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SLIDERS

"FEVER"

Written

by

Ann Powell

&

Rose Schacht

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TEASER

1 OVER BLACK

1

Oil! A VOICE (O.S.)  
I'm rich! ANOTHER VOICE (O.S.)  
We're all rich! THIRD VOICE (O.S.)

A huge cheer goes up from a celebrating crowd

FADE IN:

2 EXT. CHENEY STREET - DAY - BOOM TIME!

2

people hanging out of windows, throwing money into the street as if it were confetti. Newspaper headlines: "S.F. Oil Boom - Gushers Discovered All Over The City - Go To Hell, OPEC." San Francisco is one big party.

ANGLE - SLIDERS

are walking right through the middle of the celebration. It's free food and booze for everyone.

WADE

takes a drink of bubbly, grimaces.

QUINN

grabs a sandwich and takes a healthy bite.

REMBRANDT

tries to catch some of the falling money.

ARTURO

is grabbed by an oil-rich beauty, who plants a huge kiss on him before moving on.

ARTURO  
I like this place!

REMBRANDT  
(snatching bills from the  
air)  
Me too. I've had dreams like this!

Quinn has commandeered another sandwich - he is about to take his first bite...

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

WING (O.S.)  
Quinn Mallory!

Quinn spins to find

WING

his friend from Arturo's physics class...

WING  
Can I touch you? Will some of it  
rub off?

QUINN  
What?

WING  
Haven't you heard, man? You hit  
the mother lode!

Quinn just looks at him, confused.

WING (CONT'D)  
Your house on James Street - they  
just hit a gusher in your back  
yard!  
(pumping Quinn's hand)  
You're a millionaire, Quinn!  
(off Quinn's look)  
Jeez, man. Don't celebrate so  
hard. You'll hurt yourself.

Wing shakes his head, moves on, getting lost in the tumult.  
The other Sliders close ranks with Quinn, having heard the  
news.

WADE  
Did I hear right? There's oil  
everywhere, and everybody's rich.

ARTURO  
How much time left?

He reaches into Quinn's hand --

ANGLE - TIMER - 11 SECONDS

and counting.

REMBRANDT  
Man, that is a bitter twist of  
fate.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 3

2

QUINN

(wry)  
Oh, well. Easy come, easy go.

Quinn leads the Sliders out of the crowd and into an empty alleyway.

When the timer reaches zero, he aims the gizmo, and the Sliders leap in one after another, the sounds of the celebrating city still ringing in their ears.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. ALLEY OFF CHENEY STREET - DAY - THE SLIDERS

3

land in an alley exactly like the one they just left - but this place is eerily quiet, in sharp contrast to the boomtown.

4 OMITTED

4

WADE

lands on her feet off balance, stumbles backward toward the path of --

\*

A HUGE WHITE TRUCK - SPRAYING

a thick mist into the air, barrelling right toward her. Suddenly --

A MAN

dashes out of the shadows, sweeps her out of the spray's path, to the other side of the street. The other Sliders hurry toward them.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

CLOSER ON WADE AND THE MAN

She's grateful.

WADE

Thank you!

She impulsively gives him a peck on the cheek, then pulls back. He, too, pulls away decisively. \*

HIS FACE

largely concealed beneath scarf and hat -- something's wrong. His skin's pasty, pale yellow.

THE MAN

How could you? I was trying to help you. \*

Wade can only stare at him in confusion. She's never had this reaction from a kiss. She takes a step toward him - he staggers backwards, obviously in physical pain, afraid to be touched, and hurries off down the street. \*

REMBRANDT

What was that all about?

WADE

Beats me. Guess he just doesn't like to be kissed.

ARTURO

Foolish man. That doesn't bode too well for this earth.

REMBRANDT

(checking the timer)

Great. We got twenty minutes in Wealthyland, but we're stuck four days in...

(seeing something)

Psycho-ville.

As now, up ahead --

ANGLE - ANOTHER TRUCK

moves like a garbage truck.

SLIDERS POV - TWO WORKMEN \*

in cumbersome moonsuits appear to be lifting the bodies of some homeless men, depositing them in the giant mouth of the trucks.

QUINN

(shaken)

What's with this place? \*

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

ARTURO

I think it'd be wise to get off the street.

WADE

You got my vote.

Rembrandt looks across the street, brightens at the sight of some forlorn neon blinking over a bar: "Buster's - Good Clean Food."

REMBRANDT

Buster's! At least there's something familiar on this world.

He grins and reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out some of the cash he snared on the previous Earth.

REMBRANDT

On me.

They all brighten and move toward the restaurant.

WADE

Cool. I'm starved.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

3

ARTURO  
(putting an arm over her  
shoulder)  
It's the strain of Sliding, my  
dear. Makes one want to consume  
voraciously after leaping from the  
void.

As they enter --

5 INT. BUSTERS - DAY

5

The room is so brightly lit, the Sliders must adjust their  
eyes to the initial glare. They hardly notice --

THE ULTRA-VIOLET

lamp, which crackles for a second -- a hygenic measure. \*

THE BAR

is nearly deserted, but ultra clean. What patrons there are  
- bizarre as they are - are looking at them, scoping them  
out as they move through. Then --

A BURLY TRUCKER

at a back table coughs. Everyone turns to look at him --  
the room comes to a dead stop. \*

TRUCK DRIVER

What're you lookin' at? \*

The room is silent - the defensive trucker resumes eating.

THE SLIDERS

head toward an inconspicuous table in the back, passing an  
icy-eyed bartender, busy spraying Lysol on his counter top. \*

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

REMBRANDT

These people are cold. Four days  
here's gonna be as tough as that  
weekend gig in Salt Lake City!  
(remembering back)  
Easter, 1989 -- all those people,  
clapping on the off beat...

Rembrandt shudders just thinking about it, then notices that  
the tablecloth is made of disposable plastic - in fact the  
plates and utensils are vacuum-sealed in plastic, and  
there's a "Disposo" chute on the wall beside them.

A SCRAGGY WAITRESS

hits their table - she could be the one who haggled with  
Jack Nicholson in Five Easy Pieces - and slaps down a  
platter of third degree-burned BURGERS encased in plastic  
and sealed airtight under individual plastic domes.

ARTURO

What's this? We haven't even seen  
a menu.

(CONTINUED)



5 CONTINUED: 2

5

WAITRESS  
(pissed at his attitude)  
There is no "menu". You got a  
problem with that, take it up with  
CHC.

REMBRANDT  
It looks like airline food.

WAITRESS  
Yeah, only not as good.

The waitress has been keying in on Quinn throughout, as if  
trying to place him. Suddenly --

THE TRUCKER  
coughs again.

A PATRON  
(sotto; to waitress)  
That's the fourth cough! When you  
people gonna do something?

WAITRESS  
We hit 911. Any minute now.

The patron glowers at Rembrandt, then returns to his table.  
Then --

WAITRESS  
(to Quinn)  
Don't I know you? You been in here  
before?

QUINN  
Never.

The Waitress heads back to the bar; she whispers something  
to the Bartender, who looks over at Quinn.

REMBRANDT  
meanwhile lifts the plastic and takes a whiff.

REMBRANDT  
(reacts with disgust)  
Lord, Lord... You can take a man's  
body and beat it, you can take a  
man's soul and try it... but to do  
this to a hamburger... well it's  
just unkind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 3

5

REMBRANDT (cont'd)  
(long sigh, talking self  
into it)  
Still, I am starving...

Rembrandt takes a huge bite... and freezes mid chew.

REMBRANDT  
(mouth full, rising)  
Excuse me a second.

CUT TO:

5A INT. BATHROOM - REMBRANDT

5A

hurries in, spits the piece of meat into the toilet, then  
turns to exit the empty room... when he spots something that  
freezes him in his tracks.

REMBRANDT  
(worried)  
Oh no. No.

ANGLE - BULLETIN BOARD - SEVERAL POSTERS

plastered on the wall read: "WANTED BY ORDER OF THE  
CALIFORNIA HEALTH COMMISSION."

Prominent among the posters is one that reads: "\$1,000,000  
Reward, PATIENT ZERO." The wanted man has a 3-day beard,  
long hair and wire-rimmed glasses, but there is no mistaking  
who it is.

Quinn Mallory.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 INT. BUSTER'S RESTAURANT - EVENING - REMBRANDT 7

is standing just outside the men's room, covertly ushering the other Sliders in. Wade can't help but giggle a little.

WADE

You know, I've always wanted to do this.

She and her fellow Sliders step into the bathroom.

8 INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - THE WANTED POSTERS 8

tacked on the wall.

ARTURO

It is him.

WADE

He's got the grunge look down!  
Maybe your doppelganger's  
originally from Seattle.

Quinn fails to see the humor.

REMBRANDT

What is a "Patient Zero"?

ARTURO

(grim)

The first known carrier of a  
disease. The origin of an  
epidemic.

QUINN

No wonder the waitress was staring  
at me.

WADE

(teasing)

You always think women are  
staring at you.

QUINN

We better get out of here before  
she thinks that's me.

9 INT. RESTAURANT - SLIDERS 9

exit the bathroom - the paranoid trucker is COUGHING in the corner. The Sliders head for the door, trying not to look as if they're hurrying.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Rembrandt reluctantly throws some money down as they pass their table.

REMBRANDT

(muttering)

Payin' good money for that food... What a world.

THE BAR AREA - THE WAITRESS AND BARTENDER

are scrutinizing Quinn, as if about to place who he is --  
Suddenly, commotion --

FRONT DOOR - SEVERAL IMPOSING FIGURES ENTER

They wear identical biochemical warfare suits, with "CHC" and a green cross on the sleeves, and jet-black visors that conceal their identities. One of them stands in the doorway, blocking it. \*

FIRST MOONSUIT

Everyone, stay where you are! This facility is under stage one quarantine.

(to waitress and bartender)

Which one?

THE WAITRESS

points in the direction of Quinn. His heart stops, but he's standing between the waitress and the trucker, who jumps to his feet, cornered.

TRUCKER

It's not the Q, damn it! Look at my skin! Look at my eyes!

FIRST MOONSUIT

(moving towards him)

By order of the Surgeon General, you are under arrest.

TRUCKER

(bolting)

No!

He runs towards the back of the restaurant, desperate to get away. The moonsuits give chase.

THE SLIDERS

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

see their opportunity and take it. They dash for the door just as the waitress begins to point their way...

WAITRESS  
Wait a minute. It's him! It's  
him!

The Sliders exit in a hurry.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. CHENEY STREET - NIGHT - SLIDERS

10

on the run - fugitives in a strange and hostile world. DISTANT SIRENS (o.s.) ringing out in the night. As they pass --

GRAFFITI - GIANT RED DAY-GLO EYES

spray-painted on the side of a building. Beside them, in competing colors: "Despise the Eyes, It's them or You!" and "Cure the Q, We're People Too!" Off which --

CUT TO

11 EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - LATER - THE SLIDERS

11

slow to a walk, feeling they're relatively safe for the moment. QUINN POSTERS cover the near-empty city: houses roped off with yellow "Quarantine" ribbons, PUBLIC PHONE RECEIVERS ripped off their wires. "By Order of the CHC", on the door of the one place where there are signs of life "THE NEW CHURCH OF THE DIVINE IMMUNITY," which is also graffiti scarred: "The Q - Do Not Enter."

Wade stops for a moment, leaning against a streetlight, a wanted poster taped to the side.

REMBRANDT

You all right?

WADE

My head's really pounding. And I'm... I'm feeling kinda dizzy.

Quinn touches her forehead; he's worried about her, but tries to sound reassuring.

QUINN

You're tired, that's all. We need to find a place to sack out.

CUT TO

12 EXT. DIFFERENT STREET - NIGHT

12

The Sliders stop before an apothecary. Quinn points down the block to a MOTEL 12, whose NEON VACANCY SIGN has three unlit letters. Quinn addresses Rembrandt, who is supporting a dizzy Wade Welles, hands him the timer.

QUINN

Take Wade. Use some of your oil money to check us into that motel.

(to Wade, comforting)

I'm gonna get you some aspirin. \*

ARTURO

I'll come with you.

They start to head inside.

REMBRANDT

(calling after them)

Hey! Get some Alka Seltzer in case we have to eat out again!

CUT TO:

12A INT. "FEEL-RITE" APOTHECARY - NIGHT

12A

Quinn and Arturo enter the twenty-four hour drugstore together. The place is empty.

ANGLE - POSTER

of a cheery SALLY STRUTHERS-TYPE CELEBRITY wearing a gold Lurex moonsuit: "When I'm at home I'm in Chanel. When I'm in a crowd, I'm in my Raclar - the puncture-proof germ-free habitat from Tyco." Behind the counter,

THE PHARMACIST

looks up, scans the late arrivals and frowns. Quinn buries his face deeper into his jacket.

AISLE #1 - THE MEDICINE RACK - "Q" SECTION

sterilizing solutions. A rack of health pamphlets.

A STOCK BOY

a baby-faced Huck Finn, boy next door type is sticking DISCOUNT FLAGS on giant jars of herbs, when he notices Quinn and does a double-take.

(CONTINUED)

12A CONTINUED:

12A

QUINN

Maybe this is some kind of  
alternative pharmacy. You know,  
like the one in Berkeley?

ARTURO

Ah yes, any kind of big business  
medicine was labeled "a fascist  
tool of immuno-oppression".

Arturo moves off to speak with the on-duty pharmacist.

CUT TO:

13 INT. MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT - A NAMEPLATE

13

on a desk: GOMEZ CALHOUN, Asst. Manager. Pull back to see  
GOMEZ

snoozing behind the formica, a rounded fellow with a baby  
face and bow tie. A sign over the desk reads "Hygienically  
Approved by the CHC".

REMBRANDT

rings the desk bell and Gomez snaps to life. He quickly  
runs a hand through his thinning hair and flashes a nervous  
smile.

GOMEZ CALHOUN

Need, uh, directions or something?

REMBRANDT

We need two rooms.

Calhoun seems happily amazed. He spritzes Rembrandt and  
Wade with disinfectant, as if he were giving them a  
complimentary mint.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

(frowning)  
Got any vacancies?

GOMEZ CALHOUN

(that's all he has)  
A few. We can squeeze you in.  
(calling out)  
Mommy! We have customers!

A VOICE rings out from an unseen room, sounding like a croak from hell.

MRS. CALHOUN (O.S.)

So? Take care of it.

Gomez nods happily and hurriedly begins the paperwork, bubbling over with solicitousness. He pushes the registry and a pen at them.

GOMEZ CALHOUN

We're a very clean establishment.  
Nothing lives here - no bugs, no germs...  
(indicates ashtrays and glasses)  
Everything is hygiene-wrapped.

Gomez notices that Wade is leaning on Rembrandt, acting woozy. He's torn, worried he'll lose his customer.

GOMEZ CALHOUN (CONT'D)

(off Wade)  
Uh, you know of course, we can't allow sick people in this motel.

REMBRANDT

(confidential)  
Hangover. Some of the fairer sex just can't hold their liquor - you know how it is, bein' a man of the world and all.

Gomez, greatly relieved, beams and nods, giving Rembrandt an A-OK sign, showing he understands. Rembrandt hands him back the register and pulls out some cash...

GOMEZ CALHOUN

All the rooms have hot running water,  
(pointing)  
and there's complimentary Ovaltine right over there. Served till 10 AM.

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED: 2

13

Off Rembrandt's somewhat pained "is this guy for real" reaction, we:

CUT TO

14 INT. "FEEL-RITE" APOTHECARY - NIGHT

14

Quinn stands off to the side, checking out normal medicines beside primitive concoctions and keeping out of sight of the pharmacist. \*

STOCK BOY (O.S.)

It's you. It is you...

Quinn turns to see the Stock Boy standing just down the aisle, looking at Quinn with glazed, worshipful eyes.

STOCK BOY

You're a hero to a lot of folks, man. I mean you're like Charlie Manson and The Night Stalker combined.

(moving closer)

You took the whole society down, Quinn... and all you had to do was breathe.

Quinn is ill-at-ease -- moves over to Arturo. The sound of SIRENS in the distance...

PHARMACIST COUNTER - ARTURO

having rung the bell, and leafing through a "Q" pamphlet, is waiting as the pharmacist appears from the back room.

ARTURO

Excuse me, sir. Where might I find the aspirin?

The PHARMACIST stares at him blankly.

ARTURO

Aspirin. You know, for a headache?

PHARMACIST

(severe frown)

Who has a headache? You?

Arturo notices that SIRENS are roaring in the distance.

ARTURO

Actually, it's for a friend.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

PHARMACIST

(suspicious)

Wait here. I'll see what I have in the back.

And now --

QUINN

moves up, under.

QUINN

I've been recognized.

Arturo looks from Quinn to the door where the pharmacist disappeared. THE SIRENS are uncomfortably close now.

ARTURO

We'd better go.

They hurry down the aisle toward the exit - the stock boy appears, blocking their path.

STOCK BOY

They're coming for ya, Quinn. I just placed the call - they'll be here any second.

Quinn and Arturo exchange worried looks - the SIRENS are getting very near.

STOCK BOY

Don't let 'em take you alive this time, man! When they blow you away, you'll become a martyr! That's how your kind oughta die!

The SIRENS are almost upon them now. Quinn darts to the right, while Arturo hides behind a display counter to the left. \*

STOCK BOY (O.S.)

(pointing at Quinn)

Chaos lives! Quinn must die!!

Quinn and Arturo race for the front exit, but it's too late. They can hear the sounds of SCREECHING BRAKES and SLAMMING DOORS. Seconds later, several moonsuits barrel into the store.

MOONSUIT LEADER

(electronic voice)

Put your hands over your head! Do not resist!

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

The moonsuits approach cautiously, weapons pointed at the young Slider. Then, to Arturo's horror --

QUINN

is hit in the neck with what appears to be a tranquilizer  
dart. He crumples to the ground and lies motionless. We...

\*  
\*

FADE TO BLACK.

15 OMITTED

15

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16 INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT - REMBRANDT

16

wets a wash-cloth for Wade. Arturo's there, speaking in hushed tones.

REMBRANDT  
Shot? You saw him get hit?

ARTURO  
(aware of Wade being near)  
Shh! They ambushed him. There was nothing I could do.

REMBRANDT  
(despairing)  
Did they kill him?

ARTURO  
Don't panic! For God's sake. We don't even know he's dead.  
(off Rembrandt; opens a health pamphlet)  
They've probably taken him to one of these "Protection Camps".

REMBRANDT  
What?

ARTURO  
A place where they quarantine Q-positives.  
(then)  
Listen to this -- the Quinn of this world -- Patient Zero -- was a failing medical student who deliberately unleashed this fatal disease on the population!

REMBRANDT  
So?

ARTURO  
So -- he's Public Enemy number one -- if they're holding him, there's bound to be some information about it on the news.

The distressed Crying Man takes a moment to ponder all this --

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

REMBRANDT

We gotta get him out of there.

(off Arturo; his mind  
racing)

What do we do if we can't find him  
before we slide? We've only got  
eighty more hours in this place. \*

ARTURO

You, my friend, may have to go on  
from here alone.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

REMBRANDT

(horrified)  
What?

ARTURO

We can't bring this plague to the  
next world we go to.

REMBRANDT

What d'you mean "we"? She's the  
one who's sick.

(off Arturo; his silence  
says it all)

Not you too?

Arturo's skin has already turned yellow-ish. As now, Wade  
moans, (O.S.) --

ARTURO

We'd best help her. While we can.

Wade moans again. Rembrandt wrings out the cloth and he and  
the professor hurry to her side.

17 INT. MOTEL ROOM - WADE

17

tossing and turning in bed, eyes closed. Rembrandt checks  
her forehead...

ARTURO

All I can think is she got the  
disease from that man on the  
street.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

REMBRANDT

She's burning up. I'm gonna get  
some ice.

Rembrandt snatches up the plastic motel ice bucket and exits  
the room.

ARTURO

moves closer to Wade - as he reaches out to adjust the  
cloth, her eyes snap open. The Professor is startled by the  
wild look on her face.

WADE

Professor... your brain...

WADE'S POV - HALLUCINATION - ARTURO'S HEAD

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

is mis-shapen, the top of his cranium stretches a full foot higher than normal (as if seen through a fish-eye lens.)

... it's so big! WADE

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2

17

ARTURO  
Well that's uh... quite a  
compliment.

Now --

WADE'S POV - REMBRANDT - HALLUCINATION \*

re-enters the room, with pre-sealed packets of ice. Tears are literally streaming out of his eyes, pouring down his cheeks as if someone had turned on a faucet.

WADE  
Don't cry Rembrandt. It's gonna be  
okay - Quinn will be taking us home  
soon, you'll see.

RESUME - REMBRANDT AND ARTURO

the non crying Rembrandt and normal-headed Arturo exchange worried glances. Wade is semi-delirious, sitting up in the bed, face flushed, eyes wickedly wild.

CUT TO:

18 INT. THE BLACK CUBE - DAY - QUINN

18

unconscious, naked, on a cold, polished black floor. There seem to be no windows or doors, just seamless jet black walls. Several nozzle-like devices now descend from the ceiling. More emerge from the walls. Suddenly, all of them burst in at once. POWERFUL NEEDLE SPRAYS of DIFFERENT COLOR LIQUIDS pound Quinn from all directions.

He wakes up panicked, like a trapped animal. He tries to use his hands to protect his body from the withering blast. It's agony.

QUINN  
Stop it! What are you doing to me?

Then, as abruptly as it began, the fierce shower stops. The nozzles withdraw. Now, a BLINDING LIGHT fills the cube, accompanied by a HIGH VOLTAGE BUZZ. Quinn tries to shield his eyes. It stops.

ELECTRONIC VOICE  
Initial decontamination completed.

Quinn blinks and squints, readjusting to normal light.

QUINN'S POV - THROUGH GLASS: barely discernible silhouetted figures studying him through the semi-transparent walls.

(CONTINUED)



18 CONTINUED:

18

QUINN

I... I know you think I'm the guy on the wanted posters. I look like him, but I'm not the one you're after.

One of the figures in the observation room bends, apparently to a microphone.

A FEMALE VOICE

You can cut your hair, shave your beard, but you can't change your fingerprints.

QUINN

Look... I know this is a little hard to swallow, but I'm not from your world. I came here from --

Suddenly Quinn's body is hit with an ultra-violet light - his skin glows eerily, like a Kodak negative.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Scanning for "Q" infection.

19 INT. THE OBSERVATION ROOM - TWO DOCTORS

19

stand in labcoats, observing instrument readouts and Quinn--through the glass. DR. DAVID MORTON is intense, all business. DR. EILEEN STANLEY is red-haired, quite lovely, and seems genuinely sympathetic to Quinn.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

"Q" infection not present.

The doctors react, utterly stunned, disbelieving.

DR. STANLEY

What?

DR. MORTON

That's impossible. Run it again.

Dr. Stanley punches some buttons on the console. Waits.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

"Q" infection not present.

Dr. Morton shoves her away from the console.

DR. MORTON

Damn it, you're doing something wrong.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

He punches buttons. She begins to get excited.

ELECTRONIC VOICE  
"Q" infection not present.

DR. MORTON  
There must be something wrong with  
the equipment.

DR. STANLEY  
I don't think so.

She looks at Morton. This is an extraordinary moment.

DR. STANLEY  
Let me examine him.

Dr. Morton doesn't entirely trust her.

DR. MORTON  
He escaped on your watch, Dr.  
Stanley -- you know you're  
prohibited.

DR. STANLEY  
He's my patient, Dr. Morgan. I  
want to see him.

It's declarative. She's tough. We like her. \*

DR. MORTON  
If you see him, I have to be  
present. \*

CUT TO:

OMITTED (20)

21 INT. KITCHEN-LIKE SETTING - DAY - ON TV - TWO MEN

21

are doing their thing on an info-mercial, standing in a  
kitchen set, with the words AMAZING BARGAINS on the wall  
behind them.

THE PITCH MAN is a lower class Brit in suspenders and bow  
tie - a hyper old school snake oil salesman who waves his  
arms way too much and shamelessly plays to the planted  
studio audience.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

MICHAEL

the everyman, nice guy, dweeb next door type, wearing wire-rim glasses and a knit sweater, is having a "casual", totally rehearsed conversation with the pitch-man.

PITCH MAN

(fast)

Listen to me, Michael - Mike, are you listening?

MICHAEL

(often glancing at audience)

I'm listening!

Pitch-man indicates a number of items laid out on a table they are standing over...

PITCH MAN

We all like to entertain, but in this day and age, you just can't trust the folks that enter your home. What if they're carriers? Can you afford to take that risk?

Mike looks at the unseen studio audience.

MICHAEL/AUDIENCE (SIMULTANE)

No!

PITCH MAN

So today, on Amazing Bargains, I'm offering the entire self-protection biological purification kit for a one time only price you will not believe.

Mike looks at the audience - sounds pretty good.

PITCH MAN (CONT'D)

You get five pairs of sterile surgical gloves...

(points to gloves)

...three dozen bars of Betadine soap - kills bacteria on contact -

(happy OOHs from crowd)

AND...this beautiful, stainless steel autoclave, including a pull-out tray to sterilize every utensil in your home.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

Mike is overwhelmingly happy; the audience is right there with him. WIDEN TO REVEAL --

WADE

lying in bed, watching. As

ON TV - THE TWO SALESMEN

are hard at it.

MICHAEL

Wow, you get all that? Okay, now give me the bad news...

(worried)

How much?

PITCH MAN

Mike, listen to me - are you listening?

MICHAEL

I'm listening!

PITCH MAN

If you paid retail, you might expect to pay up to a hundred dollars...

(audience GROANS)

...but here tonight on Amazing Bargains, I'm offering the entire packet for just 49.95!!!

MICHAEL

(uncertain, to audience)

Only 49.95? Gee, that sounds pretty good, don't you think?

AUDIENCE - ON TV

shouts out LOWER, LOWER! The pitch man holds his head in his hands and paces around - he just can't believe anyone could ask for a lower price.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Nigel, but you're just gonna have to go lower.

PITCH MAN

Lower Mike? How can I possibly go lower?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 3

21

The pained Pitch Man is stomping back and forth, hitting his forehead with the palm of his hand - he stops his pacing long enough to reach under the table - he pulls out something that looks like a smoke detector attached to thick rubber bands.

PITCH MAN

Alright Mike, I tell ya what, only for you... I'm gonna throw in this self-activating front door home protection unit, which automatically sprays and sterilizes your guests as they enter your house or apartment.

(counting off)

You get the surgical gloves, the betadine soap, the autoclave set, AND the front door sterilizer...

(tension is thick)

All for the AMAZING one time only price...of just 39.95!

The audience goes absolutely bananas - Mike and the Pitch man do a stupidly over-exaggerated handshake to seal the bargain.

MICHAEL

Only 39.95?!! You've got yourself A DEAL!!

Wild cheering from the audience.

INTERCUT WITH:

22 INT. MOTEL ROOM - WADE

22

lying in bed, watching intently. She looks horrible now, her skin is turning even more yellow...

CUT TO:

22A INT. THE BATHROOM AREA - ARTURO

22A

has his mouth open, he's using the mirror to peer down into his throat. Rembrandt enters --

REMBRANDT

It's getting worse, man... She's the color of a wax candle I got back home.

Rembrandt frowns, noting Arturo, who has beads of sweat dotting his forehead.

(CONTINUED)

22A CONTINUED:

22A

REMBRANDT

And you don't look so hot yourself.

ARTURO

(scared)

It's the "Q". White nodules on my throat, looks like Strep.

REMBRANDT

You got it, she's got it --  
(he looks in the mirror)  
We're all gonna die here.

ARTURO

Get hold of yourself!  
(wrings out a washcloth)  
Let's see if we can cool Wade off.

Together, they move away from the sink, walk back into the bedroom... and freeze.

REMBRANDT

Uh oh.

ANGLE - THE BED

Empty. The door is open. Wade is gone.

CUT TO

23 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT - WADE

23

looking disoriented as she stumbles down the block. The streets are again dark and eerily empty.

WADE'S POV - HALLUCINATION - THE STREETS, THE BUILDINGS

past wanted posters of this world's Quinn... past street graffiti featuring BIG RED EYES.

Suddenly, the streets are full of reveling people, firecrackers, sparklers, etc. A wild celebration is taking place, involving hundreds of crazed celebrants.

Just as suddenly, the streets are empty and dark again.

WADE

closes her eyes, opens them, squinting into the darkness, wondering where everyone went.

RESUME POV HALLUCINATION - THE PARTY

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

is back. A fire-snorting paper dragon weaves its way through the throngs as a Chinese man smashes cymbals together. And now --

EMPTY STREET

again.

Flaming dragon - empty street - screaming Chinese - empty street - moving mass of screaming people - empty street.

WADE

staggers along, spinning in slow circles, seeing things that are not there.. and then seeing things as they are. The neighborhood deteriorates, becoming slum. Up ahead. Before it

A BARRICADE OF JUNK

and a red-line, spray-painted on the street, demarcating --

THE RED ZONE

Off limits. Red-eyes, something feral and human -- we don't know what they are.

WADE

stumbles over some refuse and falls across the barricade. She's oblivious, lies down in the street, now racked with chills.

Suddenly --

A PAIR OF HANDS

enter frame, startling her and helping her to her feet.

WADE

Who're you?

ARTURO

An old friend. From back home.

Rembrandt's there, too. The Professor is looking around uncomfortably; they are in a particularly creepy, rundown industrial area.

ARTURO

Come Miss Welles... there's a nice soft bed waiting for you at the Motel Twelve.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: 2

23

WADE

I'm not going anywhere with you  
two. I don't even know you.

ARTURO

Yes, well we'll get reacquainted  
along the way.

Arturo and Rembrandt begin to shepherd her back the way they  
came. They've barely taken a few steps, when dozens of  
figures step out of the shadows and the walkways between  
buildings.

WADE

My friends! My friends have  
arrived!

Arturo and Rembrandt see nothing friendly in what's  
happening. The scary pack of strangers have moved in and  
completely surrounded the Sliders.

Arturo and Rembrandt can only stare in fear. All of the  
figures encircling them have red eyes, glowing like crimson  
coals in the dark. Off our Sliders --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 INT. CONDEMNED WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT - ARTURO 24

Rembrandt and the feverish, hallucinating WADE are being led by several of the shadowy red-eyes. A door is thrown open and they are ushered into a small, sparsely furnished room with dirty, crumbling walls. \*

25 INT. QUINN 2'S ROOM/WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 25

A solitary figure is sitting at a simple desk, his back to us, his long hair dark and unruly.

QUINN 2

(back turned)

I was told you asked for entry.  
Why are you here? Who sent you?

REMBRANDT

No one. We were chasing after our friend. Your people took her.

QUINN 2

She has the "Q". She belongs here.

ARTURO

Is this a "Protection Camp?"

The man exhales a short laugh, swivels his seat around to face them - yellow skin, red-eyes. We know who he is.  
Quinn 2.

QUINN 2

Hardly.

(considers for a beat)

You don't know where you are?

ARTURO

No. But we know who you are... \*

QUINN 2

Of course you do. Everyone does.  
They make sure of that. \*

The young man rubs his eyes in a clear sign of fatigue. He stands and goes to Wade - checks her lymph glands, touches her forehead, and looks deep into her eyes. The contact brings her around.

WADE

(happy)

Quinn... I knew you'd come back for me.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

QUINN 2

(to A and R)  
She's about to go red-eye. That's  
the final stage. Terminal.

ARTURO

What does that mean? How long does  
she have?

QUINN 2

Each case is different - she seems  
to be on a fast track.

Wade hugs Quinn 2, gently placing her head against his  
chest.

WADE

I think I'm dying  
(she coughs)  
There are things I should have told  
you... a long time ago.

She coughs again, struggles to breathe.

QUINN 2

SShh. Not now.

He puts a comforting arm around her, gently strokes the  
coughing spell away, then looks to her friends for an  
explanation...

QUINN 2

(puzzling)  
She acts like she knows me...She  
doesn't seem to be hallucinating,  
but I know we've never met.

ARTURO

Are you an open-minded man?  
(off Quinn 2)  
Let me try to explain it to you.

Off Quinn 2's quizzical reaction, we

CUT TO

26 INT. CONDEMNED WAREHOUSE - INFIRMARY - NIGHT - WADE

26

is in bed. A DOCTOR is examining her.

REMBRANDT

hovers nearby, feels powerless.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

REMBRANDT

Just hold on, honey. This man's a  
doctor -- he's gonna help us.

The doctor gives Rembrandt a side glance -- "Who're you  
kidding?"

QUINN 2

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 2

26

stands in the doorway, talking with Arturo. The room is full of red-eyes in various stages of health.

ARTURO

(of the doctor,  
disparaging)

Is that the best he can do? \*

QUINN 2

He can alleviate some of the suffering.

(then)

The man's taking a huge chance, just being here -- he could be jailed if the Board of Health found out. On this world, his kind of dedication is very rare. \*

ARTURO

You amaze me. Your acceptance of our situation. We're used to utter skepticism, at least initially.

QUINN 2

I don't have time for skepticism - if you're lying, you'll wear that around your neck when judgment comes -- so until I learn otherwise, I'll accept who you say you are.

ARTURO

How long have you been doing this?

QUINN 2

Since my escape.

(then)

At least here, people are allowed to live out their final days with dignity.

(then)

The "Protection Camps" are worse than a living death.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 3

26

ARTURO

You've been there?

QUINN 2

Briefly. I was a medical student. I volunteered to be a lab subject to help this doctor -- Darren Morton -- one of our foremost researchers. He gave me the Q -- swore I was all right -- and released me into the population.

ARTURO

Wait a minute. The government infected you?

QUINN 2

It was a mistake. No one wanted it to happen.

(then)

But once it did, I was a convenient scapegoat -- "Patient Zero", dodging from one quarantine zone to another.

(then)

The ones who are really accountable are the ones making the policy - the quarantines, "protection zones." The rich live in sanitary conditions, the poor get sick and die.

REMBRANDT

I can't believe it. Not in America.

QUINN 2

Maybe not your America. Here, it's hard, cold truth. Trust me. It happened.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 4

26

ARTURO

About this plague. Why is it so resistant to anti-biotics?

QUINN 2

Antibiotics?

ARTURO

Penicillin.

QUINN 2

What's that?

Off Arturo and Rembrandt -- first law of Sliding -- take nothing for granted --

CUT TO:

27 INT. THE BLACK CELL - NIGHT - QUINN

27

is now strapped to an examination table.

DR. STANLEY

dressed in scrub suit, surgical gloves and a respirator, palpates various parts of his body. Dr. Morton, dressed in full moonsuit, stands nearby, watching.

QUINN

(frustrated, loud)

You want to know what I've been doing that could have cured me? Fine. I'll tell you.

Dr. Stanley pauses. Dr. Morton moves closer.

QUINN

I've been sliding through an interdimensional wormhole seeing how many different ways people like you can screw up civilization.

DR. MORTON

(to Dr. Stanley)

A remembered hallucination?

QUINN

I'll say it again. I'm not your Quinn Mallory.

(then, getting an idea)

Wait a minute! I tore up my knee playing football! Did your Quinn do that?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

DR. STANLEY  
(patient, sympathetic)  
You know you did.

QUINN  
(to himself)  
Great. Bad knees follow me  
everywhere.

DR. MORTON  
Did you develop some kind of drug? \*

QUINN  
I'm not your Quinn.

DR. MORTON  
We'll find traces of it in your  
system.

QUINN  
(sighing)  
I'm not your Quinn.

DR. MORTON  
We're running the blood tests now.  
Help us. Tell us what to look for  
or we'll do an autopsy and find out  
for ourselves.

Dr. Stanley reacts. His plan does not sit well with her.

QUINN  
If you kill me and cut me open, I  
can tell you what you'll find.

DR. STANLEY  
What?

QUINN  
I'm not your Quinn.

CUT TO

28 INT. WAREHOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - ARTURO

28

has emptied the contents of a garbage can into the kitchen  
sink, is sifting through the contents.

REMBRANDT  
approaches --

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

REMBRANDT

Oh man. I know you're hungry, but where's your dignity?

ARTURO

Dignity is a luxury we cannot afford.

REMBRANDT

I know the food on this world's terrible, but c'mon --  
(loud; to Redeye)  
Get this man something to eat.

ARTURO

Shh --  
(off Rembrandt)  
I don't want to raise false hopes.

REMBRANDT

False hopes about what?

Arturo points to his prizes, a crust of bread, orange peel, some cheese - all covered with mold.

ARTURO

You see? Mold?  
(then)  
Perhaps there's a chance to kindle an antibacterial culture -- at the least, a rudimentary streptomycin.

REMBRANDT

Huh?

ARTURO

Penicillin.

REMBRANDT

How're you gonna make penicillin? We don't have tablets, we don't have needles and we don't have time!

(then)

Let's just trust they'll have real penicillin in the next world.

ARTURO

Time is getting short, Mr. Brown. And your time would be better spent in an effort to rescue Quinn than  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



28 CONTINUED: 2

28

ARTURO (cont'd)  
in hampering my efforts here,  
because we cannot leave without a  
cure.

A beat.

REMBRANDT  
Man. I hope you know what you're  
doing.

He goes --

CUT TO

29 INT. WAREHOUSE - "TERMINAL WARD" - WADE

29

sleeps fitfully. The place looks like a makeshift Civil War  
army hospital, or like something you'd see on the evening  
news out of Bosnia -- beds, patients, red-eyes in the late  
stages of the disease.

REMBRANDT

moves to her. He adjusts the thin, threadbare blanket --

REMBRANDT  
It's gonna be all right,  
sweetheart. You just rest now...

And as he hovers over Wade's bedside, offering her what  
comfort he can --

QUINN 2

appears at the door behind him.

QUINN 2  
They found your friend. He's being  
held at the C.H.C. on Polk Street.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

QUINN 2

removes a small stud earring from his ear and holds it out to Rembrandt.

QUINN 2

Here.

Rembrandt looks at him as though he thinks it's some kind of "gay" thing.

REMBRANDT

Thanks anyway, but I'm a straight arrow.

QUINN 2

(amused)

No -- you don't understand. I have a good friend at the C.H.C. Her name is Dr. Eileen Stanley -- take this to her. She'll know it could only come from me.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 2

29

REMBRANDT  
Why do I have to go? \*

QUINN 2  
'Cause you're the only one here  
who's still healthy.  
(then)  
Believe me, we can trust her. She  
risked her life for me. \*

Off Rembrandt --

CUT TO

30 INT. BLACK CUBE - QUINN

30

dressed, asleep on the examining table.

A DOOR

opens, a crack of light.

A MOONSUIT

enters, quickly shuts the door.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE A SECURITY CAMERA MOUNTED HIGH ON THE WALL

The moonsuit has an aerosol can of some kind, aims it at the security camera and sprays--BLACKENING THE LENS. Quinn wakes up with a start.

QUINN  
What're you doing?

MOONSUIT  
Be quiet. This room is monitored.

And now, the helmet's off. A mane of red hair -- Dr. Stanley.

DR. STANLEY  
Wait here.

She slips out the door, returns a moment later with Quinn's clothes and moonsuit. She holds it out to him.

DR. STANLEY  
Here. Put it on.

Quinn stands there a beat, too astonished to speak.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Quinn starts climbing into the suit.

CUT TO

31 INT. CHC CORRIDOR - DIMLY LIT

31\*

just the red glow from the exit signs.

QUINN AND DR. STANLEY - IN MOONSUITS

move down the deserted hallway.

QUINN

I really appreciate this. I know  
you're taking a big chance.

DR. STANLEY

Let's find a cure together, that's  
all that matters.

There's no time for Quinn to explain.

ANGLE - A SECURITY CAMERA

implanted in the wall, tracking them.

CUT TO

32  
THRU OMITTED  
34

32  
THRU  
34

35 EXT. CHC BUILDING - ACROSS THE STREET - REMBRANDT

35'

gets out of a CAB. The driver is PAVEL KURLIENKO (the Russian cabbie from the pilot). He points to the building.

PAVEL

That's it, over there.

REMBRANDT

You really do love drivin' cabs, don't you?

PAVEL

Ah, yes. Is my destiny!

REMBRANDT

You don't know the half of it.

As Rembrandt pays, SHOTS RING OUT from the ALLEY beside the CHC BUILDING. Rembrandt plays a hunch.

REMBRANDT

Here's a hundred bucks. There's two more where that came from if you wait till I get back.

36 EXT. THE BRIDGE - QUINN AND DR. STANLEY

36

running. Moonsuit people chasing after them, but they're losing ground because of the cumbersome suits. But now, a helicopter clears the roof, its spotlight flashing down into the alley.

QUINN

pulls Dr. Stanley behind an air conditioning-type turbine as the searchlight passes--and once it's gone, they take off again.

THE SEARCHLIGHT

scanning, illuminating --

36A OMITTED

36A\*

36AA EXT. ROOF - A MARKSMAN

36AA\*

below. A marksman targets a rifle --

CUT TO:

36C EXT. CHC - REMBRANDT

36C

sneaking another peek around the corner of the building.

REMBRANDT'S POV - QUINN AND DR. STANLEY

about a hundred yards away, headed towards the street --

REMBRANDT

Quinn!

Quinn looks towards Rembrandt, just as --

A RIFLE SHOT (O.S.)

from the pursuing helicopter. In the darkness, it's hard to know who's been hit, if anybody.

CUT TO:

36D EXT. ALLEY - QUINN

36D

turns.

DR. STANLEY'S

been hit, falls against a nearby dumpster.

QUINN

moves to her, cradles her --

QUINN

Dr. Stanley.

DR. STANLEY

Go on. You can't let them catch you.

QUINN

I'm not leaving you here.

His hand is holding the back of her head. He feels something viscous and warm. His hand is covered with blood. She's been hit much worse than he thought.

DR. STANLEY

I should've come with you the last time... I just...

(fights tears and regrets; then)

I thought I could find a cure... Please Quinn, forgive me.

Quinn takes a moment - knows he must stand in for Quinn 2.

(CONTINUED)

36D CONTINUED:

36D

QUINN

I do forgive you. Of course I  
do.

(then)

Just don't die.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The helicopter appears again, through the crack in the  
rooftops above. He looks back down at Dr. Stanley -- She's  
dead.

REMBRANDT'S VOICE

Quinn!

Quinn turns --

REMBRANDT'S

there.

REMBRANDT

Leave her. Come on.

Quinn gently sets the doctor's head down on the cold ground,  
goes --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

37 INT. WAREHOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - ARTURO

37

at the sink, which has become a makeshift chemical lab. A profusion of bowls substitute for petri dishes, molds of various colors growing in them.

A POT

on the stove. A glutinous concoction, as Arturo crumbles a moldy corner of Wonder bread into the pot.

QUINN 2

looks on, fascinated.

ARTURO

You must create a growth culture. The antibacterial substance is released into the fluid that the mold grows in.

QUINN 2

(musing)

Antibacterial agents from molds... we never tried that. Molds are considered dirty--sources of potential infection, not cures.

ARTURO

They can work miracles--but it'll take a miracle for me to make them do it.

(beat)

How's Wade?

QUINN 2

She doesn't have much time. I've never seen the "Q" progress so rapidly.

ARTURO

We're from a different earth. We have different immunities.

Arturo looks weak, quite yellow.

CUT TO

38 INT. WAREHOUSE - TERMINAL WARD - WADE

38

lies, feverish. Her eyes glow burning red, like coals -- like a supernova before burning out. ARTURO AND QUINN 2

(CONTINUED)



38 CONTINUED:

38

move to her bedside.

QUINN 2

How are you?

WADE'S POV - HALLUCINATION - SHE SEES QUINN 1

where we know Quinn 2 to be.

WADE

I feel so weak, Quinn.

He takes her hand, presses his lips to it --

QUINN (HALLUCINATION)

I'm responsible. Bringing you here  
-- causing so much suffering.

WADE

You can't blame yourself.

QUINN (HALLUCINATION)

Who else? Because of me, you're  
going to die --

(then)

The woman I love more than life  
itself.

WADE

You do?

QUINN (HALLUCINATION)

Of course I do, angel. I always  
have. How can you not know that?

WADE

I don't want to die, Quinn.

REVERSE ANGLE - ARTURO AND QUINN 2

looking on helplessly at Wade, tears welling, calling out.  
As now --

REMBRANDT

enters the room, followed by Quinn --

ARTURO

(upon seeing Quinn)  
Thank God.

They embrace.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 2

38

QUINN 2

reacts, stunned, at seeing his double.

QUINN 2

(to himself)

It's me --

(then; amazed)

But I'm healthy!

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 3

38

WADE  
(tremulous)  
Quinn?

Quinn 2 moves to Wade's bedside --

WADE'S POV - HALLUCINATION - NOW THERE ARE TWO QUINNS

QUINN  
I'm here.

WADE  
Strange...So strange...Two of  
you.

REVERSE ANGLE - QUINN

looking down at her, with concern.

QUINN  
Just hang on. We're gonna make it.

REMBRANDT

is there. Quinn 2 moves to him.

QUINN 2  
Did you find Dr. Stanley?

Rembrandt has the earring in his hand, returns it as --

REMBRANDT  
(off Quinn 2's look)  
She didn't make it, man.

Quinn 2 reacts with anguish. Quinn looks at him, knows the  
scale of this loss - more painful than words can say. \*

CUT TO

39 INT. WAREHOUSE - KITCHEN AREA - SEVERAL BOWLS OF MOLD

39

Lined up near the sink.

ARTURO

stands over them, spooning a bit of mold from each bowl into  
a glass. He coughs, hard.

QUINN 2, REMBRANDT, THE DOCTOR look on as now --

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

ARTURO

Optimally, you'd want to introduce the antibiotic via the bloodstream -- either by syringe, or intravenous. But we don't have the resources for that.

He's now spooning sugar from a pound bag, one scoop, two into the glass --

QUINN 2

Now what're you doing?

ARTURO

When I was a child, my mother gave me penicillin in a cherry syrup --  
(then)  
Basically, sugar water and flavoring.

He turns on the tap, fills the glass.

REMBRANDT

You really think it can work?

ARTURO

Frankly, Mr. Brown? I don't have a bloody clue.

He jiggles the glass -- the molds dissolving in the sugar water --

QUINN 2

(a harder edge than we've seen)

Why you? There are hundreds of people here -- every bit as sick. Sicker.

ARTURO

And if this doesn't work, it could kill me sooner than later.  
(with distaste)  
Well, down the hatch.

He drinks it down, as fast as he can, trying to avoid the taste.

He hangs onto the counter for support, suddenly feeling the exhaustion he staved off to keep working.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 2

39

ARTURO

And now, if you'll excuse me. I think I need to throw up.

He takes a step - and collapses. Quinn 2 hurries to him, checks him over.

QUINN 2

He's burning up. Get him to a bed.

CUT TO:

40A OMITTED

40A\*

40B EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF CHC - NIGHT

40B\*

A line of vehicles, JEEPS, a TRUCK with a cowcatcher protruding ominously in front -- all with the familiar green cross on white background and the CHC logo. Their motors are running -- exhaust wafts through the scene - backlit by colored flashers and headlights.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Moonsuits are everywhere, running down the metal stairs -- climbing into the vehicles.

\*  
\*

CAMERA FINDS DR. MORTON, in his moonsuit (distinct from the others, if possible). Morton strides purposefully along the line of Jeeps and finally to the lead truck -- he barks at a moon-suited subordinate.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DR. MORTON

Where's the cab driver?

\*  
\*

MOONSUIT

They're bringing him.

\*  
\*

ANGLE - TWO MOONSUITS - DRAGGING PAVEL

\*

Dr. Morton pulls a map from the cab of the truck -- meets the moonsuits and Pavel at the cowcatcher -- using the headlights to illuminate the map.

\*  
\*  
\*

DR. MORTON

Show us.

(Pavel hesitates)

Now! Or I'll see to it you get the "Q".

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Pavel reacts - terrified. As he starts to point to a spot on the map.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

41 INT. QUINN 2'S ROOM/WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - QUINN 2

41

is in his chair, slumped over his desk, exhausted, in despair.

REMBRANDT

enters. Tentative.

QUINN 2

What?

With great effort, he raises his head.

REMBRANDT

You all right?

(off Quinn 2)

You and that doctor lady -- you were old friends?

QUINN 2

We were in med school together. We were lovers then.

(then)

We would've been again if not for the "Q".

Rembrandt coughs...Quinn 2 reacts.

REMBRANDT

(off Quinn's look)

Yeah. Me, too. It was just a matter of time.

QUINN 2

And your friends?

REMBRANDT

No change. And if we don't slide outta here in...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

(checks timer)

...twelve minutes, we never will.

(beat)

The doctor made up a bottle of the professor's mold juice. It's ready to go - just in case.

\*

CUT TO:

42 EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CHC TRUCKS AND VANS

42\*

speed through the night, sirens and flashing lights.

IN THE CAB OF THE LEAD TRUCK - DR. MORTON

rides shotgun. Looking fiercely determined.

CUT TO:

43 INT. WAREHOUSE - TERMINAL AREA - QUINN

43

sits on Wade's bed, mopping her brow. Her eyes are very RED. She's unseeing, in a world of her own.

Now we HEAR the SIRENS in the distance, coming rapidly closer. Quinn 2 and Rembrandt approach

THE NEXT BED - ARTURO

Quinn glances off in the direction of the sirens, disturbed. Suddenly, the SIRENS STOP--still a fair distance away. Quinn 2 relaxes. He sits on the bed, touches Arturo's forehead, reacts - astonished.

QUINN 2

The fever's broken!

Arturo wakes at Quinn 2's touch, becomes alert. We can see he feels better. His skin color is almost back to normal.

REMBRANDT

Oh boy! Bring me that bottle!

\*

He hurries away as we

CUT TO:

44 EXT. THE BARRICADED STREET - NIGHT - THE CHC TRUCKS

44\*

with sirens turned off, are barreling down the street. The lead truck - with Dr. Morton - CRASHES THROUGH THE BARRICADE. The other trucks/vans follow. They all SCREECH to a stop and Moonsuits with guns begin piling out, head into --

45 INT. THE WAREHOUSE - UNDER ATTACK - RED-EYES 45\*

throw beds, chairs, tables, anything they can get their \*  
hands on into the path of the onrushing moonsuits. \*

45A INT. THE WAREHOUSE - TERMINAL AREA 45A\*

Quinn 2 and the Doctor are administering the antibiotic to \*  
the most critical patients. The Sliders are together \*  
waiting to slide. The moonsuits begin breaking through the \*  
final barrier - reaching the terminal area. \*

REMBRANDT \*  
(off the moonsuits) \*  
How much longer? \*

ARTURO \*  
Three minutes. \*

It's clear the moonsuits will be there before then. \*  
Rembrandt points to a stairway leading to a loft that may \*  
buy some time. \*

REMBRANDT \*  
Up there! \*

Quinn gives a quick look to Quinn 2. \*

QUINN \*  
Give 'em Hell. \*

Then Quinn picks up Wade, fireman-style, while Arturo and \*  
Quinn 2 exchange a look -- of gratitude and more. \*

The Sliders run to the stairway and clamber up just as the \*  
moonsuits swarm into the room. Dr. Morton follows just \*  
after the first wave (of moonsuits) and quickly spots \*  
Quinn (among the Sliders) going up to the loft. \*

DR. MORTON \*  
There's Quinn! Get him! \*

He waves a squad of moonsuits toward the stairs. They race \*  
up after the Sliders. \*

Quinn 2 stands up, near to Dr. Morton and commands his \*  
attention. \*

QUINN 2 \*  
Wrong Quinn, Dr. Morton. \*

Dr. Morton reacts - surprised - confused. He looks from one \*  
Quinn to the other. \*

(CONTINUED)



45A CONTINUED:

45A

DR. MORTON

Then he was telling the truth.  
There's no cure.

QUINN 2

There is now. It's called  
Penicillin. But I'll be damned if  
I let you have it.

DR. MORTON

Don't be stupid, Quinn. You're a  
wanted man. I could kill you right  
now and take it.

QUINN 2

But you can't control it, can't  
keep it just for the rich. We know  
how to make it, and we've told  
other red-eyes in other zones.  
It's over for you, the Surgeon  
General and everything you stand  
for.

But it's not over for the Sliders, who are still trying to  
get away from the moonsuits in time to slide. Rembrandt  
throws a chair from the loft onto the stairway --  
momentarily impeding the moonsuits progress. But that's all  
the available furniture.

Arturo is watching the timer.

ARTURO

Now!

He aims it -- but the wormhole is slow in forming.

ARTURO

Work, damn you!

The moonsuits have reached the loft. They're about to reach  
the Sliders when, finally --

THE WORMHOLE

appears. Stunned reactions. The moonsuits stop in their  
tracks, frightened.

Rembrandt almost pushes Quinn and Wade through the slide,  
leaps in after

ARTURO

(CONTINUED)

6  
45A CONTINUED: 2

45A

goes. The wormhole snaps shut -- off the astonished Dr.  
Morton, the defiant Quinn 2, we --

\*  
\*

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK:

(CONTINUED)

6

6

45A CONTINUED: 3

45A

Slowly, we hear the sound of surf washing up against the shore... as we

FADE IN

46 INT. MAKESHIFT TENT - DAYS LATER - WADE

46\*

lying by a fire, waking up. She is tired and groggy... but her eyes are brown again.

WADE

Quinn?

QUINN

stands over her, looking relaxed and pleased.

WADE

I... I had the strangest dream.

QUINN

It wasn't a dream

WADE

Am I... gonna be alright?

QUINN

You're gonna be fine.

WADE

You look so happy.

QUINN

(crouching down beside her)

I am happy. We're all getting healthy again - and we've really made an impact now. We brought the people on the last world a cure - no matter what happens from here on in... Sliding made a difference.

Wade thinks that over and nods agreement; they share a smile, she falls back to sleep again.

REMBRANDT

moves to Quinn, says softly --

47  
THRU OMITTED  
48

47\*  
THRU\*  
48\*

REMBRANDT

How is she?

QUINN

A lot better. She's going back to  
sleep.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

ARTURO

Did you tell her about the  
cannibals?

QUINN

No. Why stress her out. She went  
through enough on the last world.

The others nod agreement and stare at the surrounding  
jungle. The sound of DRUMS seem to be getting louder...  
closer. \*

REMBRANDT

(quietly, worried)

Who do you suppose they'll try and  
eat first?

The three men look one another over.

ARTURO

(to Quinn)

The young are more tender, I  
suppose.

QUINN

(back at Arturo)

Age before beauty. That's a  
universal tenet.

They turn to face Rembrandt. He doesn't like the attention.

REMBRANDT

Don't look at me.

(to Arturo)

I'm just a Chicken McNugget --  
You're the Quarter Pounder.

They smile weakly - throwing dry humor into this tense  
situation has helped... for the moment. Then, the three men  
look back toward the jungle...

and the smiles disappear.

The DRUMS grow steadily louder as we

FADE OUT

THE DRUMS continue over INITIAL END CREDITS, growing LOUDER  
and LOUDER...

THE END