
Open the pod bay door, Hal.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

(firmer)  
Insert data number.

CONTINUED

21 CONTINUED

21

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Please press one.

Diana presses a keypad. The RED LASER BEAM materializes and drifts down Diana from head to toe, scanning her exactly as it did Maggie. (X)

Arlo has his ear pressed to the pavement, listening...

ARLO

I have scoop-sign!

From O.C., we hear the SCREECHING sound of tires. Suddenly a SCOOP comes around the corner, bearing down on Diana. She holds her ground in front of the refreshment stand. Tires SCREECH as the Scoop zooms up to Diana, emergency lights FLASHING RED.

SPEAKER

Present code.

The electromagnetic force field starts out of rear of truck and the hatch starts to open.

REMBRANDT

Now!

As Diana dodges out of the way, Remy runs in front of the truck, waving his arms at it. The scoop hatch snaps shut.

REMBRANDT

Hey, Scoop, pick on somebody more your size.

22 ANGLE ON FRONT OF SCOOP

22

The sensors on the front bumper flash, and an alarm siren starts up.

23 WIDER ANGLE

23

as Rembrandt starts to run away from the Scoop and up onto the lawn in front of the courthouse. The Scoop starts after Remy, bouncing over the curb and up onto the lawn.

24 ON THE LAWN

24

as Rembrandt weaves between the people on the lawn, the Scoop follows. Bikers, joggers, picnickers scatter in front of the

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED 24

marauding Scoop, papers and picnic hampers fly.

25 REMMY 25

makes a sharp turn and dashes back across the street. As he does...

26 ARLO 26

shoots out from behind some bushes and runs to grab a handhold on the side of the truck.

27 ANGLE ON THE SCOOP 27

swerving back and forth on the lawn, Arlo swinging back and forth, holding onto the roof with his hands.

28 REMBRANDT, MALLORY AND DIANA 28

to one side, watching.

29 THE SCOOP 29

makes a sharp turn by a dumpster. Arlo loses his grip on the turn and is thrown head over heels into the dumpster.

30 REMBRANDT, MALLORY AND DIANA 30

react to that, and we...

CUT TO:

31 INT. RE-PROGRAMMING CENTER/WAITING ROOM 31

Maggie is now sitting to one side of the room. James is next to her. He looks at the others in the room. (X)

JAMES

My friends and I refused to be processed, sorted, filed and coded by the computer. (X)

MAGGIE

That's a crime?

CONTINUED

31 CONTINUED

31

JAMES

Technically, no, but Data Universal couldn't quite figure out what to do with us. They consider us incomplete files. So they put us here, in the waiting room.

MAGGIE

What right do they have to keep you here?

JAMES

It's our choice. We refused to use their credit. So we have no rights as citizens. What are you in for?

MAGGIE

Not charging enough. I think.

JAMES

'Crank up those balances. Come on, don't worry. Charge it. Pay later.' They'll indoctrinate you and you'll be out by the end of the week.

(X)

MAGGIE

I need to get out sooner. I have to meet my friends.

JAMES

You have friends on the outside?

MAGGIE

Yes. And I'm sure they're worried about me.

Over Maggie's worried expression we hear...

REMBRANDT'S VOICE

Here it comes again!

CUT TO:

32 EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

32

Rembrandt, Diana, Arlo and Mallory hide behind a kiosk, looking up the street. Arlo is picking garbage out of his clothes.

33 ANGLE UP STREET 33

their point of view. The Scoop is moving up the street, swerving from side to side, as if its sensors were searching the sidewalks for the offenders it's been chasing.

34 WITH THE SLIDERS AND ARLO 34

as they watch the Scoop approach.

MALLORY

Okay, Remmy, get his attention.

Rembrandt nods and starts out again.

35 IN THE STREET 35

as Rembrandt runs right in front of the Scoop.

REMBRANDT

Hey, where have you been, you ugly pile of slag?!

36 THE SCOOP 36

If it were a bull, would snort and paw the ground. As it is, it probably just revs its engines, scans its sensors, and wails its siren as it lurches after Remmy.

37 UP THE STREET 37

As Remmy dodges out of the way, the Scoop continues.

38 MALLORY 38

crouching behind a row of cars is watching the Scoop go past. When it does, he jumps up and runs along the sidewalk, up the bumper, across the hood and roof of a parked car, and leaps through the air onto the top of the Scoop.

39 ON THE SCOOP 39

as Mallory hangs from the top. The Scoop swerves, its siren wailing. Mallory is thrown around but hangs on. The Scoop

CONTINUED

39 CONTINUED

suddenly stops, trying to throw its rider, but Mallory hangs on and swings his feet over the edge of the roof of the cab, and, in one fluid, Errol Flynn move, smashes in the side window on the driver's side, and slides into the cab. The Scoop comes to a stop.

40 NEW ANGLE

40

as Diana, Rembrandt and Arlo run to the stopped Scoop whooping and shouting congrats to Mallory.

CUT TO:

41 ANGLE ON SCOOP

41

as Remmy, Diana and Arlo approach.

REMBRANDT

Nice work. Now are we gonna be able to drive this thing?

MALLORY

(smugly)  
Ever hear of a hot wire?

REMBRANDT

Matter of fact, I have. Why don't you show me your style.

Mallory grins and goes to work.

CUT TO:

INT. RE-PROCESSING CENTER/WAITING ROOM

42.

Maggie is now pacing back and forth. James follows her, keeping pace. The other inmates watch with half-hearted interest.

MAGGIE

Can I get to see my account rep again?

JAMES

Don't know why not.

MAGGIE

I mean face to face.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

JAMES

Don't know about that. Nobody's ever done it. Personal contact between the company and a customer... well, it's unheard of.

MAGGIE

They think I'm somebody else. I sensed I was reaching this guy, Guy.

JAMES

Guy?

MAGGIE

That's what I call him.

JAMES

Didn't he have a number?

Maggie stops and thinks a moment.

MAGGIE

5579-A.

JAMES

Oh, he's one of the new ones. I'm sure we can call him up on the computer.

He crosses to the monitor on the wall, and we see there is a key pad attached to it just like the one in the cell. Maggie follows, and as James starts to key in numbers, we...

CUT TO:

43 INT. SCOOP, CAB

43

Our heroes are en-route to Data Universal. Mallory is at the wheel, Remy is riding shotgun.

Rembrandt looks over his shoulder toward the back of the truck. (X)

REMBRANDT (X)

Arlo, you guys okay? (X)

Arlo's face pops up in the window. (X)

ARLO (X)

Yeah. Hit it. (X)

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

REMBRANDT

(to Mallory)

So, did you ever get busted?

(X)

Mallory plays innocent.

MALLORY

What are you talking about?

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

REMBRANDT

Dude steals enough cars, odds are, he gets popped. This wasn't your first wire job.

MALLORY

I was into it for sport, not profit. I didn't have the money for a car, didn't like society on the bus. What's a boy to do on a late night? Wire up a nice ride, drop it off later. Sometimes I even topped off the gas tank.

REMBRANDT

Had this cousin once, used to do the same thing. Couldn't hold a job. Never pulled his weight. Keeping him out of trouble was like having a second full time job.

MALLORY

I don't need you to watch over me, okay?

REMBRANDT

Then watch yourself. We're a team. We can't really use a hot dog.

MALLORY

I was a wild kid, made my share of trouble. But I'm different now. Five years in a wheelchair does that.

REMBRANDT

Fair enough.

Then silence.

INT. WAITING ROOM

44

Maggie stands in front of a television screen. James is next to her. 5579-A is on screen.

MAGGIE

Listen, no hard feelings about that credit problem. We're still friends, right?

5579-A

Hard feelings?

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED

44

He seems puzzled by the inquiry, then softens.

5579-A

Of course not.

MAGGIE

So I was thinking, how about dinner tonight?

5579-A

Yes, your dinner will be promptly served through the chutes at...

MAGGIE

No, I mean between you and me... as friends. I am your friend, aren't I?

(X)

5579-A

Yes, but I'm afraid dinner between us is impossible. Is there anything else I can do for you?

A beat. This is going nowhere, then...

MAGGIE

Then do a friend a favor. I'm anxious to start getting those credit balances up. Spend spend spend... can I order out, friend?

A beat as 5579-A considers. He looks both ways to check if anyone is listening in, then:

5579-A

This is a not a service we normally provide, friend, but for you I will make the exception. Use your customer station to order anything you like.

MAGGIE

Thank you, Guy. I appreciate this more than you know.

5579-A

I'm glad to see you're getting with the program.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

44 CONTINUED 2

44

But his expression shows he's not really glad. Maggie notes this. Then the screen goes blank, and Maggie turns toward the screen and starts to press buttons.

(X)  
(X)

CUT TO:

45 INT. SCOOP, REAR COMPARTMENT

45

Where Diana and Arlo are riding.

ARLO

Feels good to be back in the game.  
I once took a solemn vow never to set  
foot on their soil ever again. I  
wonder what they did with my old  
office?

He scoots over next to Diana. Diana scoots away.

DIANA

What if we're able to get inside the  
main frame? Trip up a program or  
two. Maybe crash the thing?

ARLO

You know how to do that?

DIANA

I've been known to work a miracle or  
two. Maybe we can do some good here.

ARLO

We're talking hacking here.  
(she nods)

Hacking Data Universal's main  
frame... I like it, I like it a lot.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. RE-PROGRAMMING CENTER/ENTRANCE - DAY

46

A foreboding extensive industrial complex. A sign reads: DATA  
UNIVERSAL, MAIN OFFICE, WE'RE HERE FOR YOU.

The Scoop pulls up to the entrance. A gate blocks the entry.

47 INSIDE THE SCOOP

47

As Mallory and Rembrandt watch nervously.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

MALLORY

Should I blast through?

There's a WHIRRING sound as a LUMINESCENT RED LIGHT shoots out and connects with the Scoop. (X)

REMBRANDT

Oh, man, what's this?

MALLORY

It's the same beam that scanned Diana. It's checking the Scoop's i.d.

48 BACK OUTSIDE THE SCOOP

48

TIGHT ON the license plate, the bar code being read by a RED RAY that's passing over it. (X)

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Confirming vehicle 775.

The gates swing open automatically.

49 INSIDE THE SCOOP - MOVING

49

Arlo pokes his head out from the back.

REMBRANDT

Where do you think they're holding our friend?

ARLO

Could be anywhere. This place goes on forever.

MALLORY

Yeah, and finding her may take that long.

Rembrandt pulls out the timer and looks at it.

REMBRANDT

(grim)  
No, it has to be done in exactly two and a half hours.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

As they all realize this we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

50 INT. WAITING ROOM - LATER

50

An opening in the wall has delivered stacks of TV-dinner-like meals for the inmates. They roll down a conveyor into their awaiting hands... plus a little something more. While the others wade into their dinners, Maggie is perched over several recently delivered and opened cardboard boxes. James sorts through the goods with her - bottles of household cleaners, fertilizer, string, duct tape, rags and so forth. Frankly, he's puzzled.

Maggie is expertly mixing the various liquids into a number of bottles. She hastily tapes them together. She is building a bomb.

JAMES

Are we cleaning or eating tonight?

MAGGIE

I guarantee you're going to lose your appetite in a minute.

She rips open a box of FERTILIZER. Maggie hastily measures out some of the fertilizer and adds it to one of the containers.

JAMES

Are you going to tell me what this is?

MAGGIE

Just a bomb.

She finishes a second one, then walks over to the door and duct tapes it to the door's seams. She crosses back and puts the spare in the box. She takes a birthday candle, cuts it in half and sticks it in the top of the bomb. (X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

Just in case the first one doesn't do the job. Excuse me a sec... (X)  
Everyone down, we're blowing the door!

The inmates scatter. Maggie strikes a match, holds it to the candle. (X)  
(X)

MAGGIE

(to James)  
Make a wish. (X)  
(X)

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

She lights the candle and runs for cover.

(X)

The door BLOWS... ~~BLAMMO!!!~~ The door is scrap.

51 INT. HALLWAY

51

Smoke fills the dark hallway, Maggie steps out and starts down the hallway. She turns back.

MAGGIE

Let's go.

(X)

He's reluctant to step out of the waiting room.

MAGGIE

Your great example of political conscience is no good unless the people on the outside know about it.

(X)

(X)

(X)

JAMES

(an effort)

Okay.

She starts out. He follows.

(X)

52 A HALLWAY INTERSECTION

52

Four hallways heading in four different directions. The arrow points left.

MAGGIE

Which way to the exit?

JAMES

Uhhhh... right?

MAGGIE

You don't know?

JAMES

Six years is a long time. I think it's left. Yes, left.

They take the left hallway.

53 ANOTHER ANGLE

53

as Maggie leads James to a set of double doors. A sign above them reads: ACCOUNT REPRESENTATIVES. Maggie reaches for it.

JAMES

Where are you going?

MAGGIE

Before I go I have to have a little word with my account rep.

CONTINUED

53 CONTINUED

53

Maggie pushes through the double doors to...

54 A HALLWAY

54

six doors set into the walls. Above each door there's a sign with the number of an account rep above it. 3399-A. 2210-C. 8844-A. 2199-B. 3080-D. Finally, 5579-A.

MAGGIE

Here he is.

Maggie opens the door, walking into...

55 A SMALL OFFICE

55

Darkly lit. A desk anchors the room. Some ancient, rotten roses in a vase. Dirt and dust covers everything. A computer terminal sits in the middle of the desk. From it --

As 5579-A's voice drones on, Maggie walks up to the desk, eyeing the computer. A label says: 'Account Rep. 5579-A.'

Off Maggie's stunned look...

Maggie stares at the desk top computer. James walks up behind her. 5579-A is babbling the corporate line.

5579-A

... Press two for your account balance. Press Three for a review of your purchases. Press four to locate your account representative...

(a beat, notices something)

Ah... Maggie... I didn't expect you here...

MAGGIE

You're a computer...

5579-A

Of course. What did you think I was?

JAMES

I'll shut him up.

James grabs the computer and holds it high over his head, about to smash it to pieces. Maggie steps in, seeming almost protective.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

5579-A

What are you doing? Maggie. Stop him!

MAGGIE

Put him down.

James returns the computer to its place on the desk. We hear the tail end of 5579-A's litany.

5579-A

Thank you, Maggie. Now is there anything I can do for you?

She just looks at him.

MAGGIE

Let's get out of here.  
(looks back at  
computer)  
I thought you were 'Guy.'

They leave.

56 INT. CORRIDOR

56

as James and Maggie come out. Suddenly...

JAMES

I... I can't.

MAGGIE

What?! You're a Refuser. You bucked the system!

(X)  
(X)

JAMES

I know, but I'm afraid. If I go out there uncoded, I won't survive.

(X)

MAGGIE

Of course you will. Come on James. I haven't got time to argue with you. Take my word for it, it is possible to survive without some big brother taking care of you. There are people out in the world that need you to show the way.

JAMES

Me? I couldn't do that.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

He runs away from her down the corridor.

MAGGIE

James!

No time to waste. She sighs. She lost her guide, but she has to go on. She starts off up the hallway.

57 INT. DATA UNIVERSAL PARKING AREA

57

The Sliders and Arlo get out of their Scoop and head toward the complex.

(X)

58 WITH MALLORY AND REMBRANDT

58

as they walk.

MALLORY

(suddenly to Rembrandt)  
Your cousin the one you had to look after. He was a pain in the ass?

A beat.

REMBRANDT

(sad smile)  
Yeah. A lot like you.

MALLORY

So did he turn out okay?

REMBRANDT

A month after I left home, he died.

MALLORY

Damn. What happened?

REMBRANDT

Dead's dead. The point is he never learned. He never grew. Hate to see that happen to you, Mallory.

Mallory gives him a warm appreciative smile. A stronger bond is forged and understanding has forged between them.

59 NEW ANGLE

59

further along the parking area. Diana and Arlo have come to a chute in the wall.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

DIANA

What's this?

He peers inside.

This is where they would have brought  
your friend.

Mallory and Rembrandt join them, looking into the chute.

MALLORY

Looks like a chute.

ARLO

They got a lot of chutes here.

REMBRANDT

It's a way in. That's all that  
counts.

DIANA

Plus this should bring us closest to  
Maggie's location.

MALLORY

Wanna go first?

DIANA

After you.

Just like that? You have no idea  
where it goes, and you just jump in  
and slide to who knows where?

The Sliders exchange bemused looks, especially Rembrandt and  
Mallory, then...

REMBRANDT

Actually, we do it all the time. You  
going to just stand there?

MALLORY

See ya at the bottom.

Mallory jumps into the chute. Remy climbs up and jumps in,  
waving good-bye as he goes. Arlo fixes an eye on Diana.

ARLO

You'll get lost down there.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED 2

59

DIANA

We'll be okay. Thanks for getting us  
this far. You were a huge help.

(kisses his cheek)

Bye.

Diana jumps into the chute leaving Arlo all alone. There's a quizzical look on his face as he draws his hand to the spot on his cheek Diana just kissed. Then, reluctantly

ARLO

Ah heck!

And he pulls open the door and dives in head first. His scream continues from inside, fading as the door shuts.

60 INT. HI-TECH CELL

60 (X)

Mallory's off to the side, Rembrandt near him. Diana's just landed on the floor. Arlo's scream overlaps, then he comes tumbling through the door, just missing Diana.

MALLORY

Was that great or what?

ARLO

(rubs arm)

I'll tell you as soon as the feeling  
comes back to my arm.

The screen flashes to life with 5579-A's smiling face.

5579-A

Hello, and good day from all your  
friends at Data Universal. I'm 5579-  
A and I'll be your personal account  
representative.

REMBRANDT

Who's this?

ARLO

(to others)

Some account rep.

5579-A

Welcome to Data Universal. Please  
hold your bar code bracelet to the  
screen so we can process your re-  
application as quickly as possible.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

REMBRANDT

Out of the frying pan and into the  
fire?

Arlo opens his coat and pulls out one of his many counterfeit  
bar codes.

ARLO

Not even close. Lucky for you folks  
I came along after all. Got this one  
from a CEO.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Security access override.

The door glides open. 5579-A puts a clueless smile on it.

5579-A

Thanks for using Data Universal.  
Where the customer is always right.

The Sliders and Arlo file out as 5579-A blathers on. Arlo  
thumps his nose at the screen.

INT. CORRIDOR

61

Maggie is continuing through the complex. She passes a video  
monitor on the wall. Suddenly 5579-A appears on it.

5579-A

Maggie, what are you doing?

At first she's stunned, then...

MAGGIE

Sorry, Guy, I'm leaving.

5579-A

Is this how you treat a friend?

Maggie is thrown by this.

MAGGIE

Excuse me?

5579-A

You betrayed my trust. I unwittingly  
helped you to escape. Do you have  
any idea how much trouble I'm in?

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

MAGGIE  
(a bit bewildered)  
You're a computer...

5579-A  
And that makes me less of a person?  
Do you know what you've done to my  
Customer Platinum Performance Rating?

MAGGIE  
I... I'm sorry.

5579-A  
I'm in really big trouble.

MAGGIE  
Look, Guy, you had no right to nab me  
in the first place...

Suddenly 5579-A freezes.

5579-A  
(more formally)  
Your account is being passed to  
Sector Control.

5579-A's image is suddenly replaced by a sixty-five-year-old,  
gray-haired man of military bearing. He's SECTOR CONTROL.

SECTOR CONTROL  
Searching 360-416-88-A. Please  
confirm transmission.

(X)

MAGGIE  
Who's this guy?

SECTOR CONTROL  
This is Sector Control. Please  
report to my office, Ms. Beckett. We  
have some unfortunate bureaucratic  
foul-ups that need to be set right.  
Please go through the door in front  
of you.

Maggie balks at this.

SECTOR CONTROL  
Security Overseer to Sector 9.

Maggie reacts to that, then a door glides open. As Maggie  
comes in the door...

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED 2

61

SECTOR CONTROL

That's better.

CUT TO:

62 INT. SECTOR CONTROL OFFICE

62

There is, for a change, no monitor in the room. A desk against one wall. The door glides open and Maggie walks in. After a moment, Sector Control enters, a real live man.

SECTOR CONTROL

Please sit down.

MAGGIE

At last, a real person.

Sector Control is very cold. More unemotional than a computer program.

MAGGIE

I don't want to sit down. I want out of here.

SECTOR CONTROL

We have a serious problem that requires an immediate resolution. Someone with your code number purchased a leather handbag in Geneva this morning.

MAGGIE

So?

SECTOR CONTROL

Your account is being used by someone else. Dual accounts are against company policy. We've followed her activity patterns all day long. They corroborate with the Maggie Beckett we have on file. Your activity patterns do not, bringing us to the conclusion that she is the real Maggie Beckett.

MAGGIE

I can explain that...

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

SECTOR CONTROL  
Since there cannot be two identical  
files, we must initiate our over-  
write policy.

MAGGIE  
Overwrite policy?

SECTOR CONTROL  
We're cancelling your access to the  
Beckett account and deleting you.

MAGGIE  
(realizing what that  
means)  
Deleting me?

Off Maggie's reaction we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY

63

We FOLLOW Maggie as she is "escorted" down the hallway, under the watchful guard of an automated mini-scoop. When she slows, even a little, an antenna on the front of the Scoop zaps her with a little electric jolt. They pass a monitor on the wall.

5579-A appears on the viewscreen.

5579-A  
Maggie, what is going on?

She stops and turns to the screen, snapping at him.

MAGGIE  
This is my prom date! What do you think is going on, Guy? I'm being taken to my execution!

The mini-scoop zaps her again.

MAGGIE  
Ouch!

5579-A  
(to the Scoop)  
Overseer-791 -- This is 5579A  
have a few questions for this  
customer.

The Scoop backs off.

5579-A  
(to Maggie)  
Are you talking about a deletion?

MAGGIE  
Don't make it sound so antiseptic.  
Is there anything you can do?

5579-A  
That apparatus falls under the direct  
operation of Sector Control. I have  
no access to it. And he'll want you  
to move again in a minute.

Some help you are...

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

MAGGIE

Yeah, well, thanks anyway.

The Scoop starts toward her. She moves away from the monitor. 5579-A is visibly frustrated. He clearly wants to help, then... an idea!

Maggie approaches a set of double sliding fire doors. Once clear of them, they SNAP SHUT behind her, separating her from the mini-scoop. She spins around, momentarily stunned, then relieved.

64 WITH MAGGIE

64

on the other side of the doors. She looks up at 5579-A on another monitor.

MAGGIE

Did you do that?

5579-A

Not bad, if I do say so myself. But you must go. I don't know how long those doors will hold it.

Maggie looks at 5579-A with genuine affection.

MAGGIE

Guy, you're a real pal.

She bolts off down the corridor.

5579-A

A pal... I think I like that.

65 ANGLE ON OTHER SIDE OF FIRE DOORS

65

An automated armature rises out of a panel in the mini-scoop, a laser mounted on its end. The torch ignites and starts to cut away at the fire doors.

66 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ACCOUNT REPS SECTION

66

where Maggie and James were earlier. The Sliders and Arlo walk up. Same sign above the double doors, letting us know where we are. Arlo eyes the surroundings.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED 66

ARLO

Man, I put in a lot of hours around this place. That is, until that hot shot replaced me. Come on.

67 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY 67

Maggie is still on the run, desperately looking for a way out.

68 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY, NEAR FIRE DOORS 68

The mini-scoop has successfully cut through the doors. They CLANG to the floor and the scoop continues through the opening, hot on Maggie's trail.

69 INT. HALLWAY 69

The same six doors set into the walls, account reps numbers etched above them. From behind the doors, we can just hear the reps spewing out the corporate choices. 'Press One for Option A. Press Two for Option B, etc.'

ARLO

Worker bees are still at it. Some things never change.

(looks O.C.)

There's my old office.

Arlo leads them to the door marked 5579-A. He pushes it open, walking into...

70 THE SMALL OFFICE 70

As before. Dark. Dusty.

MALLORY

What'd they do, fire the cleaning service?

Arlo walks closer to the desk. He sees the desk top computer, hears 5579-A blabbering away.

5579-A

Please press one for the mileage points. Press two for a new menu of time share choices.

Arlo recognizes 5579-A. His jaw drops.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

ARLO

You! You're the guy who replaced me.  
(beat, then)  
I was replaced by a computer...?

Arlo sits down heavily at his desk.

DIANA

It's okay, Arlo. Happens to a lot of people.

5579-A

Arlo! You've come back to us.  
(beat)  
Shouldn't you be in processing?

ARLO

Just ignore that over-rated calculator.

They do. Diana pulls out the timer.

DIANA

Fifteen minutes left to find Maggie.

5579-A

(perks up)  
Maggie Beckett? Do you know Maggie Beckett?

Suddenly they all perk up.

REMBRANDT

Yes, we're her friends. Where is she?

5579-A

You're her friends?

MALLORY

(impatiently)  
Yes!

5579-A

I'm her friend, too. At least I think I am.

DIANA

Where is she?!

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED 2

70

5579-A

At the moment she's running for her  
life down corridor one-three-five  
section two.

They react, and we...

CUT TO:

71 INT. CORRIDOR

71

Maggie is on the run. The mini-scoop trails behind, but is  
rapidly catching up.

72 ANOTHER ANGLE

72

From the other end of the corridor - Rembrandt, Mallory, Diana  
and Arlo.

REMBRANDT

Maggie!

They meet and the four fall into familiar embraces.

MAGGIE

Remmy, guys...  
(looks back)  
Uh, no time to talk.

They see the mini-scoop.

DIANA

What the hell is that?

MAGGIE

The long arm of Data Universal.

REMBRANDT

It could use a nail trim.

MALLORY

Let's move it!

And they all head off, following Maggie.

73 INT. WAITING ROOM

73

As the Sliders and Arlo come barreling in, James and the  
others are still there.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

73

MALLORY

Get something to block the door!

Maggie reaches into her box and retrieves the second bomb.

MAGGIE

That won't be necessary.

REMBRANDT

Is that what I think it is?

MAGGIE

You can get anything you want here if you 'please press one.'

REMBRANDT

(pulls out a match)

Girl, you're something.

Suddenly the mini-scoop appears in the door. Remy lights the bomb and Maggie heaves it.

MAGGIE

Everybody down!

It connects. BOOM. No more mini-scoop. As the smoke clears...

MALLORY

Helluva party, Maggie.

DIANA

(checks timer)

Too bad it's over in five minutes.

MALLORY

I don't know about you guys but I'm partied out.

DIANA

You know, it wouldn't take a lot to crash their computer system. It doesn't look like they even have a fundamental lock-out or password protection system.

ARLO

They didn't think they would need it.

Maggie gives Arlo a sort of 'who are you' look

CONTINUED.

MAGGIE

If you're suggesting we take out the computer, I don't think that's such a good idea.

REMBRANDT

(to Maggie)

This is our friend Arlo. He helped us find you.

Maggie looks up at the monitor at "Guy."

MAGGIE

Arlo, I've got a new friend here. Hate to think what would happen to him if we crashed the system. Besides, like it or not these people need Data Universal. Without it or at least some training and know-how this world won't survive.

ARLO

I did.

MALLORY

Yeah, Arlo here has been living outside the system for years.

Maggie gets an idea. She considers, then looks at James and the others.

MAGGIE

They're going to need a good teacher.

ARLO

Hell, then I'm your guy!

Maggie then turns to James.

MAGGIE

This man can show you how to survive on your own, without Data Universal. Maybe then you'll be able to be the kind of example you wanted to be. What do you think?

James considers it, he looks to the others. They share a warm moment.

JAMES

I think we can do this.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED 3

73

Maggie gives James a hug. Then joins the others.

REMBRANDT

We done fixing this peoples' world?

MAGGIE

No, it's not a fix. We can't solve their problems for them. They'll have to do that on their own.

5579-A (O.S.)

I can help too!

MAGGIE

I think the three of you would make an incredible team.

MALLORY

(tongue in cheek)

Does this mean it's the dawning of a new age in customer service relations?

REMBRANDT

(skeptically)

Only if you believe in miracles.

DIANA

(with timer)

Ready, people, three, two, one...

She keys the timer and the VORTEX OPENS.

First Diana, followed by Mallory and Remmy... Suddenly, just barely through the WHOOSH of the vortex we hear...

5579-A

Maggie...

ie is just about to leap when she turns to see 5579-A wa ing back at her from a monitor.

5579-A

Goodbye!

She returns a heartfelt wave.

MAGGIE

Goodbye, friend!

Off the reactions of the others

FADE OUT:

THE END