

SLIDERS:
The Lost Episode

Blood and Splendor

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SPLASH

We open on mole-man world, where we find our Sliders in an underground San Francisco (Rags, how about some clever takes on prominent Frisco landmarks), housed within a vast cavern, stalactites and stalagmites forming the foundations for a city of stone. Our heroes are running towards us, in an obvious hurry, as they are being chased by grotesque humanoids reminiscent of the mole-men from the Fantastic Four comics or Gollum from Lord of the Rings (pale almost translucent skin, large, bulging, slit eyes, frail but nimble bodies). Quinn is in front (right up against us in the foreground), pointing the timer in our direction, counting down the seconds to the next slide. Wade is behind him, looking back as they hurry through the darkness. Arturo is next, nudging Wade to keep moving. Rembrandt is last, concern on his face, especially since he is the closest to these freaks.

QUINN: Just keep moving guys! Almost there! Slide in 3 ... 2 ...

Leave room for title and credits on this page ...

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Small shot of the timer shooting its quantum beam into the darkness as ...

... Quinn screeches to a halt and does a deft little balancing act, waving his arms frantically to steady himself for some reason. Wade, aided by momentum, bumps into him, forcing Quinn to reach back and grab her to keep from falling. (By the way Rags, Wade is wearing a shirt with the words The Inner Swine written just over her left breast.) Arturo and Rembrandt bring up the rear, grabbing onto Wade, and being forced to stop as well, with the mole-men in hot pursuit. Wade screams, Whyd you stop? Wheres the slide? Quinn, catching his breath, points into a pit, Down there. (NICE SHOT HERE, RAGS) ... the pit is immense and just pure pitch black ... and the slide vortex is hovering a few feet down inside of it.

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Rembrandt looks back over his shoulder, as the sound of the scurrying mole-men draws nearer. He asks Quinn, Cmon Q-ball, what are we gonna do? Those things are getting closer! Quinn, ponders the pit and matter-of-factly answers, Were gonna have to jump for it. Wade belts out, Youre kidding right? Quinn gives her a stern look and asks, Whos first? Rembrandt steps up, checks the distance, Heres lookin at ya! He jumps ... and slips safely into the slide. Arturo is next, sweating bullets, My dear boy, athletics were never my forte ... oh ... bloody hell! He jumps, and makes it. Meanwhile, the bulbous heads of the mole-men have begun to creep up around the corners. Quinn tells Wade, Youre next! GO! Wade, flustered, takes a flying leap and slips away. Quinn holds his breath and plunges into the pit, closing the gate behind him. The mole-men scurry up to the pit and chatter in confusion as remnants of the slide-tunnel ripple in the darkness.

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Inside the tunnel, a swirl of color and energy, our Sliders hurtle towards their next destination. They are positioned in this order, Rembrandt in front, Arturo close behind, Wade next, then Quinn far back a ways. Wade notices the walls of the tunnel and thinks that they look a little strange. Almost like something is moving beneath its surface. Suddenly, a tunnel-snake emerges, as if growing right out of the quantum energy itself, shaping itself into a horrific beast (like the creatures in Tremors and Dune), a thick, giant snake with a huge, gaping maw, reptilian skin, covered in villi (little protrusions of skin, like millions of tiny little feelers) and slobbering! It strikes out near Wades feet and immediately coils itself around her, all those little villi, creeping over her body. Wade screams out ... it looks grim for her as that nasty maw inches closer to her face. Quinn screams out, WADE!

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The commotion causes Arturo and Rembrandt to look back, even as the exit to the slide quickly approaches. Arturo and Rembrandt are horrified at what they see, but are pretty much helpless since they cannot change the direction in which they are falling. Quinn, however, does some quick thinking and pulls his arms tight against his body, like a parachutist in diving position, and accelerates his fall through the tunnel, aimed directly at the beastie. Like a bullet, he hurtles towards it, screaming, and at the

last moment, he brings his arms up in front of him and BLAM! barrels into the monstrosity. The tunnel-snake squeals and loosens its grip on Wade ... just enough for her to wriggle free and hook onto Quinn as they continue their descent. The tunnel-snake withdraws into the walls as the exit appears dead ahead. WHEW!

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It is early dawn as we join Montezuma IV meditating in a drug-induced trance, praying to a vision of the war god, Huitzilopochtli. Montezuma is seated in front of a fire, flanked by three Eagle Knight guards. (Rags, check out the book.) They are in a clearing in the royal groves, trees lining the area. Monty is an older man, late 50s, but still solid. He is dressed in ceremonial garb, robe, headdress, bracelets, etc. The Eagle Knights (Damn these guys look cool!) are in full ritual gear, carrying ceremonial knives and spears. Monty is looking into the plumes of smoke rising from the fire, and he can see his god Huitzilopochtli.

Huitzilopochtli is a fierce, awesome vision of a god. Monty prays out loud, quoting an ancient Aztec poet, There is nothing like death in war, nothing like the flowery death so precious to him who gives life. Far off I see it! My heart yearns for it! The battlefield, where the burning, divine liquor is poured out! A little bit off into the distance, at the edge of the trees, we can see the beginnings of the slide gate forming. The vision replies, in a thundering voice, We shall conquer all the people in the universe. I will make you lords and kings of every place in the world! I will send you the tools you will need to accomplish this!

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With a rush of wind and a few crackles of energy, the tunnel opens up, and Rembrandt drops out, landing hard onto the branches of the nearby tree. He discovers that he is snagged among the branches and silently thanks his lucky stars that he didnt have to hit the ground. The noise startles Monty, who whirls in the direction of the popping, in time to see Arturo, Wade and Quinn smack into the ground nearby. Montys eyes widen with wonder, or the extended high from his hallucinogen of choice, as he instantly assumes our Sliders to be the tools that Huitzilopochtli promised that he would send! In a flash, the Eagle Knights surround our guys, drawing their ritual weapons. Rembrandt watches silently from the tree and Wade, Arturo and Quinn wisely make no mention of their missing comrade. Monty quickly calls his guards off, chattering in native Aztec, saying Stay back! They are not here to hurt me. They are gifts from Huitzilopochtli himself! The guards lower their weapons and Monty begins

to chatter incomprehensibly to our Sliders. Our guys throw cautious and confused glances towards each other as Monty rambles on in that oh-so-kooky Aztec tongue.

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Quietly, Quinn, Wade and Arturo begin to speak with each other, keeping their eyes fixed on the wildly gesturing Monty. Quinn asks if Wade is OK. Wade responds in the affirmative and asks about that thing in the tunnel. Arturo offers, Whatever it was, lets hope that it isnt there when we slide next. Speaking of sliding ... Mr. Mallory, when is the next gate? Quinn slowly raises the timer, checks out the display and reads off, Just over 32 hours. We just gotta spend the night here and then we can slide out ... to wherever it takes us next. At the sight of the timer, Monty pauses briefly, a smile curling his lip like a kid being offered a new toy. Wade notices that Monty has stopped talking and is instead watching (listening?) to them. Wade remarks, Guys, should we be talking about this stuff in front of Tonto here? Arturo studies Monty, and spouts, Young lady, its obvious that this man is nothing but a primitive savage. Apparently this earth is more of the same. I highly doubt that this society has advanced past the early stages of technology ... much less comprehend the ability to traverse the dimensions from one world to the next. Arturo follows up with a condescending smile and nod to Monty.

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Monty smirks slyly and reaches into his robe, pulling out a cellular phone! He flips it open, dials, and in perfect English, says, Captain, please send your guards to attend to me immediately. Oh ... and inform the palace that I shall be arriving presently ... with guests. Our Sliders are stunned, and so is Rembrandt who we can barely make out in the tree behind them. Monty continues, Huitzilopochtli has been very gracious indeed! Tell me of this device, and of the talk you make of other dimensions. As Monty talks, he points with the cel phones antenna. Quinn, of course, balks at the request, as do Arturo and Wade. Sensing the hesitation, Monty signals his guards who immediately sieze the trio. Quinns guard places his stone-hewn knife into Quinns mouth, resting the sharp blade against his tongue. Wade gasps as she struggles. Arturo calmly utters, Wait ... dont harm the boy. Let me explain. From the tree, Rembrandt can see Arturo gesturing as he explains Sliding 101 to Monty. Behind Monty, we see that the palace guards have arrived.

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Monty laughs out loud, bellowing, Huitzilopochtli, does your generosity

never cease? Pointing at our Sliders, he continues, You have been sent by the war god himself to fulfill my destiny! We shall conquer all the people in the universe. This is what Huitzilopochtli said to me! You will help me conquer not only this world, but all worlds across the universe! Quinn mumbles against the knife as Wade shouts out, NO! We cant do that! You just dont understand the power and the danger! Arturo silently concurs. Monty is obviously perturbed by this answer. With a simple gesture, the guards begin to bind our heroes as Monty posits, How foolish of me. Huitzilopochtli must be thanked properly for sending you to me. Pointing to Quinn, Monty continues, You shall be the gods feast tomorrow at dawn. A fitting show of gratitude to the war god for his bounty. He then turns to Arturo as he mounts his horse and teases, Unless of course, you choose to accept your role and carry me to greatness. Take the boy to el Templo Mayor! Arturo watches as Quinn is led away. Reluctantly, he agrees to Montys terms. Monty beams, Good! Guards, bring them to the palace! Tonight, our prayers are answered, tomorrow, our faces shall be etched in the stars! As Monty turns his back, Arturo leans over to Wade and whispers, Courage, Miss Wells, we must buy time. Both he and Wade glance over their shoulders, searching for Rembrandt.

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Up in the tree, Rembrandt watches the scene play out and stifles a sneeze as the soldiers lead the party towards the city. Quietly, he arches his back to look over the hill to see where they might be headed. (Rags, money shot!) We see for the first time, the city of New Tenochtitlan. A beautiful, sprawling city that combines modern and Aztec architecture into a wonder to behold. (Rags, check out the book pp 12 & 13) Traditional Aztec constructions rise to the sky made not of clay and mud, but of concrete, steel and glass. The sun glints off of the spires as day begins to break. The paved roads have stylized automobiles zipping around as wires criss-cross the city in a dizzying web of technology. In the center of the city is a massive temple, el Templo Mayor, a rich, decorative building that looks like a place of worship. Rembrandt decides that is where they are headed. Having lost sight of the party, Rembrandt decides to wait a few minutes until the coast is clear before he even considers climbing down from the tree.

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As Montezuma and his guards make their way to the palace, Quinn and his guards are already long gone to the Temple, Wade and Arturo are forced to walk behind the horses. Monty is casually imbibing his favorite liquor in the morning sun. As the horses pass some thick brush, we see that there are painted faces hiding there. Monty begins to sing some slurred praises to

Huitzilopochtli when suddenly, the entire caravan is ambushed by more Aztecs! Montys personal guards surround him and whisk him away from the scene, fearing his assassination, even as Monty protests vehemently. The ambush is fierce as the rebel Aztecs engage the guards and attempt to free Wade and Arturo. A stately warrior, grabs onto our dynamic duo and pulls them onto his horse, riding them off into the countryside. Behind him, his rebels decimate the probably drunken palace guards. (Nice, short but extensive battle scene here Rags.)

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Later that day, the Aztec rebel leader, Itzcoatl tours Wade and Arturo through a reservation for whites seeking sanctuary from Montys rule. We see various images of white people, clustering together as if to protect each other. Itzcoatl explains that he feels sorry for these whites ... but although he is by no means fond of them, he abhors the ritual sacrifice that Monty has re-instated in his nation. Arturo listens incredulously to Itzcoatl's tale of how Europeans attempted to settle these lands, and tame the red man. However, they did not count on the strength of the Aztec empire, and could only stand by and watch as the Aztecs drove the Europeans back and claimed North America as their own. The cruel treatment of the whites towards Native Americans, relegated them to slave stock. Meanwhile, the blacks that were slaves, became slave traders and bounty hunters for the Aztecs. Since Montezuma IV's rule, the emperor has re-instated the practice of ritual sacrifice, a practice that had been dead for decades but now, the Europeans that remained, were the fodder for the gods. Itzcoatl goes on to tell of an Aztec resistance to the barbaric ways and an uprising that wishes to overthrow the government. Arturo bellows, This is ridiculous! An advanced society practicing segregated sacrifice! Itzcoatl wheels round and points a finger at Arturo's face, Watch your tone sir. I may have had to save you ... but that does not mean I have to like you! You can take your chances in the temple if you want! Itzcoatl stomps off, leaving Arturo to wallow in his own ignorance. Wade steps to him and whispers, Speaking of taking chances, I hope Rembrandt has found a way to...

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...keep a low profile.

In the open streets of New Tenochtitlan, Rembrandt walks the streets like a lost puppy. He is bumping into market tables, knocking over stands and bumping into people as he searches for something ... anything ... resembling the Dominion Hotel. However, despite the spectacle he is making of himself, and the fact that he can see no multi-cultural diversity

readily apparent, no one pays any real mind to his presence. Suddenly, the market square is filled with the sound of shrine drums, horns and trumpets as Rembrandt turns to face el Templo Mayor. It seems that Rembrandt has made it in time to witness the midday sacrifice to the gods. At the top of the man-made mountain, a white man is dragged screaming to the altar. Rembrandt assumes it is Quinn and rushes forward. Rembrandt cries out, QUINN!!!

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It is not Quinn, but the sight is no less horrible. Plumes are placed on the white mans head and amid the jeers and taunts of the guards, he is forced to dance for Huitzilopochtli. The man is then laid down on some narrow stones, where a priest draws a stone knife across the mans chest, reaches in and pulls out his palpitating heart, offering it to the idols there. The guards then kick the body down the massive steps of el Templo Mayor. Rembrandt watches as the limp body bounces down the mountain to butchers below who chop the corpse up into pieces and flay the skin from the bone. Rembrandt turns away and can barely keep his stomach when he notices that most of the people in the crowd are turning away in revulsion as well. In fact, some of the Aztes look quite angry at what they have just witnessed. In the background, we can see that one of the onlookers is Itzcoatl.

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Still feeling a tad queasy, Rembrandt feels a tap on his shoulder. Are you here to hunt or to sell? asks a well dressed black man. Confused, Rembrandt doesnt know how to reply. The slaver continues, pointing to the latest sacrificial lamb, I made a pretty penny off of that cracker! Best thing that coulda happened was Monty taking the throne and bringing back sacrifice ... unless youre white that is. He laughs heartily. Rembrandt smiles weakly at the macabre joke. Later, as the two sit in a local bar, Rembrandt is informed of the black role in the Aztec empire as slavers/bounty hunters. In fact, there is a large bounty out now for two escaped white prisoners. One is a hefty male with whiskers and the other a wispy female with short cropped hair. Rembrandt recognizes the descriptions as Wade and Arturo and again attempts a weak smile. The slaver excuses himself to answer natures call. While Rembrandt is seated the table, he is nudged from behind by Itzcoatl. Itzcoatl whispers in his ear, Your friends are safe. Come with me if you want to see them.

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PAGE 25 - Riots being stirred up by rebels, Eagle Knights being overcome, end of someone noting Sec. begun.

PAGE 26 - @ Temple's outer gates Itzcoatl speaks to his rebels and they break in gates and storm in.

PAGE 27 -> App temple M receives report of going on fr. Knight M "They're to late" place him on the altar - Captain, keep them from here - I must give it his sacrifice!

PAGE 28) The fight in T, create slides have guns, ~~the~~ knights and rebels.

PAGE 29 -> M - "Down upon us, now for my destiny!" raises knife - cut to Itzcoatl firing, M falls back, Q looks up, another shot knocks off Quinap's green Quinap partially he succides Second Eureka.

PAGE 31 "I'll give you your destiny!" R+
PAGE 32 Quinap and M fight for power pack as W-A arrive guns blazing @ Hgo temple. A: "my boy we are trapped!"
PAGE 33 Q knocks M out with a nice shot and smashes pack
PAGE 34 W-A loses pack to A but A misses the catch and W-A's a risk a die to catch it. Q: "Time is shorter than you think the slide is only moments away!"

PAGE 35 -> Power pack goes in, Itzcoatl takes charge of M, rebels are winning. Timer reveals 0:18 R makes fun of Q's duels as he arrives. W is impatient Q advises them of new develop. A says must go or fight. Hits button. (GUNS)

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Back into the tunnel, meet the snakes take two!

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Using the weapons from the raid, beat the snakes take two!

Into the desert ... and into adventure!

guns

- 32 - gate opens. M screams "No!" and makes a break for it, I hits him cold. Reinforcements arriving to the palace. "if you are going go now or else be prepared to battle!" They have a silent conference and Q says "Lets do it ..."
- 33 - They dine in all but Q. M groggily mutters "the gate to the gods!" Q replies "... " ~~to the gods~~. Q salutes I who returns in some amazement. Q jumps.
- 34 - Into the Tunnel - no problems - then one arrives - R shoots it dead - That wasn't so bad!
- 35 - Worms everywhere! ~~Fight~~ Splash
- 36 - Fighting, gunshots exclamations "Too Long"?
- 37 - R spots exit "look - is it getting smaller!" A - "we must break free!" Suddenly worms retreat, and our baffled soldiers barely escape thru exit.

28 - discussion?

39 -

40 -