

Prod. #K1802

*Sliders*  
“Raging Quinn”

Teleplay

by

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Story

by

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Writer's Draft  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

UNDERWATER - CLOSE ON A DOLPHIN

as it swims around submerged biological test equipment. From above, the Vortex's light filters down through the water. Suddenly WADE shoots into the pool, feet first.

EXT. BACKYARD POOL AREA - HIGH NOON - REMBRANDT AND ARTURO  
land on the pool deck. We see heat waves wafting up, as...  
THE VORTEX

hovers against this world's eerie orange sky. QUINN comes flying out and splashes into the shallow end of the pool.

WADE  
Quinn... look. This is so great!

Wade is in the deep end trying to follow the dolphin.

WADE  
I've always wanted to swim with a dolphin.

Quinn is about to join Wade, but now Arturo and Rembrandt hot-foot it over to the pool step.

ARTURO  
(standing in the water)  
This is no time for frolicking you two.

Rembrandt scoots him over as he hops down to the pool step.

REMBRANDT  
This can't be natural. It's like Palm Springs under a heat lamp.

ARTURO  
Orange skies are fine during a sunset...  
(looks to the sun)  
...but at high noon, I think it's cause for concern.

Quinn looks up at the sky...

HIS POV - THE ORANGE SKY  
in all its haunting glory.

BACK TO SCENE

QUINN

Yeah. No doubt.

Quinn starts to climb out of the water.

REMBRANDT

I wouldn't do that if I were you,  
Q-ball.

Quinn realizes how hot the deck is...

QUINN

Damn!

Quinn slides back in the water. The dolphin swims by him,  
and THE CAMERA follows it back toward Wade.

WADE

That's it, sweetheart, don't be  
shy...

The dolphin leaps into the air, Wade squeals with delight.

The men are momentarily distracted by the dolphin's trick.  
Quinn now looks out at the MARINE BIOLOGY EQUIPMENT on the  
deck, and at the BARBED-WIRE FENCE that encloses the pool.

QUINN

There's a padlock on that gate.  
We're locked in here.

The dolphin swims by Quinn again, and once more THE CAMERA  
follows it back around toward Wade.

CLOSE ON THE DOLPHIN

Suddenly it bares its teeth, and screeching viciously.

WADE

backs off, screaming as the dolphin just misses ripping into  
her face. It comes back one more time, but...

QUINN

is there in a flash... pulling Wade away, but exposing  
himself to attack.

*Get it JP Wade*

OUTSIDE THE POOL - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

run to Wade. They yank her out of the water, and then just as the dolphin is about to tear into Quinn's leg, they yank him out to safety.

Sonofabitch! QUINN  
 You guys all right. REMBRANDT  
 (stunned) WADE  
 Yeah.

The water on the Sliders' bodies evaporates in seconds, and even their clothes dry up by the second.

Quinn realizing that they're still in trouble, moves to the fence, and pulls the padlock. It doesn't give.

QUINN  
 Dammit!

Sweat begins to pour down from his hair, and his face reddens alarmingly as Quinn rattles the fence.

QUINN  
 (into the house) - *ESTABLISH*  
 Is anybody in there?!

As Quinn moves to a piece of scientific equipment, the other Sliders continue calling into the house.

Quinn breaks off an antenna, and struggles back to the lock. Sticking the antenna's point into it, he begins to pick it.

+BEHIND QUINN - ARTURO, REMBRANDT, AND WADE  
 succumb to heatstroke.

REVERSE POV - THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

Quinn picks the lock, but then collapses. The gate opens as he falls face down. NOW WE SEE the "DANGER KEEP OUT!" sign.

HOLD on the Sliders. And off the shimmering heat...

DISSOLVE OUT.

END TEASER

*More  
 of the  
 other side  
 could be  
 funny!*

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - DAY - A MAN IN A HAZ-MAT SUIT

moves in on an unconscious, sun ravaged Arturo with a pressure injection automatic needle. He sticks it into his arm, and POW, releases the pressure.

Then working his way toward the camera, the man in the Haz-Mat suit moves over to a comatose looking Quinn, (establishing the fact that Wade, and Rembrandt on the other side of Arturo have already been shot.)

The needle approaches Quinn's arm, but Quinn bolts awake now, staying the man's wrist forcefully.

QUINN  
What the hell are you doing?

The man steps back immediately, and begins removing his Haz-Mat uniform. This is RAY FIELDS - a young, intelligent looking, and handsome marine biologist.

RAY  
It's just a necessary precaution.

QUINN  
(hostile)  
Against what?

Preparing to go out in public, Ray trades the Haz-Mat uniform for a less conspicuous combination of hat, sunglasses and gloves.

RAY  
I don't have time to explain. My brother's in ~~terrible~~ trouble. I've done what I can for you people.

Quinn stares at Ray suspiciously. Rembrandt wakes now.

REMBRANDT  
What's happened?

QUINN  
This guy drugged you.

RAY  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, but what I should really have done was leave you out by the pool to die.

(CONTINUED)

A  
GIVEN

CONTINUED 2

Ray stands by a coffee table, where he's placed our Timer.

RAY

Or better yet, I could've called the cops on four trespassers.

(points to the Timer)

This little item has "Scientists: shoot first, ask questions later" written all over it.

REMBRANDT

(seeing Quinn's anger)

Quinn... we would have died out there, if it wasn't for him.

QUINN

You don't have any idea what he just put into your system.

RAY

(to Rembrandt)

There's no point arguing with him now. Nothing I say will get through...

(hands Remmy the needle)

You three will be fine. But from what I'm already seeing, you'd better get this into your friend's system fast.

Ray heads for the door.

REMBRANDT

Wait.

RAY

(ominously)

I may, or may not be back.

He exits, and Quinn heads for the kitchen. Rembrandt moves to Arturo and Wade. They're just starting to gain consciousness.

REMBRANDT

You guys all right?

WADE

(rubs her arm)

My arm is killing me.

REMBRANDT

It's all right, there's a reason for that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 3

They're both surprised to see Quinn hurry back into the room, holding a sharp kitchen knife.

QUINN  
Okay... we'll treat this just like  
a snake bite.

Quinn moves in on Rembrandt with the knife.

REMBRANDT  
What the hell are you thinking?

QUINN  
It might not be too late. I'll make  
a clean cut in your arm, and then  
suck out whatever he shot into you.

REMBRANDT  
Stay away from me with that knife,  
man. I mean it.

Quinn turns to Wade. She scoots back from him, confused.

QUINN  
You trust a total stranger more  
than me?

WADE  
Quinn, you've got a strange look in  
your eye.

Quinn puts down the knife, and leans in toward Wade.

QUINN  
Maybe I'll forget about the cut,  
and just suck it out this way...

Quinn kisses Wade hard. It looks like he's trying to pull out her tongue. She pushes him off her, and off Wade's horror...

EXT. DARK ALLEY - AFTERNOON - AN AGITATED STREET FIGHTER

paces back and forth by himself. He's wearing torn Khakis, but his sweaty tank top and heavily taped hands are like a boxer's. His eyes are also wild with aggression... in fact, too much so, even for a street fighter. Then suddenly

--

## THE PRESSURE INJECTION AUTOMATIC NEEDLE

is jabbed into the man's upper right shoulder blade. POW!  
And we reveal that --

RAY

has snuck up, and inoculated him.

RAY

I'm sorry, Marcus. I had to.

Marcus is enraged. He strikes Ray across the face, sending him reeling.

MARCUS

I told you to leave me alone, Ray.  
I know what I'm doing.

RAY

Then you know if you go out there  
today, you'll be killed.

MARCUS

I want to fight. It feels good.  
It gives me somewhere to place all  
this anger I feel.

Now --

CORRINA SANCHEZ AND TWO OF HER MEN (STEIN AND GABLE)

come around the corner. Corrina is Marcus' dangerously sexy  
manager - Stein and Gable her burly thugs.

CORRINA

(to Ray)  
Marcus isn't receiving guests at  
the moment.

RAY

Look, Corrina, my brother can't  
fight. I've given him something...

CORRINA

You stupid sonofabitch. I can't  
call off this fight.

RAY

You have to. He's already losing  
his anger.

Corrina looks to Stein and Gable.

CORRINA

Get this guy out of here.

*More  
text  
from?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

RAY  
 No. Listen to me. It's over for  
 Marcus. He'll be back to himself.  
 (they grab Ray)  
 You can't do this!

The goons drag Ray toward the exit...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A MELTED PLASTIC PINK FLAMINGO

from a bygone era. It's...

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - DAY

in the middle of a gravel yard. There are no living plants to be seen and the plant pots in front of the house are empty. Quinn moves out the front door, holding the Timer. Arturo, Rembrandt, and Wade follow him.

ARTURO  
 Mr. Mallory, perhaps I should carry  
 the Timer...

QUINN  
 Why? I made it. It's mine.

ARTURO  
 Please, Mr. Mallory, be reasonable.

QUINN  
 Drop the Mister Mallory crap. It  
 pisses me off.

REMBRANDT  
 You're not yourself, Q-ball. You  
 gotta let us hold on to the Timer.

WADE  
 (looks up)  
 We can't stay out here guys, it's  
 not safe.

ARTURO  
 Quinn... do you realize, right now  
 you're jeopardizing all our lives.  
 Is that rational?

WADE  
 (grabbing Quinn)  
 We've got to get back inside!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Quinn retracts his arm, and then straightens it viciously... sending Wade flying.

Rembrandt leaps on Quinn from behind, knocking him to the ground. Arturo holds Quinn down long enough for Rembrandt to grab the Timer, and then Quinn wrestles free.

QUINN

All right. You guys keep the damn Timer. I can build another one.

Quinn moves out toward the street.

ARTURO

Quinn, stop! You know it's not safe out here. Come back inside.

QUINN

Have fun trying to get back home without me.

Quinn runs. The Sliders want to chase after him, but can't...

EXT. A CANOPIED BACK ALLEY FIGHTING RING - DAY - MARCUS

can't defend himself against a big Blonde German named ULRICH. He pounds away, and the crowd boos at the mismatch.

PULL BACK TO SEE a strange combination of weapons and scientific equipment. Even the ropes have pulleys, and other mechanisms attached to them, and extend overhead.

IN THE CROWD - CORRINA

watches. She looks worried, but we know her concern isn't for Marcus. Nervous glances over at a gangster (NICKERSON) and his boys. She knows she's in trouble.

STEIN

This isn't going to last the three rounds.

CORRINA

(nods)  
If Nickerson heads over here, cut him off... I'll get out the back.

GABLE

Is it a good idea to run?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

CORRINA

No. But it's a worse idea to stick around.

They look back at the fight, trying to look confident...

*Action Time*

BACK IN THE RING - ULRICH

is finishing Marcus off. He steps over to the neutral corner where a chemistry table is set up outside the ropes. He mixes a few chemicals into a beaker... corks the concoction, and then walks it over to Marcus.

The crowd CHEERS as Ulrich forces the beaker into ~~his~~ MARCUS' mouth and then uses both his hands to strike the top of Marcus' head and chin simultaneously. The beaker crack... igniting the liquid inside. A horrible acid smoke pours out of the dead man's nose and ears.

ON NICKERSON

looking pissed off. He and his men head for Corrina.

NICKERSON

(to Corrina)

That wasn't no three rounds.

Gable and Stein meet Nickerson and his boys halfway. It's a standoff. They punch it out, so Nickerson yells at Corrina as she heads the other way.

NICKERSON

Nowhere to hide, Corrina! Don't even try!

ANGLE - CORRINA

hustling out the exit...

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON - AT A FOUR WAY STOP

the intersecting roads are painted white to deflect sunlight and the dotted street lines are black, not white. SEVERAL CARS pull up to the road at the same time. All the cars are white with strange, completely opaque yellow windows. Now --

QUINN

comes running up to the nicest car at the intersection. He yanks the door open.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN

Get out!

No one comes out. Quinn waits a second longer and then reaches in and pulls THE CAR OWNER out onto the street. He's wearing what look like big VR glasses.

CAR OWNER

The car's yours man... I don't want any trouble.

QUINN

settles into the driver's seat, but realizes he can't see through the windshield. It's as opaque inside as outside.

He steps out again, and snatches the big glasses off of the still terrified driver. He gets back into the car, puts the glasses on, and turns the stereo to full volume.

It'd be great if we could have George Thoroughgood's "Bad to the Bone" blasting as he throws the car in gear.

THE CAR OWNER

watches as the car screeches across the intersection, cutting another car off, and hauls ass down the street. Then he pulls a cellular phone out of his pocket and dials...

CAR OWNER

Yeah... I want to report a stolen car. It has a tracking device...

INT. RAY'S HOUSE - DAY - REMBRANDT, WADE, AND ARTURO

moving around, collecting hats, gloves, and sunglasses.

WADE

My guess is it's the ozone layer. There's probably a big old hole in this world's atmosphere.

REMBRANDT

But why would that drive Quinn crazy?

ARTURO

We'd probably all have been affected if it weren't for that marine biologist's serum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE  
I keep thinking about that  
dolphin...

Suddenly, Ray enters. Of course, he looks heartbroken, and defeated. He hardly glances at the Sliders as he walks by...

REMBRANDT  
Hey. We gotta have explanations  
here.

Ray keeps walking, but Wade runs over to him.

WADE  
Our friend refused to take the  
medication. He went crazy.

RAY  
I'm sorry.

WADE  
(taking Ray's hand)  
What happened to you?

RAY  
Nothing happened to me. But my  
brother ~~was killed~~.

*Dee .*

~~Killed how?~~

*How? Killed how?* RAY  
I did it.

Ray collapses down into a chair, and begins to sob. The Sliders aren't sure how to react...

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON - QUINN

races down a street, blowing through stop lights, going eighty miles an hour in downtown traffic. The music is blasting too loud to hear a siren, but...

IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR - A SQUAD CAR

flashes its lights.

QUINN

sees the cop, smiles. He pushes the accelerator and begins to navigate the populated streets even more aggressively, caroming off parked cars, and barely missing pedestrians. (The people he almost hits exhibit a range of sun protection styles, but most of the women favor hats, and sunglasses over the scarves they have wrapped around over the bridge of their noses).

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON - A WOMAN

wearing a scarf under her sunglasses, hustles down a sidewalk.

She hears the police siren and rushes in its direction...

AT AN INTERSECTION - THE DISGUISED WOMAN

rushes out and looks for the approaching cop car. Now --

QUINN'S STOLEN CAR

races toward the intersection, ahead of the pursuing squad car. Unable to stop, Quinn's car crashes into vehicles waiting at the light.

QUINN

leaps out. The cop comes to a screeching halt. Instead of fleeing, Quinn meets the cop as he jumps out, taking him by surprise. He kicks and punches him like a man possessed.

ANGLE - THE DISGUISED WOMAN

watches with interest. She smiles as Quinn finishes the cop off, and then disappears back under his stolen car. Quinn returns a beat later with a tracking device in his hand. He throws it at the collapsed cop.

QUINN

Try tracking me now.

Quinn starts to get back in the stolen car, SIRENS CLOSE.

DISGUISED WOMAN

Hey, come with me. They still know what car you're driving.

To convince Quinn, the disguised woman moves in a guy getting back into his car. She strikes him on the back of the neck and then kicks him unconscious. Quinn sees this and runs over to the passenger side of their new stolen car...

INT. NEW STOLEN CAR - AFTERNOON - THE DISGUISED WOMAN

rips the scarf and sunglasses off her face. It's Corrina, and Quinn smiles at her incredible beauty.

CORRINA  
Where ya from?

QUINN  
A whole other world.

CORRINA  
I can tell.

QUINN  
I'm serious. I succeeded in matching some quantum electrodynamics with the laws of particle behavior and string theory...

Corrina can't conceal her excitement. She throws up one fist in triumph.

CORRINA  
I knew it! I've found the mother lode.

Still driving at break-neck speed. She kisses Quinn.

QUINN  
I want to drive.

Quinn takes the glasses, and forces Corrina to crawl over him. He takes over control of the car. She leans over...

CORRINA  
Don't let me distract you.

Corrina kisses Quinn around the neck.

QUINN  
You wouldn't believe how many things I can do at the same time.

CORRINA  
I can't wait for you to show me.

Quinn's smile broadens.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



CONTINUED

RAY

Maybe you can help. This is a summary of my experiments. It details the biochemical changes in a brain when excessive serotonin binds with endorphinic neurotransmitters and the counter effects of a Metopon-based serum.

Arturo gives Ray a look. It's an interesting theory. Wade and Rembrandt exchange a look: Huh??

WADE

What's Metopon?

ARTURO

A morphine derivative which has an opiotic effect on the central nervous system. And in this case, most likely displaces the serotonin that's binding incorrectly.

RAY

~~Exactly~~. So, far it's the only thing I've found that decreases the aggressive tendency. Only problem is, it wears off quickly.

Ray takes the vial back. He mixes the blue liquid with a pink. It turns yellow. He starts to fill a syringe.

RAY

This should yield enough to keep us for a few hours.

WADE

I'm not sure I need any more. I don't know my I.Q. exactly, but I know it's nowhere near one-fifty.

RAY

This is not a time to take chances.

Remmy rolls up his sleeve eagerly. Wade gives him a look.

REMBRANDT

You never know, could be musical geniuses are susceptible too.

Ray injects Rembrandt. Wade shrugs, rolling up her sleeve.

## INT. CORRINA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Corrina and Quinn enter, bodies together. They move to the couch, falling over the arm and getting serious. CAMERA PANS to find Gable and Stein in the dining room, chicken wings in hand. Gable CLEARS HIS THROAT. No reaction.

GABLE

Cory...

She looks up, smiles, but continues kissing Quinn.

GABLE

Do you mind? Stein and I are both family guys.

Corrina sits up. Quinn looks that way, grins.

QUINN

Who're the suits?

CORRINA

Friends.  
(to the guys)  
Maybe we could talk later.

STEIN

It's about Marcus.

## DINING AREA - A MOMENT LATER

Corrina pours herself a drink from the crystal decanter.

GABLE

He was definitely slipped something, most likely by Ray.

CORRINA

What was it?

STEIN

Undetermined. You want a tox?

CORRINA

No. Whatever it is, just deal with it. I don't want it to get out. Could be bad for business.

GABLE

Right now, your business is in the toilet. Nickerson says if you can't come up with the cash, you'll be in the ring with Ulrich next...

Corrina takes a drink, smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

STEIN

He's serious, Cory. Marcus' fall in the first was not part of the plan. You got alot of people looking for a piece of you.

CORRINA

Relax. People will get their money, Nickerson included.

STEIN

How? You printing money in your basement?

CORRINA

Stein, please. Didn't you notice that incredible hunk I just walked in with? He's our new meal ticket. I've haven't seen a fighter like him since -- well, the beginning...  
(smiles)  
Did you see his eyes, he's on fire.

Corrina tosses back her drink. Now, Quinn steps into the doorway. He leans on the jam, a lecherous look.

QUINN

You plan to talk all day or what?

CORRINA

That's the last thing on my mind.

She saunters into Quinn's arms and they go at it again. Stein and Gable make a face and move past them and out.

INT. RAY'S LAB - DAY

Ray is testing the pink liquid. He pours in the blue. It turns brown, not yellow. He throws it against the wall. The vial shatters. Arturo and Rembrandt exchange look.

ARTURO

What's the problem, Ray?

RAY

The substrate's gone bad again. I can't keep it vital.

WADE

(entering)  
I've called every hotel in the area. Quinn's nowhere.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

RAY

(snaps)  
I keep telling you, he wants to be outside. His body craves the U.V. waves. He's not interested in checking into a hotel.  
(off their looks; beat)  
I'm sorry. It's what happened with Marcus, I'm a little on edge.

REMBRANDT

What happened to Marcus wasn't your fault.

RAY

Easy for you to say, you weren't the one who injected him.

Ray heads out of the room, just as -- the front window SHATTERS, sending GLASS all over the lab. They all turn to see a hand grenade on the floor... A beat.

ARTURO

Run!

They run like hell out the back. The ROOM EXPLODES.

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - BACK

Rembrandt, Arturo, Wade and Ray are alright. They look over a patio table (which they turned for protection). They SEE:

THEIR POV - RIGHT THROUGH THE HOUSE

to the front lawn. Gable and Stein come into the lab through the brand new entrance...

BACK ON THE SLIDERS

ARTURO

You know those men?

RAY

They work for the woman who managed Marcus in the fights. I guess they figured out what happened.

WADE

Let's not stick around to talk about it with them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

They turn to go, but Ray stops when he sees:

RAY  
My notebook. The formula.

INT. RAY'S LAB

Or what's left of it. Small fires burn. Gable and Stein make sure everything's destroyed. Gable picks up Ray's notebook, which is singed, but unharmed. He thumbs through.

BACK ON THE FOUR

ARTURO  
That can't be your only copy.

RAY  
(nods; yep)  
It took me months to get this far.

BACK ON GABLE

He tears a page, holds it over a fire. It curls in flame.

STEIN  
You gonna burn that page by page?  
(off his nod)  
Great. I'll wait in the car.

RETURN TO SCENE

REMBRANDT  
We can't let him destroy it.

ARTURO  
Mr. Brown, don't be foolish.

But it's too late, Rembrandt stands and picks up a burnt section of a two by four. He gets the feel for it and --

INT. LAB

Remmy leaps in, clubbing Gable on the back of head ✓ Gable crumbles under the blow. He snatches the notebook.

ACROSS THE STREET

Stein is leaning on the car, turns to SEE --

REMBRANDT

They lock looks. Remmy high-tails it out the back.

EXT. RAY'S HOUSE - BACK

The four run to the back locked gate. Ray fumbles with the lock. Stein comes out, gun in hand.

WADE

Hurry...

REMBRANDT

C'mon, Ray. We're in trouble here.

The lock opens. They rush in, no time to re-lock it as Stein arrives, kicking the gate open.

INT. DOLPHIN COMPOUND

Ray leads Rembrandt and Wade to the back gate, fumbles with that lock as well. Stein is moving closer.

ARTURO

Go. I'll meet you at the hotel.

WADE

Professor...

ARTURO

There's no time to argue!

Stein levels the gun at Arturo just as Ray opens the gate.

STEIN

You go through there, Ray, and it'll be like you pulled this trigger yourself.

Ray gulps. Stein smiles. Arturo lunges. The GUN GOES OFF, wildly. They struggle. Remmy hands Wade the notebook.

REMBRANDT

Get out of here. We'll catch up.

Arturo fights like he never has before. He knees Stein, then grabs his wrist, wrestling for the gun.

Behind the fight, the dolphin circles his pool, faster and faster, as if gaining energy from the aggression above. Rembrandt joins the struggle and they pry the gun away.

Arturo wails on Stein, punch after punch. Stein is unable to withstand the onslaught.

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REMBRANDT

Professor. Stop. It's over.

Arturo stops, mid-punch. Somewhat aghast. He releases Stein, who stumbles backwards... And right into --

REMBRANDT

Not the pool, guy...

Rembrandt dives for him, but it's too late.

ANGLE - THE POOL

The dolphin finds his prey. Stein disappears under the water, a red trail rippling. The guys stare, horrified.

REMBRANDT

Let's go, Professor. I think we'd better get you out of the sun.

INT. CORRINA'S

Corrina lies in bed, satisfied. Quinn exits the bathroom, towel on, showered, but not shaved. He looks roguish.

CORRINA

The Magnificent Mallory. Do you like it? I was thinking it could be your fight name.

QUINN

And here I thought you were talking about something else...

He leans down and kisses her. She pulls his towel up and uses it to keep him near. After a beat, Quinn extracts himself, pulling on his pants, his shirt, etc...

CORRINA

You're not really leaving are you?

QUINN

It's time I caught up with my friends. They're probably over at the hotel by now.

CORRINA

Can't you see them in the morning?

QUINN

I could. But I want to see them now. They have something I want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

He bends to tie his shoe. She cuddles up behind him.

CORRINA

If want to go out, let me at least  
take you someplace fun...

Quinn turns and they kiss, falling back onto the bed.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Wade, Rembrandt and Ray assemble a glass-tubed device (for synthesizing liquid compounds). Boxes of scientific gear lie on the floor. Arturo rips through a box.

ARTURO

Didn't we buy the blasted enzyme  
analyzer?

Frustrated, he kicks the box, turns to them:

ARTURO

What the hell are we doing? We're  
fooling ourselves to think we can  
construct a lab in a third rate  
hotel room! We don't even have  
half the right equipment...

He throws the box across the room. Beakers shatter. Now, we notice a look in his eye, the sweat on his forehead. Arturo starts to look through the other boxes.

WADE

We're losing him, guys.

RAY

No. He's just experiencing anger  
intensification, not full-on  
raging. He'll be alright.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, but for how long?

A look. They all know the injection is wearing off. Arturo crosses back to the table with the analyzer. To Wade:

ARTURO

Move. I need room.

He gruffly pushes her out of the way. Rembrandt too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ARTURO

It's bad enough trying to work in this confined space... Do we really need four bodies clustered around?

Rembrandt and Wade exchange a look.

REMBRANDT

You saying you want us to leave?

ARTURO

That is precisely what I'm saying.

INT. CINEGRILL BAR - LATER

There's an oasis feel on this world. DIGGS is wearing George Clinton sunglasses, pink zinc-oxide on his nose and has a T-shirt that reads: I (heart) MY MELANIN. He sets tropical drinks on the bar for Wade and Rembrandt.

WADE

We should be up there...

REMBRANDT

You heard the Professor -- too many cooks. They'll be better off if it's just the two of them.

Neither of them really believes that. After a long beat --

WADE

Did I ever tell you about my friend, Eric?

(off Remmy's shake, No)

We were fifteen. I met him in Tahoe, water skiing. We had one great summer.

(looks down)

When we got back to the city, everything changed. Eric changed. He got into some heavy drugs and sort of lost himself.

REMBRANDT

What happened to him?

WADE

He didn't make it.

(shakes her head)

I couldn't do anything for him. It was so hard not being able to help.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE (CONT'D)

(beat; frustrated)  
I'm feeling like that again and I hate it. I need to be able to do something, I'm no good at being helpless.

His hand reaches to hers, he gives her a supportive smile.

QUINN

Guys, what's with the long faces?

Wade and Rembrandt turn to find Quinn. Cory hangs back by the entrance.

WADE

Quinn, is it really you?

QUINN

In the flesh.

WADE

(hugs him)  
We were so worried about you.

REMBRANDT

(shakes Quinn's hand)  
Man, the way you flew outta there, I didn't think we'd see you again.

QUINN

I'm better, back to my old self.

He smiles. They heave sighs.

QUINN

So, how much time ~~until~~ until the slide?

WADE

About a day. You know that.

QUINN

Yeah, I know. I just wanted to check. You guys got the timer with you? Let me see it...

REMBRANDT

We don't have it on us.

QUINN

(tenses; tone changing)  
Where the hell is it?

Wade and Remmy exchange a look. Quinn is not himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

QUINN

You guys hiding it from me?

With his arm, he wipes their drinks off the bar. Glass crashes all around the floor. Diggs comes over --

DIGGS

Hey, what do think you're doing?

Quinn grabs him by the shirt collar, pulls him over the bar.

QUINN

I'd say, pretty much whatever I want.

DIGGS

Right, go for it. Break it all.

Diggs retreats. Quinn turns his fury back to his friends.

QUINN

Tell me where you've hidden the timer? I want it.

Quinn raises his fist as if to hit Rembrandt. Remmy holds his ground, gives a look back. There's a flash in Quinn. He can't sustain his anger. Corrina sees and crosses --

WADE

Quinn, the Professor's working on the serum. We can get you back to you.

QUINN

Maybe I don't want that! Maybe I'm tired of being good old Quinn.

CORRINA

Everything okay?

A look. Quinn shakes off any lingering attachments.

QUINN

C'mon, let's blow this place. You said something about having fun?

And with that, they exit. Rembrandt and Wade watch.

REMBRANDT

Here's our chance to be useful...  
(tosses cash on the bar)  
We'd better make sure he doesn't get into any trouble.

EXT. CANOPIED FIGHTING RING - NIGHT

Smoke-filled ambience, illuminated by blue and red lights. There's a bar; folding chairs around a make-shift ring; big, fat men with cigars and pinky rings. A crowd of life's losers who think they're winners...

Quinn and Corrina are at the bar. Nickerson and his boys step up. He's one of the fat men with cigars.

NICKERSON

Cory, I hope you're carrying a suitcase full of cash tonight.

CORRINA

(smiles tightly)  
John Nickerson, I'd like you to meet Quinn Mallory.

NICKERSON

Not interested, but thanks.

QUINN

Too bad. You should be.

Nickerson looks at Quinn, who sips his drink confidently. Behind them, a grizzled PROMOTER steps into the ring. A BELL is RUNG. The crowd BUZZES with excitement.

PROMOTER

Okay, get your bets in. Our first fight is the featherweights. The undefeated champine -- with an estimated I.Q. of 147 -- Fernando "Magic Man" Martinez...

The CROWD CHEERS. "The Magic Man" prances around, so high he could fly. "The Hook" comes out, just as pumped and ready for blood. Now, we notice Ulrich, sitting in the first row. He gets up, gets in the Magic Man's face --

ULRICH

Come on, Martinez! You want him? Let me hear you!

MARTINEZ

I want him!

The two of them SCREAM at each other the way jocks do.

PROMOTER

And opposing him, in his third contest -- with an I.Q. of only 139, Greg "The Hook" Huson!  
(CHEERS; to fighters)  
Back alley rules. Four rounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

The Promoter climbs out. The BELL RINGS. The two "cocks" go at each other with unabashed viciousness.

ANGLE - QUINN

QUINN  
(getting pumped)  
Yeah. That's it. Make it hurt.

He crosses to ringside. Cheering the carnage. Corrina smiles to Nickerson, who now watches Quinn with interest.

ANGLE - THE ENTRANCE AREA

Where Rembrandt and Wade enter, mesmerized by this milieu.

WADE  
What do you make of this?

REMBRANDT  
Nothing more than an old fashioned  
cock fight.

WADE  
Oh no, look.

ANGLE - RINGSIDE - QUINN

one of the more vociferous fans. The Hook has the Magic Man in a hold, bending his arm back. We ACTUALLY HEAR IT SNAP.

QUINN  
Right on, Hook. Go for the kill.

Ulrich looks at Quinn, anger rising. The Hook grabs the Magic Man by the neck, twists. WE HEAR that SNAP too. The Magic Man goes limp and The Hook drops him, stepping on his lifeless body. The CROWD GOES INSANE.

QUINN  
(to Ulrich)  
Looks like somebody got their butt  
kicked.

Ulrich lunges at Quinn. A side-fight ensues. People gather round, encouraging. Nickerson's boys pull them apart.

QUINN  
You want a piece of me, c'mon.  
Let's see what you got?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Ulrich is about to lunge again when Nickerson steps up...

NICKERSON

Ulrich. Not here. Not like this.

Ulrich burns with anger. Corrina moves near Quinn.

CORRINA

Well, John, what do you say?  
Perhaps we could settle our little  
problem by arranging a contest.

ULRICH

Let me go. I'll rip his heart out.

QUINN

Any time, jerk.

Nickerson looks to Corrina, nods. An announcement.

NICKERSON

Tomorrow. Three o'clock. A  
fight -- to the death!!

Quinn grins. Ulrich snarls. The CROWD GOES WILD.

ON WADE AND REMBRANDT

Aghast. Did they just hear what they think they heard??

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. CANOPIED FIGHTING RING - A MOMENT LATER

Ulrich is pulled away by Nickerson's boys, seething as he passes Wade and Rembrandt, who move out of the way.

WADE

Did you see the size of that guy?

REMBRANDT

This is insane. We can't let Q-ball near that ring.

They cross to Quinn, who's surrounded by people who're sizing him up. Rembrandt reaches out to pull Quinn aside.

QUINN

I said -- Nobody touches me!

Rembrandt recoils. Quinn turns to see who it is.

QUINN

What're you following me?

WADE

We gotta get you out of here. Come back to the hotel with us.

CORRINA

(steps in)

He's not going anywhere with you.

REMBRANDT

Oh, yeah? And just who are you anyway?

CORRINA

His manager... for starters.

She and Quinn exchange a grin. He kisses her. Wade and Rembrandt react: Quinn has sunk so low.

WADE

Quinn, listen to me. We're your friends. We're trying to help you. If there's any of you left in there, think. You'd want to come back with us, you'd want the serum.

Corrina reacts to "the serum". Quinn hesitates.

(CONTINUED)

CORRINA

Tell your "friends" goodbye. We should head home. You need your rest for tomorrow.

QUINN

(nods; to Wade and Remmy)  
It's been real, but gotta go.

Corrina takes Quinn's hand and leads him away. Rembrandt and Wade attempt to follow, but Nickerson's boys step in, blocking the path. They watch as Quinn and Cory disappear.

EXT. FIGHT PARKING AREA

Quinn and Corrina approach her car. She flips out her phone, dials, a perturbed look on her face.

CORRINA

Gable. Guess who's still making his serum...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Arturo and Ray are both sweating. Tempers on edge. Arturo looks to the door, highly irritated.

ARTURO

How long must one wait for a simple turkey sandwich!

Arturo returns to work, indicates. Ray pulls a vial and --

ARTURO

Not that one, you idiot. The nitrosamine...

Ray hands him another vial. Arturo's hand shakes violently.

~~RAY~~ *Be oc,*  
You going to make it, Max?

Arturo shakes his head, not sure. The Professor pours the nitrosamine into the liquid he was testing. The solution turns pink. A beautiful pink. They hold their breath. Just one more step.

Arturo picks up the blue liquid. He injects a precise amount into the pink. The new compound turns pale yellow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

RAY  
We must've done something wrong.  
The metopon's too weak.

ARTURO  
(snapping)  
It's yellow, isn't it??

RAY  
Right. Good enough for me.

Ray grabs the vial and a syringe, begins to suction it up.

ARTURO  
There's no telling the effect it  
will have, or lack of one.

RAY  
It'll help, even if it's just for a  
short while.

Ray injects himself and, like a junkie with his fix, relaxes immediately. Arturo rolls his sleeve. There is a KNOCK.

ARTURO  
It's about time.

He opens the door to find a room service PORTER. He smiles.

ARTURO  
Where have you been -- out  
harvesting the wheat for the bread?

PORTER  
(his smile fades)  
I'm sorry, sir. We're a little  
backed up tonight.

RAY  
No problem. Bring it in.

He enters, warily. He sets the tray down, lifts the covers.

PORTER  
One pastrami on rye and one turkey  
on a roll.

ARTURO  
Turkey?? No one here ordered  
turkey! I specifically said ham.

The Porter looks at his slip, gulps...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

PORTER

Actually, sir. I took the order  
and you said turkey.

Arturo burns. Ray fumbles for the syringe.

ARTURO

I want a ham sandwich and I want it  
here in five minutes!

PORTER

Very good. I'll be right back.

He stumbles trying to get out quickly. Arturo picks up the  
platter with the turkey sandwich and --

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Porter is running down the hall, away from --

ARTURO

And take this damn turkey with you.

Arturo throws the platter. It hits the wall. The elevator  
opens and Wade and Rembrandt step out as the Porter runs by.

PORTER

I wouldn't go down there if I were  
you.

They turn to see Arturo coming their way, eyes ablaze. Ray  
injects Arturo from behind. Arturo turns, ready to fight  
and then -- stops. You actually see the rage drain.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

The air condition is on high. Wade and Rembrandt are  
bundled in blankets. They shiver. Arturo and Ray work.

WADE

Is it really necessary to freeze to  
death?

You can see her breath.

RAY

Cold seems to slow the enzymatic  
degradation. It'll help prolong  
the weak solution we used.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT  
I gotta have something warm.  
Anybody for coffee?

Wade nods. Rembrandt picks up the phone.

REMBRANDT  
Yeah, hey, this is room eleven,  
twenty-one...

A beat. He looks at the phone. Clearly they hung up.

ARTURO  
Sorry, Mr. Brown. I believe  
they're afraid of me.

WADE  
Let me try.  
(she dials; then)  
I'd like to order some coffee. Ah  
huh. Don't hang up, okay, it's  
room eleven, twenty-one.  
(then; quickly)  
No, he's not. He left. I believe  
you. I'm sure he ordered turkey...  
(rolls her eyes; then)  
Will a twenty dollar tip make a  
difference? Thanks.

She hangs up, smiles, high-fives with Rembrandt.

WADE  
Fear's got nothing on a good tip.

ARTURO  
(re: vial of pale yellow)  
This isn't right. We need to make  
a stronger batch.

RAY  
And a lot more of it, if we're  
going to counter-act what's  
happening in your friend.

REMBRANDT  
From what we saw, Q-ball's gonna  
need a pint of that stuff.

ARTURO  
We'll be lucky if we can produce a  
fraction of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

WADE

I don't understand, if you've figured out the formula, why can't you just mass produce the stuff?

RAY

It takes time to make the substrate. We're just not equipped to be a factory.

ARTURO

Miss Welles, you're a genius.

WADE

I am?

ARTURO

Yes. Our bodies are living, breathing factories. Our cells divide and multiply every moment we're alive.

(to Ray)

What we need to do is inject our serum into a common microbe and let it do the mass production.

RAY

Of course, then we'll stimulate the host to multiply at an accelerated rate.

ARTURO

If we can do that, we'll make buckets of this in less time than it takes us to produce a vial.

(then)

Our best bet should be to isolate a cell from our own blood.

They turn back to work. There's a KNOCK on the door.

REMBRANDT

That was fast.

He opens the door, expecting to find a tray of coffee, instead, he's kicked backwards. Gable enters, gun in hand. Wade, Arturo and Ray back up. On the ground, Rembrandt moves back, hitting a bed.

GABLE

Hey, Ray, good to see you again.

(picks up a vial)

So, this is the stuff...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 3

He pours it onto the carpet. They watch, hopes being mashed into shag. He then wipes the table clean. Glass BREAKS as the equipment falls to the floor.

ARTURO

You sir, are a swine.

GABLE

I'm hurt.

(aims at Ray)

This is for Stein.

He shoots. Ray goes down, blood all around. Gable turn his gun on Wade. Rembrandt leaps, catching him by surprise. The GUN GOES OFF (no one's hit). They struggle...

Now, of course, the Porter (from the earlier scene) shows with the coffee. He throws the platter down, spilling everything, and runs for his dear life.

Arturo checks Ray. We SEE the bullet struck him in the upper right shoulder.

ARTURO

Ray, Ray?

He's blacked out. Arturo turns to aid Rembrandt, but before he can, Wade injects blue liquid into Gable. His eyes glaze and he drops. He shakes violently, then melts, nodding out.

REMBRANDT

What is that stuff?

WADE

I'm not sure. I just heard Ray say it was dangerous if you injected it undiluted.

Arturo bends down and takes Gable's pulse.

WADE

Is he alright?

ARTURO

Fine, but he'll be, I believe the expression is, high as a kite for a few days.

(stands; indicates)

That blue liquid, Miss Welles, it's pure morphine.

Wade looks at the syringe -- a whole new respect.

ARTURO

We'd better call for an ambulance.

EXT. CORRINA'S BACKYARD - TRAINING RING - MORNING (D2)

Quinn is in a make-shift ring (like the one at the fight area). He's sparring with a partner. Quinn pounds on the guy, who's no match. Corrina looks on from a lounge chair under a tent (complete with a "misting" device).

CORRINA

Quinn, enough.

QUINN

Let me finish him. C'mon...

CORRINA

Save that taste for Ulrich.

He climbs out of the ring...

QUINN

I gotta get out of here. I can't stay cooped up all day.

He heads for the back gate. A new goon (MCNEIL) steps in his way. Quinn snarls at him. Corrina waves --

CORRINA

Let him go. A few hours out there will do him good.

McNeil steps out of the way and Quinn exits.

CORRINA

Follow him. If he does anything stupid, try and stop him.  
(as she heads in)  
And find out what happened to Gable.

McNeil nods and exits after Mallory.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - DAY

Wade and Rembrandt sit, anxiously awaiting news of Ray. They notice a lot of nurses, some interns, but --

REMBRANDT

Where're the doctors in this place?

WADE

You know how smart you have to be to pass your boards?

REMBRANDT

Oh man, no doctor's left either? This world's in a heap of trouble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

Speaking of trouble...

She indicates toward Arturo, who stands near a window. He's starting to sweat again. His movements becoming erratic. Rembrandt and Wade exchange a worried look. They speak low:

WADE

He shouldn't be by the window.

Rembrandt looks that way, turns back to Wade.

REMBRANDT

You tell him to move.

WADE

No way. You do it.

Arturo notices their whispering.

ARTURO

What are you two plotting?

They look up, as if children caught.

REMBRANDT

We're just talking about Ray.

ARTURO

Liars...

He steps toward them. His eyes narrowing. They tense.

ARTURO

You're blaming me, aren't you?  
For this whole disaster of a slide.  
You feel it's my fault Mr. Mallory  
didn't take the injection when we  
first arrived...

WADE

Professor, none of this is  
anybody's fault.

ARTURO

Well, it certainly isn't mine -- no  
matter what you dimwits think!

REMBRANDT

Last night you're a genius, now  
you're a dimwit.

They both shrug. Arturo pulls out the timer. He looks worried. He turns from them, heading out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

REMBRANDT

Wait, don't go out. It's not safe.

ARTURO

Someone has to wrangle Mr. Mallory and it certainly doesn't appear that either of you are up to the task.

WADE

We don't even know where he is.

ARTURO

Are you complete morons! He's obviously with that woman.

He turns, walking brusquely towards the exit, knocking into an orderly (PARKER), who's headed toward them. Of course, he doesn't apologize, instead -- he growls, then walks on.

Parker watches Arturo exit, then turns to Wade and Remy.

PARKER

Your friend won't last out there. U.V. index is high today.

REMBRANDT

Is there something you can do?

PARKER

I'm sorry. No.  
(shakes his head; then)  
I'm Parker. I just finished with Ray Fields.

WADE

How is he?

PARKER

The bullet's out, but he lost a lot of blood. I did the best I could to stabilize him.

REMBRANDT

You a doc, Parker?

PARKER

(looks; a bit nervous)  
Would you be afraid ~~is~~ I was?

WADE

Should we be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 3

PARKER

Alot of people are. Most doctor's lost it a long time ago. Those of us who aren't locked away, find it easier to keep a low profile.

REMBRANDT

That why you're dressed like an orderly?

Parker nods.

WADE

If you really are a doctor, how come you haven't freaked yet?

PARKER

I'm no Jonas Salk. I struggled through school, actually graduated last in my class.

(shrugs; then)

I used to be embarrassed to say that, but, well, I'm still here.

(beat; then)

I should get back. I just wanted you to know, your friend is going to pull through. He just needs to rest for a couple of days.

Parker smiles reassuringly, then heads off --

REMBRANDT

A couple of days is a couple of days too late.

WADE

You're right. We'll have to make a batch of the serum ourselves.

REMBRANDT

What?

Wade holds up her hand, quieting Rembrandt. Then --

WADE

Parker, wait.

(he turns back)

We could use your help.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Quinn makes his way down the street. People, familiar with his look, give him a wide berth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

QUINN

What's the matter with all of you?  
Never seen a rager before?

People cross the street. A little girl stands near her mother, watching Quinn. He crosses to her, smiles.

QUINN

You're not afraid of me, are you?

But she is. She nods. His anger flares. He could easily strike her. But suddenly, his attention is caught by --

Two TEENS up the street. They've just CRANKED their BOOM BOX. HEAVY RAP MUSIC blasts. Quinn moves to them, gets in the face of the biggest guy, grabbing him by the shirt --

QUINN

Do you have any idea how many  
people hate your music?

The guy cowers. His friend takes off.

QUINN

There are punks like you on every  
earth and I'm sick of it.

He walks over to the BOOM BOX, picks it up and throws it down -- hard. It breaks into a dozen pieces. Quinn smiles. He then pushes the punk against the wall, raises his fist.

McNeil drives up.

McNEIL

Bad idea.

Quinn turns. He lowers his fist, letting go of the kid. He takes off. Quinn crosses to the passenger window.

QUINN

She send you out to babysit me?

McNEIL

I'm just supposed to keep you out  
of trouble. Assaulting kids on the  
street usually leads to that.

McNeil points to a cop car that's cruising down the block.

QUINN

So what? What're they going to do  
to stop me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

MCNEIL

They shoot ragers on sight. No questions. Now I'm willing to bet, someone's already reported you.

A beat. Quinn takes a look at the cop car, then gets in.

INT. HOSPITAL - CHEM ROOM - LATER

Wade, Rembrandt and Parker work from Ray's notes. Wade heats a petri dish over a low flame on a burner.

PARKER

Careful, too hot and they'll die.

Wade nods. Rembrandt finds a box of glass slides, blows some dust off.

PARKER

Sorry. No one's used any of this for a long time.

REMBRANDT

We get this formula right, maybe we can change that.

Remmy hands Wade a slide. She takes a culture from the dish and swabs a slide. Parker looks over the notes.

WADE

Will this work?

PARKER

Potentially, it should. Providing we don't screw up.

REMBRANDT

So we won't.

He nods, reassuring the doctor.

PARKER

Hand me the slide.

Wade does. He slips it under the scope and looks in. Parker closes his eyes, gulps.

WADE

What..?

PARKER

We've got about fifty possible hosts in this slide alone.

EXT. CORRINA'S BACKYARD - TRAINING AREA - DAY

Quinn is working with a new sparring partner, but it's unsatisfying, there's no real challenge.

QUINN  
C'mon, you wimp. Try something.

The partner swipes. Quinn brings up a knee, back chops the guy. He falls with a THUD. Quinn rolls his eyes --

QUINN  
Jesus, what's the point of this if he can't even challenge me?

CORRINA  
This is to practice moves, not to use up your energy.

QUINN  
I'm done practicing...

The Sparrer gets up. McNeil helps him over the ropes and into the house.

CORRINA  
You ready to go? It's almost time.

QUINN  
Yeah. I just need a few more in the sun. I'll meet you out front.

She heads in. Quinn turns to face the sun. He reaches out his arms, drinking it in. BEHIND HIM, we see Arturo sneak into the yard. He is sweating profusely. His eyes tell the tale of biochemical imbalance.

ARTURO  
Mr. Mallory --

Quinn turns to find Arturo climbing into the ring with him.

QUINN  
Professor. You know what it means if you enter the ring..?

ARTURO  
Indeed I do.

Arturo dives at Quinn, striking him hard. Quinn wobbles back, surprised by the power of the hit. He reassesses his adversary and then --

A full scale brawl ensues. There are no rules and some of the blows are clearly cheap. Both men become bruised and bloody. Arturo takes Quinn down with a half-nelson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ARTURO

You're coming with me whether you  
like it or not.

QUINN

You'll have to kill me first.

Quinn pulls out of the hold. They stand, facing each other. Quinn kicks Arturo's feet out from under him. He climbs on his back -- taking Arturo's neck between his arms. Quinn twists. Arturo is turning bright red, blood dripping down his face, his head rotated as far as humanely possibly.

Quinn snarls with a savage need to kill. He continues to twist the neck. Any moment now, you expect to hear a CRACKING noise. And off this peril, we -

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CORRINA'S BACKYARD - TRAINING AREA - A MOMENT LATER

Arturo struggles. Quinn is enjoying his pain. Arturo's hands flail. None of his actions seem to work. In this attempt to free himself, the timer falls out of his jacket, onto the ground. It catches Quinn's eye.

He loses interest in killing Arturo, releasing him with a brutal push to the ground. Arturo gasps for air, unable to rise. Quinn picks up the device...

QUINN

Look who has control now.

ARTURO

We have less than three hours.. *in*

QUINN

I've got all the time ~~in the world.~~  
I'm not interested ~~another slide.~~

(looks around)

I like it here. I think I'll stay.

ARTURO

(alarmed; rises)

Don't be a fool, Quinn.

QUINN

You're the one who's a fool, did you really think you could force me to go with you?

A look between the men.

ARTURO

This world is certain death for you, and possibly for me as well. You risk everything by not sliding.

QUINN

It's my life to risk.

Quinn turns and climbs over the ropes.

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory -- stop.

Quinn turns back. Arturo crosses, infuriated --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ARTURO

If you want to waste your life behaving like a freak in a circus act, that is your choice. But you have no right to make that decision for me or the others.

Quinn pauses, a moment of self-doubt.

ARTURO

The Quinn Mallory I know would never put his friends' lives in this sort of jeopardy.

QUINN

(beat; shakes it off)  
I'm not going anywhere, Professor. But I'll tell you what, I'll think about whether or not I'll let you slide, how's that?  
(pats Arturo on the face)  
You can thank me for letting you live, later.

And with that -- Quinn heads into the house.

EXT. CORRINA'S HOUSE - FRONT DRIVE - A MOMENT LATER

Arturo comes around the front to see Corrina and Quinn (carrying the timer) get into the back of McNeil's car. McNeil moves around and drives them off, REVEALING Corrina's car parked in the drive. Arturo has an idea --

INT. HOSPITAL - CHEM ROOM - DAY

Rembrandt holds a container of yellow liquid. He swills it.

REMBRANDT

You think this actually works?

PARKER

No way to tell unless we test it.

WADE

We did everything according to the notes. It's got to work.

Parker shrugs. The PHONE RINGS. Wade picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

Hello?

(listens; a look)

We'll be right there.

(hangs up)

It's Ray. He's awake, but he's not doing very well.

They immediately head out --

EXT. CORRINA'S HOUSE

Arturo looks for a way in, checking windows, doors. Everything is locked. He looks at his watch, concerned, frustrated... He picks up a lawn chair and throws it through the sliding glass door and enters...

INT. HOSPITAL - RAY'S ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

Wade, Rembrandt and Parker are shown in by a nurse (who doesn't enter). Ray looks pale. His shoulder and arm are restrained by a tight bandage and yet, he wreaths in pain and agitation. His eyes are on fire... As they enter --

RAY

I gotta get out of here. The formula, I have to finish it...

WADE

It's okay, Ray. We've been working on it. We may actually have it.

RAY

But, how -- ?

REMBRANDT

We used your notes. Parker helped.

Ray looks at Parker, then back to Wade, desperately.

RAY

Inject me. Now.

PARKER

It might be dangerous. We don't know for sure if the microbes reproduced correctly.

RAY

You need to test it. Test it on me. I don't care what happens.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON A SYRINGE

Parker injects yellow fluid into Ray. PULL BACK --

INT. RAY'S ROOM

Ray reacts, shaking violently. Rembrandt looks on worried.

REMBRANDT

It's never had that effect before.

Ray's shaking stops. His eyes slowly open. He looks calm. He turns to them and smiles weakly.

RAY

I think you did it.

WADE

No, Ray, you did it. This is your formula.

RAY

Not mine, Marcus'. He really was the one to figure it all out.

Now, Arturo bursts into the room, enraged...

ARTURO

He's stolen the timer! He won't slide!! He may very well force us to remain too!

His manner is so raging. Wade picks up the syringe.

REMBRANDT

Whoa, Professor. What're you talking about?

Arturo crosses to Rembrandt, grabs and shoves him against the wall, shaking him with each word.

ARTURO

That Neanderthal, Quinn. He has the timer and if we don't get it back, We'll be stuck on this inferno for 29 years!!

Wade sticks him with needle. Arturo releases Rembrandt, stumbles into a chair. A beat. He looks up, distraught.

ARTURO

I'm sorry...

REMBRANDT

It's okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

It's almost three. Quinn must be at the ring.

ARTURO

Yes. He and that woman left about a half hour ago.

RAY

You have to stop him. Ulrich is very dangerous.

Looks between the Sliders. They know.

REMBRANDT


C'mon, we'd better grab a cab and get over there.

ARTURO

No need. I have a car.

WADE

Where'd you get a car?

ARTURO 

I stole it.

Rembrandt & Arturo exit. Wade hangs back.

WADE

Thank you both, for all your help.

A smile between them and she exits.

EXT. CANOPIED FIGHTING RING - DAY - A BIGGER CROWD

is here than there was for yesterday's fight, and the place is buzzing with gamblers and all their action. The Promoter waves to get the crowd's attention...

PROMOTER

Alright, alright... this is what we've been waiting for...

(to Cory and Nickerson)

Get your fighters in here managers, this crowd's thirsty.

CHEERS, as -- Quinn and Ulrich approach with their respective entourages. Quinn is shirtless, and has his hands taped. Ulrich has a European tank top on, and bicycle shorts. He barks at Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ULRICH

Too late to run now, Mallory. I'd just chase you down...

QUINN

Nobody's running from your big dumb ass.

ULRICH

That's right. Word is you got the edge on me upstairs.

Ulrich lunges away from his people, and starts destroying all the scientific paraphernalia he used in the first fight. He turns over the chemical table, and rips down the pulleys.

ULRICH

We'll just make sure this is mano a mano, right Mallory?

As Ulrich destroys everything that might give Quinn an advantage, the gambler's renegotiate their wagers.

CORRINA

You better get your man under control Nickerson!

NICKERSON

Hey, it's a smart move on his part.  
(then)  
What do you expect from geniuses?

Corrina is pissed, but there's nothing she can do.

AROUND A CORNER - ARTURO, WADE, AND REMBRANDT

creep up. They stop when they hear Ulrich screaming.

ULRICH (OS)

This fights gonna be nothing but a fist fest. My fist fest. You like that alliteration, Mallory?

QUINN (OS)

For a freaking foreigner, not bad.

The large man bends over in emotional pain. We now recognize their voices...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

REMBRANDT

I'm sorry, Professor, I know this is all hitting you right where you live. It's horrible what's happened to your people.

ARTURO

There can't possibly be anything in any other dimension that could disturb me more than this has.

Wade is sympathetic, but anxious...

WADE

Guys, we've got to get the serum into Quinn before it's too late.

REMBRANDT

Maybe it's already too late. I'm thinking about Marcus.

WADE

We have a choice between standing here and doing nothing, or giving it a shot.

(then)

Sorry, bad choice of words.

ARTURO

There is one thing for certain: Once we inject Quinn we have to stay by his side no matter what. Things could get ugly, so we must find the Timer first. . /

REMBRANDT

I thought he had on him.

ARTURO

And just where would he be carrying it, Mr. Brown?

ANGLE - McNEIL

eying the disguised Sliders suspiciously.

BACK ON SLIDERS

still huddled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

WADE

Lets trace Quinn's moves back.  
Where's the last place he would  
have left it?

REMBRANDT

His car.

They disappear around a corner, just as the BELL RINGS.

INSIDE THE RING - ULRICH AND QUINN

move in on each other. There's no sizing each other up,  
these two men just want to go at it, and they do...  
punching, kicking, butting heads, and roaring the whol  
time...

QUINN

C'mon, you bastard. Is that all  
you got.

Ulrich swings harder. The crowd eats it up. Quinn hears  
them screaming for blood. He continues to fight, but just  
for an instant we see a different look in Quinn's eyes as he  
glances out at the crowd. They're pissing him off.

ANGLE - CORRINA

watching Quinn. She noticed this funny look.

CORRINA

(sotto)  
Dammit Quinn. Don't think.  
(then to Quinn)  
Hit him!

Ulrich lands a blow in to Quinn's stomach, refocusing Quinn.  
He ducks Ulrich's next swing, and then knocks him back.

CORRINA

Now follow it!

Quinn moves in with a few more blows...

CORRINA

Yes!

Quinn backs Ulrich across the ring, opening cuts all over  
his face. But then just as Ulrich is about to go down, he  
comes back up with a surprise back hand. He catches Quinn  
square, and then Ulrich is able to land a big kick to the  
mid-section. Quinn's in trouble...

EXT. STREET - DAY - WADE, REMBRANDT, ARTURO  
look at the parked cars, searching.

ARTURO  
That's the car.

They cross to McNeil's car. Wade peers into the passenger seat.

WADE  
Quinn's shirt's on the floor.

Wade tries the door. It's locked of course, and having already anticipated that, Rembrandt moves in with a metal trash can lifted up to his shoulders.

REMBRANDT  
Look out, girl.

Rembrandt is about to throw the can through the window when --

McNEIL

catches it from behind. He knocks the can out of Rembrandt's hand.

McNEIL  
Get the hell away from my car.

Arturo attacks McNeil, tackling him. Rembrandt jumps on him too, while Wade retrieves the trash can and throws it through the car window. Rembrandt has McNeil under control, but...

REMBRANDT  
Oh no.

Rembrandt reaches down into his pocket and pulls out a plastic bag. It's dripping yellow liquid.

WADE  
You guys, it's not there. Quinn put the Timer somewhere else...

Arturo keeps McNeil pressed down, but looks up at Wade.

ARTURO  
Alright. We have no choice, then. We give Quinn the serum, and hope for the best.

REMBRANDT  
Sorry guys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Arturo and Wade look at Rembrandt. He's taken the cracked bottle out of the plastic bag, and the others see that it's drained out. The last of the serum evaporates on the ground, along with their hopes of using it.

WADE

Now what do we do?

INT. FIGHT RING - DAY - ULRICH AND QUINN

continue to go at it ferociously. Ulrich still has an advantage, but both fighters are bloody and swollen.

Suddenly, Quinn strikes Ulrich with an open, side-ways angled hand. The blow appears to crush Ulrich's wind pipe, and he falls to his knees, clutching his throat in agony.

CORRINA

Finish him! Quinn, kill him now!

Quinn looks at Corrina, and then back down at Ulrich. The crowd yells for him to kill Ulrich. He stares out at them, and suddenly, that funny look in his eye comes back.

Quinn walks over to one of the tables Ulrich overturned earlier. He grabs several bags that were split open during Ulrich's destruction, and starts smooshing them together... creating a mound of powder right on the ground.

As the mound gets bigger, the crowd grows more and more excited with anticipation of some dramatic death.

ANGLE - CORRINA

she's not so sure about this...

CORRINA

What the hell's he doing?

(to Quinn)

Quinn! Finish him!

The crowd screams for Quinn to kill Ulrich, and he glares out at them. Some of the spectators start to wonder too as Quinn strikes a match.

NICKERSON

Somebody stop him!

But it's too late...

QUINN

I hate you all!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Quinn throws the match on the mound, and everyone hits the deck, expecting an explosion. But there isn't one. Instead, a giant funnel of smoke goes up, and spreads over the entire area.

WADE, REMBRANDT, AND ARTURO

come around the corner. They freeze at the sight of all the smoke, and all the people running by them, going the other way.

ARTURO

What the hell?

WADE

Quinn's still in here somewhere.  
We have to find him.

They struggle to make their way through the smoke.

WADE

Quinn! Where are you?!

REMBRANDT

Q-ball!!

From back in the smoke...

QUINN (OS)

Here!

They go toward the voice, and finally off in a clearing, they find Quinn. He's holding the Timer. Quinn activates it. The Sliders' concern builds until they see the gate form.

QUINN

Go!

The Vortex forms, and they try to read Quinn's intentions.

WADE

You're coming too?

QUINN

Don't push me! Just get out of here!

The others look at each other, and make a silent pact.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

ARTURO  
 We're not leaving Mr. Mal...  
 (corrects himself)  
 Quinn. Not until you promise us  
 that you're coming too.

Quinn fights the rage inside him.

QUINN  
 You jump first.

The Sliders don't like it, but it's obviously the best they  
 can do. The guys leap, before Wade goes...

WADE  
 We love you, Quinn. No matter  
 what's happened, or will happen,  
 we'll still love you.  
 (off his silence)  
 I know you're going to make the  
 right decision. Somewhere in  
 there, you're still our Quinn.

Wade obviously wants to say more, but she all she can do now  
 is have faith... She leaps into the void.

Quinn stares at the vortex. He thinks hard, and after a  
 beat, begins to move toward it. Suddenly --

ULRICH

flies out of the smoke and grabs him from behind. Ulrich  
 twist on Quinn's neck, snapping it around horribly. Quinn  
 reaches back and starts gouging at Ulrich's eyes.

THE VORTEX IS CLOSING.

Quinn continues to tear into Ulrich's eyes until he releases  
 his grip. Quinn then uses the opening to flip Ulrich over  
 on his back. Quinn heads for the vortex, but Ulrich grabs  
 him by the leg. The Vortex is closing as Quinn drags  
 himself, and Ulrich toward it.

QUINN  
 (at the closing vortex)  
 No!!

CUT TO:

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - MORNING - A COOL, BEAUTIFUL, MISTY DEW

falls down on Rembrandt, Arturo and Wade. It's as if  
 California is like Ireland on this world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED

Beautiful rolling green hills surround the Sliders, but --

THE VORTEX

is starting to close, and they look horribly sad.

REMBRANDT

He's not coming.

Wade's eyes start to well up, but now --

QUINN

falls out of the tunnel, and lands. The others move to him quickly, and Wade hugs him with all her might. Quinn allows this, but his eyes aren't back to normal yet.

ARTURO

(forcing himself)

Mr. Mallory... if it will help your system clear itself, I want you to know how much we all care for you.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, Q-ball we love you, man.

Quinn closes his eyes and fights to relax.

QUINN

I'm sorry I didn't take the serum.

(then)

I love you guys too.

Wade hugs Quinn harder, knowing he'll be alright now.

Then Wade notices some shadows moving across the sloping hills around them. She looks up in the sky...

WADE

(scared)

Ohmigod... vultures.

ARTURO

(looking up too)

Granted, they're disgusting creatures, Miss Welles, but after the things we've faced, I don't think mere carrion eaters should alarm us.

Wade's not convinced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED 2

WADE

What if on this world vultures  
don't just eat dead things.

The men look up in the sky. Off their trepidation...

FADE OUT.

THE END