

SLIDERS

"Tourist Trap"

TEASER

FADE IN

EXT. DESERTED COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A produce truck bounces along at a decent clip. On the door is stencilled: "CHUMASH FARMS."

CLOSER ANGLE - THE BACK OF THE TRUCK

It's brimming with cardboard boxes full of garlic bulbs. Suddenly, the VORTEX opens and REMBRANDT, WADE, and ARTURO land with a thud on the boxes, which cushion their fall somewhat. QUINN is the last to arrive, missing the target slightly, his feet dangling dangerously off the edge of the gate. The others help him scramble on board.

ANGLE - THE TRUCK DRIVER

a thirtyish Native American, hearing the clunking, checks his sideview mirror to make sure he didn't lose a box or run over anything. Satisfied, he continues on.

RESUME BACK OF TRUCK

The Sliders survey the situation. Remmy likes the aroma; Wade is none too thrilled.

REMBRANDT

Mmm...Smell that garlic!

WADE

(wincing)

I'd rather not. I think I'm gonna be sick.

ARTURO

Actually, garlic is quite healthy.

QUINN

(rubbing his hip)

When you eat it, Professor, not when you land on it.

REMBRANDT

At least we know one thing.

QUINN

What's that?

REMBRANDT

If there's any vampires on this world,
we're all set.

The Sliders shoot Remy a look as the truck hits a pothole and they bounce.

RESUME TRUCK DRIVER

He looks over toward the side of the road and sees:

HIS POINT-OF-VIEW - A NATIVE-AMERICAN WOMAN

LAURIE EAGLE, hitchhiking. She's not much older than Quinn or Wade and is quite attractive.

RESUME SCENE

The truck pulls over and the Driver leans toward the window.

DRIVER

Where you headed?

LAURIE

Malibu.

DRIVER

If you don't mind smelling like garlic, hop in.

LAURIE

(going around back)

Thanks!

BACK OF TRUCK

Laurie climbs up and in, where she is met by our friendly quartet as the truck pulls out and resumes barrelling down the highway.

LAURIE

Wow, big day for hitchhiking. What reservation are you guys from?

REMBRANDT

Reservation?

Quinn, interested, takes over.

QUINN

We're from up north. Near San Francisco.

LAURIE

Cool. I'm Laurie. Laurie Eagle. You guys going to Malibu, too?

QUINN

Uh, sure. Malibu.

LAURIE

Looking for Big Sandy, right?
(before he can respond)
I'm looking for my brother, Michael.

WADE

Did something happen to him?

LAURIE

I'm not sure. He was doing a video documentary on the California coast. Last postcard I got was from the Malibu Reservation. That was two days ago.

REMBRANDT

Malibu Reservation?

Before they can get an explanation, the truck pulls over to the side of the road and stops.

DRIVER (O.C.)

Malibu!

LAURIE

Thanks for the lift!
(to Sliders)
Well, this is it!

Quinn hops down, helps Laurie out of the truck, then helps the other Sliders onto the sandy ground.

ARTURO

Perhaps this 'Big Sandy' could be of assistance in locating your brother.

LAURIE
(laughs)
I doubt that!

The Sliders exchange puzzled looks. Suddenly, the truck pulls away, revealing:

ACROSS THE HIGHWAY - A LARGE BILLBOARD

In huge letters, it says: "WELCOME TO THE MALIBU RESERVATION - WORLD FAMOUS HOME OF BIG SANDY!" Beneath the lettering is an artist's rendition of a massive, fanged, slug-like serpent bursting up out of the sand. But the style is more a smiling, cuddly, Barney-the-Dinosaur rendering, rather than something intended to frighten the kiddies. The Sliders take in the billboard a beat, then:

ARTURO
Your point is well taken.

As the five of them cross the highway and head toward the center of town, we stay on the billboard for a beat, then tilt down to the sandy ground beneath it. All is quiet, then suddenly we see the sand begin to RIPPLE, as though some sort of large, subterranean gopher were moving toward the town.

We get the distinct impression there is more to this place than meets the eye as we:

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY

We follow the Sliders and Laurie Eagle as they enter the town, then:

LAURIE

You guys have fun; I'm gonna see about my brother.

QUINN

But ---

LAURIE

Catch you later.

And off she goes. The Sliders check the place out. It's all been set up to cater to tourists, who are there in abundance. Everything has a "Big Sandy" theme. There's the Big Sandy Inn, the Big Sandy Candy Company, the Big Sandy Trading Post, etc. Big Sandy merchandise is endemic: Big Sandy papier mache masks, stuffed toys, "I (Heart) Big Sandy" buttons and T-shirts, etc. Obviously Big Sandy is the main attraction here.

A chartered bus pulls up and out step dozens of well-dressed NATIVE-AMERICAN MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN, all eager to have a good time. The Sliders -- and we -- begin to notice that all of the visitors milling around the shops and souvenir stands are Native Americans, while the Caucasians are the ones who are living on the reservation and selling "trinkets."

Souvenir booths are manned by blond-haired, blue-eyed California types. In addition to the Big Sandy merchandise, they are also hawking every manner of typically white-bread souvenir: Barbie dolls (rather than Hopi kachinas), electric blankets (rather than Navajos), and Tupperware (rather than pottery).

QUINN

Notice anything strange?

ARTURO

Yes. It seems that those of European descent live on the reservation, while the Native Americans are the tourists.

REMBRANDT

That's a switch.

WADE

This might explain things.

She points to a large, official-looking sign on a wooden post near the start of the main street.

INSERT - SIGN

Arturo reads it aloud:

ARTURO (V.O.)

'Malibu Reservation was set aside by The United States of Native America for the preservation of the culture and lifestyles of the Caucasian people.'

RESUME SCENE

They start to figure it out.

WADE

And it's signed: 'The Bureau of Caucasian Affairs.'

QUINN

That's why she wanted to know what reservation we were from.

REMBRANDT

But how did the Native-Americans maintain control over the country?

ARTURO

(shrugs)

It's possible that as the European settlers arrived, they were simply 'placed' on various reservations, where they remain to this day.

A young blond BOY rushes up to him carrying a tray of beanbag Big Sandy dolls. Arturo looks on them with disdain, shakes his head.

ARTURO

What is all this business about 'Big Sandy?' I can't believe people pay good money for this...this rubbish.

Quinn walks over to a souvenir stand and begins looking through a tray of rocks marked "Official Big Sandy Rocks - Only \$1." He reaches into his pocket, withdraws a dollar, pays the VENDOR and tosses one of the stones to Arturo, who catches it.

QUINN

Here you go, Professor. My treat.

ARTURO

(trace of sarcasm)

Oooh! An official Big Sandy rock!

WADE

You wouldn't want to be caught with an unofficial one, would you?

Arturo smiles, begins turning it over in his hand.

INSERT - ROCK

It's a few inches long and very unusual; blue-green overall with shiny particles that appear to glow slightly.

RESUME SCENE

Arturo's curiosity is piqued by the colorful rock.

QUINN

Of course, if you'd rather have an official Big Sandy sports bottle....

ARTURO

Actually, I rather like the rock, Mr. Mallory, although I can't offhand identify its composition.

Arturo continues his cursory examination of the odd rock, then pockets it for further study.

REMBRANDT

I don't know about the rest of you, but all that garlic we landed in made me pretty hungry -- and thirsty.

Remmy indicates the Big Sandy Trading Post. Since there is no opposition, they enter.

INT. BIG SANDY TRADING POST - DAY

The Sliders enter and take in the place. It's part bar, part post office, part gambling hall, and souvenir shop. The walls are covered with Big Sandy posters, including blurry photographic blowups of some huge, dark, amorphous figure, similar to questionable shots of the Loch Ness monster and Big Foot, with dates "1947," "1958," "1971," beneath them. The Sliders stand out from the locals, who seem to be keeping an eye on them.

En route to the food counter, Remmy, Wade and Arturo stop at a slot machine.

REMBRANDT

Feeling lucky?

Wade takes out a quarter, drops it in the slot, pulls the arm, sending the tumblers rolling.

CLOSEUP - SLOT MACHINE

It stops on 3 Big Sandys and an orange.

RESUME SCENE

She loses.

WADE

Not particularly.

ARTURO

I think I see a free table in the back.

WADE

I'll be there in a second.

Wade has noticed a couple of CHILDREN near the souvenir table wearing Big Sandy masks, trying to scare each other. She wanders over in that direction. Arturo leads the others to a table. They sit, start browsing at menus.

ANOTHER ANGLE - LAURIE EAGLE

enters and approaches the man behind the counter, LEN ERICKSON, fortysomething. He's very accommodating, extends his hand, which she shakes.

ERICKSON

Morning. Len Erickson, owner and proprietor of the trading post. What can I get for you this fine day?

LAURIE

I'm looking for my brother. I think you might've met him a couple of days ago.

She pulls a snapshot out of her wallet, shows it to Erickson, whose smile drops almost imperceptibly when he sees the picture.

INSERT - PHOTO

It shows Michael Eagle, 30, wearing a backpack and holding a small camcorder.

ERICKSON (V.O.)

Nope.

RESUME SCENE

Erickson is maintaining his pleasant demeanor.

ERICKSON

But he seems like a pleasant fellow.

LAURIE

I know he was here. He mentioned you in his postcard.

ERICKSON

Really....

She shows him a postcard from that very trading post.

INSERT - POSTCARD

The front shows the trading post with Erickson standing out front, beckoning to visitors. The back contains Michael's note:

ERICKSON (V.O.)

(reading)

'Malibu's beautiful. Been here two days taping and picking up supplies. People very friendly. Even met their "honorary chief," Mr. Erickson. See you soon, Michael.'

RESUME SCENE

Erickson hands Laurie back the postcard.

ERICKSON

Well, as you can see, we get a lot of people passing through here. I can't remember 'em all, try as I might.

LAURIE

So he was here and you just don't remember him, is that what you're telling me?

ERICKSON

(firmly)

What I'm telling you, ma'am, is that I think somebody might be mistaken.

Some of the patrons have stopped talking and are now staring at Laurie. There's a chill in the air. Quinn looks up from the table, sees what's going on, comes over to try and straighten things out.

QUINN

Is there a problem here?

Erickson looks at Quinn and then over at the Sliders' table.

ERICKSON

Not yet there isn't. And I really don't think this concerns you, pal.

Laurie is getting pretty frustrated.

LAURIE

Look, all I want is for somebody to tell me what happened to my brother, okay?

ANOTHER ANGLE - ACROSS THE ROOM

A young woman about 20, MAGGIE, sits at a table, a distracted, faraway look in her eye. She's small, unkempt, sporting a clumsy haircut that was probably self-inflicted. Suddenly, she leaps up and screams at the top of her lungs:

MAGGIE

Big Sandy!!!

Then she looks very upset. Erickson tenses, looks over toward a young man, TOMMY WHITMORE, who works the trinket area, indicates he should do something. Tommy looks a little edgy, drops what he's doing, nods -- apparently he's used to picking up on Erickson's signals. He walks over to Maggie and gently but firmly walks her through some curtains into the back of the shop. Erickson is uncomfortable as he explains to Laurie and Quinn:

ERICKSON

I want to apologize for my daughter's outburst. Maggie's got 'problems.' You know...But don't let it spoil your visit. She's really very sweet.

Quinn and Laurie smile sympathetically (although it still doesn't explain what's become of Michael).

AT THE SLIDERS' TABLE

Remmy returns with some drinks for himself and Arturo, who is engrossed in his Big Sandy rock. He's like a kid with a new toy.

REMBRANDT

Here you go, Professor...Professor?

Arturo, distracted, looks up, takes the drink.

ARTURO

Hmm? Oh, thank you, Mr. Brown. You know this stone is really quite extraordinary. Watch!

Arturo uses the file blade of his nail clipper to scrape some fragments from the rock. Then he places the rock on the table. The fragments begin to glow and vibrate, then suddenly LEAP back to their original position on the rock, making it whole again. The glowing subsides.

REMBRANDT

Is it magnetic?

ARTURO

Possibly. Although I've never seen this sort of behavior before, even in magnetized iron ore. I'd love to conduct some further experiments.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SOUVENIR AREA

The children wander away. Wade looks around to make sure no one is watching, then tries on a goofy baseball cap with a prominent Big Sandy figure on top. She checks herself in the mirror. Tommy returns to his station behind the souvenir counter, smiles at Wade.

TOMMY

It's you.

Wade spins around, then:

WADE

If this is me, then you don't know me very well.

TOMMY

Actually I don't know you at all, but I bet there's a cure for that.

Wade smiles. There's a bit of a rapport developing. She suddenly feels rather silly wearing the hat, takes it off, sets it on the counter.

WADE

So who is this Big Sandy, anyway?

TOMMY

You mean you don't know?

WADE

If I knew, I wouldn't ask.

TOMMY

(matter-of-factly)

Big Sandy is a giant, ferocious monster that pops up out of the sand every so often and gobbles up pretty little tourists who ask too many questions.

Wade appreciates the quip, extends her hand.

WADE

Wade Welles.

TOMMY

(taking it)

Tommy Whitmore.

WADE

So Big Sandy's just another Loch Ness monster or Big Foot

TOMMY

Except those are legends and Big Sandy's real.

WADE

Oh, pardon me.

TOMMY

Why do I get the impression you don't believe me?

WADE

Well....

TOMMY

How about if I tell you all about this place -- over dinner -- and then we go out to the Big Sandy sighting point?

Wade's evaluating this novel "pickup line," when suddenly, Laurie leans over and interjects:

LAURIE

Thanks. We'd love to.

Quinn sees that Laurie is intent on continuing her "investigation." He gallantly chimes in:

QUINN

Why not make it a double date?

The four of them exchange looks: Sounds like a plan.

EXT. BIG SANDY BISTRO - NIGHT

A patio restaurant. Quinn, Laurie, Wade, and Tommy are finishing dinner. Tommy takes a sip from a large goblet of wine, then turns to Quinn:

TOMMY

Now where was I?

QUINN

(trace of sarcasm)

You were telling about Big Sandy.

TOMMY

Oh, right, right. Well, she's like nothing you've ever seen before. Twenty feet tall. Black as night. Piercing, red eyes. Long, sharp fangs. And quick as a flash.

Wade, who has been sipping wine as well, squints skeptically.

WADE

You've seen her? With your own eyes?

TOMMY

(evasively)

Well, it depends on what you mean by 'seen,' because I remember ---

He's interrupted by the arrival of SHERIFF TOBEY, fifty, who seems friendly but firm.

SHERIFF

Evening, folks.

(to Tommy)

Tommy, don't you think you've had just a little too much to drink?

TOMMY

It's okay, Sheriff. I know my limit.

SHERIFF

Well what I meant was, you don't want to bore these nice people, do you?

TOMMY

(to the others)

I'm not boring you, am I?

Wade, Quinn and Laurie ad-lib: "No," "Not at all," "I'm not bored," etc.

TOMMY

You see?

Sheriff Tobey scowls at Tommy. It's clear he's trying his best to put a lid on Tommy's ramblings. He lets it go for now. As he departs:

SHERIFF

Well, it's your funeral. You folks have a nice night now, you hear?

The Sheriff leaves as the others ad-lib goodbyes. Tommy looks after the Sheriff, concerned, sets down his glass.

TOMMY

Maybe I have had a little too much.

Laurie has been getting increasingly impatient.

LAURIE

You said you were gonna take us to the sighting point.

Tommy looks a little uncomfortable, checks his watch.

TOMMY

I don't know. It's gettin' kinda late.

Wade enjoys putting Tommy on the spot about his ridiculous claims.

WADE

You promised....

Tommy looks into Wade's eyes: She's awfully attractive.

TOMMY

What the hell! Let's hit the beach!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A roped-off cliff area. Coin-operated telescopes overlook the place. A sign nearby says: "RESTRICTED AREA - NO ONE IS ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT."

A convertible pulls up with Tommy, Wade, Quinn and Laurie. Tommy jumps out, heads for the ropes.

TOMMY

C'mon! This way!

QUINN

But it says 'restricted'!

TOMMY

Oh, they just put that up to keep out the jerks. C'mon!

Quinn shrugs and they make their way past the ropes and down towards the beach.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BEACH

It's dark and desolate; the only signs of life being our quartet. Tommy and Wade hold hands and saunter off in one direction, while Quinn and Laurie stay closer to the boundary.

LAURIE

I'm glad they're hitting off, but I don't feel like I'm any closer to finding Michael.

QUINN

When we get back to town, I'm gonna talk to that guy at the trading post.

LAURIE

Erickson?

QUINN

Yeah, Erickson. I think he knows something. And I didn't like the way he was treating you.

Laurie appreciates Quinn's chivalrous attitude.

LAURIE

Thanks.

(beat; looks out)

It's creepy out here, Quinn.

QUINN

You don't believe all that Big Sandy stuff, do you? It's just a story to bring in tourists, that's all.

LAURIE

Maybe. But you've got to admit it is kinda scary out here in the dark.

Quinn surveys the dark horizon, nods.

QUINN

I see what you mean.

Laurie shudders. Quinn notices.

QUINN

Cold?

(off her nod)

My sweater's in the car. I'll be back
in a sec.

LAURIE

Thanks.

Laurie smiles as Quinn heads back towards the car.

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOMMY AND WADE

are standing under the stars, sharing a nice moment. But
something's on Wade's mind. Tommy notices.

TOMMY

What is it?

WADE

That guy back at the trading post.
All he had to do was look at you and
you jumped.

TOMMY

Mr. Erickson? I kinda owe him a
bunch of money, so I'm working it off
at the trading post. But he's
basically an okay guy. Really.

Wade isn't buying it, but it's clear Tommy isn't
comfortable talking about the Erickson situation, so she
doesn't push it, smiles warmly.

WADE

Well, this does seem like a nice
place.

TOMMY

Malibu? Oh, it's the prettiest place
south of the Carmel Reservation.
Especially since you showed up.

Wade smiles. They look into each other's eyes, then move
closer to kiss. Just as their lips are about to touch:

LAURIE (O.C.)

Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!

WADE
 (looking off)
 Laurie!

Wade and Tommy hurry in the direction of the scream.

ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR THE BOUNDARY

It's almost pitch black; very hard to make anything out. Wade and Tommy arrive just in time to some sort of vague HUGE, DARK MASS pulling Laurie along the sand (but we can't see anything very clearly).

LAURIE
 Help me! Quinn! Aaahhh!!!

She's dragged a little further, and then suddenly, she disappears! Quinn races back down to the spot, puzzled and worried.

QUINN
 Laurie?! Where are you?!

Wade is almost in shock, pointing to the spot where Laurie disappeared, unable to speak. Tommy, also frightened, comforts her.

QUINN
 Wade?! Tommy?! What happened?!
 Laurie?!?

But all Wade can do is point into the silent darkness with a trembling finger, as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT - A MINUTE LATER

Wade has regained her composure somewhat.

WADE

I saw it, Quinn! I actually saw it!

QUINN

What, Wade?! What'd you see?

WADE

Big Sandy! It's got Laurie!

QUINN

Wade, think what you're saying!

Wade turns to Tommy.

WADE

You saw it, too. Right, Tommy?

Tommy's a little evasive.

TOMMY

Well, it's so dark out here....

Quinn notices a large, furrow-like trail in the sand leading off into the darkness.

QUINN

C'mon!

He leads the others along the trail, until the disappearance point, where it ends abruptly. Quinn can't figure it out.

QUINN

This doesn't make any sense. People don't just disappear in the middle of the sand.

WADE

Unless it was ---

TOMMY
 (almost muttering to
 himself)
 Big Sandy....

Quinn and Wade look at Tommy, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wade and Quinn are having a heated discussion with Sheriff Tobey. Tommy is off to the side.

SHERIFF
 I'm glad to see you kids getting into the spirit of the Big Sandy legend and all, but as far as....

WADE
 But it was Big Sandy, Sheriff! Even Tommy thinks so!

This doesn't sit too well with the Sheriff, who shoots Tommy an annoyed look, then breaks into a big grin.

SHERIFF
 Is that what you think, Tommy? That Big Sandy 'gobbled up' their little friend?

Tommy picks up on the Sheriff's kidding tone, plays along.

TOMMY
 Well, I was really just humoring them, Sheriff. You know me.

The Sheriff is pleased to hear it; Wade is outraged.

WADE
 Humoring us!?! Tommy, you were there! You saw it!

TOMMY
 (to Quinn)
 You were there, too. What'd you see?

Quinn is on the spot: He wants to support Wade, but he's very reluctant to accept that it was Big Sandy.

QUINN

Well, like you pointed out, it was pretty dark out there....

WADE

I don't believe you guys!

SHERIFF

(to Quinn)

Look, why don't you folks wait'll tomorrow? Dollars to donuts she turns up, good as new. If she doesn't, then we'll talk about a search party. Deal?

Wade is looking really upset. Quinn rises to the occasion, confronts the Sheriff.

QUINN

Something happened out there, Sheriff! I mean Laurie didn't just scream for no reason and then vanish, did she?!

The Sheriff shrugs, then:

SHERIFF

Tell you the truth, I didn't really know her all that well. Did you?

Off Quinn's frustrated look, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wade is walking along with Arturo.

WADE

And the Sheriff just thought we were idiots!

ARTURO

You say you'd had a couple of glasses of wine?

WADE

Well...yes...but that doesn't change what I saw, Professor. And Quinn was there, too!

ARTURO

Does he agree that it was this 'Big Sandy' creature?

WADE

Well...not exactly. But he did see Laurie disappear.

ARTURO

Hmm...Very puzzling indeed, Miss Welles.

WADE

There's something creepy going on in this town, that much I'm sure of.

They have stopped outside the Big Sandy Pawnshop. Arturo looks in the window.

ARTURO

Ah! Excellent!

INT. BIG SANDY PAWNSHOP - DAY

They enter. MR. CUTLER, an elderly pawnbroker, approaches.

CUTLER

Looking for anything in particular?

ARTURO

(pointing to window)
That microscope. May I?

CUTLER

Never hurts to look.

As Cutler goes to get it:

ARTURO

It's just what I need to examine that rock more closely.

WADE

You and that rock....

Cutler returns with the microscope, hands it to Arturo.

CUTLER

There we are.

Cutler hands it to Arturo, who looks through the eyepiece. Meanwhile Wade, still agitated, paces inside the shop. She spots a small camcorder lying on a shelf. Intrigued, she picks it up, turns it over.

INSERT - CAMCORDER

Into the handle are scratched the initials: "M.E."

RESUME SCENE

Wade flips open the side: No tape. She shows the handle to Arturo.

WADE

(sotto)

Look. 'M.E.' That could be Michael Eagle.

ARTURO

Interesting.

WADE

Have you had this long?

CUTLER

Few days. Kid who pawned it needed some cash to move on. He was headed toward San Diego. Nice fella. Here's the pawn ticket.

Cutler fishes out a ticket stub, shows it to Arturo and Wade.

ARTURO

You seem to remember a great deal about this person.

CUTLER

Guess I'm just a people person.

Arturo considers this, returns the camcorder to Cutler.

ARTURO

I'll take the microscope. Have you any slides or chemicals to go with it?

CUTLER

Just what's there.

ARTURO

Very well. I shall have to order them.

Arturo hands Cutler some money, gathers up the microscope.

CUTLER

Thanks. You folks come back again.

When they turn to go, Cutler's smile vanishes. At the door:

ARTURO

(sotto)

I think perhaps there is something odd about this town, Miss Welles.

Wade looks enormously relieved at having Arturo validate her assessment.

ARTURO

Let's see what Mr. Brown and Mr. Mallory have unearthed at the beach.

And off they go.

INT. BIG SANDY TRADING POST - DAY

A NATIVE-AMERICAN MOTHER is trying to drag her SCREAMING KIDS away from the toys. Quinn and Remy are at a table, looking over menus.

REMBRANDT

Man, those tracks in the sand were weird. And they just...ended! Like whatever made 'em flew away.

QUINN

Or went underground. And what about that big depression that was left in the sand?

Remy sets his menu down, looks at Quinn.

REMBRANDT

I gotta ask you straight out, Q-ball, are you really buying into all this Big Sandy stuff?

QUINN

I don't know, Remmy. The rational part of me says it's ridiculous. Then there's that part of me that wants to know what the hell happened to Laurie.

A silent beat as they ponder this, which is suddenly shattered by the sound of two coffee mugs being slammed down on the table by the overly friendly Len Erickson.

ERICKSON

Y'know, fellas, I've lived here all my life, and it's been my experience that there's just something about this place that makes people think they've really seen Big Sandy.

REMBRANDT

You mean the power of suggestion?

ERICKSON

Exactly. Now I don't want this to get around, 'cause it might put a damper on the tourist business, but more often than not, there's a perfectly ordinary explanation for what might seem like strange goings-on. Take your ladyfriend.

QUINN

(perking up)

Laurie? What about her?

ERICKSON

She came in here 'bout a half-hour ago, grabbed a cup of joe, and headed for the bus. Not very mysterious, is it?

Quinn looks at him skeptically. Then an elderly woman at a nearby booth, MRS. TREMAYNE, turns and smiles:

MRS. TREMAYNE

I hope I'm not intruding on you gentlemen, but I saw her leave, too. Sweet girl.

Quinn and Remmy look around. Others are nodding in agreement. Quinn smiles slightly; Remmy leans in.

REMBRANDT

(sotto)

They're tryin' awfully hard to get us
to believe she left town.

QUINN

(sotto)

Excellent deduction, my dear Watson.

Wade and Arturo enter and join them at the table, pick up
menus. But Quinn gets up to leave.

QUINN

(sotto to Wade)

Order to go....

Wade looks a little puzzled: They just got there. Then
she follows Quinn's gaze to see Tommy and Maggie across
the shop.

Wade and Tommy lock looks. He smiles, then looks over to
Erickson, who's scowling. Tommy's smile drops, he looks
away from Wade without saying a word, exits with Maggie
into the back room. Wade notices Erickson's glare.

EXT. BIG SANDY TRADING POST - DAY

Quinn and Remmy hear Wade's account of things.

WADE

And as soon as Tommy saw Erickson
glaring at him, he made a bee-line
into the back room. Like he's afraid
of him or something.

Quinn considers this. Arturo exits the trading post,
joins up with the others.

ARTURO

I've sent for a chemical kit to help
me analyze that rock. It should
arrive tomorrow.

QUINN

You're really getting my money's worth
out of that rock, Professor.

ARTURO

Indeed, Mr. Mallory. Your dollar was
well spent.

They walk down the street. Various people watch them as they go.

QUINN
This is a weird place.

WADE
You're just noticing?

REMBRANDT
I say we take off.

QUINN
I'm with you -- except we owe it to Laurie to find out what happened.

WADE
Agreed.

ARTURO
But let's be on our guard. I get the distinct impression we're not making a great many friends here.

As they stroll, people continue to give them odd looks and whisper to one another. They turn a corner and, as they pass an alley at the back of the trading post:

EXT. TRADING POST - ALLEY AREA - DAY

Maggie is sitting on the ground, absently drawing strange pictures with crayons: Something long and slug-like; a huge black mouth with large, sharp teeth; pools of blue liquid.

QUINN
There's Erickson's daughter.

WADE
You guys stay here.

Wade approaches Maggie cautiously, as if she were trying to keep from frightening off a fawn.

WADE
Hi, Maggie. I'm Wade.

Maggie doesn't look up from her drawings.

WADE

Can I see your pictures?

Maggie doesn't say anything, nor does she prevent Wade from looking at them. Wade studies them, smiles.

WADE

They're very good.

Suddenly, Maggie is very upset, starts babbling.

MAGGIE

Not good! Bad! Big Sandy! Bad!
Frank Ottawa! Down! Susan Blue Sky!
Down! Michael Eagle! Down, down,
down!

Quinn approaches cautiously.

QUINN

What about Michael Eagle? What
happened to him, Maggie?

She shrugs shyly.

MAGGIE

Not go away....

QUINN

You mean he didn't go away or we
shouldn't go away?

Ignoring the question, she returns to her drawings, muttering:

MAGGIE

Secrets...secrets...shhh.....

Tommy comes out the back entrance of the trading post.

TOMMY

(loudly)

Oh, there you are, Maggie!

Tommy waits until the door closes behind him, looks around to make sure they're not being watched. He looks at Wade, but is quietly addressing them all.

TOMMY

You're right. Something is happening
in this town. But you've got to ---

ERICKSON (O.C.)

(booming)

Maggie! Are you out here, honey?!

Tommy cowers at the sound of Erickson's voice.

TOMMY

(sotto)

Look, I can't talk here. Meet me at
the viewpoint tonight at seven. I'll
explain everything.

WADE

But ---

TOMMY

Get out of here, Wade, now!

They don't have to be told twice. The Sliders start back toward the street. Erickson comes out the back door of the trading post just as Tommy and Maggie go back in. He spots the Sliders down at the other end of the alley, looks very displeased as he looks back towards Tommy and Maggie and reenters the trading post.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

It's the spot where Laurie disappeared the night before. The Sliders, flashlights in hand, scan the area. Arturo has his light trained on the sand. Some of the grains begin to glow.

ARTURO

Look! Those granules are glowing in
precisely the same manner as that
souvenir rock you purchased.

QUINN

Notice anything else unusual?

REMBRANDT

I don't.

QUINN

Remember those tracks you saw?

Remmy looks around the sand.

REMBRANDT

They're gone!

WADE

Maybe the tide washed them away.

ARTURO

The tide doesn't get up this far.

QUINN

I think they were deliberately smoothed over.

WADE

I don't like this, Quinn.

QUINN

Who said anything about liking it?

Everybody's looking a little uneasy by this point.

REMBRANDT

What time is it, anyway?

QUINN

(checking his watch)

Quarter to eight. I don't think he's gonna show.

WADE

But he said he'd meet us!

ARTURO

Miss Welles, in this town there appears to be a great discrepancy between what people say and what they mean.

WADE

You're right. Let's pack it in.

They start off toward the cliff. Suddenly the ground begins to RUMBLE behind them.

QUINN

What's that?

ARTURO

Earthquake?

Remmy and Wade turn to look. Nothing but darkness. The Sliders continue on, toward the cliff. Behind them, we see the VAGUE OUTLINE of a large, shadowy figure, looming in the distance. Then we HEAR the RUMBLING again. Frightened, they scamper up the hill as if their lives depended on it -- and they just might!

The camera pans over to the area where they had been standing. We see the GROUND RIPPLING below the very spot where they'd just been standing!

INT. ERICKSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Very well-furnished. It's clear he's well-off for a local. Len Erickson, Sheriff Tobey, and a few other citizens are having a town council meeting. Erickson is in charge. Tommy Whitmore is tied to a chair, a gag in his mouth.

The citizens are very agitated, murmuring amongst themselves. One of them, TED CARLSON, speaks up.

CARLSON

We've gotta do something, Len! Malibu can't afford to lose the tourist trade!

Another citizen, DICK AGAR, chimes in.

AGAR

Carlson's right! They're our life blood. You know that, Len!

Erickson holds up his hand. The hubbub subsides.

ERICKSON

Relax, Dick...Ted...I've got a plan.

The citizens simmer down.

ERICKSON

(indicating Tommy)

As you all know, Mr. Whitmore here has violated the code of secrecy.

The citizens murmur in agreement, glare at Tommy.

ERICKSON

He has shared with the intruders. His punishment is clear: He will be sacrificed.

They gasp in disbelief.

AGAR

We can't do that to one of our own, Len.

SHERIFF

Agar's right. It's one thing to sacrifice some of the drifters and riff-raff that pass through town, but this!

ERICKSON

Desperate times call for desperate measures, gentlemen. Big Sandy must be kept happy or she'll chase all the tourists away. She must be pacified...

(looks to Tommy)

...at all costs.

Tommy struggles mightily, tries to plead with them through the gag in his mouth, but it's no use. The citizens begrudgingly accept Erickson's logic as Agar and Carlson drag Tommy away.

Camera pans to find Maggie on the stairwell, eyes wild with terror and sadness that her friend, Tommy, is doomed. She mutters to herself:

MAGGIE

Tommy...friend...No...no...no...Big Sandy...no...no...no....

Off Maggie's sad and frightened muttering, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

INT. BIG SANDY INN - HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Quinn exits the bedroom to find Arturo setting up the microscope and chemistry set, with various flasks, test tubes, and a Bunsen burner, plus about 30 or 40 different rock samples. Using a file, he shaves some particles from one of the rocks into a beaker of reddish liquid.

QUINN

What're you working on, Professor?

ARTURO

I'd rather not say until I've thoroughly tested my theory.

QUINN

Have you seen Wade and Remmy?

ARTURO

I believe they've gone to young Mr. Whitmore's house to find out what became of him.

QUINN

Is Wade saying it was Big Sandy?

ARTURO

(nodding)

I never realized Miss Welles could be so gullible.

QUINN

I've got to admit, I'm starting to wonder about things myself.

Arturo looks up from his tinkering.

ARTURO

Really, Mr. Mallory, I'm surprised at you. A man of science.

QUINN

You're a man of science. Can you prove there's nothing down in Loch Ness, or guarantee me that Big Foot doesn't exist?

ARTURO

I can't guarantee you a thing, Mr. Mallory, but my considered opinion is it's all a lot of rubbish.

QUINN

But you agree something's going on in this town.

ARTURO

I believe something peculiar is at work, but ascribing it to a mythological creature is akin to blaming thunderstorms on an angry Zeus! I'm certain when all is said and done, there will be a perfectly logical explanation for everything. Now if you'll excuse me....

Arturo returns to his work; Quinn considers the situation.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL STREET - SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Tommy's convertible is in the driveway. Wade and Remmy knock on the front door. Tommy's father, MR. WHITMORE, fiftyish and a little surly, opens the door, wearing a T-shirt and well-worn slacks.

WADE

Mr. Whitmore?

WHITMORE

(eyeing them
suspiciously)

Who are you?

WADE

I'm Wade Welles and this is Rembrandt Brown. We're friends of Tommy's.

WHITMORE

I've never heard of you.

REMBRANDT

We haven't been in town all that long.

WADE

Is Tommy home?

WHITMORE

He left town last night.

Wade and Remmy exchange a look, glance at Tommy's convertible in the driveway.

REMBRANDT

Isn't that his car?

WHITMORE

He...took the bus.

WADE

But ---

Whitmore betrays a trace of fear as he closes the door in their faces:

WHITMORE

Listen, if you're smart, you'll leave it alone.

WADE

Leave what alone?

But the door is closed. Wade heaves a frustrated sigh.

EXT. BIG SANDY TRADING POST - EARLY AFTERNOON

Remmy and Wade are at the front door, talking with Quinn.

WADE

Tommy's father says he left town.

REMBRANDT

But you could tell he was lying.

WADE

Lying and scared.

QUINN

No one in this town seems to be telling the truth. I mean, if your own son's missing, wouldn't you report it to the police?

REMBRANDT

I say we discuss it over coffee.

As they prepare to enter, Erickson steps outside of the trading post, blocking their path. He's still trying to keep up the friendly demeanor.

ERICKSON

Sorry, folks. We're closed today.

Quinn looks past him, sees people inside.

QUINN

Looks like you forgot to tell your customers.

ERICKSON

(smiles)

Like I said, we're closed. Matter of fact, there's not much open today, so you'd probably be a lot happier if you just pushed on to another reservation. There's a bus leaving for Beverly Hills at three.

QUINN

But ---

ERICKSON

Have a nice day.

Erickson enters the trading post, pulling the door closed behind him. The Sliders stand there, uncertain what their next move should be. Just then, Maggie comes around the corner wearing a large, open sweater. She curls a beckoning finger at Wade. They head in Maggie's direction.

EXT. BIG SANDY TRADING POST - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Maggie shows Wade another picture.

INSERT - PICTURE

We can make out the ocean, the beach, a rocky cove and a cave with the word "SECRETS" written inside.

RESUME SCENE

Wade looks at the picture, then sizes up Maggie's demeanor.

WADE

Maggie, you've seen Big Sandy, haven't you?

Maggie's eyes well up; she starts to tremble.

WADE

(sotto to others)

It's obvious she's in shock.

Quinn is still fighting it.

QUINN

Lots of things could cause shock. It doesn't necessarily mean it was Big Sandy.

WADE

Big Sandy or not, something has traumatized her.

QUINN

(to Maggie; indicating picture)

Do you think you could take us there?

Maggie gets even more agitated at Quinn's question.

MAGGIE

Tommy! Tommy! Tommy!

WADE

We're trying to find Tommy. Believe me.

MAGGIE

(opening her arms)

Big Sandy!

As she opens her arms to indicate Big Sandy's size, something drops out from inside her sweater. Quinn picks it up. It's a videocassette.

QUINN

A videocassette.

WADE

Where did you get this?

Maggie looks at the cassette.

MAGGIE

Stoled it from my daddy. Don't tell.
Don't tell.

QUINN

If that came from Michael Eagle's
camera....

WADE

Maggie, can we borrow this? Just for
a little while.

Maggie smiles and nods, hands Wade the drawing as well.

WADE

We'll find Tommy. Don't you worry.

Maggie hugs Wade and the tears flow freely.

INT. BIG SANDY INN - HOTEL ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Quinn, Remmy and Wade enter to find Arturo with a pile of
split rocks, excited.

ARTURO

It's about time you people showed up!

QUINN

Find anything interesting?

ARTURO

'Interesting'?! Now there's an
understatement! That rock you
purchased?

QUINN

The 'official' Big Sandy rock?

ARTURO

(nodding)

I've made extensive tests and have proven conclusively that this rock is not from here.

REMBRANDT

You mean from Malibu?

ARTURO

I mean from earth!

Wade and Remmy exchange a look; Quinn hedges.

QUINN

Meteorites are nothing new.

ARTURO

It's not a meteorite -- at least not as we know them. The outer shell doesn't contain nickel or iron. As a matter of fact, it isn't made from any metallic elements known on earth.

QUINN

You tested it thoroughly?

Arturo looks at Quinn as if to say: Are you doubting my competence?

ARTURO

What's more, there's a fossilized substance inside the rock that appears to be a mixture of nitrogen, hydrogen and oxygen particles.

REMBRANDT

Meaning -- ?

QUINN

Meaning those are the building blocks of life.

ARTURO

Precisely. Wherever these rocks are from, it's possible they did not come...alone.

The significance of this sinks in a beat, then:

WADE

That reminds me. The tape.

ARTURO

What tape?

QUINN

Erickson's daughter had this on her.
It might be from Michael Eagle's
camcorder.

Quinn produces the videocassette that Maggie had, pops it into the hotel room's VCR, turns on the set.

ANGLE - THE TV MONITOR

There's hash at first, which unscrambles to show MICHAEL EAGLE, 30, whom we recognize from Laurie's snapshot. It's fairly dark where he's standing, but we can make out some of the beach terrain.

MICHAEL

(from TV)

Hi! I hope this comes out, 'cause it's pretty dark and I didn't bring my floods. Anyway, I'm standing on the beach at the Malibu Reservation, home of the legendary Big Sandy! Haven't seen anything unusual up till now, and if I'm lucky, I won't!

WADE

Quinn, look! Those rocks! That cave!

QUINN

It's just like Maggie's drawing!

MICHAEL

(from TV)

Now I'm gonna pick up the camera and see if I can't swing around and...wait a minute....

Michael looks around, seems a little on edge.

MICHAEL

(from TV)

Guess I'm a little jumpy. Anyway, I want to show some of the...ohmigod!

Michael's eyes grow wide. The camera jiggles violently for a beat, then goes to hash. Quinn turns it off.

WADE

He saw something out there....

QUINN

(nodding)

If we hurry, we can check out that location before it gets too dark.

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory, that videotape is hardly conclusive evidence that ---

QUINN

The more we talk, the darker it's gonna get.

Arturo sighs, throws in with the others.

EXT. BEACH - BARELY DUSK

The Sliders are there, flashlights in hand. Wade is holding hers on Maggie's drawing of the cave, comparing it to the terrain. Quinn surveys the area.

QUINN

I think he must've been standing somewhere over there when he made that tape.

WADE

And there should be some sort of entrance to the cave around here, if Maggie's drawing is accurate.

ARTURO

I can't believe we're relying on the drawings of an emotionally disturbed young girl and a poorly shot home movie!

REMBRANDT

It's all we've got.

ARTURO

(sighs)

Well, whatever we find, at least it'll put an end to all this nonsense!

QUINN

'Nonsense!' This from a man who
thinks he found evidence of life on
other planets inside a souvenir rock!

Arturo doesn't want to get into an argument. He aims his flashlight at the sand, causing some mineral fragments to glow, just as before.

ARTURO

Look! More of those peculiar
iridescent granules!

QUINN

And they seem to lead off in that
direction.

As the amateur sleuths begin to follow the trail in the direction of a rocky cove, the ground begins to RUMBLE and the sand begins to RIPPLE. Suddenly:

BIG SANDY

BURSTS through the sand, emitting a ghastly ROAR that is unlike any animal we've ever heard before! She's just as horrifying as advertised: A twenty-foot-tall, black, slug-like "sand serpent" with piercing red eyes, rows of sharp fangs, and dripping a bluish goo.

ARTURO

Good heavens!

Big Sandy is about to snatch Wade in her massive jaws, when Remmy pushes her out of the way. Now bearing down on Remmy, Big Sandy coils around him like some gigantic boa constrictor. Remmy struggles to free himself.

REMBRANDT

Ahhhh!!!!

QUINN

Remmy!

WADE

Do something!

But it's too late. With Remmy still struggling, Big Sandy takes off like a shot, pulling Remmy along, almost as if he were water-skiing on sand!

REMBRANDT

Help!!!

QUINN

Remmy!!!!!!

In an instant, Big Sandy and Remmy DISAPPEAR from sight, leaving Quinn, Wade, and Arturo totally stunned. On their incredulous looks, we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

EXT. BEACH - DUSK - A MOMENT LATER

Still shaken, Quinn, Wade and Arturo frantically train their flashlights on the sand and begin to follow Big Sandy's distinctive trail. Iridescent granules sparkle from the lights along the way.

QUINN

This way!

A short distance away, the trail ends abruptly and the sand is smooth and undisturbed.

ARTURO

It just ends! There's no sign of them!

WADE

Do you believe in Big Sandy yet, Professor?

ARTURO

I don't wish to discuss it. We must find that beast as soon as possible. And we must pray that Mr. Brown is still alive.

QUINN

(to Wade)

Let me see Maggie's drawing.

Wade hands it to Quinn, who looks off into the distance.

QUINN

That way....

As they trudge onward:

EXT. BIG SANDY VIEWING AREA - DUSK

It's empty except for one car. Sheriff Tobey pulls up, gets out, checks out the other car, crosses to the viewpoint and the line of coin-operated telescopes. He scans the area.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - ON THE BEACH

A trio of flashlight beams bob along the sand some distance ahead.

RESUME SHERIFF

He puts a quarter into a telescope, peers through it to get a better view.

HIS POINT OF VIEW - BINO MATTE

A clearer, closer view of the three Sliders as they trudge along the sand, finally disappearing around a rocky cove.

RESUME SHERIFF

He reaches into his car and grabs the phone, punches up a number, waits a beat.

SHERIFF

(into phone)

Len? Tobey. You better get down here a.s.a.p. They've found the cave.

EXT. CAVE - DUSK

The Sliders have located the cave entrance. At the opening are a long, extendable, grasping pole and remnants of clothing, torn to shreds. They survey these, then:

WADE

You don't think they've been intentionally feeding it, do you?

ARTURO

Given the fact that this creature exists at all, I'm afraid anything is possible, Miss Welles!

QUINN

If either of you wants out, I'll understand.

Wade and Arturo exchange looks; they're all in this together.

ARTURO

No. We owe it to Mr. Brown to do everything within our power to locate him.

Quinn nods. Warily, with flashlights lit, they enter the cave.

INT. CAVE - DUSK

They have entered a passageway that leads them to a larger opening. As they carefully make their way along, the ground RUMBLES. Dirt falls from the ceiling. They look around, frightened.

Further along is another, darker passageway. With Quinn leading the trio, they start down it.

WADE

There's no telling what we're liable to find down there.

QUINN

Let's hope it's Remmy.

ARTURO

And that he's alive.

Quinn shoots Arturo a look; he's right. Onward they go.

EXT. BIG SANDY VIEWING AREA - NIGHT

Erickson pulls up next to the Sheriff's car, gets out.

ERICKSON

How long have they been down there?

SHERIFF

(checks watch)

'Bout ten minutes.

Erickson opens the trunk of his car, removes a box of explosives, closes the trunk. The Sheriff reacts.

SHERIFF

Hold on a minute, Len. What're you doing?

ERICKSON

This problem's gone on too long. It was one thing when she fed once a month. That was 'manageable.' But lately she's gotten too greedy. There's no telling when she's gonna leave this area and come right into town. I can't run that risk.

SHERIFF

So you're just gonna blow her up?

ERICKSON

You got a better idea?

SHERIFF

It just doesn't seem right, Len. Besides, you'll be blowing up Malibu's main attraction.

ERICKSON

So we'll mount the head and put it on display at the museum. Tourists will still come to see that and we won't have to worry anymore.

The Sheriff is still conflicted about all this.

SHERIFF

What about those people? You just gonna blow them up, too?

ERICKSON

(nonchalant shrug)

When we discovered Big Sandy's been eating people, we acted in the best interest of the reservation. How were we to know anybody was down there?

Erickson returns to checking out the explosives; Sheriff Tobey still has mixed feelings.

INT. CAVE - ANOTHER AREA - NIGHT

Quinn, Wade and Arturo move along warily. Wade wrinkles her nose.

WADE

Phew! What is that?

QUINN
Smells like sulfur.

Arturo trains his flashlight on the cavern walls, illuminating some bluish slime. And the ground is littered with more of those sparkly particles we've been seeing.

ARTURO
More of those iridescent particles. I wonder if they're 'associated' with Big Sandy.

WADE
Are you saying you think that 'thing' is from outer space?

ARTURO
I prefer to reserve judgment on that for the time being.

The vibrations return, but seem to be moving away from their present location.

QUINN
She's moving away from us.

WADE
Are you sure?

He'd love to say so, but:

QUINN
No.

Cautiously, they emerge into:

ANOTHER AREA

This is an even larger "room." They flash their lights around, illuminating about half a dozen gooey cocoons suspended from the low cave ceiling. The cocoons are about six feet long, and are bluish and translucent. At this point, we can't tell what's inside of them.

WADE
Ecch! What are those?

ARTURO
Some sort of cocoons.

And on the cave floor, further ahead, is a nest of large, black eggs, each about four inches in length. Hundreds of them blanket the floor. The eggs appear to "breathe" through their leathery shells as they gestate. It's a very eerie tableau.

WADE

Those look like eggs.

QUINN

But no sign of Remmy.

WADE

Not yet, anyway.

ARTURO

Good heavens.

QUINN

What?

ARTURO

She's spawning! We must've stumbled onto her nest.

QUINN

But if she lays eggs, then what's in those cocoons?

They train their flashlights on the closest cocoon. Through the illuminated membrane, we can now make out the figure of Tommy Whitmore, whose fists bang silently on the walls of his cocoon. Apparently sound cannot travel through the cocoon membrane.

WADE

Tommy!

He's trapped inside the gooey cocoon -- but at least he's alive! Tommy tries to speak to them, but we can hear nothing.

They flash their lights on the other cocoons, illuminating Laurie and Michael Eagle -- and Rembrandt Brown!

QUINN

Remmy!

They're all alive, mercifully, but unable to escape or communicate.

Arturo takes a knife out of his pocket, slices Remmy out of his gelatinous shroud. Although drenched in blue goo and sand, Remmy seems fairly intact.

REMBRANDT

Oh man, am I glad to see you guys!

ARTURO

The feeling is mutual, Mr. Brown! It appears Big Sandy has been stockpiling food for when her babies hatch.

REMBRANDT

And I was on the menu? No thanks!

QUINN

We'd better get rid of those eggs before they hatch!

ARTURO

But is it right to destroy a life form that may very well be from another planet?

WADE

I hadn't thought of it that way.

REMBRANDT

Well I'm all for it.

QUINN

Me, too. If those eggs hatch, there'll be no one left on the reservation -- maybe not for hundreds of miles around!

ARTURO

An excellent point, Mr. Mallory. It's just that I don't relish playing God.

ERICKSON (O.C.)

If you don't think you're right for the part, I'd be happy to play it!

They turn to see Erickson and the Sheriff, who have just entered the cavern. Quinn notes the explosives.

QUINN

Erickson! What are you doing here?

ERICKSON

Blowing everything to kingdom come.
Wanna watch?

WADE

But why?

ERICKSON

To save the town. Any objections?

QUINN

Just a few!

Quinn starts for Erickson, but the Sheriff pulls out a pistol and holds it on Quinn.

SHERIFF

I wouldn't.

Quinn stops. Erickson places a couple of TNT charges around the periphery of the cavernous room. Suddenly, the ground RUMBLES. Quinn puts his hand on the cave wall, senses something.

QUINN

(to Erickson)

Look, I'm all for blowing the place up, but you don't want murder on your hands, do you?

ERICKSON

Doesn't bother me, one way or the other.

QUINN

Let us go. We won't say anything.
We're on our way out of town anyway.

Quinn has gradually been backing the Sliders away from the eggs, where Erickson and the Sheriff are standing.

ERICKSON

I told you to move on before and you wouldn't listen to me. Now it's too late. I can't afford to let you go.
Sorry.

(to Sheriff)

Make sure they don't suffer.

The Sheriff hesitates, lowers his pistol slightly.

SHERIFF

Len, this is cold-blooded murder!

ERICKSON

What the hell difference does it make,
Tobey? They're all gonna be blown to
bits in a couple of minutes anyway!

Reluctantly, the Sheriff draws a bead on Quinn. Just as his finger begins to squeeze the trigger, the ground RUMBLES and the earth begins to give way beneath Erickson and Sheriff Tobey.

SHERIFF

What the -- ?

Suddenly, Big Sandy's head BLASTS up through the sandy ground, enormous jaws gaping. Seeing intruders near her precious eggs, she ROARS angrily and CHOMPS down on Erickson and the Sheriff in one large bite. They SCREAM in agony and terror. Just as suddenly, her head disappears underground, pulling the bad guys with her. The rumbling becomes fainter and fainter, and then all is serene.

The Sliders stand there a moment in shock; it's not as though they've gotten used to Big Sandy's ways. Arturo looks over at the other cocoons, motions to the others.

ARTURO

Quickly! We must free the others
before she returns for us!

Quinn, Wade and Remmy snap out of it, rush to help Arturo tear open the other cocoons.

LAURIE

Quinn! Thank you!

Laurie hugs Quinn. As the others are freed from their gooey cocoons:

ARTURO

Please, Miss Eagle! There'll be time
for that later!

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - A MOMENT LATER

Quinn helps Laurie out of the cave. Arturo helps Michael and Remmy. Tommy and Wade are last in line. Just as Wade is about to exit the mouth of the cave, we hear Big

Sandy ROARING from within the cave. The ground TREMBLES. Quinn picks up the detonator that Erickson left outside.

QUINN

Wade! Hurry!

Just as Wade clears the cave entrance, Quinn pulls out the firing mechanism and twists the knob.

From inside the cave comes a THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION. A huge burst of dirt and smoke blasts out of the cave, followed by a terrific FIREBALL.

WADE

You think that did the trick?

QUINN

I can't imagine anything surviving that blast, or the fire.

Laurie and Michael finally have a chance to hug.

MICHAEL

I can't believe I'm alive.

LAURIE

None of us can.

Wade turns to Tommy.

WADE

Could you tell what was happening through that cocoon?

TOMMY

Yeah.

WADE

Then you saw that those guys were gonna kill us?

Tommy nods.

TOMMY

They got what they deserved. Erickson ran this town like he owned it. He left me for Big Sandy to take care of, just because I talked to you guys. I say good riddance.

WADE

What's going to happen to Maggie, now
that her dad's gone?

TOMMY

I'll look after her. She'll be okay.

Wade nods. With Quinn leading the way, the group starts
back toward town. Rembrandt is still covered in blue
goo and sand. As they depart:

REMBRANDT

Hey Q-ball, how long until the next
slide?

QUINN

There's enough time for a nice, hot
shower, if that's what you're
wondering.

REMBRANDT

You read my mind....

Camera follows them a beat, then moves back into the
cave.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

We find the cave totally devastated and the eggs blown to
bits. Ooze, slime and rocks are all over the place. Off
to one side, the massive, charred carcass of Big Sandy
rolls to one side, revealing, in her dying moment, that
she has managed to shield one last egg from devastation.

Hold on the egg, as it begins to "breathe." We realize
that, although Big Sandy has been destroyed, a Little
Sandy will emerge soon to take her place.

FADE OUT

THE END