

Sliders

"The Luck of the Draw"

Written by

Jon Povill

Writers draft

March 8, 1995

LUCK OF THE DRAW

TEASER

FADE IN:

MONTAGE - WADE'S VOICE OVER

EXT. AN IMPECCABLY BRIGHT, CLEAN ALLEY - DAY

The wormhole spits out the sliders - Arturo first. While he's still down on the ground, a big friendly DOG bounds up and licks his face. He pushes it away, but it's persistent. Wade spills out and claps her hands to call the dog over. She pets it happily while Quinn and Rembrandt emerge.

WADE (V.O.)

We've now visited so many worlds since we began sliding that they've started to run into one another. I want to remember them all as they are -- maybe write a book when we get home -- so I've decided to keep this journal of our experiences...

EXT. A MAIN STREET - THE NEXT DAY - THE SLIDERS

dress in different clothes, walk along -- the dog at Wade's side -- down an uncrowded street. Passersby smile and nod, pet the dog. A BEAT COP plays hopscotch on the sidewalk with some KIDS (gender and racially mixed). Vehicular traffic is light, moving at moderate speeds. The sliders take all this in with delighted wonderment.

WADE (V.O.)

...Most of the worlds we've seen have been pretty dismal, but this time we slid into one that seems like heaven... San Francisco has the feel of a small town, with clean streets and friendly people. There seems to be no crime, no pollution, no poverty, no racial strife...

ANGLE - A BILLBOARD

It shows a free standing booth, a cross between a pay phone and an ATM, with money pouring out of it like a slot machine. The copy reads: "**MONEY ANYTIME YOU WANT IT -- PLAY THE LOTTERY**"

TILT DOWN - ON THE STREET - A LOTTERY BOOTH - THE SLIDERS

wait in a short line. The dog is still with them, sitting happily beside Wade, who keeps a hand on its head, scratching its ear.

WADE (V.O.)

... Maybe it's because the California Lottery on this world simply gives out money any time you want it. Our biggest problem is we only have five days here before we have to leave -- unless we decide to stay forever...

FADE UP STREET SOUNDS as Rembrandt turns to the MAN behind him in line.

REMBRANDT

Hey man, excuse me, what's the limit on this thing? How much can we take?

MAN

You from out of state?

REMBRANDT

(cautious)
Is that a problem?

MAN

Not at all. You can take as much as you want. The more you take, the more chances you have to win the jackpot.

Rembrandt reacts - dollar signs in his eyes.

REMBRANDT

(to the man)
All right! Thanks.
(giddy, to the sliders)
I'm about to be rich.

ARTURO

Caution, Mr. Brown. We still know very little about this world. I suggest we take no more than we see other people taking. When in Rome...

REMBRANDT

I played Rome in '83! It's expensive as hell. I'm getting some cash!

Arturo shakes his head - what's the point of arguing?

WADE

(to Arturo)

It would be nice if we didn't have to worry about money for awhile.

It's the sliders turn at the booth. Rembrandt hurries inside. He steps up to the machine, puts his hand on a glass plate and looks into a video camera.

REMBRANDT

Rembrandt Brown, room 12 at the Motel 12, and I want five thousand dollars.

Arturo reacts, angry, as the machine spews out the money.

ARTURO

There's no such thing as something for nothing, Mr. Brown.

Rembrandt happily puts his money and lottery ticket in his wallet.

REMBRANDT

That's what I always thought -- till now.

Arturo shakes his head and goes into the booth.

ARTURO

Maximilian Arturo, room 12 at the Motel 12. One hundred dollars please.

Quinn goes in as Arturo comes out. Wade is looking at another billboard featuring a sexy couple drinking sodas -- the caption reads: "**ZERO POPULATION GROWTH MADE DELICIOUS, DRINK BC COLA -- BIRTH CONTROL IN A CAN**"

WADE

(off the sign)

Now there's an interesting product...

ARTURO

Offensive, if you ask me.

Quinn comes out and Wade steps to the machine. As soon as she stops petting the dog, it jumps up on Arturo - who struggles to keep it at bay.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Get down, you slobbering beast!

WADE

(collecting her money)

Professor! Be nice, Henry loves you.

ARTURO

"Henry's" affections are not appreciated. I cannot imagine what possessed you to befriend this creature -- unless it was simply to torment me.

WADE

I love animals. I miss my kitty at home.

Rembrandt's done, Quinn takes his turn.

ARTURO

And because you miss your "kitty" must I be subjected to dog hair and saliva at every turn?

WADE

Frankly, yes.

Quinn exits the booth, pocketing some money, and starts to lead them away. As the others follow:

QUINN

I want to check out an electronics store and see if they have any parts that could help fix the timer.

ARTURO

From what we've seen so far, I suspect their equipment would be more suited to repairing the Eveready Bunny.

The man in line behind them turns to his friend as the sliders move off down the street.

MAN

Thank goodness for folks like them who really go for the big money.

(then)

May they rest in peace.

Clearly there's more to this lottery business than our sliders realize.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL 12 - DAY

The sliders are all busy. Quinn is reading an Almanac. Rembrandt munches an apple while he watches tv - the "Leave It To Wally" show. Arturo attempts to read a newspaper, but Henry keeps using his snout to bump his hand for pets.

Wade is writing in a leather bound journal while:

WADE (V.O.)

...If this world is as perfect as it seems, how did it get that way? If we could find out and bring the answers home with us, maybe we could help solve some of the problems on our own world. That would give our journey meaning and make it all worthwhile...

ARTURO

Miss Welles, perhaps you can interrupt your communion with the muse long enough to deliver me from the soggy affections of your beast. I've read this same paragraph 14 times.

WADE

He probably needs to go for a walk.
(Henry barks, excited)
Why don't we go to the park or something? I'm starting to get cabin fever in here. Quinn?

QUINN

(totally absorbed)
Wait, I'm reading...

Wade goes to him, looks at his page.

WADE

(incredulous)
Population figures?
(he keeps reading)
You want to sit in here and read numbers all day?

QUINN

This world has less than a billion people on it.

Arturo reacts, intrigued.

ARTURO

Less than a billion? We have almost six billion. No wonder there's no pollution. There aren't enough people on this world to seriously impact the environment.

QUINN

I'm trying to find out how it happened. I thought maybe they had a big war or something, but they never even fought World War I or II.

WADE

Come on, Quinn. Do it later. It's a beautiful day.

QUINN

This could be important.

WADE

What?

QUINN

A low population would affect everything. It could be why there's practically no poverty or crime...

WADE

I want to know about that, too, but we've been cooped up all morning.

QUINN

(marking his place)
Yeah, it'll keep.

Quinn gets up, stretches. He's ready to go.

ARTURO

Some fresh air and sunshine would be agreeable -- particularly as this world doesn't suffer from a hole in the ozone layer.

REMBRANDT

Count me in. Lemme just see the end of "Leave It To Wally."

Wade shuts off the set and heads for the door.

WADE

You already know how it ends. Whatever would've happened to Beaver will happen to Wally.

REMBRANDT

Oh yeah? Since when did Beaver take a sex education class?

QUINN

(out the door)

Beaver didn't need sex education. Ward told him everything he needed to know.

WADE

(sarcastic)

Right.

As they close the door:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS AND HENRY (THE DOG)

stand on a street corner, watching the traffic. Quinn now holds a large picnic basket (which gets Henry's full attention).

An elderly couple stands nearby, waiting for the light to change.

REMBRANDT

It's a great world, but they could sure use some more taxis and busses.

ELDERLY MAN

(reacts, surprised)

Taxis? You can't be old enough to remember taxis! Mayor Johnson got rid of 'em in '52.

ARTURO

Is there some other form of public transportation available?

ELDERLY MAN

Sure, sonny. Just take a car.

ARTURO

We don't have a car.

ELDERLY MAN

(pointing)

What do you mean? There's a public car right over there. It's free, just take it.

The sliders react - huh? Then, looking closer, they see the car has a "San Francisco Rapid Transit" logo on the side.

QUINN

It must be like Seattle. They have "public bicycles" -- to encourage pollution free transportation. Anyone can take a bike, ride it wherever they want, then just leave it for the next person.

ELDERLY MAN

Seattle only does it with bicycles?
What about when it rains.

WADE

(to the man)

So, we can just take that car?

ELDERLY MAN

Sure. That's what it's there for.

The sliders AD LIB "Thanks" as they pile into the car.

WADE

This place is so great, no one's gonna believe it when we get home.

ARTURO

If we're here long enough, Miss Welles, I'm sure we'll see that this world has its shortcomings, just like anywhere else.

As the sliders drive off

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY - THE SLIDERS AND HENRY (THE DOG)

The park is a modern interpretation of a bygone era in our world, hearkening back to the days of straw hats and parasols. The scene is uncrowded, unhurried. There's a bandstand in a meadow beside a lake.

People row boats. Others fish from the shore. Across the meadow is a riding stable. People picnic on the grass. Kids fly kites, play frisbee. Friendly dogs run free. It's great.

The sliders are finishing their picnic lunch. Arturo sips a drink to wash down his meal, then lies down on his back in the grass -- deeply satisfied.

ARTURO

If nothing else, the languid pace of life on this world does give one time to enjoy simple pleasures.

WADE

Anyone up for a horseback ride?

REMBRANDT

Not on a full stomach, thanks. Why don't we do some fishing?

ARTURO

Ah, yes. There's little more satisfying than coaxing one's dinner from the depths.

REMBRANDT

You fish?

ARTURO

(obviously)
I'm English.

QUINN

(to Wade)
I'll go. I've always wanted to try riding.

WADE

You've never been?

QUINN

Somehow, I never had time.

WADE

It's easy. I'll teach you.

Quinn's game. The two of them head towards

EXT. THE STABLES - A BIT LATER - WADE AND QUINN

mount their horses. Wade has no trouble, but Quinn is clearly ill at ease. As they start to move out, Henry starts running around Quinn's horse, spooking it.

WADE

Henry! Go back and stay with uncle Arturo.

(the dog whines)
He has all the food.

The dog's ears perk up, his tail wags and he runs off.

WADE (CONT'D)

He's so smart.

QUINN

Maybe I should switch horses. This one doesn't seem happy.

WADE

You'll be fine. Just don't let him know you're nervous.

QUINN

Easy for you to say...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - BESIDE THE LAKE - DAY - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT
sit in the shade of a tree, fishing.

ARTURO

This is the life. Tranquil moments such as these have long been inspirational to physicists. Sir Isaac Newton first contemplated the notion of gravity when...

A sopping wet Henry runs up out of nowhere and shakes his water off all over Arturo. Rembrandt stifles a laugh.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

It's not funny!
(to Henry)
Get away from me, you hellhound!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - BRIDAL TRAIL - IN WOODS BESIDE A STREAM - LATER
Quinn and Wade ride the trail at a canter. Wade rides smoothly. Quinn bounces in the saddle. He looks over to Wade.

QUINN

(excited)
How's this? I feel like I'm starting to get it!

She looks over at him, appraisingly, nodding.

WADE

Yeah. That's better. Keep your weight on the balls of your feet.
(then, noticing ahead)
LOOK OUT!!!!

SPLATT! Too late. Quinn turns just in time to be knocked off his horse by a low tree limb. He lands sprawled on the ground, dazed -- a nasty welt on his forehead.

Wade leaps off her horse and runs to him, cradles his head in her arms.

WADE (CONT'D)
Quinn! Are you all right?

QUINN
What a rush!

WADE
Can you walk? Come on over here.

He's a bit wobbly as he stands. She helps him off the trail to a small clearing beside the stream, very secluded. She sits him leaning against a tree.

WADE (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

She runs and ties up the horses, then returns. She wets the sleeve of her shirt in the stream, then sits on the ground, facing him and dabs the cool cloth against his forehead.

WADE (CONT'D)
How're you feeling?

QUINN
Stupid.

WADE
It could've happened to anyone...
but it does help to watch where
you're going...

He watches her tenderly minister to him, enjoying her. She feels his gaze and her eyes drop from his wound to look into his eyes. He leans forward to kiss her.

She meets him halfway. The kiss grows -- a life of its own.

The kiss takes them over. They roll onto the ground, survive a momentary setback as Quinn bumps his head again, and soon they are writhing with passion.

WADE (CONT'D)
(breathless)
I'm so happy...

Quinn reacts, concerned. She interrupts the moment with a fresh kiss and they writhe some more -- but something's bothering Quinn. He has to stop.

QUINN
Wait a minute. What did you mean,
"I'm so happy?"

WADE
(is he crazy?)
What do you mean, "What did I mean?"

QUINN

Maybe I'm reading something into this -- But I felt something wrong when you said that.

WADE

That I was happy?

QUINN

That you were so happy. It just felt like... I don't know... like you're expecting...

He shrugs, unable to say the words. The distance between them is growing by the second.

WADE

(interrupts)

What? A commitment? We haven't even made love and you're already worried about commitment?

QUINN

Wade, we have to travel together. It's one thing to feel awkward the next morning when you don't have to see someone again but...

WADE

Is that what you want? -- To get it on and not see me anymore?

QUINN

No! You're twisting my words.

(then, frustrated)

This whole thing is getting blown out of proportion ...

WADE

You're damn right it is...

QUINN

Wade, everything changes after two people make love. You know it as well as I do.

WADE

Sometimes they change before people make love...

QUINN

(it's clear now)

We're not ready for this, Wade.

(then, sincere)

I really care about you.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

And I'd love to make love with you --
but I think we have some things to
work out before it's a good idea.

WADE

(we do now)
Yeah, that's obvious.
(then, softening)
Come on, we better get back.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL 12 - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS AND HENRY (THE DOG)

chow down on pizza. Wade eats on the bed, watching tv. The others are at the table, though Quinn has himself buried in his computer. No one's talking -- and the silence between Wade and Quinn is still somewhat awkward.

Arturo and Rembrandt don't get it. Meanwhile, on the t.v.:

TV NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

Finally, a scheduling mix up today caused President Jocelyn Elders to be expected in two places at the same time -- the inauguration of a new Sexual Practices Commission program, and the dedication of a new monument to economic philosopher Thomas Malthus. She came under heavy fire from Republicans when she ignored masturbation in favor of Malthus.

Arturo reacts, bewildered.

ARTURO

Malthus? Why on earth would anyone be building monuments to Malthus?

TV NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

That's the news. Stay tuned for "The Luck of the Draw" to find out who'll win this week's big lottery.

REMBRANDT

Who the heck is Malthus?

ARTURO

He was a British economist of the early 19th century who claimed that humanity was doomed to suffer forever because the population would always increase faster than the food supply.

WADE

Not on this world.

ARTURO

Yes. It appears they heeded his warning on this world -- to rather good effect.

ANGLE THE TV - BIG LOGO "THE LUCK OF THE DRAW"

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And now, it's time for the most exciting half hour on television, your Big Lottery Show -- "The Luck of the Draw," with your host, Richard Simmons !

Richard Simmons comes running out on stage dressed in "formal" shorts and tank top -- designed to look like a tuxedo. He wears a bow tie around his bare neck and carries a bouquet of flowers which he throws, one by one, to the unseen audience while:

RICHARD SIMMONS

Hi, everyone! Oh, I'm sooo excited tonight. Isn't this wonderful? We're gonna make 12 new millionaires! Wow! Can you believe it? And not only that, but every one of our winners will get a fabulous "white card" like this...

He pulls one from inside his shorts, waves it around. It's the normal size for a credit card.

RICHARD SIMMONS (CONT'D)

(CONTINUOUS)

...which they can use as much as they want for three whole days. The "white card" can buy or rent anything! Breakfast in Paris, a yacht, diamonds, a date with a movie star... If you have one of these little babies, it's all yours for the asking. Isn't that just too wonderful for words?

He now moves to a section of the stage that features a large picture of an elaborate mainframe computer along with a television monitor.

RICHARD SIMMONS (CONT'D)

Are you ready for our first winner?

AUDIENCE (O.S.)

Yes!!!!

RICHARD SIMMONS

Okay, our computer has made its selection. Let's see who've we got?

On the MONITOR beside him comes a short video -- taken at a lottery booth -- of a young, beautiful black woman, JULIANNE MURPHY.

JULIANNE
Julianne Murphy. 3107 Grandview
Lane.

RICHARD SIMMONS
Congratulations, Julianne! Wow!
Isn't she beautiful? This is so
great! Who's next?

On the monitor beside him now comes WADE'S LOTTERY VIDEO.

IN THE ROOM - WADE

shrieks with excitement. The others react, stunned, as she jumps up and down with glee.

WADE
I won the lottery! I won the lottery!
I'm a millionaire!

She points to the tv.

WADE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(from tv)
Wade Welles, room 12 at the Motel
12.

RICHARD SIMMONS
Congratulations, Wade! You're a
winner!

Quinn, Arturo and Rembrandt react with disbelief.

REMBRANDT
An' here I already paid for dinner.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. STRETCH LIMO - MORNING - THE SLIDERS

and the dog are riding with a clean cut, pleasant young man,
DURWOOD DARBY.

WADE

Mr. Darby?

DURWOOD

Call me Durwood.

WADE

Durwood.

(then, waving the card)

I don't understand how this "white
card" thing works.

DURWOOD

It's very simple. You show it to
any merchant, and they will give you
whatever your heart desires.

WADE

(impressed)

Wow. That's absolutely incredible.

DURWOOD

Nonsense. It's society's way of
saying, "Thanks."

Quinn reacts, something's wrong here.

QUINN

"Thanks" for what?

DURWOOD

(such an odd question)

Thanks for playing the Lottery.

(holds out an envelope)

In here is your invitation to the
"Winners Ball," tonight at 7.

WADE

Can I bring my friends?

DURWOOD

Of course. You can do whatever you
like.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - DAY - THE SLIDERS AND HENRY (THE DOG)

explore the fabulous rooms (2 bedrooms, each with 2 king sized beds, divided by a fabulous sitting room). The hotel staff sets up an elegant room service table and a doggie bed for Henry.

The dog is in heaven. He moans with delight as he rolls over and rubs his back on the carpet, a rawhide chew toy in his mouth. Rembrandt reacts.

REMBRANDT

I know how you feel. I'd do the same thing, except there's too many people here.

The dog jumps back to his feet and prances into a BATHROOM and helps himself to a drink from the toilet.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

No, boy. No! This is a high class joint .

The dog comes back and slobbers toilet water all over him.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Thanks a lot.

Durwood enters through the open door, finds Wade.

DURWOOD

Is everything to your liking?

WADE

Are you kidding?

DURWOOD

Good. The "Winners Ball" is formal attire. I noticed you don't have suitcases, shall I assume you wish to shop?

WADE

Yes, please.

DURWOOD

We can take you out later, or there are several fine clothiers in the hotel. Perhaps you could find something desirable while you have lunch.

WADE

(shrugs)

Sure.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - LATER - THE SLIDERS

watch a parade of elegantly attired models while they munch on their sumptuous breakfast. Durwood hovers attentively nearby.

Though there are men wearing an assortment of tuxedos, Arturo and Rembrandt can't take their eyes off the beautiful ladies. Even Quinn is distracted.

WADE
 (to Quinn, re the dresses)
 Which one should I get?

QUINN
 I don't know.
 (re the women)
 They're all pretty great.

His tone doesn't escape Wade, and doesn't go down well.

WADE
 (sarcastic)
 Thanks for that sharp analysis.

QUINN
 (leans to her, whispers)
 Can we stop fighting?

WADE
 (whispers back)
 Can you stop saying stupid things?

Quinn is about to say something but stops, gets up, goes into one of the bedrooms, turns back and calls to Wade.

QUINN
 Would you come here, please.

Wade gets up, joins him. Arturo and Rembrandt barely notice, they're too into the food and models. Arturo points to one wearing a dress that plunges deeply in front and back.

ARTURO
 Would you just turn around one more time, my dear?
 (sighs)
 Thank you.

INT. THE (SUITE'S) BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - QUINN AND WADE
 square off.

QUINN
 Look, I'm sorry about the park, okay?
 (MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

The last thing I wanted to do was hurt your feelings.

WADE

Hurt my feelings? No way. You were absolutely right. It would have been a big mistake to make love with you.

Ouch. Score one for Wade.

QUINN

Wade, try to understand where I was coming from.

(grasping at straws)

Look, when I was a kid, my dad took me to see Pinnochio -- and I still remember that scene when he starts turning into a jackass on Pleasure Island. So maybe I'm a little scared to have a good time till I know the consequences.

WADE

Don't blame it on Pinnochio. You're just scared.

QUINN

Maybe I am, and maybe that's not so bad. You take chances without a thought. You ignore danger signals like crazy.

WADE

Like what?

QUINN

Like this Lottery! It does not make sense to just give money away. They must be getting something for it. Durwood said, "It's society's way of saying thanks." Thanks for what?

WADE

He told you. For playing the Lottery.

QUINN

Yeah, Wade. And why should they thank you for that?

He goes to the door.

WADE

Where're you going?

QUINN

Don't worry, I'll be back in time
for your party.

Wade watches him leave, bemused. As Quinn walks through

INT. THE (SUITE'S) SITTING ROOM

Rembrandt spots a wine red, velvet tuxedo on one of the men
and points, excitedly.

REMBRANDT

That's it! I want that one. After
the party, I can use it for my act.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARK - BESIDE THE STREAM - TIME LAPSE - QUINN

sits at the spot where he had the fight with Wade. He's
angry when the shot starts. But as he looks at the water
and the light changes, he grows more at peace. Then, he
gets up, abruptly and hurries away.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - EVENING - QUINN

enters and moves quickly to the card catalog, looking
something up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT - THE "WINNERS BALL"

is in full swing as Wade, Arturo and Rembrandt enter and
stop at a table near the door as an official Greeter welcomes
them. Wade looks positively stunning, though she is in
decidedly less than a good mood.

GREETER

Miss Welles! We were starting to
worry you wouldn't make it.

WADE

We were waiting for a "friend" who
never came.

GREETER

Well, I just need you to fill out
this form, then we'd like you to
pose for a picture with your check.
After that, your time is your own
until the big toast at midnight.

Wade begins filling out the form while Rembrandt and Arturo
look around the room. A huge banner reads: "WELCOME WINNERS."

One wall is draped with curtains, which actually conceal sliding glass door that go to a balcony. In front of the curtains there's a huge mock up of a check, made out for 2 million dollars. A lottery worker is already hanging a sign reading, "WADE WELLES," in the payee area.

The crowd is no more than 30 to 40 people. There's a band playing -- couples dancing (including one or two couples of the same sex). There's a dazzling buffet table that instantly catches Arturo's eye.

ARTURO

The buffet looks inviting.

REMBRANDT

That's not all.

He has his eye on Julianne Murphy, who looks quite dazzling herself. She wears a white corsage, and looks back at Rembrandt with unabashed interest.

WADE

(to Arturo and
Rembrandt)

You guys mind if I make you
beneficiaries?

ARTURO

I'd be honored, Miss Welles.

Wade hands the form back to the greeter, who now pins a white corsage on Wade's dress. Wade admires it.

WADE

How beautiful.

GREETER

Yes. All our winners get them.

(correcting herself)

Well, the men get boutonnieres.

(then)

Have a wonderful evening.

The three sliders finally make their way into the room. Rembrandt can't take his eyes off Julianne.

WADE

Look at this. We missed nearly two
hours waiting for him.

ARTURO

I'm sure something unforeseen delayed
him. Mr. Mallory is generally a
very reliable young man.

WADE

Not where I'm concerned.

ARTURO

Well, now that we're here, let's enjoy the amenities. Something to eat might be in order.

REMBRANDT

You two go ahead. There's an amenity over there I'd really like to enjoy.

He hurries off towards Julianne. Now Wade's really displeased. Spending the party with Arturo is not her idea of a good time. She follows him towards the buffet, looking around the room for anything that might take her away from him. Arturo surveys the food display with reverence.

ARTURO

These people know how to throw a party.

He grabs two plates and hands one to Wade, who has no appetite.

REMBRANDT REACHES JULIANNE

He stops short, so affected by her beauty that he doesn't know what to say. He stands there looking at her, and suddenly the tears start to fall. Julianne reacts, comes towards him.

JULIANNE

What's wrong?

REMBRANDT

Nothing's wrong. It's just that these eyes have never seen a sight as lovely as you, and I guess it's more than they can take.

This could easily be a line the Crying Man has used before, but it sure hooks Julianne.

She reaches into her little clutch bag and pulls out a hanky to gently dab away the tears.

JULIANNE

That is so sweet...

She is so sweet, and so sincere, that as their eyes meet it's like a nuclear meltdown -- way beyond chemistry. They can barely breathe. Finally

REMBRANDT

(croaks)
Dance?

She melts wordlessly into his arms. Rembrandt's eyes damn near roll back into his head. We're talking ecstasy.

DURWOOD DARBY

crosses the room and arrives at Wade and Arturo's table.

DURWOOD

Miss Welles?

(she looks up from
her plate)

We need to take your picture with the
big check.

WADE

(eager)

Excuse me, professor?

Arturo is quite content to devote full attention to his food.

ARTURO

Of course. Of course. Go ahead.

Wade breathes a sigh of relief as she hurries off with Durwood. She's free. They cross the room to the check. The photographer poses her so that she's pointing to the amount. As he snaps her picture:

WADE

(to Durwood)

Biggest darn check I've ever seen.

MARTIN DeLEO, about 30, good looking and impetuous, is standing nearby, watching Wade. Now he announces himself.

MARTIN

Larger than life, you might say.

WADE

(to Martin)

Absolutely.

(to the photographer)

Am I done?

He nods. Wade steps away from the check and Martin steps up to Wade.

There's a kind of rakish quality about him. Perhaps it's aided by his white boutonniere -- but even his manner seems rooted in *The Great Gatsby*.

MARTIN

(introducing)

Hi. I'm Martin DeLeo, another
winner.

She extends her hand to shake his, but he kisses it instead, looking in her eyes to see her reaction. She's thrown, no doubt about it. Just what her ego needs.

WADE

Wade Welles.

MARTIN

(glancing at the check)

I know.

(then)

I'm delighted to meet you.

WADE

Likewise.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT - QUINN

is at a table, reading. Suddenly, he reacts to the page, horrified.

QUINN

Oh, my God!

He jumps to his feet and runs from the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - "WINNERS BALL" - REMBRANDT

and Julianne sit at a table, staring into each other's eyes. The heat is palpable.

JULIANNE

Kiss me.

Rembrandt glances around briefly to see if anyone's looking, then just decides the hell with it and goes for it, big time. Julianne's definitely into it.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)

Take me, Rembrandt. Right here, right now.

REMBRANDT

(huh?)

Right here? Right now? We're in the middle of a party.

JULIANNE

I'm a winner. I can have anything I want. And I want you.

REMBRANDT

Believe me, darlin', I want you, too, but can't we go back to your room or something?

JULIANNE

Not till after the midnight toast,
and I don't want to wait that long.

Rembrandt scans the room, desperate for a solution to his dilemma. His eyes fall on the curtains behind the check. He stands, takes her hand. Together they quickly traverse the dance floor, passing

WADE AND MARTIN

He's a good dancer, they glide across the floor. He's also great with eye contact as he smiles down at her.

WADE

What're you laughing at?

MARTIN

Not laughing, smirking. There's a difference.

WADE

I know. I was a literature major in college.

MARTIN

So was I. 19th century romantic lit.

WADE

Me, too!
(then)
You're smirking again.

MARTIN

And why not? We have something else in common. I'm holding you in my arms, looking in your eyes, dancing as though we've danced together for years. How can I help but feel a bit smug to be so lucky.

WADE

Not to mention you just won the lottery.

MARTIN

Yes, I suppose. But as far as I'm concerned, meeting you was the best part of that, by far.

Wade reacts - wow! That's quite a compliment. She likes it. She needs it. She puts her head on his chest and silently dances.

BEHIND THE CURTAINS - REMBRANDT AND JULIANNE

open the sliding glass doors, giggling like teenagers, giddy with excitement. They slip outside and close the doors again.

ARTURO AND DURWOOD

sit at a table together, swirling snifters of cognac. They've shared one or two before this and both are feeling somewhat...philosophical.

ARTURO

Do you realize what a wonderful world this is?

(off Durwood's look)

I mean, when you wake up in the morning, are you grateful that you were born on this world and not some other God forsaken rock that mankind screwed up one way or another?

DURWOOD

Frankly, I don't think about it.

ARTURO

You should, Durwood, you should. I'm a physicist, and I happen to know you have your feet on a rather exceptional planet. Trust me, you could have done a lot worse...

DURWOOD

But I'm not happy, professor. The truth is, I'm a hypocrite. Every day I work with people who are good and honorable, Lottery winners improving their karma by moving on to a better life and -- can you believe it -- I'm afraid of death.

Arturo reacts, befuddled.

ARTURO

Why would that make you a hypocrite?

DURWOOD

Excuse me...time to pee...

He gets up and hurries off, leaving Arturo to wonder.

ANGLE THE DOOR - QUINN

enters, still in jeans -- very agitated. The greeter at the reception table stops him.

GREETER

I'm sorry, this is a private party.

QUINN

I was invited -- by Wade Welles.
She's one of the "winners."

There's something disquieting about the way Quinn says
"winners."

GREETER

I'm afraid I still can't let you in
without proper attire.

Quinn, extremely frustrated, looks around the room. He reacts --
stung with jealousy -- as he sees

WADE AND MARTIN

still dancing - closer than ever.

QUINN

has to struggle to regain some composure. He look around
again, avoiding the dance floor, and spots Arturo. He waves
his hand and calls, as discreetly as possible.

QUINN

Professor! Professor!

ARTURO

eventually hears him, reacts, eager. He hurries to Quinn,
who takes him through the door.

ARTURO

I'm glad you're here. I need to
talk to you.

QUINN

Just a minute.

INT. HOTEL FOYER

leading to several ballrooms. Quinn urgently pulls Arturo
to a corner.

QUINN

Professor, we have to get Wade out
of here.

ARTURO

There's something strange about this
Lottery, Quinn...

QUINN

Strange isn't the word for it. You
know what they do to the winners?

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

They kill them and give their winnings
to beneficiaries! In two more days,
they're gonna kill Wade!

Arturo sobers up in a hurry as we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL FOYER - OUTSIDE THE BALLROOM - MOS - THE SLIDERS
 convene in a corner. Rembrandt looks very grim.

WADE

No. We can't leave yet.

QUINN

NO???!!! Wade, didn't you hear me?
 I said they're gonna kill you if you
 stay!

WADE

I have to be here for the midnight
 toast or they'll know something's
 wrong.

QUINN

So you're gonna dance for the next
 two hours when you could be getting
 out of the city?

WADE

Yes, I am. And while I'm dancing,
 Martin may be able to tell me things
 we might need to know -- like whether
 we'd be followed if we tried to leave
 now.

QUINN

How the hell would "Martin" know
 that?

WADE

He might not. But he's from this
 world so he's bound to know more
 about it than us.

(then)

I'm going back. I'll meet you in
 the room at 12:30.

She turns and starts to leave, then comes back.

WADE (CONT'D)

One more thing. I'm going to offer
 to take him with us.

QUINN

What?!!!

REMBRANDT

And I want to take Julianne!

QUINN

(to Wade)

We can't start picking up people the way you pick up stray dogs.

WADE

We're not talking about dogs! We're asking Martin's help, the least we can do is offer ours in return.

QUINN

You're asking Martin's help! I sure as hell don't need it.

ARTURO

Miss Welles, be aware that every additional person we take through the wormhole drains considerable energy from the system. If we offer help to your friend surely we must offer help to Mr. Brown's friend as well -- and ultimately, where do we draw the line? At some point, perhaps even with only one more person, the wormhole could collapse.

REMBRANDT

And what would happen then?

QUINN

We'd be trapped between dimensions, stuck in the void till we suffocated or starved to death.

WADE

How much chance is there that would happen if we took Julianne and Martin?

QUINN

I don't know. I'd have to do some calculations.

WADE

Why don't you do them while we're at the party.

She turns and leaves. Rembrandt hurries with her.

QUINN

(very pissed off)

This has nothing to do with him helping us.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE - LATER - QUINN

sits at the writing desk, papers filled with equations scattered around. Arturo is nearby.

QUINN

It's barbaric!

ARTURO

On the contrary, Mr. Mallory. It's more enlightened than our own world.

QUINN

They kill people to limit the population!

ARTURO

They kill volunteers, painlessly, as a small part of a much larger program. In our world, people die of famine, disease and war in large part because we don't limit our population -- and those deaths are neither painless nor voluntary.

QUINN

It wasn't always painless and voluntary. Before they had birth control, death squads roamed the world killing infants. No couple could have more than two children.

ARTURO

You may find their early methods abhorrent -- as do I -- but as a scientist you cannot ignore the result. The current conditions on this world are vastly preferable to our own.

QUINN

Speak for yourself.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - LATER - THE PARTY

is wrapping up. Wade, Martin, Rembrandt and Julianne are among the winners, gathered in front of the big check. Everyone holds champagne flutes. TV cameras are rolling -- news crews. The greeter is finishing a speech.

GREETER

...Society will not forget its debt to you.

(MORE)

GREETER (CONT'D)

Your families or your significant others will be well provided for. We, who you leave behind, envy your karma -- knowing your next lifetime will be even better than all the pleasures we can provide in your final two days. We love you all!

She raises her glass and drinks. Everyone else does the same. Then they throw their flutes against the big check.

Julianne grabs Rembrandt in a passionate embrace, kisses him deeply.

Martin takes Wade's face in his hands and kisses her as though she was precious. When they break, she looks at him genuinely curious -- who is this man?

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS SUITE - SLIDERS ROOM - LATE NIGHT - QUINN
is pacing, angry.

INT. JULIANNE'S SUITE (REDRESS) - LATE NIGHT - JULIANNE
and Rembrandt are on the couch. She's climbing all over him and he's torn between going with it and saying his piece.

JULIANNE

Rembrandt, please. We have so little time...

REMBRANDT

Baby, that's what I'm trying to tell you. Maybe we can have more time than you think. But you gotta have an open mind and you gotta give me a chance to talk.

JULIANNE

I don't want to talk. I just want to feel your love.

REMBRANDT

Julianne, I'm not from this planet.

Julianne reacts - huh?

CUT TO:

EXT. EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - LATE NIGHT - WADE AND MARTIN
stroll through the gardens. She wears his jacket over her shoulders.

WADE

Martin, I need to tell you something,
and it's hard to believe...

MARTIN

I believe it already.

WADE

Can you believe I'm from another
world? That I came here through an
inter dimensional wormhole?

MART IN

Why not? Reincarnation by any other
name...

She stops, looks him in the eye.

WADE

Not reincarnation. I arrived three
days ago. I'm leaving 18 minutes
after we're scheduled to die.

MARTIN

You're serious.

WADE

I need your help. I have to get
away before they kill me, and I don't
know how anything works. Are we
being watched? Will someone follow
me ?

MARTIN

Lottery fraud is treason! I can't
help you do that.

WADE

What if I could save you, too?

MARTIN

Why would I want to be saved? I
wouldn't have played the Lottery if
I wasn't ready to die. Winners give
their lives to help preserve the
world. It's a great honor! You
want me to throw that away?

Wade struggles to comprehend his point of view and make her
case in a way he can accept.

WADE

You help the world by leaving it,
right?

(MORE)

WADE (CONT'D)

(he nods)

Come with me and you'll still be leaving this world. You won't have to die and you'll still have your honor.

MARTIN

All deaths have to be monitored by the Lottery Commission -- yours included. They won't let you escape. No one escapes. They can't afford to set that precedent.

WADE

I have to try. When I played the Lottery, I didn't know what I was doing. I'm not ready to die.

MARTIN

The only reason I'd even consider staying alive is to be with you.

Wade reacts - very trapped.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE - LATE NIGHT - QUINN

has fallen asleep at the desk. The dog sleeps at his feet, but now perks up as a KEY can be heard in the lock. The dog barks once -- waking Quinn -- as

THE DOOR

opens. Rembrandt enters. The dog runs to him. He pets it.

QUINN

(checks the clock)

You were supposed to be here 4 hours ago.

REMBRANDT

I got held up.

Quinn gets up, checks the open bedroom. Wade's not there.

QUINN

Wade's still not back.

REMBRANDT

Did you do your calculations? Can I bring Julianne?

QUINN

I don't know.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

One more person is probably okay
except under extreme conditions.
Two more would be dangerous -- about
a 20% chance of failure.

REMBRANDT

So, if Martin wants to come, we'd
have to choose who stays and who
goes...

QUINN

Or take a chance on all of us dying.

Rembrandt reacts, a most uncomfortable choice. Then, there's
a firm, loud KNOCK on the door. Quinn and Rembrandt exchange
a puzzled look as:

AGENT JONES

Federal agents. Open up.

Rembrandt quiets the dog and opens the door. Two typical
FBI agents stand there.

AGENT JONES (CONT'D)

Rembrandt Brown?

(Rembrandt nods)

You are under arrest for conspiring
to commit Lottery fraud.

Rembrandt reacts with a horrified "huh" as they slap cuffs
on him and haul him away.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - WEE HOURS - WADE AND MARTIN

sit at a table beside the pool.

MARTIN

When I first saw you, I imagined --
I hoped -- that we could die in each
other's arms. That probably seems
insane to you.

WADE

A few hours ago it would have.

MARTIN

What about now?

WADE

(nods sagely)
Eccentric.

MARTIN
 (laughs, then)
 I wish I'd met you on your world.

WADE
 I was different. Being a slider has
 changed me.

MARTIN
 I doubt that.

WADE
 It's true. My life was drab. I
 longed for adventure.

MART IN
 And now?

WADE
 (laughs)
 My life is constant adventure and I
 long for drab.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIANNE'S SUITE (REDRESS) - MORNING - JULIANNE

is rearranging flowers. The room is absolutely filled with
 flowers. A STRING QUARTET in a corner of the room, plays
 beautiful chamber music.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Julianne opens it. It's the
 FBI agents, and Rembrandt. They bring him in.

REMBRANDT
 Why, Julianne? How could you turn
 me in? I was trying to help you!

JULIANNE
 I know that's what you thought, but
 you're not responsible. You're so
 afraid of death. That's why you're
 here...I'm gonna cure you.

REMBRANDT
 I don't need to be cured. I don't
 want this.

JULIANNE
 (to the FBI)
 Remove his handcuffs, please.
 (they obey)
 You see? I get anything I want.
 (then)
 Now come over here, with me.

She reclines on the couch, amid the flowers, and pulls him down beside her. He looks around, getting an ugly feeling about what is going to happen.

REMBRANDT

Julianne, please don't do this

JULIANNE

You mustn't be afraid. Fear is what kills. Love lives forever.

REMBRANDT

No!

JULIANNE

You committed treason, but it was only because you were afraid. I'm gonna show you there's nothing to be afraid of.

REMBRANDT

Oh, God...

She takes a small vial from her pocket. Opens it. He tries to stop her, but the FBI agents grab his arms.

JULIANNE

Don't make them put the handcuffs back on.

She drinks. Rembrandt's arms go limp. He knows it's too late. The agents release him. Julianne smiles, looks in his eyes earnestly.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)

It tastes very good, like apricot nectar. Feels soothing going down.

REMBRANDT

(tortured)

Julianne...

JULIANNE

I'm going to lie back a little. I already feel like I'm floating. I see white light... It's coming for me. It's all around me, all through me... It's wonderful, Rembrandt... Nothing to fear...

(then)

Take my hand...

(he does)

I'm going with the light now... Feel my life go... Tomorrow, you'll join me...

She dies. Rembrandt reacts, awe struck.

REMBRANDT

She's gone.

The Feds slap the cuffs back on him as we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - DAY - ARTURO AND QUINN

are pacing, the dog moving in and out between their feet. The door opens, Wade enters. The dog is the only one who isn't angry at her.

QUINN

Where the hell were you?

WADE

Have you walked the dog?

QUINN

We have more important things to deal with.

WADE

(pointed)

No we don't. Let's walk the dog, now.

(gently)

Come on, Henry.

(she opens the door)

Let's go.

Quinn and Arturo exchange a look, then follow her out.

EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - DAY - WADE, QUINN, ARTURO AND HENRY

walk through the landscaping.

WADE

I didn't want to talk in the room because it's probably bugged.

(Arturo and Quinn react)

It took a long time, but Martin finally told me what we're up against. No one's ever escaped for more than a few hours. Hardly anyone even tries.

QUINN

That's encouraging. Does he expect to come with us in exchange for his pearls of wisdom?

WADE

He doesn't want to. It'd be treason.

QUINN

If he's so patriotic, why would he help you -- that's just as treasonous.

WADE

Why don't you just ask if I slept with him? That's what you really want to know, isn't it?

QUINN

You make everything about our relationship. It has nothing to do with that.

Arturo reacts, uncomfortable, to be in the middle of this.

WADE

So you don't want to know, right? Fine. I won't tell you.

Of course he does want to know, but that option is now preempted, so he salvages his pyrrhic victory.

QUINN

I just wanted to be sure he could be trusted, Wade. Someone turned Rembrandt in. They arrested him last night.

WADE

(reacts, horrified)
Oh, no... For Lottery fraud?

ARTURO

Conspiracy to commit Lottery fraud...

WADE

Martin couldn't have turned him in... Why would he?...

QUINN

Who else is there? Just Julianne, and why would she do it?

WADE

Oh, God... Anything to do with Lottery fraud is treason. It's a death penalty.

QUINN

(to Arturo, grim)
There's your better world, professor.

ARTURO

There's no shortage of executions on our world, Mr. Mallory.

QUINN

Fine. This is a swell world. How do we find Rembrandt and escape from this paradise with our lives?

WADE

The good news is they're probably keeping him right here somewhere. The bad news is this place is like a fortress. Even if we find him, we don't stand much chance of getting out.

QUINN

Maybe we don't have to get out. Maybe we can stay out of sight somewhere in the hotel until we slide.

WADE

They bring us to the "Tranquility Rooms" 15 minutes before they kill us.

QUINN

So, if we wait for the last minute, we'll only have to hide out for about 35 minutes.

WADE

(nervous)

Do we really have to wait for the last minute?

QUINN

(shrugs)

The earlier we disappear, the more time we give them to find us.

Wade reacts. She doesn't like this very much.

ARTURO

How do we find Rembrandt?

WADE

I think I know.

The others look at her, intrigued as we

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS LUXURIOUS SUITE - DAY - QUINN AND ARTURO

watch as Wade holds an article of Rembrandt's clothing up to the dog's nose, petting it and whispering in its ear.

WADE

Sniff it real good, boy. You got it? Can you find him?

Henry wags his tail and barks eagerly.

WADE (CONT'D)

Okay, boy... Find Rembrandt.

The dog sniffs the clothing one more time, then Wade takes it away and Henry sniffs along the ground. Quinn opens the door for him to REVEAL

AGENT JONES, THE SECOND AGENT, AND DURWOOD

Jones -- just about to knock -- recovers quickly.

AGENT JONES

Back inside.

QUINN

Actually, we're on our way out.

AGENT JONES

(draws his gun)

Back inside! Now!

The sliders quickly retreat back into the room. The intruders enter.

ARTURO

Now see here. What's this all about?

AGENT JONES

You're under aresst. All of you.

QUINN

What for?

ARTURO

We haven't done anything wrong.

AGENT JONES

(sarcastic)

Ah, yes. We heard this from Mr. Brown. You don't know our laws because you come from a different world -- one where the people happen to look just like us and talk our language. You're either insane, or very, very stupid.

The sliders exchange a look. There goes the game plan.

DURWOOD

(to Wade, almost apologetic)

I'm afraid I need to take your white card.

This is the last of her concerns. She hands it over.

WADE

What are you going to do with us?

DURWOOD

Your situation is as it was -- except that now you'll be confined to your room.

WADE

What about my friends?

DURWOOD

In the morning, they'll die with you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE SLIDERS ROOM - LATER

A THIRD FBI AGENT

Agent Larner, has been posted outside the room. He sits, reading a newspaper.

ANGLE DOWN THE HALL TO THE ELEVATORS - MARTIN

dressed in tennis whites, carrying a racket, comes towards the room. We can now see this guy is well muscled.

Martin stops in front of the slider's door, but before he can knock:

AGENT LARNER

Keep moving. No one's allowed to see them.

Wearied, Martin pulls his white card from his pocket.

AGENT LARNER (CONT'D)

The card doesn't matter. You can't go in.

MARTIN

(quiet, outraged)

What do you mean, the card doesn't matter. It's against the law for you to deny the wishes of a white card holder.

AGENT LARNER

You know the law real good, do you?

MARTIN

I'm a lawyer.

AGENT LARNER

Yeah, well, I'm sorry but my orders
are no one gets in, card or no card.

MARTIN

I want to speak to whoever gave you
those orders.

AGENT LARNER

(indicates door)

He's in there... And like I said, you
can't go in...

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS - THE SLIDERS

are on the couch, guarded by agent Jones and the second agent,
who sit in chairs, guns handy. All can hear the disturbance
outside the door.

Jones exchanges a peeved look with his partner and gets up.

AGENT JONES

Watch them.

He goes to the door.

QUINN

is alert, knowing this may be their only chance to escape.

Jones opens the door and deliberately blocks all views in or
out.

AGENT JONES

(hard)

Leave this area, now!

MARTIN

(obstinate)

Who the hell are you, and since when
doesn't a white card mean anything?

This is good enough to get the second agent to glance around
to see the argument.

Quinn seizes the moment immediately, leaps at the second
agent, knocking his chair over backwards. They scuffle on
the floor.

Jones, hearing this, closes the door and whips around pulling
his gun -- but before he can shoot, Henry leaps up and bites
his arm. They go down in a tangle -- blocking the door.

Wade grabs a vase and breaks it over the head of the second
agent.

Arturo grabs the gun out of his hand and throws it into the bedroom. Quinn scrambles to his feet, kicks the gun away from agent Jones as:

QUINN

We need the dog. We have to find Rembrandt.

At that moment, agent Larner forces the door open and shoots 4 times. The gun hisses -- CO-2.

Tranquilizer darts hit the sliders and Henry. It takes just a moment for them to go down.

IN THE CORRIDOR - MARTIN REACTS

appalled, sorry that he didn't help.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS SUITE - EARLY MORNING - QUINN, WADE AND ARTURO

are asleep on the couch, handcuffed, and shackled around the ankles. Quinn is in the middle, with Wade sleeping on one shoulder and Arturo the other. The dog, locked in a wire cage, is also asleep.

Agent Jones is awake, though less than vigilant. The second agent is fast asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SLIDER'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Larner is also asleep, his chair tipped back, leaning against the wall. Other than that, the hall is empty. Or is it?

From behind the camera position, something moves into frame -- a metal cylinder. It goes KONK as its bottom hits smartly into the side of agent Larner's head.

ANOTHER ANGLE - AS MARTIN ADROITLY CATCHES LARNER

to prevent any further noise. Then Martin (no longer in tennis togs) hangs up the fire extinguisher (his weapon) and carries Larner down the hall and into

INT. A CUSTODIAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS - MARTIN

uses duct tape to secure Larner's wrists, ankles and mouth.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - MARTIN

emerges from the custodial closet and gets into the elevator.

INT. SLIDERS SUITE - LATER - QUINN, WADE AND ARTURO

still on the couch, are all too awake now, and quite frightened. The agents are on their feet. Agent Jones checks his watch then points his gun at them.

AGENT JONES

(to second agent)

They'll be coming for her soon.
Bring her over here and take off her
leg restraints.

The second agent helps Wade up and steadies her as she shuffles the few feet to Agent Jones. During this:

QUINN

I know you don't believe us, but why
can't you just wait the few extra
minutes to let us prove what we're
saying is true?

AGENT JONES

You don't understand, kid. It doesn't
matter if what you say is true or
not. The only thing that matters is
that you tried to beat the Lottery.
We don't let that happen -- no matter
what world you're from. Okay? Will
you shut up about it now?

The second agent begins to unshackle Wade.

ARTURO

Sir, it is very easy for you to be
cavalier about death. On your world
it is cause for celebration, but we
do not welcome death as you do --
and we did not know the rules of the
Lottery when we entered. This is
why, if you could only wait those
few extra...

There's a KNOCK at the door.

AGENT JONES

(to the second agent)

Thank God. That'll be Durwood to
take them off our hands.

Jones goes to the door while the second agent finishes removing the leg restraints.

AT THE DOOR - JONES

opens the door and is greeted by the bottom of the fire
extinguisher. KONK. He goes down. Martin rushes in.

Before the second agent can get up, Wade has jumped on his shoulders, locking her legs around his neck and hanging on with her (manacled) hands. He still manages to get up and pull his gun. He can't, however, fire it accurately and misses Martin with several shots.

Unfortunately, with Wade's legs wrapped around the agent's head and with dodging tranquilizer darts, Martin can't get a good shot with his trusty fire extinguisher.

He tries a couple of times -- perhaps getting Wade's leg one of them -- and then thinks to turn it around and squirt the guy in the face.

It works like a charm. The agent drops his gun, reels backwards, falls over the coffee table, landing Wade on the couch. Martin shoots the agent with a tranquilizer dart.

QUINN

(honestly, to Martin)

Good to see you.

ARTURO

Indeed.

MARTIN

It's not right to kill people who don't want to die.

Wade rattles her chains, pointing with both hands towards the keys, which are still on the floor.

WADE

The keys!

Martin grabs them and hurries to Wade, opens her handcuffs.

MARTIN

(gives her the keys)

Free your friends, I want to check the hall.

Wade opens Quinn's handcuffs while Martin goes to the door cracks it open and peers into the hall during:

QUINN

Do you know where they're keeping Rembrandt?

MARTIN

No. But wherever they have him, they'll be bringing him to the "Tranquility Chambers" on the third floor.

ARTURO

Won't that floor be under heavy guard?

MARTIN

I don't know.

Wade lets Quinn open Arturo's shackles while she frees Henry.

WADE

Henry will find Rembrandt for us.

MARTIN

Hurry up. They'll be coming for you
any second.

Henry is really happy to be out of the cage, licks Wade's face while she pets him.

Arturo's free, everyone hurries to the door.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

We'll take the stairs. Run!

INT. THE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - MARTIN, WADE, QUINN, ARTURO
and Henry run from the room to the stairway, but as they're
running DURWOOD emerges from the elevator and spots them.

DURWOOD

(into a walkie talkie)

Runners are loose! Seal the exits!

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - THE SLIDERS AND MARTIN

barrel down the stairs as fast as they can. ALARMS begin to
sound.

CUT TO:

INT. "TRANQUILITY CHAMBER" - TIME THE SAME - REMBRANDT

is strapped into a reclining chair (similar to a dentist's).
The room is small. The walls and ceiling are projection
screens. An "OPERATOR" stands at a console, pushing buttons.
Each time he pushes, a new image on one of the screens, or a
different kind of music.

OPERATOR

Tell me when we get to one you like,
Mr. Brown.

REMBRANDT

(really frightened)

I want to see all of them before I
make up my mind.

OPERATOR

Is that really necessary?

REMBRANDT

You're damned right it is.

OPERATOR

If you'd just tell me what it is you'd like to see, I'm sure I could provide it. Perhaps this one.

Images of Julianne fill the room. Not just as she was with Rembrandt, but images of her on a beach in a bikini, as a little girl eating birthday cake, cooking dinner, brushing her hair -- all aspects of her life.

Rembrandt cannot help himself - he's fascinated.

JULIANNE'S VOICE

Dear Rembrandt, I hope you will choose to spend your last few moment with me, as I chose to spend mine with you... I wanted you to see more of the life I've led.

(a picture of another woman appears)

This is my sister, Anita, and her children who will all benefit from my money...

Rembrandt is too captivated to notice that the operator is coming around behind him with a pneumatic syringe. He's about to stick it against Rembrandt's arm when suddenly the SOUND of the LOUD ALARM fills the room, shocking him and taking Rembrandt out of his reverie.

CROSS CUT to the dog running into the room, with the sliders close behind.

The operator wields the pneumatic syringe like a weapon.

OPERATOR

Get out! No one's allowed in here!

Quinn grabs the operator's wrist, forces the syringe to point in the air. The others quickly unstrap Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT

Boy, am I glad to see you!

OPERATOR

You'll never get away with this.

MARTIN

(to the operator)

You're too uptight, relax.

Martin shoots him with a tranquilizer dart.

Arturo closes the door. Suddenly, the sound of the alarms STOPS, and Julianne's voice can be heard again. Rembrandt reacts.

REMBRANDT
Somebody turn her off! That woman
was trouble!

Quinn finds the control panel, quickly solves it, and Julianne disappears.

ARTURO
(to Quinn)
How much time?

QUINN
(checking the timer)
Too much. Eight minutes.

ARTURO
Perhaps, if we stayed in here, they
wouldn't find us.

QUINN
(shakes his head)
They know this is where they had
Rembrandt. They're bound to check
here, and we'd be trapped.

WADE
(to Martin)
What are you gonna do?

MARTIN
I don't know. You and your friends
are reunited, I suppose I could get
into this chair and let things take
their proper course.

ARTURO
No matter how well ordered your world
is, I cannot believe that this sort
of thing is a "proper course."

WADE
Come with us, Martin.

Martin looks at Quinn, clearly leaving it up to him.

QUINN
If we get out of here, we'll owe it
all to you. It's the least we can
do.

MARTIN

All right, then we better get going.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - COPS

are already checking the "tranquility chambers," more are coming out of the elevators,

THE SLIDERS

emerge from their "chamber" just a bit ahead of the lead cops. They manage to get a little bit further down the hall towards the stairway before they're spotted.

COP

Stop or I'll shoot!

They don't stop, but they get into the stairway before any darts hit them. One does, however, hit the dog. He whines for a moment, trying to reach the door, then falls.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS - THE SLIDERS

hear COPS on the stairs, coming down from above, so they run down as fast as they can.

GROUND FLOOR - EMERGENCY EXIT DOUBLE DOORS

They hit the bar latches and push. No good.

QUINN

Locked.

MARTIN

(points down the stairs)

The garage?

They race down the next flight and emerge in

INT. HOTEL GARAGE - A METAL GRATING

is descending across the entrance and exit. The sliders run like hell towards it. Can they make it? No.

They arrive just as it touches the floor. They try to lift it so they can slide underneath, but it's locked solid. They run to

INT. A DIFFERENT STAIRWAY - THE SLIDERS RUN UP

then out into

INT. THE LOBBY

Bad move. There are cops at every door and a bunch more disbursed on the prowl. The sliders are instantly spotted.

Their only advantage is that the cops clearly don't want to give the impression of a disturbance. They walk quickly, coordinating into a circle - but the sliders run avoiding capture as they duck into

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - THE SLIDERS (AND MARTIN)

weave through it, bumping into waiters, spilling trays of food. The cops are following, relentless. The sliders dash into

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - THE SLIDERS (AND MARTIN)

run through. They try to get out the service doors -- locked. They duck into a service elevator. The cops get there, pound on the button but it's too late.

INT. SERVICE AREA - THE SERVICE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN

and the sliders run out into

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - WHERE THE PARTY WAS HELD

The sliders run to glass doors that go to a balcony outside. The doors are locked. Quinn looks at

THE TIMER - 35 SECONDS LEFT

Quinn grabs a chair.

QUINN

Get back!

The others step away from the glass. He hurls the chair. The glass shatters. The sliders run through to

EXT. THE BALCONY

Dead end. There's no stairway. They look back into the ballroom. Police are running in, no one's here, no need to keep up appearances. They start firing. This batch is shooting bullets.

The sliders look over the balcony railing. There are some chaise lounge pads stacked up below. Not much choice. Over the side they go.

ARTURO

(before he drops)

Oh, my God.

ANGLE DOWN - THE POOL AREA - THE SLIDERS LAND SAFELY

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE POOL AREA - THE SLIDERS

have landed right in front of other glass doors. COPS have watched them land. They head for the glass doors now.

Quinn has his back to them -- he's watching the timer.

Wade notices the cops coming just as Quinn points the timer.

WADE

Watch out!

Quinn turns just as he pushes the button, and the gate opens right in the middle of the swimming pool! The energy sends water spraying up, out of the pool.

As usual, the vortex has the effect of momentarily freezing our pursuers.

REMBRANDT

Last one in is a rotten egg!

He runs and leaps into the pool. Arturo follows. Martin is a bit uncertain about it.

WADE

(to Martin)

Go! Go! Make sure you land where they did!

The shock is over. A cop fires. Wade grabs Martin's hand, gets him moving. Quinn starts running, too. Another shot misses.

Wade and Martin get to the pool.

WADE (CONT'D)

Jump!

Martin jumps, makes it. More shots now. Quinn and Wade leap at the same time. Another shot. Quinn is hit in mid air just as he falls into the void.

THE VORTEX CLOSES - WE SEE QUINN'S BLOOD IN THE WATER

INT. THE VORTEX - EFFECT

SLIDERS POV - SLIDING THROUGH THE VORTEX

WADE (V.O.)

This slide feels like an eternity.
Quinn's shot, and I don't know how
badly he's hurt, or if there'll be a
doctor who can help him when we get
(MORE)

WADE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
to the next world. Dear God, please
let him be all right.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR