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SLIDERS

"Invasion"

Written by  
Tracy Torme'

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SLIDERS

"Invasion"

QUINN MALLORY  
WADE WELLES  
MAXIMILIAN ARTURO  
REMBRANDT BROWN

MR. CLARKE  
KROMAGG WOMAN  
WAITER  
MARY  
HILTON BROWN

FEMALE VOICE  
FEMALE INTERROGATOR (V.O.)  
MALE VOICE/KROMAGG

SLIDERS

"Invasion"

SETS

INTERIORS

MANTA SHIP  
DEPARTMENT STORE  
MANTA SCOUT SHIP  
CAVE CELL  
MEETING ROOM  
INTERROGATION ROOM  
KROMAGG HALLWAY(S)  
KROMAGG ROOM  
RED ROOM

EXTERIORS

STREETS  
    NEW FRANCE  
    VERSAILLES WEST  
OUTDOOR CAFE  
GARDEN

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 THE SLIDING TUNNEL 1  
as we hurtle down its multi-colored borders, before  
blasting out of the shock white opening at tunnel's end.

2 EXT. DESERTED CITY STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS 2  
land roughly, one by one, on the cracked asphalt.

ARTURO  
Dammit!

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  
can't help but smile as he removes his "Sliding Goggles".

REMBRANDT  
How're those elbows and knees? A  
tad sore? A few painful little  
bumps and bruises?

ARTURO  
Alright, alright, don't rub it in!

WADE  
(bruised)  
Yeah, quit gloating, will ya?

REMBRANDT  
(big grin)  
Just a little reminder that you  
too could have had a soft,  
cushiony landing.

WADE  
If the choice is looking like a  
reject from the Roller Derby or  
getting a little sliced up by the  
pavement --

ARTURO  
-- I'll choose the pavement  
anytime.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

REMBRANDT  
I don't believe you. You're just  
jealous, now that I've proven my  
design works.

He sets about removing the pads, beaming with pride.

REMBRANDT  
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 continuing the argument - Arturo and Wade are  
suddenly silent, studying their immediate surroundings as  
they absently rub sore elbows and knees.

SLIDERS POV - THE CITY

is deathly still, no sign of traffic, none of the usual  
urban rumble.

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

WADE  
A little quiet? Since when are  
you the master of understatement?  
(staring at  
something)  
Hey you guys... what's a Kromagg?

She's looking at WORDS AND SLOGANS that 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.

REMBRANDT  
Who knows... maybe it's some kinda  
street gang or something.

The Professor has noticed that Quinn is staring at the  
timer, looking worried.

ARTURO  
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

2

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

ANGLE - THE TIMER

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

ARTURO  
Can you pinpoint the source of the  
disturbance?

Eyes on the timer, Quinn holds it before him, moving it  
around as if it were a divination rod.

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

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

QUINN  
This is strange, Professor.  
Whatever's affecting our device  
must be giving off an incredibly  
powerful electromagnetic pulse -  
and on the same frequency as our  
timer. What could do that?

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

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DIFFERENT CITY STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS

3

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 Sliders must SHOUT to be  
heard...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

WADE  
(spooked)  
That sound has "stay away" written  
all over it.

REMBRANDT  
Yeah, shouldn't we be moving  
away from that big nasty noise?

QUINN  
I think we could move a hundred  
miles, Crying Man, and still not  
be free of this interference.  
And if we can't find and stop it,  
we're sunk. We'll never know when  
to access the gate --

Quinn cuts off as the Sliders turn a corner and stop dead  
in their tracks, amazed by what lies before them.

A HUGE AIRSHIP

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

eye this pillaging spectacle with slack-jawed incredulity  
and bone chilling apprehension. As --

QUINN  
(over din)  
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!

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

ARTURO

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

Quinn hesitates, his attention riveted on the timer.

QUINN

The readout window is pulsing in  
rhythm with the spaceship!

Sure enough, the timer counter, full of static, is  
throbbing in synchronization with the pulsating light given  
off by the Manta.

QUINN

It must mean their energies are  
synched up somehow!

WADE

(looking up,  
fearful)

Never mind that... it's seen us!

THE MANTA

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. The Manta is coming at  
them in a big hurry - there's no way to outleg it.

QUINN

slips on some loose gravel and falls hard to the ground.  
He rolls over, trying not to panic, and looks at the horrid  
device as it rears up like a living beast and prepares to  
strike.

In desperation, on impulse, Quinn aims the timer toward the  
approaching menace and hurriedly presses several buttons,  
in a precise, non-random, sequential order.

Amazingly, the Manta 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.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

3

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

THE 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 MANTA

finally comes to a crumpled halt, its skin reduced to a charred, smoking wreck.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - THE SHELL-SHOCKED SLIDERS 4

cautiously come out of hiding and approach the downed thing. Slowly, carefully, they move in for a closer look... congregating near the cracked front section.

REMBRANDT

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

QUINN

Here.

He's holding up the timer - the interference is gone, it now reads 31 minutes and counting down...

QUINN

Our timer operates on a unique frequency. Given the way it was being interfered with, I figured the alien ship must rely on a similar energy source. Activating the timer was like turning on a mega-laptop inside a jet plane - it sent that thing's gyros into chaos, and the result was this crash.

REMBRANDT

That's great Q-ball, just great. Now let's get a move on before a hatch opens up and some lizard man jumps out!

WADE

(tense)

I'm with you. Whatever's inside that thing can't be too thrilled with what Quinn's done, so let's just go.

ARTURO (O.S.)

Mr. Mallory, over here!

QUINN hesitates... speaks to Wade and Rembrandt.

QUINN

Just give me a second.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

WADE AND REMBRANDT are uneasy and clearly frustrated as Quinn heads to where --

ARTURO

is standing against the front section of the ruined machine. The Professor's eyes betray a burning scientific excitement as he removes his handkerchief and runs it along the sizzling hull of the downed Thing...

ARTURO

Look at this, Quinn... it appears to be some kind of organic metal!

QUINN

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

ARTURO

Fantastic indeed. An alien ship at our fingertips!

(shaken)

And I thought UFO's were space age myths.

A MAN (O.S.)

But it's not from outer space.

They turn to see --

MR. CLARKE

a stoic, middle-aged man wearing a jumpsuit, standing in the street behind them. The words "GATEHAVEN" are written on his shirt.

CLARKE

Who did this? Who brought the Manta to its knees?

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.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 2

4

QUINN AND ARTURO exchange worried glances as Wade and Rembrandt reluctantly move closer, having overheard...

REMBRANDT  
Kromaggs, Kromaggs, who the devil  
are the Kromaggs?

CLARKE  
They're marauders. Killers. And  
they eat eyes. Human eyes.

The Sliders are horrified, particularly Wade and Rembrandt, who believe this is the best reason yet to get the hell out of here. Meanwhile, Clarke is looking up at the sky, suddenly paranoid... and worshipful... taking on the reverent tones of an evangelist.

CLARKE  
They've come here to vanquish  
us ... riding a wave of Manta  
ships to this world. And so...  
our Earth dies screaming.

ARTURO  
But I thought you said this is not  
an interstellar craft?

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

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

CLARKE  
I can't say anything further.  
They might be watching... they  
might well be watching.  
(looks left,  
smiles)  
Ah, my lovely daughters have  
arrived. They too were set free  
when the Kromaggs touched down on  
the Earth.

TWO WOMEN

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

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 3

4

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 don't know what to make of this man now - all except Wade look deeply puzzled - she has been noticing the GATEHAVEN lettering on his shirt.

CLARKE

(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 Wade intervenes.

WADE

Don't. Let them go.

(solemn)

Did you see the lettering on his shirt? My uncle used to work at a place called Gatehaven - in our San Francisco, it's a mental institution.

QUINN

(thoughtful)

Gatehaven, right. I'll bet when the invasion began, the inmates were released, as their keepers fled the city.

REMBRANDT

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

ARTURO

Fruitcake? Not the most politically correct of terms but I catch your drift. Who's to say however, where that gentleman's sanity ends and his madness begins?

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

4

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

ARTURO

Back to the task at hand: there is a breach in the outer hull, near what might be the control room. We must explore this extraordinary vessel as thoroughly as possible in the scant time we have remaining.

REMBRANDT

You wanna go inside that horror? You must be out of your freakin' mind! They eat eyes - didn't you hear what he said?

WADE

(grasping Quinn by the shirt)  
Come on, Quinn - we were just leaving, remember?

QUINN

I can't leave, Wade, not yet.  
(off her look)  
There may be someone - or something - hurt inside the craft.

ARTURO

Good point my boy - now let's get to it!

WADE

(ticked off)  
Well I'm not going in there. I still have a brain in my head!

REMBRANDT nods steadfast agreement.

QUINN

(empathetic)  
We won't be long, I promise.

WADE is frustrated and afraid, but she can tell from the look in his eyes that it's pointless to argue. She and Rembrandt watch as the two physicists head toward the crack in the ship.

CUT TO:

5 INT. MANTA SHIP/CONTROL ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON A STRANGE  
THREE-HANDED CLOCK 5

still running amidst the shattered remains of the Kromagg control room - the second hand is circling the face backwards, with frantic rapidity. A strobing red light bathes everything in eerie crimson.

PULL BACK - BOWELS OF MANTA AIRSHIP

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 - QUINN AND ARTURO

as they enter 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.

THE SLIDERS are hit by a stream of air as they enter the control room - ARTURO inhales deeply, and speaks softly to Quinn.

ARTURO  
Remarkable. We are breathing  
Kromagg air... and it's an oxygen,  
nitrogen mix.

QUINN  
So they must come from a planet  
similar to the Earth.

ANGLE - A SHELF-LIKE AREA

featuring several complex maps. Arturo picks one up, unfolds it, studies it, his face betraying surprise, as we...

CUT BACK TO:

6 EXT. STREET/OUTSIDE THE DOWNED SHIP - DAY - WADE AND  
REMBRANDT 6

have put a little distance between themselves and the front of the ship. Eyes on the still-smoking Manta, they are reluctantly hanging around, waiting for their friends, and venting...

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

REMBRANDT

If they think we're being timid, they'd better think again. We're being smart, we're using common sense, something those brainiacs just don't understand!

WADE

They're scientists. Common sense just gets in their way.

REMBRANDT

Scientists! Wasn't it a scientist who sucked me and my Caddy straight into an iceberg?

WADE

Rembrandt, we've been through all this --

REMBRANDT

(near tears)

-- An innocent man, a normal man, trying to live a quiet life as a beloved celebrity. Until a scientist came along, and kicked me in the --

He cuts off as he hears the sound of CAREFREE LAUGHTER AND CONVERSATION (O.S.) unexpectedly coming from beyond the open doors of an abandoned department store.

REMBRANDT

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

WADE

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

They look at one another... curiosity wins out. With a healthy dose of caution, they head inside.

7 INT. MANTA SHIP/CONTROL ROOM - ARTURO

7

who is studying the Kromagg maps.

QUINN (O.S.)

Professor!

Arturo responds, moving to Quinn, who is at the far end of the room. Quinn has discovered...

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

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 and the strobing red 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.

QUINN swivels the chair... and reaches for the visor. He removes it slowly, revealing...

A FACE

that disturbs 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.

CUT TO:

8 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY - WADE AND REMBRANDT

8

have cautiously entered the large, abandoned store. They pass a lifesize cardboard ad for a Ginsu knife set, featuring a smiling O.J. Simpson, wearing a chef's hat, knife in hand, cutting steak at a barbecue. "Never needs sharpening."

The Sliders leave O.J. behind and quickly discover the source of the merry laughter.

THREE WELL-DRESSED WOMEN

in wide-brimmed hats, can be seen from a distance. Their backs to us, they are shopping in a carefree, breezy manner, moving through the abandoned aisles.

WADE

(whispering)

They seem awfully happy,  
considering their world's being  
invaded. Maybe they are crazy.

THE WOMEN are trying on hats and scarves, and brazenly pulling lipsticks and cosmetics from display cases.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

REMBRANDT  
I'll bet they're looters, pure and simple.

WADE  
Pretty well-dressed for looters.

REMBRANDT  
So? They probably stole what they're wearing.

CUT TO:

9 INT. MANTA SHIP/CONTROL ROOM - BACK TO QUINN AND ARTURO

9

standing beside the alien pilot in the control chair. Its grotesque head is sagging down at a severe angle...

QUINN  
(ill at ease)  
It looks like its neck is broken.  
I killed it, Professor.

ARTURO  
And you're a hero if you did.  
This is an invading soldier, Mr. Mallory, not a social worker. You did the right thing.

Arturo is attracted to a strange watch-like object on the pilot's wrist. It is triangular in shape and features the same odd three-handed face as the smashed clock on the control panel.

Bathed in the strobing light, Arturo reaches down... and carefully removes it. The instant it clears the pilot's fingertips

A KLAXON (O.S.) startles the two Sliders.

CUT TO:

10 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY - THE WOMEN

10

reacting to the blaring horn, 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!

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

THE KROMAGG WOMEN seem just as startled as the Sliders. But surprise quickly turns to anger and revulsion as the tallest of them points a hairy finger at Wade and Rembrandt...

KROMAGG WOMAN  
Irrsshh-eeray-dackkk-Huuman!!!

Upon hearing the word "human" another 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 Rembrandt.

11 EXT. STREET/NEAR DOWNED SHIP - DAY - WADE AND REMBRANDT

11

race into the street, finding Quinn and Arturo, who have just exited the ship. THE KLAXON combined with their frantic companions, have Quinn and Arturo frozen in their tracks.

REMBRANDT  
Don't just stand there! Run!!

ARTURO  
Why?

Then Arturo sees THE FIRST OF THE KROMAGG WOMEN exit the store - she takes dead aim on him and fires a red laser blast that whizzes just past his left shoulder.

ARTURO needs no further explanations - he and his fellow Sliders are at a full gallop in no time.

QUINN  
This way --!

As they head down --

12 EXT. DIFFERENT CITY STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS

12

are in flight, pursued by the armed Kromagg women. Quinn 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.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

QUINN

They'll double back when they  
don't find us.

(checks timer)

We slide in twenty six seconds,  
let's pray the gate doesn't  
attract them before it's fully  
formed.

(deep sigh)

This is one world I wanna leave  
far behind.

REMBRANDT

(panting, angry)

That's one ship we shoulda left  
far behind!! But no - we had to  
satisfy our curiosity!

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.

QUINN

Those women that were chasing us  
looked just like that thing we  
found in the ship.

WADE

(repulsed)

Reminded me of... some kind of  
hideous ape.

ARTURO

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

Quinn judges the gate to be fully formed.

QUINN

Now - go, go!

ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

leap into the void. Quinn and Wade are about to, when they spot something forming in the air between the gate and the downed ship.

To their astonishment, a blood red gate, nearly identical in form to the Sliders blue one, is taking shape in the sky before them.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

QUINN AND WADE

know they should flee... but they can't take their eyes off the red gate. And as they watch, spellbound.... another Manta ship begins to come through.

Quinn has a chilling realization.

QUINN  
Wade... the Kromaggs...  
(awed whisper)  
... they're Sliders!

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - QUINN AND WADE 13

frozen in their 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 their presence - it veers in the Sliders direction! Heart racing, Quinn and Wade race for the blue gate, leaping head first into the safety of the void...

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SIDEWALK/NEW FRANCE - DAY - QUINN AND WADE 14

fly out of the gate, landing on a grassy patch of sidewalk, nearly a minute after the others.

A SMALL CROWD OF ONLOOKERS

offer polite applause. The crowd quickly dissipates; they seem a bit bored, as if Quinn and Wade's arrival was a decent magic trick, but nothing special.

QUINN AND WADE look around and SIGH a deep sigh of relief as the gate closes up behind them. 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. Over which we hear the raised voice of --

ARTURO

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 AND WADE glance at Rembrandt, who can't help but laugh.

REMBRANDT

The Professor landed on that poor  
guy...

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

REMBRANDT  
(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 Rembrandt, before addressing the latecoming Sliders...

ARTURO  
Welcome to the city of Versailles  
West, in the country of New  
France. It seems the French  
rule this entire continent.  
(deep sigh)  
This world may turn out to be more  
of a nightmare than the last.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY - CLOSE ON RED WINE

15

being poured into a delicate glass.

WIDEN - THE SLIDERS

in the midst of a meal at this small outdoor cafe.

THE WAITER

continues to pour, addressing 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, questioning Quinn and Wade with zeal...

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ARTURO

You actually saw another Manta ship coming through a new gateway?

QUINN

Yes.

ARTURO

Well then, based on the Kromagg maps I examined, I believe the madman we encountered was quite correct! The Kromaggs are not aliens - they are every bit the Earthmen we are.

REMBRANDT

Oh, come on, Professor - you saw those monkey faces! How can you tell me they're from Earth?

QUINN

Different Earths could have followed different evolutionary paths.

ARTURO

Indeed. In the sixties, an anthropologist named Dreyer posited the theory of "the killer ape" - an ancient primate that exterminated rival pre-human species. But that hypothesis was largely discredited.

WADE

(to Quinn,  
exasperated)

What's he talking about?

QUINN

The Kromaggs may be living proof of Dreyer's theory. Descendants of a killer ape that reached a dead end on our world, but killed off our ancestors on theirs.

REMBRANDT

If they're Sliders, we'd better find home before they do - our world needs to be warned.

WADE

Every world needs to be warned. Starting with this one.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

ARTURO

Hold on, Paul Revere - what do you suggest - going up to the nearest gendarme and telling him an army of killer apes is his vichyssoisse?

WADE

(resigned)

Alright, alright.

THE WAITER comes by with more bread. 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.

QUINN

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

ARTURO

Patience, Mr. Mallory. Wait till he sees his tip.

CUT TO:

16 INT. MANTA SHIP/CONTROL ROOM - THE THREE-HANDED CLOCK

16

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.

ANGLE - MONITOR

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 humans on it are still discernible.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

QUINN AND ARTURO - ON MONITOR

taken when they first entered the control room.

THE FINGER

presses the screen again and the image freezes --

CUT TO:

17 EXT. VERSAILLES WEST/STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS 17

are walking away from the cafe - all seem quite content, except for Arturo, who is in a foul mood. Rembrandt, meanwhile, is checking out the local ladies...

REMBRANDT

(sighing happily)

Man, I love French women. You never know what they're thinking.

(dreamy smile)

'Course I could say the same about Asian women... and Latin women --

WADE

(teasing smile)

Maybe it's good you never know what women are thinking.

The Crying Man glowers, Wade just smiles, and turns her attention to the simmering Arturo...

WADE

Cheer up, Professor. It was only a watch, and it beats washing dishes.

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

Why someone didn't realize our money would be worthless here, is beyond me.

Arturo is looking around and going off, there's no stopping him now...

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

ARTURO  
(muttering)  
Stupid French planet... Shifty,  
backstabbing, croissant sniffing  
nitwits!

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

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 a pulsing red glow is suddenly  
emanating from his pants pocket. Rembrandt thinks the  
visual is hilarious...

REMBRANDT  
What's going on? That some kind  
of atomic tomato in your pocket?

ARTURO reaches into his pocket... and pulls out the  
triangular Kromagg wristwatch that he took from the dead  
pilot. Quinn is aghast.

QUINN  
You took that? You shouldn't  
have, we have no right --

ARTURO  
-- That's a foolish attitude -  
and one that reminds me that  
technically, you are still my  
student.  
(indicates watch)  
Should we ever make it back home,  
this item is the only tangible  
proof we have of the Kromaggs  
existence.

ARTURO studies the pulsing watch with a touch of alarm.

ARTURO  
What I can't figure out... is why  
it's suddenly pulsing.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2

17

WADE is the first to notice the 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; Quinn turns to the others with urgency --

QUINN

Quick, give me the timer!

Arturo fumbles for it, gets it to Quinn. He starts to aim it at the ship, but before he can punch in a command, A POWERFUL RED LIGHT, like a shockwave, emanates from the ship and engulfs the Sliders. All four fall to the ground, unconscious.

ANGLE - SLIDERS

lying motionless on the sidewalk, still bathed in red light.

BLACK-BOOTED FEET

appear contemptuously moving from Rembrandt... to Wade... and Arturo --

A KROMAGG HAND

searches Arturo's person... finally coming away with the glowing Kromagg timepiece. Meanwhile --

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 3

17

A PAIR OF BOOTS

from another Kromagg soldier prods Quinn's lifeless body, turning it over so that he now rests on his back.

A KROMAGG HAND

searches him, finally finding -- the timer.

FADE TO BLACK.

18 INT. MANTA SCOUT SHIP - FADE IN ON QUINN

18

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.

A FIGURE

is also in the room, standing before them, silently observing the Sliders and silhouetted in darkness.

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...

THE OTHER SLIDERS are all coming around as well. As their heads clear and their senses return, they have similar reactions - looking around and struggling to free themselves, to no avail.

WADE

(to Arturo)

Is this tangible proof of the Kromaggs existence?

REMBRANDT

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

MARY (O.S.)

Gravity.

The voice is soft... female... without malice.

MARY (O.S.)

The Kromaggs are masters of the gravitational sciences.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

MARY (O.S.) (cont'd)  
They have learned to harness the  
Earth as we once harnessed the  
horse.

The figure now steps out of the shadows... and is not what  
anyone was expecting.

MARY

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

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.  
(sad pause)  
And you are prisoners of...

She cuts off - hearing something the Sliders don't - and  
turning her head toward the darkness behind her...

A KROMAGG

is moving forward. He is looking right at Mary, and  
something telepathic is passing between them.

MARY turns back to the Sliders. She has been directed to  
correct her statement...

MARY  
-- guesses... of the Kromagg  
dynasty.

QUINN can't take his eyes off the newcomer...

CLOSE ON - THE KROMAGG'S FACE

standing in the meridian, where shadows meet light, as we

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 INT. MANTA SCOUT SHIP - MARY

19

stands before the immobilized but still struggling Sliders, with the Kromagg still standing in the shadows. Rembrandt can't keep his eyes off the strange, watching creature...

REMBRANDT

Look mister, this is all a big misunderstanding. Just let us go, and there'll be no hard feelings --

(to Mary)

Why does he keep standing there, while you do all the talking?

MARY

-- He can't understand you. My Masters will not speak a Homo Sapien tongue, so they've taught me theirs. I serve as their telepathic interpreter.

Mary displays a tone of calm rationality, but one almost gets the feeling that her words have been memorized.

MARY

(to all Sliders)

You are now traveling through an interdimensional tunnel, being transported to outpost Earth one-one-three: a barren world where advanced life has never taken hold.

ARTURO

(covertly)

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

WADE

Why are you doing this to us?

Mary glances at the Kromagg - he sends something telepathically - she turns to answer.

MARY

You disabled a Manta ship. You murdered its controller.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

WADE

We were defending ourselves - we  
landed in the middle of an  
invasion!

MARY

(from the Kromagg)

There was no invasion. The  
Kromagg dynasty was invited in, to  
quell an internal dispute. You  
intervened without cause.

The Sliders look at one another, uneasy, wondering if this  
could be true. Quinn casts his gaze back and forth between  
Mary and her Kromagg master.

QUINN

You speak for the Kromaggs... how  
did that come about? Why you?

MARY

I was selected. Chosen. When I  
was a little girl.

ANGLE - MARY

as her mind reels back in time --

MARY

It began when they announced their  
presence to the world... on a  
foggy San Francisco morning.

SMASH CUT TO:

MARY'S FLASHBACK - BLACK AND WHITE

jerky, held-held, fuzzy images, seen through the eyes of a  
little girl.

MARY (O.S.)

TV... radio... all channels...  
suddenly... they were everywhere.

MARY'S PARENTS

are excited and enthused, pointing out the window toward  
the sky. On the TV in the b.g., a happy newscaster is  
announcing the Kromagg's arrival.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

MARY (O.S.)  
I was only six years old, but I'll never forget the wonderful excitement we all felt. A superior form of life had entered our lives.

END FLASHBACK:

20 INT. MANTA SCOUT SHIP - MARY

20

is almost in a dreamlike state.

MARY  
The Kromaggs brought us new ways, new ideas. We accepted them as our superiors and they blessed our world a thousand fold. I'll spend the rest of my life striving to repay them for all they've done.

Mary sounds uncomfortably like a Jesus freak waxing on about Jesus. The spell is broken when the Kromagg looks her way and seemingly sends a telepathic message...

MARY  
You will be debriefed on Earth one-one-three. Your willingness to cooperate will determine your fate.

CLOSE ON - THE KROMAGG

his unsettling face dissected by a diagonal shadow. Slowly, he backs away, fading into the darkness... until darkness is all we see.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. KROMAGG OUTPOST - DUSK - ESTABLISHING SHOT (STOCK)

21

of a single complex, set in the middle of a lonely plain. The only sign of civilization for as far as the eye can see.

22 INT. CAVE CELL - NIGHT - REMBRANDT

22

alone in this austere cell, sitting on the floor, his back to the wall. This is a somewhat Gothic place - a dungeon-like setting with river rock walls.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Rembrandt Brown...

Rembrandt looks up - the voice seemed to float out of nowhere.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
You may leave your quarters. Go down the hall. Enter the first door on your right.

REMBRANDT  
I thought you said we were quests. So how come we're being treated like inmates?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Down the hall. First door on the right.

REMBRANDT  
(rising, still reluctant)  
Where are my friends, anyway?  
When will we be reunited?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Down the hall --

REMBRANDT  
(exiting, irked)  
-- I know, I know, first door on the right.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT - REMBRANDT

23

enters the long, windowless room.

AN OLDER MAN

is sitting at a table, facing away from us. As we approach, he turns to face us... slowly revealing himself.

Rembrandt stops dead still, heart beating fast, as he realizes who it is.

MYSTERY FIGURE  
Rembrandt?

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

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

MYSTERY FIGURE

Is it really you?

The mystery figure is a solemn, powerful black man of about sixty, whose accent betrays southern roots. Many hard years in the sun have left a road map of wrinkles across his face - his hair has receded and turned white, the same shade as his well-trimmed beard.

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

REMBRANDT

Oh my Lord... Dad?

(shuddery sigh)

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

HILTON BROWN's answer is a grim one.

MYSTERY FIGURE/HILTON B.

The Kromaggs... now control our Earth.

REMBRANDT

What? No... no.

HILTON BROWN

(nervous, choosing words carefully)

It happened while you were gone. It was a good thing - the Kromaggs brought new ways of doing things. And great prosperity to us all.

REMBRANDT

What about the military, didn't we put up a fight?

HILTON BROWN

There was no fight! No need to fight!

REMBRANDT

Why are you so nervous, Dad?

HILTON BROWN

It's been a long time since, since I've seen my boy. Of course I'm a little nervous.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2

23

POV - THROUGH GLASS PARTITION - THE ABOVE

Someone watches

TWO KROMAGGS

in red uniforms with black vertical slashes on their chests. They are standing side by side, secretly monitoring Rembrandt's dialogue with his father, through a two-way glass partition, as --

HILTON BROWN  
(filtered)

The Kromaggs are our superiors - they have fantastic mental abilities and far more discipline than we do. Their arrival was welcomed by all.

Rembrandt is eyeing his father, suspicion written all over his face.

REMBRANDT  
You still haven't told me why you're here.

HILTON BROWN  
(upbeat, still nervous)

I'm on my way to the Kromagg world. Whole bunch of us, the lucky ones, going there by the thousands. We're on this rock, just waiting, waiting for our chance to complete the journey.

24 INT. MEETING ROOM - HILTON BROWN

24

urging Rembrandt --

HILTON BROWN  
The word's out that you and your friends killed a Kromagg. It's time to cooperate. Tell them the truth, let them cross check their coordinates so that they can see that our world's no longer a threat. Then they might even let you come stay with me and your sister.

Rembrandt reacts to the final part of this statement.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

HILTON BROWN

That's right, Remmy. Your kid  
sister's here too!

Rembrandt stares at his father... his features unreadable.  
Hilton Brown leans forward, questioning his son with a new  
sense or urgency.

HILTON BROWN

Who designed your sliding machine?  
Not the boy, who did it really?  
The government? The CIA?

REMBRANDT

Quinn did it, by accident.

HILTON BROWN

What about the others? What was  
their role in the machine's  
creation?

REMBRANDT

They had no role. None.

HILTON BROWN

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

REMBRANDT

Just give me back the timer... and  
I'll take you there.

Hilton Brown is caught off guard by that remark.  
Rembrandt's features are ice cold.

REMBRANDT

I don't know who you are. But  
you're not my father.  
(heavy pause)  
You see "Dad"... I never had a  
sister.

CUT TO:

25 INT. CAVE CELL - NIGHT - ARTURO

25

being been led back into the torch-lit room after a tiring  
interrogation session. He looks to see --

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

A DESPONDENT REMBRANDT

sitting on his cot, back to the wall, hands behind his head, silently watching. Arturo enters, moves to a container of water as the heavy CLANK of the metal door that traps them here, rings out from behind him.

ARTURO  
Quinn and Wade are not back yet?  
(sighing)  
They've had them for hours. We  
can only hope they're holding up.

The light casts moody shadows across Arturo's face as he splashes water on it and speaks to Rembrandt.

ARTURO  
These Kromaggs are killing me with  
kindness. Promise after promise  
of what they'll do for me if I  
just tell them where our Earth is.

Arturo reacts to a pounding on the wall - A PRISONER in the next cell calls out, his voice muffled by the rock partition.

PRISONER (O.S.)  
Can you hear me?

ARTURO  
You're in the next cell, of  
course we hear you.

PRISONER (O.S.)  
I'm sorry to bother you again... I  
guess I'm just lonely.  
(slow anguish)  
Thousands of us, prisoners on this  
world... but they leave me in  
solitary.

ARTURO  
Thousands? Why? What purpose  
could so many human captives  
possibly serve?

PRISONER (O.S.)  
Some are here for slave labor...  
(grim pause)  
... some for food.

Arturo practically stops breathing.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 2

25

ARTURO

The Kromaggs claim to be a civilized people - why should we believe they're holding thousands against their will?

PRISONER (O.S.)

(dry, taunting)

Believe what you want. All I know is... there's a high price on their black market... for human eyes.

Arturo looks at Rembrandt, disturbed.

PRISONER (O.S.)

I wouldn't worry too much... from what I hear, you're VIPS's.

(slyly)

Maybe they'll let you keep your eyes... if you tell them what they want to know.

ARTURO

(hits the wall)

That's enough!

(to Rembrandt)

Don't listen to him. No matter how we're threatened... no matter what they promise... we must keep our secrets to ourselves, understood?

Just then...

THE DOOR

to the cell opens, and

REMBRANDT

steps inside.

ARTURO

glances to where Rembrandt was just sitting, but he's no longer there!

Rembrandt moves toward Arturo, looking shaken but not broken - he sees the expression on the Professor's face...

REMBRANDT

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

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 3

25

ARTURO

Maybe I have.

Arturo turns from him, scanning the corners of the room with his eyes. Rembrandt moves after him --

REMBRANDT

Professor, talk to me!

Arturo signals for Rembrandt to be quiet - he is still unsuccessfully searching the room for signs of surveillance.

THE TWO KROMAGG WATCHERS' POV - ARTURO AND REMBRANDT

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

ARTURO (ON MONITOR)

(half-whisper)

I believe the Kromaggs' hypnotic powers may be greater than we thought.

(turns to face

Rembrandt, intense)

I was just speaking to you, but you were never really here.

Rembrandt catches his drift... and it worries him greatly.

ARTURO (ON MONITOR)

I shudder to think of the others.. at the mercy of such powerful deception.

REMBRANDT (ON MONITOR)

Quinn's a pretty tough cookie... But I'm worried about little Wade.

SMASH CUT TO:

26 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT - WADE

26

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.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Wade is being questioned by

A FEMALE VOICE

which is strangely soothing, and distorted by ECHO. It may or may not be Mary's voice.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S)

We want to help you. We have the ability to transport you to your Earth. You could be home by tomorrow... isn't that what you want?

WADE

(squirming in the changing light)

Of course. It's what we all want.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR

Then tell us true things.

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

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

No. That's ridiculous.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S)

Do the rulers of your world have plans to invade the Kromagg dynasty?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 2

26

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)

Why?

WADE

Because I don't trust you! I  
don't believe the things you tell  
me... I don't believe anything you  
say.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S)

If it meant sparing your life...  
would you tell us what we want to  
know?

WADE

No. Never.

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S)

What if Quinn Mallory's life were  
at stake? Would that make a  
difference to you?

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

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 3

26

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S)  
We have him in the next chamber.  
Unless your answers begin to bear  
fruit...

Wade's now bathed in red and dreading the next set of  
words...

FEMALE INTERROGATOR (O.S)  
... Quinn Mallory will be put to  
death.

Off Wade's horror --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 INT. CAVE CELL - NIGHT - WADE

27

has rejoined Arturo and Rembrandt in the moody cave cell. She is angst ridden and emotional, speaking to her friends as fiery shadows dance across her face...

WADE

They told me they'd kill Quinn if I didn't cooperate. So I said some things... How Quinn brought their ship down with the timer... some of the worlds we've been to... what I remembered about Quinn's basement...

(near tears)

I didn't know what else to do!

She falls into Rembrandt's chest - he embraces her.

REMBRANDT

It's okay sweetheart... we know you did what you thought was right.

Rembrandt disengages and begins to pace, exorcising his own demons.

REMBRANDT

I figured they'd gotten inside my head somehow... Painted a portrait of my father that my eyes and ears would believe. So I stood there... studying him... half expecting him to morph into something else, or dissolve into thin air.

(trace of wonder)

But he never did - he really was my father! Just... my father on another Earth.

(sad pause)

Who knows what'll happen to him now... not to mention the sister who isn't my sister.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

WADE

Well, at least we know our Earth  
is still out there. Somewhere.

ARTURO

The Kromaggs seem to be garnering  
as much information as possible  
about the sequence of worlds we've  
visited. They may be trying to  
backtrack our journey and pinpoint  
our Earth.

(to Rembrandt)

Did you tell "your father"  
anything that might be useful?

REMBRANDT

I don't think so... but who knows  
what we're really giving away?  
You spoke to a hallucination -  
maybe we're all talking in our  
sleep.

ARTURO

Yes, I see your point. The  
Kromagg's bag of tricks keeps  
getting bigger, while our ability  
to resist withers.

(to others,  
forceful)

We must escape from this place, or  
die trying.

REMBRANDT

Absolutely. Whatever it takes.

WADE

I'm with you, but... what about  
Quinn?

REMBRANDT

(moving to her)

We have no way of knowing what's  
happened to him. They may have  
held him personally responsible  
for the pilot's death.

WADE

What are you saying?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: 2

27

ARTURO  
He's saying... that Quinn may well  
be dead. And if so... we have to  
go on without him.

Wade is devastated. Off this somber gathering, we...

CUT TO:

28 EXT. THE GARDEN - DAY - QUINN

28

eyes closed, looking peaceful as in death.

WIDEN - A FIELD

and right next to him, a huge sunflower, but with orange  
petals and a blue middle.

QUINN  
It's so peaceful out here...  
Especially after three days of  
being cooped up... alone.

Quinn opens his eyes and turns his attention from the  
flower... to Mary who stands nearby, watching. Unlike her  
Kromagg masters, her visage is not coldly analytical.

QUINN  
My friends could use the fresh  
air.

MARY  
I could only arrange this for you.  
I sold it as therapy... perhaps  
the scenery would make you long  
for home... and lead you to talk.

Quinn is surprised by her candor. He looks around,  
searching the surrounding trees with his eyes.

QUINN  
Are your Masters watching us now,  
Mary? Are they listening?

MARY  
No. This is a sanctuary... a  
place I'm allowed to come to...  
when I want to be truly alone.  
That's why I bought you some time,  
and brought you here.

QUINN  
Bought me some time?

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

Mary closes her eyes, seems to summon some courage, tells Quinn a dangerous truth.

MARY

The Kromaggs have been testing you. The carrot and the stick - threats and promises - their way of searching your souls, trying to find hidden truths.

(intense)

You are the first Homo Sapiens they've encountered who know the secrets of "sliding", and this terrifies them.

Quinn gently takes her delicate hands in his... looks in her eyes... tries to talk to her as a friend.

QUINN

But why? All we want to do is get home - we're no threat to them.

MARY

Understand - the Kromagg's Earth was hell, fraught with endless tribal warfare. Then they discovered sliding and were shocked to find Earth after Earth dominated by Homo Sapiens. Their fear and hatred of us united them - now they have a single military government, devoted to the sliding conquests of other Earths.

QUINN

A common enemy: someone everyone can hate, so they'll band together and stop hating each other.

(thinking back)

So that was an invasion we slid into.

MARY

One of many. And all successful.

QUINN

Why are you telling me this? Why take the risk?

MARY

The Kromaggs have branded you a murderer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED: 2

28

MARY (cont'd)  
Your hours are numbered.  
(looking away,  
self-conscious  
I don't want you to die. I...  
like you.

She seems embarrassed, like a little girl revealing a profound first love. She manages to look him in the eye...

MARY  
When you questioned me about my past... and then displayed such resolute defiance against the Kromaggs... I had some kind of... breakthrough. I can't really explain it, but... I didn't believe my kind was capable of such resistance.  
(emotional pause)  
For some reason... I thought about my parents... and for the first time, I remembered the way things really happened --

SMASHCUT TO:

MARY'S FLASHBACK - BLACK AND WHITE

This is the mirror image of the previous flashback - the same day, the same place and people. But the easy-going tranquility of a welcomed Kromagg arrival has been flipped on its ear.

Mary's parents are again pointing up to the sky - but this time they are panicked and scared out of their wits.

On the TV, in the background, even the newscaster looks badly flustered and frightened.

MARY'S MOTHER

is crying now... Her husband holds her, and together they both look down at us (Mary) with a hopeless look of desperation.

Outside the window, horns are honking and glass is breaking somewhere in the city.

A woman is SCREAMING, her terror palpable. The screamer is coming closer and closer, getting louder and louder - suddenly, there is a KROMAGG SOLDIER at the window!

SMASHCUT BACK TO:

29 EXT. GARDEN - MARY

29

is sobbing, and Quinn is deeply empathetic.

MARY

They abducted me that day. Now 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.

Quinn embraces her, gently speaking in her ear...

QUINN

They've brainwashed you, Mary. About us, about everything. I want to fight them - if you could bring me my timer, maybe we could get away, and you could come with us --

MARY

There's no time! Tomorrow morning, stage two of the interrogation process will begin. Your friends will be killed here on One-One-Three.

(quivering voice)

You'll be taken back to the Kromagg home world, where you'll be tortured until they acquire the information they desire.

He grasps her by the shoulders - looks deep into her eyes with firm determination...

QUINN

I'll never help them find my Earth. No matter what they do to me, do you understand?

MARY

(wiping her tears)

I believe that about you. And your friends too. I'm sorry that there is no other way --

QUINN

But there is! The Kromaggs trust you - Help us.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MARY  
(averting her eyes)  
I'm powerless... And I'm truly  
sorry.  
(sad pause)  
I brought you here to say  
good-bye.

Emotionally exhausted, she leans forward and Quinn takes her in his arms. He glances down the side of her body... and sees something on her belt, shining in the sun. Quietly... covertly... he reaches for it.

CUT TO:

30 INT. THE CAVE CELL - QUINN

30

enters the dungeon-like holding cell.

THE OTHER SLIDERS

are thrilled to see him. They move to greet him, Wade hugs him mightily, but Rembrandt and Arturo keep their distance...

REMBRANDT  
I hate to ask you this, Q-ball...  
but is it really you?

QUINN  
In the flesh.

Quinn is eyeing the room, looking for signs of surveillance. He speaks to the others in a hushed voice, as he circles the cell...

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

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

QUINN  
They took her to their home Earth,  
when she was a little girl. It's  
a jungle planet, their cities are  
built amidst giant trees that  
would make the Redwoods look like  
matchsticks!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

QUINN (cont'd)  
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?  
(to Quinn)  
These freaks eat eyeballs, man!  
We're gonna die here!

QUINN  
Maybe not.

Quinn covertly reaches into his pocket and pulls out the  
silver object that was reflecting sunlight on Mary's belt.  
It's flat and rectangular, looking something like the card  
key given out at hotels.

QUINN  
(whispering)  
I lifted this off of Mary. She  
didn't seem to notice.

WADE  
What is it?

Quinn answers as he moves quietly toward the door.

QUINN  
I think... it's a key.

He smoothly slips the silver device into a door slot...  
turns to his companions with a small smile... and pushes  
open the impregnable cell door.

The Professor grabs Quinn by the arm --

ARTURO  
It could be a trick.

QUINN  
Trick or not, it's a way out, and  
I'm all for it.  
(to Rembrandt)  
You with me?

REMBRANDT  
I'm with you, buddy!

Wade nods that she, too, is willing to chance it. Finally,  
a still wary Arturo does the same.

31 INT. KROMAGG HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - THE SLIDERS

31

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

PRISONER (O.S.)  
Wait! Who's out there?

The Sliders freeze.

ARTURO  
It's the prisoner from the adjoining cell. I've been wondering if he's another illusion... but we must keep going.

WADE  
We've got a key! At least we should try to get him out!

She grabs the key and doubles back to the adjoining cell.

The cell is dark, the man imprisoned there is standing back in the shadows. Wade tests the key...

WADE  
(hushed)  
We're getting out of here. If we can figure out a way to open your --

PRISONER  
-- No. I can never leave this place.

The prisoner slowly steps out of the darkness, moving toward Wade, who stands at the bars.

Wade winces, straining to contain her horror at the sight of the man.

ANGLE - THE PRISONER

as he steps into the light.

He is a middle aged man, normal in every respect - except for the fact that he has no eyes!

There is simply flesh-colored skin where the pupils should be - the after-effects of an extremely advanced form of surgery.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

PRISONER

And if I can't leave, neither can  
you! GUARDS!! GUARDS!! THE  
PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING!!

The Sliders are already on the run.

REMBRANDT

Way to go, girl!

WADE

The next time I try and do a good  
deed, plant one on my chin!

They turn a corner, still speaking as they sprint.

WADE

What's the good 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!

32 EXT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS - THE SLIDERS

32

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

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

KROMAGG VOICES (O.S.)

shouting, 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!

ARTURO, REMBRANDT AND WADE

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 (O.S.) 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, Quinn! If nothing else, we've given them a bloody nose.

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

33 INT. KROMAGG ROOM - THE SLIDERS

33

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 --

THE KROMAGG SOLDIERS

are blasted from behind by a shock wave of red light. They collapse to the ground, but one twists and fires from his knees, hitting his target before losing consciousness.

MARY

steps in, weapon in hand. It's clear to the startled, grateful Sliders, that she has just saved their bacon. And it's also clear she's been shot. Before the Sliders can thank her, or help 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 also collapses, but she manages to pull out the Sliders' timer. She hands it to Quinn as he races to her, cradling her head in his arms.

MARY

(gasping)

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

Arturo takes the timer from Quinn and looks at the readout - Eighty-three minutes and counting down. The Professor is despairing...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

ARTURO  
(to Wade and  
Rembrandt)

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... I've programmed  
the portal to send you back... to  
the last world you came from.  
(a 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. She begins to cough, spasm,  
she is fading fast. Quinn is battling back tears, he's  
more grateful than he could ever state, but her  
deteriorating condition is paining him greatly.

QUINN  
(gently)  
Come on... we have to get you to  
your feet.

MARY  
(painful smile)  
You're dreaming, Quinn... I'm  
dying... and we both know it.  
(painful cough)  
The gate is fully formed. You  
must go. Now!

The Sliders hesitate. Quinn shoots them a grim nod...

Looking back at Mary with genuine sorrow, Wade... then  
Rembrandt... and Arturo, leap into the scarlet void.

QUINN

turns worried attention back to the woman he is holding.

MARY  
Your freedom makes me happier than  
you'll ever know... Go Quinn... go  
... for... me...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: 2

33

QUINN  
Mary -- the Kromaggs were wrong.  
You're beautiful.

She manages a ghost of a smile... and dies in his arms.  
Quinn doesn't move, just embraces her lifeless body,  
closing his eyes and grieving.

KROMAGG VOICES (O.S.)

rapidly approaching and SHOUTING in their strange tongue,  
leave him no choice. Torn to pieces, he hugs her... kisses  
her forehead... and reluctantly jumps just before the gate  
closes behind him.

CUT TO:

34 EXT. VERSAILLES WEST/NEW FRANCE - DAY - QUINN

34

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  
(dour)  
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  
I take back what I said. 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 are barely a whisper...

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

QUINN  
She didn't make it.

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

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

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Countless hours of probing the subject's minds during sleeping and waking hours, proved they did not know the location of their home Earth. Their sliding patterns are erratic and totally random.

CUT TO:

35 INT. DARK RED ROOM - A FIGURE

35

in silhouette, walking down a dark corridor, his/her identity hidden by the dark red light.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
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.

We can see that the figure is a woman, wearing a long white gown. She comes to a stop in a curtain of red light.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
We will be waiting... and watching... ready to attack when the time is right.

And the identity of the woman in white is --

MARY

very much alive and struggling to remain emotionless.

ANGLE - 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.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

MALE VOICE/KROMAGG WATCHER  
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