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"JUST SAY YES"

Written by

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Directed by

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1st Pink Revs. Full Script

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#K2809

SLIDERS

"Just Say Yes"

CAST

QUINN MALLORY (QUINN DOUBLE)
REMBRANDT BROWN
MAGGIE BECKETT
COLIN MALLORY

DAMON
HELENA
FLETCHER LOWELL
WINIFRED
JORGE
GREG
CABBIE

#K2809

SLIDERS

"Just Say Yes"

SETS

INTERIORS:

CHANDLER HOTEL

HALLWAY

BAR

CLINIC

HELENA'S EXAMINING ROOM

HELENA'S WAITING ROOM

HELENA'S OFFICE

CORRIDOR

BURNOUT WARD

COMPOUND FOUR

1402 ELM HOUSE

LIVING ROOM

HALLWAY ON WAY TO KITCHEN

WAREHOUSE

(X)

(X)

(X)

EXTERIORS:

CHANDLER HOTEL

SERVICE ENTRANCE

CLINIC

ENTRANCE

SUBURBAN STREET

CITY STREET

COMPOUND FOUR

1402 ELM HOUSE`

SIDE PORCH

ALLEY

WAREHOUSE

(X)

(X)

(X)

#K2809

SLIDERS

"Just Say Yes"

CHRONOLOGY PAGE

SCENES 1 - 75 DAY #1

SLIDERS

"Just Say Yes"

TEASER

FADE IN

1 INT. CHANDLER HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY (D1)

1

An empty corridor. SOUND of the VORTEX. BRIGHT LIGHT spills from behind a closed door. We hear four THUDS mingled with CRASHING SOUNDS. The LIGHT VANISHES.

COLIN (O.S.)
Where are we? I can't see a thing!

REMBRANDT (O.S.)
Get your elbow out of my ear!

MAGGIE (O.S.)
Someone's on my foot!

QUINN (O.S.)
Wait, I found a door --

QUINN, REMBRANDT, MAGGIE and COLIN tumble out of the closet, tangled with mops, brooms, buckets and each other.

MAGGIE
Great. Now we're sliding into closets. What's next, popping up inside a brick wall?

COLIN
Could that happen?

QUINN
No chance. There's a densitometry circuit that --

MAGGIE
-- needs a lot of work, if you ask me.

QUINN
Nobody's asking you.

Rembrandt steps in before Maggie can retort.

REMBRANDT
Q-Ball, how long are we here for?

QUINN
(checks the timer)
Just under nine hours.

REMBRANDT
Want to spend it arguing or would you rather find out where we are?

(X)

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

1

Rembrandt heads off without waiting for a reply. Colin follows him.

MAGGIE

Who says we can't do both?

Maggie and Quinn glare at each other.

2 INT. CHANDLER HOTEL - BAR - DAY

2

Rembrandt and Colin cross to the bar.

COLIN

Is it my imagination, or do Maggie and my brother argue a lot?

REMBRANDT

I wouldn't worry about it. You do what we do, you get a little tense at times.

COLIN

I can see that, but this morning she called him a name I have never heard before.

REMBRANDT

She used to be a Marine.

They reach the bar. Only a bartender there with half a dozen PATRONS -- all of whom are wearing long sleeves and contented grins.

2A WITH MAGGIE AND QUINN

2A

as they cross to join Remmy and Colin.

MAGGIE

I don't see why you're blaming me.

QUINN

You're the one who broke the law.

MAGGIE

I swatted a mosquito!

QUINN

On a world where they're an endangered species!

MAGGIE

And how was I supposed to know that?

QUINN

There were signs all over the place.

3 REMBRANDT

3

bellies up to the bar. Juices and designer waters; no alcohol. Rembrandt eyes a menu.

REMBRANDT
Zucchini juice? Beet frappe. (X)
Frozen okra whip. What is this, (X)
Health Nut Earth?

COLIN (X)
The broccoli and soda sounds good. (X)

4 MAGGIE AND QUINN

4

keep at it. Patrons turn and look.

QUINN (X)
And I think the cop would've let
you off with a warning if you
hadn't yelled at her.

MAGGIE (X)
You think that was yelling. You
haven't heard yelling. (X)

COLIN (X)
(trying to help)
I wouldn't call it 'yelling,' (X)
Quinn. (X)

QUINN
Thanks for the support, bro.

MAGGIE
There you are. Even your brother
thinks you're wrong.

A young man in a spotless white paramedic-type uniform gets up from the bar and crosses to Quinn, Maggie and Colin. This is DAMON -- clean-cut, good-hearted, likable.

DAMON
Hi, my name's Damon. Can I be of
assistance?

MAGGIE
No.

DAMON
Why the negativity? I'm your
friend.

MAGGIE
Mind your own business, okay,
friend?
(to Quinn)
Just because you can't tell the
dif --

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

DAMON
Ma'am, I'm a licensed Facilitator,
and I think your dosage needs
adjustment.

MAGGIE
How about I adjust your nose?

(X)

QUINN
You're yelling again.

MAGGIE
That's not yelling.
(yelling at Quinn)
Now I'm yelling!

QUINN
This is 'I don't want to hear it.'

Quinn turns his back on Maggie, moves to join Rembrandt and
Colin at the bar. Maggie, ticked off even more by this,
follows.

(X)
(X)

MAGGIE
And this is 'come back here and
finish the discussion.'

(X)

Damon draws an odd-shaped pistol and FIRES it at Maggie. A
dart hits her in the back. She collapses.

Quinn, Rembrandt and Colin rush to her. She isn't moving.

QUINN
Maggie?

Maggie's eyes open. She smiles a big, beatific smile and
speaks with innocent delight:

MAGGIE
Oh, wow.

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

5 INT. CHANDLER HOTEL - BAR - DAY

5

Quinn pulls the dart from Maggie's back. She stands.

QUINN
Whoa, not so fast --

REMBRANDT
Easy does it.

(X)
(X)

MAGGIE
Easy does it, easy as pie, pie's good, I'm good, you're good, life is good.

COLIN
She seems better than before.

(X)
(X)

MAGGIE
I am better than before. Better than ever. Let's dance.

(X)
(X)

Maggie pirouettes gaily about. Neither Damon, the patrons, nor the bartender find any of this odd; their grins don't waver. Quinn angrily confronts Damon with the empty dart:

QUINN
What's this? What'd you give her?

DAMON
Tranquil. Standard mood elevator.

QUINN
Why?

DAMON
She needed it. I'd say you do, too.

Damon levels his dart gun at Quinn. Quinn grabs Damon's wrist, spoiling his aim as he FIRES. The dart hits Colin.

QUINN
Colin!

Rembrandt moves fast, plucks the dart from Colin's arm. The dart's only half empty. Colin eyes it curiously.

COLIN
(slurred)
'Sa little dart. Innat clever.

Colin's knees buckle. Rembrandt catches him, helps him sit.

REMBRANDT
Slow down, buddy.

(X)

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

Quinn now has a secure grip on Damon's arm. He wrests the gun away from Damon, then sets himself to counter Damon's next move. To Quinn's surprise, Damon's only move is to spread his hands in surrender.

DAMON
I don't understand your aggressive behavior. Testosterone imbalance?

Quinn crosses to Colin, who's studying his hands. He grins:

COLIN
Hey, Quinn. (X)
(wiggling his fingers)
Have you ever wondered why we have (X)
so many fingers? (X)

QUINN
Colin, listen to me --

COLIN
I am. You sound orange.

QUINN
You have to -- what?

REMBRANDT
He's seeing sounds.

COLIN
And hearing colors. And tasting (X)
aromas. It's fantastic. I'm in (X)
touch with the universe.

REMBRANDT
Okay. Just remember, you're with (X)
friends. If it gets spooky, let (X)
me know and I'll talk you through
it.

QUINN
You've seen this kind of thing
before?

REMBRANDT
Once or twice.

DAMON
See? Nothing to worry about.
Everything's fine --

Quinn looks around. Maggie's nowhere to be seen.

QUINN
Where's Maggie?

Colin continues wiggling his fingers in front of his eyes. (X)

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED 2

5

REMBRANDT

You look. I'll stay with finger
boy.

(X)
(X)

Quinn exits. Damon heads after him.

6 EXT. CHANDLER HOTEL - DAY

6

Maggie's doing arabesques. Passersby smile as she passes.

Maggie stops, suddenly disoriented. Her body shivers.
Something's wrong. She shrugs it off and resumes dancing.

7 QUINN

7

emerges from the hotel, followed by Damon. They see:

8 MAGGIE

8

doing a jete -- into the street and in front of a truck.

QUINN

Maggie!

Quinn pours it on, pulls Maggie from the truck's path.
She's shaking, delirious, doesn't recognize Quinn.

QUINN

It's me -- Quinn. Hold still.

But Maggie's not trying to get away; she's going into a
seizure. Quinn glares at Damon, who's stopped smiling.

QUINN

Still think everything's fine?

DAMON

I don't get it. Tranquil shouldn't
do this. Clinic's on the next
block...

Quinn and Damon carry Maggie off.

9 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE ON
MAGGIE'S ARM

9

shaking uncontrollably as hands gently force it down and
strap it to an examining table. WIDEN to reveal Damon,
Quinn and a clinic doctor.

The doctor is HELENA, thirtyish, intelligent, compassionate.
As she and Damon finish putting Maggie under restraint:

HELENA

Has she had reactions to tranquil
before?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

QUINN

She's never taken any.

HELENA

Never? Most unusual. Well, let's see what she is taking...

Helena rolls up Maggie's left sleeve -- and is surprised to see nothing but bare skin. Damon's also amazed:

DAMON

No infuser.

(turns to Quinn)

You have one, don't you?

(X)

(X)

(X)

Quinn looks puzzled, but doesn't say anything. Helena pulls up her own sleeve to show Quinn. Near the crook of her elbow is a small device fastened to the skin right over a vein. It holds a replaceable cartridge.

(X)

HELENA

Your prescription dispenser.

QUINN

Ah. No, we don't have those.

DAMON

How's that possible?

QUINN

Well... we're not from here.

DAMON

(to Helena)

But I thought everybody was using infusers these days.

(X)

Helena's now checking Maggie's vital signs.

HELENA

Not quite. A few areas are still distributing pills. Parts of Canada, for instance.

QUINN

(grateful for the out)

Canada. That's right. We're a bit behind the times up there.

HELENA

And you don't know what her normal prescription is?

QUINN

Afraid not.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED 2

9

HELENA

Then I'd better play it safe and neutralize all the drugs in her system with a dose of troxoprine.

Helena unlocks a controlled-substance safe, removes a canister. Quinn looks worried. Damon reassures him:

DAMON

It's pharmaceutical-grade... not the impure bootleg street stuff. Nothing to worry about.

QUINN

You keep saying that.

Helena attaches the canister to an air hypo, gives Maggie a shot. Maggie's convulsions diminish.

10 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

10

Helena ushers in Quinn.

HELENA

It won't take long to do its work. Just relax in the meantime.

QUINN

She's gonna be all right?

HELENA

Absolutely.

Quinn sits down, selects a magazine. Helena exits.

But something in Helena's manner has made Quinn suspicious. He tiptoes to the door and cautiously eavesdrops.

11 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

11

Helena's on the phone:

HELENA

I'm not sure, but I think it's Quinn Mallory... No, but I've got his companion under restraints... I'll do my best, but please get here quickly... Thank you, Agent Lowell.

Helena hangs up, gives Damon a dart gun.

HELENA

The DEA doesn't want us to wait. I'll distract him; you tranq him.

Damon nods. Helena returns to:

12 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S WAITING ROOM - DAY 12

Helena enters, smiling broadly. Her smile disappears when she sees that Quinn is gone.

13 INT. CHANDLER HOTEL - BAR - DAY 13

Rembrandt and Colin's table has the dirty dishes from three full meals. Colin's slumped in his chair, SNORING. The perpetually smiling patrons and bartender take no notice.

Quinn enters, quickly joins Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT
About time. Where's Maggie?

QUINN
Tell you later. We've got to move.
How's Colin?

REMBRANDT
Coming down. He had a little snack
and now he's taking a nap.

QUINN
He ate all this?

REMBRANDT
And he was about to order a pizza
when he dozed off.

QUINN
Colin! Wake up!

Colin SNORES louder. Quinn shakes his shoulders.

REMBRANDT
Trust me, he's out of it.

Quinn looks dubious. Rembrandt screams in Colin's ear:

REMBRANDT
EARTH TO COLIN! EARTH TO COLIN!
WAKEY-WAKEY!

Colin keeps SNORING. The bartender and patrons look at Rembrandt, who smiles at them --

REMBRANDT
'Scuse me.

The bartender and patrons smile back. Everything's cool.

QUINN
Then we'll have to carry him. We
can't stay here.

As Quinn and Rembrandt wrap Colin's arms around their shoulders and haul Colin to his feet:

CONTINUED

13 CONTINUED

13

REMBRANDT
Don't tell me. Our friend with the
happy darts is coming back.

QUINN
With reinforcements.

14 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

14

Reinforcements have arrived: three more white-uniformed
Facilitators -- and LOWELL, a government agent.

Lowell's trim, mid-thirties. Cool, affable and confident.

Lowell's at the clinic's computer terminal, retrieving a
video clip as Helena and Damon look on.

15 ON THE SCREEN

15

is a FREEZE FRAME of this Earth's QUINN DOUBLE: a scraggly,
long-haired, tie-dyed hippie.

16 ON LOWELL, HELENA AND DAMON

16

HELENA
Yes, that's the man.

LOWELL
That's Mallory, all right. Busted
twice for non-possession. Jumped
bail a year ago and ran off to
Mexico.

DAMON
I'd heard he died of an under dose.

LOWELL
Same here. Guess we heard wrong,
huh?

Lowell gives Damon a quick smile. Damon eats it up; he's
already admiring Lowell's cool attitude.

LOWELL
Safe bet that Mallory snuck back
into the country to spread more of
his anti-drug propaganda. Guy like
that shouldn't be on the street.

DAMON
He'll be apprehended, sir.
(to the Facilitators)
Let's move out.

Damon and the Facilitators exit.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

LOWELL
Where's Mallory's partner in crime?

HELENA
This way.

17 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

17

Helena leads Lowell in. Maggie's now unconscious.

HELENA
I did a full blood workup.
Apparently she's never had any
significant pharmacotherapy.

LOWELL
Nothing? Nothing at all?
(shakes his head)
Poor, dumb kid.

18 EXT. CHANDLER HOTEL - SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY

18

Quinn and Rembrandt emerge from the hotel's back entrance,
dragging a SNORING Colin with them.

REMBRANDT
So everybody's on something.

QUINN
Everybody but us.

REMBRANDT
That explains all the brain-dead
grins. Doesn't explain what
they've got against the local
Quinn.

QUINN
But at least we know he's no friend
of the powers that be. We find
him, maybe he can help us spring
Maggie.

REMBRANDT
We're gonna need the help,
especially with Colin out of the
play.

QUINN
How long's he gonna sleep like
this?

REMBRANDT
(shrugs)
This roadie I knew once crashed for
three days. Didn't even twitch
when the drummer set him on fire.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

QUINN
Somebody set him on fire?

REMBRANDT
Not on purpose.

Colin stirs.

REMBRANDT
Hold on. Signs of life.

Quinn and Rembrandt stop and sit Colin down. Colin woozily opens his eyes.

QUINN
How do you feel? And please don't say 'hungry.'

COLIN
I feel... ordinary.

REMBRANDT
Lost touch with the universe?

COLIN
The sensations are all gone...

(X)

QUINN
Good.

COLIN
Not good. I want more.

(X)

QUINN
No, you don't --

COLIN
Yes, I do. You have to try it.
It is important to experience new
sensations. Science demands it.

(X)

(X)

(X)

REMBRANDT
Yeah, well, next time science
calls, don't answer.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Colin stops as he sees a white van pass by on the main street. Damon's at the wheel of the van.

COLIN
There he is!

REMBRANDT
Who?

Quinn and Rembrandt turn, but the van's already passed out of sight. Colin leaps up and runs after it, calling out:

CONTINUED

- 18 CONTINUED 2 18
- COLIN
Stop! Please stop! I want more! (X)
- QUINN
Colin! Come back --
- Quinn and Rembrandt hightail it after Colin.
- 19 EXT. CHANDLER HOTEL - DAY 19
- The van's parked at the main hotel entrance; Damon and three Facilitators are emerging from the van.
- Colin runs around the corner of the hotel, sees Damon:
- COLIN
More! Please -- more!
- Damon obliges, FIRING a dart into Colin.
- 20 ON QUINN AND REMBRANDT 20
- rounding the corner. Quinn heads for Colin. Damon takes aim at Quinn. Rembrandt yanks Quinn to one side as Damon FIRES. The dart WHIZZES past Quinn's ear.
- DAMON
That's him! Trank 'em! (X)
- Quinn and Rembrandt beat a hasty retreat around the corner as the three Facilitators rush toward them, FIRING darts.
- 21 ANGLE ON QUINN AND REMMY 21(X)
- running away from the Facilitators, dodging darts. (X)
- (X)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

22 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

22

Maggie, still strapped to the table, is now conscious, drug-free and none too happy. Lowell faces her:

LOWELL
Talk to me. How'd Mallory get back
across the border?

No response.

LOWELL
Now why won't you enlighten me?

MAGGIE
Let me out of these straps and I'll
enlighten you but good.

LOWELL
No can do, honey. You'd hurt
yourself.

MAGGIE
Not if I hurt you first.

(X)

LOWELL
Well, now. A woman with spirit.
(winks at her)
We'll fix that.

Helena enters with an air hypo, smiles at Maggie.

HELENA
We certainly will. I've got a
prescription that'll take care of
those antisocial impulses... and
your system's now ready for it.

MAGGIE
No! Get that away from me --

Maggie struggles vainly. Helena gives Maggie a shot. All the fight promptly leaves Maggie.

DAMON (O.S.)
Agent Lowell, sir?

23 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

23

Damon, three Facilitators and a drugged, cheerful Colin. Lowell enters.

DAMON
I'm sorry, sir. Two of them got
away.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

LOWELL
What have we here?

DAMON
Says he's Quinn's brother.

COLIN
(extending a hand)
Colin Mallory. And you are...?

LOWELL
Fletcher Lowell, Special Agent,
Drug Empowerment Administration.
Tell me, Colin, how'd your brother
get here?

COLIN
Same way I did. We slid through an
interdimensional gateway wormhole
vortex thingamabob.

LOWELL
Is that a fact.

COLIN
My brother invented it. He's a
genius from a parallel universe.
I'm also from such a place. A
very different world from this
one.

(X)
(X)
(X)

LOWELL
Been drug-deprived a tad too long,
haven't you, Colin?

COLIN
Based on recent experience, I would
say yes.
(sees Maggie)
Oh, hi, Maggie.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

She looks vaguely at him.

(X)

24 EXT. CLINIC - DAY

24

Quinn and Rembrandt sneak into a doorway across from the
clinic. The white van's parked near the clinic entrance.

REMBRANDT
That's where they've got Maggie?

QUINN
Yeah. And there's the drugmobile.
They must've brought Colin here
too.

REMBRANDT
Like you figured.

(X)

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

Quinn checks the timer.

(X)

QUINN
Less than six hours.

(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT
So, what's the plan?

(X)
(X)

QUINN
Let me think a minute.

REMBRANDT
Don't have a minute --

25 EXT. CLINIC ENTRANCE - ANGLE ON MAGGIE AND COLIN

25

They're in handcuffs, being escorted out by Lowell and Helena. Damon and the three Facilitators, guns drawn and ready, flank them. Quinn starts forward; Rembrandt holds him back.

QUINN
We have to try --

REMBRANDT
They almost got us last time. And this time, they're ready.

Lowell, Helena and the Facilitators get in back with Maggie and Colin. Damon takes the wheel. The van pulls out.

26 ANGLE ON A CAB

26

parked at a taxi stand. Quinn and Rembrandt jump in.

QUINN
Follow that van!

The middle-aged CABBIE, sprawled across the seat, smiles.

CABBIE
Why? I'm in a good space right now... a really mellow mindset.

QUINN
Come on! Start the cab!

Rembrandt waves some bills in the Cabbie's face.

REMBRANDT
Would you please get moving!

CABBIE
I hear you, but the heavy-duty materialist bag is not where I'm coming from. I can't get behind it.

CONTINUED

26 CONTINUED

26

QUINN
Can you just get behind the
wheel?

CABBIE
Stay loose. You're gonna make me
forget my mantra.

(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT
We can't wait that long.

CABBIE
(closing his eyes)
Om...

27 QUINN AND REMBRANDT

27

give it up and exit the cab. The van's long gone. Quinn
heads for the clinic. Rembrandt catches up:

REMBRANDT
You're not going back in there...?

QUINN
Why not? The doctor's gone. Maybe
her office has some record of where
they're taking Colin and Maggie.

28 INT. CLINIC - CORRIDOR - DAY

28

Quinn and Rembrandt quietly make their way down an empty
hallway. Approaching FOOTSTEPS make them duck into --

29 INT. CLINIC - BURNOUT WARD - DAY

29

A roomful of shriveled, comatose patients, none of whom look
younger than ninety. Quinn and Rembrandt are shocked.

QUINN
Um... excuse us.

They tiptoe through, glancing at all the bedridden zombies.

Then a wizened hand grabs Rembrandt's wrist. He YELPS,
startled. The grabber is WINIFRED, a tiny, decrepit woman.

WINIFRED
Hello, son. I'm so glad to see
you!

REMBRANDT
Uh, ma'am, I'm not your son.

WINIFRED
Oh. No, of course you're not.

Winifred lets Rembrandt go -- and grabs Quinn's wrist.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

WINIFRED
Hello, son. I'm so glad to see
you!

QUINN
I'm not your son, either.

WINIFRED
Beg your pardon. I'm not what I
used to be. Matter of fact, I'm a
wreck.

QUINN
Sorry to hear that. Are you in
pain?

WINIFRED
Are you kidding? I feel peachy!
God bless modern medicine!

(X)

Winifred shows off the infuser on her arm. It has a triple-
sized cartridge installed.

WINIFRED
This juice keeps me going. It's a
miracle -- and at my age, I need
one. Doctor Frederick tells me I'm
the third oldest person in the
state.

(X)

Quinn gently extricates his wrist from Winifred's fingers,
checks her chart.

(X)

QUINN
(to Remmy)
She's forty-three.

(X)

(X)

(X)

Remmy reacts. Quinn smiles at Winifred.

(X)

QUINN
Well, look at the time. Nice
visiting with you...

REMBRANDT
You take care now.

WINIFRED
Come back soon! Be sure to take
your drugs!

(X)

(X)

Quinn and Rembrandt exit. Winifred proudly turns to an
oblivious near-skeleton in the next bed.

WINIFRED
My boys.

30 INT. CLINIC - CORRIDOR - DAY 30

Quinn and Rembrandt keep walking.

REMBRANDT
Looks like 'pharmacotherapy' has a
couple of side effects.

QUINN
Yeah, you die young... but at least
you feel good about it.

They reach the glass-paned door to Helena's waiting room.
It's dark within.

REMBRANDT
Break the glass or pick the lock?

QUINN
I don't even see a lock.

He tries the knob. To their surprise, the door opens.

31 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S WAITING ROOM - DAY 31

Quinn and Rembrandt cross through.

REMBRANDT
Okay, she doesn't care about her
magazines... but she'll lock up her
office, right?

Quinn tries the office door. It also opens.

REMBRANDT
Possibly not.

32 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY 32

Rembrandt heads for Helena's desk, Quinn for the computer.

REMBRANDT
Guess with everybody so blissed
out, they don't have a huge crime
problem.

QUINN
They may not even have cops. Just
paramedics with tranquilizer
guns --

Quinn stops in mid-sentence. Rembrandt, rifling through
paperwork on Helena's desk, looks up. Quinn's staring at
the FREEZE FRAME of his double's face still on the monitor.

REMBRANDT
Your double? Needs a haircut.

QUINN
Haircut and a bath, I'd say...

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED

32

Quinn works the computer. The monitor UNFREEZES. Quinn's double's speaking at an anti-drug rally:

QUINN DOUBLE
Staying off drugs won't hurt you. There's nothing dangerous about getting low. So don't listen to the lies of the government and the pharmaceutical conglomerates. Tune out, turn off, drop in.

The video clip ends. Text scrolls up the screen.

REMBRANDT
So that's why they don't like you.

QUINN
Yeah. I'm an anti-drug agitator. (reading the screen)
'Last known whereabouts: Ensenada.'
And that was months ago. If the DEA can't find him, how are we going to?

REMBRANDT
Odds are, we won't. But at least we can find Maggie and Colin...

Rembrandt reads from a pair of patient transfer forms.

REMBRANDT
'Transferred this date to Reorientation Compound Four.'

(X)

QUINN
Doesn't sound good. There an address?

REMBRANDT
1402 Elm.

33 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY - CLOSE ON AN "ELM AVENUE" SIGN

33

WIDEN to include a mystified Quinn and Rembrandt eyeing this placid residential area. We see kids happily mowing lawns, grown-ups gardening, etc., all very happy.

(X)

(X)

REMBRANDT
Kind of an upscale neighborhood for a Reorientation Compound.

QUINN
Here's 1402.

1402 Elm is a charming, two-story house. Very neat. Flowers in window boxes, etc.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

33

REMBRANDT
No guards, no fences. Can't be
right.

QUINN
Yeah, where's the Beaver?

33A ANGLE ON HOUSE

33A

as Quinn and Rembrandt go up on the porch. Quinn knocks on
the door. After a moment, Colin opens the door. He's
wearing a bowling shirt and smoking a pipe.

COLIN
Oh. Hello again.
(turns inside)
Honey, we've got company.

34 OMITTED

34

35 INT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

35

Colin shows Quinn and Rembrandt in. The place is
furnished like something out of a Fifties sitcom:
slip-covered sofa, doilies on the furniture, shelves full of
knickknacks.

Maggie emerges from the kitchen. She's wearing an apron
over a dress. Both have drug infusers on their arms.

MAGGIE
Quinn! Remmy! How marvelous.

COLIN
So good of you to drop by.

QUINN
They've drugged you!

MAGGIE
They sure have --

COLIN
-- and boy, are we grateful.

Maggie and Colin beam. Quinn and Rembrandt are horrified.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

36 INT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 36(X)

Quinn, Rembrandt, Maggie and Colin as before.

QUINN
What is this?

MAGGIE
Reorientation.

REMBRANDT
Looks more like you're playing
house.

MAGGIE
We're learning positive
interactive behaviors. Isn't that
what they said? (X)

COLIN
Positive and nurturing. It's what
they call a growth experience. (X)
(X)

REMBRANDT
You're stoned out of your skulls!

COLIN
You say that like it's a bad
thing.

QUINN
It is!
(to Maggie)
That junk nearly killed you.

MAGGIE
The dosage was all wrong. Now it's
been fixed.

COLIN
We appreciate your concern, but
we're fine. We feel good about
ourselves.

MAGGIE
Reeeeeeeally good.

COLIN
That's why we're staying here.

QUINN
You're what?

MAGGIE
We've decided not to slide with
you. (X)
(X)

CONTINUED

36 CONTINUED

36

REMBRANDT
You're in no shape to decide anything.

MAGGIE
You wouldn't force us to leave, would you?

QUINN
Force you? Oh, no, never.

REMBRANDT
Heaven forbid.

MAGGIE
That's good. Please -- sit down. Let me get you some cocoa.

COLIN
I'll help you, dear.

Quinn and Rembrandt resignedly sit down as Maggie and Colin exit into the kitchen. Quinn checks the timer.

QUINN
Four more hours and Maggie's making cocoa. We'll just have to play along with them until the slide... and carry them out. (X)
(X)

REMBRANDT
They won't like that.

QUINN
They'll thank us later. (X)

37 OMITTED

37(X)

37A INT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - HALLWAY ON WAY TO KITCHEN - DAY

37A(X)

Maggie and Colin pause here to talk where Quinn and Remmy can't hear. (X)
(X)

MAGGIE
Colin, they don't look happy.

COLIN
No, they don't. We have to help them.

MAGGIE
I totally agree.

There is a phone on a table. On it is a button labeled "MEDICAL EMERGENCY." Maggie pushes it. (X)

COLIN
They'll thank us later. (X)

38 INT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

38(X)

Maggie and Colin enter with mugs of cocoa and put them on the coffee table.

(X)

MAGGIE

Here you are.

Maggie and Colin sit down and smile at their guests. Quinn and Rembrandt, smiling weakly back, lift their mugs -- but then think better of drinking the cocoa. An awkward silence. Rembrandt notices a pile of books on an end table.

REMBRANDT

They give you this reading material? 'Drugs Are Your Friends'... 'Domestic Bliss Made Easy'... 'An Illustrated History of Psychopharmacology.'

COLIN

We've just started that one. First chapter's about Sigmund Freud, the father of modern pharmacotherapy.

MAGGIE

He was studying dreams or something, but then he discovered lithium.

COLIN

Threw away all his work and started over as a biochemist.

SOUND of RAPID FOOTSTEPS on the stairs outside. Quinn and Rembrandt smell a rat. They jump to their feet and flank the door just as --

A Facilitator -- GREG -- rushes in. Seeing Quinn and Rembrandt, he draws his dart gun. Rembrandt twists the dart gun free as Quinn PUNCHES Greg, who drops.

Maggie and Colin are horrified by this. Colin protectively hustles Maggie out of the room.

(X)

Greg's walkie-talkie-type pocket radio CRACKLES:

DAMON (V.O.)

(filtered)

All units -- we've received a medical alert at Compound Four, Unit 1402. We have reason to believe the fugitives may be there. All units respond.

(X)

REMBRANDT

Lovely.

QUINN

Maggie? Colin? C'mon out.

CONTINUED

38 CONTINUED

38

MAGGIE (O.S.)
No, thanks.

COLIN (O.S.)
We can't stand violence.

QUINN
It's all over. Come on out.

(X)

No response. We hear SIRENS O.S. Rembrandt peeks out the window.

(X)

REMBRANDT
Time to go.

(X)

QUINN
Without them?

REMBRANDT
Think we can drag 'em along and still outrun these guys? We'll come back later.

(X)
(X)

Quinn shakes his head. He and Rembrandt exit on the double.

39 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

39

Lowell, Helena. Lowell's on his pocket radio:

LOWELL
Say again? Mallory struck him?

40 INT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

40(X)

Damon's there, on his radio. In b.g., Maggie wipes the dazed Greg's face with a damp rag as Colin offers cocoa.

(X)

DAMON
Yes, sir. Fortunately he's all right. My fault. I should've got here faster.

41 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

41

LOWELL
Post a lookout, then hustle back here.
(switches off the radio)
Damon's gonna need some help to tackle Mallory. Doctor, whip up a cartridge of decimide.

HELENA
Is that necessary?

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

LOWELL
Mallory's become violent. Fastest
way to nail a sociopath like that
is to fight fire with fire.

HELENA
You're asking me to give Damon a
drug that can be lethal --

LOWELL
I'm not asking you. I'm ordering
you.

Lowell's immovable. Helena's getting stressed out.

HELENA
I'll do as you say... but I'm
having difficulty coping with it...

LOWELL
Physician, heal thyself.

Lowell indicates Helena's drug cabinet. Helena raids it.

HELENA
You're right... time for the extra-
strength tranquil... four out of
five doctors recommend it...

Helena swaps a new cartridge of drugs into her infuser. She
calms down, smiles wanly.

LOWELL
Feel better?

HELENA
Mmmmm. You've got great eyes, did
you know that?

LOWELL
Yes.

42 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

42

Quinn and Rembrandt walk and talk.

REMBRANDT
Won't be easy dragging those two
through the slide.

(X)
(X)

QUINN
Even if we can, what happens when
their infusers run out?

(X)

REMBRANDT
Serious withdrawal. Won't be
pretty.

CONTINUED

42 CONTINUED

42

QUINN
Could be dangerous. Especially if
we slide to a world where they
don't know how to treat it.

REMBRANDT
So we have to get 'em detoxed
before we slide?

(X)

QUINN
The doctor gave Maggie something to
clean out all the drugs in her
system. Troxoprine, she called it.

REMBRANDT
Sneaking into that clinic twice is
pushing our luck...

QUINN
Wouldn't help anyway. Troxoprine's
something even these people keep
locked up.

(thinks)
But Damon mentioned that there's a
bootleg market for the stuff.
Maybe we can buy some on the
street.

REMBRANDT
Worth a shot...

43 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

43

Helena's filling an infuser cartridge from a canister with
bright red warnings: DANGER: DEA AUTHORIZATION REQUIRED.
Lowell's speaking to Damon:

(X)

LOWELL
Mallory's a menace. His drug-
starved mind's blown all its fuses.
Taking him down's gonna require a
volunteer with some starch in his
shorts.

DAMON
I'd like to volunteer, sir.

LOWELL
Good. The doc's gonna give you a
mild stimulant.

Helena glances up. Lowell keeps her quiet with a hard look.

LOWELL
It'll rev you up enough to use
force to bring in Mallory. I know
it's extreme...

CONTINUED

43 CONTINUED

43

DAMON

If you think it's necessary, sir,
that's good enough for me.

LOWELL

You're all right, kid.

Damon revels in the compliment.

44 INT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

44 (X)

Colin's in the recliner, reading "Domestic Bliss Made Easy."
Maggie's on the sofa with "An Illustrated History of
Psychopharmacology." He's relaxed; she's a bit restless.

MAGGIE

This is very... nice.

COLIN

Yes, isn't it? No conflicts. No
aggression. Just a sense of peace
and well-being.

MAGGIE

Uh-huh. Except...

COLIN

Except what? Aren't you happy?

MAGGIE

Well, yeah, I'm happy, but... I
don't know. Shouldn't we be...
doing something?

COLIN

We're doing what we're supposed to
be doing. Adjusting to our
medications. Experiencing a more
enjoyable lifestyle.
(lifts the book)
And learning new skills.

MAGGIE

Maybe that's what I need: a new
skill. Something to do.

COLIN

(turning pages)
Good idea. How about this?

Maggie crosses to look at the page Colin's pointing out.

MAGGIE

'Baking'?
(shrugs)
I'll try anything once.

45 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

45

Quinn and Rembrandt are with JORGE, a sleazy street pusher with an aluminum attache case.

JORGE
Troxoprine? I might be able to help you out there. How much you need?

QUINN
Enough for two people.

JORGE
How big a dose? Just want to clear your heads a little, or get completely clean?

REMBRANDT
Completely clean.

JORGE
Totally grounded, huh? Good choice. You haven't lived till you've kicked. But getting dry ain't cheap. Two Virgin Marys, that runs into money.

REMBRANDT
How much?

JORGE
Understand, my product's the best. Guaranteed uncut.

QUINN
How much?

JORGE
Lotta troxy out there wouldn't scour a lab rat, but I won't touch it...

46 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

46

Lowell, Helena, Damon. Lowell's on his radio:

LOWELL
Right. Ten-four.
(switches off)
Got a location on Mallory. Alley next to 1125 Gould. He's trying to score some troxoprine from one of our undercover agents.

DAMON
I'll bring him in, sir.

LOWELL
I'm sure you will. Doctor?

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

46

Helena removes the cartridge from Damon's infuser, snaps in a cartridge of decimide. Instantly, Damon's muscles tense; his eyes flare. Lowell steers Damon to the door.

LOWELL
Get a move on while you still
remember where you're going.

47 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

47

Jorge's still talking. Quinn and Rembrandt are suspicious.

JORGE
...and I don't even make much
profit on troxy. But I like to
think I'm making a contribution --

QUINN
Last chance. Have you got the
stuff or not?

JORGE
Well, of course I have it, but we
gotta agree on terms first, and I
want you to know what you're
getting --

REMBRANDT
All we're getting is a runaround.

Quinn nods. They start to leave.

JORGE
Hey, wait up! Let's negotiate.
Don't you wanna make a deal here?

Jorge rushes ahead and walks backward in front of them.
Quinn and Rembrandt ignore him -- then stop as they see:

48 DAMON

48

at the mouth of the alley, his face contorted with rage.

QUINN
Damon?

Damon doesn't reply. His eyes lock on Quinn. He charges.

Jorge tries to get out of Damon's way, but isn't fast
enough. Damon SWATS Jorge out of his path with inhuman
strength. Jorge SMACKS the alley wall and is knocked out.

Quinn tries to dodge, but Damon's upon him, knocking him to
the ground. Rembrandt tries to pull Damon off Quinn, but
Damon easily shoves Rembrandt away.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

48

The distraction gives Quinn the opportunity to land a punch -- and he makes it a good one. Damon doesn't even flinch, keeps raining blows upon Quinn.

Rembrandt SLAMS Jorge's attache against Damon's head. Damon topples, stunned. Rembrandt helps a groggy Quinn to his feet. Quinn can barely stand; one leg's injured.

QUINN

Thanks.

REMBRANDT

Any time. Let's move --

Damon is rapidly shaking it off and locking on target again. Quinn, limping and leaning on Rembrandt, gets moving.

49 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

49

Quinn and Rembrandt emerge from the alley and barrel across the street. Moments later, Damon runs from the alley and makes a beeline for Quinn, rushing blindly into the street.

SQUEAL of brakes -- and a car THUDS into Damon, tossing him up and over the car. Quinn and Rembrandt go to check on Damon, certain he must be dead.

49A ANGLE ON DAMON

49A

lying in a heap, eyes closed. Suddenly, the eyes pop open.

49B QUINN AND REMBRANDT

49B

react to this impossibility.

49C WIDER

49C

as Damon makes a grab at Quinn, who dodges. Quinn and Remmy run off.

49D DAMON

49D

Eyes blazing, gets to his feet and starts after them, not running, walking deliberately.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

50 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY 50

Damon's chasing Quinn and Rembrandt. They duck into:

51 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 51

Quinn and Rembrandt enter this empty warehouse (factory, whatever). They SLAM and bar the steel door.

QUINN

That ought to stop him...

BANGING on the door startles them both. Dents appear.

REMBRANDT

...but it won't. What's he on?
PCP? Crystal meth? Let's find
another way out.

(X)

Quinn's in pain; he can barely put weight on his leg.

QUINN

You go ahead, I'll catch up.

REMBRANDT

Don't get heroic on me.

QUINN

Don't get stupid on me! You might
outrun him. I can't.

REMBRANDT

Then we'll just have to take him.

Quinn can't help a LAUGH.

QUINN

Maybe you hadn't noticed, but he's
got a bit of an edge.

(X)

REMBRANDT

Yeah, that's fair. I think we
oughta take that edge away from
him.

(X)

Quinn catches on to what Rembrandt's suggesting.

52 EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 52

Damon POUNDS on the door again and again.

53 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 53

Hinges SNAP; the door CRASHES open. Damon storms in, sees:

54 QUINN 54

on the ground, hurt, apparently helpless. Damon charges --

55 REMBRANDT 55

hides behind a crate. He pulls up a length of chain --

56 DAMON 56

is tripped up by the chain. Quinn jumps Damon, yanks the cartridge of decimide out of Damon's infuser, then rolls away -- barely avoiding a killer punch by Damon.

Rembrandt knocks a stack of crates over on Damon, allowing Quinn to get clear.

Damon renews his onslaught -- but without the drug, he loses energy. Quinn and Rembrandt keep to their strategy: tire Damon out with quick attacks and quick tactical retreats.

Quinn SMACKS Damon with a two-by-four. Damon staggers.

QUINN
It's working. I think he felt
that one.

(X)

Damon swings at Quinn, who blocks it with the two-by-four -- which CRACKS. Rembrandt JABS Damon with a length of pipe to get his attention and draw him away from Quinn.

REMBRANDT
Works better if you keep outside
his reach.

The battle continues. Damon's getting weaker -- and withdrawal pains are now hitting him.

At last Damon's weakened enough for Quinn to knock him down. Rembrandt jumps in with the chain; they wrap Damon up.

Quinn and Rembrandt fall back and catch their breath. Damon's withdrawal pains are worsening; he HOWLS with rage.

57 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY 57

Lowell's imperturbable, but Helena's pacing anxiously.

HELENA
Why haven't we heard anything?
This is taking too long. Prolonged
decimide use is hazardous --

LOWELL
Doctor. Take an attitude
adjustment.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

HELENA
Isn't the tranquol working? Do you
think I need something stronger?

LOWELL
Yes.

HELENA
Where's the euphoridin? Ah.

Helena attaches a blue canister to a hypo, gives herself a
shot. It sedates her so much that she can hardly stand.

HELENA
Much better.

58 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

58

Quinn and Rembrandt rig up a splint for Quinn's leg. Damon,
drenched in sweat, MOANS and strains against the chain.

REMBRANDT
He's pretty banged up. Between
that and the withdrawal pains, he
might need a hospital.

QUINN
Yeah, I know... but we've gotta try
this first. We need his help. If
he can sweat out all the drugs...

REMBRANDT
What if he doesn't? How much time
we got left? (X)
(X)

QUINN
(checks timer) (X)
Two hours. (X)

REMBRANDT (X)
What if he stays hopped up enough
to tear us apart? (X)
(X)

QUINN (X)
Then let's hope that's a good
chain. (X)

59 INT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

59 (X)

Maggie's just brought in a plate of fresh-baked but sad-
looking cookies. Colin's attempting to chew one.

COLIN
Um... delicious.

MAGGIE
You don't like them.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

COLIN
Of course I like them.

MAGGIE
Colin. Be honest with me.

COLIN
But you've worked so hard... I
wouldn't want to hurt your
feelings.

MAGGIE
I don't think you could.
(taps her infuser)
Not while I'm wearing this thing.

COLIN
(perking up)
That's right. Another benefit of
pharmacotherapy. No more hurt
feelings. In that case --
(tosses the cookie away)
-- these are the worst cookies I've
ever tasted.

Colin LAUGHS. Maggie joins in, not quite as heartily.

60 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

60

Damon's gone through hell and come out the other side. He
focuses bloodshot eyes on Quinn and Rembrandt.

DAMON
You're alive...

QUINN
More or less. You remember what
just happened?

DAMON
I feel like I've been hit by a
car.

(X)
(X)

QUINN
(exchanging look with
Remmy)
Well...

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

DAMON
(realizing)
It must have been the decimide.
They didn't tell me... I could've
killed you both.

(X)
(X)
(X)

REMBRANDT
Yeah, well, just don't do it
again.

(X)

As Damon's head clears, his emotions build:

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

DAMON

They lied to me. They don't want you brought in, they want you dead. And they were willing to turn me into a murderer --

Damon realizes he's full of rage. It's a new sensation.

DAMON

What... what am I feeling?

QUINN

We like to call it anger.

(X)

DAMON

It's so intense. What's wrong with me?

REMBRANDT

Nothing. It's normal. You're clean.

(X)

DAMON

Clean? But that's dangerous --

QUINN

Not really.

DAMON

(panicking)
Sure it is -- people die without their prescriptions -- I need medicine --

(stops, amazed)
I'm scared. I'm actually scared... So this is what it's like.

REMBRANDT

Never been scared before?

DAMON

Not like this.
(a beat)
When you're clean... does everything feel this... real?

(X)

QUINN

Sure. Love, hate, passion, rage -- the whole nine yards. A lot of things are actually funny.

(X)

(X)

Damon ponders this. It's frightening -- and intriguing.

DAMON

Lowell says you're violent and out of control. But you could've killed me and you didn't. I was the out-of-control one.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED 2

60

REMBRANDT

(aside to Quinn)
He's moved on to guilt. Go for it.

QUINN

Damon, listen to me. We're not a threat to you or anyone else. All we want to do is get Maggie and Colin back -- and clear out.

DAMON

Leave the city?

REMBRANDT

Leave the country. That would probably make Lowell just as happy. (X)
(X)
(X)

DAMON

I can't go back to work for that guy. (X)
(X)

QUINN

Then go to work for us. (X)

Damon thinks it over.

DAMON

What would I have to do?

61 INT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

61(X)

Colin's still in the recliner. Maggie's attempting to knit. It's not going well. If she weren't drugged, she'd be tossing it aside in frustration. Instead, the only sign of discontent is a brittleness in her smile.

MAGGIE

Colin? This isn't working for me.

COLIN

Maybe you should try needlepoint.

MAGGIE

Not this...
(indicates the room)
This.

COLIN

What's wrong with it?

MAGGIE

Don't you find it a little boring?

COLIN

Mmm... no. Maybe I would if I weren't so content, but --

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

MAGGIE

That's it! Don't you see? We're not the same people we used to be.

COLIN

So? Aren't we better off this way? We're much happier.

Maggie has no answer to that. Then an epiphany hits.

MAGGIE

Yeah, but I think there should be more to life than happiness!

(X)

COLIN

Why?

(X)

That stumps her. She gives it more thought.

62 EXT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - DAY

62 (X)

Greg and another Facilitator stand guard. Quinn, Rembrandt and Damon approach. The Facilitators reflexively reach for the dart guns; Damon stops them with a wave of the hand.

DAMON

Easy, guys. Everything's under control. They're tranquilized and ready for Reorientation.

Quinn and Rembrandt feign brain-dead grins. Greg eyes Damon's injuries.

GREG

You okay, Damon?

DAMON

Yeah. They were pretty tough, but I got 'em. The other two still inside?

(X)

(X)

GREG

Sure are.

DAMON

Good. You can return to your normal duties now.

GREG

You got it.

Greg and the other Facilitator exit. Damon, Quinn and Remmy go up on the side porch.

(X)

(X)

REMBRANDT

So far, so good.

(X)

(X)

QUINN

Now for the tricky part.

(X)

(X)

CONTINUED

68 OMITTED

68(X)

68A EXT. SIDE PORCH OF HOUSE

68A(X)

Lowell and Helena walk up onto the porch. Quinn and Rembrandt are sprawled "dead." Damon's lying nearby, faking paralysis and agony.

(X)

(X)

DAMON

Burning up... the drug...

HELENA

Troxoprine will fix you right up...

Helena kneels by Damon, takes a troxoprine-loaded hypo from her kit. Before she can inject him, he drops the act, grabs her wrist and plucks the hypo from her hand.

At the same instant, Quinn and Rembrandt spring to life: Rembrandt pins Lowell's arms behind his back; Quinn takes away Helena's medical kit. Damon gets to his feet.

QUINN

(to Helena)

Thanks for making the house call.

(X)

Damon takes a small electronic analyzer from Helena's medical kit, gives it a tiny squirt from the hypo.

HELENA

What are you doing?

Damon's busy, doesn't reply. Rembrandt answers for him:

REMBRANDT

Making sure that really is troxoprine -- and not something to put him to sleep for good.

HELENA

(shocked)

That's absurd -- I'm a doctor --

QUINN

Some doctor! You gave him decimide without telling him.

HELENA

I had no choice -- I was ordered --

LOWELL

Doctor, quit whining. It's so unbecoming. Damon -- what say you and me talk?

Damon doesn't even look at Lowell. The analyzer BEEPS. Damon checks its readouts.

CONTINUED

68A CONTINUED

68A

DAMON

It's troxoprine, all right.

Quinn, Rembrandt and Damon herd Lowell and Helena into:

69 INT. 1402 ELM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

69(X)

Maggie and Colin look up as Quinn, Rembrandt, Damon, Lowell and Helena enter.

MAGGIE

Visitors!

COLIN

Hi, everybody! What's that, Damon?

Damon's approaching Colin with the troxoprine hypo.

DAMON

Medication adjustment.

MAGGIE

Oh, good. I think we both need one.

LOWELL

Damon. Stop. You don't know what you're doing.

Damon ignores Lowell, removes the cartridge from Colin's infuser and gives Colin a shot. Colin passes out. Damon heads for Maggie. As he passes Lowell:

LOWELL

I told you to stop.

Lowell makes a sudden effort, catches Rembrandt off guard, and manages to get one arm free. Lowell tries to seize Damon, but Rembrandt's still holding Lowell's other arm.

Lowell loses his balance, clutches blindly at Damon and winds up grabbing the hypo -- which goes off with a HISS, giving Lowell a shot of troxoprine.

MAGGIE

Hey! Wait your turn!

DAMON

(to Rembrandt)
Hold him still!

Rembrandt does. Damon removes the cartridge from Lowell's infuser. Lowell's super-cool attitude disappears:

LOWELL

What do you think you're --

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED

69

DAMON

You've been dosed with troxoprine. It's not safe to add drugs to your system while it's trying to neutralize what's already --

LOWELL

Give that back! You can't take away my prescription --

DAMON

Only temporarily. Once you've --

LOWELL

But I need my prescription! Doctor?

HELENA

Damon's right. The troxoprine --

LOWELL

So you're in this with him, are you?

Paranoia and panic. Lowell's losing it fast.

HELENA

I'm only trying to --

LOWELL

To starve me! To make me weak! It won't work. I demand my rights. Give me drugs!

Lowell breaks loose of Rembrandt's grip, tries to grab his cartridge from Damon. Damon sidesteps. Lowell knocks over an end table; Helena's medical bag spills its contents.

Quinn tackles Lowell from behind, but Lowell shakes Quinn off, grasps the first thing within reach -- the blue-canistered hypo of euphoridin.

HELENA

No! That's euphoridin. It's too strong.

(X)

Lowell doesn't listen. He gives himself a prolonged shot.

70 CLOSE ON LOWELL

70

as his eyes go wide.

LOWELL

Oh, yes!

He tosses the hypo aside, bounds to his feet with cat-like agility. His super-coolness has returned. Quinn, Rembrandt and Damon surround him.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

LOWELL
Come on, boys -- I'm ready now!

Quinn, Remmy and Damon move in on him. Lowell freezes in his combat stance, and eyes wide, he falls right over backwards.

SMASH CUT TO

71 OMITTED

71

72 INT. CLINIC - BURNOUT WARD - DAY

72

Lowell's propped up in a bed, gazing into space.

LOWELL
Why, thanks, Mr. President. All in a good day's work, nothing more.

WIDEN to reveal Winifred sitting on the edge of Lowell's bed, dealing two gin hands.

WINIFRED
I got a letter from Aunt Irma today.

Winifred places Lowell's cards in his unmoving hands. He's oblivious. Winifred picks up a card, makes a discard.

ADJUST ANGLE to show that the Sliders and Helena are standing in the hallway outside the burnout ward, watching Lowell. They turn and head for Helena's office.

73 INT. CLINIC - HELENA'S OFFICE - DAY

73

as the Sliders follow her in. Damon is sitting on the examining table. Helena crosses to her computer console and checks out the readings. Maggie and Colin are back to normal, no infusers on their arms.

HELENA
(to Damon)
No traces of decimide in your system and no lingering effects. It's safe to put you back on your normal medication.

DAMON
Actually, I think I'll stay clean for a while. It feels... interesting.
(then)
You won't turn me in, will you?

Helena looks at him a moment.

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

73

HELENA

No. But you might be making a mistake. Drug therapy isn't perfect, and it can certainly be misused...

QUINN

That's an understatement.

REMBRANDT

(indicates Damon)
It made this guy think he could walk through walls.

(indicating burnout ward)
And you've got a whole ward of geriatrics who aren't fifty years old.

HELENA

(defensive)
Some of us were...

QUINN

Some of you better take a hard look at yourselves.

REMBRANDT

And it wouldn't hurt to listen to the Quinn Mallory of this world. He's got the right idea.

Quinn checks the timer.

QUINN

Just a few minutes to go.

MAGGIE

I can't wait.

COLIN

Amen to that.

REMBRANDT

Not gonna miss all that happiness?

MAGGIE

Zombie-ness. Liquid zombie-ness.

Quinn and the others look at Damon and Helena.

QUINN

(to Damon)
Good luck.

Damon nods. The Sliders exit. Damon looks at Helena, who looks at the infuser in her arm. She's troubled, despite the tranquilizers.

CUT TO

74 EXT. CLINIC - DAY

74

as the Sliders come out. The taxi we saw earlier is parked nearby. The Cabbie sees them and waves.

CABBIE
Hey, you want a ride now? I'm back
in driving mode. Very direction-
oriented.

REMBRANDT
No, thanks. We've got a ride.

The Sliders move up the street away from the cab. The Cabbie stands there watching.

QUINN
(to Maggie and Colin)
So you're not mad at us for
detoxing you guys?

MAGGIE
Not at all. Thanks.

QUINN
Good. Just try not to get us in
trouble in the next world.

Quinn triggers the VORTEX, which OPENS there on the sidewalk.

MAGGIE
Wait a minute, are you saying this
was my fault?

Quinn grins and jumps into the vortex.

MAGGIE
Hey! You can't get away with
that...

And she goes in after him.

COLIN
(to Remmy)
They're at it again.

REMBRANDT
Just one big happy, sliding family.

Colin and Remmy jump into the VORTEX. And it CLOSES.

75 ANGLE ON CABBIE

75

Mouth open. Astonished.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

CABBIE
(looks down at his
infuser)
This new formula...Outstanding.

(X)
(X)
(X)

FADE OUT

THE END