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"DATA WORLD"

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SLIDERS

"Data World"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 EXT. ABANDONED CITY - DAY (D1) 1

QUINN, REMBRANDT, MAGGIE, and COLIN spew from the vortex and roll to their feet. Rembrandt gets up wincing, holding his side. Colin is close to Remmy and helps him to his feet. Maggie is nearby, Quinn a few feet further away, picking himself off the pavement.

COLIN

You know you really don't have to squeeze them that hard.

MAGGIE

Yeah, Remmy, that's probably why she kicked you.

COLIN

Cows are really quite sensitive.

REMBRANDT

Never again. I was never cut out for farm work. I like my milk in a bottle, and my cow with special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions, on a sesame seed bun.

They look around at the world they've landed in.

2 SLIDERS' POINT OF VIEW - ANGLE ON STREET 2

A desolate, barren, wind-blown, empty place. Very forbidding.

3 THE SLIDERS 3

reacting.

MAGGIE

Great. Another 'Abandoned World.'

Quinn checks the timer.

QUINN

Well, we're only here for eight hours.

MAGGIE

More than long enough for me.

The Sliders cautiously proceed down the street, looking for signs of habitation.

CONTINUED

3 CONTINUED

3

REMBRANDT
Not exactly a population
problem....

COLIN
You ever go to empty worlds before?

QUINN
It happens.

REMBRANDT
They're usually not really fun.

MAGGIE
They're usually not really empty.

As they turn a corner, she sees someone up the street.

MAGGIE
(points)
There's someone.

4 ANGLE UP STREET

4

A female figure is moving slowly away from the Sliders. She moves in a shuffle, head down,, clothes hanging in rags.

5 THE SLIDERS

5

quickly gain on the woman. Quinn makes the approach.

QUINN
Excuse me, ma'am....

The woman turns -- her face is dirt gaunt, her expression is chillingly blank. She turns back and continues shuffling away from them. The Sliders react, puzzled. Colin spots another person across the street.

COLIN
There's someone else.

They cross toward a man who is shuffling along on the other side of the street. Again, head down, clothes in rags. The man turns into an alley. The Sliders follow.

6 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

6

Here are THREE more of the strange, gaunt-faced wretches, who now sense the Sliders and turn toward them, shuffling, slowly, ominously toward the Sliders, moaning incoherently.

7 THE SLIDERS

7

stop and look at the approaching wretches.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

7

QUINN
I think we've landed in 'Zombie
World.'

REMBRANDT
I saw a Michael Jackson video like
this once.

They turn and head away from the shuffling "zombies."

8 ANOTHER STREET

8

The Sliders moving along at a pretty good clip.

QUINN
We'd better see if we can get into
the hotel.

As they move along, more and more of these ragged, shuffling wretches appear at almost every corner, and home in on the Sliders as if drawn by something. It's pretty scary by the time our people get to the front of the hotel and quickly move to the entrance.

9 EXT. CHANDLER HOTEL - ENTRANCE - DAY

9

As the Sliders approach the door they seem to slide right through it, sparkling with a kind of digital energy.

10 INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

10

The Sliders come into the lobby, a little disoriented as to how exactly they got there. They look around. The Chandler on this world is a brightly colored, high-end, luxury hotel filled with brightly dressed, high-end, luxury people.

The Sliders get over their arrival disorientation and look around, very pleased at what they see.

11 EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

11

Four figures are lying on the walkway at the entrance to the hotel. They stir and get unsteadily to their feet.

12 ON THESE FIGURES

12

as they get to their feet. As they turn, we see they look exactly like Quinn, Rembrandt, Maggie and Colin. Their faces are gaunt, expressionless, just like the bizarre, shuffling wretches of this wretched town.

On this bizarre sight, we:

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

13 INT. CHANDLER HOTEL - DAY - CONTINUOUS 13

The Sliders are standing near the entrance to the hotel, looking around, somewhat in wonder, at the opulence of the place in this world, especially compared to the desolation they've just seen on the outside. The people in the hotel are dressed variously: some in resort wear -- tennis outfits, brightly colored (but not garish) golf wear, etc. -- some in casual outfits, and some in dressier wear -- suits, sports jackets, women in skirts and dresses. But they all have one thing in common: they are great looking people in top-of-the-line wardrobe.

MAGGIE

Wow.

COLIN

(looking over his
shoulder)

Whatever those things were out there, they didn't follow us in.

14 HIGH ANGLE DOWN 14

As the Sliders start to cross to the reception desk. This is a grainy, black and white, shot, as if taken from a security camera which pans with our people as they cross toward the desk and are met halfway by a tall, elegantly turned out gentleman -- three-piece Savile Row suit.

15 IN THE LOBBY 15

Back to a normal shot. The tall gentleman is WINDSOR, the concierge.

WINDSOR

Good afternoon and welcome to the Chandler Resort Spa. My name is Windsor. I am the concierge, and I'm here to make your stay as comfortable as possible.

The Sliders are impressed. They follow Windsor to the registration desk. During the following he takes a card from the desk clerk and gets Quinn to fill it out.

QUINN

Well, a room for the night would be great. We're Just passing through.

WINDSOR

Oh, we have your usual suite ready. And, as for just passing through...well...we'll see.

The Sliders react to that.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

15

REMBRANDT
Our 'usual' suite?

WINDSOR
1215, Mr. Brown.
(to Maggie)
Ms. Beckett, I'm sure you'll
appreciate the wardrobe Mr.
Chandler has selected for you.
It's all in your suite.

MAGGIE
Mr. Chandler?

Windsor refers to a framed color portrait on the wall next
to the desk. A smiling man of middle age.

WINDSOR
Archibald Everett Chandler.
Founder, creator, boniface superior
and driving force behind the
resort.

REMBRANDT
(to the others)
All these Chandler hotels, and I
never knew there was a Mr.
Chandler.

WINDSOR
Very much so. Mr. Chandler is a
very hands-on manager I might add,
Mr. Brown.
(turns to Quinn and
Colin)
We also have a full array of
athletic activities and complete
equipment, so you, Mr. Mallory, and
your brother, should have no
trouble staying in peak condition.

COLIN
Wait a minute. How do you know
us?

WINDSOR
What kind of concierge would I be
if I didn't?

QUINN
Now, this is all very nice, Mr.
Windsor, but we're a little short
on cash. If we could just have a
simple room....

WINDSOR
Mr. Chandler wouldn't hear of it.
Your cash is no good here in any
case.

MAGGIE
You mean this is all free?

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED (2)

15

WINDSOR
Nothing in life is free, Ms.
Beckett, but there is no charge for
room, and services in this hotel.
Not in the traditional sense.

The desk clerk hands Quinn a room key. Windsor picks another card from the desk.

WINDSOR
(giving the card to
Quinn)
Here is a copy of our schedule of
activities for the week and on the
back, a list of our rules and
regulations. Can't run a resort
without rules and regulations, now
can we? Enjoy your stay at the
Chandler.

He smiles at them and crosses back to his station. The Sliders look after him a moment, a bit dazzled by all this. Then they head for the bar, Quinn looking over the schedule card.

REMBRANDT
What in the name of James Brown is
going on here?

MAGGIE
Nothing is free, but there's no
charge. What's that supposed to
mean?

QUINN
They've got golf and tennis
lessons, dance classes, virtual
chess and billiards, a lecture on
flora of the Argentine pampas....

Colin is interested in that one.

COLIN
Oh, I've always wanted to go to
Argentina.

16 INT. HOTEL BAR - DAY

16

The Sliders take their seats, still looking around at the upscale clientele, all of whom seem to be enjoying themselves and not paying any attention to our people.

A bartender places napkins. Soon we'll call him JAKE.

JAKE
Your usuals?

The Sliders react to that, look at one another a moment, then.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

QUINN
Why not?

The bartender nods and goes to work. Quinn turns the card over.

QUINN
Now for the rules.
(reads)
Proper dress and decorum in all public places. No belts with suspenders. No bow ties.

REMBRANDT
Pretty specific dress code.

QUINN
(reads)
No bouffant hairdos for the ladies.

MAGGIE
Fine with me.

QUINN
No blue eye shadow.

MAGGIE
(grabs the card)
What?
(reads a few items)
These aren't rules, these are 'pet peeves.' What kind of a place is this?

COLIN
I've been wondering about that since we came in.

REMBRANDT
Speaking of that, do any of you remember opening a door?

QUINN
No. We were out there, and then, we were in here.

Jake is serving up drafts for Quinn and Remmy, a margarita for Maggie, and for Colin, an Old Fashioned.

JAKE
Here we are...
(then, turns back)
Uh-oh, almost forgot the umbrella, Mr. Mallory.

He pops an umbrella into Colin's glass. All are impressed, but still a bit puzzled.

QUINN
Let me ask you something, buddy.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED (2)

16

BARTENDER

Call me Jake.

QUINN

Okay, Jake. Before we came in,
there were some ...people outside,
in the street.

JAKE

People?

REMBRANDT

More like zombies.

JAKE

Oh! The 'Empties.' We call them
the 'Empties.'
(taps his head)
Nothing up here, get it? Nasty
things. Don't worry about them.

QUINN

What happened to them?

JAKE

Oh, who knows? But don't worry.
They won't come in here. Mr.
Chandler has strict rules.

QUINN

(re: the card)
So we see.

Rembrandt takes the card. Reads from it.

REMBRANDT

Do not pop your knuckles. Do not
use the phrase: Yes, but it's a
dry heat.

JAKE

Mr. Chandler has very high
standards.

Jake moves on to another customer.

MAGGIE

Mr. Chandler sounds like a nut.

As Quinn turns to look across the room, he sees someone very
out of place.

17 QUINN'S POINT OF VIEW - ANGLE ACROSS BAR TOWARD THE PIANO

17

There is a small man standing by the piano, his head barely
even with the top of the instrument. Unlike everyone else
in the room, the little man is fully alternative: concert
T-shirt, sneakers, ski hat, backpack. The little man is
looking at Quinn.

18 QUINN 18

at the bar.

QUINN

There's a guy who doesn't follow
the rules.

They all look across the bar.

19 ANGLE ON PIANO 19

No one is there. The little man is gone.

20 BACK AT THE BAR 20

Quinn is puzzled.

QUINN

I saw a little guy over there in a
T-shirt. He had a backpack.

MAGGIE

You're supposed to wait until
after the beer to start seeing things.

Rembrandt looks back at the card.

REMBRANDT

Now, I have no objections to a few
rules. You know, just to keep
everything running right. But
here's one I can't go along with.
(shows the card)
No singing in public places.

Jake has moved back down the bar and has overheard Remmy.

JAKE

That's one of the biggies. Mr.
Chandler has perfect pitch. A
singer just slightly off key is
like nails on a blackboard to him.

REMBRANDT

Well, I've got perfect pitch, too.
Get a load of this:
(sings)
I'm gonna cry like a man... Hard as
I can....

JAKE

No, Mr. Brown...don't....

Rembrandt stops, clutching his throat in terror --

MAGGIE

Rembrandt? Rembrandt?!

Rembrandt falls to his knees, throat gagging, eyes bulging
in terror. All of the Sliders move to help him.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED 20
The other patrons at the bar all draw back as if they fear
Remmy's problem is contagious.
21 CLOSER ON REMBRANDT 21

clawing at his collar. The others are helpless as Rembrandt fights desperately for air. After a horrific moment, Rembrandt's bread suddenly bursts back into him.

QUINN
Are you all right? What happened?

REMBRANDT
(weakly)
Just couldn't breathe....

MAGGIE
Maybe we should go on up to the room.

COLIN
Yes...
(helping Remmy to his feet)
You Can lie down for a while.

Rembrandt gives Jake a look as they turn and head away from the bar.

22 ANGLE - A STRANGE OVERHEAD VIEW 22

looking down on the Sliders as they move out of the bar, Colin helping Rembrandt along. This is a grainy, digital point of view, as if someone is watching on a security camera.

23 ANGLE ON JAKE 23

The bartender watching the Sliders leave.

24 ANGLE ON WINDSOR 24

The concierge at the reception desk keeping a close eye on our people.

25 ANGLE ON PICTURE 25

of Mr. Archibald Everett Chandler on the wall next to the desk. Is it an illusion, or are his eyes also following the Sliders?

CUT TO

26 INT. SUITE - DAY 26

Beginning on a close angle of Maggie running her hands across an array of wardrobe hung in the closet.

MAGGIE
The weren't kidding about the wardrobe. Look at this stuff.

27 ANGLE ON SUITE

27

as the Sliders settle into their usual digs. Remmy is checking out the mini-bar. Colin and Quinn are looking at the television which is running an orientation tape for the hotel, On the screen we see various still photos of the hotel and its facilities. Maggie crosses back over to watch.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
America's software king, Archibald Chandler, had a dream. A dream that advanced technology was the key to a peaceful existence. And now, the result is all around you. Here in the Chandler resort every desire and need is met. No crime...no violence...no unhappiness.

MAGGIE
No blue eye shadow.

Quinn clicks the set off.

REMBRANDT
How much time have we got left?

Quinn pulls the timer from his pocket and looks at it.

QUINN
A little more than seven hours.

Remmy has moved over to the closet to take a look at his wardrobe. He's impressed.

REMBRANDT
Well, at least we're gonna look sharp.

MAGGIE
There is something really wrong with all of this.

COLIN
Have you considered that you might have been in this hotel before, on another slide, and they simply kept records?

QUINN
We've never been here before. I'm sure of it.

He crosses to the windows.

QUINN
Everybody in here is perfect. And everybody out there is 'empty.'

He pulls back a drape and looks out the window, or, rather tries to.

28 ANGLE ON WINDOW 28

It's been boarded up, and plastered over. No window.

29 BACK TO SCENE 29

Quinn reacts to this.

QUINN

Boarded up.

He and Colin quickly move to the other window. Same deal.

MAGGIE

They don't want us to see outside?

QUINN

Or for anyone to see in.

He starts for the door.

QUINN

Remmy, do you remember the way to the roof.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, if it's the same as always.

QUINN

(to Maggie and Colin)
You two wait here. I'm gonna check something out.

Quinn and Rembrandt exit.

30 INT. STAIRWAY 30

Quinn and Remmy climbing up.

QUINN

Why don't you keep an eye out down here. Give me a shout if anybody's coming up.

Rembrandt takes a position on a landing and Quinn goes on up.

31 EXT. CHANDLER ROOF - DAY 31

As Quinn comes out and looks around.

32 QUINN'S POINT OF VIEW - ANGLE DOWN ON STREET 32

We can see a few of the "empties" shuffling along.

33 CLOSE ON QUINN 33

as he spots something on the street.

34 ANGLE ON "EMPTY" 34

A man walking aimlessly along at a slow pace. We MOVE in closer on him and see that this man is QUINN.

35 QUINN 35

on the roof. Reacting to what he's just seen.

QUINN

Oh, my God.

CHANDLER'S VOICE

You look like you have some questions, Quinn Mallory.

Startled, Quinn spins to see --

36 ARCHIBALD EVERETT CHANDLER 36

who stands behind him on the roof. Chandler is dapper, a little professorial in an old-fashioned suit.

In one arm he holds a TOUCH-SCREEN - a device shaped like a flat computer screen with icons and "windows" glowing on the surface. He cradles the touch-screen like an artist's pallet.

QUINN

(pointing to the street)
That thing out there looks like me.
What's going on in this place?

CHANDLER

Allow me to explain. Why don't we talk in my office?

Chandler taps a sequence on the screen of his touch-screen. A strange sound fills the room - like a computerized WHOOSH. The whole scene sparkles with digital energy, and quickly re-assembles into a completely different locale --

37 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 37

Oak desk, leather chairs. Quinn reels at the sudden change of environment, but he fights to control his surprise. He levels his eyes at Chandler.

QUINN

Nothing in this hotel is real.

CHANDLER

I knew you, of all people, would pick up on my little idea quickly. Take a look at your hand.

38 QUINN 38

holds his hand up in front of his face. Amazingly, Quinn's

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

hand also sparkles with digital energy, vanishes, then returns to normal. This time Quinn cannot hide his shocked expression.

CHANDLER

Now, you're part of the Chandler Hotel, too.

Chandler smiles at him in a fatherly way, and on Quinn's thoroughly blown mind, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

39 INT. CHANDLER HOTEL - STAIRWELL - DAY 39

Rembrandt waiting on Quinn. After a moment, he climbs the stairs, impatient.

REMBRANDT
Hey, Q-Ball, what's going on?

40 EXT. CHANDLER ROOF - DAY 40

As Rembrandt emerges and looks around. No Quinn. Rembrandt goes to the edge and looks down into the street.

41 REMBRANDT'S POINT OF VIEW - ANGLE ON STREET 41

Only two or three "empties" are to be seen.

42 REMBRANDT 42

puzzled. He looks around the roof again.

REMBRANDT
Q-Ball? Where'd you go?

He starts for the stairway door.

43 INT. SLIDERS' SUITE - DAY 43

Maggie and Colin have taken advantage of the free wardrobe to change clothes. Each wears something casual and elegant. Maggie is checking herself in the mirror. Rembrandt enters.

REMBRANDT
Did Quinn come back down here?

COLIN
No.

MAGGIE
He's not with you?

REMBRANDT
He went up on the roof to get a look at the situation. I was waiting in the stairs, and when I went up he was gone.

At that moment, Quinn enters, rather breathless and in a hurry.

QUINN
We've got to get out of here.

REMBRANDT
Where have you been?

CONTINUED

- 43 CONTINUED 43
- QUINN
I'm not exactly sure. I'll tell
you what I know, but let's get
going.
- He exits, the others quickly follow.
- 44 INT. CHANDLER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY 44
- The Sliders come down the stairs and head for the main
entrance.
- 45 AT THE ENTRANCE 45
- There are no doors. Behind the drapes Quinn pulls back are
solid walls.
- QUINN
What happened to the door?
- They look around the lobby and bar area. Everything looks
as it did before, several well-dressed folks coming and
going.
- REMBRANDT
Let's try the back way.
- They move into and through
- 46 THE BAR 46
- Quinn tries to explain as they're on the move.
- QUINN
I met Chandler, the guy who owns
this place.
- MAGGIE
On the roof?
- QUINN
No. In his office. I mean he
was on the roof, then we were in
his office.
- They exit through a door at the end of the bar.
- 47 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 47
- A darkened corridor, obviously a backstairs passageway
between the bar and maybe the kitchen.
- REMBRANDT
How'd you get past me on the
stairs.
- QUINN
I think I was 'scanned' past you.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED

47

COLIN
Scanned?

Quinn stops at a door and turns to the others.

QUINN
I don't understand this very well,
yet, but I think we're inside some
kind of computer.

MAGGIE
What are you talking about. We're
in a hotel.

Quinn opens the door and they go through it into...

48 THE BAR

48

Somehow they've one in a circle and come out back where
they started. They pause and look around for a moment.

QUINN
This is weird.

MAGGIE
Let's try the basement. On some
worlds there's an elevator that
goes to the sidewalk outside.

The Sliders move through the bar and around the corner by
the stairs. As they go, Jake the bartender smiles at them.

49 ANGLE ACROSS LOBBY

49

Where Windsor stands by his station, watching the Sliders
with great interest.

50 INT. WINE CELLAR - DAY

50

The Sliders come down the stairs and move across the dark
cellar to another door.

MAGGIE
How can we be in a computer? I
mean we're here aren't we? This
is us, isn't it?

QUINN
Here may only be a virtual here.
And us...well, I don't know yet.

They go through the door and into

51 THE LOBBY

51

again. This time they're over by the piano.

CONTINUED

51 CONTINUED

51

REMBRANDT

How did we get here?

COLIN

We went down stairs over there, but didn't come up any over here.

Quinn is looking around, thinking things over.

QUINN

Somehow this guy Chandler has created an entire virtual environment. And we're part of it.

(turns to the others)

When I was on the roof, I saw myself.

MAGGIE

What?

QUINN

You know what the bartender called 'empties.' Well, I think I'm one of them and you guys probably are, too.

He pulls out the timer.

QUINN

Only six hours to go. But is this really the timer? And is it really counting down to a slide? The real timer could be on my 'empty' somewhere out there, and who knows what the real time is. I can't be sure of anything.

The others have been exchanging worried looks.

REMBRANDT

Q-Ball, we've been through wars and plagues and all kinds of deeply warped experiences, but this takes the cake.

COLIN

Are you sure you're not running some kind of ever?

MAC'S VOICE

Your brother's absolutely right.

52 ADJUST ANGLE

52

to show that the little man in the T-shirt, with the backpack that Quinn saw earlier, is standing near them, concealed from the rest of the area by one of the arch columns. The Sliders look down at him.

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

MAC
The name's Mac. The game's trying
to stay out of Archibald Chandler's
virtual plans.

QUINN
Can you help us? Tell us what's
going on around here?

MAC
I probably could....

Mac peeks around the column, across the lobby.

53 WINDSOR

53

the concierge is coming toward them.

54 BACK TO SCENE

54

Mac slips back behind the column.

MAC
But not at the moment ... The big
Limey's coming. I'll be in touch.

Mac quickly pulls a small key-pad from his back-pack,
something like the one we saw Chandler use earlier, but not
as big and a little battered. He keys in some numbers and
then...digitally vaporizes.

55 THE SLIDERS

55

react to Mac's disappearance, but not for long. Windsor's
there.

WINDSOR
I couldn't help noticing that you
had to satisfy yourselves that
there is no way out.

QUINN
Well, we haven't found one yet, but
we will.

WINDSOR
No one ever has. No one ever will.
Shouldn't you accept that, and
enjoy what we do have here?
(noting Colin's and
Maggie's new outfits)
I see at least two of you are
taking advantage of the amenities.
(to Maggie)
Charming.

QUINN
I don't know the game here yet, but
(MORE)

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

QUINN (CONT'D)
I can tell you we don't want to play.

WINDSOR
Don't decide that quite yet. A game is probably just what you need. Mr. Chandler would like you to join him in his office. He'll be able to answer any questions you may have.

He starts away. After a pause, the Sliders follow.

56 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE - DAY

56

The Sliders are sitting or standing around Chandler's big desk. Chandler sits in a big easy chair, rocking back and forth. His manner is quite avuncular.

CHANDLER
As your friend Quinn is beginning to realize, this hotel is a digital representation. A sophisticated computer environment. Everything you see exists only as data, not matter.

QUINN
Tell them the good part.

CHANDLER
The same applies to yourselves.

MAGGIE
Meaning what?

CHANDLER
When you came through the entrance into the lobby, you were scanned in. Your neural patterns were translated into binary code. Your bodies were measured and digital models were automatically rendered. You exist in the same way as this hotel exists.

REMBRANDT
We're computer programs?

Quinn has moved across the office to study a large computer screen, It displays a half-finished chess game. He looks at the pieces as the others talk.

CHANDLER
Computer files, actually. Your physical appearance is just a representation. We're all files inside a computer. Otherwise we couldn't be here.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

COLIN

When Quinn saw 'himself' from the roof, that was....

CHANDLER

An 'empty.' Exactly. You all have empties out there. They will wander around...well... forever.

MAGGIE

While we're....

CHANDLER

Enjoying the services of a completely equipped resort and spa. (off her furious look)
My dear, in here, you'll never get sick, you'll never get hurt, you'll have an endless wardrobe, and best of all, you won't age a single day.

MAGGIE

I don't care why or how you built this place. We want to leave.

CHANDLER

Look around you. We're all happy here. My friends, this is nothing short of Utopia.

Quinn crosses back to the desk.

QUINN

Utopia is fiction. It's impossible in a universe where there is so much chaos, we've made a science of it.

CHANDLER

Excellent point. I took special care to program chaos out of the system. It can't get in.

QUINN

It will find a way. And you're only human.

CHANDLER

Ah...but, then...I'm not.
(then, rising)
In any case, you are welcome here. As long as you follow the rules, you are free to take advantage of any of our services, but don't waste your time trying to leave.

QUINN

I notice you're a chess player.

CHANDLER

My passion. Difficult to find
(MORE)

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED (2)

56

CHANDLER (CONT'D)
challenging opponents. Do you
play?

QUINN
Bobby Fischer was my idol.

CHANDLER
I'd enjoy a game sometime. Good
opponents are hard to find.

QUINN
Be my pleasure.
(turns to the others)
Looks like we're going to have to
make the best of it. Why don't we
just kick back and have a good
time.

The Sliders react, surprised. Quinn is herding them toward
the door.

57 IN THE CORRIDOR

57

as the Sliders come out of Chandler's office.

MAGGIE
What was all that about?

REMBRANDT
Whose side are you on, anyway?

QUINN
I'm just buying time. We've got to
find that little guy, what's his
name?

COLIN
Mac.

QUINN
He's got a keyboard. Could be our
only way out of here.

58 HIGH ANGLE DOWN ON THE CORRIDOR

58

Again a grainy, black and white image, as if we're watching
this on a security camera. We see the Sliders come along
the colonnade and into the bar area of the hotel.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the grainy POV is actually ---

59 ANGLE - MAC'S TOUCH-SCREEN

59

which shows the Sliders in the bar. Mac is watching the
touch-screen, making himself at home in --

60 INT. "THE JUNK DIRECTORY" - DAY 60

A kind of digital junkyard. No trash or dirt here, though, just tall piles of "deleted files." These are chunks of reality, strangely truncated objects, slices of entire furnished rooms, a flower garden frozen in time, a full bathtub lying on its side, etc...

Mac watches the searching sliders on his touch-screen and taps a sequence. The touch-screen buzzes with a computerized voice ---

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
Transferring files...

61 IN THE BAR 61

We hear a computerized WHOOSH, and all four Sliders digitally vanish.

62 INT. "THE JUNK DIRECTORY" - DAY 62

The Sliders arrive and react to this strange environment.

MAGGIE
What's going on? Where are we?

MAC
You're in the junk directory. Home for deleted files. A good place to hide.

REMBRANDT
How did we get here?

QUINN
(re: touch-screen)
He just moved our location to this directory.

MAC
Very good.

COLIN
You're not like the others in this hotel. You don't even dress like them.

MAC
I like to be comfortable. Besides, I'm just good at keeping out of Chandler's way. And I recommend you do the same. You're just binary code now -- he doesn't like something, he'll just change it to suit him. Or delete it, and write over it, and you'll be dead.

MAGGIE
How did he get so much power?

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED

62

MAC

We gave it to him. He created this resort when the anti-tech movement started a few years back. I'm a hacker. People like me needed a place to go ... and this place seemed like heaven. At first.

REMBRANDT

What happened?

MAC

We got lazy. That touch-screen of his used to be only for emergencies, maintenance. He had so many requests to change this, fix that, that he just started controlling the environment at will. Decided to make it just the way he wanted it. That's why all those rules. Everybody here is afraid even to think a bad thought.

MAGGIE

Don't tell me he can read minds.

QUINN

If he wanted to, he could probably be your mind.

MAC

He's right, you're just binary code. If you think the wrong thing, he might give you a 'headache.' Or worse.

COLIN

(to Remmy)
So he caused you to choke when you sang.

QUINN

You said you were a hacker. Can't you do something to protect yourself? Go off-line or something?

Mac tosses his touch-screen on a table with frustration.

MAC

Sure, and get Chandler on my tail?
(pointing to touch-screen)
I pieced that together from the discard pile. I can't compete with Chandler's rig. This is his world, man, we just live in it the best we can.

REMBRANDT

Maybe it's time to change that.

CONTINUED

62 CONTINUED (2)

62

MAC

Look, I already went head to head
with him. I'm not making that
mistake again.

Mac turns his back and heads to his little make-shift hovel.
Quinn looks at the others, moving carefully over toward
Mac's touch-screen.

MAGGIE

Look, we can't go against this
guy by ourselves. At least you
have some know-how, some
technology.

REMBRANDT

And if you can't make your rig
strong enough to fight Chandler,
(a nod toward Quinn)
We have somebody who just might be
able to.

MAC

Not a chance. Trust me. Lie low.
Enjoy what's left of your life.

He opens the door to his hovel.

REMBRANDT

Wait a minute! How are we supposed
to get back?

MAC

Just start walking. As you may
have noticed every direction leads
back to the lobby.

Mac disappears into his makeshift hovel. Quinn has
surreptitiously gathered up the touch-screen, and has it
under his jacket. As they walk off ---

COLIN

What do we do now?

Maggie opens her jacket to reveal Mac's TOUCH-SCREEN. The
others react and move away quickly.

63 INT. SLIDERS' SUITE - DAY - CLOSE ON MAC'S TOUCH-SCREEN

63

on a table. WIDEN to include our people, standing behind
Quinn, who sits at the table, trying to figure out the
little console.

QUINN

(TECH TALK FROM JOHN ABOUT THE
KEYBOARD)

Quinn picks up the card they received earlier with the
services on one side, the rules and regulations on the
other.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

63

MAGGIE
Can you make it work?

QUINN
I think so... Mr. Chandler loves
his little rules and regulations.

He hands the card to Colin, then starts tentatively tapping
some keys

QUINN
Let's see if I can make some
changes.

He taps more keys, then, turns to Colin.

QUINN
What does it say now?

COLIN
(reading)
All men must wear bow ties. Blue
eye shadow is required. Everyone
must sing in public places.

They turn to Remmy. He looks worried at first, but Quinn
urges him to try.

REMBRANDT
(sings)
I'm sinking on an ocean of tears...
(stronger, relieved)
Feels like I've been this way for
years!

QUINN
This touch-screen is the key.
We've got four hours to figure a
way out of here in time to slide.

Suddenly, there is a high-pitched whine from the keyboard,
an alarm. Then we hear a computerized WHOOSH and our people
turn to see -- CHANDLER, standing behind them -- and he's
not pleased.

CHANDLER
None of you is going anywhere.

The Sliders try to move away from him, but can't.

64 ANGLE DOWN

64

The Sliders try to move their feet, but they can't. It's as
if their shoes have been welded to the floor.

65 BACK TO SCENE

65

As Chandler crosses and looks down at Mac's touch-screen.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

CHANDLER
I see that my little friend, Mac,
has been in touch with you.

QUINN
He was just trying to help.

CHANDLER
Mac is a troublemaker, but fairly
harmless. I let him roam in the
junk files because he amuses me.
(to Quinn)
I had expected better of you. I
was even beginning to like you.
(turns to Rembrandt)
As for you...
(taps his touch-screen)
When I say no singing... that's
exactly what I mean.

REMBRANDT
You can't tell me what to ---

Rembrandt begins to choke.

MAGGIE
You leave him alone!

Maggie grabs Chandler's hand away from the touch-screen and
follows with a powerful elbow to the ribs. Chandler turns.

CHANDLER
This is a peaceful resort.

Violence of any kind is strictly forbidden. You, my dear, no
longer have a place here. And when things have no place
here, I simply delete them.

Chandler hits some keys, and Maggie SCREAMS as she
disappears in a flash of digital noise. Chandler turns to
them --

CHANDLER
In fact, none of you belong here...

Chandler's screen glows -- OKAY TO DELETE ALL?

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

66 INT. CHANDLER HOTEL - SLIDERS' SUITE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 66

As Quinn, Colin, and Rembrandt teeter on the edge of erasure -- the reach for the spot where Maggie disappeared. Remmy is still struggling with his throat.

COLIN

She's gone...

They turn in furious anger to Chandler, but of course, their feet are still anchored to the floor.

COLIN

Bring her back! Right now!

CHANDLER

Oh, that's not possible.

Rembrandt tries to talk, but his voice is nothing but a thin rasp.

REMBRANDT

You'd better make it possible.

Remmy grabs his throat in pain.

QUINN

He can't. There's no 'un-delete' command in the system. At least I didn't see any.

Chandler hesitates before atomizing our heroes.

CHANDLER

Mr. Mallory is quite correct.

QUINN

Mr. Chandler, I apologize for our behavior here. You have my word that we will obey the rules from now on.

Rembrandt and Colin are stunned by this, start to speak, but Quinn signals them to be quiet.

QUINN

(to Remmy and Colin)
This is Mr. Chandler's hotel. His domain. There is nothing we can do to change that. There is nothing we can do to bring Maggie back. We have to accept that and move on, and do nothing to cause our own deletion.

CHANDLER

Well spoken. You can stay, but remember, I'll always be watching.
(MORE)

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

(to Quinn)
Perhaps it's time for that game of
chess we discussed.

QUINN

If you wish.

CHANDLER

I'll be expecting you.

Chandler's image sparkles digitally and disappears. The
Sliders' feet come unstuck from the floor. Remy and Colin
immediately turn on Quinn.

REMBRANDT

(croaks)
Have you lost your mind?

Then grabs his throat in pain.

COLIN

That man killed Maggie, and you're
going to play chess?!

QUINN

Hold on, guys. I just bought us
some time. Think about it.
Chandler didn't kill Maggie because
Maggie doesn't exist in here.
Neither do we.

REMBRANDT

(a whisper)
I'm not following you, but that's
not news.

QUINN

I think I can find a way to get
Maggie back, and, maybe, get us
back into our bodies. But I can't
do that without getting deeper into
the system. A chess game might
give me a chance. At least I can
distract him while you two find Mac
and get him to help out.

Quinn exits. Colin picks up Mac's touch-screen unit, and
we:

CUT TO

67 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE - DAY

67

Chandler and Quinn stand in front of the big screen which is
filled with chess pieces in starting position. Each player
sits at a small console with a joy stick control.

CHANDLER

Since you're my guest, why don't
you play white?

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

They begin their game, making very fast, sweeping moves.

QUINN

You're using the Pavlov-Kinola opening. That's pretty ambitious.

CHANDLER

I always think big, Mr. Mallory. You know, I spoke before of Utopia. Down through the ages, Man has tried and failed to create such a thing. Only I have done it, Quinn. Did you know 'Utopia' comes from the Greek, meaning 'No Place'? This perfect world continues to exist by the simple fact that it doesn't exist at all.

(taking a pawn)

Should have seen that, Quinn.

Quinn promptly takes a knight.

QUINN

I saw it.

Chandler nods, forcing a smile. This guy hates losing. Then he makes his next move.

68 CLOSE ON CHANDLER'S CONSOLE

68

He has his touch-screen there. While Quinn concentrates on his next move, Chandler punches in a short code on his little keyboard.

69 INT. THE "JUNK DIRECTORY" - DAY

69

Mac taps on his touch-screen as Rembrandt's throat emits strange digital sounds.

MAC

Boy, Chandler really did a number on you.

COLIN

That's not all he did. He deleted Maggie.

Mac stops his work, turns ashen.

MAC

I'm sorry.

COLIN

Quinn thinks there's a way to bring her back.

MAC

Not possible. I've been trying for years.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

69

COLIN
To bring someone back?

MAC
My wife. Celia.

Mac forces himself to keep working, his face clouded. Every so often Remmy makes a new digital throat clearing noise, and Mac keeps making adjustments.

MAC
She was my partner as well as my wife. Knew more about Chandler's system than I did. She wrote a virus program that we thought had a good chance of bringing the whole thing down. We called it the doomsday virus. Figured we could threaten him into stopping what he was doing.

COLIN
It didn't work?

MAC
He came after us. He didn't get me, but he dismantled the virus, and caught Celia. He deleted her. He even wrote over her deleted file so there was nothing left.
(to Rembrandt)
Try to talk now.

Rembrandt speaks: a high-pitched, digitized version of his normal voice comes out.

REMBRANDT
(filtered)
What... what is this? I don't sound anything like this....

Mac tweaks the pitch up and down until it's the good ol' Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT
That's more like it. Okay.

COLIN
Quinn has gone to play a chess game with Chandler. Can you look in on them?

MAC
Sure.

He taps his keyboard. Remmy and Colin look over his shoulder.

70 ANGLE ON MAC'S TOUCH-SCREEN

70

A grainy black and white representation of Chandler's

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

office. We see Quinn and Chandler in front of the chess screen.

ADJUST ANGLE to include:

71 MAC, REMMY AND COLIN

71

watching.

MAC

I don't see the point of this.
It's just a game.

COLIN

He said it might give him a way
deeper into Chandler's system.

MAC

I doubt it. All his personal files
are protected against invasion.

REMBRANDT

If they can be invaded, Q Ball's
the guy who can do it.

72 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE - DAY

72

Quinn is having trouble concentrating on the game.

CHANDLER

Something wrong, Mr. Mallory?

QUINN

(obviously in pain)
No. I'm fine.

Chandler smiles, sees Quinn is softening up.

CHANDLER

Mr. Mallory. I'm curious about
something you have. It seems to be
a timing device of some sort.

QUINN

How do you know about that?

CHANDLER

I already know a great deal about
you and your friends. The longer
you stay, the more time I'll have
to learn even more.

Quinn looks at him a moment. His head is really starting to hurt.

73 WITH MAC, REMMY AND COLIN

73

watching on Mac's little screen.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

73

COLIN
What's wrong with my brother?

REMBRANDT
He's starting to look a little
queasy.

MAC
Bound to happen. Chandler's
getting into his mind.

The continue to watch, worried.

74 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE

74

Quinn and Chandler in front of the chess screen.

QUINN
Thanks to you, my timer is no good
to anybody. Like everything here,
it's a useless digital
representation.

CHANDLER
It's design intrigues me. It looks
capable of creating a gravitational
rift. Perhaps a rift powerful
enough to function as a gateway.
(closing in)
Where does it go, Quinn? Another
star system? Another universe?

QUINN
What we do -- used to do -- is
called 'sliding.' And it's
something you will never be able to
do as long as you exist only as
data.

CHANDLER
But you're wrong. I can explore
those worlds through you, Quinn....

Chandler taps his touch-screen. Quinn reels in pain,
screams and falls to the floor.

QUINN
What are you doing?

CHANDLER
I'm downloading your memories.
I'll be able to see what you have
seen....

QUINN
Stop!

Chandler watches his screen.

75 ANGLE ON CHANDLER'S SCREEN 75

A little montage of some of Quinn's previous adventures scrolls onto the screen.

76 CHANDLER 76

watches, fascinated. Quinn groans on the floor.

77 WITH MAC, REMMY, AND COLIN 77

Remmy and Colin anxious.

REMBRANDT

You've got to help him.

Mac just looks at them and shrugs. Colin grabs him by the shoulders and looks at him hard.

COLIN

Chandler took your wife. He took our friend. Now he's hurting my brother. There's got to be something.

Mac looks at Colin a moment, then turns to his keyboard and starts to tap the keys.

MAC

I can try an encryption.

REMBRANDT

What will that do?

MAC

I can put our files into a code where Chandler can't get to you. At least for a time. Eventually, he'll crack the code, and we'll be back where we started.

COLIN

It's better than nothing.

Mac continues to tap.

78 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE 78

Quinn lying on the floor in pain. Chandler watching his touch-screen, fascinated.

79 ANGLE ON SCREEN 79

Suddenly there is a beep, and the screen goes blank. Then this:

COMPUTER VOICE

ACCESS DENIED. ENCRYPTED FILE.

CHANDLER

Encrypted? What is going on?

80 BACK TO SCENE 80

Quinn unclenches on the floor, released from Chandler's hold on him. He starts to get to his feet.

81 WITH MAC, REMMY, AND COLIN 81

Mac working the keyboard, The others watching.

MAC
Now, let's see if we can get him
down here with us.

Taps more keys.

82 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE 82

Chandler working his own keyboard frantically. Quinn is on his feet, shaking his head to get some clarity back. Suddenly, his figure fizzes with digital energy and he disappears. Chandler reacts to that in anger, working away on his keyboard.

83 INT. JUNK DIRECTORY - FILES 83

With Mac Remmy and Colin. Quinn materializes and they're pretty glad to see him. Mac is still working on his screen.

QUINN
(to Mac)
How much time have we got?

MAC
Not much. I'll try to hold him off
as long as I can, but Chandler's
got the power on his side.

QUINN
We've got to find Maggie.

REMBRANDT
How?

QUINN
She's got to be in here somewhere.

They look around.

84 THEIR POINT OF VIEW - ANGLE ON JUNK DIRECTORY FILE ROOM 84

It is an impossibly vast pile of junk, an imposing task to sort through. Our people go to work, throwing stuff to the side as they search. Mac stays at his keyboard.

85 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE 85

Chandler working his keyboard in frustration.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

85

He hits his keyboard, and with a digital WHOOSH, there stand Windsor and Jake, the bartender. They look a little surprised to be there. Jake is holding a cocktail shaker.

CHANDLER

Sorry to interrupt your work, gentlemen, but I need your help. Some files have gone out of control in the system.

JAKE

(nervous)
A virus?

CHANDLER

No, nothing like that. I just need you to run a search and rein in our three new citizens.

WINDSOR

I suspected trouble from them right from the start.

JAKE

You said three?

CHANDLER

I deleted the girl.

This gives Jake a shiver. Chandler is studying them.

WINDSOR

We'll do our best, Mr. Chandler.

CHANDLER

I'm not sure you two are up to it in your present form. Let me give you some more resources.

Windsor and Jake exchange nervous looks as Chandler goes to work on his keyboard. With another digital WHOOSH, the concierge and the bartender are transformed into huge, muscle-bound, armored ACTION FIGURES. They look like Vikings with battle axes. They snarl and flex. Chandler nods and completes his keyboard work.

CHANDLER

Now, go get them.

The Vikings snarl like professional wrestlers and storm out of the office.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

86 INT. CHANDLER HOTEL - "JUNK DIRECTORY" - DAY 86

Mac is at his touch-screen. Quinn, Colin and Rembrandt are ransacking the junk files looking for Maggie. They are doing this physically, ripping open drawers, overturning boxes, tables, whatever's in the room. Rembrandt finds what looks like half of a laser disc.

REMBRANDT

If we do find her, how do we know it's Maggie?

QUINN

I'm not sure, but I think we'd recognize something. Keep looking.

They go back to work. Mac looks up from his touch-screen.

MAC

Chandler's trying to hack his way into our encryption code.

QUINN

You've got to hold him off.

MAC

I'm picking up some weird data.

Quinn crosses to have a look at the screen.

MAC

Looks like he's sending somebody after us.

QUINN

Who?

MAC

I can't tell yet, but they're awfully big files.

CUT TO

87 INT. HOTEL LOBBY/BAR - DAY 87

The folks there are startled when the two ARMED ACTION FIGURES burst down the stairs and cross through the bar, maybe knocking over a lamp as they go through. The people in the bar shrink back from them.

88 INT. JUNK DIRECTORY - FILES 88

As our folks continue to search for Maggie. Mac is watching the touch-screen. Quinn comes up with something. It looks like a DVD.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED 88

QUINN

I've got her.

Remmy and Colin come to join him. Quinn holds up the disk.

89 INSERT - THE DISK 89

As Quinn turns it in the light, we see a three dimensional holographic picture of Maggie.

90 BACK TO SCENE 90

As they look at the disk.

REMBRANDT

That's Maggie, but what do we do with her?

Quinn heads over to Mac's touch-screen.

QUINN

Chandler has compressed her. I need to find a de-compression program in here.

Mac moves to one side. Quinn inserts the disk in the touch-screen console and goes to work. Remmy and Colin watch.

CUT TO

91 INT. HOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY 91

The ACTION FIGURES are barging along the hallway. As they pass a maid's cart, they overturn the whole thing, frightening the maid and scattering soap, towels and toilet paper all over the place.

92 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE - DAY 92

Chandler is at his desk, his touch-screen handy. He's watching two screens, on one of them he can track the progress of his ACTION FIGURES, on the other he's scrolling a lot of data, searching for a way to break Mac's encryption.

93 INT. JUNK FILES 93

Quinn working away at Mac's touch-screen. The others watching.

QUINN

I think I'm getting close ...

94 CHANDLER 94

Now working at his touch-screen. The data on the screen stops, and, with a click, he zeros in on a line of numbers. As he types they start to shuffle their sequence.

95 QUINN 95

working Mac's touch-screen.

QUINN

I've got her.

96 CHANDLER 96

working his touch-screen. On his screen we see an icon representing Rembrandt flash up.

CHANDLER

I've got him.

97 INT. JUNK FILES 97

As Quinn makes his final entry. There is a digital WHOOSH, and some flickering and there emerges ANOTHER REMBRANDT. He looks down at himself and at the other Rembrandt. Quinn is astonished.

COLIN

(to Quinn)
What did you do?

REMBRANDT 2 looks to Quinn and speaks in MAGGIE'S VOICE.

REMBRANDT 2/MAGGIE

Yeah, Quinn, what did you do?

On Quinn's reaction:

CUT TO

98 INT. HOTEL BASEMENT/WINE CELLAR 98

The ACTION FIGURES are booming through this area, looking for the junk files, turning over crates and racks of wine as they go.

99 INT. JUNK FILES 99

Quinn, Colin and Rembrandt looking over Rembrandt 2. Mac is working at his touch-screen.

QUINN

I think what happened is that Chandler cracked Rembrandt's code at the same moment I was redigitizing Maggie.

REMBRANDT

So what do we do now?

REMBRANDT 2/MAGGIE

Yeah. Does that mean Chandler controls me?

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

99

MAC

Not for the moment. I've given you a new code. But time's pretty short here.

REMBRANDT 2/MAGGIE

(to Quinn)

Okay, boy genius what's your plan?

(to Rembrandt 1)

No offense, but I don't want to go through the rest of my life like this.

REMBRANDT

I've heard of getting in touch with your feminine side, but this is too much.

Quinn takes over the keyboard from Mac.

QUINN

I just have to reconfigure Maggie's icon.

As he works Rembrandt 2 moves around the room, trying to get used to the new way he/she moves. Rembrandt watches in amazement. As Rembrandt 2 starts to explore him/herself a little more....

REMBRANDT

(to Rembrandt 2)

Now, hold on there. Until Q-Ball gets this worked out, try to keep our hands to yourself. I mean, keep your hands off yourself.

Rembrandt 2/Maggie smiles at Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT 2/MAGGIE

What's the matter, Remmy. You've got some secrets you don't want me to know about?

REMBRANDT

(emphatic)

Damn straight.

At that moment the wall behind them bursts open, and the two ACTION FIGURES move through the rubble and into the room. The others all react. Mac scurries to cover with his touch-screen.

100 ANGLE ON THE SLIDERS

100

as they face off with the ACTION FIGURES.

QUINN

Wow. We're inside a computer fight game.

CONTINUED

100 CONTINUED 100

COLIN
Can we win?

REMBRANDT
We'd better.

101 THE FIGHT 101

This sequence should be staged as an imitation of an actual "MORTAL KOMBAT" style computer, fight. Our people move in the stylized patterns the action figures in such games take.

As the ACTION FIGURES (for now, call them ONE AND TWO) advance, our Sliders spread out and pull whatever weapons they can out of the rubble of the junk files. Quinn finds part of an ax, Remmy grabs a pipe, Colin finds a canoe paddle, and take their positions. As the ACTION FIGURES advance, the first move comes from Rembrandt 2/Maggie.

It's one of her spinning karate kicks, and she takes out FIGURE ONE'S battle-ax. Now the fight is on in earnest.

Colin and Rembrandt face off with FIGURE TWO, dodging swipes from his sword, leaping over it, etc.

Quinn joins Rembrandt 2/Maggie in working over FIGURE ONE who has regained his battle ax.

Our people bounce off crates, off the walls, in a couple of cases leaping completely over their opponents.

FIGURE TWO manages to get a hit on Colin with the flat of his sword. Colin goes down, but Rembrandt catches him and gets him back into the action.

102 QUINN AND REMBRANDT 2/MAGGIE 102

have FIGURE ONE cornered. When he makes a slash at Quinn, Rembrandt 2/Maggie delivers a flying kick to his head, taking him down.

103 FIGURE ONE 103

drops to the floor, and, in a flash of digitized energy, he DISAPPEARS.

104 MAC 104

reacts with a cheer.

MAC
Round one to us.

105 CHANDLER 105

in his office reacts with disgust and frustration, but goes back to his touch screen.

106 IN THE JUNK FILES 106

AS Quinn and Rembrandt 2/Maggie join with Rembrandt and Colin to gang up on FIGURE TWO who is working now with two swords sweeping them around his head. Colin ducks a slash and gets a blow in to his stomach. Rembrandt then leaps on his back, and as FIGURE TWO spins around first Quinn, then Rembrandt 2/Maggie deliver haymakers and FIGURE TWO goes down.

107 FIGURE TWO 107

shimmers digitally and disappears.

108 CHANDLER 108

at his desk, is furious. He goes to work on his touch-screen.

CHANDLER

They want a real fight. They'll get it.

109 IN THE JUNK FILES 109

As the Sliders, plus Rembrandt 2/Maggie cross to Mac at his touch-screen.

REMBRANDT 2/MAGGIE

(to Rembrandt)

You have got to lose some weight.

Mac looks up from the screen.

MAC

You've got to hurry, Looks like Chandler's sending in the Marines.

Quinn takes his place at the keyboard, and goes to work.

QUINN

We've got to get out of here.

MAC

I keep telling you. No way out.

REMBRANDT 2/MAGGIE

Hold on, genius. I'm not going out without my own body.

QUINN

There's got to be a way to break the link.

COLIN

Break the link?

QUINN

Our physical bodies are outside somewhere. Empty containers. We

(MORE)

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

QUINN (CONT'D)
break the digital link with
Chandler's system and they should
get filled up again.
(to Rembrant 2/Maggie)
And you should go into Maggie's
body.

REMBRANDT 2/MAGGIE
What if I don't?

QUINN
Then you'll have a very interesting
story to tell.

110 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE 110

Chandler is on his feet now, working his touch-screen like
mad, fingers flying. On his screen we see a blur of data,
numbers scrolling by faster than we can read them.

111 INT. JUNK FILES - CLOSE ON MAC'S KEYBOARD AND SCREEN 111

as Quinn's fingers fly.

112 INT. HOTEL LOBBY 112

Several people moving about. Suddenly, one of them ZAPS and
disappears. Then another, and another.

113 CHANDLER 113

in his office, sees his files being erased, tries to
overcome it.

114 INT. HOTEL BAR 114

Two or three people at the bar ZAP and DISAPPEAR.

115 INT. THE JUNK FILES 115

Quinn finishes off his work.

QUINN
That should do it. We'll all be
out of here in a second.

COLIN
Mac had a wife. Celia... was that
her name?

MAC
Yes.

COLIN
What about her?

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

QUINN
Were you scanned in like we were?

MAC
Yes.

QUINN
Then she should be out there
somewhere.

Mac smiles hopefully. And with that the Sliders and Mac ZAP and DISAPPEAR. Then the junk file room itself dissolves to nothing.

116 INT. CHANDLER'S OFFICE

116

Chandler with his touch screen just looking at the wall screens. He's beaten and he knows it. He tosses the touch screen to one side then he ZAPS and DISAPPEARS.

117 INT. HOTEL LOBBY

117

A wide angle taken in the whole area and the bar. The picture gets out of alignment, diagonally, then starts to FLIP, then goes to BLACK.

118 EXT. CHANDLER HOTEL

118

The street in front of the hotel. Colin, Quinn, Maggie and Rembrandt are all sprawled on a bus bench, asleep.

119 CLOSE ON QUINN

119

As he stirs and wakes, his eyes opening. At first he's a little disoriented, then comes to himself. He checks the timer, and reacts.

QUINN
Holy smoke...
(starts poking the
others)
Wake up... wake up...we slide in
forty seconds.

The others stir and wake up.

MAGGIE
Must have dozed off there.

QUINN
We almost slept right through the
slide.

He looks around as Rembrandt and Colin wake up and get to their feet.

120 POINT OF VIEW - ANGLE ON STREET 120

Looks perfectly normal. The people who were zombies before are now lust folks going about their normal business.

121 WITH THE SLIDERS 121

as they hurry around a corner into an alley for some sliding privacy.

REMBRANDT

How could we just pass out like that.

COLIN

I feel a lot better. Sliding makes me really tired.

As they round the corner, they hurry past a couple of little people.

122 ANGLE ON LITTLE PEOPLE 122

It's Mac, and, on his arm, CELIA, his wife. They watch the Sliders run past.

123 QUINN 123

pauses a moment and looks back at Mac and Celia.

124 MAC AND CELIA 124

Mac smiles and waves.

125 QUINN 125

has a puzzled look. "Do I know those people?" He smiles and waves back, then hurries to join the others.

126 THE SLIDERS - IN THE ALLEY 126

Quinn activates the vortex. Before they jump, Maggie turns to the others.

MAGGIE

Did anybody else have a really weird dream just now?

The others shrug and then jump into the vortex which closes behind them.

FADE OUT

THE END