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SLIDERS

"Into the Mystic"

Written by

Tracy Tormé

Directed by

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REVISED PAGES

1st. Pink Revs.	Full script
1st. Blue Revs.	Full script

- NOTA BIEN -

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INTO THE MYSTIC

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT 1

WADE (V.O.)  
... With each passing slide, our  
Earth seems farther and farther  
away.

2 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT - THE BUSINESS DISTRICT 2

is teeming with cars, pedestrians on the go, urban hustle  
and bustle.

WADE (V.O.)  
Quinn says I'm being irrational -  
he tells us Sliding is a random  
process, not a straight line  
journey.

3 INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT - MOVE IN ON WADE 3

sitting at a table, writing in her journal. Quinn sits  
across from her, fiddling with the insides of the timer,  
while Rembrandt is busying himself with the local paper's  
entertainment section. Arturo can be seen in the  
background, standing in line at the counter, arguing with  
the guy working there...

WADE (V.O.)  
Still, the realization we may never  
see home again, is never far from  
our minds.

Rembrandt is frustrated by what he's just read. He  
indicates the paper...

REMBRANDT  
(reads)  
What a world -- even movie critics  
are afraid to be critical. "Some  
say Pauly Shore isn't the greatest  
actor in the world, but there may  
also be some who say he is. This  
reviewer takes no position on the  
subject.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

The opinions expressed above in no way represent this newspaper or its parent corporation.

CONTINUED: (2)

QUINN

Fear of litigation -- That's what this world's all about. That's what happens when everyone's a lawyer.

WADE

Not everyone, Quinn.

QUINN

No? Eighty-four percent of the population attend law school. That's about eighty-five percent too many if you ask me.

Arturo has rejoined them, looking exasperated.

REMBRANDT

(sudden frown)

Hey, where's my burger?

ARTURO

Ordering here is more complicated than buying a house. I'm afraid we'll have to eat on the next world.

(checks his expensive watch)

Thank God we slide in a couple of minutes.

REMBRANDT

Forget it! The next world might be run by a bunch of weird-o vegetarians. I want a juicy red meat burger, and I want it now!

Rembrandt heads for the counter. Arturo shoots a raised eyebrow glance at the others, then follows, curious to see how this turns out.

THE GUY BEHIND THE COUNTER

is 28, wears glasses, looks intelligent and highly overqualified for this kind of work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REMBRANDT

Alright my man, listen up...  
(glancing at menu board)  
My friend here wants a Whammy  
Burger --

ARTURO

-- Double Whammy Burger, with  
cheese.

REMBRANDT

Right - and I'll have the Super  
Carnivore, fries and a cola.

The Counter Guy shoots Arturo a look, saying "didn't we  
just go through this?"

COUNTER GUY

As I explained to your friend, I'll  
still need to see your salmonella  
insurance and carbonated beverage  
release forms.

REMBRANDT

You need all that... just to serve  
me a burger?

The smart-ass counter guy nods, as if dealing with two  
children.

REMBRANDT

Fine, just give me the fries.

COUNTER GUY

I'll need picture I.D. and a  
doctor's note, verifying a  
cholesterol count under two  
hundred.

REMBRANDT

Who brings that kinda stuff into a  
joint like this?

COUNTER GUY

You do, if you expect service.  
(guffawing)  
Where've you guys been, on another  
planet?

Rembrandt can smell the burgers frying and it's only adding  
to his frustration. He looks at the Professor, feeling  
terribly helpless...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ARTURO

I did try to warn you.

REMBRANDT

Yeah.

(sniffing the air sadly)

Let's get out of here.

As they turn to go -- Rembrandt accidentally bumps into --

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

behind them --

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Sorry.

She stares after him as he and the Professor walk by. Then she begins to bend and arch her neck, as if it were suddenly bothering her.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS 4

are walking away, when A MAN exits the eatery and calls after them (earlier, we saw him eating alone at a neighboring table).

THE LAWYER

Excuse me, I think you're going to need my help.

He hands a business card to Rembrandt. Quinn pauses to read it over Remmy's shoulder ...

QUINN

Silverberg, Thompson, Katzoff,  
Klein, O'Leary, Phelps and Manning.

THE LAWYER

(to Rembrandt)

That woman you just impacted is filing a collision suit against you. She's claiming a neck injury from the after-effects of the accident.

ARTURO

But he barely touched her!

THE LAWYER

That may be, but frankly, Sir, you never should've admitted guilt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

All I said was I'm sorry!

THE LAWYER

Exactly and in front of multiple first-hand witnesses. You're lucky you didn't get slapped with sexual harassment.

Wade moves to Rembrandt before he can explode a response.

WADE

Let's just go, okay? Why even bother with this - it's time to Slide.

THE LAWYER

(overhearing)

Oh, you can't just let it slide. The penalties quadruple.

Rembrandt shoots him a look that could kill.

QUINN

I wouldn't bet on it.

The Sliders come to a halt as the timer hits zero. Quinn is enjoying this.

As the swirling blue whirlpool forms, the lawyer is absolutely disbelieving. He shields his eyes against the wind.

The Sliders look at one another... The lawyer's look of astonishment is simply priceless.

Arturo jumps into the void... Wade waves goodbye and does the same.

REMBRANDT

Since you feel so strongly about it, take the case -- and bill me on another Earth.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED: (2)

Rembrandt busts up, pats Quinn on the shoulder... and the two of them SLIDE... leaving the lawyer utterly speechless.

5 OMITTED

5

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - A RAGING THUNDERSTORM 6

is pounding the dark street with torrents of rain. In the midst of the deluge, something unearthly begins to form. A jagged burst of lightning reveals a swirling blue vortex, taking cyclonic shape just above the ground.

THE SLIDERS

blast out of the gate at breakneck speed. First Wade... then Rembrandt... Arturo... and finally Quinn.

Quinn hits the ground awkwardly, gasping for breath in the midst of a torrent of water that is surging down the center of the sloped city street.

LIGHTNING CRACKS and THUNDER BOOMS - A HOWLING WIND drives sheets of rain in the Sliders' faces as they find themselves knee-deep in the furious wash. A wounded Quinn is being swept "downstream"; Rembrandt latches onto a lamp post and heroically snares Quinn before he is sucked into a storm drain.

Rembrandt pulls Quinn to safety. The other Sliders have waded to them. They are all bathed in eerie blue light from the shimmering gate that still swirls behind them, Rembrandt must shout above its roar...

REMBRANDT

He's hurt. We gotta get him to a doctor.

At that moment, the gate shrinks to nothingness, leaving the shivering Sliders in the dark. Quinn is groggy and his three friends support him with care. With a growing sense of desperation, the Sliders take their first look at this new world, but it's impossible to make out detail because of the rain. All they can see are empty streets and dark buildings.

WADE

Where are we gonna find one at this time of night?

CUT TO:

7 LONE TELEPHONE BOOTH 7

briefly illuminated by a flash of lightning. Rembrandt is inside, the glass walls protecting him from the pelting rain.

8 INT. PHONE BOOTH - REMBRANDT 8

is hurriedly thumbing through the rather thin section of yellow pages. We catch a glimpse of many products with the brand name SORCERER, before Rembrandt finds a cryptic ad for Doctor Wu's Medical Clinic located on the corner of Tesla and Warlock, open 24 hours.

CUT TO:

9 INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 9

The rain-soaked Sliders step in from the rain and check out the digs. Gentle MUZAK coos from unseen speakers, the song is Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered. At first glance, the waiting room looks like any on our Earth: magazines spread out on a wooden table, medical certificates adorning the walls.

WADE AND REMBRANDT

escort Quinn to a chair. He is weak and pale. A door opens and a NURSE enters the room. She brightens at the sight of the Sliders.

NURSE

Well, just look at you all!  
Shivering and soaked to the bone.  
You make me wish I was outside  
enjoying the storm!

The Sliders exchange glances --

ARTURO

Our friend here has suffered an  
injury.

NURSE

(just between us)  
A fight with a jealous lover?

ARTURO

No, my dear, nothing quite so  
salacious. Is there a doctor in the  
house?

She pulls out a dense medical history and insurance questionnaire and plops it down in front of Arturo.

NURSE (cont'd)

The Doctor is meditating in his  
chambers. I'll tell him you're  
here while you fill out these  
forms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She exits. The Professor scans the forms with a tired SIGH..

ARTURO

There seems to be one constant no matter which America we touch down in.

REMBRANDT

Yeah. The health care system always sucks.

CUT TO:

10 INT. DOCTOR'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT - THE NURSE 10

beckons a blanket-draped Quinn (accompanied by a supportive Rembrandt) into the doctor's office.

NURSE

The doctor will be right with you.

She exits, shutting the CREAKY DOOR behind her. The difference between this room and the adjoining waiting room is literally night and day, and Rembrandt is instantly concerned as lie looks around.

ALL-SEEING EYES

adorn the walls, alongside other occult trappings. The most common symbol in the room is a caduceus, featuring two snakes coiled around a medical staff. These snakes seem to be Doctor Wu's primary icons. They are larger and more predatory than the ones found on our earth and they are featured prominently on a closed side door that reads: "PRIVATE! KEEP OUT!" A door slides open with A HISS...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR WU

glides into the room. He is tall and thin --

THE SLIDERS

react. At first Wu seems almost darkly handsome, but on closer inspection Wu's face is more like five faces grafted together: faintly seen zipper scars, long black hair, streaked with silver.

Wu has a deep voice, often speaking in a powerful half-whisper.

DOCTOR WU  
(accusatory)  
Why did you wait so long to bring  
him to me?

REMBRANDT  
(defensive)  
Hey . We got him here as fast as we  
could.

Quinn stands there, hand to his head, which is throbbing.

DOCTOR WU  
(examining Quinn further)  
Your head aches, yes? I will fix it  
for you!

Off which --

CUT TO:

11 INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT - A TESTY ARTURO 11

hunched over the medical forms, trying his best to fill them out while Wade scans the framed medical certificates on the walls.

ARTURO  
Has Mr. Mallory ever had the  
chicken pox?

WADE  
Beats me.

ARTURO  
Is he allergic to anything?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE  
(not listening)  
Professor. .. come take a look at  
this stuff.

Arturo is only too happy to leave the forms and join her.  
She is staring at what appears to be a standard eye chart...  
but the symbols are not the normal A's through Z's.

ARTURO  
Looks like an eye chart. But I  
don't recognize the lettering.

WADE  
(hushed)  
I do. It's the witch alphabet. My  
friend, Sabrina, was into this  
stuff.

Framed diploma-like certificates adorn the walls. Arturo  
takes a closer look, reads out loud...

ARTURO  
Doctor Mervin Wu, Ph.D in Auric and  
Pranic healing, Spells, Formulas,  
and Divinations: Stanford  
University .  
(to Wade, appalled)  
Do you realize what we've done?  
We've put Quinn in the hands of a  
witch doctor!

SMASH CUT TO:

12 INT. DOCTOR'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT - TIGHT ON DOCTOR WU 12

letting out a primal SCREAM that could shatter glass, his  
arms extended, hands shaking spasmodically.

QUINN

looks hypnotized.

REMBRANDT

is appalled. THUNDER and LIGHTNING roar as Wu lays his  
incredibly wrinkled hands on either side of Quinn's head.  
He rubs Quinn's temples, quietly CHANTING...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

then reaches into a front pocket and tosses brightly colored powder in the air. Suddenly, Wu lets out another, bloodcurdling SCREAM, making Rembrandt nearly jump out of his skin as THUNDER AND LIGHTNING punctuate the bizarre ritual.

CUT TO:

13 INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT - ARTURO AND WADE 13

are arguing with the patient, smiling nurse.

NURSE

Sorry darlin', I can't interfere with the doctor when he's behind closed doors.

ARTURO

Calling that quack a doctor is an affront to medical science --

He cuts off as a CREAKING DOOR opens and the other two Sliders re-enter the room. Quinn is craning his neck -- Something happened in there.

ARTURO

My God.

DOCTOR WU

sports a smug yellow-toothed smile as he approaches the Sliders. He reacts, taken by Wade --

WADE

Are you all right?

DOCTOR WU

Of course he's all right. He's had the finest medical treatment available.

(to Wade)

Your epidermal sheath is epidendrum-like. Has anyone ever told you that?

Wade pulls back slightly --

WADE

(to Arturo)

What's he saying?

ARTURO

He's coming on to you.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

Doctor Wu is full of himself, boasting...

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED: (2)

DOCTOR WU  
Your friend's headache is  
annihilated.

ARTURO  
Headache? You blistering idiot,  
he's dislocated his shoulder!

As --

NURSE  
(to Sliders, covertly)  
I'll bet The Sorcerer could help  
but he'd never see you of course.  
Still, you can pick up some of his  
Miracle Balm at the marketplace.

REMBRANDT  
(not covertly)  
Who's The Sorcerer?

Wu pivots upon hearing that name. He is livid as he points  
an accusing finger at the guilt-ridden nurse.

DOCTOR WU  
Sorcerer?! How dare you mention  
that charlatan in my presence!

NURSE  
(cringing)  
Sorry, doctor.

DOCTOR WU  
Thanks to The Sorcerer, my practice  
is half what it was! Who wants my  
carefully formulated herbs and  
potions, when they can buy...  
(pained)  
... Sorcerer brand as-per-in, or  
Super Sorcerer throat lo-zen-ges,  
at half the price?!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Wu's stomach is churning, just thinking about his hated rival.

DOCTOR WU (CONT'D)  
Just pay your bill and go!  
(to Wade)  
Except for you, my dear. You may stay.

Wu motions to the chagrined nurse; she presents the Sliders a bill.

REMBRANDT  
Two hundred and sixty-six dollars?  
For what?

DOCTOR WU  
His headache's gone, right?  
Services rendered.

The skeptical Sliders huddle; Quinn manages a sheepish smile.

QUINN  
You know, actually, I do feel better.

WADE  
That's beside the point. We don't have that kind of money.

ARTURO  
Given the dubious efforts of the "doctor" in question, I propose a solution that harkens back to my boyhood days.

SMASH CUT TO:

14 EXT. STREET - FRONT OF DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS 14  
sprinting away from the office.

ARTURO  
Run! Run like hell!

Seconds later, Wu runs out onto the street, his nurse in tow. He yells after the Sliders, shaking his fist in the air...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR WU  
Fools, I will bring a thousand  
curses down on your heads! No one  
crosses the AMA. You signed a  
contract, and YOU WILL PAY!!

off Wu's wrath --

CUT TO:

15 EXT. DOMINION HOTEL - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT 15

in the rain. Lightning flashes and we see that the marquee  
on the Lamp-lighter reads: "Dominion Hotel...The Sorcerer  
would stay here" (then, in smaller letters) "if he ever  
needed a room."

16 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT - GOMEZ CALHOUN 16

greeting the exhausted, dripping Sliders at the check-in  
counter. His face is pasty white and he wears ghoulish  
Alice Cooper-like eyeshadow.

ARTURO  
Well, Gomez Calhoun as I live and  
breathe. You've been dipping into  
Mom's make-up kit, I see.

Calhoun nods happily as he checks them in, while munching  
on some boxed chocolate candy.

GOMEZ CALHOUN  
New from The Sorcerer's Sweet Shop.  
Help yourselves.

Rembrandt takes a piece of the offered candy -- recoils:  
it's in the shape of a cockroach.

GOMEZ CALHOUN  
Say, how do you guys know my name?  
I'll bet you're witches, in town  
for the convention!

WADE  
(stifling a smile)  
That's right. We parked our  
broomsticks outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GOMEZ CALHOUN  
(guffawing)  
Broomsticks. Whaddya take me for?  
(hands them keys)  
Suite 152 - down the hall. You  
witches have a nice stay now.  
(as Sliders exit)  
Don't forget, there's a skeleton in  
every closet - and complimentary  
hot cocoa served in the lobby 'till  
ten.

The Sliders go --

CUT TO:

17 INT. DOMINION HOTEL - NIGHT - ON TV 17

The familiar bumper and voice-over we recognize as --

JERRY SPRINGER (OF TV)  
'Devil coax you to split Grandma's  
skull? Voices in your head urge  
you to push your little sister down  
the stairs? We want to know about  
it, Call us here at the Jerry  
Springer show and we'll put you  
on the air!

WADE

is gently tending to Quinn's shoulder on the bed. Rembrandt  
is stretched out, remote in hand, watching TV. The muted  
sound of the SHOWER tells us where Arturo is.

WADE  
(needling)  
Look at you - always turning on the  
TV, first chance you get.

REMBRANDT  
Interest of science, girl! What  
better way to scope out a culture?

He changes channels, as if to prove the point...

ANGLE - THE TV - ROSS J. KELLEY

(the lawyer/interrogator we recall from the pilot) is  
standing before his office desk, aggressively spieling --

REMBRANDT  
Hey, Q-Ball. Look who's here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROSS J. KELLEY (ON TV)  
Demon bill collectors on your back?  
I can get those demons to leave you  
alone, and I mean leave you  
alone! I'm Ross J. Kelley and  
I'll fight for you!

WADE  
It is a world full of vampires.

Recognizing Kelley from previous worlds, Quinn shoots an amused glance at Wade. Rembrandt rises, moves to the closet to hang up his coat.

REMBRANDT  
Man, I'm not gonna sleep a wink  
until we Slide out of this place.

Rembrandt's voice trails off. He's become creeped out and mesmerized by a portrait on the cheap motel wall. A pack of squirrels are about to be torn apart and devoured by a wolf. Meanwhile, A NEW COMMERCIAL is playing in the b.g...

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Sorcerer Brand Orange Juice, one  
sixty-six a quart. Mister Sorcerer  
Steak Sauce now just one  
seventy-nine...

QUINN  
Sorcerer this, Sorcerer that. He  
seems to have cornered the market  
in just about everything.

REMBRANDT  
(opening closet)  
Yeah. I'd love to get a piece of  
his action --

Rembrandt recoils from the opened closet door. Wade and Quinn leap up to see what he sees...

REMBRANDT  
Damn!... He wasn't kidding!

ANGLE - INSIDE THE CLOSET - A SKELETON

is fastened to the wall, being used as a hanger for suits and robes.

QUINN

pats a shaky Rembrandt on the shoulder...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUINN

Think of the bright side. He  
must've meant it about the cocoa.

Rembrandt exhales and hangs his jacket on the skeleton,  
BLACKING OUT THE FRAME.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. NIGHT SKY - WISPY CLOUDS - LATER 18

gliding in front of a huge full moon. Somewhere in the near  
distance, A PACK OF WOLVES begin to HOWL.

CUT TO:

19 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - REMBRANDT 19

snores peacefully, Quinn is sacked out on a cot, but when  
we PAN to the other bed, Arturo's eyes snap open. He is  
listening to the sound of the BAYING WOLVES and not liking  
it at all. Then, a new sound alarms him - HEAVY FOOTSTEPS  
trudging down the hall ... coming closer ... closer.

ARTURO

Gentlemen --

REMBRANDT AND QUINN

wake with a start,

ARTURO

Something's coming...

As now the sound of HEAVY CLUMPING FOOTSTEPS mixed with the  
sound of a DRAGGING CHAIN (O.S.), getting steadily louder.  
The Sliders exchange glances, hearts pounding. There is  
something primally frightening about the approaching sounds.  
Even the --

WOLVES (O.S.)

have stopped howling.

WADE

pokes her head out of her room -- She's heard the noises  
too. Then, a sound that turns their insides out. A heavy  
hand KNOCKS three times on the door.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

THE SLIDERS

are frozen, hoping whoever it is will go away.

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED: (2)

The KNOCKING resumes, more insistent now, making the door shake on its rafters.

QUINN  
Who's there?

HEAVIER POUNDING. Quinn takes a deep breath... and slowly turns the doorknob...

TWO FRIGHTENING FIGURES

are revealed in the doorway, backlit. They are GRIM REAPERS: one carries a staff, the other is wrapped in grisly iron chains. In ghostly fashion they each raise a horrible bony arm... and point a long, ugly finger directly at Quinn. One hands him what appears to be a piece of paper --

QUINN

has no choice but to take it. Thus satisfied, the Grim Reapers shuffle off --

WADE  
(of the paper)  
What is it?

QUINN  
It's a subpoena. I'm being sued.

Off Quinn's shock --

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

20 INT. ROSS J. KELLEY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY - ON KELLEY 20

the TV lawyer, who is examining some documents. He looks up.

KELLEY

In reviewing the summons those Reapers handed you, there's not a whole lot I can do.

REMBRANDT

But you said you could get bill collectors off our backs - and you mean off our backs!

KELLEY

You ran out on a bill owed to an accredited shaman. The courts rarely get involved in situations like that.

WADE

Well ... we'll just have to find a way to get him some cash.

KELLEY

Too late.

QUINN

What?

KELLEY

Didn't you read the fine print when you signed those medical forms? Doctor Wu has filed for a retribution substitution.

WADE

(concerned)

What's that mean?

KELLEY

He gets his choice of a body part for his medical experiments if you default. And according to these documents... he's chosen your brain.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

QUINN

You can't be serious.

(then)

This is some kind of joke, right?

KELLEY

You asked for my professional opinion. That's it.

Quinn blanches --

CUT TO:

21 EXT. CITY STREET - FRONT OF OFFICE BUILDING - DAY - NO RAIN 21

now , the air is very still.

THE SLIDERS AND KELLEY

walk slowly down the sidewalk. He speaks to them while his eyes scan the block for an expected limousine...

KELLEY

I could file for a delay -- but by the time we got one, you'd be dead.

ARTURO

This is insane. I can't believe a civilized society could allow this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLEY

Let me talk to Wu's people --

(then)

In the meantime, get him off the streets.

(then)

You can't underestimate the danger he's in. Every demon bounty hunter in the city will be tracking him down.

The Sliders take moment to ponder Kelley's warning. They can't help but glance down the shadowy streets, worrying about the dark forces that are lining up against them. The limo pulls up. As Kelley climbs in --

WADE

What I don't understand -- he's supposed to heal people. What's he want with Quinn's brain?

KELLEY

Since he's lost most of his market share to The Sorcerer, the profits come from the making and selling of zombies.

He rolls down the window and looks back at the Sliders.

WADE

Please, Isn't there anything else we can do?

KELLEY

Only The Sorcerer can help you now.  
(tough luck)  
But, of course, he'd never see you.

Kelley gives a little wave and flashes his TV smile just before the tinted window obscures him from view and the limo drives away.

THE SLIDERS

are alone now and highly conscious of their vulnerability. They sense potential danger from every direction.

ARTURO

Demon bounty hunter -- utter nonsense.

(then)

We haven't witnessed a thing that can't be explained by natural law.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

REMBRANDT

Those two freakazoids last night  
didn't look too natural to me.  
Six-foot tall, weighing forty-five  
pounds?

ARTURO

Rejects from a Halloween carnival.  
Using costumes and makeup to  
intimidate the simple-minded.

WADE

Meaning us?

ARTURO

If the shoe fits, my dear...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A MYSTERIOUS FORM

flits from shadow to shadow up ahead of them on the street.

QUINN

reacts, alerted --

QUINN

Don't all look at once, guys.

(then)

We're being watched.

Three sets of eyes swivel to see ...

A DARK AMORPHOUS FORM

with only his/her/its two shiny eyes gleaming from the gloaming of a doorway.

QUINN

gestures toward a STOREFRONT just behind them.

QUINN

Quick. In here.

They duck into --

CUT TO:

22 INT. FORTUNE TELLER PARLOR - DUSK

22

The surroundings are moody and dark. An old lady FORTUNE TELLER with the features of a witch, from her pointy chin to her wrinkled skin and narrow, strikingly pale eyes, rises from a tarot table to greet the Sliders as they enter.

FORTUNE TELLER

Come in. I've been expecting you.

Please. Be seated.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FORTUNE TELLER (cont'd)  
You have come such a long way to  
get here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FORTUNE TELLER (cont'd)  
And you must be very sad to be  
separated from your loved ones by  
such a great distance.

REMBRANDT  
(taking a seat)  
Unbelievable.

ARTURO  
(sarcastic)  
Oh yes, unbelievable.

As the Sliders take their seats, the Fortune Teller quickly  
deals out the Tarot Cross.

QUINN  
What're you doing?

FORTUNE TELLER  
If there were ever four people in  
more desperate need of a reading, I  
do not believe them to exist on  
this... or any other world.

The Fortune Teller turns over a card - an upside down grim  
reaper surrounded by daggers - she turns over another - the  
word death dangles over a prone figure.

FORTUNE TELLER  
(closing eyes,  
trance-like)  
You are all in grave danger...  
Beware... beware... the forces of  
the night are against you!

ARTURO  
Oh, please.

FORTUNE TELLER  
Stay together... look out for one  
another... if you are to survive  
this ordeal.

ARTURO  
Could you possibly be more general,  
madam?

WADE  
Professor -- You're being rude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ARTURO

Don't you see? Everything is  
generic, abstract - designed to fit  
most people and most situations.  
That's how these things work!

The old lady opens her eyes... and her intense gaze rests  
squarely on Arturo, the corners of her mouth betraying the  
hint of a smile.

FORTUNE TELLER

You are a man who feels slighted...  
because you were never fully  
appreciated in your chosen  
profession. Those are the  
invisible chains you bear.

ARTURO

(to Sliders)

This is absurd. I don't have to be  
a part of this --

FORTUNE TELLER

(voice rising)

You resent the boy...  
(room falls silent)  
... because it comes so easy to  
him... You are Salieri to his  
Mozart, yes?

Arturo looks at her, surprised, suddenly naked and  
vulnerable.

FORTUNE TELLER

And because he reminds you of the  
son you've neglected back home.

Arturo pushes back from the table, shaking his head slowly,  
trying to deny his ears. The Fortune Teller now turns back  
to the cards, flipping them over in sequence --

FORTUNE TELLER (cont'd)

(to other Sliders)

You must seek out The Sorcerer.  
Only he can help you now.

(flips card)

But you must hurry. For he is about  
to go Sliding again.

The Sliders are shocked, looking to one another, even  
Arturo is openly interested now.

QUINN

Sliding?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FORTUNE TELLER

He and he alone has the magic to  
travel between worlds.

(looks up from cards)

Trust in him... for he holds the  
power to send you home!

CUT TO:

23 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS 23

are on the move, having just exited The Fortune Teller's.  
Arturo is in the lead, on a mission...

REMBRANDT

The Sorcerer is a Slider! That's  
fantastic!

ARTURO

We must find this man, The  
Sorcerer, and tell him who we are.

(signals for a cab)

If he is able to control Sliding,  
perhaps he can get us home.

WADE

(hope against hope)

Home. I can't believe it.

REMBRANDT

Taxi.

WADE

Becoming a true believer,  
Professor?

ARTURO

Don't be impertinent. Her  
pseudo-mindreading act was pure  
vaudeville.

A racing cab SCREECHES to a stop. The Sliders clamber in --

CUT TO:

24 INT. CAB - NIGHT - ARTURO 24

turned to face the others --

WADE

You're just afraid of anything that  
doesn't fit in your neat little box  
of science.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WADE(CONT'D)

Well such things do exist  
Professor, even on our world. Ever  
try a Ouija board?

PAVEL (O.S.)

Oy . You're not gonna talk politics  
in my cab, are you?

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE - PAVEL KURLIENKO

The cab driver we remember from prior earths.

PAVEL (CONT'D)

You know, the fundamentalists want  
Ouija boards in the classroom - I  
say is clear violation of Coven and  
State.

(wave of the hand)

Where to?

QUINN

Do you know where The Sorcerer  
lives?

PAVEL

(incredulous)

Do I know? Is Helen Reddy?

(howling laughter)

Everyone know - Sorcerer live in  
big black castle on other side of  
Golden Gargoyle Gate Bridge.

QUINN

Take us there.

Pavel reacts, pulling the cab over to a neck-bending stop  
at the curb.

PAVEL

Out.

QUINN

What?

PAVEL

No one go to Sorcerer's castle. Is  
very dangerous journey.

ANGLE - THROUGH THE WINDOW - A HAGGARD VAGRANT

looking like a mummy, begins to hand-wash the window with a  
loose rag attached to his body...

REMBRANDT

(off this)

Look man, just take us as far as  
you can.

Pavel mulls it over.

PAVEL

How much?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

QUINN

How much do you want?

PAVEL

(eyeing Arturo's finger)

... I like his ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The Sliders look to Arturo. He hesitates... scowls...

QUINN  
Professor --

Arturo submits. Pavel holds it up to the dashboard lights, then happily slips it on to his finger, further annoying the Professor.

Meanwhile, Rembrandt locks eyes with the vagrant, who is using a cobwebbed spray bottle on the side window. The singer recoils at the sight of the swollen blood red eyes peering back at him from under the dirty cloth wrapping. As the cab patches out --

CUT TO:

25 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS - PAVEL 25

slams on the accelerator, nearly clipping the squeegee-ghoul in the process.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - THE CAB 26

streaks through the mystic San Francisco streets, racing past scarecrows set up on the sidewalks.

We can occasionally hear the SCREAMS and MOANS of the SLIDERS as they hang on for dear life.

27 INT. PAVEL'S CAB - NIGHT - PAVEL 27

driving with flat-out reckless abandon that would make the most hard-core New York cabby proud.

The wide-eyed Sliders are white-knuckling it, leaning back in their seats as far as they can go.

PAVEL  
Uh-oh. Flock of bats.

REMBRANDT  
Bats ? What do you mean bats?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAVEL  
Vicious, bloodthirsty bats -  
probably sent by Sorcerer, to keep  
us away.

THEIR POV - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - A SWARM OF BATS

is forming in the sky ahead, looking like a great black  
funnel cloud. The bats begin to plummet like miniature dive-  
bombers.

Pavel turns on his windshield wipers as the swooping,  
SQUEAKING BATS literally CRASH and THUMP off the glass,  
thick as hailstones.

Pavel shakes his fist at them, SWEARING IN RUSSIAN, but  
never taking his foot off the gas. The cab plows ahead,  
eventually breaking through and leaving the bat attack  
behind.

28 EXT. STREET - THE CAB 28

as it streaks away, taking a corner way too fast and  
SKIDDING out of sight. The last thing we hear (above the  
sound of SCREECHING BRAKES) is the collective SCREAMS of  
Rembrandt and the Professor.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. FOG SHROUDED RURAL ROAD - NIGHT - THE CAB 29

comes to a stop near a CRICKET-INFESTED set of dense woods.  
A nervous Pavel keeps the engine running as

THE SLIDERS

exit.

QUINN  
This is it?

PAVEL  
End of the line.

REMBRANDT  
Where's the bridge?

Pavel indicates --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAVEL

There it is -- The Golden Gargoyle  
Gate Bridge.

ANGLE - THE BRIDGE

shrouded and half-concealed in fog, and fronted by twin  
ancient stone gargoyles painted a faded golden yellow. We  
can hear the sound of RAGING SURF far below ... and this  
bridge is a walking bridge that looks highly unstable as it  
settles and CREAKS in the wind.

A RUSTY SIGN

(in bright red letters) in front of the bridge reads:  
"WARNING!! THIS BRIDGE IS CURSED! CROSSING IT IS HAZARDOUS  
TO YOUR HEALTH! A public service message from The  
Department of Health and The Sorcerer." Suddenly --

A CREATURE

rustles nearby.

WADE

(nervous)

What's next?

ARTURO

Animals of some kind.

QUINN

I got 'til sun-up! You can't touch  
me.

ARTURO

Don't be ridiculous, boy. No one  
knows you're here.

But then -- LAUGHTER filters through the darkness.

WADE

Maybe we should go a different way  
-- through Oakland or something...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

QUINN

Wade -- they're coming to take my  
brain in a couple of hours. We  
don't have time to look for  
alternative routes.

Just then, A HORRIBLE METALLIC GROANING SOUND emanates from  
the bridge, indicating its unstable nature and further  
terrifying the Sliders.

REMBRANDT

Maybe she's right, Q-ball.

Quinn shakes his head... takes a long deep breath... and  
inches forward.

ANGLE - BEHIND QUINN

passing the warning sign and approaching the tilted swaying  
bridge, its tattered upper body obscured by swirling  
Pacific fog.

ARTURO

Steady on... steady.

The others summon their courage and follow suit, gingerly  
walking onto the unstable bridge. A thick swirling fog is  
making the journey that much more perilous. The Sliders are  
painfully aware of each CREAKING shift, as well as the  
dangerous sound of the SURF hundreds of feet below.

QUINN

(over his shoulder,  
grinning)  
Nothing to it, guys.  
(then)  
Nothing to fear but fear itself.

Rembrandt shoots Quinn a perturbed frown, then suddenly  
reacts to something he sees through the mist.

REMBRANDT

Look out!  
(off Quinn)  
Turn around. Slowly, man. Whatever  
you do... don't move your feet.

Quinn turns his perplexed head, to see what Rembrandt sees.

QUINN'S POV - THE LAST SECTION OF BRIDGE

has been swept away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A thirty foot span between here and the shoreline is missing...

QUINN

teetering on the edge.

WADE

Quinn!

Off Quinn's terror --

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

30 EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS 30

are clearly shaken by this turn of events. Wade and Arturo are standing by the railing, hanging on, anxious to get off this unstable surface. Rembrandt stands by Quinn, who is crouched down, examining the spot where the bridge cut off.

QUINN  
This is really strange, Crying  
Man.

REMBRANDT  
(unhappy)  
Come on, man. Let's just go back  
the way we came.

QUINN  
-- I'm not going back.

REMBRANDT  
Oh? You plan on swimming across?

QUINN  
No. I plan on walking across.

The others have overheard. They move toward Quinn, staring at him as if he's lost his mind. Quinn points straight ahead.

QUINN  
Something about the diffusion of  
moonlight -- look.

His skeptical companions look ahead to see if they can make sense of what he's saying. Quinn reaches out and runs his hand over the open air where the bridge broke off.

QUINN  
It looks like it's gone... but I  
can still feel the bridge, I think  
it's an illusion, designed to keep  
anyone from crossing.

Quinn takes off his jacket and tosses it straight ahead. It comes to rest at foot level, seemingly suspended in mid-air.

QUINN  
You can turn back if you want to.  
I'm going to see The Sorcerer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn tries to keep his nerves steady as he rises ... and deliberately prepares to step off the broken end of the bridge.

WADE

Quinn - no!!

But he's determined, and before she can stop him, he steps off the edge ... and finds himself walking on nothingness, greatly relieved that he isn't plummeting into the cruel sea.

The other Sliders overcome their trepidation and follow Quinn off the edge. Soon they too are walking on an invisible surface.

QUINN

Don't dwell on where we are...  
don't look down... just think about  
something else.

Rembrandt takes the suggestion... tries to relax a little... He is smiling now, but it's a nervous smile...

REMBRANDT

(whistling past the  
graveyard)

I'll have you know, this isn't the first time the Crying Man has walked on air. December of '86, Norfolk's Coconut Grove, hundreds of heartsick fans saw The Crying Man make his final appearance with The Spinning Topps.

(nostalgic sigh)

I can still hear them now -  
REMBrandt, REMbrandt, we want  
REMBrandt.

WADE

is tripping, can't believe her eyes.

WADE

Smoke and mirrors, Professor?

ARTURO

Precisely. A well placed mirror of sufficient mass could make any large structure seemingly disappear...

The Professor is looking down nervously, secretly terrified.

31 EXT. END OF THE BRIDGE - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS 31

reach the land at the end of the bridge, grateful to leave the swaying, part illusionary bridge behind them. They walk a few paces and find themselves completely out of the fog. Looking up, they see their destination...

THEIR POV - THE SORCERER'S CASTLE

towers before them. The Sliders realize it bears a striking resemblance to the Transamerica Tower back home. But it is painted jet-black and dressed with Medieval trappings.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. THE SORCERER'S CASTLE - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS 32

approach the giant black double doors. After several knocks go unanswered, they try the huge doorknob (in the shape of a snarling lion) and are surprised to find the door opens with a simple twist of the wrist.

QUINN

pauses for a moment of caution... pushes the head doors open... and steps inside.

33 INT. SORCERER'S CASTLE - LOBBY - NIGHT - ON THE SLIDERS 33

entering... dazed. This is not what they expected...

QUINN

(half-whisper)

Wow... an Art Deco palace... I've dreamt about places like this.

QUINN'S POV - THE LOBBY

An impressive Art Deco lobby - thirties style - highly polished floors - old fashioned elevators - a direct antithesis to the outside of the castle. Could This Be The Magic by Manilow is playing on MUZAK - beyond that, the sound of flocks of workers TYPING in unseen areas beyond the elevators.

THE SLIDERS

slowly move forward in awe - their cautious steps echoing on the freshly waxed floor.

A RECEPTION AREA - QUINN

approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A GUARD

looks up.

QUINN

Yes. We'd like to see The Sorcerer...

The Guard locks at them. This is clearly an unusual request. Pushes a button and --

CUT TO:

34 INT. WAITING ROOM - A TICKING CLOCK 34

Art deco style, shows the time to be 10:40 P.M.

THE SLIDERS

wait, in various states of annoyance --

REMBRANDT

What gives? We've been cooped up in this joint forever.

QUINN

Look at it this way... As long as we're here, we're in no danger of bounty hunters trying to carve out my brain.

ARTURO

Surely, Mr. Mallory, you don't take this nonsense seriously.

QUINN

Go ahead and make light of it. It's not your brain he wants.

ARTURO

(injured pride)

What is that meant to imply?

REMBRANDT

Guys. Knock it off.

Wade, meanwhile, has been reading a corporate newsletter --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

In this corporate newsletter it says, everyone who works here lives on this side of the bridge and never even goes into the city --  
(then)  
It appears to be a business empire run by a mystical hermit.

ARTURO

That goes to the very heart of what puzzles me -- This is a world in thrall to the occult, yet also under the thumb of a business conglomerate --

REMBRANDT

Yeah, that is kinda weird.

ARTURO

On our world, a conglomerate usually devotes itself to one corner of the market -- These people have a finger in virtually every pie.

QUINN

Someone's coming.

A MAN

approaches now, footsteps echoing down the long corridor. He is an efficient fellow, finely tailored in a double-breasted suit. As he draws near, the Sliders react -- he's the pushy LAWYER from the previous Earth. On this world, we'll call him the AIDE.

AIDE

I'm Mr. Gail, The Sorcerer's Executive Assistant. How may I help you?

QUINN

We've come to see The Sorcerer.

A polite smile from the Aide; he is extremely courteous.

AIDE

I'm afraid that's quite impossible.

WADE

Mister, please... we've traveled so far to get here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AIDE

(still very friendly)

Oh, I'm sure you have. Just last week, a gentleman from Japan was here, asking to see The Sorcerer.

(pause, smiling)

I believe he's back in Yokohama by now. Unfortunately, he went home disappointed.

REMBRANDT

Believe it or not, we came even farther than him.

AIDE

And you will return just as empty handed.

Wade glances at Quinn.

WADE

Maybe we could just hang out here for awhile.

AIDE

I'm afraid that is also impossible.

He nods at someone behind The Sliders.

TWO GRANITE-JAWED SECURITY GUARDS

move up --

AIDE

Escort them to the bridge.

ARTURO

Be reasonable, Sir.

AIDE

(touch of ice)

Should you try to enter the tower again, unpleasant force will be used against you. Good day.

The guards are starting to force The Sliders backwards. The Aide is walking away...

QUINN

The Einstein Rosen-Podalski Bridge!  
Tell him we've crossed it!

The Aide slows... comes to a stop without turning around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

QUINN

It's a passageway between  
Earths. We're Sliders.

The Sliders are just being kicked out --

AIDE

Wait.

Off Quinn -- it worked --

CUT TO:

35 INT. STYLISH ART DECO ELEVATOR - THE SLIDERS 35

are swiftly rising to the penthouse floor (marked "S" on the elevator) accompanied by the Aide. The elevator reaches the top, punctuated by a BELL, and the doors open. The Sliders get out... but the Aide stays in the elevator.

AIDE

Walk straight ahead. Do not turn  
back.

The elevator doors shut. The Sliders are on their own.

36 INT. HALLWAY LEADING TO SORCERER - CONTINUOUS - THE SLIDERS 36

are entering an eerie corridor lit by torches. There is something distinctly unnerving about this place. Quinn is the first to head down the hall. The others follow, eyes scanning the darkness, ever wary of their concealed surroundings.

As they walk past the last pair of torches, nothing but jet black hallway lies before them. They summon every ounce of courage and walk into the black space, knowing they are entering the den of The Sorcerer.

ARTURO

(inwardly wiggling)

This setting is obviously designed  
to intimidate the faint of heart,  
playing on man's primal fear of the  
dark. I urge you to follow my  
example, and not let it get to  
you --

Arturo jumps as A VOICE comes out of the darkness ... It is  
DEEP and POWERFUL, AMPLIFIED and ALL ENCOMPASSING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It is a voice one could imagine belonging to God.

SORCERER (O.S.)  
Stand where you are!

The Sliders find themselves bathed in red light.

SLIDERS POV - A DARK CRIMSON CLOUD

comes at them from out of the darkness. It makes a HISSING sound as it hovers before and above them... slowly manifesting itself into the upper torso and head of a humanoid entity. It's all The Sliders can do to keep from turning and running in the opposite direction.

THE APPARITION

looks powerful and predatory. Angular, evil face, pointed jaw, large dark eyes with a red dot at their centers, the hint of horns sprouting from the top of the head. (Maybe it looks like the Vampire character in the "The Spawn" series.)

SORCERER  
I need to get a closer look ... at those who dare to invade my domain.

REMBRANDT  
(nervous laugh)  
No invaders here, your highness.

SORCERER  
I WILL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!!!

If there were windows here, they would have shattered. The crimson-bathed Sliders move closer together, trying not to cower, touching each other for support.

SORCERER  
I have lived for centuries...  
Sliding from world to world...  
drawing my life blood from the  
corpses of my enemies. Do you  
understand?

Half the nervous Sliders nod yes, the other two no.

SORCERER  
Are you friend ... or foe?

WADE  
Friends.

REMBRANDT  
Friends, man. Definitely.

ARTURO  
We mean no harm.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

SORCERER

If you are my friends... I will  
reward you for the courage of your  
journey .

The Sliders manage to relax a just a little, liking where  
this is heading.

SORCERER (CONT'D)

I am master of the passageway  
between Earths.

WADE

Omigod! Did you hear that?

The Sliders are overjoyed at the news.

REMBRANDT

I knew coming here was a great  
idea!

(kissing up to Sorcerer)

We made a new friend. That's what  
life's all about, right?

SORCERER

(bellowing)

Words are hollow, human!

The Sliders' knees are knocking again.

SORCERER (cont'd)

Ask not what I can do for you ...

(sinister edge)

Ask what you can do for me.

Off The Sliders' reactions --

CUT TO:

37 EXT. ORIGINAL ENTRANCE TO BRIDGE - NIGHT - THE SLIDERS

37

are walking off the bridge, having recrossed it from the  
castle side. Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo walk a few steps  
ahead of Quinn, who is fiddling with the timer...

WADE

Blueprints? Why would The Sorcerer  
want Doctor Wu's blueprints?

REMBRANDT

Maybe the guy's got plans for a  
competing mini-mall or something.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Who cares why he wants 'em.

(then)

We need to figure how we're gonna accomplish it.

ARTURO

I say we steer absolutely clear of this situation and find a convenient place to wait for the slide...

(checks expensive watch)

... which is roughly eleven hours away.

QUINN

I uh, think it's a little late for that, Professor.

They're face-to-face with a sawed-off shotgun.

A DEMON BOUNTY HUNTER

four-feet tall, hooded cowl, with a face right out of The Exorcist and a voice to match. He is holding the gun to Quinn's nose and wielding an evil, satisfied smile.

BOUNTY HUNTER

Well, well, look what the black cat dragged in. The boy with the fugitive brain ...

Off Quinn's terror --

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

38 EXT. DOCTOR WU'S MEDICAL CLINIC - NIGHT - REMBRANDT, ARTURO, 38  
AND WADE

pound on the doors and windows.

ARTURO

Let us in!

WADE

You can't do this! It's not sun-up  
yet!

39 INT. DOCTOR'S CHAMBERS - QUINN 39

struggles with all his might as the Bounty Hunter and  
Doctor Wu hold him.

DOCTOR WU

Hold him down.

The Doctor clamps an ether-dispensing mask over Quinn's  
mouth. Turns up the gas --

ANGLE - CABINET

behind the table where several brains are individually  
housed in liquid, inside clear glass jars. The jars read:  
E. A . Poe... B. Karloff... L. Borden... E. Wood Jr... R.  
Nixon. The Last jar simply contains liquid - it is marked  
Q. Mallory.

DOCTOR WU

(Quinn's neutralized)

Help me get him on the table.

As he and the Bounty Hunter maneuver Quinn's inert body onto  
the table, the annoyed Doctor responds to the threats and  
entreaties coming from outside.

DOCTOR WU

Shut up out there!

(to Bounty Hunter)

Quickly, while the body is still  
warm --

As he begins the first stage of what should be a very  
effective liposuction-type procedure (whatever that is).

CUT TO:

40 EXT. DOCTOR WU'S CLINIC - NIGHT 40

The other three Sliders are in despair.

WADE

What are we gonna do?

REMBRANDT

Look --

As now --

WU'S NURSE

purse in hand, comes down the street ready to start an evening of work.

THE NURSE

Good midnight.

ARTURO

Good midnight to you.

(forced calmness; of  
Rembrandt)

My colleague is feeling a touch  
under the weather. A light appears  
to be on inside.

THE NURSE

(taking out her keys)

Here. Come on in --

She no sooner has the door open than the Sliders push their way past her...

41 INT. WU'S CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - SLIDERS 41

surge in --

THE NURSE

Wait! You can't go in there!

And straight into...

42 INT. DOCTOR'S CHAMBERS - QUINN 42

Quinn is down on the table. Dr. Wu above him strapping on a complex machine, featuring multiple plastic-like tubing.

WADE

Quinn!

Except the Bounty Hunter has turned around, shotgun in hand, aimed it directly at them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOUNTY HUNTER

Get out!

THE NURSE

(coming in)

I'm sorry, Doctor, they...

DOCTOR WU

Get out! Take the night off!

(as she hesitates)

Out of here -- all of you!

The Nurse doesn't need another invitation. Flees.

ARTURO

(bluffing)

I warn you, Sir, we are personal friends of The Sorcerer, and he isn't going to like this.

BOUNTY HUNTER

Like I'm scared. Get back.

WADE

(ignoring him)

Doctor Wu, please... I'm begging you.

Doctor Wu studies Wade with a raised eyebrow.

WADE

Take me instead.

(then)

Even trade.

Rembrandt and Arturo react --

WADE

I'll do anything you want.

It's obvious that Doctor Wu hasn't had an offer that good for some time, Wade advances --

BOUNTY HUNTER

It's a trick.

DOCTOR WU

Shut up! I'm trying to think...

WADE

You can always get another brain. Where will you ever find another me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOUNTY HUNTER'S

paying absolutely no attention to Arturo and Rembrandt.  
Suddenly --

REMBRANDT

karate chops the gun barrel -- The gun falls to the floor.

ARTURO

leaps on the Bounty Hunter, struggling to gain control of  
the shotgun.

WU

panics --

DOCTOR WU  
(to Wade)  
Lying witch!

He immediately starts the procedure on Quinn's brain. As he  
starts working the Byzantine controls.

QUINN'S

dimly coming to. The brain sucker starts to rev as now --  
KABOOM! The machine explodes in a hail of sparks.

REMBRANDT

stands there with the smoking sawed-off.

REMBRANDT  
One shell left. Who wants it?

BOUNTY HUNTER  
I want my bounty!

REMBRANDT  
You're lucky I don't kill you! Get  
out!

The Bounty Hunter HISSES and leaves --

WADE'S

untying Quinn --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WADE  
Are you alright?

QUINN  
I think so.

Arturo and Wade grab him, though, just before he collapses.

REMBRANDT  
Come on, let's blow this place!

QUINN  
Not without the blueprints!  
They'll get us home!

ARTURO  
Mr. Mallory -- we have one shotgun  
shell.  
(then)  
Reinforcements could return at any  
moment.

QUINN  
(indicating file room)  
Open it.  
(hard)  
Now.

DOCTOR WU  
You realize the mistake you're  
making?

QUINN  
Any luck, we won't be around to pay  
for it.

REMBRANDT

keeps Wu in check as the others enter --

43 INT. DOCTOR WU'S FILE ROOM - THE SLIDERS

43

react.

ARTURO  
My God.

Cobwebs. Dark and gloomy -- FILE CABINETS dominate one of  
the walls --

QUINN  
(to Wade)  
Try the desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the three Sliders ransack the place --

A LARGE SERPENT

of some kind slithers across a nearby table top.

REMBRANDT

Did you hear something?

ARTURO

Don't be paranoid.

Quinn's eyes light up as he discovers what he's looking for.

QUINN

Professor. Look! Electronic  
schematics designed for the  
creation of an inter  
dimensional portal.

(to others)

Blueprints for a Sliding machine!

WADE

Come on, guys. Let's go.

The SLIDERS turn - and find themselves eye to eye --

TWO COILING COBRAS

rearing up, flailing their tongues, preparing to strike.  
The Sliders are frozen, panicked. Just as the snakes are  
about to strike -- BOOM!

REMBRANDT'S

blasted them with the shotgun.

The two snake bodies hang motionless for a long moment...  
before each headless torso crumbles to the floor.

ARTURO

Good God!

44 INT. DR. WU'S CHAMBERS - REMBRANDT

44

has been standing in the doorway, his back to Wu, who's now  
grabbed a machete and attacks. At the last instant,  
Rembrandt whirls and cold-cocks him with the butt of the  
shotgun.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Now can we get out of here?

CUT TO:

45 EXT. SORCERER'S CASTLE - DAWN - THE SLIDERS 45

have crossed the bridge once more. They are exhausted, disheveled, hut they've got the blueprints in hand.

QUINN

Almost there.

Rembrandt's got the Bounty Hunter's shotgun, follows behind staying wary --

WADE

Are you willing to admit we were dealing with a demon, Professor? A true denizen of the supernatural world...

ARTURO

I admit no such thing. My Uncle Simon stood only four-foot-ten and had a face like a sheep.

(then)

The Bounty Hunter was simply a very short, very ugly little man.

WADE

(shaking head)

You are in total denial.

They reach the double doors and step inside.

46 INT. SORCERER'S CASTLE - THE ENTRY FOYER - DAWN - THE AIDE 46

in conversation with the GUARD.

QUINN

Mr. Gail!

The Aide frowns -- not what he wanted to see.

QUINN

(waving them)

Mr. Gail! We did it!

AIDE

(taking them)

Let me see that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

We gotta tell The Sorcerer!

AIDE

Well. Very good. I'll bring these directly up to him. I'm sure he'll be contacting you in a week or two.

WADE

REMBRANDT

What?

We Slide in less than an hour.

ARTURO

You must understand -- The Sorcerer made certain assurances in exchange for our efforts.

AIDE

I'm sorry. It simply isn't possible to get an audience with The Sorcerer today.

(then)

Guards! Get them out of here.

As the Two Guards attempt to form a barrier between the Sliders and the elevator, Quinn snatches the plans from the Aide, barrels right through, headed for the empty elevator door at the end of the foyer.

AIDE

Stop him! Or shoot him!

QUINN

doesn't even look back. As it is --

THE TWO GUARDS

are having a rough time holding back the Sliders. One turns to fire on Quinn, but the shot ricochets harmlessly as --

THE ELEVATOR DOORS

close on Quinn --

AIDE

Take the freight elevator. Go!

(to another Guard)

Where is the power switch?

CUT TO:

47 INT. THE ELEVATOR - DAY 47

Quinn watches the numbers climbs higher and higher, headed for the penthouse.

48 INT. BUILDING CONTROL ROOM - DOWNSTAIRS - POWER SWITCH 48

as the Aide pulls down the lever, ker-chunk! And --

CUT TO:

49 INT. THE ELEVATOR 49

suddenly jerks to a stop, on the floor just below the penthouse.

QUINN

realizes what's happening. Looks to the ceiling. There is an escape hatch up there.

CUT TO:

50 INT. THE STAIRS - ONE GUARD 50

poops out on the long ascent, but the two others seem to have legs of steel, lungs of pure oxygen.

CUT TO:

51 INT. THE ELEVATOR SHAFT - QUINN 51

hoists himself atop the elevator itself. The doors to the penthouse floor are just at forehead level.

Using all his strength, he pries them open. Then, tossing the plans before him, he hoists himself once again, this time up onto...

52 INT. THE SORCERER'S PENTHOUSE FLOOR - QUINN - CORRIDOR 52

standing up, dusting himself quickly, he barely picks up the plans when...

THE SORCERER'S APPARITION

materializes before him.

CONTINUED:

SORCERER

What are you doing here?

QUINN

(showing him)

The plans!

(then)

Your Aide wouldn't let us through.

Sorcerer, you gave your word...

Suddenly, the two Guards burst from the stairwell behind him, pause at the sight of the almighty Sorcerer...

SORCERER

How dare you come up here!

Quinn, on the other hand, feels caught between two almost equally unpleasant alternatives. He plunges directly toward...

SORCERER

Stay away!

And right through the Sorcerer's apparition. Guard #1 has his gun drawn, about to fire --

GUARD

You'll hit The Sorcerer!

Quinn's scrambling... the Apparition appears to be some sort of hologram. Up ahead, a door.

53 INT. SORCERER'S DEN - A COMPUTER MONITOR

53

depicting a layout of the Sorcerer's hallway. The Sorcerer's visage is represented and it's controlled by a hand on a joystick. Cartoon-like people (blips or a radar screen) run pell-mell on the monitor (which is beeping and flashing in warning). Suddenly --

QUINN

bursts into the room.

QUINN

Of course. I should've known.

The room is decidedly familiar, especially the Sliding equipment that lines the walls. In fact, it looks a lot like Quinn's own basement/laboratory from the pilot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rises from his desk (outfitted with state-of-the-art video monitors, microphone setup, and a hologram control panel like something out of Hollywood Light and Magic).

( CONTINUED )

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE - THE SORCERER

He's Quinn #2, long black hair swept back in a ponytail.

QUINN #2

Your image was indistinct on my  
monitor so I couldn't be certain --  
(in awe of the situation)  
It's like looking into a living  
mirror.

The Quinns turn --

THE AIDE

has entered the room --

AIDE

I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Mallory. We  
tried to stop him downstairs.

QUINN

He tried to keep us from giving you  
these.

Quinn #2 takes the schematics --

AIDE

(defensive)  
Look -- I made a judgment call.

QUINN #2

(off the documents)  
How did Dr. Wu get these  
schematics?  
(hard)  
These are your initialled copies.

AIDE

... I can explain that.

QUINN #2

So can I.  
(to Guard)  
Escort this man out of the  
building!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AIDE

You can't do this! You promised me  
my stock options.

QUINN #2

(to Guard)

Notify the Bounty Hunters --

AIDE

Quinn, please! After all my years  
of service --

off which --

CUT TO:

54 INT. SORCERER'S DEN - LATER

54

The first rays of sunlight coming through the curtain.

QUINN #1 AND ARTURO

are hunkered over a laptop computer. Across the room, at a  
lab bench --

REMBRANDT, WADE

look on as --

QUINN #2

works at reconfiguring the timer's co-ordinates.

WADE

Who else has seen your real face?

QUINN #2

Only Mr. Gail. And now you.

WADE

God. You must be so lonely.

Quinn #2 appreciates Wade's human concern --

REMBRANDT

One thing I don't understand --  
What did Wu want with a Sliding  
machine?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN #2

Very simple. Market share.

(then)

For years, Wu and the Shamans held these people hostage to their voodoo oaths and crackpot potions --

(then)

When I took the company over from my father, we couldn't even get shelf space.

(then)

It wasn't until after I'd perfected Sliding and we came up with the Sorcerer trademark that the whole thing took off --

WADE

So you became a prisoner of your own success.

QUINN #2

In some ways, aren't we all?

At which poignant note --

ANGLE - QUINN AND ARTURO

Quinn's getting somewhere --

QUINN

I think we've got something.

(then)

Based on these computations, all we need to do now is triangulate the co-ordinates.

ARTURO

But which set? We've got four of them.

QUINN

One chance in five. That's the best odds we've ever had.

ARTURO

(to Quinn #2)

How're we doing over there?

QUINN #2

(off the timer)

It's worth a shot.

Off which --

TIME CUT TO:



55 SORCERER'S DEN - LATER - THE VORTEX

55

shimmers. Goodbyes --

QUINN

If it doesn't work, at least we  
won't be any worse off than when we  
started.

QUINN #2 AND REMBRANDT

hug farewell.

REMBRANDT

Say a prayer for us, man.

QUINN #2

You have a great heart, Mr. Brown.  
(then; to Arturo)  
Professor --  
(like Dan Rather)  
Courage, mon brave.  
(to Quinn)  
As for you--

QUINN

I know, brother. I owe you my  
brain.

WADE

Let's do it, guys.  
(then)  
I want to Go home.

The Sliders, with newfound optimism leap into the  
wormhole --

CUT TO:

THE VOID - DOWN AND DOWN

it's swirling, twisting, multi-colored tunnel.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. QUINN'S STREET - MORNING - THE SLIDERS 56

on their feet, dusting themselves off, as Quinn ends with a thud and the gate closes behind him.

QUINN

gets to his feet, the Sliders share a magical moment. Looking around, Quinn and Arturo are clearly surprised... and the others are exhilarated.

ARTURO  
(half -whisper)  
Is it possible?

Everything looks like home, Quinn's house seems just as it should be. The sun is shining, birds are chirping... it's all so perfect.

REMBRANDT

picks up the sports page of the San Francisco Chronicle lying on the sidewalk. Quinn glances down at the timer and winces.

QUINN  
Here's the bad news. We have fifty-three seconds to the next window.  
(to Sliders)  
If this isn't home... if we guess wrong... we're stuck here.

REMBRANDT  
(doubtful)  
I don't know, guys...  
(off the headlines)  
According to this, The Raiders play in Oakland, O.J. Simpson was tried for double murder, and the Cleveland Indians made the World Series.

WADE  
A lot could have happened since we left.

ARTURO  
That much?

The Sliders are panicky --

QUINN  
Twenty seconds --

Quinn moves to his front gate, with the others close behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (CONT'D)

This gate's been squeaking since I  
was twelve. I know the sound it  
makes like the back of my hand.

Quinn reaches out... pauses... looks at the others... and  
finally swings the gate back and forth. Everyone's heart  
sinks through the ground - the swinging gate is perfectly  
silent.

WADE

shuts her eyes, frustrated and disappointed. Quinn has no  
choice but to re-activate the gate.

REMBRANDT

(sighing)

I knew it was too good to be true.

ARTURO

This is what you get when you trust  
in Sorcerers and Soothsayers.

The gate is ready now. One by one The SLIDERS leap out of  
this world, until once again, only Quinn is left. He takes  
one final wistful look at the house that looks just like his  
house... and leaps into the gate.

The gate disappears.

ANGLE - THE HOUSE - QUINN'S MOTHER

exits the front door, walking alongside the GARDENER (who  
happens to be this world's double of the Lawyer/Aide). He  
is holding a glass of iced tea in one hand, and an oil can  
dispenser in the other.

GARDENER

Thanks for the iced tea, Mrs.  
Mallory. I pruned the hedges and  
watered the lawn, and hey, let me  
show you what I did with the  
gate...

He moves to tie front gate and demonstrates how it now  
swings without a sound.

GARDENER

All it needed was a little  
sandpaper.

She smiles sadly...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. MALLORY

Quinn always said he was going to  
fix it.

GARDENER

(sad, respectful)

I know how much you miss him . But  
he'll be back one day, Mrs. M. I  
know he will.

She nods, fighting back tears, wanting to believe that's  
true. She looks up at the sky, past the place where Quinn  
just stood and pulls her sweater more tightly around her, as  
a cold wind begins to blow...

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END