

SLIDERS

*"Invasion"*

by

Tracy Torme

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"Invasion"

Teaser

FADE IN ON:

THE SLIDING TUNNEL

as we hurtle down its multi-colored borders, before blasting out of the shock white opening at tunnel's end.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - ONE BY ONE

THE SLIDERS

tumble down in the middle of an empty street.

QUINN, WADE and ARTURO

land roughly on the cracked asphalt.

REMBRANDT

is the last to arrive, but his landing is blissfully painless, due to a motley collection of cushions and pillows he's taped to his elbows and knees.

As the others take stock of scrapes and bruises, Rembrandt CACKLES with glee and removes his "Sliding Goggles".

REMBRANDT

Hah! You all laughed, but now  
I've proven that my design  
works.

(with pride)

Yes sir, Rembrandt Brown's  
Sliding Pads - a must for the  
serious Slider. This invention  
is gonna make me a fortune when  
we get back home!

As Rembrandt undoes the pads, he soon realizes that no one's putting up an argument - Arturo and Wade are silent, studying their immediate surroundings as they absently rub sore elbows and knees.

SLIDERS POV: San Francisco is deathly still, no sign of traffic, none of the usual urban rumble.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Gee... things seem a little  
quiet on this world.

WADE

Too quiet.

ARTURO

Much too quiet.

All the joy is gone from Rembrandt - now he notices that Quinn is staring at the timer, looking worried.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE TIMER

the numbers on the counter are fading in and out and going haywire!

QUINN

Something's interfering with the readout. I can't get a fix on the next window.

ARTURO

Can you pinpoint the source of the interference?

Eyes on the timer, Quinn holds it before him, moving it around as if it were a divination rod. Meanwhile, Wade has zeroed in on another unusual aspect of the deserted city...

WADE

Take a look at this stuff.

Words and slogans have been scrawled in a confusing multi-colored jumble of graffiti across buildings, bus stops and storefront windows: *The End Is Here!* *They're Coming!* and strange, fearful references to someone or something called *The Kromaggs*.

WADE (CONT'D)

What's a Kromagg?

REMBRANDT

(scanning the sky, a touch nervous)

Maybe it's a cross between a crow and a magpie. Some kinda big, man-eating bird.

ARTURO is shooting him a contemptuous frown, putting The Crying Man on the defensive...

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Hey, it's only a theory - you got a better one, let's hear it.

ARTURO

If I had a theory, it couldn't  
help but be a better one.

(to Quinn)

Any luck?

QUINN

It's coming from the north,  
northwest. We'll have to move  
closer, to triangulate the  
exact location.

As they walk that way, Quinn speaks to Arturo covertly...

QUINN (CONT'D)

This is strange, Professor.  
Whatever's affecting the timer  
must be giving off an  
incredibly powerful  
electromagnetic pulse. What  
could do that?

ARTURO has no answer... but as they walk, The Sliders begin to hear a STRANGE SOUND coming from the direction in which they are heading. They exchange glances, instinctively dreading what they are about to encounter.

EXT. DIFFERENT CITY STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS

have journeyed to another section of the city.

THE SOUND

is deafening now, multi-faceted, and unearthly in nature. At its core is A DEEP THROBBING HUM, intermixed with AN ELECTRONIC CRACKLING SOUND. The sound has "stay away" all over it, but THE SLIDERS are forced to move closer.

THE SLIDERS

come around a corner and stop dead in their tracks, amazed by what lies before them.

SLIDERS POV: a huge object, looking like a burnt-crimson-metallic Manta-Ray, is gliding their way, fifty feet above the ground. It floats through the air like a fish through the sea, moving ahead with a smooth, undulating motion.

THE MANTA THING

is venting wanton destruction on the abandoned city. Jagged bolts of blue-white electrical currents are being extracted directly from the street's power lines, while multiple spider-like arms extend from the Manta's body, sucking elements from the air and minerals from the ground.

#### THE SLIDERS

must SHOUT to be heard, all the while eyeing this pillaging spectacle with slack-jawed incredulity and bone chilling apprehension. The Manta thing radiates pure menace.

QUINN

That's the cause of our problems. Its energy displacement is wreaking havoc on the timer!

WADE

Is there anything we can do?

REMBRANDT

I know what we can do! We can get the hell away from that monster!

ARTURO

I concur with Mr. Brown - a rapid retreat would seem the prudent course of action!

QUINN

Too late, it's seen us!

#### THE MANTA THING

has clearly reacted to their presence! Dark red appendages retract into its body as it alters its course and bears down on The Sliders like a great predator moving in for the kill.

#### THE SLIDERS

backpedal... then start to run --

WADE

Do something Quinn! Anything!

Knowing their dilemma is critical, Quinn quits running and spins to face the monster machine that's about to strike.

#### ARTURO

is horrified to look back and see that Quinn is standing directly in the monster's path.

ARTURO

It's no use, Mr. Mallory! Run!  
Run!

But Quinn is intent on standing his ground and looking certain death right in the eye. As the Manta Ship closes in for the kill, we...

FADE TO BLACK:

End Of Teaser

Act One

FADE IN ON:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - QUINN

is in harm's way, about to be blasted out of existence by the Manta Thing. In desperation, he aims the timer toward the approaching menace and hurriedly presses several buttons, in a non-random sequential order.

Amazingly, the Manta Thing starts to shudder and wobble... Its pulsing HUM is replaced by an increasingly urgent HIGH PITCHED WHINE and a MECHANICAL GRINDING SOUND. In quick order, the monstrous device is in serious trouble!

It begins to lose altitude, tilting wildly right, then left, before violently nosediving toward the Earth.

QUINN

flattens himself on the ground as the Manta thing screams over his head, oscillating madly as it races past!

THE OTHER SLIDERS

scatter as the Thing crashes to the Earth, blasting into the asphalt with A MIND-BENDING THUD, and making A METALLIC SHRIEKING SOUND as it skids along, throwing blue sparks into the air. The Thing finally comes to a crumpled halt, its skin reduced to a charred, smoking wreck.

THE SHELL-SHOCKED SLIDERS cautiously come out of hiding... and approach it, congregating near the cracked front section. Slowly, carefully, they move in for a closer look.

REMBRANDT

Shades of David and Goliath...  
(to Quinn)  
...but where's your slingshot?

QUINN

The timer did it!  
(scoping timer)  
And it's working again, the  
interference is gone - just  
forty one minutes to the next  
window!

WADE (CONT'D)  
 (re: Manta  
 Thing)  
 I wonder if anyone...  
 anything's... inside it?

QUINN  
 It could be remotely  
 controlled.

WADE  
 (small shudder)  
 Let's hope so.

QUINN is being beckoned by THE PROFESSOR, who is standing right up against the ruined machine.

As Quinn joins him, Arturo's eyes betray a burning scientific excitement as he removes his handkerchief and runs it along the sizzling hull of the downed Thing...

ARTURO  
 Just look at this... it appears  
 to be some kind of organic  
metal!

QUINN  
 So this ship is... in  
 essence... a living machine.  
Fantastic.

ARTURO  
 Fantastic indeed.  
 (deep breath)  
 Quinn, do you realize what this  
 is? An alien ship at our  
 fingertips!  
 (shaken)  
 And I thought UFO's were space  
 age myths. I was rather vocal  
 about it, to tell the truth.

QUINN  
 (studying it)  
 I've never heard of a UFO that  
 looks quite like this... but  
 when you're talking outer  
 space, anything's possible.

CLARKE (O.S.)  
 But it's not from space. I'm  
 afraid you've got it all wrong.

They turn to see

MR. CLARKE

a stoic, middle-aged black man in a suit and tie, standing in the street behind them.

black  
A

QUINN

I guess... I did.

Clarke's head swivels in Quinn's direction - his gaze is severe.

CLARKE

The Kromaggs aren't going to like this. Not one bit. They will avenge this loss with merciless ferocity.

QUINN AND ARTURO exchange worried glances as Wade and Rembrandt rejoin them, having overheard...

REMBRANDT

Kromaggs, Kromaggs, who the devil are The Kromaggs? Did they build this ship?

CLARKE

Well it wasn't Boeing, my friend.

(looking up,  
worshipful)

Only The Kromaggs... our new masters... could create such a wondrous, destructive thing.

ARTURO

Did I hear you say this is not an interstellar craft?

CLARKE

It's from here man - right here, that's the irony, don't you see?

ARTURO

I'm afraid I don't see. Could you elaborate?

CLARKE backs up, stares at the sky again... nervous and apprehensive.

CLARKE

No. I can't tell you anything further. They might be watching... they might well be watching.

(looks left,  
smiles)

Ah, my lovely daughters have arrived.

TWO WOMEN

have just arrived on the scene - they are both older than Clarke - one is white, the other Asian. Each has a strangely vacant expression on her face - neither seems much interested in The Sliders or the ship.

WADE

You're... their father?

CLARKE

Can't you see the resemblance? I have forty two daughters in all...

(sadly)

... but I'm still waiting for my first boy.

THE SLIDERS suddenly don't know what to make of this man.

ARTURO

Tell me sir, where are you from?

CLARKE

Belleview Hills was my home. But they opened the doors when the Kromaggs came... and now I suppose I am without permanent residence.

(to women)

Come along now girls... we don't want to be here when the vengeful masters arrive.

(bows to  
Sliders)

Good day to you all. May your punishment be relatively painless.

They turn to go - Quinn moves to stop them, as so many questions remain unanswered, but Arturo intervenes.

ARTURO

No, let them go, poor souls.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

(grim)

In our San Francisco, Belleview Hills is an insane asylum. When the invasion began, I'll bet the inmates here were released, as their keepers fled for the hills.

REMBRANDT

So we've been listening to a fruitcake tell us what's what?

ARTURO

So it would seem. But who's to say where that gentleman's sanity ends and his madness begins?

THE PROFESSOR turns his rapt attention back to the great prize that lies before them - the downed Manta Thing.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Back to the task at hand, my friends. We must explore this extraordinary vessel as thoroughly as possible in the scant time we have remaining.

(rubbing hands together)

There is a breach ~~in the outer~~ hull near what ~~must~~ be the control room. I suggest we enter without further delay.

REMBRANDT

Enter? You wanna go inside that horror - are you out of your mind?

WADE

You heard what that guy said, Professor - the stuff about "vengeful masters" about to arrive?

ARTURO

Speculation from the mouth of a madman and not to be trusted.  
We are wasting precious time!

WADE AND REMBRANDT

look to Quinn for support. They don't get it.

QUINN

It is the chance of a lifetime.  
I say let's do it.

Off Wade and Rembrandt's wary reactions we...

CUT TO:

INT. MANTA SHIP/CONTROL ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON A STRANGE THREE-HANDED CLOCK

still running amidst the shattered remains of the Kromagg control room - the second hand is circling the face backwards, with frantic rapidity.

PULL BACK

to see that the rest of the architecture is decidedly alien - lines in the room just don't seem to synch up by our way of thinking.

THE COLOR SCHEME is consistent and disturbing: brooding shades of red and black adorn every wall and console. An undecipherable language is present on panels and beside complex instrumentation.

ANGLE ON THE SLIDERS

who have now entered this strange domain. They are ultra-cautious, fish out of water, taking it all in with awe and incredulity. Odd HISSING SOUNDS that resonate from unseen corners of the room, only heighten their jumpiness.

STAY WITH ARTURO

as he discovers a small shelf-like area featuring several complex maps, as well as a small book made of exotic, wrinkled parchment. He reaches for the book - the moment he lifts it, a KLAXON goes off, accompanied by a synchronous red strobe light.

Startled and unnerved - Arturo hesitates, then decides to pocket the book anyway.

REMBRANDT

What happened?! What is it?

WADE

Some kind of alarm! We'd better get moving --

QUINN

-- Wait, over here!

Their attention is drawn to a corner of the room where Quinn has discovered...

A FIGURE

slumped back in what must be the pilot's chair. Tightly wrapped in a black body suit, its face is hidden behind a strangely angular, black-visored helmet.

The sight of the body, THE BLARING KLAXON, and the strobing light, make this a surreal experience to say the least. Arturo and Quinn look to one another, uncertain of what to do - the urge to flee is strong, but scientific curiosity is stronger.

Bathed in the strobing light, Quinn swivels the chair... and reaches for the visor. He removes it slowly, revealing...

A FACE

that disturbs each of The Sliders on a primal level.

It is largely human, but with a simian definition: eyes wide and menacing, cheekbones high and pronounced, jaw jutting and powerful, teeth sharp and predatory. All in all, an unsettling combination, which the red strobe light only enhances.

REMBRANDT

Okay, we've seen it - and it's  
butt ugly, are you satisfied?  
Now for God's sake let's go!

THE SLIDERS retreat from the control room - but Quinn lingers, unable to take his eyes off the dead pilot. Rembrandt comes back for him, showing good sense as he drags his friend from the room.

XT. STREET WHERE SHIP CRASHED - DAY - THE SLIDERS

ave exited the ship. THE KLAXON can still be heard, coming from the inside, as The Sliders hurry away...

WADE

Did you get a good look at that  
thing? That face... like some  
kind of hideous ape.

ARTURO

But it was far more man than  
monkey. I believe that's what  
makes it so unsettling.

REMBRANDT

(exasperated)

You know what I find  
unsettling? That horn that  
keeps goin' off, that's  
unsettling! What if it's some  
kinda homing device? I don't  
want to be here if more of  
those little monsters arrive!

QUINN

I don't blame you - let's find  
a place to Slide as far away  
from here as possible.

EXT. CITY STREET- MINUTES LATER - THE KLAXON

has faded in the distance.

THE SLIDERS

are moving through the deserted city once again.

WADE

I feel sorry for the people of  
this Earth. They must be  
defenseless against The  
Kromaggs...

(to Quinn)

... but you brought one of  
their ships down without firing  
a shot.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, how'd you do that Q-ball?  
What was the rock in your  
slingshot?

QUINN

Deductive reasoning. Gauging  
the way our timer was being  
affected, I thought the alien  
ship might rely on an energy  
source similar to the one that  
powers open our gateway.

(slight smile)

In other words, we fought fire  
with fire.

THE SLIDERS stop short - the sound of WOMEN'S CAREFREE  
LAUGHTER AND CONVERSATION unexpectedly floats their way,  
coming from beyond the open doors of an abandoned department  
store.

REMBRANDT

Man, that's a sweet sound. A  
normal sound - people.

ARTURO

Yes, but what kind of people?  
They could be more escapees  
from the home.

WADE

There's one way to find out.

WADE

leads the way into the store.

THE OTHERS

hesitate a moment, then follow her inside.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY - THE SLIDERS

have entered the large, abandoned store, and quickly spot  
the source of the merry laughter.

THREE WELL-DRESSED WOMEN

can be seen from a distance. Their backs to us, they are  
shopping in a carefree, breezy manner, moving through the  
abandoned isles.

REMBRANDT

(whispering)

They seem awfully happy,  
considering their world's been  
torn apart. Maybe they are  
crazy.

THE WOMEN

are trying on hats and scarves, and brazenly pulling  
lipsticks and cosmetics from display cases. Still unseen by  
the women, The *SLIDERS* WHISPER to one another...

QUINN

They're looters, pure and  
simple.

WADE

Pretty well-dressed for  
looters.

QUINN

They probably stole what they're wearing. Anyway it's none of our business, let's just go.

QUINN

starts to head for the exit, accidentally bumping into a display of high fashion shoes which partially tumble to the ground.

THE WOMEN

jerk their heads in The Slider's direction - Wade lets out a SHRIEK of surprise - the women's faces are the same gruesome mix of man and monkey. They are all Kromaggs!

THE KROMAGG WOMEN

seem just as startled as The Sliders. But surprise quickly turns to anger and revulsion as the tallest of them points an ugly finger at The Sliders...

KROMAGG WOMAN

Irrssh-shonkkk-eeray-dackkk-Huuman-Huuman!!

Upon hearing the word "human" one of the Kromagg women acts without hesitation - pulling out a wicked looking pistol-like device and firing it at the stunned Sliders. A red laser beam that sears a hole in the wall above their heads, convinces the Sliders that this is another bad place to be. With reckless abandon, they bolt for the door, as another deadly beam nearly clips The Professor.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS ARE IN FLIGHT

pursued by the armed Kromagg women. Quinn, leading the way, spots an alley and beckons the others to duck in behind him. They do so, and - panting, out of breath - they hear their three pursuers race by, angrily SHOUTING threats in their aggressive, unknown language.

QUINN

They'll double back when they don't find us. It's still six minutes to the Slide - we've gotta keep moving.

THE WINDED SLIDERS follow Quinn up the alley.

EXT. MOUTH OF ALLEY - DAY - THE SLIDERS

cautiously exit the alley and pull up short, alarmed when they see where they are.

SLIDERS POV: they are back on the street where the ship crashed.

WADE

Right back where we started.  
But what happened to the klaxon?

REMBRANDT

I can still hear it.

~~REMBRANDT~~ (CONT'D)

(off their  
skepticism)

Look, The Crying Man has the ears of a gifted musician. It's still there, it's just soft... and getting softer.

ARTURO

Perhaps it's losing power.

QUINN

Any sign of our pursuers?

They all look around, shake their heads, relieved for the moment.

QUINN (CONT'D)

Good. We Slide in twelve seconds, let's pray the gate doesn't attract them before it's fully formed.

(looks down at  
counter)

This is one world I wanna leave far behind.

REMBRANDT

Amen.

QUINN anxiously waits for the counter to read ZERO, then presses the button. As the gate begins to form, The Sliders are on guard, looking both ways and praying that the noise and whirlwind caused by the gate's creation doesn't bring their new enemies right to them.

At last Quinn judges the gate to be fully formed.

QUINN  
Now - go, go!

WADE... ARTURO... AND REMBRANDT

leap into the void. Quinn is about to, when he spots something forming in the air between the gate and the downed ship.

To Quinn's astonishment, a blood red gate, nearly identical in form to his own blue one, is taking shape in the sky before him.

QUINN

knows he should flee... but he can't take his eyes off the red gate. And as he watches, spellbound.... another Manta ship begins to come through.

Quinn has a chilling realization. ~~The Kromaggs are Sliders.~~

7 FADE TO BLACK:

End Of Act One

Act Two

FADE IN ON:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - ON QUINN

frozen in his tracks, watching the new Manta ship come through the swirling red gate. This one is much smaller than the crashed ship, but just as menacing.

THE MANTA SHIP

immediately seems to sense Quinn's presence - it veers in his direction! Heart racing, Quinn races for the blue gate, leaping head first into the safety of the void...

CUT TO QUINN'S POV: as he races down the tunnel.

EXT. SIDEWALK/NEW FRANCE - DAY - QUINN

flies out of the gate, landing on a grassy patch of sidewalk, nearly a minute after the others. He looks around and SIGHS a deep sigh of relief as the gate closes up behind him. The day is bright and sunny, the soothing sound of AN ACCORDION is playing in the distance, and most importantly people live here, totally unconcerned about Kromagg invasions.

ARTURO

is in the midst of a heated discussion with a man in a beret, whose two loaves of French bread lie crumpled on the ground. It quickly dawns on Quinn that the argument is in French, and that Arturo is trying to calm the excited gentleman, who is flailing his arms to make his point.

QUINN

glances at Wade and Rembrandt, who can't help but laugh.

REMBRANDT

The Professor landed on that  
poor guy...  
(laughing  
harder)  
... squashed his French bread  
to bits!

The argument is ending - the man takes his wounded bread and goes, but not without a final diatribe aimed at The Professor. An aggravated Arturo rejoins his friends, glowering at Wade and Rembrandt, before addressing Quinn...

ARTURO

Welcome to the city of  
Versailles West, in the country  
of New France. It seems  
Napoleon won at Waterloo, and  
the French rule this planet.

((deep sigh))

This world may turn out to be  
more of a nightmare than the  
last.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY - CLOSE ON RED WINE

being poured into a delicate glass.

PULL BACK

to see that The Sliders are in the midst of a meal at this  
small outdoor cafe.

THE WAITER

addresses Arturo, with a thick French accent...

WAITER

You are English, no?

(dry, amused)

How is that tiny little island?  
It must be wonderful for you,  
to escape its dreary shores and  
come to New France, yes?

ARTURO

(sarcastic)

Oh yes, wonderful.

THE SATISFIED WAITER

exits; Arturo quickly turns his attention back to their  
previous adventure, speaking to his companions with zeal...

ARTURO (CONT'D)

You actually saw another ship  
coming through a new gateway?

QUINN

Yes.

s right in line with what I' e deciphered from this book. The madman we encountered was quite correct! The Kromaggs are not aliens - they are marauding Sliders who are every bit the Earthmen we are.

REMBRANDT

Oh come on, Professor - you saw that monkey face in the ship - not to mention those K-Mart shoppers from Hell! How can you tell me they're from Earth?

ARTURO

Different Earths may have followed different evolutionary paths. Perhaps the Kromaggs are descendents of a line of prehistoric apes that reached a dead end on our Earth.

WADE

(thoughtful)

Well if they really are Sliders... they might pose a danger to our Earth.

ARTURO

Quite correct Miss Welles, they seem to be a society based on conquest. Judging from this book, the Earth we just left is only one of many The Kromaggs have vanquished.

WADE

Then we'd better find home before they do - our world needs to be warned.

QUINN

And we'd better be prepared for them on future Slides. You never know when we might land in the middle of another invasion.

THE WAITER

comes by and refills their glasses. He can't resist another jab at Arturo...

WAITER

Enjoy your meal, English? It must be wonderful to eat real food - not that crappy fish and chips, eh?

ARTURO manages to hold his tongue, countering only with a scowling glare at the grinning waiter's back as he walks away.

WADE

I'm impressed, Professor. No matter how much he taunts you, you keep turning the other cheek.

ARTURO

Patience Miss Welles. Wait till he sees his tip.

REMBRANDT

Speaking of tips - how're we gonna pay for this meal, assuming our greenbacks are meaningless here.

QUINN

That's a good question.  
(wry grin, to Arturo)  
I hope they like your watch, Professor.

OFF ARTURO'S HORRIFIED LOOK, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANTA SHIP/CONTROL ROOM - ON THE THREE HANDED CLOCK whose once-frantic second hand has slowed to a near crawl.

A BONY, TRIPLE JOINTED INDEX FINGER

comes INTO FRAME, touching the second hand and bringing it to a complete halt.

THE FINGER

moves to a triangular video screen next to the clock and pushes its center.

THE SCREEN

comes to life. The image is designed for non-human eyes, flooded in red and strangely distorted, as if seen through a fish-eyed lens shooting through cherry jello - but the four humans on it are still discernable.

THEY'RE THE SLIDERS

taken when they first entered the control room.

WE SEE ARTURO

as he discovers the area with the maps... The finger presses the screen again and THE IMAGE FREEZES.

ANGLE AWAY FROM THE SCREEN

to see TWO KROMAGGS in red uniforms with black vertical slashes on their chests. They are studying the video screen with grim resolve. Something about the frozen image is particularly significant to them.

ON SCREEN:

the frozen image is of Arturo, as he pockets the Kromagg book.

EXT. VERSAILLES WEST/STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS

are walking away from the cafe - Arturo is in a foul mood, and his left wrist is bare.

WADE

Cheer up Professor, it's only a watch.

ARTURO

Only a watch? Woman, that timepiece was worth more than the gross national product of Paraguay!

HIS COMPANIONS

look at one another, trying to suppress their laughter. Arturo is going off, there's no stopping him now...

ARTURO (CONT'D)

The very idea of the French ruling the world is enough to make one lose his lunch, so I shouldn't get too close if I were you. Shifty, backstabbing, iconoclastic, croissant eating nitwits --

The others can't take it - they all burst out laughing.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

-- I see no humor in this!  
We're stuck for thirty two  
hours in French North America.  
I suppose Jerry Lewis is  
President and Jacques Cousteau  
Secretary Of The Navy!

(they laugh  
harder, he is  
not amused)

Trust me my friends, a day with  
the French will make a year  
with The Kromaggs seem like a  
vacation!

REMBRANDT

Stop Professor, you're killin'  
me!

WADE

Yeah, you shoulda saved some of  
those insults for the waiter!

ARTURO

That frog-eating mendicant! I  
wouldn't waste good material on  
the likes of him...

ARTURO

trails off as he notices a disturbance in the air before  
them - A FAINT WHIRLWIND SOUND is growing in intensity.  
Quinn notices it too - he and the Professor share a quick  
look of concern.

A RED SPOT

is forming in the air... it quickly takes cyclonic shape...  
now the other two Sliders are beginning to worry.

WADE

Is that... is that what I think  
it is?

Before anyone can answer, with startling swiftness

A MANTA SHIP

blasts through the fully formed crimson gate.

THE SLIDERS

are caught flat-footed; they turn to run...

WADE (CONT'D)  
/ They followed us here! How?  
How did they do that?

There are no answers at the moment, just the desperate need to get away. But before they can escape, A POWERFUL RED LIGHT, like a shockwave, emanates from the ship and engulfs The Sliders. All four fall to the ground, unconscious.

ANGLE ON THE MOTIONLESS SLIDERS

lying on the sidewalk, still bathed in red light.

BLACK BOOTED FEET COME INTO FRAME

and walk amongst The Sliders, contemptuously moving from Rembrandt... to Wade... and Quinn... before finally stopping at Arturo. One of the boots is use lifeless body, turning it over so that he now rests on his back.

A KROMAGG HAND

searches the Professor, finally finding what it's looking for, and contemptuously pulling the Kromagg book from his pocket.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. MANTA SCOUT SHIP - FADE IN ON QUINN

as he awakens in a standing position. He takes a moment to come to, finding himself in a featureless room. He's aware of A LOW HUM, and he gets the distinct impression that he is inside a moving object. Quinn looks around to discover that the other Sliders are beside him in identical positions, still sleeping, backs to the wall, standing up.

SOMEONE ELSE

is also in the room, standing before them, silently observing The Sliders. The figure is silhouetted in darkness, its features impossible to make out.

Quinn's instinct is to move away from the wall - but as much as he struggles, he finds he can't do it. This is especially perplexing, given that he doesn't seem bound by anything.

He looks at the shadowy figure - it remains motionless... watching...

QUINN  
 (urgent whisper)  
 Guys... guys wake up.

THE OTHER SLIDERS

begin to come around. As their heads clear and their senses return, they have similar reactions - struggling to free themselves, to no avail.

REMBRANDT  
 What gives?! I can't get away  
 from the wall - what's holding  
 us here?

MARY (O.S.)  
 Gravity.

All eyes turn to...

THE FIGURE

standing in the shadows. The voice is soft... female...  
 without malice.

MARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 The Kromaggs are masters of the  
 gravitational sciences. They  
 have learned to harness the  
 Earth as we once harnessed the  
 horse.

She steps out of the shadows... and is not what anyone was  
 expecting.

MARY

is a young Asian-American, beautiful features, soft eyes,  
 long black hair.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry for your  
 discomfort... but it is their  
 way. So it is the only way.

THE SLIDERS

take a moment to look her over. Mary returns their gaze  
 with calm eyes... that betray more than a hint of pity.

MARY  
 My name is Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)

(awkward)

I had a second name once... but they took it from me, and I am not allowed to remember it. The Kromaggs despise the idea of two names. A single name has strength, and definition; Multiple names reek of confusion and repetition, waste and weakness.

ON THE SLIDERS exchanging eye contact with one another - wondering if she's as mad as the three from Belleview Hills. The oddity is, she displays a tone of calm rationality with every word she says, but one gets the feeling that the words have been memorized.

QUINN

Where are we?

MARY

Inside a Kromagg scout ship, travelling through an interdimensional tunnel. You are being transported to Earth one one three - a barren world where intelligent life has never taken hold. The Kromaggs use it as a way station, a strategic dot on the road home.

ARTURO

(covertly)

Do you hear that, Quinn? The Kromaggs can control Sliding.

WADE

(struggling to  
get free)

What do they want with us?

MARY

You are a danger to them - a natural enemy - the first Homo Sapiens they've ever encountered who know the secrets of Earth to Earth travel.

CUT TO THE SAME TWO KROMAGGS

that spotted the Sliders on the video screen. They are standing side by side, secretly monitoring Mary's dialogue with the Sliders, through a two-way glass partition.

QUINN

Can you free us Mary? Can you take us to them, so we can explain we mean no harm.

MARY

No harm? You disabled one of their craft. Killed one of their pilots.

WADE

It was about to attack us - we were defending ourselves!

MARY

The Kromaggs have every right to attack. You have no right to defend.

REMBRANDT

Oh that's a great way of thinking! What are you, some kind of traitor?

CUT BACK INSIDE THE ROOM

where Mary seems surprised, even hurt by his remark. She moves to him, speaking with earnest conviction....

MARY

I serve The Kromaggs. I am their interpreter. The Masters would never lower themselves to speak a Homo Sapien tongue, so they've taught me theirs... and I am honored to know their history and convey their commands.

REMBRANDT

From what we've seen, The Kromaggs are invaders, monsters - they destroy cities and kill people!

MARY

(puzzled, to Rembrandt)

Of course. That is as it should be. The strong take from the meek... and feed on the weak... It is the natural order of things.

(to all)  
I can see there is much you  
need to learn of The Kromaggs.

QUINN seizes on this opportunity, before Wade or Rembrandt  
can offer any further defiance...

QUINN  
Yes Mary... we want to learn.  
Tell us about The Kromaggs.

REMBRANDT AND WADE shoot Quinn a glance, wondering why he is  
following this line of questioning.

QUINN answers it with a look that says - "easy, I know what  
I'm doing".

QUINN (CONT'D)  
When did you first come in  
contact with them?

MOVE IN ON MARY as her mind reels back in time.

MARY  
They announced their presence  
on a foggy San Francisco  
morning. TV and radio, all  
channels. I was only a little  
girl, but I'll never forget the  
fear and excitement that day.

QUINN  
What was their message?

MARY  
The same as it always is - an  
ultimatum, demanding complete,  
immediate, unconditional  
surrender. And, of course,  
their demands were met.

REMBRANDT  
But somebody must've resisted!  
What about the military?

MARY  
The Kromaggs have also mastered  
the hypnogogic sciences. They  
have discovered a way to induce  
hypnotic compliance on a  
massive, worldwide scale.

ARTURO  
(to Quinn,  
covert)

If that's true, it would present them with an awesome power base. They could literally lead people to a cliff and make them jump!

MARY  
When we reach our destination, the Kromaggs will require you to tell them the things they need to know.

THE SLIDERS fall into a worried silence.

QUINN  
Why should we tell them anything? What's in it for us?

MARY  
Two possible fates await you. Assist us, and you will be executed on Earth one one three, quickly and quietly. Resist, and you will be taken back to the city of Urrseel, in the heart of the Kromagg dynasty, where you will be tortured publicly for twenty days and nights, before you die the cruelest of deaths.

REMBRANDT  
That's some choice.

MARY  
The choice is yours.  
(sad eyes but  
calm)  
Death with honor... or death  
with horror.

FADE TO BLACK:

End Of Act Two

Act Three

FADE IN ON:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - ON WADE

sitting in a high-backed chair, in the middle of a featureless room. Her face is beaded with sweat and bathed in a beam of light that steadily changes hues... from red... to purple... green... yellow... orange... etc.

WADE

is weary but defiant, trying her best to hold up against this intense, disorienting means of interrogation.

THE CHAIR

she is in swivels constantly, slowing turning in a clockwise motion. Wade is being questioned by

A FEMALE VOICE

which is strangely soothing, and distorted by ECHO.

WADE

I can't tell you what you want to know. I'm not a scientist.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

Surely you know where your home is.

WADE

No. I don't.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

Have you no memories of your city? Your family?

WADE

Of course I remember them! I think of them all the time... but that doesn't mean I know how to get back.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S.)

Are the four of you the advance scouts of a Sliding army?

WADE

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S.)  
Do the rulers of your world  
have plans to invade The  
Kromagg dynasty?

WADE  
Of course not - they don't even  
know about you!

Silence - the chain of immediate questions is broken,  
leaving Wade with the uneasy feeling that she has  
inadvertently given her interrogators useful information.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S.)  
What are the dilactic  
interdimensional coordinates of  
your home Earth?

WADE  
(frustrated  
sigh)  
I told you, again and again, I  
don't know.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S.)  
If you did know... would you  
tell us?

WADE is momentarily caught off guard with this different  
kind of question.

WADE  
No.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S.)  
If it meant sparing your  
life... would you tell us?

WADE  
No. I would never tell you  
anything.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S.)  
What if Quinn's life were at  
stake? If he were to die...  
unless your information was  
fruitful... would you tell us?

WADE pauses, disturbed by the question and worried about the  
consequences of her answer.

INT. CAVE CELL - NIGHT - ARTURO ENTERS

having been led back into the room after a tiring interrogation session. He sees...

REMBRANDT

sitting on his cot, back to the wall, while

WADE

lies in hers, hands behind her head, eyes open, watching Arturo enter.

ARTURO

moves to a container of water as the heavy CLANK of the metal door that traps them here, rings out from behind him. The Sliders are being held in an underground room made of solid rock.

ARTURO

Quinn not back yet?

(sighing)

They've had him for hours... I hope he's holding up.

TORCHES cast moody shadows across Arturo's face as he splashes water on it and speaks to his fellow Sliders.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

These Kromaggs are thorough and relentless, but their interrogation methods are unpolished. I'm proud to say I resisted their queries stubbornly and told them nothing of any importance.

Arturo's eyes scan the walls... looking for a way out he knows isn't there.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

They seem to have a burning need for our information, and that may keep us alive until we've found a way to escape.

He glances at Wade and Rembrandt. They are both listening... but neither chooses to join the conversation.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

We must never allow them to pinpoint our Earth. No matter how they threaten... no matter what they promise... we must keep our secrets to ourselves, understood?

He moves along the walls, feeling, searching with his hands for an unseen weak spot that could conceivably be breached.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Given their fear of us, I have no doubt the Kromaggs would attack without warning. And our home world would never know what hit them.

Arturo turns to his friends for agreement. They continue to look his way... but the cat's got their tongue.

ARTURO (CONT'D)

Wade? Rembrandt?  
(no response)  
What's going on? Why won't you speak?

They continue to stare at him, vacantly. Just then...

THE DOOR

to the cell opens, and

WADE steps inside.

ARTURO does a double take - he looks to where Wade was just sitting, but she's no longer there. And Rembrandt is no longer sitting on his bunk - he is sleeping on a different one, has been the whole time.

THE DOOR slams shut behind Wade. She moves toward Arturo, looking shaken but not broken - she sees the expression on his face...

WADE

What is it? You look like you've seen the devil.

ARTURO

Maybe I have.

He turns from her, scanning the corner of the room with his eyes. Wade moves after him

WADE  
Professor, talk to me!

ARTURO  
Shhh!

He is still searching the room for surveillance as we...

CUT TO:

THE TWO KROMAGG WATCHERS

side by side in an unknown location, once again watching

WADE AND ARTURO

through the distorted red lens, seen in the cave-cell from a concealed vantage point.

ARTURO  
(quietly)  
I believe The Kromaggs hypnotic powers may be greater than we thought.

(turns to face  
Wade, intense)  
I was just speaking to you.  
But you weren't really here.

Off Wade's puzzled frown, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE GARDEN - DAY - ON QUINN

bending down to study a strange flower - like a sunflower, but with orange petals and a blue middle.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

that Quinn is in grassy park-like area, alone save for...

MARY

who stands nearby, watching his every move. But unlike her Kromagg masters, her visage is not coldly analytical.

MARY  
Do you like it out here?

QUINN  
(looking around)  
Compared to that cave cage they had us in... this is paradise.

Quinn turns his attention from the flower... to Mary.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
I'd like you to bring my  
friends out here, as well.

MARY  
You must separate yourself from  
them, Quinn. They have no  
future.

QUINN  
From what I've gathered...  
neither do I.

MARY  
That may not be true. There  
may be a way for you to stay  
alive... and with me.

QUINN is surprised.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I've been telling them you're  
special... that you have  
knowledge that would be  
eternally useful to them.

QUINN is disturbed by this.

MARY (CONT'D)  
That's a hard concept for them  
to swallow. I think there's a  
chance but you have to help me  
- you must cooperate!

QUINN  
I'll never cooperate Mary, you  
need to understand that.

QUINN looks around, searching the surrounding trees with his  
eyes.

QUINN (CONT'D)  
Are they watching us now? Are  
they listening?

MARY  
Not out here. No. This is a  
sanctuary... a place I'm  
allowed to come when I want to  
be truly alone. A force field  
surrounds the entire compound,  
making escape impossible.

MARY (CONT'D)

(near tears)

You must listen to me Quinn,  
I'm trying to help you. You're  
their enemy, but if you would  
just --

QUINN

-- You're their enemy too.  
You're human, our kind of  
human.

MARY is uncomfortable with this line of thought. QUINN is relentless, making sure she thinks about what he's saying.

QUINN (CONT'D)

What about your parents? Your  
friends and neighbors back on  
your Earth? Weren't they the  
enemies of the Kromaggs? And  
they're all dead now - just  
like my friends and I will be -  
just like you will be --

MARY

(softly)

No. Not me.

She turns away from him, he follows, holds her by the shoulders and spins her around so they are face to face. He searches her eyes...

QUINN

Why not you?

MARY

(with  
difficulty,  
fighting  
emotion)

I'm like their child... their  
ugly, experimental child.  
They've raised me to serve  
them... and to understand my  
hideous face and inferior  
genes. They're repulsed by  
me... but they need me... and I  
need them.

QUINN

You don't need them! You could  
come away with us.

MARY  
 (tears falling)  
 English... that's their  
 weakness, they refuse to learn  
 it, so they need me to

QUINN  
 -- Did you hear what I said?  
 About helping us, escaping with  
 us?

MARY  
 (panicky)  
 I can't... can't... listen to  
 that! We must go back in!!

QUINN  
 (holding her  
 close)  
 Mary, if you could retrieve my  
 timer for me, we might be able  
 to get away, and take you with  
 us.

She escapes from his grasp and lashes out, terrified by what he's just said. The result is a ringing slap across Quinn's face.

QUINN silently rubs his jaw, looking at her with surprise, but without malice.

MARY is frightened and badly shaken, both by what he's said and what she's just done. She wipes her eyes and stares down at the ground, unable to look him in the face.

MARY  
 (soft, downcast)  
 I was wrong about you. We have  
 to go back now.

OFF QUINN'S REACTION

still looking at her with empathy, we...

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAVE CELL - QUINN

enters the dungeon-like holding cell.

THE OTHER SLIDERS

move to greet him, but he signals that no one should say anything.

## THE FOUR SLIDERS

huddle close together in a loose circle, shadows from the torches flickering across their anxious faces. They speak in NEAR WHISPERS...

QUINN

I've been with Mary... learning as much as I can about our captors and trying my best to gain her trust.

(to Arturo)

If our situation wasn't so desperate, you and I would be on a scientific cloud nine.

QUINN glances back over his shoulder, making sure no one else is in the room, before continuing...

QUINN (CONT'D)

They took Mary to their home Earth, when she was a little girl.

(eyes shining)

It's a jungle planet, their cities are built amidst giant trees that would make the Redwoods look like matchsticks!

(frowning)

Mary was reviled by the populace, who saw her as a monster. They threw rocks at her, spit on her... it must've been pretty terrible,

REMBRANDT

She's supposed to be a monster? Man, have those Kromaggs looked in a mirror lately?

ARTURO

All in the eye of the beholder, Mister Brown.

QUINN

Much to the point, Professor. The Kromagg's Earth was in bad shape, endless wars between tribes, random violence, environmental destruction on a massive scale. Then the Einstein of their world discovered Sliding, and The Kromaggs were shocked at what they found. Earth after Earth dominated by us - Homo Sapiens.

ARTURO starts to pace, still looking around in the semi-darkness, still speaking in hushed tones.

ARTURO

Most interesting. In the nineteen sixties, an anthropologist named Dreyer posited the theory of "the killer ape" - an ancient primate that exterminated rival pre-human species. He believed we were its offsprings, but that hypothesis was largely discredited.

WADE

What's the point, Professor?

ARTURO

(annoyed at her)

The point, Miss Welles, is that the Kromaggs may be living proof of Dreyer's theory. Descendants of a dominant killer ape that reached an evolutionary dead end on our world but killed off our ancestors on theirs.

REMBRANDT

Okay, let's say you're right, how's that gonna get us out of here?

ARTURO

It can only help to know one's enemy. Eventually, we might find their weak spot.

(rejoins the circle, to Quinn)

What else did she tell you?

QUINN

The Kromaggs used their fear and hatred of us to unify their world. Now they have a single military government, devoted to the Sliding conquests of other Earths.

WADE

A common enemy. Someone everyone can hate, so they'll band together and stop hating each other. That's sick.

REMBRANDT

Not as sick as being their prisoners.

QUINN

And we're not the only ones. Mary says there are scores of us being held on this planet. Some for slave labor...  
(grim pause)  
... some for food.

THE OTHER SLIDERS practically stop breathing.

WADE

Did you say... "food"?

QUINN

Apparently there's a high price on their black market... for human eyes.

REMBRANDT

Oh that's great, that's just great.  
(to Quinn)  
You gotta get us outta here!

QUINN

I'm working on it. But in the meantime, we've gotta hold out, be strong, and make sure we tell them nothing.

QUINN puts his hand out, palm down, in the middle of the circle. He looks to the others, his way of asking for a sign of unity and resistance.

ARTURO places his hand on top of Quinn's.

WADE glances at Rembrandt... then does the same.

REMBRANDT is reluctant. But finally, he too places his hand on top of the others.

CUT TO THIS MOMENT

being watched through a sea of red.

PULL BACK TO SEE THE TWO KROMAGG WATCHERS

monitoring the *SLIDERS'* show of symbolic show of unity, as we

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. THE CAVE CELL - LATER - THE CELL IS QUIET

THE SLIDERS

are sleeping, as a slightly stooped FIGURE enters the room.

MYSTERY FIGURE

Rembrandt?

REMBRANDT

awakens on his uncomfortable cot.

MYSTERY FIGURE (CONT'D, O.S.)

Rembrandt.

THE VOICE

is aged, deep, and powerful. Something about it stirs Rembrandt's soul.

REMBRANDT rises to a sitting position, the only Slider awake.

THE MYSTERY FIGURE

stands at the far end of the cell, concealed in silhouette.

REMBRANDT stands, slowly approaches him.

MYSTERY FIGURE

Is it really you?

Moving closer, the mystery figure's face is coming into view. He moves forward as well, until the light from a wall torch completely illuminates him.

REMBRANDT reacts with a start.

THE MYSTERY FIGURE is a solemn looking black man of about sixty.

When Rembrandt speaks to him, his voice betrays a mixture of wonder and emotion.

REMBRANDT

Oh my Lord...  
(shuddery sigh)

Dad?

SLOWLY FADE TO BLACK:

End Of Act Three

Act Four

FADE IN ON:

EXT. THE GARDEN - NIGHT - REMBRANDT AND HIS FATHER

are in the park-like garden, where Quinn and Mary were earlier in the day.

HILTON BROWN is a powerful man whose accent betrays southern roots. Many hard years in the sun have left a roadmap of wrinkles across his face - his hair has receded and turned white, the same shade as his well-trimmed beard.

HILTON BROWN

It was good of the Kromaggs to allow us time together son. 'Specially out here in the garden... one of my favorite places on this empty shell of a world.

REMBRANDT is studying his father's profile as they walk together.

REMBRANDT

How could it be, Dad? I mean... how is it you're here?

Now it's Hilton Brown's turn to lower his voice and share a secret with his son.

HILTON BROWN

They conquered our Earth. Your Earth.

REMBRANDT

HILTON BROWN

It happened while you were gone. They took a few thousand of us prisoner, and well, I was one of the lucky ones.

(ironic chuckle)

Guess you could call it lucky. I'm still alive.

REMBRANDT is devastated by the news of his world's demise. He stares off into space, trying to come to terms with it.

HILTON BROWN

I know it's rough news Remmy,  
and I hated to tell ya... but  
it's the sad truth.

REMBRANDT leans back against a tree, shaking his head,  
dazed.

REMBRANDT

Everyone I knew... everything I  
loved... gone.

(pause)

But if our Earth's been  
conquered... why are they still  
quizzing us about it? They  
already know where it is.

HILTON BROWN

No. They don't.

(confidentially)

They killed our Earth alright,  
but it's only one of many  
they've conquered, so they  
can't be sure it's your planet.  
Just tell 'em what they want to  
know, son - they'll cross check  
their coordinates, see that our  
world's no longer a threat,  
Then they might even let you  
come stay with me.

REMBRANDT

I don't know Dad... I'm not  
even sure what they want from  
me.

HILTON BROWN

Who designed your Sliding  
machine? Not the boy, who did  
it really? The military?

REMBRANDT

Military? What for? Quinn did  
it, by accident.

HILTON BROWN

I'm not sure they're gonna  
believe that. And what about  
the others? What was their  
role in the machine's creation?

REMBRANDT

(eyes narrowing)

They had no role - Dad... why are you asking me these questions?

HILTON BROWN

I'm just trying to prepare you Remmy. Lettin' you know what to expect when they quiz you again.

REMBRANDT studies his father... but doesn't comment.

HILTON BROWN (CONT'D)

(serious,  
forceful)

Do you know the coordinates to our Earth? Do you know which Sliding tunnel leads back to it?

REMBRANDT

(fighting back  
tears)

You know... I love you Dad... I've missed you all these years.

HILTON BROWN

(impatient)

I love you too son - now tell me, which Sliding tunnel leads back to our Earth?

(no reply,  
raises voice)

Boy, I'm talking to you and I want answers!

REMBRANDT

(softly)

Why would they spare you?

HILTON BROWN'S visage is severe. Rembrandt recognizes that look all too well, but he can't let it intimidate him.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

What special skills do you have, that would be useful to the Kromaggs?

HILTON BROWN  
(getting angry)  
Rembrandt, don't change the  
subject! I want you to answer  
my questions, so that we can  
put this whole ordeal behind  
us.

REMBRANDT  
I'll never answer your  
questions.

HILTON BROWN  
Why not?!

REMBRANDT  
Because... you're not my  
father.

HILTON BROWN is silent. He is staring at Rembrandt with  
murderous eyes... and then... he begins to change.

HILTON BROWN  
(voice  
deteriorating)  
No one likes... a rebellious  
child.

REMBRANDT gasps, takes a few staggering steps back, unable  
to believe his own eyes.

HILTON BROWN is morphing! His powerful human features are  
dissolving... being replaced by something more predatory...  
and monkey-like. The thing before Rembrandt is no longer  
human, and it's smiling at him in a mocking way.

REMBRANDT'S FEAR turns to rage. He charges at the thing  
that tried to trick him - but it fires a blast of red light  
(a miniature version of the beam that first knocked out the  
Sliders) that hits Rembrandt in the chest, knocking him cold  
on the spot. Rembrandt collapses to the ground, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAVE CELL - REMBRANDT COMES TO

finding himself on the floor, surrounded by the concerned  
Sliders. They help him to his feet as he tries to clear his  
head...

REMBRANDT  
(groggy)  
What happened?

WADE

The door opened and they dumped  
you inside.

REMBRANDT

(deep sigh)

I was in the garden... talking  
to my father.

THE OTHER SLIDERS exchange worried glances.

REMBRANDT looks up in time to catch the tail end of their  
gazes; he knows what they're thinking...

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

I know, I know, it wasn't my  
father. But they got inside my  
head somehow, and painted a  
portrait my eyes and ears would  
believe. For a while, anyway.

WADE

What did you tell him?

REMBRANDT

Nothing.

(sighs,  
thinking)

At least I don't think I told  
him anything.

(the others are  
worried)

How can any of us know what  
we're really giving away.  
These things can get into our  
psyches - maybe we're  
cooperating without knowing it  
- maybe we're even talking in  
our sleep.

THE OTHER SLIDERS are sympathetic, feeling Rembrandt's  
angst.

QUINN

Their hypnotic powers are great  
and getting greater.

(to Arturo)

First the mirage images you saw  
- they didn't speak, rather  
simple in nature...

(to Rembrandt)

Then the more complex  
hallucination they tried out on  
you.

REMBRANDT

I don't think it was a hallucination. It was one of those things... transforming itself somehow.

ARTURO

(very troubled)

If the Kromaggs have the ability to morph... well that presents a whole new spectrum of problems.

WADE

Their bag of tricks keeps getting bigger, while our ability to resist withers. What are we gonna do?

At that instant all of The Sliders react to the sound of...

THE DOOR TO THEIR CELL being opened.

MARY

steps inside, looking sad but determined.

MARY

The Kromagg dynasty has concluded that your level of cooperation is severely lacking. Tomorrow morning, stage two of the interrogation process will begin.

REMBRANDT

Stage two? If it's anything like stage one, no thank you.

MARY

I'm afraid it's far worse than stage one... from your point of view.

(pause, sad look  
toward Quinn)

There is a physical component involved... that you will find unpleasant.

WADE

Can't you do anything?! You're a young woman, like me, you're one of us!

REMBRANDT  
Yeah, how can you just stand by  
and let this happen?

MARY  
(still looking  
at Quinn)  
I'm powerless.  
(sad pause)  
And I'm truly sorry.

MARY quietly exits.

REMBRANDT turns on Quinn...

REMBRANDT  
If that's what you've been  
working on, it isn't working!

QUINN  
(looking at  
something,  
thoughtful)  
Maybe it is.

He takes his time, moving slowly toward the door.

QUINN turns to his companions with a slight smile... and  
pushes on the impregnable cell door....

THE DOOR pushes open slowly. Mary has left it unlocked.

ARTURO  
It could be a trick.

WADE  
Or an opportunity.

REMBRANDT  
Trick or not, it's a way out,  
and I'm all for it. You with  
me, Q-ball?

QUINN  
I'm with you buddy.

QUINN silently opens the door.

REMBRANDT exits, eager to go.

WADE AND ARTURO are extremely wary, but also relieved to get  
out of the cell.

QUINN is the last to leave, quietly closing the door behind  
him.

INT. KROMAGG HALLWAY - THE SLIDERS

move quickly down the antiseptic, featureless hallway. They are scared and highly alert, expecting a detachment of angry Kromaggs around every corner.

WADE

What's the point of this?  
Without the timer we can't  
escape.

QUINN

(determined)

Maybe we can't Slide, but I'll  
still take getting far away  
from this complex, for  
starters.

REMBRANDT

Music to my ears Q-ball.  
(nervous smile)  
Now all we gotta do is find a  
door marked "exit".

REMBRANDT reacts as a Kromagg soldier suddenly appears around the corner! The Kromagg seems startled, he goes for his weapon - but Rembrandt knocks it out of his grasp with a quick chop across the wrist - and Quinn fells their adversary with a well placed punch.

WADE retrieves the weapon. Meanwhile, The Kromagg is wobbly, struggling to rise... he touches his belt and A KLAXON rings out, matching the one in the control room - the same red strobe effect is now bathing the halls.

QUINN

We've gotta find a way out -  
hurry!

EXT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - THE SLIDERS

are on the run, fleeing down the red-strobe hallway, the Klaxon blaring out all around them. The Sliders can hear

KROMAGGS SHOUTING IN THE DISTANCE

reacting to the potential escape in their strange language.

THE SLIDERS

are passing room after room, in their urgency to flee not daring to slow down - until Quinn unexpectedly stops running, spotting something through one of the open doorways.

He breaks away from the others...

WADE

Quinn?

QUINN

Hang on - give me a second!

THE OTHER SLIDERS

reluctantly come to a stop as Quinn darts into the room in question.

ARTURO

What on Earth is he doing?!

The anxious Sliders are certain they are about to be caught, their fear heightened by the klaxon and strobing light - it's all they can do to wait on Quinn, all the while scanning the halls for oncoming Kromaggs.

The sound of A SMALL EXPLOSION comes from the room Quinn has entered. Sparks and smoke waft from the open doorway - much to the relief of his friends, Quinn emerges from it, wearing a satisfied expression. He explains his actions to the others, who are already on the move again...

QUINN

I took care of some Sliding equipment I spotted through the door! I guarantee they won't be using it for awhile!

ARTURO

Well done my boy! If nothing else, we've put given them something to think about.

The Sliders round a corner and find the only way to go, other than turning back, is to enter another room.

INT. KROMAGG ROOM - THE SLIDERS

find themselves in an empty room, which has no outlets except the open doorway they just came in.

REMBRANDT

Dead end. We'd better go back the way we came.

But before they can do so, the doorway is blocked by TWO KROMAGG soldiers, wielding weapons.

WADE is forced to drop the weapon she carries. The Kromaggs look angry and seem about to do something about it, when

THEY ARE UNEXPECTEDLY BLASTED

from behind by a shock wave of red light.

BOTH KROMAGG SOLDIERS

collapse to the ground, unconscious... and

MARY

steps in, weapon in hand. It's clear to the startled, grateful Sliders, that she has just saved their bacon.

Before The Sliders can even thank her, she points the weapon toward an open space in the room... and presses a different button.

A RED SLIDING GATE

begins to form. MARY pulls out The Slider's timer and hands it to Quinn.

MARY

You must hurry. My masters are hunting you now, they'll be here in seconds.

Quinn looks at the readout - EIGHTY THREE MINUTES and counting down. Quinn is despairing...

QUINN

Our gate can be accessed in eighty three minutes, but only on the world we were abducted from. We're on a different Earth now, the timer won't work here!

MARY

It's alright Quinn, I've programmed the portal to send you back to the world you came here from.

ARTURO

You possess the knowledge to do such a thing?

401 005

MARY  
 (small smile)  
 The Kromaggs taught me more  
 than they ever realized. I  
 guess they never dreamed I'd do  
 something...  
 (looks at Quinn)  
 like this.

She and Quinn share a moment. He is more grateful than he  
 can ever express.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 The gate is fully formed. You  
 must go. Now!  
 (the Sliders  
 hesitate)  
 I'll be right behind you!

That clinches it. Wade... then Rembrandt... and Arturo,  
 leap into the scarlet void.

QUINN  
 After you.

MARY  
 (softly, sad)  
 I'm not going.

Quinn is stunned - he knows the gate is waiting, but he just  
 can't leave her here.

QUINN  
 Mary --

MARY  
 I can't leave Quinn. My  
 parents are still here... still  
 alive... I can't leave them.

QUINN  
 We could come back for them!

MARY  
 You must never come back. The  
 gate will close in ten seconds  
 - you have to jump now!  
 (tearful smile)  
 Your freedom makes me happier  
 than you'll ever know. Go  
 Quinn, go for me.

QUINN  
 What will happen to you, when  
 they find we're gone?

MARY

They won't know I did it. Go  
Quinn, you must go now.

Quinn is torn to pieces... but at last, he hugs her...  
kisses her... and reluctantly jumps just before the gate  
closes behind him.

EXT. VERSAILLES WEST/NEW FRANCE - DAY

Quinn lands in French North America once again. As Wade and  
Rembrandt help him to his feet, he scopes the immediate  
scene.

ARTURO is brushing himself off, while being subjected to a  
diatribe in French from another angry man. The Frenchman's  
bicycle lies on its side, wheel spinning, and a half dozen  
croissants are scattered across the sidewalk.

QUINN

Let me guess, the Professor  
landed on the guy with the  
bike.

REMBRANDT

(laughing,  
winded)

Uh-uh, landed right in front of  
him. It wasn't long before the  
croissants started flying!

ARTURO bows to the guy a few times, helps him pick the last  
of his rolls off the curb, and rejoins his fellow Sliders.

ARTURO

(deep breath of  
air)

I take back what I said  
previously. Compared to  
Kromagg prison world, New  
France is a veritable Garden Of  
Eden. I shall make every  
effort to enjoy my hour here.

WADE

Wait a minute... where's Mary?

Quinn is misty-eyed. The words that come out of his mouth  
are greatly painful.

QUINN

She decided to stay. She felt  
she couldn't leave her parents.

The others are shocked, saddened, don't know what to say.

QUINN

She saved our lives. God knows  
what they'll do to her.

The Sliders hang their heads or look off into the  
distance... remembering Mary... and saying a silent prayer.

INT. DARK RED ROOM - ON A FIGURE IN SILHOUETTE

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Step forward.

MARY

steps into the light.

MALE VOICE (O.S., CONT'D)

We have just completed our  
report, the contents of which  
we will share with you, as a  
reward.

She is wearing a white gown, looking beautiful and very  
somber as she slowly walks forward, toward the unseen  
speaker.

MALE VOICE (O.S., CONT'D)

Weeks of probing the subjects'  
minds during sleeping and  
waking hours, proved that they  
did not know the location of  
their home Earth - their  
Sliding patterns are erratic  
and totally random. The  
successful implantation of a  
homing device inside one of the  
subjects, will allow us to  
track their journeys, in hopes  
that they will eventually  
return to their Earth.

Mary comes to a stop, trying to remain emotionless.

MALE VOICE (O.S., CONT'D)

We will be waiting... and  
watching... ready to attack  
when the time is right.

ANGLE TO REVEAL THE TWO KROMAGG WATCHERS

seated behind an elevated desk, not unlike the bench of a federal judge. They are looking down at Mary - one of them is speaking... perfect English.

MALE VOICE/KROMAGG WATCHER (CONT'D)

You have done well, Mary. You may have an hour of freedom in the garden, before you go back to your cage.

Mary swallows hard... and bows to them in the way she has been taught since childhood.

MARY

Thank you, Master.

She turns to walk back the way she came... a single tear rolling down her cheek.

FADE TO BLACK:

The End