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SLIDERS

SUMMER OF LOVE

Written

by

Tracy Torme'

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SLIDERS

"Summer Of Love"

TEASER

1 INT. BENNISH LIVING ROOM - DAY

1

MACE MOON (O.S.)
Help! Somebody help! I'm being
robbed!

(X)

FADE IN ON MACE MOON

a hyperactive guy with wild eyes and a crew cut, pacing in front of his store logo: a man in the moon face with a big open mouth...

MACE MOON (CONT'D)
You know me - Mace Moon, The
Moonatic - owner of Moonatic
Electronics --

- PULL BACK TO SEE that his image is on a TV SCREEN.
JAPANESE SUBTITLES quickly flash across the screen as he roars on...

MACE MOON (CONT'D)
-- and my prices are so low, you
customers are STEALING ME BLIND!!

- ANGLE TO INCLUDE BENNISH, the deadhead physics student (Quinn's friend and Arturo's nightmare). He's sitting on the couch, absently fiddling with a Rubic's Triangle while watching The Moonatic's high blitz commercial.

MACE MOON (CONT'D)
I'm the Moonatic! Don't be a
lunatic! Come and steal from me
today!

THE COMMERCIAL ENDS AND WE SEE A STATION IDENTIFICATION:

This is CHANNEL 73, THE JAPANESE CABLE STATION, and Bennish is checking out his favorite new cult show, SUMO WRESTLING FROM TOKYO. As two massive sumos collide, Bennish is surprised by the sound of SOMEONE RAPPING ON THE FRONT -DOOR.

Bennish moves to answer it, executing a final twist of the Rubic's Triangle - leaving it perfectly solved - then tossing it into a corner where a dozen other cubes, octagons, etc. have been identically conquered.

2 EXT. FRONT LANDING - DAY - THREE MEN AND A WOMAN 2

all Secret Service types, are standing on the front landing as Bennish answers the door. They are momentarily surprised by his appearance - Bennish looks more like a quintessential deadhead than a brilliant astrophysicist to be.

Agent HAROLD YENN, 45, an Asian-American with a baritone voice and an incredibly non-emotive face, does the talking...

YENN
Conrad Bennish Junior?

BENNISH
Maybe. Who wants to know?

Yenn flashes some ID - Bennish is royally impressed.

BENNISH (CONT'D)
Whoa! What're you guys doin' here?
(suddenly paranoid)
Hey if it's about that bong I just bought, I thought it was a plant holder. Honest.

Yenn exchanges a stone-faced glance with COPELAND, the pretty, no-nonsense female agent, then turns his gaze back to the stony physics student...

YENN
Come with us.

3 INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT/LABORATORY - DAY - ANGLE ON BENNISH 3

following Yenn and Copeland down the stairs and into Quinn's "batcave." There is great activity here, as other government types move about the room, cataloging written notes and using Geiger counters to check for trace radiation and invisible electromagnetic fields.

Bennish is thoroughly buzzed by the sophisticated scientific equipment Quinn has sequestered. He moves about the lab like a kid in a candy store, largely ignoring the frenetic activity of Yenn's colleagues.

YENN
Mr. Bennish?

Bennish doesn't even hear him, too busy scoping out the huge cryogenic Dewar in a far corner of the room.

YENN (CONT'D)
Mr. Bennish.

Bennish finally reacts.

3 CONTINUED

3

YENN (CONT'D)
Would you please have a seat?

Bennish nods happily and crosses the room to Quinn's leather chair. He plops down and begins to spin in circles, giddy at just being here. Yenn and Copeland wait impatiently for the spinning to stop... but it's not about to, anytime soon.

COPELAND
(hushed)
This guy's a genius? You sure we got the right Bennish?

YENN
How many Conrad Bennish Juniors could there possibly be?

Yenn nods at a waiting agent, who dims the lights and projects an image of Quinn (recent driver's license photo) on the wall in front of Bennish (who finally stops revolving).

YENN (CONT'D)
(from notes)
Quinn Mallory, advanced physics student, specializing in super string theory. Your friend and classmate, correct?

Bennish nods, throwing up a clenched fist of friendship. QUINN'S IMAGE is replaced by a somewhat ghastly driver's license photo of Arturo.

YENN (CONT'D)
Professor Maximillian P. Arturo, University of California, noted international physicist and expert in the fields of Cosmology and Ontology.

Next comes Wade's DMV photo - she looks happy and cheerful in a goofy "I just got my license" sort of way.

YENN (CONT'D)
Wade Kathleen Welles, Quinn's co-worker. Currently attending North Shore Junior College, majoring in extemporaneous poetry and prose.

BENNISH
You gotta love it, Dude. A chick with a poetic lick.

(X)

3 CONTINUED (2)

3

YENN

These three people have been missing since Tuesday, Mr. Bennish! And we have reason to believe a fourth individual may also have disappeared.

A dated production still of Rembrandt appears, taken on the set of a teenage dance show back in the late 70's. The words Soul Explosion appear on the wall of the set behind him.

YENN (CONT'D)

Rembrandt Brown, also known as The Cooking Man --

COPELAND

-- Crying Man --

YENN

(shoots her a look)
-- Whatever. A neighbor claims to have witnessed a screaming person, fitting his description, drive a red Cadillac into a huge blue whirlpool that emanated from this house. She says... well she says it "vanished like a ghost."

BENNISH

Cool.

YENN

Brown was last seen heading to Candlestick to sing The National Anthem... but he never arrived.

COPELAND

Huey Lewis had to be brought down from the stands to take his place.

Bennish grimaces.

YENN

If you have any information regarding these events you'd better speak up now.

BENNISH

Look, I don't know anything - the cute little poet, the Cryin' Dude, never saw 'em before in my life.

CONTINUED

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3 CONTINUED (3)

3

YENN

(leaning in)

But you do know about the bridge.

Yenn nods and a snippet of Quinn's September video diary appears on the wall: a highly excited Quinn is pacing before the camcorder, having just returned from red light/green light world...

QUINN

Incredible. Just last week, Conrad Bennish and I were discussing the Einstein-Rosen-Pudalski Bridge...

and now... I've crossed it!!

(laughs, almost delirious)

I mean, I've really crossed it!!

Upon hearing this, Bennish reacts, getting to his feet, riveted to the now frozen image of Quinn on the wall.

BENNISH

Is that possible? He'd need to maintain quantum coherence over a macroscopic, compact region of time and space.

He glances at the agents for confirmation - they have no idea what he's just said but they're impressed - the space cadet's powerful mind is kicking in. Yenn places a hand on Bennish's shoulder, searching his eyes with intensity.

YENN

The bridge, Conrad. We need to know. What is it?

BENNISH

(still reeling)

It's a hypothetical thing. A connecting point between universes.

(closes eyes, intense)

If they've crossed the bridge - if that's why they're missing - it means they may've journeyed to a parallel Earth! Good Christ, that's unreal.

Bennish moves toward the wall, spiritually speaking to the image of his former classmate, Quinn Mallory...

BENNISH (CONT'D)

Man, I am insanely jealous. Wherever you are right now Quinn...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

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3 CONTINUED (4)

3

BENNISH (Cont'd)
(big sloppy grin)
... I just know you're having the
time of your life!

SMASHCUT TO:

4 EXT. CITY STREET/DOWNTOWN SAN FRAN - DAY - CLOSE ON QUINN 4

lying chest down on asphalt: he's just landed with a heavy thump. He GROANS as he slowly gets to his feet.

WIDEN ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE OTHER SLIDERS, also recovering from a rough landing. Arturo is in a bad mood, wincing as he prods the side of his chest.

QUINN
What's the matter, Professor?

ARTURO
You kicked me in the ribs, that's
what's the matter! Next time you
slide, watch where you flail!

Rembrandt is looking around, weakly trying to sound hopeful.

REMBRANDT
This could be home... right?

They all take in their surroundings. Definitely San Francisco, small business district - but something is wrong.

WADE
Then where is everybody?

There are no people, no traffic sounds or urban rumble, just THE EERIE MOAN OF THE WIND whistling through empty rafters. Some store windows are broken, others hastily boarded up. Apparently, everyone left town in a hurry.

QUINN
Well... look at the bright side.
At least it's peaceful and quiet.

He glances at the wounded timer - it is smoking and hot to the touch, its insides half turned out.

QUINN (CONT'D)
The timer needs a rest and so do
we. Maybe we could find a place to
lie down, we haven't slept in --

CONTINUED

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4 CONTINUED

4

He is interrupted by the ominous revving up sound of A HUGE CITY WIDE SIREN that blares across the empty cityscape like an air raid warning. AN AMPLIFIED VOICE, grim and foreboding, rings out from unseen speakers on nearby rooftops...

WARNING VOICE

Ten minutes to zero! There are now ten minutes to zero! The Swarm is approaching from the south! If you have not evacuated the city...

REACTION SHOTS of QUINN, ARTURO, WADE and REMBRANDT, staring off toward the southern horizon... instinctively dreading whatever it is that's coming their way...

WARNING VOICE (CONT'D)

... may God have mercy on your soul.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN ON:

5 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - ANGLE ON THE SLIDERS

5

worriedly watching a TV through the broken glass of a partially looted storefront window - we see that the store is called Moonatic Electronics.

- ON SCREEN: a helicopter shot of the city taken from a safe distance. THE REPORTER'S VOICE can be heard above the high-pitched whine of the rotary blades.

CNN REPORTER

The Swarm is reaching the outskirts of the deserted city. Given the massive devastation in Southern California, it's hard to imagine anyone would be foolish enough to venture within a hundred miles of this place.

(X)
(X)

ARTURO

(kicking the set)

Of course! Who else could possibly be here but us? The Happy Wanderers, that's what we are!

- ANGLE ON THE TV SCREEN where the diagram of a hideous little creature is on display. It has the striped, tapered, green and black body of a wasp, with eight spindly legs dangling underneath its wings. In the air it flies like a racing bumble bee - on the ground it creeps like a spider.

CNN REPORTER

The South American Spider Wasp is a hybrid creature created in a Venezuelan lab, as a potential form of pest control. A queen escaped from the compound in 1987, and in just eight short years, the swarm she fostered has moved two thousand miles north, cutting a path of death and destruction in its wake.

The Sliders are speechless, horrified. Rembrandt is especially nervous, scoping the sky from horizon to horizon.

CNN REPORTER (CONT'D)

With a wingspan that can reach up to a foot --

CONTINUED

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5 CONTINUED

5

REMBRANDT

-- Don't tell me that!

CNN REPORTER

-- barbed stingers filled with venom, and an immunity to pesticides, the Spider Wasps have yet to be slowed.

ARTURO

(wiping brow)

We'd better get indoors.

CNN REPORTER (CONT'D)

And their ability to eat through walls renders most buildings extremely vulnerable to attack.

REMBRANDT

That does it! Oh that just does it!
(pacing, to Quinn)
Now listen up! I - WANT - TO - GO HOME. You dig what I'm sayin'? Home. Now. Let's go.
(off Quinn's look)
Okay fine, forget home, let's just leave here!!!

WADE

What's gotten into you?

REMBRANDT

(in her face, tense whisper)

I hate spiders! I'd rather face a vampire after I cut myself shaving than have to deal with a spider!

WADE

But these are more wasp than spider.

REMBRANDT

That supposed to make me feel better, girl? That these spiders can fly and sting my head off?!

ARTURO

(rubbing neck)

I'm uh... not too fond of wasps myself. Got stung in the ear once, looked like Ross Perot for a week.

It's clear from the professor's uncomfortable glance at the sky that he's just about as scared as Rembrandt.

CONTINUED

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5 CONTINUED (2)

5

A frowning Quinn holds up the smoking timer, shaking his head.

QUINN

This thing is on its last legs, we
have to let it cool off --

He cuts off, swiveling his head toward a DRONING, BUZZING SOUND that is coming from the south. Arturo and Rembrandt are literally frozen - Wade, who is not afraid of bugs in the least, speaks to Quinn calmly, resolutely.

WADE

The timer may be messed up, Quinn...
but we gotta go.

Quinn takes a deep breath... closes his eyes... listens to THE COMING BUZZ... and finally nods, reluctantly. Greatly relieved, Arturo and Rembrandt step back and allow Quinn to point the device out into the middle of the street.

He is trying... but the gate is very slow in forming. As Quinn increases the power, the timer expels ominous black smoke and makes alarming GRINDING NOISES.

Quinn keeps at it. THE DRONING BUZZ is getting louder and louder, ominously closer by the second. Rembrandt, Wade and Arturo continue to scan the sky, terrified of what's about to appear over the tops of the nearby buildings.

The gate is forming... forming... but at a terrible cost to the smoking device. THE DRONING is incredibly loud now, an angry aggressive sound made by millions of beating wings.

At last, the gate fully forms. Arturo and Rembrandt bolt for it - then freeze, realizing how this looks. With a nervous glance at the sky, they each step back and allow Wade to Slide through first.

The second she's gone, Rembrandt pushes past Arturo.

REMBRANDT

Banzai!!

He dives in after her. THE DRONE is very near and getting nearer, rattling windows and shaking the rafters of nearby buildings. For a moment, the Professor is mesmerized by the coming sound - literally frozen with fear. Snapping out of it, Arturo is about to enter the gate... when it abruptly closes.

ARTURO

Good heavens! Do something Mr.
Mallory!

CONTINUED

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5 CONTINUED (3)

5

Quinn is frantically trying to reopen the gate. The Swarm must be very close now.

Arturo reacts, stiffening as if he'd seen the devil himself - Quinn dares a quick glance over his shoulder to see what the Professor sees...

THEIR POV

the front edge of the massive Swarm is becoming visible above the buildings across the street. Clustered tightly together in one dark body, at first glance it looks like the head of a huge black snake.

CLOSE ON QUINN

forcing his intense attention back to the timer, ignoring his pounding heart and the angry earth-shaking BUZZ that's causing the hair to stand on the back of his neck.

TIGHT ON THE TIMER

smoking badly and making INTERNAL CRUNCHING SOUNDS as Quinn's hands manipulate its controls at breakneck speed. Finally, the familiar beam shoots out and the gate begins to reform.

THE FRONT EDGE OF THE SWARM

sees the two men in the street - the coiling snake reacts - a few thousand spider-wasps jet over the buildings and down toward Arturo and Quinn.

ARTURO

knows it's going to be close - he can hear the HIGHER PITCHED FRENZIED ATTACK BUZZ given off by wasps that are scant yards away and closing! The gate is whole again - Quinn dives into it, Arturo right behind. Three spider-wasps streak in after them before the gate closes up!

6 EXT. THE VOID - POV SHOT

6

as we race through the mind-bending, multi-colored tube, heading for...

7 EXT. THE COMMUNE - DAY - WADE AND REMBRANDT

7

land in thick grass, near a beautiful grove of trees.

- ANGLE ON THE EDGE OF THE NEARBY GROVE where three hippie types have witnessed the arrival with wide-eyed wonder.

CONTINUED

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7 CONTINUED

7

SKIDD is tall and slender, with long, curly dark blond locks and beard - FLING is a pretty, waifish, mystical Latina - SEEKER is an East Indian with wavy black hair and a crisp British accent.

Awestruck, Skidd speaks to the others, a giddy smile flashing across his lean, bearded face.

SKIDD
Killer-groovy. The Prophets have arrived - all our problems are solved.

8 EXT. SMALL URBAN PARK - DAY - THE WHIRLPOOL FORMS

8

Quinn pops out of it, skidding across a patch of ground that is oozing mud from a recent heavy rain. He looks back to see Arturo emerge from the crackling gate - the Professor lands feet first and comes to a thudding stop, sinking down in a mud hole all the way to his knees.

Quinn ducks as two angry, BUZZING spider-wasps streak past, heading off over the horizon. He shakes it off, looking around for Wade and Rembrandt with a sinking feeling in his heart.

QUINN
Oh no... No. We're alone. When the gate closed, it must've shut off the tunnel Wade and Rembrandt were riding -- then we slid down a different path to a different Earth --

(X)

ARTURO
-- Mr. Mallory...

(X)

(X)

The Professor is strangely still, tension etched on his face as he speaks in a tight WHISPER...

(X)

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Could you please have a look at my back?

(X)

Quinn carefully creeps around in a half-circle, positioning himself to see the mud-bound Professor's back. Quinn sucks in his breath at the sight --

QUINN'S POV

a spider wasp is firmly perched near Arturo's tailbone. It slowly begins to creep toward his neck.

THE PROFESSOR shoots Quinn a weak, worried, questioning glance. Quinn nods yes, trying not to panic him.

CONTINUED

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8 CONTINUED

8

ARTURO (CONT'D)
Is it about to do something nasty?
Hurry up and get it off me!

Quinn's mind is racing - he picks up a smooth rock - Arturo looks twice as horrified but Quinn quietly reassures him...

QUINN
Don't worry professor - I was a
quarterback in high school.

Arturo doesn't seem too reassured.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Hold perfectly still.

Quinn takes careful aim... The spider-wasp is almost up to the neck, beating its wings, definitely about to strike...

Quinn rears back and fires!

-CLOSE ON THE ROCK leaving Quinn's hand... tumbling end over end in SLOW MOTION... the slingshot rock used by David... the arrow of William Tell... tumbling... tumbling...

And nailing Arturo with a DULL THUD, right in the head.

9 EXT. THE COMMUNE - DAY - WADE AND REMBRANDT

9

are looking back to the spot where the gate closed up behind them. Wade is saddened to the point of tears.

WADE
They're not coming, Rembrandt. (X)
They never made it through.
(starting to cry) (X)
I promised Quinn that if we ever got
separated while Sliding...I would
look ahead, not backwards. I
promised not to be too sad.
(fights back tears)
I don't think I can keep that
promise.

Rembrandt puts a supportive arm around her - that's when he notices the three hippies approaching. The Sliders disengage as the two young men stop a few respectful feet away, looking at Wade and Rembrandt as if they were Gods.

Fling dares to come a little closer, studying Rembrandt's face with a warm smile, touching his ribbons with sensuous fingers.

CONTINUED

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SKIDD
(eyes shining)
I'm Skidd. This is Seeker and
that's Fling.

REMBRANDT
Fling?

FLING
(dreamy)
Skidd told me I was his latest
fling... so I changed my name to
prove my love.

REMBRANDT
Can you guys tell us where we are?

SKIDD
You're at our commune. Just outside
San Francisco.

REMBRANDT
San Francisco? Man that's a good
start! And what year is it?

SKIDD
1995.

Rembrandt glances back at Wade hopefully; so far so good.

REMBRANDT
Who's the Governor?

SKIDD
Pete Wilson.

REMBRANDT
Yes! And who's President?

SKIDD
(making a face)
Oliver North.

All the air is let out of Rembrandt's balloon. Seeker
respectfully approaches Wade, who is in mourning...

SEEKER
You look tired. Come with us, we'll
take you to a loving place where you
can rest and be refreshed.

Wade shakes her head vehemently, still distraught;
Rembrandt places a gentle hand on her shoulder and speaks
empathetically...

9 CONTINUED (2)

9

REMBRANDT

We sure could use some shut-eye,
Wade. I'll go back and search
Cheney Street in the morning, just
in case.

10 EXT. CHENEY STREET - DAY - CLOSE ON

10 (X)

The storefront window of this world's Mace Moon
Electronics: This Mace is the antithesis of the maniac from
our Earth, complete with pony tail, goatee and ultra
laid-back manner. The man in the moon face logo behind him
is dreamily mellow, and smoking a long-stemmed pipe.

(X)

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the rest of Cheney Street -- it is a
hybrid of 90's technology and 60's sensibilities. Lots of
bright colors, long hair, miniskirts, bell bottoms, floppy
hats and platform shoes, co-existing with modern
architecture and automobiles.

(X)

Psychedelica and miniskirts abound. Most of the populace
are peaceful, with a dreamy, dopey, spaced-out sensibility
- but there's also an undercurrent of turbulence here, as
pro and anti-war factions clash in the streets.

Sign carrying protesters CHANT on a street corner, their
placards reading: Stop The War Now!!... U.S. Out Of
Australia!... Bring The Boys Home... and Support The
Outback Cong.

Quinn ENTERS THE FRAME, walking alongside a highly
irritated Arturo who is holding his aching skull...

ARTURO

A quarterback indeed. What kind of
offense did you run?

QUINN

Wishbone.

ARTURO

Now you tell me.
(grimacing)
Just look at this place! I hated
the sixties when it was the sixties.
Endless babble about free love,
tuning in, turning on, turning over
- irresponsible nonsense!

Quinn leads the suffering Professor into a sidewalk booth
where the sign above the awning reads South San Francisco
Free Clinic.

11 INT. FREE CLINIC - DAY - TIGHT TWO SHOT

11

of Arturo and DOCTOR FREE, the hippy medical man that runs this small streetside infirmary. The doctor is checking out Arturo's eyes with a tiny medical flashlight; Quinn is in the background, using the light of a desk lamp to examine the inner circuits of the badly wounded timer.

DOCTOR FREE

Well now Max... you're one lucky dude. A few more stings like the one on your upper back and you might've been a goner.

(to Quinn)

What'd you say did it?

QUINN

Uh... a raccoon, a wild raccoon in the park. He was trying to feed it, and it jumped on his back and bit him. Er, stung him. That's when he fell and hit his head.

(X)

DOCTOR FREE

(clearly skeptical)

Uh-huh. Well your skull's gonna ache for a day or two, your back for about a week.

ARTURO

(glancing at Quinn)

Marvelous. Something to look forward to.

The doctor turns off the flashlight and begins to bandage Arturo's head.

The Professor notices that instead of plain white tape, the doc is using a psychedelic bandana...

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Don't you have any normal medical tape? Something less ostentatious?

DOCTOR FREE

Nope. Gave all the white stuff to the anti-war folks - our little contribution to stopping the war. I'm sure you understand, brother.

ARTURO

(dry, unsympathetic)

Oh yes. Right on.

12 EXT. FREE CLINIC - DAY - THE TWO SLIDERS

12

exit the clinic and are walking together up the tumultuous street.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

We have to face facts lad - Wade and Rembrandt are most likely on another Earth.

(glances around, dry)

And they have no idea how much I envy them.

The frustrated Professor's mood is becoming increasingly foul as he glances around at the longhairs and counter-culture crowd. His funk is exacerbated by an anti-war protest they walk past, featuring three people wrapped up in white medical tape like mummies. Arturo can't resist barking at one of them...

(X)

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Take that tape back to the clinic!
What if someone's hit in the head with a rock?

13 INT. COMMUNE/MAIN TENT - NIGHT - THE TENT

13

is lit by candles and features a picture of President North turned into a bulls-eye target. Members of the commune are spread out on the floor, waiting for the word from the just arrived Seeker, Skidd, and Fling. They include a black man wearing tinted sunglasses called TREMELO, and a gaggle of pretty young waifs, FLOWER, DEXX and FAITH.

SKIDD

The prophecy has been fulfilled.

TREMELO

Which prophecy this time, man?

SKIDD

The one we've been waiting for.

TREMELO

There's quite a few that fit that category. Didn't you say the world was gonna end last Friday?

SKIDD

Hey, this time I'm right on the money. I'll just let the music do the talking.

Skidd puts on a CD. A raspy-voiced TROUBADOUR is singing a Dylanesque folk-rock song in the Woody Guthrie tradition.

CONTINUED

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TROUBADOUR (SINGING)
 The Gods will come down from the
 sky Just two months after July
 In the summer of love
 They'll descend from above
 And men will no longer die
 And our brothers will no longer die

SKIDD
 September. Down from the sky. What
 more do you want?

FLING
 It's true Trem, we all saw it, the
 three of us.

Everyone's impressed by this - believing the flighty Skidd
 is one thing, but Fling and Seeker are not to be
 discounted.

TREMELO
 Okay... so we got two unearthly
 prophets disguised as humans
 sleepin' in our tents. What're we
 supposed to do when they wake up?

SKIDD
 Act normal, but keep your eyes and
 ears open. Every word they utter is
 bound to have profound multiple
 meanings.

REMBRANDT (O.S.) (X)
 You girls are blowin' my mind! Am I (X)
 dreaming, or what?

14 OMITTED 14 (X)

15 INT. REMBRANDT'S TENT - MORNING - TIGHT ON THE CRYING MAN 15

lying on his back, eyes closed, smiling blissfully.
 FLOWER, DEXX and FAITH, the three lovely waifs, are in the
 tent, having brought early morning gifts for the Prophet.

Faith anoints his forehead with a gentle cloth... DEXX
 pours him a steaming cup of herbal tea... Flower gently
 hand feeds him grapes... and Fling enters the tent,
 bringing him clean clothes...

REMBRANDT
 Do you ladies know me? I mean, is
 that why you're doing all... this?

Fling kisses his hand, and looks at him with worshipful
 eyes.

15 CONTINUED

15

FLING

Skidd recognized you the moment you landed. When he told us who you were, we nearly dropped to our knees.

Rembrandt sits up, highly pleased.

REMBRANDT

Damn! I wasn't sure The Crying Man had made a mark in this world - but now I see I had nothing to worry about!

(contented smile, lies
back down)

You may continue.

The waifs resume soothing, stroking and serving.

16 EXT. THE COMMUNE - MORNING - ON REMBRANDT

16

dressed in boots, black jeans, a turtleneck and a suede tasseled jacket. As he strides across the grounds, commune members all acknowledge his presence with respectful smiles, and half-bows. Rembrandt happily basks in the adoration, whose roots he has totally misinterpreted. The newly arrived "prophet" approaches Seeker and Skidd...

REMBRANDT

When my companion wakes up, tell her I've gone into town to look for... well, our other companions!

SEEKER

Then... there are more of you?

REMBRANDT

Two more, but they're probably stuck on another world. I know that must sound crazy --

SEEKER

-- Oh no, makes perfect sense. Your kind travel from world to world.

(half-bow)

We'll tell her. We'll always do whatever you say.

REMBRANDT

Man, I wish all my fans had that attitude. Say Skiddman... can I catch a ride into town?

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

16 CONTINUED

16

SKIDD

Sure. Unless you'd rather take one of our cars yourself.

REMBRANDT

How many cars you got?

SKIDD

Nine.

REMBRANDT

(surprised, quietly)

Are they stolen?

SKIDD

(laughing)

Hardly. Seeker's father owns half of India; he donated the cars and the mansion to us. The main house is just over that hill: eighty-five rooms.

REMBRANDT

Well I'll be damned. So you guys are rich!

SEEKER

(half-bowing)

We may be into Mother Earth and spiritual values... but we're not stupid. Wall Street has loving things to say as well.

17 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DAY - CUT TO REMBRANDT

17

at the wheel of the commune car of his choice: a convertible Cadillac, colored a deep Jimi Hendrix purple. He's cruising Cheney Street, keeping an eye out for Quinn and Arturo as he stops at a red light. NATIONAL NEWS is playing on the radio.

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)

President North called the massive peace demonstrations "anti-American" in nature and denied reports that the war has spilled over into New Zealand. And on a campaign stump through the south, Vice-President Gingrich spoke of the need to win the "hearts and minds" of the Australian people.

(X)

The light changes and Rembrandt drives off. PAN OFF THE CADDY AND ONTO A BAKERY SHOP where a grungy-looking Quinn and Arturo exit, munching on danish and sipping hot coffee. Quinn scans the street but the Caddy is already a half block past and neither side sees the other.

18 INT. CADDY - DAY - REMBRANDT IS CRUISING 18

concerned about the missing Sliders, but still enjoying the car, the blue sky, the feeling of freedom. The setting brings back memories; he drives on, relishing the sun-splashed realities of the summer of love in this San Francisco.

Rembrandt's attention is captured by a street corner sign: Camden Drive. He slows, drawn to it like a magnet... and makes a left turn onto Camden.

19 EXT. CAMDEN DRIVE - DAY - REMBRANDT PULLS TO THE CURB 19

on this quiet, middle-class street. His eyes are drawn to a small house on the corner, where the front door is open and some kind of gathering is taking place.

Rembrandt exits the car and slowly walks toward the house, seemingly mesmerized by the nostalgia surging through him. TWO LITTLE GIRLS, identical twins, sit on the stoop of the house next door, watching him with silent curiosity.

REMBRANDT

I used to live in that house, years ago. Seems to be some kinda party going on - you think they'd mind if I had a peek inside?

The girls suddenly recognize him - they jump up and scurry back into their own house, shutting the door behind them.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Uh-huh. Neighborhood's friendly as ever - that's why I moved out!

Rembrandt has a growing sense of curiosity as he moves toward the open door of his old house and quietly steps inside.

20 INT. OLD REMBRANDT HOUSE - DAY - A SOMBER GATHERING 20

is taking place - neighbors, friends and family assembled together in reflections of grief and remembrance. The words Farewell Rembrandt have been strung along the wall like a macabre birthday greeting.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE REMBRANDT realizing that he has just walked in on his own funeral.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN ON:

21 INT. REMBRANDT'S OLD HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY 21

The Crying Man is watching the goings on in the living room from the edge of the kitchen - no one has seen him enter. SHARON, a woman in black whose face is hidden behind a veil of mourning, is speaking to the gathered group, her voice quivering with emotion.

SHARON

When the telegram arrived, saying Rembrandt was missing in action and presumed dead... my whole world collapsed. But thanks to you - his family and friends - Rembrandt Junior and I will find a way to go on. Somehow.

ANGLE ON REMBRANDT

who has tears streaming down his face like mini-waterfalls, deeply touched by witnessing his own eulogy.

SHARON (O.S., CONT'D)

Rembrandt was a good father, a loving husband, and most of all... the best friend anyone ever had.

The Crying Man nods though his tears - he couldn't agree more.

Then, he notices the cold cuts and donuts stacked on the counter nearby. He begins to raid the plate, still intently listening to the tribute to his memory.

SHARON (CONT'D)

You got anything you'd like to add, Cezanne?

She's speaking to a short, middle-aged guy with hip clothes, a mustache and a moderate Afro. This is CEZANNE BROWN, Rembrandt's brother. He steps forward and clears his throat.

CEZANNE

For those of you who do not know me, I am Cezanne Brown, Rembrandt's big brother. And I'd like to think that somewhere up there, Remmy can hear what we're saying.

(X)
(X)

CROSSCUT TO REMBRANDT

halfway through a massive jelly donut, wiping away tears and nodding agreement.

CONTINUED

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21 CONTINUED

21

CEZANNE (O.S., CONT'D)
And I'd just like him to know, that
I forgive him for all the times
he's let me down.

Rembrandt freezes in mid-bite.

SHARON
I'm sure we all feel that way.

The crowd MURMURS AGREEMENT. Rembrandt downs the last half of the donut with a severe frown - is this supposed to be a tribute to his memory or what?

CEZANNE
Truth is, Rembrandt was always
jealous of me 'cause I was the
achiever in the family.

REMBRANDT
(wolfing a cold cut)
Give me a break.

Cezanne is into melodrama now, hanging his head and wiping at dry eyes.

CEZANNE
Could I help it that I was born the
better athlete, the better student?

SHARON
(comforting him)
It's not your fault, Cezanne.

REMBRANDT
(steamed)
It's not true either.

CEZANNE
Y'all know that Remmy liked his
music - even thought of making it a
career at one time. Could I help
it that the Lord blessed me with
more musical talent?

Rembrandt nearly chokes on a slice of ham. He speaks up, he simply can't help it...

REMBRANDT
Musical talent?! You couldn't carry
a tune if it was strapped to your
back!

The whole room turns to look at Rembrandt and everything comes to a halt as if in an E.F. Hutton commercial. Uh-oh.

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

21 CONTINUED (2)

21

Rembrandt holds perfectly still, the half-eaten cold cut in his hand, realizing what he's just done.

Soon he is mobbed by family and friends, who think a miracle from God has occurred. Rembrandt is nervously looking all around, shaking his head, trying to say it's not him, but the outpouring of joy is overwhelming.

He looks up to see the woman in the black veil approaching slowly, her face still hidden. The joyful crowd parts to allow her direct access... she lifts the veil revealing a beautiful early middle-aged face. Rembrandt is amazed...

REMBRANDT

Sharon? Wow... it's really you.

Initially, Sharon seems more stunned than happy. Then, she composes herself, and finds some emotion...

SHARON

My love, you've come home to us.
It must be... a miracle from God.

She hugs him as A CHEER goes up from the gathered crowd. Rotund little REMBRANDT JUNIOR tugs on her skirt...

REMBRANDT JUNIOR

Since Dad's not really dead, can we eat now?

Rembrandt is taken aback, but her son's dispassionate reaction seems quite normal to Sharon.

SHARON

Of course you can, sugar. Everyone,
dig in - this is no longer a wake,
it's a celebration!

(X)

ANOTHER CHEER and Rembrandt is swept up in the boisterous crowd, many of whom are racing for the deli platter - he has no opportunity to tell them they've got the wrong man.

22 EXT. CHENEY STREET - NIGHT - QUINN AND ARTURO

22

are strolling Cheney street in the heart of hippiedom, looking for their friends, just in case. But deep down, each feels its pretty hopeless. Both men's clothes are wrinkled and half-coated in mud from the landing; this helps each fit in with the surrounding hippies, especially the Professor with his beard and multi-colored headband.

They pass by two cops on horseback who look them over with disdain, especially Arturo.

CONTINUED

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FIRST COP

Christ, even the older generation's dropping out. What's this world coming to?

Irked at being singled out as "old," Arturo looks over his shoulder, glowering at the mounted policemen.

FIRST COP (CONT'D)

What're you lookin' at, dropout?
Clean yourself up and get a job!

That does it - Arturo spins and walks back toward them, pointing an angry finger...

ARTURO

I have a job! I am Regent's
Professor of cosmology and ontology
at California University!

FIRST COP

(laughing)
Yeah, and I'm Snoop Hippie Dogg.
Quit trippin', Grandpa, and get
movin' before I haul your ass down
to the station.

Arturo is about to really let him have it, when Quinn intervenes just in time, dragging him away before his mouth can get them in more trouble.

They come upon A SHORT-HAIRED YOUNG MAN in suit and tie, passing out leaflets in support of the war. Quinn is stunned!

QUINN

Bennish! It's Bennish, Professor!

ARTURO

Good Lord, so it is. And I can
actually see his ears!

(X)

As the conservative looking Bennish hands them each a pamphlet, it's obvious he does not recognize the Sliders.

BENNISH

I'm Conrad Bennish Junior, president
of the Young Republicans For The
War. Remember gentlemen, conformity
and patriotism are not dirty words.
Take pride in the love of God and
country!

(X)

Quinn and Arturo can only exchange stunned glances, they don't know what to say.

22 CONTINUED (2)

22

Quinn checks out the pamphlet which reads: SUPPORT HONEST OLLIE NORTH! GIVE OR COMFORT NOR QUARTER TO THE OUTBACK CONG! BRING BACK THE CAPITOL GAINS TAX AND PRAYER IN SCHOOLS! MAKE AMERICA GREAT AGAIN!

Dazed from meeting Bennis's polar opposite, the two Sliders continue on, stopping by an alleyway. Quinn has been steadfastly working on the insides of the timer, now he closes the lid and points it toward the mouth of the alley...

(X)

QUINN

It's time for a test.

Quinn pushes the button. Nothing. Not even a whimper. The Sliders exchange worried glances - Quinn reopens the device and makes more adjustments as Arturo leans back against the alley wall, arching his aching back.

Soon he is approached by A BLACK RADICAL with a huge Afro, cool psychedelic garb and mirrored shades, who is attracted to the Professor like a moth to flame. The stranger slowly circles the indignant Arturo, checking him out.

RADICAL

You the man?

ARTURO

Obviously I am a man.

RADICAL

Wanna fly?

ARTURO

I flew yesterday thank you. In ways you can't begin to imagine.

This impresses the radical. He steps back, looking at Arturo with new found respect.

RADICAL

Killer-groovy. I'll be watching you, slick.

The radical circles the frowning Arturo one more time, then moves on down the block. The mud-stained Professor goes to Quinn, who is looking increasingly grim. Quinn shuts the device, looks up at his mentor and shakes his head...

QUINN

It's what I was afraid of. The second stage micro-processor chips are fused beyond repair. Bottom line - the ability to create the gate at will is gone. History.

CONTINUED

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22 CONTINUED (3)

22

A Honda Prelude full of hippies drives by - they are hanging out the windows, HONKING THE HORN and HOWLING at the sky.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Better get used to this place Professor. Looks like we may be stuck here. Forever.

MOVE IN ON ARTURO horrified by the prospect.

23 REMBRANDT'S OLD HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - THE FUNERAL

23

has become a celebration. Someone is PLAYING PIANO in a raucous, ebullient style - guests are happy, people are rejoicing in the miracle they've witnessed.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CEZANNE IS ABOUT TO SLIP OUT

the kitchen door, when Rembrandt catches up with him.

REMBRANDT

That was quite a speech.

Cezanne privately grimaces, then turns wearing a huge grin.

CEZANNE

Hey now, I was just jivin'! I knew you were there all the time.

(X)

REMBRANDT

Don't sweat it, Cezanne. I'm not offended 'cause I'm not really your brother.

(confidentially)

You see, I came here from another dimension, a whole 'nother planet. That woman in there, Sharon? I had the biggest crush on her in high school, but I never had the guts to ask her out. Now, we're married, and she worships the ground I walk on!

CEZANNE

You sure we're talking about the same Sharon?

REMBRANDT

This is paradise, man! I've got a nice house, a devoted son - Rembrandt Junior, I couldn't have chosen a finer name! This is the life I was meant to live: it's all clear to me now.

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

CONTINUED

CEZANNE

So... what're you sayin'?

REMBRANDT

I'm sayin' that I'm STAYIN'! I always dug the sixties groove, now I can start my musical career all over again! I tell you I'll be bigger than I ever was back home.
(frowns, thoughtful)
If such a thing's possible.

Cezanne's frown slowly turns to a huge grin as he wags a finger at The Crying Man...

CEZANNE

I get it now, you trippin'! Other dimension - you had me goin' for a second, Remmy!

(cracking up)

You came back at the perfect time to be groovin', my man. It's a time of living free and fighting the powers that be! And the women? Let me tell ya, they're all so --

(X)

Cezanne cuts off - Sharon has just entered the kitchen. She shoots Cezanne a suspicious glance, he smiles sheepishly and slips out of the room.

Sharon moves to Rembrandt, slinging her arms over his shoulder and clasping her hands behind his neck. Rembrandt looks into her eyes and SIGHS: this is like a dream come true.

REMBRANDT

Did we go to the prom together?

SHARON

Don't you remember? You asked, I said no. I barely knew you were alive back then.

REMBRANDT

(sighing)

Some things never change.

SHARON

It took ten long years of nagging before I'd even go out with you. Whatsa matter honey, something wrong with your memory?

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED (2)

REMBRANDT
 (running with it)
 Yeah, that's right. I uh, lost some
 of my recall. Temporarily.

SHARON
 (eyes narrowed)
 How convenient.
 (whispers in his ear)
 I know you've been foolin' around on
 me over there. But tonight, I'm
 gonna remind you what home cookin'
 is all about.

Off Rembrandt's raised eyebrow reaction, we

CUT BACK TO:

24 EXT. CHENEY STREET - NIGHT - ON QUINN AND ARTURO 24

who have been using a bus stop bench as a work bench. Quinn has partially disassembled the timer - Arturo sits next to him, scouring the rental section of a local L.A Weekly style paper.

ARTURO
 Alright, so the timer is useless in
 its current condition, but hope is
 still alive. Are you familiar with
 Alexander Helix? (X)

QUINN (X)
 Yes... Yes! The Helix Spiral -- I
 see where you're going. (X)

ARTURO (X)
 It would seem prudent to put our
 collective genius together if we
 ever want to get out of here. Are
 you game? (X)

QUINN
 Of course. I'll do whatever it
 takes to get us home.

ARTURO
 Good man. We'll need a place to
 hole up while we figure out the
 numbers. Given our current state of
 near poverty, I suggest a loft would
 suffice. Here, I believe this one's
 walking distance.

He indicates a newspaper ad he's just circled in the rental section. Quinn reads it out loud...

24 CONTINUED

24

QUINN

Furnished loft for rent on monthly basis. No pets, radicals, draft dodgers, musicians or other counter-culture types allowed. Must be clean-living, drug-free and patriotic.

(wry grin)

Well... I guess what they don't know won't hurt 'em.

25 INT. THE LOFT - NIGHT - TIGHT ON MRS. TWEAK

25

a feisty sixty year old who looks like she'd bite the head off a chicken.

MRS. TWEAK

Ever spit on the flag?

WIDEN ANGLE to include Quinn and Arturo and the "furnished" second story loft (the place is bare save for a rollaway bed, a small table, a mini-fridge and an alarm clock).

ARTURO

Certainly not.

Her eyes snap to Quinn.

QUINN

I'd never do a thing like that.

MRS. TWEAK

How do you feel about the war?

QUINN

We don't follow it much. We have no opinion.

MRS. TWEAK

I see... so you'd have me believe you're real non-politico types, eh?

She's eyeing them up and down, really scoping their muddy clothes and Arturo's psychedelic headband.

MRS. TWEAK (CONT'D)

I won't allow any sympathizing with The Outback Cong under my roof, understood? This fight ain't just about the damn Aussies! If South Australia falls, it's just a hop, skip and jump to our shores.

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

25 CONTINUED

25

QUINN

We can't have that - boomerangs and kangaroos everywhere, what a nightmare!

Quinn flashes Arturo a private smile, but the quip goes over like a lead balloon with Mrs. Tweak.

ARTURO

Excuse my kid brother - his sense of humor takes a little getting used to.

MRS. TWEAK

Brother?

(to Quinn)

I thought you said he was your father?

ARTURO

Uh yes, I am. Good old sunny boy. Had him when I was very young - my promiscuous youth and all that, you know how it is.

Her arms are folded now, her face a grim mask - she definitely doesn't know how that is. Arturo and Quinn are heading downhill fast...

ARTURO (CONT'D)

What I meant was... we're so close we're just like brothers. Strong family values, that's us.

Quinn and Arturo are trying to look innocent and sincere; Mrs. Tweak is eyeballing them through ultra suspicious pupils.

MRS. TWEAK

LISTEN UP... I'm gonna rent to ya for a week, on a trial basis. And it's only because the last two that applied were a rock drummer and a nudist - compared to them, and only them, you two might be okay.

(X)

QUINN

Don't worry, Mrs. Tweak, we're A-OK, right Dad?

Arturo's look shows just how much he dislikes that term, as we

CUT TO:

26 INT. CHENEY STREET/PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

26

CLOSE ON MRS. TWEAK surreptitiously placing a call, her eyes riveted on the nearby loft she's just rented out. We hear an AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE coming through the receiver.

AUTOMATED VOICE

This is the FBI informant line.
Thanks to President North's
Emergency War Powers Act, we are now
accepting reports on anti-social
behavior that may threaten the
stability of our nation, If you
have such information, you may leave
it at the tone.

The TONE BEEPS and a worked up Mrs. Tweak is off and running.

MRS. TWEAK

This is Mrs. Ezra Tweak again - I've
just rented my loft at 14 Bell
Street to two subversives! They
paid in cash, lied about who they
were, and referred to "a future plan
of action."

A dopey long-haired hippy knocks on the glass door,
indicating he's in a hurry to place a call. Mrs. Tweak
pulls a gun and points it at him - he throws up his hands
and hightails it out of there. She stuffs the snub-nose
back in her purse and continues, barely missing a beat...

MRS. TWEAK (CONT'D)

I believe they've come to kill the
President, who is visiting our city
this weekend. As a concerned
citizen, I urge 'round the clock
surveillance followed by direct
intervention.

MOVE IN ON MRS. TWEAK, her suspicious eyes gleaming...

MRS. TWEAK (CONT'D)

I think you'll have to bring these
two in... dead or alive.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN ON:

27 EXT. THE LOFT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT 27

taken in the still of the night. Light flickers from the second story loft window.

28 INT. THE LOFT - NIGHT - ARTURO IS WORKING HARD 28

on a makeshift blackboard that is densely covered in scientific equations and electronic schematics. The board is illuminated by a half dozen candles. An exhausted Quinn is sleeping on the rollaway in the background.

Arturo takes a moment to ponder a particularly challenging part of the equation, then attacks it with vigor. He is interrupted by the sound of THE ALARM CLOCK GOING OFF at 4 a.m. sharp - he kills the clock and wakes a sluggish Quinn.

ARTURO

Four a.m. old boy, your turn at bat.

(big yawn)

I'm afraid we have some serious number crunching ahead of us - the schematic elements are extremely complex and will require many hours of brain power before we reach a satisfactory conclusion.

They change places, Quinn rubbing his eyes and moving to the blackboard as Arturo lies down on the rollaway.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

(exhausted)

Don't forget to wake me at seven... We need to buy food and clothes in the morning.

Quinn nods, forcing his mind back to life as he examines the blackboard and picks up right where Arturo left off.

29 EXT. REMBRANDT'S OLD HOUSE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING 29

30 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM - MORNING 30

The bedroom door opens and Rembrandt steps into the hallway, looking like he's had the most draining night of his life.

He staggers toward the kitchen, rubbing his neck, arching his back, trying to get his lopsided hair back in place.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS - REMBRANDT

is muttering to himself, eyes down, as he moves to the refrigerator in a zombie-like fashion...

REMBRANDT
Lord, Lord, Lord... that woman is
hell on wheels. If she says "one
more time" one more time, I'm gonna
--

He cuts off when he spots Rembrandt Junior sitting at the kitchen table, eating cereal and staring at Rembrandt in stoic silence. An embarrassed Rembrandt immediately tries to put a different spin on things...

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Hey Junior! I was just uh,
commenting on what a wonderful woman
your mom is.

REMBRANDT JUNIOR
Save it. We both know the score.

Rembrandt frowns at the boy's caustic remark, but quickly blows it off.

REMBRANDT
Yunno... I always wanted to have a
son just like you. A chip off the
old block.

Rembrandt frowns again, as he peers into the refrigerator - it is pathetically bare except for beer and leftovers.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Looks like Mom's gonna have to do
some shopping.

REMBRANDT JUNIOR
Who you kiddin'? Now that you're
home, you'll be doing all the
shopping. No man on Earth's as
whipped as you.

REMBRANDT
What?
(laughing)
I see you've got my keen sense of
humor, too --

REMBRANDT JUNIOR
-- And you'd better fix her coffee
and clean up the house before she
wakes up. She'll kick your ass but
good if you don't get to it.

CONTINUED

It's beginning to sink in -- dealing with Rembrandt Junior will be a unique challenge. (X)

REMBRANDT

Son... we'd better have a talk.
Maybe you've spoken to your father
that way in the past, but it isn't
gonna fly anymore --

Sharon calls from the bedroom.

SHARON (O.S.)

Rembrandt! Bring me my morning
coffee. And make sure it's hot!

Rembrandt looks at Junior - the boy flashes an "I told you so" look, then busts up, enjoying the moment. Junior rises, patting Rembrandt on the back as he exits the room... (X)

REMBRANDT JUNIOR

Better get on that coffee, Jack., if
you plan on keepin' your Huevos. (X)

- ANGLE ON THE CRYING MAN, now alone in the kitchen and beginning to have second thoughts about "paradise". Sharon enters the room in a bathrobe, arms crossed, totally in control...

SHARON

Alright, you've had your day of fun.
Don't think that being home means
you got time to be lazy. I've got a
list of chores for you, so you
better get hopping! (X)

31 INT. COMMUNE/MAIN TENT - MORNING - WADE IS SITTING 31

inside the big tent, wearing a colorful change of clothes and picking at a variety of health foods that have been laid out before her for breakfast.

The hippies are gathered around, watching her eat with rapt attention, waiting breathlessly for any pearl of wisdom she might toss their way. Wade looks back at them, amused and confused...

WADE

So... you want me to tell you
where the universe ends? (X)

They nod expectantly: Skidd and Seeker have notepads, ready to write down her answer. She shrugs and offers a flippant, joking response...

CONTINUED

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31 CONTINUED

31

WADE (CONT'D)

I don't know... just past Mars I guess.

Seeker and Skidd huddle excitedly, the other hippies lean in to hear their WHISPERED analysis.

SKIDD

Do you realize what she's saying?
The universe only reaches to Mars,
the rest of the galaxy must be a
cosmic illusion! Fantastic!

Wade is watching their huddle with a slight frown - she shakes her head and goes back to eating. The huddle breaks and all eyes are on her once again...

TREMELO

Who really killed JFK?

WADE

It was Nixon, if you ask me.

SKIDD

I knew it.

(X)

SEEKER

What happens when you die?

WADE

(shrugging)

Can't say. I've never died.

They huddle - more urgent WHISPERS.

SEEKER

She's immortal!

SKIDD

Of course she is. I could've told you that!

Fling notices that Wade is staring off toward the opening in the tent...

(X)

FLING

You seem troubled, Mistress.

(X)

(X)

WADE

Rembrandt said he'd be back soon,
and it's been a day now. But...
he's a Gemini, so you never know.

FLING

Gemini? What is that?

CONTINUED

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31 CONTINUED (2)

31

WADE
 It's his sign.
 (no reaction) (X)
 You know, like I'm a Virgo and my
 friend Quinn's a Libra. I miss him
 so much...

She fights off more tears by zeroing in on the hippies as they look at one another, having no idea what she's referring to.

WADE (CONT'D)
 No astrology on this world?
 Well...I guess we've got some (X)
 catching up to do.

32 SCENE OMITTED

32

33 INT. THE LOFT - DAY - ARTURO IS AWAKENED

33

by the sound of Quinn's arrival. The Professor glances at the clock, surprised to see it's a quarter after one.

QUINN
 Rise and shine, Professor. I've
 brought breakfast.

Quinn is laying bags and cartons down on the solitary table. He hangs his head for a moment, and SIGHS... (X)

QUINN (CONT'D)
 Spent the whole morning looking for
 our friends. No go. (X)

Noting his former student is now dressed in clean Levi's and a long sleeved white shirt with a black corduroy vest, Arturo rises with a GROAN and checks out the bag of groceries.

ARTURO
 Hmm... peanut butter, Ritz crackers,
 Oreos and Hawaiian Punch. Wolfgang
 Puck you're not.

QUINN
 Beggars can't be choosers. We're
 not exactly rolling in dough you
 know.
 (hands Arturo a box)
 I bought us some clothes at a second
 hand store - took a guess at your
 size. You can change in the
 bathroom if you want.

34 INT. REMBRANDT'S OLD HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

34

An irked Rembrandt is vacuuming the rug, muttering to himself.

REMBRANDT

Paradise huh? I didn't come ten zillion light years to become a house boy! The next time she walks in I'm gonna give her a piece of my mind, I really am --

REMBRANDT JUNIOR

(entering the room)

-- You missed a spot. Mom's not gonna like that.

REMBRANDT

Don't worry about it! And who was that at the door?

An anticipatory smile crosses the little brat's face.

REMBRANDT JUNIOR

Army telegram. Took it to Mom first - wanna see?

Junior hands Rembrandt the recently crumpled telegram.

- ANGLE ON THE TELEGRAM as Rembrandt READS ALONG...

Dear Mrs. Brown... Pleased to inform you that Sergeant First Class Rembrandt Lee Brown, 42nd infantry, has been rescued from the Outback. Sgt. Brown is resting comfortably in a Melbourne hospital, and is expected to fully recover. He will be contacting you shortly, sincerely, Lieutenant William A Calley, United States Army.

REMBRANDT JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Mom's in the bedroom, loading up.

Rembrandt's mind is spinning - he becomes uncomfortably aware that Junior is grinning again.

(X)

REMBRANDT

You said... loading up?

REMBRANDT JUNIOR

Right on. Now that she knows you're an imposter, she's gonna teach you a lesson. Soon as she finds some more bullets for her handgun.

35 EXT. REMBRANDT'S OLD HOUSE - DAY - ON REMBRANDT

35

bursting out the front door and sprinting to the Cadillac in a dead panic. We can hear Sharon shouting from the house...

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

35 CONTINUED

35

SHARON (O.S.)
Get back here! Gigolo! Imposter!

REMBRANDT
(leaping into car)
Man, the other guy was better off
dead!

Rembrandt starts her up - Sharon bursts out the front door in a robe and curlers, wielding a mean looking Saturday night special. As Rembrandt pulls away, she takes dead aim. He ducks down, driving up the street with his head in his lap.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND SHARON

as she empties the gun at the Caddy, which is serpentineing up the block. We hear SEVERAL PINGS, as bullets find their mark against purple metal... until at last, Rembrandt skids around the corner and races to safety.

36 INT. THE LOFT - DAY - QUINN IS SPREADING PEANUT BUTTER 36

on a cracker as he speaks to Arturo, who is changing in the bathroom.

QUINN
Found out what this war is all
about.
(eats a cracker)
Seems the U.S. lost the battle of
the Coral Sea during World War Two,
and the Japanese invaded Australia.
When the Nazi's surrendered, the
Russians joined the Pacific war and
"liberated" North Australia - but
they never gave it back. The
country's been divided ever since
and now the north's attacking the
south --

He cuts off as Arturo exits the bathroom: Quinn unsuccessfully tries to stifle a LAUGH.

The Professor's new attire includes dark orange bell bottoms and a Ravi Shankar Indian tie-dye shirt.

ARTURO
I suppose this was your idea of a
joke, Mr. Mallory?

(X)

QUINN
I think you look very cool,
Professor - ultra-hip, if you will.

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

ARTURO

Yes, I'm sure you do. Don't you think it's time we returned to the equation?

QUINN

Oh I've solved that.

ARTURO

(crestfallen)

You're joking. Already?

QUINN

It wasn't that hard - the important thing is I've got good news. There is a window of opportunity, a precise moment when we can access the gate --

Quinn halts, hearing the sound of HEAVY RUNNING FOOTSTEPS rushing up the stairs. Before the Sliders can figure out what's going on, the door to the loft is violently kicked in and FOUR FBI AGENTS (the same ones who visited Bennish on our world) burst into the room.

All four draw guns and drop into firing positions, aiming the deadly barrels directly at Quinn and Arturo. Female agent Copeland, obviously in charge on this world, puts the gun barrel up against Quinn's throat...

COPELAND

You just hold still kid. If you move a muscle... I'll have to blow your head off.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN ON:

37 INT. THE LOFT - DAY - THE FEDS

37

are clustered around the equation - Arturo watches from a spot near the front door, Quinn is perched by the window ledge.

ARTURO

Have you people ever heard of a search warrant?

COPELAND

(preoccupied by the equation)

We've heard of it, but we don't need one. President North's new law gives us alot more latitude with the likes of you. Thank God we finally have an honest man in the White House.

(to Yenn, indicating equation)

Any idea what they're trying to cook up?

(X)

YENN

Could be some kind of elaborate pipe bomb.

ARTURO

Oh how infantile! A pipe bomb's child's play compared to this.

They turn and look at Arturo with interest - he realizes that didn't come out the way he intended. Meanwhile, Quinn finds himself absently attracted to a familiar singing voice faintly coming through the window from the street below.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)

... Gonna cry like a man... hard as I can...

Quinn's face lights up - he spots someone stopped at a red light.

38 EXT. STREET NEAR LOFT - DAY - REMBRANDT IS IN THE CADDY

38

stopped at the light, singing with grim conviction.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

And if you had a heart... maybe you'd start... to un-der-staaand

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

38 CONTINUED

38

The light is about to change: he doesn't see Quinn waving his arms from a second story window across the street.

39 INT. THE LOFT - DAY - ON QUINN

39

QUINN

It's The Crying Man! He didn't see me - I've gotta stop him!

YENN

You're not going anywhere, son.

Arturo reacts quickly, snatching the gun from one of the other agent's side holsters. The Feds are suddenly at gunpoint - Quinn is shocked and excited by Arturo's bold act.

ARTURO

Hurry up boy! Go get him!

Quinn hurries out the door and down the stairs. Arturo is getting a little nervous, realizing what he's just done...

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Now... if you would all kindly slide me your guns... and lie face down on the floor.

40 EXT. STREET NEAR THE LOFT - ON REMBRANDT

40

as the light turns green and he accelerates away, still SINGING to himself. ANGLE FROM IN FRONT OF THE CADDY as Quinn sprints out of his building and runs after the car, waving his arms and YELLING for The Crying Man to stop.

The steaming, preoccupied Rembrandt simply doesn't see him, and is about to turn a corner and head out of sight... when at last he spots a crazy man in his rearview mirror, pinwheeling his arms and acting like an idiot.

REMBRANDT

Speaking of tripping, look at that fool. There oughta be some kinda law -- (sudden realization) WAIT A MINUTE! IT'S Q-BALL!

Rembrandt slams on the brakes and throws the Caddy in reverse, screeching to a stop ten yards in front of Quinn.

He jumps out and the two reunited Sliders embrace in the street.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Where's the Professor?

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

As if on cue, Arturo bursts out of the loft, running after them, still wielding the agent's gun.

ARTURO
Hurry up, get back in the car!

Scant seconds later, the Feds also exit the building, sprinting after him.

Rembrandt jumps behind the wheel, Quinn and Arturo dive into the open back seat - Copeland and Yenn have retrieved their guns, they OPEN FIRE. Rembrandt is driving and ducking, as bullets whiz past the accelerating purple vehicle.

REMBRANDT
Seems like you two make friends
wherever you go! Why am I not
surprised?!

The Caddy screeches around the corner at breakneck speed and gets away - for the moment.

CADDY RIDE OMITTED

EXT. EDGE OF COMMUNE - NIGHT - THE CADILLAC

screeches to a halt on the outskirts of the commune grounds.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)
Man, that is the last time I do a
good deed. The Crying Man gave that
woman his all, and look at the
thanks he got.

Rembrandt kills the engine, and the Sliders rapidly exit the Caddy.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
(wagging finger at
Quinn)
And I'm sick of being shot at, by
the way. Let's just get that clear!
(relaxing sigh)
Now, what's all this about the
timer?

Quinn explains as the three men hurry across the rolling commune grounds.

QUINN
It's badly damaged. We can't open
the gate at will anymore. So the
Professor and I did some calculating
based on The Helix Spiral --

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

-- Felix who?

QUINN

Helix. It's a ten-dimensional form of Witten's index theorem.

REMBRANDT

Oh. That.

QUINN

It suggests there will be a single window of opportunity on each Earth we visit. A moment in time when the weakened powers of the gizmo will still allow us to access the gate.

ARTURO

The window he's referring to will be different on each Earth - mere minutes till it arrives on some, up to several months on others.

REMBRANDT

So you're saying we may have to wait months on some of these worlds before we can try and get home again?

ARTURO

Correct. We've re-rigged the timer to serve as a countdown device, telling us how long till the window on each Earth we visit.

REMBRANDT

What if the window comes and goes and we never access the gate?

ARTURO

I'm afraid it's 29.7 years to the next opportunity. So that's a mistake we can not afford. We must always be sure to be together at the appointed time... or else.

QUINN

We're lucky we didn't miss the window on this world.

He shows Rembrandt the timer: it reads 8 MINUTES, 16 SECONDS, and counting. The Sliders come to a stop as Flower, Fling, and Seeker race up to them, throwing themselves on the ground before Rembrandt in worshipful fashion.

(X)
(X)

41 OMITTED (SCENE IS CONTINUOUS)

41

REMBRANDT
 (to Sliders, hushed)
 These people are all huge fans of
 mine. Don't be surprised by how
 much they love me.

FLING
 Welcome back, my Lord.

ARTURO
 Oh that's a little much, don't you
 think?

Rembrandt doesn't mind it at all.

REMBRANDT
 Seeker my man, why're you crying?

Seeker looks up, tears on his cheeks - we can see a little
 green ram has been painted on his forehead (Fling has a
 blue bull, Flower an orange crab).

SEEKER
 These are tears of joy, master. I'm
 an Aries, the best sign of the
 zodiac. And I'm not worthy of it...
 I'm just not worthy.

QUINN (X)
 (to Fling, with (X)
 urgency)
 Can you tell us where to find Wade?

FLING (X)
 Mistress Wade is with Skidd. He's
 been drafted, and she's spiritually
 advising him on what to do. (X)

42 INT. MAIN TENT - NIGHT - ANGLE ON WADE

42

sitting Indian style in front of Skidd, as Dexx, Faith and
 Tremelo look on. Each of the hippies now has a zodiac
 symbol painted on their forehead.

WADE
 It's an undeclared war, a war run by
 politicians playing for a stalemate.
 It's likely to go on without
 resolution for a long time and a lot
 of good people are going to be
 killed.
 (deep breath)
 I'm not advising you not to go, I'm
 just urging you to follow your
 conscience.

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

42 CONTINUED

42

QUINN (O.S.)
How 'bout that, fellas. Leave the
girl alone for a day or two and she
becomes a full-fledged guru.

Wade stops breathing - it takes a moment to realize who
that voice belongs to. She spins, sees her fellow Sliders,
and leaps to her feet, embracing Quinn with total
unrestrained joy. She holds him tightly, as if afraid to
ever let go again.

43 EXT. COMMUNE GROUNDS - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS

43

are preparing to attempt to open the gate.

ARTURO
That was very irresponsible advice
Miss Welles. You know little about
this war, you should stay out of it.

WADE
Some truths are universal. If we
can bring a few of the things we've
learned on our world to parallel
cultures, I say go for it. We can't
just Slide from place to place
aimlessly, we have to get involved.

Arturo is surprised when she punches him in the arm - it's
mostly playful, but there's a message behind it.

WADE (CONT'D)
And don't tell me what to do. I'm
not your student.

The indignant Professor is rubbing his arm and preparing to
give her a piece of his mind, when Quinn steps in.

QUINN
Save it, you two. Let's concentrate
on the job at hand.
(opens timer)
My calculations had better be
correct. If not, we're on the FBI's
most wanted list.

Quinn checks the timer - when the counter reads ZERO, he
points the device toward open space and presses the button.
To his great relief, the gate begins to form.

WADE
What are our chances of getting
home?

CONTINUED

Prepared by Earth Prime

QUINN

No one knows how many parallel Earths there are. There may be six, six hundred, or six million.

REMBRANDT

Well then, if it's six, home's just around the corner.

WADE

And if it's six million?

No one wants to answer that question. Just then, the hippies arrive, out of breath and anxious.

Skidd has something to say, but he and his cohorts are mesmerized by the forming gate. Finally, he snaps out of it...

SKIDD

I don't know if this concerns you, but The Feds are here, and they're coming this way.

The Sliders exchange worried looks. The gate is still forming... forming... Quinn spots the four Feds on a nearby hill, sprinting toward them.

Finally, the gate is fully formed. Quinn must RAISE HIS VOICE above the din...

QUINN

Let's do it!

The hippies are standing several feet away, staring at the swirling blue/white gate in awe. Rembrandt waves to them.

REMBRANDT

Stay cool y'all - Great car, sorry 'bout the bullet holes.

The hippies GASP collectively as Rembrandt leaps into the void. Quinn and Arturo glance at the agents who are closing fast, then each man dives in and the hippies OOH and AHH once more.

Wade is alone now, the hippies flock to her, gently touching her hair and hands, urging her to stay... (X)

HIPPIES (OVERLAPPING)

Don't go, Mistress... Stay with us... Don't ever leave. (X)

WADE

I have to, you guys. But thanks
for everything, and remember... all
you need is love.

HIPPIES (IN UNISON)

(singing it)

Love is all you need.

Wade stares into the heart of the swirling vortex, her eyes
shining, excited by the possibility of going home. She's
about to leap in --

COPELAND

Freeze!! Hold it right there!

The agents have her in their gunsights, but they can't help
but be amazed and distracted by the swirling blue gateway.
Wade takes advantage of this, winking at Skidd and leaping
into the void before they can react.

The gate continues to pulsate and swirl for several seconds
before shrinking to nothingness, and leaving everyone
momentarily speechless.

An irritated Yenn, still reeling from what he's just
witnessed, notes that Seeker has just given a beaming Skidd
a high-five.

YENN

What're you so happy about?

SKIDD

I always said your kind would try to
arrest God if you had the chance.
(gleeful laugh)
And you just proved me right!

44 SCENE OMITTED

44

45 EXT. CHENEY STREET - NIGHT - WADE IS THE LAST

45

to exit the gate. She tumbles onto the sidewalk, landing
next to her three companions, as the gate closes up behind
her.

STAY TIGHT ON THE SLIDERS as they touch one another,
making sure everyone is okay; they are all still decked out
in sixties gear.

Quinn is checking the timer - the others join him, all eyes
anxiously watching the dial, which is spinning like a slot
machine. At last the counter stops on 48 MINUTES, 11
SECONDS and counting...

QUINN

Forty eight minutes to the next window. Unless... unless this is home.

STILL TIGHT ON THE SLIDERS as they scope out the place... Everything is deathly quiet, save for a far off RUMBLE that sounds like DISTANT THUNDER.

WIDE ANGLE to reveal the Sliders are back on Cheney Street. The buildings look pretty much the same, but once again there is an eerie absence of pedestrians and street traffic. Not a creature is stirring.

REMBRANDT

(spotting something)

Hey! I think I know where we are!

He moves to the picture window of Moonatic Electronics, nestled on the north side of the street, right where it should be. The man in the moon face has been recently redrawn - it is now under water, eyes closed, tongue hanging out of its mouth as if it had drowned.

The others join him as he indicates a ton of graffiti all along the abandoned buildings and shop windows

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Just look at all those Jewish stars. This must be the Israeli planet!

ARTURO

(worried frown)

Those aren't Stars of David, Rembrandt. They're pentagrams.

Rembrandt's weak smile is replaced by a weak-kneed frown as we WIDEN ANGLE to reveal several pentagrams scrawled in red alongside a couple of screaming skulls. Some of the accompanying script seems to signify a graffiti-bound battle between pro-God and pro-Satan forces: Doomsday... The black hour of judgment is at hand... R.I.P.

Mother earth... God is crying, the Earth is drowning... Repent... 666... Prepare to meet your maker!

Meanwhile, the DISTANT RUMBLING is getting steadily louder.

(X)
(X)

WADE

This doesn't look too promising, does it?

(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT

Are you kidding? East St. Louis is the French Riviera compared to this berg!

ARTURO

Do you hear that rumbling noise? It's coming this way, from the west.

REMBRANDT

Well, whaddya say we just wait right here? Whatever it is, it'll be here soon enough.

The other three are staring him down - they want to see what's causing it. Rembrandt SIGHS irritably, then reluctantly nods - the four Sliders head down the street in the direction of THE GROWING RUMBLE. Rembrandt is spooked and grumbling, getting himself all worked up...

REMBRANDT

Maybe the folks who live on these worlds know we're coming. Maybe that's why the city keeps gettin' deserted. Maybe they're afraid you're gonna zap 'em with the gizmo like you did to me --

He cuts off as the Sliders round a corner and freeze in their tracks. They are looking to the west, and whatever it is they see has them absolutely paralyzed, with a mixture of wonder, awe and terror.

Rembrandt starts crying, his voice a tiny squeak...

REMBRANDT

There's something y'all should know.

CUT TO THEIR POV: an incredibly monstrous tidal wave, forty stories high, is rolling straight toward them! It is a blue sheet of water that seems to stretch to the sky...

REMBRANDT (O.S., CONT'D)

I can't swim.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

THE END