

SLIDERS

"Slide Effects"

Story by Tracy Tormé

Quinn Mallory wakes up to find himself home. In fact, it's like he never left. It's 1994, Wade is working at Doppler Computers, Professor Arturo is teaching, Rembrandt is working on his career and only Quinn remembers sliding and the last five years of adventures.

Haunted by memories he can't explain, Quinn starts to wonder if he's losing his mind or if something else has gone terribly wrong...

Taking place after the events of Season 5 and "The Seer," this screenplay by Ibrahim Ng is based on a story from *Sliders* co-creator Tracy Tormé.

"Slide Effects" is unrelated to *Sliders Reborn*.

Feedback can be sent to [ibrahim.ng\(at\)outlook.com](mailto:ibrahim.ng(at)outlook.com)

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*For anyone who has ever
longed for one more slide with
Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and
Arturo, this story is for you.*

"This show is flawed. It's entirely a product of the time it was created. When we carve through the things that make the show terrible, we're left with Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo. These four people struck on a chemistry that was magical. It was warm and loving. You could be friends with them if you wanted. And we are friends with them: we care about them and we want to stay with them through thick and thin -- whether that refers to what's going on in the show or behind it."

*- Ian McDuffie,
Think of a Roulette Wheel*

We open on a distant view of the Milky Way galaxy, majestic and vast. But a YOU ARE HERE sticker and glimmers of light against the black of space show we're looking at a giant wall poster.

Our gaze moves along the wall, past the poster. Past a miniature basketball net mounted to the wall. Past a hockey jersey, and now we brush past a telescope, featuring an I BRAKE FOR ASTEROIDS sticker on it.

Behind the telescope is a desk covered with scattered papers. Resting against the desk is a surfboard. Next to that is a dresser where some dinosaur models stand, dominating a baseball mitt.

And across from the dresser (and a sea of unwashed laundry lying on the floor) is a bed. A black cat sits on the bed, nestled comfortably, sharing the bed with a YOUNG MAN stretched out on top of the covers, asleep with his glasses on and a book called *Hyperspace* left open on his chest.

He mumbles in his sleep.

QUINN

What do we do now... ?

Abruptly, Quinn Mallory sits up with a gasp. The book goes flying as he reaches out, trying to grab onto something that isn't there.

QUINN (cont'd)

Remmy, no!!! Don't --

Quinn looks around, sees the laundry on the floor, the dinosaurs on the dresser and his cat, Schrödinger, in front of him.

QUINN (cont'd)

Where the hell am I?

The cat meows and Quinn recoils like he's been shocked. He pulls himself off the bed, staring at the cat, who only offers another meow of familiarity. Quinn backs into the dresser, and one of the dinosaurs falls over. He turns.

Picks it up. Lets his fingers skim the surface of the model. Confirming the reality. He puts the dinosaur down and walks to a nearby mirror, hesitantly looking into it.

FLASHCUT TO:

Mallory (Robert Floyd) stands in the mirror.

FLASHCUT TO:

Quinn -- looking into the mirror and seeing himself. His own face. His lengthy hair. His gray golf shirt. He takes off his glasses. He touches his nose and the scar above his lip. He looks around the room again, suspicious and untrusting. Schrödinger yowls.

 QUINN (cont'd)
 I don't believe this --
 (to the cat)
 I don't believe you.

Schrödinger the cat is indifferent. Quinn yanks open his bedroom door and steps out.

CUT TO:

QUINN'S LEGS --

Running down the stairs of his house. Then he abruptly stops.

Quinn touches the bannister of the stairs, the floral wallpaper. He slows his pace, walking down the stairs, not knowing what's ahead. He's tense, braced for action. He reaches the foot of the stairs, makes a right turn, heading towards the kitchen.

He stops for a moment to look at the chandelier lighting the front hallway, and stares hard, looking for discrepancies. Then he keeps moving, stepping into the kitchen with cautious anxiety.

He's stunned by what he sees.

 QUINN
 No --

Quinn's mother, Amanda Mallory, stands by the toaster, with two slices of toast on a plate.

 MRS. MALLORY
 Morning!

 QUINN
 What is this?

 MRS. MALLORY
 Oh, rye. I bought white bread just
 in case you didn't like it, but --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
(enraged)
This is impossible!!

Mrs. Mallory is taken aback.

MRS. MALLORY
Quinn?

She moves towards him, but when Quinn flinches, she stops in her tracks.

MRS. MALLORY (cont'd)
Quinn, I'm sorry about last night.

Quinn tries to process the words. But they're meaningless.

QUINN
Last night?

MRS. MALLORY
(agitated)
You knocked out the power!
(takes a calming breath)
But I shouldn't have told you to
stop working on your father's
equations.

Quinn's suspicion, anger and fear begin to fade, as he stares at his mother, unharmed, untraumatized, loving --

QUINN
I --

MRS. MALLORY
I talk to him too.

She reaches over to a chest of drawers with a flat counter surface, and picks up a photograph. It shows herself, her late husband, Michael, and Quinn, standing next to each other.

MRS. MALLORY (cont'd)
I just think you could find ways to
keep your father in your heart that
don't involve hundreds of dollars
in electrical repairs.

Quinn says nothing, but his eyes are welling with tears. Mrs. Mallory moves towards him, and this time, Quinn doesn't retreat. She gently, but firmly, wraps her arms around him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Mom --

(a choking sob)

I'm sorry. I was afraid -- I
thought I'd never see you again.

MRS. MALLORY

Oh, come on! It wasn't our first
fight. Won't be our last.

Quinn holds his mother tight, never wanting to let go.

MRS. MALLORY (cont'd)

In other news, your friend Wade
called.

QUINN

Wade -- !

He breaks the hug.

QUINN (cont'd)

She's alright?

Mrs. Mallory releases Quinn, moving back towards her
toaster.

MRS. MALLORY

She wanted to ask you if all of
those new computers at Doppler had
hard drive failures or if she'd
just been unlucky with two?

Delight and confusion fight for space across Quinn's face.

QUINN

Wade!

He turns, running towards the front door.

Halfway to the front door, Quinn stops. Turns around. And he
moves to the door in the hallway, the door to his basement.

He pulls the door open and runs down the stairs.

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT. MORNING

Descending, Quinn switches on the lights and anxiously looks
around his workroom.

The basement is as it should be. An astounding scientific
laboratory with several shelves, looking like stereo racks,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

full of complex wiring, computers, keyboards, oscilloscopes showing fluctuating wave patterns on the screens.

There's an optical table, steel-topped with drilled holes, on which many refractive mirrors, a laser and an electron microscope are anchored. A doorless refrigerator is surrounded by small tanks, connected by multiple wires to a large stainless steel cylinder.

Several large, metal coils are also situated at various points of the room. And against one wall is the blackboard, covered with Quinn's calculations -- and a question mark at the end of the equation.

Quinn moves to the armchair in front of the television and --

QUINN

My tapes -- where are they?

MRS. MALLORY (O.S.)

Quinn?

Quinn looks back to the stairs, at his mother.

MRS. MALLORY

I didn't mean what I said, but I do think you should get out of the house now and then. And if a girl needs your help with computers --

Quinn nods, and urgently moves towards the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALLORY HOUSE. MORNING

Quinn's blue BMW, with Quinn behind the wheel, backs out of the driveway. We go to Quinn in the driver's seat, his expression frantic. He grips the steering wheel, steps hard on the gas. The car practically leaps down the street.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR: Quinn speeding down a street. A park can be seen passing the windows of the car.

An upcoming traffic light goes from green to yellow. Opposite Quinn's vehicle, a red car is in the left-turn lane ahead of Quinn. The red car is preparing to make the turn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn sees the red car about to move into his path. But his racing mind won't let him slow down.

As the left-turning car inches into the turn, Quinn slams his foot on the gas pedal, intending to speed through the yellow light.

But the left-turning car accelerates as well and finds itself on a direct collision course with Quinn's BMW.

Quinn yelps and abruptly swings his wheel all the way to the right.

At the last second, he manages to avoid a nasty crash and the two cars end up parallel to each other on the side street.

Gasping, Quinn brakes his car, and rolls down his window. He leans out to the other car, which has stopped. The window is rolling down too.

QUINN

Sorry -- I'm sorry -- I --

The other car's window rolls down completely to reveal PROFESSOR MAXIMILIAN ARTURO's snarling face behind it.

ARTURO

You thoughtless, inconsiderate --
Mallory?!

QUINN

Professor -- ? You're alive!

ARTURO

I very nearly wasn't, you
blistering idiot! You clearly have
no business driving a car. Get a
scooter. Ride a bike. Stay off the
roads!!

QUINN

Oh my God. It's you. Professor. I
can't believe you're --

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory!!!!
(deceptively calm)
I am already coping with my own
shock. Refrain from adding yours to
my burden. I will see you in class,
provided I make it to campus alive!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arturo's car speeds off, leaving Quinn behind. Quinn leans back against the driver's seat, breathing hard.

(SOUND FX: The sound of a hand banging on a door.)

CUT TO:

A CLOSE UP OF A FRONT DOOR TO A HOUSE

Quinn's fist pounds on the door urgently. It opens.

Wade Welles' hair is tousled and standing on end, her eyes are bleary, her robe is an unflattering faded blue and her acne scars are unadorned by makeup.

WADE

Quinn? What's going on? Did I --
did I give you my address?

Quinn gazes at Wade wordlessly, drinking in the sight of her.

Wade touches her hair, embarrassed. She rubs her eyes.

WADE (cont'd)

Quinn?

QUINN

I needed to see you.

WADE

Don't we have a shift later? I'm
not at my best right now.

QUINN

You look beautiful.

Wade doesn't know what to make of that, but she doesn't object, either. Quinn's presence makes her awaken. Her eyes widen. She stops touching her hair.

She returns Quinn's gaze, and doesn't recoil when Quinn hesitantly reaches out a hand to stroke her cheek.

WADE

I... always wanted you to...

Quinn moves closer. He barely believes in this moment. His hands go to her shoulders, stroking them lovingly. Wade. He hasn't seen her in so long. He thought she was --

FLASHCUT TO:

CONTINUED:

Wade Welles, inside the Kromagg sliding machine, her expression vacant in the bath of green liquid.

FLASHCUT TO:

Back to Wade Welles now. Disheveled, alive and well.

Quinn leans forward and so does Wade. His lips brush against hers, a gentle kiss of longing and regret.

She kisses him back. Quinn moves his mouth to Wade's cheek, wanting his lips to touch every inch of her skin.

QUINN
(whispering)
I thought I'd lost you --

Wade abruptly shoves Quinn back, severing the connection. Her face tightens.

WADE
Wait, what?

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM. DAY

Quinn and Wade sit at the dining room table. Wade's hair is damp, as though she's run some water through it to get it in place. A coffee pot and two cups are before them.

WADE
That's quite a story.

QUINN
You think I'm crazy.

WADE
I think you had a dream.

QUINN
The two aren't mutually exclusive.

Wade laughs. Quinn warms at the sound. Wade reaches for a packet of cards on the table and starts pulling out the cards.

QUINN (cont'd)
Tarot cards?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

I'm betting you, Mr. Tech Support, don't believe in the supernatural. I like to think it exists whether we believe in it or not.

She begins separating the cards into small stacks.

WADE (cont'd)

But I also think that it can be a way of converting our thoughts to symbols and images.

She turns over a card. The Magician.

WADE (cont'd)

You wanted to build a hovercraft with string theory. It's part of how you relate to your dad.

WADE (cont'd)

You knocked out the fuse box. You had a fight with your mom.

She smiles. The next card is the Hermit.

WADE (cont'd)

Maybe this dream was just your way of working through some issues.

QUINN

It's detailed, Wade. And I know things from my dream that I couldn't possibly know --

WADE

Yeah?

QUINN

You've got a friend, Sabrina, who's a Wiccan. You shared a bedroom with Kelly until you turned 19. When you were 6, she told you what all your Christmas presents were before you opened them.

Wade weighs this thoughtfully. The next card is the World.

WADE

Maybe you overheard me once and forgot. Who knows?

The next card is the Tower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE (cont'd)

Forget about the interdimensional monkeys or my head being in a box. Look at the ideas. A journey. Losing a sense of home and a father figure. Losing the chance to tell someone how you feel. This was on your mind even before the nightmare.

QUINN

I'm having trouble remembering what came before it. Everything seems so far away, so distant. I wasn't even in my body.

WADE

You don't always have motor functions when you're dreaming. And if your dad's work is important, that'll make it more intense.

QUINN

I'm sorry. I must be losing my mind.

Wade touches his hand. Holds it.

WADE

I'll always help you find it. Mostly because I can't put up with Michael Hurley without you to split his attention.

(nods reassuringly)

But it might be good to talk to a professional mind finder.

And she slides another card across the table to Quinn. Quinn picks it up.

CUT TO:

QUINN, SITTING IN A CHAIR, HOLDING A BUSINESS CARD

Wider angle: we see Quinn sitting in a waiting room in a doctor's office, alone, holding the card that Wade gave him. We get a look at the card.

It's a business card for a psychotherapist named Dr. Matthew Liebling whose name we once saw in the opening of *Post Traumatic Slide Syndrome*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An office door opens. A woman in a smart suit ushers a teenager out the door.

WOMAN

I'll see you soon, Rodney.
 (pausing to look at Quinn)
 You're here for Dr. Liebling?
 (as Quinn nods)
 He'll be with you in a few minutes.

As the woman returns to her office and her patient leaves, Quinn shifts in his seat.

Then the door at the entrance to the waiting room opens. A girl with dirty-blonde hair and a perpetually nervous expression enters.

She takes a seat on the opposite side of the waiting room from Quinn, not making eye contact.

But Quinn recognizes her. It's --

QUINN

Gillian?

Gillian Mitchell. The girl from *Gillian of the Spirits*. The girl who sees ghosts and spirits.

She nearly jumps out of her chair.

GILLIAN

Do I know you?

QUINN

I --
 (a pause)
 I've eaten at your diner?

GILLIAN

Oh! Okay. Sorry. I don't like people to know I come here.

She wraps her arms around herself. Quinn's anxiety begins to return.

QUINN

Gillian, do you --

At that point, the entry-door to the waiting room opens again, and someone else walks in.

A man in a needlessly reflective purple suit walks in. He has a positive expression that doesn't quite reach his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
Rembrandt?!

REMBRANDT BROWN turns to Quinn.

REMBRANDT
Ohhhh. This isn't helping. I come to these sessions to cope with not being rich and not being famous.

Quinn gapes at Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
But I appreciate it. I gotta be honest, the Topps ain't my fondest memory. But the Cryin' Man's always got a special place in his heart for his fans.

He sits down, oblivious to Quinn's emotions, dismissing him as being star-struck.

QUINN
You're a singer. Your name is Rembrandt Brown. *Cry Like A Man* was a hit, then you quit the Spinning Topps, which charted 13 number one hits without you. You had a stint as a cook in the Navy, but you can't swim.

Quinn suddenly stops, realizing the incongruity of the statement. Then, barreling ahead --

QUINN (cont'd)
You hate kids. When you were Little Rembrandt with the Shandells, you grew your first mustache. Your favourite shaving cream is Old Spice sensitive. You bought your Cadillac in 1979 from a man named Dale Summers. You thought you were a Gemini because you misread the astrology chart and you were actually --

GILLIAN
Holy hell! Stalker much?

REMBRANDT
You're creeping me out. And I ain't never been a cook for nobody! But
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
 how the heck do you know about my
 Caddy?

Quinn is now uncaring as to how he appears. He turns to
 Gillian --

QUINN
 And you -- Gillian. You hear
 voices. You see things that aren't
 really there?

GILLIAN
 (mortified)
 How -- did my classmates send you
 here? Is this some kind of joke?

Quinn gets up and moves towards the door.

QUINN
 I'm not laughing.

He walks out.

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT. DAY

Quinn descends the stairs into the laboratory, determined
 and angry. He wants answers. His cat, Schrödinger, trails
 behind him.

MRS. MALLORY (O.S.)
 Quinn!

Quinn looks back up the stairs at his mother. She holds a
 plate with a sandwich on it.

MRS. MALLORY
 Mr. Hurley called. He said
 psychotherapy was no excuse for
 absence without notice.
 (lets that sink in)
 When did you start seeing a
 therapist?

QUINN
 I didn't. I thought I should, but I
 didn't.

Mrs. Mallory hands Quinn the plate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MRS. MALLORY
(gesturing to the basement)
You won't always find your answers
down here, you know.

Quinn accepts the plate with a smile breaking through his confusion. Mrs. Mallory leaves and Quinn returns to the laboratory. He sets the plate down on a table.

He pulls down the lever on one of the breakers to bring power to the sliding machine. The coils hum with energy and Quinn rubs his hands together. He moves towards the work table.

His hands snap components and circuits into place. He works fast and from memory, glancing briefly at drawings only to remember he doesn't need them.

We're past mid-day and close to evening by the time Quinn has a timer in his hands.

He flips it open, sets the timer and presses the button.

It sparks in his hands and a wisp of smoke comes from inside. He drops it with a cry of surprise.

Schrödinger makes a noise of fright and hides behind a table. The timer makes a whining sound internally and then the lights go dead. Quinn prods at it with his foot, picks it up with a pair of tweezers and puts it on his work table. He snaps it open.

The internals are burnt and scorched.

Baffled, Quinn turns to his chalkboard. The equation is complete except for after the equals sign. Instead of the answer, there's only a question mark.

Quinn carefully erases the question mark, and writes in the missing piece with chalk. $Xr_{12}\tilde{A}\dots/X$. He even adds a happy face at the end.

Then he stops and looks at the equations as a whole.

QUINN
Hang on. This... doesn't add up
properly.

He reviews each part of the chalkboard, every line, every symbol, every letter, every digit. He pulls out a scientific calculator from a drawer and redoes every calculation. He opens various reference books, comparing them to what he wrote on the board.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then he reaches over to the chalkboard and draws a line through the EQUALS SIGN next to the missing piece he just wrote in.

QUINN (cont'd)
It used to be right.

Quinn shakes his head in consternation. He gets the plate with his mother's sandwich on it, and drops into his armchair. He nibbles at his food, then breaks off a piece and holds it out to entice his cat. Schrödinger comes to him and Quinn pets his cat thoughtfully.

QUINN (cont'd)
I don't understand, Schrödinger.
According to this, sliding isn't possible. There's no such thing as alternate dimensions. No unified field theory.

Schrödinger meows in response.

QUINN (cont'd)
But if the math never added up to begin with, I'd never have built anything down here at all.

QUINN (CONT'D)
What could have changed?
(beat)
You're right, Mom. I can't solve this on my own.

And Quinn comes to a decision.

INT. HOUSE. CLOSE TO DUSK

The doorbell rings. Arturo, still in his suit, sighs and moves towards it. He opens it to find Quinn.

ARTURO
How do you know where I live?

QUINN
Need your help here, Professor!

ARTURO
What you need is some discipline and a day planner. Vehicular manslaughter is one thing. Absence from my class? That has crossed the line!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Professor! I need to talk to you.

ARTURO

Which you could have done during class and office hours. Good night.

Just as Arturo is about to shut the door, Quinn holds up four pieces of legal-sized paper he's taped together and written his calculations on.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Oh my God. The unified field theory. The missing proof. You solved it.

QUINN

Actually, no. That's why I need help.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING

Arturo and Quinn have rewritten the calculations on an easel of chart paper and are studying it intently.

ARTURO

You say you solved this earlier today --

QUINN

It was five or six years ago. I think. It's hard to tell right now.

ARTURO

Yes, yes, your doppelganger from a parallel universe -- I'm sorry. I hear the words in my own voice, and I cannot justify breathing them. A parallel universe. Merely a mathematical concept for examining the universe through numbers and symbols. Abstract.

Arturo jabs a finger at the middle of Quinn's calculations.

ARTURO (cont'd)

And according to this, impossible. And yet...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

And yet you're hearing me out.

ARTURO

Only because *Jeopardy* was pre-empted tonight, Mr. Mallory.

QUINN

Because you remember me!

ARTURO

Of course I remember you. You nearly killed me today! And you nearly destroyed a car I refurbished with my own hands.

QUINN

I mean you remember our adventures together. We were sliders.

Arturo stares at Quinn, his face unreadable.

QUINN (cont'd)

You saved one Earth by giving them antibiotics. You saved another by creating the atom bomb. You ran for Mayor on another Earth and moved gender politics ahead by ten years. You taught me to be curious and bold. You were like a father to Wade, and Rembrandt... he loved you. We all did.

ARTURO

Rembrandt?

A pause.

QUINN

Please -- can't you remember?

Arturo doesn't speak. He looks back at the chart paper.

ARTURO

Everything on that paper tells me you've lost your mind, Mr. Mallory.

He looks at Quinn, and a tremor enters his voice.

ARTURO (cont'd)

But I find myself thinking of you almost as...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arturo shakes his head.

ARTURO (cont'd)
If this is madness, it has the
benefit of being mentally
stimulating.

Quinn nods, disappointed. But this is the best he'll get for now.

QUINN
Alright. Let's try something --

Quinn reaches over to the chart paper. Writes in the part of the equation that Smarter Quinn added for him.

ARTURO
Meretricious. Would that it were
the missing piece that provides
proof of a unified field theory.
But it is not.

QUINN
That's just it. It was before. So
what would have to change to make
it true?

Arturo studies the chart again.

ARTURO
Herbert Van Meer.

QUINN
Oh, no.

ARTURO
I'm sorry?

QUINN
Nothing, go on.

ARTURO
Well, as I was saying --

Arturo circles one set of variables and numbers --

ARTURO (cont'd)
Van Meer's theorem formed a partial
basis of the Podolsky proofs when
converted to propositional
calculus. Hence, this specific
subset of the equation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

But if it were the inverse...

Arturo picks up a piece of paper. Rewrites the set of variables and numbers in the form of a fraction and tapes the paper over the subset of the calculations on the chart.

QUINN (cont'd)

It works.

ARTURO

And our inequality becomes an equality. Proof...

QUINN

But it doesn't work. How can it not work?

ARTURO

Because -- for some reason, the very nature of the existence we know, the reality we presently inhabit --

(beat)

Has been altered.

QUINN

Maybe I'm crazy. Maybe I copied it down wrong --

ARTURO

I'm pleased, boy, that you're always inclined to test your theories fully. But no. Were the proofs inverted, had they always been inverted -- our modern deductive systems would be significantly different.

QUINN

So -- the theorem was flipped -- and the only measurable effect --

ARTURO

Is to prevent the likelihood of interdimensional travel, with no other effect on our field of knowledge. And that is impossible.

QUINN

Do you -- do you believe me now, Professor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arturo gives Quinn an appraising gaze.

Then someone bangs on Arturo's front door.

ARTURO

Oh, very good. Perhaps our new visitor will have proof that the moon is made of green cheese.

Arturo ventures to the door. Quinn studies the chart some more, while we move down the hallway to see Arturo opening the front door.

Two police officers stand on Arturo's front porch.

We go back to the kitchen, in close on Quinn's face.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)

Sir? We're looking for a Mr. Quinn Mallory? His car is parked outside.

Quinn looks up, worried.

ARTURO

Yes, of course -- what's this all about?

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)

We received complaints that Quinn Mallory has been harassing two different people. A Rembrandt Brown and a Gillian Mitchell. We'll need to speak with him.

ARTURO

He's in the bathroom. One moment.

Quinn tenses, backs into the kitchen as Arturo returns.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Closet. Now.

Without waiting for Quinn's response, he shoves Quinn into a nearby storage closet. Then Arturo carefully opens the back door in his kitchen. He turns back to the kitchen table and knocks over one of the chairs.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Arrgghhhh!! Quinn! Stop!!

Arturo throws himself down against the oven as the police officers charge in, guns drawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICE OFFICER

Sir?

Arturo gestures at the open back door.

ARTURO

That lunatic attacked me and ran!
After him! He could be dangerous!

The police officers burst out the door. Arturo recovers and pulls open the closet.

QUINN

Gee -- thanks.

ARTURO

Leave your car. Go on foot, north,
and use the cover of the hedges on
Morton. Take the bus to campus. As
you did not attend my class this
morning, you will be present in
class tonight, and I will join you
there in an hour.

QUINN

Professor, thank you for --

ARTURO

(a loud whisper)
No time, boy! Go!

And as Quinn runs out of Arturo's house, the professor returns to his seat and takes another look at the calculations.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. EVENING

We see QUINN'S FEET pounding the pavement, running down the street. He gasps. Breathes hard. He sees a phone booth ahead and stops.

CUT TO:

QUINN IN A PHONE BOOTH

The receiver to his ear. Quinn speaks quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Please. Meet me there. It's more important than anything. One hour. I have to go somewhere else first.

He hangs up and walks towards a nearby bus stop.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS. EVENING

Quinn sits aboard the bus, wrapped in his coat, his face taut and tense. As other passengers walk past him, Quinn averts his face, looking out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. EVENING

The bus stops, and Quinn disembarks.

CUT TO:

DOWN THE STREET

Quinn is now walking away from the bus, walking urgently, but he knows where he's going. And ahead of him is a steakhouse called Baton Orange.

CUT TO:

INT. STEAKHOUSE. EVENING

Quinn walks in, shakes his head at a hostess and walks past into the area of tables. He walks towards one table and sits down across from REMBRANDT, who is polishing off a steak.

REMBRANDT

You! You looking for more trouble, kid? I already called the cops. That poor girl has enough problems without you hassling her.

QUINN

Just hear me out. Aren't you curious about how I knew you'd be here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

You're a stalker?

QUINN

Rembrandt, get real! You've been singing at weddings and funerals for almost two decades. Who'd want to stalk you?

Rembrandt grunts in pain.

QUINN (cont'd)

We're friends, Rembrandt. We've known each other for years, you've just forgotten.

REMBRANDT

Son, most of my friends, I've known since I was 25. You'd've been an infant and I don't forget faces.

QUINN

Well, I haven't forgotten you, Rembrandt. I haven't forgotten how you told me about your evening plans.

REMBRANDT

What?

QUINN

You always told me -- after the Giants game, you were coming here to celebrate. Just you. This is where the Topps celebrated their first big hit.

REMBRANDT

How -- I didn't tell anyone I was coming here tonight. No one.

QUINN

You told me lots of things, Remmy. How you were 17-years-old. Little Rembrandt and the Shandells. Violet was your 29-year-old backup singer. And how you loved her with all your heart.

REMBRANDT

The only people who know that are in the grave by now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

(beat)

Who are you?

QUINN

Your friend. You must feel that, on some level. Look at me. Don't search your memory. Just tell me what you feel when you look at me.

REMBRANDT

I feel the need to slap you with one hand and strangle you with the other! I feel the need to take up a steakknife and give you another scar on your face! I feel --

He stops. Stunned. Stares at Quinn more closely than ever.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Q-Ball?!?

Quinn grins. His friend is back.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Q-Ball...

QUINN

Rembrandt --

Rembrandt reaches across the table and grabs Quinn by the collar.

REMBRANDT

What fine kind of mess have you gotten us into this time!?!?

Quinn flails and winces as his left elbow ends up in the butter.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. EVENING

Wade paces back and forth in front of a faculty building, her breath showing in the cold air. She jumps up and down to keep warm.

WADE

Might as well be in Canada.

At a distance, she sees Quinn and Rembrandt approaching. She squints at Quinn's companion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE (cont'd)

Who?

Quinn and Rembrandt are still far from Wade.

REMBRANDT

I remember now -- I was driving to the game -- but then your giant hole in the air sucked me and my Caddy off into iceland! And I don't mean the country!

QUINN

Yes -- yes!

REMBRANDT

But that's not what happened today. How can I remember two different versions of the same day?

They're closer to Wade now.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

And who's this little pixie?

WADE

Don't call me that, Rembrandt!

Quinn is delighted even as Rembrandt and Wade are astonished.

WADE (cont'd)

Wait -- wait -- I've never seen you before --

REMBRANDT

But I know you! I know you! Wade! How can I --

ARTURO (O.C.)

It seems to be an epidemic, Mister -- Mister Brown.

Arturo has arrived.

REMBRANDT

Oh no. Another one. You're --

QUINN

Come on, you can do it, just let yourself --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Professor!

(beat)

Q-Ball, how many more old friends do I not remember? This is worse than the blackout I had in 83.

ARTURO

Let's take the discussion inside, Mr. Brown. This bracing climate isn't suited to intellectual discourse.

As Arturo unlocks the door to the building --

REMBRANDT

I hope I don't owe any of you people money.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTURO'S CLASSROOM. EVENING

The blackboard shows Quinn's calculations, reproduced in full, with a circle around the problematic subset. Arturo holds a yardstick and stands at the front of the class. Quinn, Wade and Rembrandt sit in seats.

Arturo jabs his stick at the circled section of the calculations.

ARTURO

This morning, I considered Mr. Mallory to be a menace behind the wheel. This afternoon, I considered him to be an absent layabout in need of a wristwatch. This evening, I found him annoying and intrusive.

REMBRANDT

How did I not remember you? Did you always talk this much?

ARTURO

But then Mr. Mallory wrote out his figures and showed me that there is something wrong with this world.

WADE

Yeah, it's running out of natural resources, a third of the world goes without --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Something wrong, Ms. Welles, with
the very nature of reality itself.
Our existence -- it cannot be.

He lowers the yardstick.

ARTURO (cont'd)

The last 40 years of my life -- the
papers I've written -- the theories
I've proposed -- they would be
fundamentally different were Van
Meer's theorem as we see it written
here.

(beat)

Something has altered history,
changing nothing but this set of
calculations. To entrap us in a
world where sliders cannot exist.

REMBRANDT

And we're supposed to just take
your word for it that some
blackboard nonsense shows us the
world isn't real?

(taps desk)

Seems real enough.

ARTURO

Yes. It does. But so does what I
feel.

He walks towards Wade.

ARTURO (cont'd)

I don't know you. But I know what I
feel and I love you as a daughter.

Wade smiles.

ARTURO (cont'd)

I look at Quinn. I see a son I
never had.

Quinn beams.

ARTURO (cont'd)

I look at Mr. Brown. I see a
comrade I trust with my life.

(beat)

Mr. Brown, when you look at Quinn
-- what do you see?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

A smug college kid in dire need of a good kicking, that's what I see.

Arturo seems disappointed.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Oh, don't get me wrong, I know who he is. I wouldn't want to kick him if I didn't.

QUINN

Thanks.

ARTURO

There we are. We must try to remember as best we can. Mr. Brown's memories have begun to come to the surface thanks to the presence of familiar faces. Quinn tells me Wade experienced a sense of the truth as well.

WADE

I look at all of you and -- I know we're all connected somehow.

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory, you must tell your story again. Tell us of how you created sliding. Tell us of how we came to travel with you.

And from there, we go to a montage of scenes. We see Quinn talking, standing in front of the seated Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo. Quinn gestures. The background of the scene fades to clips of the *Pilot*, *Summer of Love* and *Eggheads*, showing various chase scenes.

We see various shots of the four leaping into the vortex, in the background while Quinn, in the foreground, continues to narrate. We see shots from *Luck of the Draw* with Quinn falling back onto the grass, bloody from a bullet.

We see the gang putting their heads together in *Into the Mystic*. We see the dinosaur from *In Dino Veritas*. We see the fight between two Arturos in *Post Traumatic Slide Syndrome* as Quinn mimes some of the punches. We see Kromaggs firing laser beams at the four as they make a dash for it in *Invasion*. We see the vortex depositing Quinn and the others in front of a phone booth in *As Time Goes By*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And as these clips unfold in the background, Quinn narrates in the foreground. And the others nod, remembering.

We see the four sliding out onto an airplane in the background, represented through a clip from the third season premiere, *Rules of the Game*. Quinn gestures to narrate, but then --

REMBRANDT

Hang on!

Abruptly, the airplane vanishes and we're back in the classroom, but the room is darker than it was before Quinn began telling his story.

WADE

As you told us about our slides, I started remembering.

ARTURO

(too quickly)
As did I.

REMBRANDT

It was more than that. I felt like we were reliving it.

ARTURO

Yes. And -- and I didn't want to relive the world of nudists.

A gust of wind can be heard in the background.

QUINN

And the slide where we first landed on a plane? Only it turned out to be a flight simulator in an arena filled with bombs and deathtraps and --

WADE

I don't remember that.

QUINN

No?

REMBRANDT

As you told it, it all came back to me, Q-Ball. But not this.

The lights in the classroom flicker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Which leads us to the next question. Why does Mr. Mallory remember past that point while the rest of us couldn't remember sliding at all?

QUINN

You said this world was a lie.

REMBRANDT

Did we just find out where reality ends and the lie begins?

WADE

Is it getting darker in here?

REMBRANDT

It's like the more we remember --

He looks around at the faded scene: the darkness seems to be closing in around them.

WADE

-- the less real everything here seems.

ARTURO

I believe the reality we presently inhabit is subject to our perceptions. We are rejecting the world we see --

The darkness seems to enclose them, until the room is gone, and the four are simply standing against a black landscape.

And then there's a small amount of light, and Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo find themselves standing in a darkened underground chamber with rocklike walls. There are five metal tables.

The sliders see themselves -- Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo -- each of them are lying on one of the tables. Electrodes are attached to their heads. And there is a fifth table, and a figure lies on it, the face hidden in darkness.

ARTURO (cont'd)

We are within a simulation. Within our minds. But now we perceive the truth, although we remain trapped.

WADE

How do we get out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFSCREEN VOICE (O.S.)

You don't.

The figure in darkness on the fifth table sits up. Rises, but somehow leaves a second version of itself lying on the table.

The figure steps out of darkness, revealing a voluptuous female figure in a tight green T-shirt, with a contemptuous expression framed in locks of red hair.

QUINN

Maggie!

WADE

Who?

Maggie Beckett smirks at that, and amused hatred burns in her eyes.

MAGGIE

Perhaps you'd prefer a different face.

And then Maggie's face glows and blurs, and suddenly, her form morphs into QUINN MALLORY.

But not the Quinn we know. This Quinn has short hair, his face is unshaven, and he looks at least three years older. He's clad in a wifebeater (a sleeveless shirt). His face has none of Quinn's passion or life, only a cold emptiness that's then broken by a sneer.

WADE

You're not Quinn!

QUINN

I've seen that shapeshifting-pattern before.

(pause)

You're a Kromagg.

For a moment, the Kromagg-Quinn's face shifts, showing an inhuman face with a rounded brow, deep-sunken eyes that look like scars, a pair of slits for a nose, and an ape-like jaw, set in a rictus of cruelty. Then the face shifts back to the Kromagg-Quinn's face, but the expression is unchanged.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN

But what is a Kromagg but a shifting shadow...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His face morphs again. Now he looks like a younger relative of Quinn's, with long hair and a cold face. Colin Mallory.

KROMAGG-AS-COLIN

A splinter in the soul...

The face changes again. And now it's Mallory (Robert Floyd).

KROMAGG-AS-MALLORY

A crack in the glass. A speck in the ointment. Hiding in plain sight. Waiting and watching, gathering every fragment of darkness within your hearts.

The Kromagg shifts back to the form of the unshaven Quinn in the wifebeater.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN

The sum of all your fears.

The Kromagg smirks with Quinn's face, and the four back away from him.

QUINN

You've put us all in some kind of telepathic prison. You're in our heads.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN

Or maybe you're in mine.

QUINN

You kidnapped us all, wiped their memories, made them think they were home -- why?

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN

Because you gave up trying to find a way back home.

(tapping his temple)

We placed a tracking device within the miniscule cavity of your human skull.

Quinn shakes. Touches his own head.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN (cont'd)

And we waited for you to return to your homeworld. The device would signal us and we would come for your Earth and its quantum translocation technology.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wade gasps. Rembrandt touches her shoulder. Arturo moves closer to them. But Quinn stands his ground.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN (cont'd)
 But as time passed, your travels remained random. You made no efforts to control your journey.

The Kromagg morphs into a dark-skinned woman with wide eyes and a bob haircut. Diana Davis. She moves towards Quinn.

KROMAGG-AS-DIANA
 And so my mission was given. A single operative would track you to your present location. Sedate you. Bring you to this underground chamber. Enter your minds and let you see what you wanted most -- home.

The Kromagg leans right into Quinn's face and morphs into Colin Mallory.

KROMAGG-AS-COLIN
 I was to wake you up after a time. You wouldn't remember me. But you would remember what I gave you and devote yourselves to finding home once more.

The Kromagg shifts again to Quinn -- the older, unshaven Quinn in the wifebeater.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN
 And then we'd take your world.

Quinn locks eyes with his own face.

QUINN
 It worked on them. Didn't work on me. Why not?

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN
 Curious. The tracking device in your head has a component of exotic matter found in the folds between dimensions. Allowing the transmission of an interdimensional signal. But it was damaged.
 (beat)
 It had been exposed to a rip in time. It had absorbed a fragment of time itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Comprehension dawns on Quinn's face.

QUINN

The rip in time -- the rip in the universe on the world where time ran backwards.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN

When I looked into your mind, the tracker interfered. It poured time itself into your mind. And instead of what I wanted you to see --

The Kromagg morphs into Colin. Then a red-haired Maggie. Then Mallory. Then Diana. Then Quinn again.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN (cont'd)

You saw every quantum possibility. The possible outcome of every choice on every world a Quinn Mallory might potentially visit.

QUINN

Possible futures -- ?

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN

No, you little fool --
(furious)
Every future. A storm of futures.

Bursts of light appear around the sliders and the Kromagg. And within the bursts of light, we see moments appear. Memories. Quinn in a leather jacket and blue T-shirt, standing in a cemetery (*The Guardian*). Quinn in a dark space staring at a beaker holding a flickering flame (*The Fire Within*). Quinn in a wooded area, crossing swords with an enemy (*The Prince of Slides*). Quinn dressed as a Christmas elf in a shopping mall (*Season's Greedings*).

Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo look at the real versions of themselves, lying on the tables, and they turn their attention to the fifth table. On it, they can now see the figure. It's a Kromagg.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN (cont'd)

(spitting out the words)
Everything any double of you could do, anything any one of you might ever be -- all of it running through your mind and mine. And me, forced to endure an infinity of worlds dominated by your species -- evolutionary deviants and filth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Kromagg glares at Quinn.

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN (cont'd)
 Intolerable. My consciousness split
 in half, inhabited by vermin. I
 couldn't stop the storm, but I
 could strain it --
 (a sadistic smile)
 And while you were receiving an
 infinity of possibilities, I could
 decide which ones you saw.

QUINN
 What --

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN
 And I made sure you saw only the
 worst.

The Kromagg shifts into the form of Dr. Oberon Geiger.

KROMAGG-AS-GEIGER
 I found the 37 Quinn Mallorys who'd
 suffered most. Including a Quinn
 who'd lost his teacher. One whose
 best friend was taken away. One who
 no longer had a body of his own.
 One who watched his last companion
 slide to his death. I combined
 their lives. Added in details from
 the minds of your friends. Then I
 made you live it out.
 (with relish)
 And I saw you in your wretched
 state and laughed.

The Kromagg becomes Maggie with red hair.

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE
 Finally, the tracker burnt out from
 the temporal stream and you joined
 your friends. Yet I remain trapped
 in this half-life you consider
 home.
 (beat)
 But watch.

And then suddenly, the scene around the gang and the Kromagg
 is replaced by the underground floor of a military base.

The sliders find themselves watching a FLASHBACK from *The
 Exodus Part 2* unfold before them, seeing THEMSELVES from a
 third person point of view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the flashback, Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo are standing together, seemingly frozen in time as a gunshot bursts from the barrel of a gun.

Our sliders watch as Arturo in the flashback cries out and falls.

Our Arturo covers his mouth in horror as he watches the three remaining sliders gather around his own body.

REMBRANDT

No!!

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE

The worst of your worlds. And none of you will ever make it home.

Arturo watches the scene of his own death unfold, sees the sliders begging him not to die.

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE (cont'd)

You trained your pupil to be a scientist.

The scene shifts again: the sliders now watch Quinn and Rembrandt running over a grassy hill, carrying guns (in footage from *Dinoslide*). And the gun-toting Quinn sprays gunfire with a look of psychotic rage on his face. Hungry for blood.

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE (cont'd)

Look at him, Professor. With your death, he became a killer obsessed with revenge.

Arturo is shocked by the aggressive, murderous Quinn firing his weapon madly. He shakes his head in denial, but he can't look away.

And the scene shifts again: now our heroes and the Kromagg are watching a scene of Quinn and Wade in a medical bay. Quinn screams abuse at Wade (in footage from *The Breeder*). The dialogue is unintelligible, but Quinn is clearly angry and Wade is clearly hurt.

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE (cont'd)

Not much of a leader without his Professor. Which means that you were a failure as a teacher.

Arturo casts a saddened look at Quinn and Quinn turns away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE (cont'd)

But the Professor's fate was
nothing compared to poor little
Wade.

She turns her attention to Wade. And then the Kromagg
changes form again -- still Maggie, but with black hair.

Now the scene around everyone shifts again, to a gray and
bleak cell. The sliders watch another scene unfold: in this
flashback, Wade is being hauled out of a cell by Kromaggs,
screaming for Rembrandt (in footage from *Requiem*).

In the flashback, Rembrandt sits in his cell, unresponsive,
covering his ears.

WADE

(watching the scene)
No. Rembrandt, please, do
something!

The Rembrandt of *Requiem* does nothing as Wade is taken away.
And the Rembrandt watching can't look on. He buries his head
in his hands.

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE

(to Wade)
They never missed you, you know.
They never even looked for you.

The scene changes to show Quinn, Maggie and Rembrandt
laughing as they come out of a theatre in *World Killer*.

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE (cont'd)

You're in a rape camp, and there
your friends are, not a care in
this world or any other.

The scene is altered once more: now it shows a flashback
from *Mother and Child*.

Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo observe a scene with
Quinn, Rembrandt, Colin Mallory and Maggie standing on a
hilltop.

REMBRANDT-IN-FLASHBACK

(grabbing Quinn's arm)
If Wade is back there, we gotta do
something!

Quinn-in-the-flashback shows no reaction beyond
indifference, and pulls his arm from Rembrandt's grasp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-IN-FLASHBACK

I don't know if we have enough
time.

And Quinn-in-the-flashback walks off without a single glance behind him. This Quinn walks right past our Wade, and an agonized Wade looks on, stricken.

She stares at this future Quinn as he turns his back on her and moves away. She reaches out to him, but he's too far away now. She turns to our Quinn, accusatory and enraged.

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE

He never loved you. He just felt
guilty. But out of sight -- out of
mind.

WADE

(choking on grief and
anger)

Quinn -- how could you -- no. I
won't believe it.

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE

He won't deny it.

And then Quinn approaches Wade.

QUINN

You're right. I won't. That is what
I did.

Rembrandt and Arturo are stunned.

QUINN (cont'd)

Because somehow -- I must have
known -- that whatever was
happening wasn't real.

The Kromagg-in-Maggie's form suddenly steps back, as Quinn moves forward and faces her.

QUINN (cont'd)

You're pathetic. Infinite
possibilities in both our minds --
and all you could use it for was
torture.

(beat)

And you got sloppy. You combined my
lives in ways that didn't make
sense. I stopped believing in the
life you gave me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
 (looking at Wade,
 Rembrandt and Arturo)
 And I ended up in theirs.

With one hand, Quinn grabs Arturo's shoulder. With another, he grabs Wade's. Wade takes Rembrandt's hand.

QUINN (cont'd)
 We took our memories back from you
 and now we'll take the rest.

He glares at the surrounding scene. And from his will, reality seems to crack. The hillside is gone, replaced by better memories. Around the sliders, moments of the past unfold.

Among these moments, we see Quinn hugging Wade (from *Pilot*). Then Quinn and Wade comforting a stricken Rembrandt (from *The King is Back*).

We see Rembrandt and Arturo fishing (from *Luck of the Draw*). We see Wade wrapped in a blanket, carried warmly in Quinn's arms (from *Obsession*). Followed by a memory of Quinn and Wade in front of the Mallory house, kissing (*Post Traumatic Slide Syndrome*). We see Quinn shaking the Professor's hand (*As Time Goes By*).

And we see a vision of Rembrandt and Arturo rushing to meet Wade and Quinn. Wade hugs Arturo and Arturo lifts her into the air as he embraces her (*The Young and the Relentless*).

The scenes fade to reveal the four sliders now. Standing in the room with five tables, facing the Kromagg.

QUINN (cont'd)
 You're no match for the four of us.

The Kromagg-as-Maggie howls with rage and shifts back into his natural form.

His hideous teeth bared, he launches himself at Quinn, his hands ready to tear Quinn to shreds. His cry of fury chills the bone. His fingertips are within an inch of Quinn's face.

QUINN (cont'd)
 No.

Before the Kromagg can make contact, the scene shifts slightly, and the Kromagg vanishes.

Only the Kromagg on the fifth table remains, sedated and still.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn looks to his three friends.

QUINN (cont'd)

We brought our memories back to us,
we can wake ourselves up too. Tell
yourselves. This isn't real. We're
lying on the table.

WADE

This isn't real. We're --

ARTURO

-- lying on the table.

REMBRANDT

This isn't --

QUINN

Real. We're lying on the table.

ARTURO

This is not --

CUT TO:

REMBRANDT SITTING UP

And pulling the cables from his head.

REMBRANDT

Real?

Next to him, Quinn, Wade and Arturo are sitting up as well.

QUINN

Yes.

They're all sitting on tables in a shadowy cave, dimly lit
by some lighting apparatus next to the tables.

Quinn pulls himself off the table and walks to the fifth
table with the Kromagg lying on it. The others trail behind
him.

WADE

He's still asleep.

Then suddenly, the Kromagg's form on the table shifts, and
the Kromagg looks like Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KROMAGG-AS-QUINN
(mumbling)
Time to put... a slug on the
barbie...

The Kromagg shifts again, turning into Maggie.

KROMAGG-AS-MAGGIE
(mumbling)
Get your stinkin' paw off me.

Shifts to Colin.

KROMAGG-AS-COLIN
(muttering)
Oh, this is truly inspired.

Shifts to Diana Davis.

KROMAGG-AS-DIANA
(a mumble)
It's one of the predicted
algorithms in the EPR paradox.

Shifts to the form of Mallory.

KROMAGG-AS-MALLORY
(a whisper)
I'd call that a major fluctuation.

The sliders watch, fascinated, as the Kromagg continues to switch forms, delivering curious statements in a sleepy voice.

WADE
What's wrong with him -- what's
wrong with it?

Quinn turns away.

QUINN
He gave me the worst of all worlds
he could find. Now he's going to
live through all of them --
forever.

Quinn finds the timer on a small table. He flips it open.

QUINN (cont'd)
Leave him. We've got 15 minutes to
the slide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks about and spots an opening in the cave wall. And he glances back at the Kromagg muttering its strange remarks.

QUINN (cont'd)
(gesturing to the tunnel)
This leads to the surface. Let's
get the hell out of here.

The four of them move through a mouth in the wall, and into a tunnel.

They start walking up the path. A glimmer of light is visible at a far distance from where they are. They advance towards it.

WADE
I feel like I was home just a
minute ago. And before that -- I
think we were getting dinner?
(frowning)
The timer said we had two weeks.

QUINN
And we've been unconscious for most
of it. That Kromagg must've used
his telepathy to adjust our bodily
functions to keep us from --

REMBRANDT
Really don't want the details,
Q-Ball!
(shaking his head)
I thought we were home for real
this time and I didn't even know
I'd been away. And now we're lost
again.

ARTURO
Remember, Mister Brown, that home
isn't just a place, it can be the
people you're with.
(after a moment's thought)
There are some advantages to this
incident. The tracking device in
Mr. Mallory's head has been
destroyed.
(adding)
And of the four of us, he's the one
who suffered most. I'd say that's
only fair.

Rembrandt smiles at that. They keep walking. The light ahead is getting closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

Quinn -- we just have a day of new memories. But you have three new years of sliding in your head.

QUINN

It's not staying. It's already beginning to fade away.

ARTURO

I would consider that a gift.

WADE

It just scares me. What Quinn experienced? All of us getting lost or dying? How do we know that won't happen as we keep sliding?

ARTURO

Ms. Welles -- our captor wanted to show Quinn the worst his doubles could experience. And of an infinite number of Quinns, he only found 37 suited to his purpose. Which means the rest have futures brighter than we can imagine.

QUINN

Let's hope.

ARTURO

(a smile)

And whatever happens, we will face it together. We should be --

Arturo trips over a stone in the tunnel and falls on his face.

Quinn's eyes narrow in a calculating way.

WADE

Professor!

Wade and Rembrandt rush to the Professor, but Quinn waves them off.

QUINN

Give the man some dignity, would you? We'll meet you at the top.

Wade wants to protest, but then Quinn hands her the timer. She takes it and turns away, looking back reluctantly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

I can see the light at the end of
the tunnel. We're almost out of
here!

He and Wade set off. Their voices can be heard at a
distance.

REMBRANDT (O.S.)

Too bad our trip here got
interrupted. For a world where you
go to jail for talking out loud,
the music was really good.

WADE (O.S.)

Might be for the best. I don't
think the Professor could've made
it two weeks without hearing the
sound of his own voice.

As Wade and Rembrandt's voices fade away, Quinn helps the
Professor up. He watches Wade and Rembrandt pass out of
sight.

ARTURO

A moment to catch my breath, if you
please. Thank you, my --

And then Quinn slams Arturo against the wall of the tunnel.
Before Arturo can call out, Quinn slaps a hand over Arturo's
mouth, silencing him.

Quinn puts a knee into Arturo's stomach. Arturo chokes and
Quinn lets him drop to the ground.

ARTURO (cont'd)

-- what -- ?

QUINN

That Kromagg was feeding details
from your minds into mine. And in
my mind, he added this little
factoid -- he said that Rembrandt
had been in the Navy. Where would
he get an idea like that? Remy
can't even swim.

Arturo is breathing hard, trying to recover, not responding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
(leaning down to Arturo)
He'd get that detail from someone
from a world where Rembrandt
actually was in the Navy.
(a cold whisper)
From you. You're not our Professor.
You're the double.

Quinn grabs Arturo by the shirt. Hauls him up.

QUINN (cont'd)
That Kromagg tried to steal our
lives, but you stole the
Professor's first!

ARTURO
I'm sorry -- I never thought --

QUINN
Shut up and listen.

And he whispers angrily in Arturo's ear.

QUINN (cont'd)
I saw the future. I remember all of
it. I've seen what happens without
you.
(beat)
This team needs its Professor
Arturo. And now that's you.

Quinn releases Arturo.

QUINN (cont'd)
Wade and Rembrandt. They can never
know. Do you understand me?

Arturo is shaken. Frightened. But he holds up his hands in a
placating manner, and nods.

QUINN (cont'd)
The Professor left you big shoes to
fill.
(giving Arturo a moment)
Go on. They're waiting for us.

Arturo, shamed and grateful, begins moving up the tunnel.

Quinn stands still for a moment, glancing back one last time
at the chamber he's leaving behind.

FADE TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE. MORNING

It's a beautiful morning. The hillside overlooks a bay of water that stretches out to the horizon. Wade and Rembrandt admire the sunrise, whispering, chuckling. They bask in the warmth.

Arturo emerges from the cave and joins them. Wade runs to him, brushing dirt from his clothes like he's a boy, and he smiles, letting her. Rembrandt looks on and grins.

Quinn comes from the cave, calm and serene. He looks at his friends, happy, united, together once more. Having never been apart.

Wade raises the timer. She presses the button and triggers the vortex, and its silver and blue light flashes across their faces.

REMBRANDT

I've never been so happy to see
that thing!

WADE

Oh, please. You say that every
week!

Rembrandt laughs and dives into the vortex. Wade gives Quinn a smile and then skip-jumps after Rembrandt, disappearing in a flash of light.

Arturo casts an uncertain expression at Quinn. Quinn inclines his head towards the vortex, urging him on, and Arturo hurls himself into the void, vanishing.

And as Quinn himself runs towards the gateway --

QUINN

We're back.

And he leaps...

ONLY THE BEGINNING