

TEASER

"The Guardian"

OPEN ON

the rewed-up sounds of CELEBRATION. A cacophony of MUSIC, LAUGHTER, and CLINKING GLASSES.

1 INT. LAST CHANCE BAR (REDRESS) - NIGHT - FADE IN ON

1

a cork popping from a bottle of top notch champagne. This world's ELSTON DIGGS (goatee and all) is tending bar at a rocking New Year's Eve party - it's just minutes now till midnight. He looks up to see a beaming WADE approach the bar.

WADE

Three champagnes, please.

DIGGS

(pouring)

Three? Tell me you're not driving.

WADE

Actually, we're flying. At noon tomorrow.

DIGGS

Yeah? Where ya headed?

WADE

Another Earth.

Wade shoots the perplexed bartender a smile and a tip, then makes her way across the crowded room, balancing the drinks. A banner on the wall reads: JIM HALL'S 10TH ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S BASH! People are milling around before it in anticipation - on the big screen TV in the background, the ball is minutes from dropping in the nation's cultural capital... Milwaukee.

VOICE IN THE CROWD

Five minutes, everyone! Five minutes!

Suddenly everybody around her starts kissing - Wade is shocked when A HANDSOME YOUNG MAN boldly places a hand around her waist and plants a passionate kiss on her lips.

Wade comes up for air - before she can ask what gives, he's already moved on, kissing someone else. Wade's eyes go wide as she spots another guy making a beeline for her.

2 INT. PATIO ADJACENT TO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - WADE

2

escapes the pleased chaos of the living room, glasses still in hand, only to find QUINN and REMBRANDT locked in joyful kissing sessions with two pretty women.

Each reacts with a start when they open their eyes to see Wade standing next to them, a look of ironic amusement on her face. Like guys who've been caught by their mom, they each disengage and try to project a sense of nonchalance.

QUINN

(strained smile)

It's uh, apparently a custom of this world, to kiss before the clock strikes twelve. Weird, huh?

REMBRANDT

Yeah, like having New Year's Eve on the last night in September. When in Rome, what can you do?

WADE

You expect me to believe they just came up and started kissing you? Please.

Wade smiles a secret smile (knowing they have no idea she herself was just kissed) and hands them each a glass of champagne. As they tilt the glasses to take a swig, they notice they're 95% empty.

WADE

(sheepish)

They must've spilled on my way back from the bar. Can't imagine how that happened.

(looking around,
frowning)

Anyone see The Professor?

QUINN

(shaking head)

He promised to meet us here before the year turned.

REMBRANDT

(checking watch)

That was two weeks ago... he's got a minute and a half to keep his word.

The Sliders look back toward the living room where the crowd is reaching a fever pitch in anticipation of midnight.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

2

Wade downs the pittance of liquid still in her glass - then once again scans the surroundings with a touch of anxiety...

WADE

Should we be worried? He's always riding us about being on time, and now he's late --

ARTURO (O.S.)

-- But I'm not late, Miss Welles.

The relieved Sliders turn to see ARTURO approaching.

ARTURO

In fact I'm a minute early.

Arturo is arm in arm with NATALIE HAMPTON, a stunning woman, attractive in a mature, intelligent way.

ARTURO

May I introduce Natalie Hampton... soon to be Mrs. Natalie Arturo.

(she greets the stunned Sliders)

We'll be getting married in the spring.

The Sliders are speechless, unsure of how to react, looking from Arturo to Natalie as the crowd in the adjoining living room builds to a fever pitch. Finally, Rembrandt manages a smile as he addresses Natalie...

REMBRANDT

Wow... Congratulations. So you'll be coming with us in the morning?

ARTURO

No. She will be remaining on this world. And so will I.

(deep breath)

I came here tonight... to say good-bye.

The crowd in the living room is CHANTING now... TEN, NINE, EIGHT...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED (2)

2

CROSSCUT THE SLIDERS

individually reacting to Arturo's stunning news - their somber, shocked expressions somehow enhanced by the excited crowd... THREE, TWO, ONE, HAPPY NEW YEAR...

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN ON:

3 INT. JIM HALL'S PATIO - NIGHT - WE REJOIN THE SLIDERS

3

and Natalie in the same setting - the New Year is at hand, people continue to celebrate in the background, in stark contrast to the mood of Arturo's Sliding companions.

ARTURO

Please... be happy for me. And
Slide tomorrow with no regrets.

(to Quinn)

I'm indebted to you. Your
invention allowed me to meet the
love of my life. The peace and
tranquility that embraces me now
would be a distant dream if not
for you.

They shake hands profoundly - two colleagues and friends who know they will never see each other again. In the background, the other party-goers begin to sing the traditional New Year's Eve song of this world, the wistful ballad "I'll Be Seeing You."

Arturo turns to Rembrandt...

ARTURO

My thoughts will often be of you,
and the great times we've shared.
Like the day I saved you from
those cannibals.

REMBRANDT

You? Saved me? I've never seen a
man run so fast in my life. You
would've been Arturo soup if it
wasn't for me.

ARTURO

Maybe so, But all in all, we had
a hell of a lot of fun, didn't we?

Rembrandt nods, a little choked up. They clasp hands warmly.

REMBRANDT

(eyes down)

Man, I'm close to living up to my
nickname.

Finally, Arturo turns to Wade. Although they've often been at odds, in many ways this is the most painful

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED

3

good-bye. She suddenly embraces him, holding him tightly, closing her eyes...

WADE
(tearful whisper)
I'm going to miss you more than
you'll ever know.

Arturo is secretly very moved; he struggles to mask it. Gently disengaging from Wade, he signals a passing server and has champagne poured into everyone's glasses.

ARTURO
A toast everyone, a toast.
(lifts his glass,
looks at Natalie)
May you all find the happiness that
I've found.
(to Sliders)
Good-bye... and good luck.

The others hesitate... then clink glasses with The Professor and his bride-to-be. In the background, the crowd is coming to the end of their song...

SINGING CROWD
I'll find you in the morning
sun... and when the night is
new... I'll be looking at the
moon... but I'll be seeing you.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY - CLOSE ON A SIGNATURE

4

in the making - the name being signed is Maximilian P. Arturo - the bill is for medical services rendered.

PULL BACK TO SEE ARTURO

place the pen down in the presence of Natalie Hampton. Natalie wears the white frock of a doctor - all the romance between the two has vanished, replaced by a mood formal and professional.

ARTURO
I'm grateful for your assistance.
It was above and beyond the call.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED

4

NATALIE

I don't usually take on roles,
Professor, but given the
challenges you face... I wanted to
help in whatever way I could.

Arturo puts on his overcoat, prepares to exit. He notices
that Natalie is looking at him with sad eyes.

ARTURO

Please don't feel sorry for me,
Doctor. I've seen more, done more
in my life than any ten men I
know.

5 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

5

TIGHT ON ARTURO

as he steps into the bright sunshine, putting on dark
shades. Turning to walk up the block, he bumps right into
Quinn --

ARTURO

(flustered)

What are you doing here? You had
no right to follow me!

QUINN

I spoke to Doctor Hampton's
receptionist - apparently Natalie
Hampton is already married,
apparently you're her patient.

Arturo simmers, trying to cook up an explanation... but
finally sighs, a beaten man.

ARTURO

Alright, I admit to the charade.
I wanted you to leave this Earth
without remorse. To remember me
with a smile instead of a tear.
(deep breath)
I have a terminal disease Quinn.
The details are unimportant - what
matters is, there is no cure.

Arturo starts to walk down the block - Quinn follows,
reeling.

QUINN

How long?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED

5

ARTURO
A month. A year. Somewhere in
between.

QUINN
Are you... in pain?

ARTURO
Remarkably little. That will
undoubtedly change when I near the
end.

Quinn is thinking hard, still trying to fathom this.

QUINN
What do you plan to do --

ARTURO
-- With the time I have left?
Travel... seek out adventure...
live every remaining minute to the
fullest.

QUINN
Then you should be coming with us.
We Slide in an hour.
(off Arturo's look)
Where else could you find more
adventure than Sliding?

ARTURO
I would like to continue... but I
refuse to be an object of pity in
the eyes of Miss Welles or Mister
Brown.

QUINN
Then let's not tell them.
(Arturo is
skeptical)
If that's how you feel, we can keep
it between us.

6 EXT. URBAN ALLEY - DAY - ON WADE AND REMBRANDT

6

The Professor is looking away and they are eying him with
deep empathy. We hear QUINN'S WORDS from the previous
scene...

QUINN (O.S.)
We'll say you and Natalie broke
up.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED

6

QUINN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(O.S.)

You took it kinda hard and decided
to Slide after all. Simple as
that.

QUINN

aims the timer and forms the gate.

REMBRANDT

sidles up to Arturo on his way to the vortex.

REMBRANDT

(male bonding)

Hang in there, big guy: I know
what it's like - any time you need
to talk you just shout.

He continues on and Slides.

WADE

also passes, but first she stops and looks at Arturo with
eyes befitting the examination of a wounded puppy. Her
heart is breaking for him and it is driving the Professor
out of his skin. At last... she gently touches his face...
then Slides.

ARTURO

Pity is pity, Mr. Mallory! No
matter how misguided!

A PERTURBED ARTURO

leaps into the void.

QUINN

takes a deep breath and follows suit.

7 EXT. SLIDING TUNNEL - FLYING THROUGH THE VOID

7

8 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS

8

arrive to find the streets relatively quiet. They dust
themselves off, take a look around, and size up their
surroundings - definitely San Francisco. Remmy (eyes still
on the city) queries Quinn...

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED

8

REMBRANDT
Definitely San Francisco... don't
you think?

QUINN
Yeah... but something's
different... Can't put my finger on
it.

They notice The Professor has wandered off... they move in
that direction, still looking around.

ON THE PROFESSOR

as the others sidle up. He is standing before a car
dealership that does luxury rentals... and his eyes are
lovingly glued to a black Bentley.

ARTURO
Beautiful, isn't she? When I wore
a younger man's clothes I owned
one just like it. Those were some
of the happiest days of my life.

REMBRANDT
I know just how you feel. A man's
car is right up there with his
woman and his vocation. My
Cadillac --
(looks at Quinn)
-- the one now stuck in an iceberg?
(back to Arturo)
-- meant everything to me. Losing
it was like losing my...
(looks down, then
sees Wade, avoids
saying "dick")
-- arm.

ARTURO
(puts an arm over
Remmy's shoulder)
Well my friend, I still have some
cash from the last world... and you
only live once.

CUT TO:

9 INT. BENTLEY - DAY - THE SLIDERS ARE RIDING IN STYLE

9

a nostalgic Arturo driving, Remmy beside him, Quinn and
Wade in the back. CLASSICAL MUSIC is playing on the radio.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED

9

QUINN

I think I've nailed it.
Everything on this Earth seems to
be ten to fifteen years old. Even
the new things.

REMBRANDT

Are you cracked, Q-ball - the new
things are old? What is this,
hand me down world?

QUINN

What I mean is... it all looks
mid-eighties.

WADE

Are you saying we've traveled back
in time? I thought you didn't
believe in that sort of thing.

Quinn is stymied - his eyes wander out the window, lost in
thought. Arturo brings the car to a stop at a red light
near a small city cemetery called "Whispering Glades".

ARTURO

I can assure you, the year is
1996. It's on the rental form I
filled out.

(to Quinn)

Van Meer's Theorem: straight
relativistic time dilation.

QUINN

Right! That could explain it.

REMBRANDT

Oh really? Doesn't do a thing for
me.

ARTURO

(to Wade and Remmy)

Herbert Van Meer, a Dutch
astrophysicist, theorized about a
parallel world which revolved
around the sun at the same rate as
ours, but which spun more quickly
on its axis. Thus, over the
course of centuries, a subtle time
lapse could occur. It may be
1996, but from our perspective
events are occurring as they did a
decade or two ago --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED (2)

9

QUINN
(staring out
window)
-- Pull over!

ARTURO
I beg your pardon?

QUINN
Stop the car and pull over!!

A befuddled Arturo does so, and Quinn is out the door before the car has come to a stop.

The others watch in silent puzzlement as Quinn slowly moves toward the entrance to the grounds of Whispering Glades, his eyes never wavering from the modest funeral service taking place just inside its gates.

A small, respectful group of people are gathered before a tombstone. At the center of the ceremony are a black clad WIDOW, her back to us, wearing a veil, and her eleven-year-old SON who also has his back turned.

ON QUINN

watching from a respectful distance, his face an unreadable mask. If you look closely, you'll see his heart is thumping at twice its normal speed.

The other Sliders sense that something profound is happening here. They approach Quinn from behind; he doesn't even hear their soft footsteps.

WADE
Quinn... what is it?

He doesn't answer, can't find any words.

REMBRANDT
Do you know these people?

His answer is barely audible.

QUINN
Yes... I know them.

The veiled widow seems to momentarily sense his presence. She glances back over her shoulder, just for an instant... and sets eyes on him... before turning back to face the tombstone.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED (3)

9

QUINN
(half -whisper)
That woman is my mother.
(Pause)
And the boy... is me.

MOVE IN ON THE WIDOW

holding hands with the dark-haired little boy who glances
back over his shoulder as we...

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN ON:

10 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF CEMETERY - DAY - THE SERVICE 10

has ended and the procession is walking right past The Sliders. MRS. MALLORY once again glances at Quinn as she leads a deeply mournful YOUNG QUINN down the path.

Once they've gone, Rembrandt sees that his friend Quinn is standing perfectly still, barely breathing.

QUINN

It's exactly as I remember it.
Everything... just as it happened.
(hangs his head)
The day we buried my father.

Rembrandt really feels for his friend. He drapes an arm over his shoulder as we...

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS 11

are spread out about the room - Quinn is standing, silently staring out the window, while Arturo is pouring himself a drink.

ARTURO

I have something to share - I'd decided to keep it to myself, but now that we're partners in Sliding again, I feel I owe you the truth.

Quinn glances over at the Professor, surprised - Arturo takes a swig and goes in a different direction...

ARTURO

In recent weeks I've done some intensive calculations based on our journeys and the writings of Russian physicist Vladimir Skrevadenska.

REMBRANDT

Oh yeah, there you go again - Hubert Van Decamp, Vlad Skrevadooski - don't smart guys ever have simple names?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED

11

ARTURO

Apparently not, Mister Brown.

(clears throat)

As I was saying, I'm now convinced that there are likely millions of parallel Earths... and that the odds of our returning to the one we started from are akin to finding a needle in a haystack.

REMBRANDT

(suddenly sober)

Wait a minute - you're saying we're never gonna make it home? Q-ball?

QUINN

(quietly)

I don't agree. The Professor's calculations must be flawed.

WADE

(to Arturo, ticked)

Flawed or not, what business do you have telling us something like that? I don't know much about your endless "calculations" but I do know that hope's the one thing we can't afford to lose.

For an instant, it looks like Arturo is going to come right back at her - a typical clash of philosophies between these two - but the Professor's initial irritation quickly turns to genuine affection.

ARTURO

My dear Miss Welles, your naivete is so refreshing, no matter how misguided. Don't ever change.

Wade initially feels patronized... but something in the Professor's eyes tells her he's sincere.

ARTURO

I raised this thesis not to discourage but to motivate. Our modus operandi must change from "don't get involved" to "let's make a difference". Given my doubts about an eventual homecoming, I propose that being a force for good is the moral and responsible course.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED (2)

11

All the Sliders take a moment to consider this. MOVE IN ON QUINN who in particular is thinking about it.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY - ON YOUNG QUINN

12

still looking gloomy - a sad, lone figure walking out onto the playground during lunchtime recess. He glances around the playground listlessly, squinting in the noon-day sun.

Suddenly he reacts as an object is hurled his way. Quinn catches the fast-moving basketball just before it clips him in the head.

BRADY (O.S.)
Whoa, nice catch brain boy!

Derisive LAUGHTER rings out as Young Quinn is surrounded by a small pack of schoolyard bullies.

The leader is BRADY OAKS, tall, long blond hair, aggressive taunting demeanor. His main henchman is REX CRANDELL, a raw boned youth of limited intellect. Crandell and Oaks share one main trait - a cruel streak that knows no bounds - and each youth is much bigger and broader than Young Quinn. Another boy and two girls make up the rest of their posse.

BRADY
Wanna shoot some hoop?

Quinn two-hand tosses the ball right back to Brady.

YOUNG QUINN
No thanks.

BRADY
Aw, come on Queer --

YOUNG QUINN
-- Quinn. My name is Quinn.

BRADY
(as if to a baby)
You look so sad and lonely
Queer... we thought you might need
some cheering up.

LAUGHTER from the others. Young Quinn tries to move away - Rex blocks his path.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED

12

REX
Heard about your dad, Queer. He
kicked the bucket, huh.

YOUNG QUINN
Leave my dad out of it!

REX
Heard it was suicide. Heard he
blew his brains out in your
bedroom!

LAUGHTER.

YOUNG QUINN
That's a lie! He was... he was hit
by a car.

BRADY
Yeah, and I was driving!

More LAUGHTER. They've encircled him now.

BRADY
(to others,
grinning)
Daddy tried to run but he was a
geek just like his son. I
splattered him good - crushed his
head like a melon!

This is cruelty as only kids can be cruel. The pack is taunting, laughing, enjoying Young Quinn's discomfort. He wants to get away but there is no place to run.

Brady pushes Young Quinn in the chest, forcing him backward.

BRADY
You know where your Daddy is now,
don't you?
(pushes him again)
He's being eaten, Queer. He's
dinner for the worms!

HOWLING LAUGHTER. Quinn reaches a breaking point - he angrily tries to fight them but there are too many - they shove him around like a pinball as he takes wild ineffectual swings at his tormentors.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED (2)

12

REX
(bitter, hateful)
You think you're so smart
Mallory - think you're better than
us, don't you!
(pushes Quinn)
Well I'm gonna put a dent in
that "special" brain of yours!

Rex cocks his arm, preparing to plaster young Quinn -- he is shocked when a larger hand catches his fist from behind, stopping him cold. Rex turns to find our Quinn standing there --

The intrusion of an adult brings the confrontation to a tense, screeching halt.

QUINN
That's not very smart Rex, even
for you.

Rex struggles, Quinn holds tighter - the young bully is amazed that Quinn knows his name. Quinn pulls him out of the pack, speaks to him softly, nose to nose, a few feet from the others.

QUINN
I understand you Rex. I know your
secret. You're dyslexic... and
you lash out cause you can't read.

Rex breaks away, running off, terrified by Quinn's words (which only the two of them could hear). Young Quinn is

looking at our Quinn in wonder - the others are backing away, spooked and unsettled by this bold stranger. Quinn calls out to their leader...

QUINN
Brady Oaks... One day you'll be a
Born Again, and you'll regret all
the cruel things you've done.
(slight smile)
Find God now son. Don't wait.

Brady is also scared and uncertain. The posse backs off - the bell rings and they use that as a reason to flee, looking back over their shoulders at Quinn as they go.

CLOSE ON YOUNG QUINN

who is as dazed by events as the bullies, but a great deal

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED (3)

12

happier. He turns from watching their retreat in time to see

OUR QUINN

leaping the fence and disappearing down the street.

13 INT. MALLORY HOUSE - NIGHT - MRS. MALLORY

13

is washing dishes, but her mind is somewhere else. Bittersweet MUSIC is playing on the stereo in the next room, matching the sad, wistful look on her face.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. MRS. MALLORY frowns, dries her hands and goes to answer it.

14 INT. FRONT LANDING - NIGHT - MRS. MALLORY

14

opens the door to find our Quinn standing there, tending to a beautiful black Lab named Bopper that can't seem to lick him enough.

MRS. MALLORY ,
My God, my God you found him!
(kneeling, greeting
the dog)
He's been missing since I got home
- the gardener must've left the
gate open. On top of everything
else that's happened... this was
really too much.

QUINN
(happy)
Bopper was all mixed up - six
blocks away and moving in the
wrong direction when I spotted
him.

MRS. MALLORY shoots Quinn a puzzled glance, taking a moment to study the face of the stranger at her door.,.

MRS. MALLORY
How did you know his name was
Bopper?

QUINN
(thinking quickly)
A neighbor saw me with the dog. A
tall lady with red hair and thick
glasses.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED

14

MRS. MALLORY
Mrs. Vanderbecken.
(smiling, relieved
somehow)
Please. Come inside.

15 INT. MALLORY FRONT LANDING - NIGHT - SHE AND QUINN

15

walk in together.

MRS. MALLORY
I've seen you before, haven't I.
At Michael's funeral.

QUINN
Yes... I knew your husband. I uh,
met him when he was in L.A., at a
convention last year.

MRS. MALLORY
Two years ago. He was in Los
Angeles two years ago.

QUINN
Right. Two years. He told me so
much about his family, I feel as
if I know you already.

She is studying his face again, trying to sort out her
feelings.

MRS. MALLORY
Returning our dog was so kind of
you, Mister...

QUINN
Hall. Jim Hall.

MRS. MALLORY
We were going to offer a reward,
Jim --

QUINN
-- That's not necessary. I lost a
dog myself when I was about your
son's age. He ran away... and
never came back.
(smiles)
So returning Bopper to this
house... was my pleasure.

He takes a moment to listen to the music... loses himself in
it...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED

15

a slow smile of remembrance spreading across his face.

QUINN
Mancini... the soundtrack from Two
For The Road. He really loved
that movie.

MRS. MALLORY is quietly amazed by this young man. As he moves to the stereo, looking at their record collection with nostalgic fondness, she studies his form, trying to identify what she's feeling.

QUINN
(softly, back
turned)
You were the center of Michael's
universe. I know he cared for you
more than anything in this world.

Tears are welling up in her eyes.

MRS. MALLORY
(choked half-
whisper)
I still feel him you know... when
I play the music he loved... when
I whisper his name in this empty
house.

Quinn turns, sees the tears on his mother's face... He desperately wants to hug her, to tell her everything will be alright... but he can't. He's a stranger here.

QUINN
(lowering his eyes)
I... was hoping to say hello to
your son.

MRS. MALLORY wipes her eyes and manages a semi-cheerful smile.

MRS. MALLORY
He left a note. He's at the
library, the place he always
goes... to escape from the world.

ON QUINN thinking, remembering.

16 EXT. WHISPERING GLADES CEMETERY - NIGHT - ON YOUNG QUINN

16

standing before his father's headstone, thinking dark,
private thoughts.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED

16

There is a full moon tonight - a shadow falls over the little boy - he turns to find our Quinn respectfully standing behind him.

YOUNG QUINN

You? How... how did you know I was here?

QUINN

I thought about where I would've gone had my father just died. I'd come here. Alone. With no one watching me, like they did at the funeral. No one waiting for me to cry.

YOUNG QUINN

(thinking, somber)
I didn't cry at the funeral.

QUINN

I know you didn't.
(then)
But you cried tonight. I can see the tracks of your tears.
(off young Quinn's look)
There's nothing wrong with it, Quinn. Everyone cries.

Big Quinn's words reach his younger self in a way no one else could. The boy is close to letting go, close to letting his tears fly. He looks up at the night sky with a trace of bitterness.

YOUNG QUINN

My Dad used to take me stargazing. He bought me a telescope on my eighth birthday, and...

YOUNG QUINN

(tears welling)
... we used to go to a mountaintop and he taught me where to find Orion's Belt... Altair... and Ursa Major.

Quinn nods... remembering.

YOUNG QUINN

But we only went twice. He... he never had enough time.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED (2)

16

YOUNG QUINN (CONT'D)

(looks at ground)

Now I hate the stars. They remind me of him...

(voice trails off)

... and the things we never got to do.

Quinn ponders silently, thinking of a way to reach his younger self - a way to break him out of his melancholy state.

QUINN

Did you know we're all made of stardust? You, me, your father, everyone.

(off young Quinn's curious look)

Our atoms were formed in the stars - not the ones you see now - the older ones, the ones that went nova and turned to dust. Think about it Quinn - our bodies are made from the remnants of ancient suns!

YOUNG QUINN

(looking up)

Wow... for real?

QUINN

For real. Of course you can't actually look up into the heavens and see your dad... but one day, his physical essence will be blown into space... yours and mine too... and together, we'll form new stars.

Young Quinn slowly lifts his head, looking Quinn up and down, thinking about the stranger's words with a sense of wonder.

YOUNG QUINN

You saved me today. I'd never seen you before the funeral but you stepped in and saved me.

(beat)

I don't understand. Who are you?

QUINN

A friend.

(pause)

Your friend.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED (3)

16

Quinn crouches down, speaks to him earnestly, eye to eye...

QUINN

Listen to me. What happened to your Dad is a tragedy, but it was an accident. If you allow it, a bitterness will creep into your life that will set you back for years. You'll blame fate and the world in general - you'll blame your Dad for the things he didn't do, and that'll be the most painful hurt of all. You have to fight those dark feelings Quinn! Don't let them take you over --

YOUNG QUINN

(resentful)

--What do you know about it?! You don't know me, you don't know a thing!

QUINN

(empathetic)

I know a lot. I know that you've skipped two grades... that you're smaller and younger than all your peers. That you have no friends, no one to talk to or rely on... and that there's a group of kids determined to make your life a living Hell.

Young Quinn is mesmerized... even spooked a bit by the things "Jim Hall" has just said. Quinn finishes the thought with quiet determination, looking straight into the eyes of his younger self.

QUINN

Maybe together... we can start to change things.

17 INT. SLIDERS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - QUINN

17

has rejoined Wade and Rembrandt (who are each getting dressed up) while the Professor can be heard SINGING operatic riffs from the bathroom, Quinn is getting some things together...

WADE

You're moving in with your family?
You sure that's such a good idea?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED

17

QUINN

I'm a temporary boarder, I'll be staying in the guest bedroom for the week we're here.

(pause, smiles)

My mom instinctively feels comfortable having me around... even though she thinks I'm Jim Hall.

REMBRANDT

You took the name of our friend from the last world - pretty crafty Q-ball.

QUINN

The timing is so fortuitous Rembrandt, like there's a reason we landed here. Something's about to happen on the playground, an incident the day we Slide... something awful.

(steely)

But it won't happen here. Not the same way, I won't allow it.

Wade and Rembrandt exchange uncomfortable glances.

WADE

Quinn... maybe you should take a step back... think this over --

QUINN

-- Don't try to talk me out of it Wade! I know what I'm doing.

Wade is taken aback by his sharp, defensive response. Rembrandt strategically changes the subject...

REMBRANDT

Well... maybe it's lucky for you you're moving out for awhile. The Professor is driving us nuts - he's acting weird with a capital W.

WADE

Yeah, he keeps pausing to smell flowers, or to pick out a bird and give us ten scientific reasons why it's such a wonderful creature. Weird.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED (2)

17

REMBRANDT

He even stopped me from squashing
a spider - launched into a speech
about the rights of all creatures
to lead full and productive lives!
(deep sigh)
Man I tell you love is sick!

QUINN

Hang in there with him guys. He's
going through more than you can
imagine.

WADE

We've got no choice - you're
gone so we're his long lost pals.
He's decided to impart culture on
us, to "show us how rich life can
be".
(looks at
Rembrandt)
Tonight he's taking us to the
opera.

Rembrandt shudders, a chill running down his spine as Arturo
hits a high note in the shower.

18 INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT - STOCK OF A HIGHBROW CROWD

18

watching a performance of La Traviata as it nears its
finale.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 INT. PRIVATE BALCONY BOOTH - NIGHT - PAN THE SLIDERS

19

STARTING WITH WADE

who is absently concentrating on her program, turning it
into paper mache (she's obviously been at it for a long
time).

NEXT IS REMBRANDT

who is sound asleep, his body slumped down into an
uncomfortable position that is sure to leave him with a
stiff neck.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED

19

AND FINALLY THE PROFESSOR

who is enraptured by this performance as never before. Uncontrollable tears are streaming down his face as the tenor reaches his final crescendo.

Arturo can't take it anymore. Overcome with emotion, he leaps to his feet, the first to shout:

ARTURO
(applauding,
weeping)
Bravo! Bravisslmo!

His enthusiastic response is so loud and powerful it wakes Rembrandt with a start!

REMBRANDT
(to Wade)
Is it over? Please tell me it's
over.

A blissful, emotional, still applauding Arturo looks back over his shoulder at his companions - Wade and Rembrandt each flash frozen smiles.

ARTURO
Encore! Encore!

REMBRANDT
(alarmed, tugging
on Arturo)
No!! Professor sit down - that's
enough culture for one night!

20 EXT. STREET BORDERING SCHOOLYARD - DAY - ON QUINN

20

milling around just outside the grounds, biding his time, reacting to the sound of THE SCHOOL BELL signaling lunch time recess.

Quinn has his eyes on a particular part of the playground that is starting to fill up with kids.

He turns, surprised to see Arturo pull up behind him in his rented Bentley. The Professor exits and heads toward Quinn...

QUINN
How was the opera?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED

20

ARTURO

Fantastic. Wade and Rembrandt had the time of their lives.

QUINN

(glancing back at playground)

Glad to hear it - now why are you here?

ARTURO

To talk some sense into you.

Quinn doesn't like where this is going. He turns and walks to the fence that encircles the playground - his double is now out on the yard, alone again, like yesterday.

Arturo goes after Quinn...

ARTURO

Miss Welles is worried about you - she filled me in on what you're doing, and it must stop. It must stop now.

Quinn isn't responding - he's scoping his younger self with fixed concentration. Arturo surprises him by forcefully taking him by the arm and spinning him till they're eye to eye...

ARTURO

By using knowledge of your past to alter events in your double's life, you may well be changing his future --

QUINN

-- That's the idea! To change his immediate future, to spare him the pain and suffering I went through for two terrible years.

Quinn moves away again. Arturo follows, sensing that Quinn is tightly wound and emotionally blinded.

QUINN

(re: playground)

Do you see that pack of rats moving toward me? There were three beatings - one yesterday, I stopped it - one today, I will stop it - and one in four days...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED (2)

20

QUINN (CONT'D)
... the bad one... the one that...
that scarred me.

ARTURO
(forcefully)
Quinn, I realize how tough this is
for you but you mustn't interfere.
Suppose your double was meant to
experience the same pain you did!

QUINN
I gotta go, they're about to--

ARTURO
(holding him)
-- In order to become the Quinn
he's meant to be - the Quinn you
are - he has to experience the
same trauma, the same turmoil! We
know this world is following an
identical path to ours - but
you're changing that, you're
becoming an instrument of future
chaos.

Quinn hesitates, troubled, thinking.

ARTURO
Stop. Think it through, at least
for today. You owe that to the
young Quinn of this world.

As much as he hates it, Quinn finds himself forced to
consider Arturo's words... The Professor is physically
restraining him; Quinn could break away - he looks toward
the playground, now unsure of what to do.

QUINN'S POV:

The same pack, led by Brady Oaks and Rex Crandell, is once
again taunting and shoving young Quinn.

This time there is no knight in shining armor to save him.
Young Quinn is forced to take a beating at the hands of the
bullies.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED (3)

20

MOVE IN OUR QUINN

silently suffering as he decides not to resist the
Professor... and not to intervene.

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN ON:

21 EXT. STREET BORDERING SCHOOLYARD - DAY - SAME SITUATION 21

Quinn watching in agony, Arturo watching Quinn, a sympathetic hand on the young man's shoulder. The sounds of the one-sided fight are ringing out from the playground...

QUINN
(emotional, biting)
Is that enough, Professor? Can I stop it now?

ARTURO
(gently)
You tell me... how did it end when you were a boy?

The question catches Quinn off guard. His superior photographic memory reels back in time...

QUINN
(half -whisper)
It... it was stopped by Miss Hanley. My homeroom teacher.

Out on the playground, HEATHER HANLEY, a lovely 24-year-old teacher, is indeed in the process of breaking up the fight.

QUINN
(softly, dazed)
I remember being embarrassed, I had the biggest crush in the world on her... and I didn't want her to see me like this. Beaten. Ashamed.

Quinn looks to where Heather is leading little Quinn off the playground.

QUINN
It's so bizarre... it's like looking back in time.

Quinn starts to move away - still annoyed with Arturo, he doesn't pause to say good-bye.

ARTURO
It's okay to look, Mister Mallory... look but don't touch.

22 EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY - HEATHER HANLEY

22

is heading for her car...

QUINN (O.S.)
Miss Hanley?

She turns to find Quinn catching up with her.

QUINN
I want to thank you for helping
Quinn. I'm a close friend of his
family - Jim Hall.

HEATHER
(shaking hands)
I feel so sorry for Quinn. Some
of the kids seem to resent him
because he's so bright. It breaks
my heart to see the way he's
treated.

Quinn is mesmerized by his long ago crush, he tries his best
to mask it.

HEATHER
He's gonna be okay, you know, just
a few scrapes and bruises. And at
least we got some of those bullies
off the playground. Brady Oaks
and Rex Crandell were suspended
for --

QUINN
-- For three days, I know. But
they'll be back in school Friday,
and something terrible is going to
happen.

HEATHER
(studying Quinn's
face)
Friday? How do you know what will
happen Friday?

QUINN
That's a little hard to explain...
(builds up his
courage)
Miss Hanley, I'm only in town for
a short time - I leave early
Friday afternoon. I need to talk
to you about Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED

22

QUINN
(exhales)
Would you... could you have dinner
with me tonight?

MOVE IN ON PRETTY HEATHER HANLEY

looking into Quinn's eyes... and considering the offer.

23 INT. RESTAURANT (LAST CHANCE REDRESS) - NIGHT

23

Quinn and Heather are having an intimate dinner.

QUINN
... Quinn sees his genius as a
curse, something that separates
him from his peers. At this age
he's frustrated - he'd rather be
known as an athlete than a brain -
but skipping two grades has made
him smaller and slower than his
classmates.

HEATHER
But he's so gifted - it's a
blessing, not a curse.

QUINN
One day he'll realize that, but
even then he'll do all his science
in his basement - a place where he
works alone, his fortress of
solitude.

HEATHER
You keep saying what he's going to
do. How can you possibly know?

QUINN
Educated guesses.
(looks down at
food)
That's all.

24 INT. BENTLEY - NIGHT - ARTURO IS DRIVING

24

Wade and Rembrandt are in the back seat.

ARTURO
I wash my hands of Mr. Mallory's
situation. I have given him my
counsel, the rest is up to him.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED

24

REMBRANDT

I don't get it - you were the one who lectured us to get involved - seems to me that's just what he's doing.

ARTURO

(irritated)

Well this world is the exception to the rule!

(relaxes, lights cigar)

Let's talk about the adventure before us this evening. I say it's an anything goes night! Whenever the spirit moves us, we act - beginning now.

Arturo suddenly jerks the wheel to the right, careening the car into a Seven Eleven parking lot.

ARTURO

Apparently this establishment is offering a "Frozen Squishee" for only 99 cents.

(parking)

I've never had one. I think it's about time.

And just like that he's out the door with a smile, heading into the store and leaving Wade and Rembrandt to ponder...

WADE

The Professor wants a Squishee? Am I dreaming?

REMBRANDT

(sighing)

Oh well, Quinn said to hang in there with him.

WADE

Easy for Quinn to say, he's not here. But at least tonight should be more fun than opera night --

REMBRANDT

-- That's not saying much --

WADE

(eyes lighting up)

-- Oh God look, he's raiding the candy counter!

25 EXT. STREET NEAR LAST CHANCE - NIGHT - QUINN AND HEATHER

25

are walking slowly, side by side.

QUINN

When I was Quinn's age I had an intense crush on my teacher. She was... well she was about your age.

(they smile)

I loved her from the first moment I laid eyes on her. I mean I really loved her. I knew it was impossible of course, but I couldn't help myself, and it was years before I got over it. Pretty silly huh?

HEATHER

(soft, shy)

Maybe. But not to you, not at the time. Love is funny that way... sometimes it has no boundaries.

They walk in silence for a while, considering the moment as they reach her car. Quinn takes her hands in his... looks into her eyes.

QUINN

I want to ask you a special favor. When I'm gone, could you keep an eye on Quinn, kinda look out for him a little? There's an especially rough time ahead, starting in three days --

HEATHER

-- There you go again. I've never met anyone who speaks about the future with such certainty.

QUINN

I know what I know. I can't explain how, but I do, please believe me.

She is looking at him now, trying to figure out what it is that's so appealing about this strange young man... and why he scares her a little.

HEATHER

Jim... I like Quinn. And I can see how much you care about him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED

25

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(smiles)

You act as if he were your own
child - you spoke of him ten times
more than you did about yourself.

Quinn nods, a bit self-conscious...

HEATHER

Between the bullies and the loss
of his father, I can't imagine
what he must be going through.

(takes Quinn's
hands)

Of course I'll help, Jim. In any
way I can.

QUINN

(half -whisper)

Thank you, Miss Hanley.

He opens her door for her. She surprises the hell out of
him by putting an arm around his neck, drawing him near,
and planting a soft kiss on his lips.

HEATHER

Thank you, Mister Hall.

He watches her get in and drive away, his heart pumping, an
impossible childhood dream fulfilled.

26 INT. THE BENTLEY - NIGHT - ARTURO IS CRUISING

26

through a funky part of town.

WAGNER is playing on the radio - loud, aggressive music to
fit the mood. Junk food is spread out in front and back -
the Professor is polishing off a second round of Squishees,
his straw making A GURGLING NOISE as he sucks up the last
drops.

ARTURO

Where to now?

WADE

(giddy, having fun)

We've already gone bowling and go-
karting - maybe you should call it
a night.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED

26

ARTURO

Are you mad, woman? It's just the shank of the evening and I'm still thirsty! There, that looks like a nice place for a nightcap.

Much to Wade and Rembrandt's surprise, he has selected a place called "The Bloody Mustache", a rough and tumble bikers' bar.

27 INT. YOUNG QUINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - MRS. MALLORY

27

is putting young Quinn to bed and rechecking the band-aid on his cheek. Our Quinn stands quietly in the background, leaning against the open door frame.

YOUNG QUINN

(head down,
despondent)

They surrounded me. If Jim had been there, he could've stopped it... but on my own, I'm helpless.

MRS. MALLORY and Quinn exchange glances; the boy seems so ashamed. MRS. MALLORY gently touches his face once more, then exits the room, hurting for her son.

YOUNG QUINN

I'm a wimp... a loser. I don't know the first thing about fighting.

YOUNG QUINN

You know what? When I was a kid, I was picked on too.

YOUNG QUINN

Really? You?

QUINN

I was afraid to close my eyes at night... 'cause in the next instant I might wake up and it would be time to go to school... time to face the monsters again. All day long my stomach was doing flip flops.

YOUNG QUINN

Right! That's how it is for me too. But you must've killed those guys - no one would mess with you!

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED

27

QUINN

I was a punching bag... I took it
time and again and it just got
worse and worse.

Young Quinn is amazed to hear it.

QUINN

Quinn... my time here is limited.
Soon I'll be leaving --

YOUNG QUINN

-- No! You can't go --

QUINN

-- I have to, I have no choice.
What's more important is that Rex
and Brady will be back on
Friday... and you have to be
prepared.

YOUNG QUINN

But what can I do? Without you,
what can I do?

QUINN

You can learn to fight.

28 INT. THE BLOODY MUSTACHE - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS

28

have entered this funky hole in the wall, populated by
mean- looking bikers and their grungy chicks. Wade and
Rembrandt are wary but Arturo is free and easy, he has
nothing to lose.

China Grove by The Doobie Brothers is blaring from giant
wall speakers. The Professor, a profound rock hater,
astonishes his friends by swaying to the beat as he heads
for the bar.

ARTURO

Very catchy. Who is this, The
Grateful Dead?

WADE

Why is it whenever you hear rock
music you think it's The Grateful
Dead?

REMBRANDT

It's The Doobie Brothers,
Professor.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED

28

ARTURO
Doobie Brothers? Charming name.
What does it mean?

WADE
You don't want to know.
(looking around)
This place isn't exactly your
style, Professor - whaddya say we
find a drink somewhere else?

ARTURO
Miss Welles, you amaze me. You're
the last soul I'd expect to judge
a book by its cover. To me the
patrons seem a happy lot - a bit
on the mangy side but happy
nonetheless.

Arturo is the first to reach the bar; he good-naturedly
slams his hand on the counter to attract the attention of
THE BARTENDER, a rail-thin biker with long-stringy hair and
several missing teeth.

ARTURO
Barkeep! What kind of ale have
you got?

BARTENDER
Well, that depends on what ails
ya!

For some reason, Arturo thinks that's the funniest thing
he's ever heard. He and the weird bartender laugh it up
together, instantly bonding in the weirdest of ways. Wade
and Rembrandt are all too aware that the boisterous
LAUGHTER is attracting the attention of several Hell's
Angels types all around the bar.

By the time Arturo stops laughing, a waifish 19-year-old
named AMBROSIA has sidled up to him.

AMBROSIA
You're coool.

ARTURO
Yes, I suppose I am.

AMBROSIA
What's your name cool daddy?

ARTURO
Maximillian. Or Max if you like.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED (2)

28

AMBROSIA
I like. I'm Ambrosia.

ARTURO
You certainly are. May I buy you
a drink?

AMBROSIA
If you only buy me a drink I'll
be disappointed.

ARTURO
Well let's start with one, shall
we?

AMBROSIA
Zima.

ARTURO
I beg your pardon?

AMBROSIA
I want a Zima.

Arturo looks to Rembrandt and Wade, completely at a loss.
Rembrandt cringes and says to Wade...

REMBRANDT
This is gonna be a long night.

29 INT. MALLORY HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT - QUINN

29

has turned the mostly empty basement into a makeshift
workout gym, complete with a hanging punching bag. Young

Quinn is wearing sweats and firing punches and kicks at the
bag, which is being held by our Quinn.

QUINN
Make your punches count Quinn.
Don't just throw wildly - aim,
concentrate on what you're doing.

MOVE IN ON YOUNG QUINN

picking up the pace, ferociously channeling his energy into
punishing the punching bag.

MRS. MALLORY (O.S.)
Jim. I need to talk to you.

Quinn looks over to see MRS. MALLORY standing at the
doorway, taking in the workout with a look of deep dismay.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED

29

QUINN
(to young Quinn)
Keep working the bag.

30 INT. STAIRCASE OUTSIDE BASEMENT - NIGHT - ON QUINN

30

walking out to meet an agitated MRS. MALLORY.

MRS. MALLORY
What do you think you're doing,
Jim? Quinn's father was a man of
peace! He'd be horrified if he
knew --

QUINN
-- He'd be glad to know Quinn's
learning to defend himself.

MRS. MALLORY is uncertain, affected by Quinn's earnestness
but confused and disturbed by his methods.

QUINN
Mrs. Mallory... Amanda... you've
allowed me into your home...
you've trusted me. You know in
your heart that I care about
Quinn, that I'd never do anything
to hurt him. You do know that,
don't you?

MRS. MALLORY
I feel that way about you.., yes,
I can't explain it but... there's
a connection between you and
what's left of this family. My
instincts tell me it's a good
thing --

QUINN
(fervent)
-- Then let me use my time here to
help him. So that he won't have
to come home with his face messed
up again.

He gives her a gentle kiss on the forehead for
reassurance... then heads back into the basement to resume
his training, so obsessed with his task he doesn't wait for
a verbal answer.

MOVE IN ON A STRESSFUL MRS. MALLORY AND CUT TO:

31 INT. THE BLOODY MUSTACHE - NIGHT - ARTURO

31

has had a few. He is now standing on a chair, facing away from the bar. As two angst-ridden Sliders and a starry-eyed, worshipful waif look on, Arturo loudly recites Shakespeare to an unreceptive crowd of bikers.

ARTURO

Once more unto the breech, dear friends! Let us summon up our English dead! In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility: but when the blast of war blows in our ears, then imitate the action of the tiger --

BULL (O.S.)

-- Oh God, will you shut the hell up!!!

BULL, a murderous-looking Hell's Angels guy, long cave-man hair and a full unruly beard, approaches Arturo with fire in his eyes, holding his ears as if in pain.

BULL

Those words, man - all those syllables - it's like... like bein' back in school!

ARTURO

Ah , so that means you actually attended school. How surprising.

BULL

Are you hanging with this loser, Ambrosia? !

ARTURO

Do you know this blistering idiot, Ambrosia?

BULL

Hey, I'm talking to her!!

ARTURO

Then why are you looking at me? You seem very confused.

Wade and Rembrandt have been cringing, knowing this guy is about to explode. Rembrandt gingerly approaches the simmering biker...

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED

31

REMBRANDT

Hey man, our friend's going
through a rough time, he doesn't
mean any --

BULL

(shoving Remmy)
-- Get out of my way!!

Rembrandt crashes back into Wade. Meanwhile the Professor
has stepped down from his perch and is eying Bull with
anticipatory glee as a curious crowd draws closer in a
circle...

BULL

(nose to nose with
Arturo)
Not only are you killing my ears,
but you're moving in on my wench!
So I'm gonna have to mess you up
good, old dude.

ARTURO

If it's fisticuffs you desire,
you've come to the right place.

WADE

Professor, no!

ARTURO

It would be my pleasure to step
outside and teach you a lesson.
(to Ambrosia)
I was quite a pugilist in my day -
would've made the Olympic team if
not for an unfortunate groin
injury.

BULL

Why step outside?

That said, he launches a sucker punch at the Professor.
Arturo displays amazing reflexes, moving his head, dodging
the punch, and shocking Bull by expertly launching a quick
rabbit punch directly into the big man's solar plexus.

Bull GASPS, doubling over - Arturo casually launches a
straight left, right combination sending the biker reeling.

Ambrosia is ecstatic - Wade and Rembrandt incredulous.
Cool as James Bond at his finest moment, Arturo shoots them
the confident ghost of a smile before addressing Bull, who
is down on his knees.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED (2)

31

ARTURO

Why step outside? Because that's
what gentlemen do when a dispute
needs to be settled.

The Professor turns to take off his coat and loosen his
vest.

ARTURO

Now if you'd care to join me --

The Professor turns again and the answer comes in the form
of a brutal straight right from the now upright Bull, that
catches Arturo right between the eyes with the sound of an
exploding melon.

The Professor staggers straight backwards, collapsing
against the bar in an unconscious heap.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN ON:

32 EXT. OUTSIDE THE BLOODY MUSTACHE - NIGHT - ON ARTURO

32

as he comes around. Ambrosia is cradling his head, stroking his hair - Wade and Rembrandt help him to sit up.

ARTURO

What happened?

AMBROSIA

You were wonderful. First you whipped him fair and square, then you took his best shot.

ARTURO

I did?

REMBRANDT

You sure did. Took it right in the face.

WADE

Yeah, you hit him in the fist with your nose.

ARTURO

(rising, dizzy)

I don't remember much... I didn't hurt him, did I?

WADE

I think he'll live.

Wade and Rembrandt move to support Arturo, helping the wobbly Professor back to the Bentley. Ambrosia follows close behind, having found a new hero.

WADE

Time to go home Professor. You've had quite a night.

ARTURO

Not tired. Want to go... bungee jumping.

But his legs go out at this moment - Wade and Rembrandt catch him before he hits the ground, and off their pained reactions, we DISSOLVE TO:

33 INT. MALLORY BASEMENT - DAY - QUINN

33

is working young Quinn hard. The boy has taken to his training, lashing out with rights and lefts, even an occasional spinning kick. Wade and Rembrandt are watching from a corner of the room - as young Quinn continues the workout, Quinn moves to them.

WADE

This is what you're teaching him, "Jim"? This is what you're spending your time doing - showing a little kid how to bash someone's head in?

Quinn is not pleased. He speaks in a hushed, irritated tone.

QUINN

Don't question me about this Wade, especially in front of Quinn. Don't undermine my efforts.

WADE

Quinn, what's happened to you? Why can't you see that what you're doing is wrong?

QUINN

We leave tomorrow. Right after the incident. I'm gonna give that boy everything I've got till then, and you're not gonna stop, me!

REMBRANDT

(calmer, reasoned)

No one's trying to stop you Quinn - we just want you to slow down and think about what's best for little Quinn --

QUINN

-- That's all I do think about! Every waking moment.

(turns away,
looking out
window)

I can't turn a lamb into a lion overnight... but I'm teaching him the philosophy of aggressive self-defense, combined with some Tae Kwon-Do I used to dabble in.

Quinn -turns back to his friends, sees how uncomfortable they are with what he's doing.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED

33

QUINN

I don't care if you don't like my methods. You weren't there twelve years ago - you didn't see what's going to happen... tomorrow.

WADE

So a dozen years back you got beat up by some bullies, and now you want use that poor little boy to reverse the fortunes, to get revenge for what happened to you!

(frustrated pause)

It's wrong, Quinn, it's sick and it's wrong.

QUINN

It's not your call. It doesn't matter what you think - I know what I'm doing.

WADE

(fed up, exiting)

Come on Rembrandt - we've gotta find a bungee chord for that other lunatic we Slide with.

QUINN

Bungee chord?

REMBRANDT

(following her out)

The Professor wants to bungee jump.

QUINN

What?

REMBRANDT

It hasn't been invented here - he wants to be the first.

(pauses at door, to

Quinn)

Man, I don't know which one of you is crazier.

(sighs, looks up)

Must be something in the air.

He shakes his head and exits as we...

CUT TO:

34 EXT. EDGE OF BRIDGE - DAY - ON REMBRANDT

34

carefully tying an elastic chord around someone's ankles.

REMBRANDT

You sure you wanna do this? I
mean... really sure?

ANGLE UP to see that the ankles belong to Arturo, who is sporting a black eye, loyal Ambrosia by his side.

ARTURO

(for Ambrosia)

Of course I'm sure. I want to free
fall, to soar like a bird on the
wing.

AMBROSIA

Oh Max, you're so intellectual.
The way you put things makes me
weak in the knees.

Wade overhears, can't help but laugh. Behind her, a small crowd of the curious is gathering.

WADE

Yeah, pretty intellectual Max.
Jumping off a bridge with a rope
around your feet.

ARTURO

I am not limited to intellectual
pursuits, Miss Welles.

ARTURO

(smiling at Ambrosia)

I find physical realms quite
enticing.

WADE

(to Ambrosia,
walking past)

I'd be careful if I were you. He's
on the rebound.

Wade approaches Rembrandt, who is finishing tying one end of the long chord to the steel support girders of the bridge.

WADE

Should we be trying to stop this?

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED

34

REMBRANDT

That's all we've been doing -
trying to reason with two stubborn
mules. I'm here to help The
Professor get over his broken
heart - if it means leaping off a
bridge, so be it.

Rembrandt moves to Arturo.

REMBRANDT

Alright Professor... The chord is
fifty feet long, the water is
seventy feet away.

ARTURO

Mr. Brown, do you realize I'm
setting precedent here? Bringing
a new fad to this world - a modest
but charming example of getting
involved and making a difference!

REMBRANDT

(flat)

Uh-huh. Get up on the bridge.

Arturo gets a good luck kiss from Ambrosia, then climbs up
onto the edge of the bridge. We can hear MURMURS from the
onlookers - cries of "look, he's gonna jump" - as The
Professor steps to the edge of the ledge,

ARTURO'S POV:

Looking down, the icy Pacific looks a lot more than seventy
feet away.

ON ARTURO

It's clear he's rethinking the situation. He takes a deep
breath... looks left... looks right...

ARTURO

Uh, there are children in the
crowd... I uh, don't wish to set a
bad example. Perhaps we should
come back another time.

REMBRANDT

I don't see any children, do you
Wade?

WADE

Looks like all adults in the peanut
gallery.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED (2)

34

ARTURO
(flustered)
What about that big kid over there
- the one with the Hawaiian shirt.

REMBRANDT
That guy's gotta be fifty!

ARTURO
Alright, alright! Let's get on
with it.

Rembrandt backs off. Alone on the bridge... Arturo looks down, the blood rushing to his head.

AMBROSIA
(stepping up,
cheerful)
Come on Max, this looks like fun.
Here, I'll go with ya.

ARTURO
Wait a minute! No! Watch out!!

She jumps toward him, locking him in an affectionate bearhug. As he catches her, the horrified Professor is knocked off balance. As the crowd SHRIEKS with anticipation, Arturo pinwheels his arms, but it is too late.

Her momentum carries them off the ledge. Arturo lets out a legendary HOWL as they plummet toward the sea, clutching each other for dear life.

Arturo's plaintive SCREAMS carry all the way down... down... down. Wade and Rembrandt can barely look as Arturo and Ambrosia drop like a sack of bricks.

Scant feet before they hit the water, the cord goes taut and Arturo and Ambrosia come to a mind-numbing, gut-wrenching stop.

The Professor and his waif are hanging upside down just a foot or two above the waves. Arturo is trying to get his breath back - Ambrosia is giggling, having the time of her life...

ARTURO
(screaming, angry)
Mr. Brown, Miss Welles, cut me
down and get me the hell out of
here!!!

CUT TO:

35 INT. MALLORY HOUSE/GUEST BEDROOM - DAY - ON QUINN

35

waking up in bed to find Wade standing nearby. She's brought toast and orange juice.

WADE

You shoulda' seen the Professor.
He did it, he really did it. King
of the daredevils, that's him.
(puts down tray)
Since this is our last morning on
this world, I brought you
breakfast in bed.

Quinn rises to a sitting position, groaning, emotionally exhausted.

WADE

I guess it's my way of saying I'm
sorry. I know you're stressed
out, I shouldn't have come down on
you so hard.
(small smile)
Even though we both know I'm
right.

He manages a weary smile, she places the tray before him.

QUINN

Thanks, but I'm not hungry.

He glances at the clock.

QUINN

Oh no, I overslept. Gotta walk
Quinn to school.

WADE

He's long gone. Your Mom said he
left extra early this morning.

Quinn tenses, frowns, thinking private thoughts.

WADE

Today's the big day, huh? High
noon - "the incident".

QUINN

(rising)
Give it a rest, Wade. I'm
tired --

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED

35

WADE
Of course you're tired. I heard
you were up working your little
self until three in the morning.
Imagine how he feels.

QUINN
(sharp)
He feels better, believe it or not.
(putting on a
shirt)
I can only hope he's better
prepared for today than I was.

36 INT. MALLORY KITCHEN - DAY - AS WADE LOOKS ON

36

from a respectful distance, "Jim Hall" says good-bye to his
mother.

QUINN
I just wanted to thank you again.

This is a painful departure for him, but he can't afford to
give in to his emotions.

MRS. MALLORY
Will you be coming back this way
one day?

QUINN
(softly)
I don't think so.

She is studying his face again, looking deep into his eyes.
She finds herself fighting back the same emotions he is.

MRS. MALLORY
You know... I never asked who you
are. I mean... who you really
are.

Quinn is choked up, doesn't know what to say, wonders if
she means what he thinks she means - but how could she?

MRS. MALLORY
I figured that if you wanted to
tell me, you would.

Quinn is unsure.

QUINN
I don't know what to say.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED

36

MRS. MALLORY can't take her eyes off his face. She moves to him, giving him a big hug and a gentle kiss on the forehead, then WHISPERS in his ear as tears form in her eyes.

MRS. MALLORY
Wherever you go from here... I hope
you find peace.

She pulls back, his face in her hands, and takes one long last look.

37 EXT. STREET BORDERING SCHOOLYARD - DAY - QUINN

37

is pacing, his eyes riveted on the spot where the school building ends and the playground begins. Wade stands nearby, Arturo and Rembrandt are in the background, leaning against the Bentley, listening to the car radio.

The Professor is wearing his dark glasses and gingerly moving his head, the result of a sore, sore neck.

Rembrandt has been turning the dial - now he excitedly TURNS UP THE VOLUME --

REMBRANDT
Hey listen up everybody - they're
talking about the Professor!

Wade responds, hurrying to the others. Quinn acts as if he hasn't heard - he maintains his vigil.

WADE
What's going on?

REMBRANDT
Someone recognized the Professor
yesterday - it's started a new
craze - they're calling it Arturo
Jumping!

Wade shoots a glance at Arturo - he is rubbing his neck, looking chagrined.

RADIO ANNOUNCER
Reached at his home in the
Berkeley Hills, the physics
Professor issued this passionate
denial.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED

37

ARTURO 2 (O.S.)

It is an insult to my olleagues,
my family and most importantly
myself, to even imagine that I
would do such a thing! Hanging
upside down from a rope with a
pre- pubescent female draped
around my waist? I can assure
you, whoever that lunatic was,
he wasn't me.

A disgusted Arturo flicks off the radio.

ARTURO

(under his breath)
Pompous fool.

Rembrandt and Wade can't believe their ears - they are
about to bust up when Arturo interrupts.

ARTURO

Look at Quinn. Something's
happening.

Quinn has pressed himself up against the fence - it is
clear that something has grabbed his rapt attention. The
Sliders hurry to join him.

QUINN

It's started.

SLIDERS' POV:

Young Quinn is standing at the entrance to the asphalt
schoolyard. His back is against the wall - a baseball bat
is firmly in hand. Brady, Rex, and their crew are walking
toward the playground, unaware that young Quinn is about to
blindside them as they round the corner.

BACK ON THE SLIDERS

ARTURO

(dry, harsh)
Are you satisfied Mr. Mallory?
Your double's about to launch a
preemptive strike. You've taught
him the art of war... and changed
him forever.

Quinn doesn't respond, not the slightest change in
expression - just keeps his eyes glued on his double.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED (2)

37

BACK TO THE SCHOOLYARD

Brady Oaks is the first to round the corner. Young Quinn starts to swing - he's about to smash Brady's knee cap... but he stops himself... and lowers the bat.

BACK TO THE SLIDERS

Quinn greatly surprises everyone by looking greatly relieved. He exhales, even manages a slight smile...

QUINN

(whispering)

He didn't do it... Thank God... he didn't do it.

SLIDERS POV:

Quinn looks like a man who's just had the weight of the world lifted off his shoulders. He seems like the Quinn we've known as he explains to his companions.

QUINN

On our world, I did hit Brady with the bat. I've always regretted it. Always. Busted his knee, shattered the bone in four places. He walked with a limp for the rest of his life.

(lowers his head)

It was horrible - the sound of the impact, the crack of bat against bone - I still can't get it out of my head.

WADE

(thinking it over)

So... you were training your double in the hopes he wouldn't strike out like you did?

QUINN

By teaching him how to fight I was hoping he wouldn't feel the need to act out of desperation. That he'd trust his hands instead of a weapon.

(nods to Wade)

That he would never do what I did.

38 EXT. CORNER OF EMPTY PLAYGROUND - DAY - QUINN

38

is walking with Heather Hanley - the playground is deserted save for The Sliders.

QUINN

I think Quinn's gonna be okay now. He's earned the respect of his peers by standing up to the worst terror on the playground.

HEATHER

I think you're right - the kids are all talking about what he did. He's a hero now to a lot of them.

Quinn takes that in, satisfied to hear it.

WADE

(in background,
with timer)
Forty seconds.

HEATHER

But I'll look after him just in case. Until you come back.

QUINN

I won't be back Heather. I'm not from this Earth... and I have to try and make it back home.

HEATHER

(he must be joking)
Not... from this Earth?

He takes her hands in his.

QUINN

I'm from a parallel universe. I'm Quinn Mallory.

She almost stops breathing.

QUINN

That's how I knew about you, about Quinn, about what was going to happen. You see, I've lived this before... and the teacher I fell in love with on my world... was you.

Of course this can't be true... but looking at him now, somehow she knows it is.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED

38

Wade aims the timer and pushes the button - now Heather has visual proof, as the vortex forms above the hopscotch lines on the playground.

Heather gasps, takes a step back; she is spellbound, but she is not afraid.

Rembrandt looks over at Quinn, then leaps into the void. Arturo does the same. Wade hesitates, looking at Quinn and Heather, then she too takes the leap into the swirling blue mass.

QUINN

(tenderly)

My double is a lot like me, so I know he must feel the same way I felt. Give it ten years and maybe you guys can connect.

(passionate kiss

good-bye)

After all, I've always liked older women.

Quinn lingers as long as he can, holding her angelic face between his hands.

Then he Slides.

STAY ON HEATHER

staring into the heart of the void, at the spot where he just disappeared, soft blue light dancing on her face.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END