

# SLIDERS

## Net Worth

The Quinn and Wade Edition

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with revisions by Ibrahim Ng

The Season 4 episode of *Sliders*, "Net Worth," is believed to have been originally conceived as a Season 3 story with Quinn and Wade sliding into an internet-fueled *Romeo and Juliet* romance and getting involved with their doubles.

This revised version of "Net Worth" is a theoretical exploration of how the episode might have unfolded had the story been written for the original cast of *Sliders*.

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

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EXT. IVORY TOWERS - GROUND LEVEL - DAY

We open on a street-level view of pristine buildings of glass and steel. They stand on empty streets. And there's a near-total silence. At a distance, we see a FLARE OF LIGHT.

CUT TO:

EXT. IVORY TOWERS - DAY

We go to a closer view of one specific building. Its glass and steel structure are immaculate -- but there's suddenly a ripple in the glass. The ripple widens to the air around the glass as the INTERDIMENSIONAL GATEWAY opens -- but ONE HALF OF THE VORTEX is behind the glass while the other half is on the street.

CUT TO:

INT. IVORY TOWERS - DAY

We see a FLASH. Followed by the sight of QUINN and REMBRANDT flying out of the vortex, landing in a heap on the polished marble floor of the building.

Rembrandt's the first to stand. He reaches down to grip Quinn by the arm, helping his friend to his feet. Quinn brushes off the front of his red-sweater --

QUINN

Thanks --

He stands and turns to see ARTURO and WADE standing against the backdrop of the street. He moves towards them and walks STRAIGHT INTO A PANE OF GLASS.

CUT TO:

EXT. IVORY TOWERS - DAY

And from outside, Wade and Arturo look at Rembrandt calling out to them. But they can't hear a single word he says.

ARTURO

Mr. Brown? We cannot hear you!

Rembrandt continues to shout and motion.

ARTURO (cont'd)

(louder)

We are unable to --

Wade smacks Arturo in the shoulder. Arturo glowers at Wade. She ignores that, instead focused on Rembrandt and Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She points to one ear and then sweeps an arm wide to indicate she can't hear a thing. From inside, Quinn and Rembrandt nod. Arturo studies the glass wall with interest. Wade bangs on the glass.

WADE  
(speaking slowly)  
You coming out or are we coming in?

EXT. IVORY TOWERS - LOBBY

We see Rembrandt and Quinn looking at Arturo and Wade through the glass. Wade continues to speak slowly. We can't hear a word.

QUINN  
She's speaking slowly so I can read her lips -- which I can't seem to do. I always assumed I could.

REMBRANDT  
I knew someday we'd find something you suck at besides dating and not destroying cars.

Quinn flips open the timer to examine the countdown.

QUINN  
We've got twenty-two hours!  
(speaking slowly)  
Stay there. Okay? We're coming out.

Quinn leads Rembrandt away from the glass.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Wade and Arturo can no longer see Quinn and Rembrandt through the glass.

ARTURO  
Considering our past tribulations, finding an exit will be a minor challenge for them.

WADE  
Don't worry, Quinn says. The gateway needs atmosphere to open. I'm telling you, Professor -- one of these days, we'll slide right into a solid object.

ARTURO  
My dear Ms. Welles, were the gateway to inexplicably manifest within solid  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO (cont'd)  
 matter, we would be crushed to death  
 before we realized it.

WADE  
 Oh thank God.

Suddenly, they hear a COMMOTION approaching people running, shouting with ferocity. Wade and Arturo spin about, looking for cover. They spot an overturned dumpster. They dart behind it, peering out from the side to observe.

And then from around the corner runs QUINN MALLORY. His flannel shirt is torn at the sleeves, he's carrying a long box, breathing hard, sprinting desperately.

Wade's about to move out from behind the dumpster -- but then Arturo GRABS HER ARM and wrenches her back.

WADE (cont'd)  
 What -- it's Quinn --

ARTURO  
 (whispering)  
 Quinn -- was not wearing flannel!

Wade pokes her head out from behind the dumpster again. This flannel-clad Quinn with the long box is not clad in the red sweater and other clothes worn by the Quinn behind the glass.

Quinn-2 leaps towards a section of the Ivory Towers building. He pulls a card-shaped DEVICE from his pocket and inserts it the a slot beside the glass wall. Then he punches an entry code into the keypad by the slot.

But then five street punks arrive on the scene. We'll call them Scavengers. All are wearing any manner of piercings, tattoos, etc.

Quinn-2 urgently shoves the device in his pocket moments before two of the Scavengers grab him by the arms and slam him into the wall. Quinn-2's box goes flying, the lid falls off and several long-stem ROSES drop to the ground.

We go CLOSE UP on the roses. A hand reaches down and picks up a rose. We follow the hand to reveal THE LEADER of the Scavengers. A sturdy man in a black overcoat and boots. It's a positively predatory looking Michael Hurley.

HURLEY  
 So. Mallory.

A wider view shows Hurley flanked by MILES, his hulking bodyguard.

(CONTINUED)

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HURLEY (cont'd)  
 You got a way in you'd like to share  
 with your former colleagues?

Hurley roughly extracts THE DEVICE from Quinn. Briefly tapping Quinn in the nose with it.

HURLEY (cont'd)  
 Make it work.

Quinn-2 grips the key card device. Then he suddenly drops the card device to the ground and STAMPS ON IT. The key card is now fractured shards on the cement of the pavement.

Scavengers restrain the defiant Quinn-2.

HURLEY (cont'd)  
 That's not the kind of behavior I  
 want to see from a gifted employee,  
 Mallory.  
 (to Miles)  
 Miles -- the tools.

Miles digs into a pocket. And withdraws a wicked looking Swiss Army knife. Hurley holds up a hand and accepts the knife. Slides out a slender, serrated blade. Then switches to a sharp, needle-like implement with a hook at the end.

HURLEY (cont'd)  
 I'm afraid your performance review  
 for this quarter is going to be  
 scarring and debilitating --

And then Wade darts forward before Arturo can protest further.

WADE  
 (shouting)  
 Hey! Hurley! Michael Hurley!

The Scavengers turn to see Wade approaching. Hurley looks amused at this slight, pixie-ish girl approaching him. The Scavengers look equally dismissive of this tiny, teenager looking individual.

HURLEY  
 Well. What have we here -- ?

And then Wade kicks Hurley straight in the crotch. She grabs Hurley's wrist and twists. Hurley howls.

WADE  
 Still got carpal tunnel, I see -- at  
 least one thing's consistent --

But then the other four Scavengers draw knives.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. IVORY TOWERS LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is empty. Quinn and Rembrandt come back.

REMBRANDT

No people. Maybe it's some kind of  
model home high rise.

QUINN

With no way in or out?

And then they see Wade outside the glass, the other Quinn next to her. The Scavengers and their knives. Quinn-2's back is turned to the glass; Rembrandt and Quinn fail to recognize the double. They only see their friend in danger.

CUT TO:

EXT. IVORY TOWERS DAY

Wade looks behind her to see Quinn banging on the glass. She looks at Miles and the other three Scavengers grinning maliciously, blades drawn -- and then A LEAD PIPE suddenly slams right into Miles' neck. He falls.

We see ARTURO, wielding a loose piece of pipe he's yanked from the detritus on the street. Arturo swings the pipe into the second Scavenger's knee and the man drops. Arturo grabs HURLEY with one hand and one of the abandoned knives with the other. He holds the knife to Hurley's throat.

ARTURO

Back! Or your leader shall be in dire  
need of a transfusion!

The last standing Scavenger looks unconcerned, advancing.

HURLEY

Do what he says, Reynolds!

Wade crouches down to help Quinn-2 up.

QUINN-2

Who are you people?

ARTURO

Neighborhood watch, my boy --

And then Hurley swings his head back into the Professor's face. The Professor cries out, dropping the knife, falling backwards. Hurley throws himself BACKWARDS against the Professor, slamming him STRAIGHT INTO the glass with a HARD, LOUD IMPACT --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then the BUILDING ALARMS go crazy, erupting with alert sounds. Quinn-2 looks terrified. Hurley turns his back on the sliders and Quinn-2, fleeing, not waiting for his men.

HURLEY

Closing time! Let's go! Let's go!

The Scavengers scatter and are gone. Wade and Arturo watch them flee in confusion. Quinn-2 casts a baffled and still-terrified look at Wade.

QUINN-2

(taking to his heels)

Come on, you idiots! Both of you -- run!

And then, FROM ABOVE THE GLASS, there's a hum -- and LASER BEAMS begin firing every which way, spraying the street. Wade and Arturo begin speeding after Quinn-2.

CUT TO:

WADE AND ARTURO TURNING A CORNER, LASER BEAMS following them. They follow Quinn-2 -- and then a laser beam STRIKES a broken street lamp near Quinn-2. Quinn-2 instinctively dives away -- only to lose his balance, fall off his feet and BANG HIS HEAD into the side of the building.

He falls to the ground, unconscious as Wade and Arturo approach him.

WADE

Quinn! Quinn!

Wade helps lift Quinn-2 until Arturo can carry him over his shoulder. They hurry away from the laser fire --

INT. IVORY TOWERS LOBBY - DAY

We see Quinn and Rembrandt watching a final burst of laser beams -- and then the attack stops. The alarms cease.

And then suddenly, there's heavy footfalls. Quinn and Rembrandt turn to see a mountain of a man facing them. It's a guard clad in black battle gear, armed with a nightstick and a terrifyingly gigantic pistol.

There's a SECOND GUARD who looks about the same, just slightly shorter. Guard-1 looms over Quinn and Rembrandt. And then we hear a booming, electronically conveyed voice --

GUARD-1

ONLINE OR OFFLINE

The voice is devoid of tone, emotion or humanity.

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CONTINUED:

QUINN  
Are those the only choices?

CUT TO:

THE FIRST GUARD is bracing Quinn and Rembrandt against a wall, patting them down. The second Guard has his weapon trained on Quinn and Rembrandt.

GUARD-1  
YOU HAVE NO SCREEN | YOU HAVE NO RET-  
WRITE | EXPLAIN YOUR MEANS OF  
ENTRANCE OFFLINER

QUINN  
Look, Officers, we had no intention  
of trespassing, so if you could just  
show us the door --

GUARD-1  
YOUR PRESENCE IS TRESPASS OFFLINER

And Guards 1 - 2 bring their giant sized guns to bear, one barrel on Quinn and one on Rembrandt.

A FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
there you are

The voice is cool and distant, soothing but still mechanical and distinctly girlish. And we see that Wade Welles is in the lobby.

QUINN  
Wade!

He leaps towards her, forgetting the guards, both of whom have lowered their weapons. He leaps forward to Wade who stands still as Quinn pulls her into a hug.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Thank God -- how'd you get in here?

Wade braces against Quinn, not hugging him back.

GUARD-1  
resident | miss welles are you  
familiar with these individuals

The voice is no longer booming -- it's professional and crisp, but still utterly devoid of warmth

REMBRANDT  
Uh, Q-Ball --

Rembrandt gestures at Wade. And then Quinn notices that this Wade is clad in a purple top with dark violet trousers, both of which have a reflective sheen completely unlike Wade's

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

street clothes. This Wade is also wearing a headset that includes a visor across one eye, earbuds and a microphone along the cheek.

Quinn removes his hands from this Wade -- from this stranger. He notes her combed, close-cropped hair and her pale complexion.

GUARD-2  
miss welles

Wade-2 studies Quinn, glances at Rembrandt -- and she mouths something into the headset mic she wears. There's a split-second delay -- and then from a speaker on the headset, we can hear Wade-2's mouthed words now broadcast through a speaker on her headset.

WADE-2  
(speaker)  
you're quinn [?]

The question intonation at the end of the sentence is awkwardly mechanical.

QUINN  
(quickly)  
I'm Quinn.

Wade-2's face brightens. And then, looking at Rembrandt, she mouths something into her headset mic again, making no sound we can hear.

WADE-2  
(speaker)  
and this is [?]

REMBRANDT  
Rembrandt -- Rembrandt Brown.

GUARD-1  
are these your guests miss welles [?]

WADE-2  
(speaker)  
they are my friends and they come by  
invitation

Instantly, the two guards holster their weapons and step back from Quinn and Rembrandt.

GUARD-1  
they appear to be offliners

Wade-2 firmly shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE-2  
 (speaker)  
 they are my guests | they tubed over  
 from magenta

GUARD-2  
 where are their rigs miss welles

WADE-2  
 (speaker)  
 they wanted to try my new data  
 assemblies

REMBRANDT  
 We should've brought our rigs -- we'd  
 forget our own heads without them.

Wade-2 has an oddly indulgent smile for Rembrandt, marked with amusement.

QUINN  
 (to Wade-2)  
 So, how about those rigs, huh?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Wade-2, Quinn and Rembrandt walk along pristine hallway of softly curved lines and cool, sterile lighting emitting from a gap between the walls and ceiling.

A spherical object the size of a dodgeball rolls along the floor towards the sliders and Wade-2 -- gray and textured in a circuitry-like pattern.

REMBRANDT  
 What was that?

WADE-2  
 (speaker)  
 you must not have seen these new  
 remote sweepers | they are 200 per  
 cent more energy efficient than the  
 previous model

Quinn walks near Wade-2, alternating between trailing behind her or staying in step with her. Wade-2 keeps casting side-glances as Quinn. Noting his lean build. His chin. His lengthy hair. With each glance, her smile broadens ever so slightly. She mouths into her mic.

WADE-2 (cont'd)  
 (speaker)  
 its good to see you

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Likewise!

REMBRANDT

Listen, I'm really sorry to be a  
third-wheel, Wade --

WADE-2

(speaker)

i encouraged quinn to bring a friend  
| a chaperone should always be  
present on a first meeting | any  
friend of quinn is welcome in my home

They come to a glass barrier in the wall. Wade-2 approaches a wall-mounted screen, looking into it. Colored squares on the screen shift as she turns her sight on it. As Wade-2 controls the screen, Remmy shifts closer to Quinn and says in a low whisper:

REMBRANDT

What's up with that microphone?

QUINN

I think it's a camera -- it maps her  
lip-movements -- spoken speech may be  
taboo in this culture --

REMBRANDT

And this Wade -- she's best buddies  
with your double -- ?

QUINN

No. She's never met him.

The glass barrier before them slides into the wall and Wade-2 ushers them both through.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEAN STREETS - DAY

We have a view of a derelict cityscape. Junk piles on the streets. Cruddy buildings falling to ruin. And we see, next to a bed of dead flowers, Quinn-2 lying on his back. His eyes flutter open. Wade and Arturo stoop over him.

ARTURO

No permanent harm has been done.

Quinn-2 touches his forehead, sits up stiffly.

QUINN-2

You guys -- you helped me --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

More accurately, it was a laser security system that convinced your assailants to depart in haste --

QUINN-2

You don't talk like offliners -- who are you guys?

WADE

That's Professor Arturo and I'm Wade Welles --

Quinn-2's eyes widen. He stands up and moves towards Wade.

QUINN-2

Wade? You're Wade?

Wade is baffled by Quinn-2's familiarity. Arturo shoots a suspicious look at Quinn-2. Quinn-2 moves towards Wade. Holding her by the shoulders, loosely but warmly --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

It's me -- I'm -- I'm --

WADE

(a smile)

Yeah, Quinn -- I know who you are --

QUINN-2

You know? You knew who I was?!

WADE

Yeah? I mean -- who else could it be?

QUINN-2

You saw me in trouble and you came --

Quinn-2 leans closer to Wade. His hands go from her shoulders to her upper arms. Wade lets him touch her. Arturo looks on with great confusion --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

You saw who I was. What I was. Where I was. An offliner and you came out to no side --

WADE

I wasn't going to let those guys hurt you --

Quinn-2 stares into Wade's eyes. His face is filled with admiration, respect, delight, warmth and the deepest appreciation. Wade begins to blush.

ARTURO

I do beg your pardon, Mr. Mallory --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn-2 looks at Arturo as though he forgot Arturo was there.

ARTURO (cont'd)  
We emerged without any means of re-  
entry. If you have the means of  
granting us access --

QUINN-2  
You came out without rigs to get back  
in?

WADE  
We had to -- you needed help --

QUINN-2  
My God. This is all my fault.

Before Wade and Arturo can say anything, he starts forward, motioning for them to follow.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
Come on! I'll make this right -- I  
promise!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

We're back to Wade-2, who leads Quinn and Rembrandt past the retracted glass barrier.

QUINN  
Really appreciate this! Remmy's  
always wanted to see Ivory.

REMBRANDT  
Yeah! So that's why we, uh -- tubed  
-- from Magenta. It's still pretty  
amazing to me how that all works.

Wade-2 looks back with an awkward smile for Rembrandt.

WADE-2  
(speaker)  
just tubes between towers

REMBRANDT  
Any of these tubes lead outside? I  
mean, onto the street.

WADE-2  
(speaker)  
why would tubes go to the street [ ? ]  
| outside is no side

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They continue on to an elevator. Wade-2 goes to a lens sunk into the elevator frame. From her headset speaker:

WADE-2 (cont'd)  
 (speaker)  
 ret me

A retinal SCAN BEAM plays over her eye-visor and the eye behind it. The elevator doors slide open. The three step in.

INT. ELEVATOR

The doors slide shut. But the elevator offers a far wider view than the pristine hallway. The walls are made of glass. Wade-2 taps her eye screen.

WADE-2  
 (speaker)  
 home location

COMPUTER VOICE  
 penthouse suite m-12

The elevator starts to rise. Rembrandt and Quinn look out the glass as the elevator ascends. There's a view of a seemingly endless stretch of steel and glass towers. We can see through the glass, see inside these towers.

Some have what look like indoor greenhouses and crops while others are filled with trees. Spherical machines varying from the size of baseballs to basketballs hover through the air in and outside the towers.

REMBRANDT  
 Where's all the people?

Wade-2 looks quizzically in Rembrandt's direction.

QUINN  
 We never cease to be amazed at how much these drones can do.

Wade-2 nods. And then turns directly towards Quinn. Giving him her full, unbroken gaze. Her face fills with a mix of emotions -- respect, happiness, joy, exhilaration -- she hesitantly steps towards him.

WADE-2  
 you said you'd be coming naked and  
 netless | i didn't think you were  
 serious | if i hadn't rezzed up, the  
 guards would have hurt you.

QUINN  
 (gently)  
 But you did come -- you did --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wade-2 smiles, moving closer to Quinn. Reaching for him. His neck. His cheek. His mouth. Quinn's face reddens, but let lets her. Wade-2 presses against Quinn's chest, her face closer to his.

She reaches up to her headset, pressing some hidden catch in the side. The microphone pulls back. The eye-visor retracts.

WADE-2

Yeah --

Quinn reacts to hearing Wade-2 speak with her own voice.

WADE-2 (cont'd)

I did --

She lightly presses her mouth to his, then pulls back suddenly, but still nestled close --

WADE-2 (cont'd)

I'm sorry -- I've seen vid-shows -- I don't really know how --

Quinn is moved. And swept away. He leans forward, kissing Wade-2 -- she lets him for a moment, then she kisses him back, following his lead --

And Rembrandt looks on in horror.

Wade-2 wraps her arms around Quinn, the kiss deepening in intensity. She pushes him against the wall of the elevator next to Rembrandt, her hands on Quinn's face.

They come up for air and Wade-2 presses her lips to Quinn's jawbone, his neck. She wraps her arms around him, nuzzling.

Then Quinn spots Rembrandt glaring at him. Quinn's eyes widen with horror as Wade-2 nips at his ear. Rembrandt locks eyes with Quinn and mouths: "Wade's gonna kill you."

CUT TO:

EXT. MEAN STREETS - DAY

Arturo and Wade race after Quinn-2 as he sprints forward along the streets. The buildings around them look increasingly run down, going from tall, abandoned structures to collapsed single-story structures and other wrecked remnants. The roads grow rougher, overrun with vegetation and debris.

WADE

Quinn! The building's back there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2

Yes, yes -- you know, you don't look like offliners, but you don't sound like onliners either.

ARTURO

And what would an onliner be, my lad?

QUINN-2

What, you guys are so used to the life that it doesn't even stand out anymore?

WADE

Quinn, what's going on?

She gestures towards the buildings. We see numerous TOWERS, linked to each other by ACCESS TUBES. And then we go back to the street level perspective of abandoned buildings and empty, junk-strewn streets.

WADE (cont'd)

Why's it a such a mess out here?

QUINN-2

You've been in paradise for so long -- you thought it was the whole world, didn't you?

Wade's expression is quizzical. Confused.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

Have and have-nots, and never the twain shall meet. You live in half of the world that has everything it wants -- the onliners' world. And then there's everyone else -- the offliners.

ARTURO

Then, Mr. Mallory, you would be an offliner?

QUINN-2

Yeah -- obviously!

He seems to be awaiting something from Arturo and Wade -- some sort of disparagement or rebuke. None comes -- and Quinn-2 is utterly baffled.

WADE

So if never the twain meet, why'd you come?

Quinn-2 looks extremely confused. He looks at her, searching for something -- distaste, revulsion, betrayal -- and he doesn't see it. What he doesn't see leaves him adrift.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

QUINN-2  
 (turning away)  
 Listen, you need to get back in. I'll  
 get you back in. Okay?

CUT TO:

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - DAY

A large, multipurpose room, combination living, dining, family and work room. There is a computer console against one wall, large wall screen and smaller screens. No keyboards.

The place is high-tech and antiseptic. Wade-2 leads Quinn and Rembrandt in, holding Quinn's hand. Tugging him forward. Some of the screens show sandy beaches that catch Quinn and Rembrandt's attention.

WADE-2  
 My sister's in Aruba. Joining my  
 parents.

QUINN  
 Your sister -- oh! And how's Kelly  
 liking the weather?

WADE  
 Silly! It's digital.

She winces slightly, touching her throat.

REMBRANDT  
 Digital?

QUINN  
 A virtual vacation! We've seen some  
 stuff out of the Sonmoha labs --

WADE-2  
 Incredible, aren't they?  
 (to Quinn)  
 I didn't exactly tell Kelly about  
 you.

She turns to face him, now taking both his hands.

WADE-2 (cont'd)  
 I mean, she knows I have a web pal,  
 but not, well --

She trails off coyly. Presses up to Quinn again and Quinn gently moves her closer to him. She raises her head, this time initiating. She kisses him, tight and quick. Then breaks, grinning at him. She's getting good at this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Neither of them spot Rembrandt's aghast expression, and Rembrandt hurriedly turns his eyes somewhere else, anywhere else --

And Rembrandt notices two wall-mounted screens, filling up with icons of what look like palm trees, fish, meals and figures dancing.

REMBRANDT  
What's all that stuff?

Wade-2 breaks the kiss with Quinn. Quinn is breathing hard, aroused and appalled. He looks down at his groin with some concern. Wade-2 approaches Rembrandt, bemused and confused. Rembrandt gestures at the display curiously, inquiring.

WADE-2  
Kelly's vacation digidise.

Rembrandt looks at Wade-2 uncomprehendingly.

WADE-2 (cont'd)  
You know, she's on holiday? She's buying sims. Drinks. Dancing. Dinners. Swimming.

She looks at the screen admiringly. Quinn looks around the back areas of this apartment. The hallways leading backwards. He calls out to Wade-2 --

QUINN  
Uh -- bathroom?

WADE-2  
Down the hall, second door on the left!

Quinn nods his thanks and walks down the hall, leaving a nervous Rembrandt with Wade-2.

REMBRANDT  
So -- you've never been in one of those sims like your sister?

WADE-2  
(incredulous)  
Of course not! You have to be neurally implanted and networked to the concourse for that. I can only imagine what it's like to be part of a network of almost two billion minds linked in infinite core processing.

REMBRANDT  
Doesn't your sister tell you?

Wade-2 looks lost by Rembrandt's question.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Quinn is walking down the hallway and ignoring the bathroom door, instead opening subsequent doors in his path. Finding a closet. A bedroom -- but it's bare; no furniture, no possessions. A subsequent door reveals what appears to be Wade's bedroom -- we recognize Mugsy, her stuffed toy, from "Obsession." There's a child's family tree mounted on the wall: DON - DAD, ELLEN - MOM, KELLY - SISTER and WADE - SISTER.

Quinn shuts the door and moves to the last door in the hallway. He pushes it open to a crack, then peers inside, then steps in.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING AREA

Rembrandt and Wade-2 are still talking.

REMBRANDT

What's your sister say it's like in the -- the concourse?

WADE-2

Kelly and I haven't really talked a lot ever since she got wired. She says we'll talk more once we -- once I --

She trails off, looking towards a metal chair lying against the wall. Rembrandt follows her gaze, seeing the metallic chair with a headset and needle-like interfaces lined along the armrests and rear. He cringes at the sight.

WADE-2 (cont'd)

It's the latest model -- neural implanter for direct concourse uplink. Med staff just delivered it. I'm starting a REM position next week -- they need me cabled.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Or at least it was once a bedroom. Quinn looks around the dimly lit space. There are three chairs. Three interface chairs, all of a similar model to the one that Wade-2 was showing Rembrandt outside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Each of the three chairs holds an insensate, blank-faced human being. A screen above each chair identifies each person by name. One person in this room is Wade's sister, Kelly. Next to her is her father, Don. And next to Don is his wife, Ellen. Their heads are clamped to the chair, cables are plugged into their heads, necks and arms. They're completely immobile.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING AREA

Wade-2 continues to talk to Rembrandt.

WADE-2

It's an honor to know my brain's suited to the kind of high functioning processor requirements needed to create new user interfaces. But once you're in -- most people don't come back out.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Quinn is examining the other bodies in the chair. Spotting IV lines feeding in nutrients. He stoops to examine the catheter-like apparatus on Don Welles' body. Moves to Ellen Welles' body and pulls back an eye-lid slightly, peering into the vacant face.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Wade continues.

WADE-2

You get so far into this temporal lobe processing environment -- knowing that every second you're plugged in, your unconscious and sixty per cent of your conscious mind's running software for droids and gardens and farming assemblies and oxygenators and synthesizers --

Rembrandt's eyes widen at what Wade-2's describing.

WADE-2 (cont'd)

While the other forty's able to engage with the net and every kilobyte of data that ever existed --  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE-2 (cont'd)  
every scrap of knowledge on chemistry  
and engineering and coding --

REMBRANDT  
Amazing that Kelly would want a  
holiday!

WADE-2  
Well, psychotechnists are pretty  
clear on how even forty per cent  
engagement is draining long-term and  
the conscious mind needs periodic  
rest and relaxation.

Rembrandt looks to the screen showing Kelly's simulated  
holiday. There's an image of Kelly dancing with a man in a  
tuxedo. Her face is filled with light and joy.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Quinn looks down at Kelly's pale, blank, lifeless face. The  
body a thin shell over the active mind inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Wade-2 looks at Rembrandt nervously.

WADE-2  
Does Quinn -- touch? I mean, does he  
normally?

REMBRANDT  
I can't speak to this personally, but  
he's had at least one ex.

WADE-2  
We'd type so much, say so much -- and  
it wouldn't change once I got cabled,  
but I wanted to meet him in person  
first.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEAN STREETS - VACANT LOT - DAY

Quinn-2 leads Wade and Arturo towards a crumbling shack of a  
building. It looks to be a larger-than-average tool shed  
before the roof fell in. Quinn-2 ushers them into the  
structure.

INT. SHED

The shed is filled with an endless clutter of computer equipment. Mini towers, monitors, keyboards, printers, servers -- all rusting and rotting. Quinn-2 steps towards a LARGE SEWER PIPE with a closed lid. Opens the lid. Pulls something out.

It's a worn looking laptop of mismatched pieces. Dented and cracked. Quinn-2 runs a hand over the casing lovingly. Wade is appalled at the workmanship, Arturo is disappointed.

QUINN-2

I kludged it together myself.

Arturo forces an expression of admiration onto his face. Wade's disappointment is replaced with awe.

ARTURO

Most ingenious. Mr. Mallory. As a boy, I longed for a pocket calculator. I ended up building an abacus with chopsticks and the wheels of discarded toy cars.

QUINN-2

A brother kludger, all right.

WADE

Why do you keep this in a sewer?

QUINN-2

My mom's kinda down on technology.

WADE

Quinn -- you said you'd get us into the tower.

QUINN-2

Internal wireless modem. We can get in touch with your sister --

WADE

Kelly?

QUINN-2

She's still at home, right? We'll ask her to pause her trip and trigger an entry-process for you.

WADE

We've got to get back there physically.

QUINN-2

Wade. You came out here without your rigs. Believe me, getting Kelly on

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
the line to transmit a door code is  
the only way you've got.

As Quinn-2 types, Arturo looks at Wade and motions towards Quinn-2. Wade holds up her hands, palms-up. Arturo gestures at Quinn-2 furiously. Wade nods reluctantly, but then points at Arturo and points in the direction of the far wall of the shed. Arturo shakes his head and wanders off.

Wade leans closer to Quinn-2, looking at the lines of code running up and down the laptop screen.

WADE  
You know a lot about me, huh?

Quinn looks back from his laptop at Wade.

QUINN-2  
I'm sorry -- this isn't how I meant  
for it to go.

He looks back to his computer. Wade hesitates -- and then reaches for Quinn-2's shoulder. Putting an arm around him.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
Wade -- thank you.

WADE  
Oh. Um. Anytime?

QUINN-2  
(still staring at his  
keyboard)  
I loved talking to you so much. I  
loved your take on retcoding and end  
user recog. The way you cared so much  
about guiding every user through  
every choice -- I'd never seen such  
compassionate, heartfelt programming.

Wade flushes with pleasure at this compliment meant for someone who isn't her.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
Those hours we'd spend talking non-  
deterministic processing and integer  
factorization -- I'd never had  
someone like that before. Not just a  
friend -- a collaborator. A comrade.  
A partner.

Wade's eyes widen as she realizes what Quinn-2 is saying, what he's feeling, what he's thinking --

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
I knew you were incredibly everything  
-- sweet, smart, educated, talented  
-- brilliant --

He grips Wade's hand.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
I never expected you'd also be brave.

And then he finally looks Wade in the eye and Wade looks back, seeing the face of her friend filled with appreciation and fondness for her.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
I thought you'd see what I could do,  
what I could build, that it wouldn't  
matter where I came from or what I  
was --

And now he's looking away again.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
But now you know what I am -- an  
offliner -- a ginchy sewer nerd --

Wade reaches for Quinn-2's face, she can't stop herself -- she turns his face towards her own.

WADE  
I saw you stand up to those  
Scavengers --

QUINN-2  
You're the one who fought them.

WADE  
You're on the fringes of society, but  
that hasn't stopped you from building  
your own way in -- you have a  
homemade laptop built from scraps --

Wade holds his face tight, staring into the oh-so-familiar visage that bear an unfamiliar expression -- she's never seen such reverent gratitude on her Quinn's face --

WADE (cont'd)  
I don't think you're ginchy at all. I  
think you're incredible.

Her hands are still on Quinn-2's face when he kisses her. Wade is caught by surprise -- and then she pulls him closer, kissing him back. Quinn's hands run through her hair, his fingertips sending tingles down her spine. They both want more --



CONTINUED:

And then there's a CRASHING CLATTER from off camera. Quinn-2 and Wade part and turn to see several servers sliding off a crooked rack with the Professor looking deeply embarrassed.

ARTURO

I do apologize, Mr. Mallory --

QUINN-2

No big deal, man --

ARTURO

How are we getting on with contacting the other Ms. Welles, eh?

Quinn-2 nods and turns back to the computer. Wade casts an uncertain look at the Professor. The feigned embarrassment vanishes from the Professor's face and he eyes Wade with a silently critical expression. Wade wrinkles her nose at him.

CUT TO:

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT -MAIN ROOM -DAY

Wade-2 is showing Rembrandt the screens just as Quinn walks back in and receives a cheerful smile from Wade as she continues explaining to Rembrandt.

WADE-2

I just eyeball a virtual display of icons, look to select, blink to click. It's easy. Any questions, I check my knowbot, take a look at the hits.

Rembrandt looks to Quinn.

QUINN

Eye controlled computer systems -- I never get over how amazing they are. Or how before knowbots, we'd spend all our time looking through printed encyclopedias.

WADE-2

You really never take anything for granted, do you? Retina relay's nothing compared to being cabled for a direct interlink.

An IMAGE OF A MAILBOX appears on the wall screen.

COMPUTER VOICE

house account | you have mail.

WADE-2

Scan now, read later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Images and text speed by. Wade-2 studies them. Rembrandt takes Quinn aside.

REMBRANDT  
You getting any of this?

QUINN  
Remmy -- Wade's parents and sister -- they're back there. Cabled into chairs.

REMBRANDT  
Whoa.

QUINN  
Their brains -- they're used as processors for what's probably a nationwide computer system. People with the right brain type for direct interlink like Wade and her family are permanently wired into network --

REMBRANDT  
She called it the concourse --

QUINN  
And they're in there permanently. Fed through IV tubes.

REMBRANDT  
And do you know what the deal is with this other Wade and you?

QUINN  
I know enough. The main thing is she thinks I'm the Quinn she's been carrying on a net romance with.

REMBRANDT  
She said she wanted to meet you before she got cabled -- I guess, before she got in that creepy chair to live forever in virtual reality, she wanted to -- she wanted to --

He pauses. Quinn catches the implication.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)  
Q-Ball -- if you do that with her -- our Wade's gonna strangle you and I'll hold you down while she does it.

As Quinn grimaces --

REMBRANDT (cont'd)  
So how do we find Wade and the Professor?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Back to the screen. Wade-2 is through scanning.

QUINN

Wade -- Rembrandt's going to meet up with some friends around here, but he needs directions. Got an extra rig ready?

WADE-2

There's one over there --

Then the wall screen starts flashing "URGENT -- ATTENTION."

COMPUTER VOICE

house account | you have urgent  
nowmail

The wall screen reads "SENDER - QUINN MALLORY."

Wade-2's confounded by this and turns to Quinn.

WADE-2

But if that's Quinn -- who are you?

The wall screen reads "QUERY --HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT OR SEEN REMBRANDT BROWN?"

QUINN

I was getting to that. You see --

We see on the screen: "THIS IS THE PROFESSOR -- "

Then suddenly, the text vanishes from the screen.

REMBRANDT

What happened?

QUINN

They hung up.

Wade-2 is looking at Quinn, stunned and hurt and puzzled. Who is this guy?

EXT. MEAN STREETS - DAY - CLOSE ON LAPTOP

On the ground, Quinn-2's hand on the keyboard, a BOOT pressing down on the hand. We WIDEN to reveal that Hurley's foot is pressing down on Quinn-2's hand.

HURLEY

You know what I love even more than running into old friends?

We pan to show that Wade and Arturo are held by his thugs. Hurley grins.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HURLEY (cont'd)  
Making new ones.

Hurley takes his foot off Quinn-2's hand. Quinn-2 stands, wincing. Miles keeps a tight grip on Wade. Hurley picks up the laptop.

HURLEY (cont'd)  
Not an entry key but still, it'll  
bring good money on the dark market.

Hurley sidles up alongside Wade, eyeing her. Then Arturo.

HURLEY (cont'd)  
I have piranhas at home. You'll both  
make good brain food for them.  
(to his men)  
Right. We are outta here.

He turns to head off. But just then, the laptop chimes in, in a COMPUTERIZED VERSION OF QUINN-2'S VOICE.

COMPUTER VOICE  
You have been idle for two minutes.  
Do you wish to continue?

Hurley moves to the laptop, starts typing commands.

COMPUTER VOICE (cont'd)  
Incorrect log-off.

And then suddenly, there's an electric BUZZ and a burst of crackling energy bursts from the keyboard deck ONTO HURLEY. He SHRIEKS and goes limp as the TASER IN QUINN-2's laptop SENDS A SECOND BURST into Hurley. He convulses.

Several Scavengers make moves toward Hurley. Miles rushes forward to help him, releasing Wade. She seizes the moment to elbow one Scavenger in the throat. Arturo punches out another Scavenger, clearing a path --

WADE  
Go!

As Arturo and Wade turn to run, Miles pulls the laptop free of Hurley's hand and Quinn-2 slugs him. The laptop drops towards the ground and Quinn-2 snatches it from the air and he charges after the already fleeing Wade and Arturo.

CUT TO:

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT - DAY

Quinn has set up an antiquated desktop computer and is busily typing in commands, running a trace. Rembrandt stands watching. Wade-2 paces, fuming at Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE-2

You tricked me! You let me believe  
you were Quinn!

QUINN

I had to find a way to get to my  
friends.

REMBRANDT

Can you reconnect?

QUINN

With any luck I should still be able  
to trace the uplink route.

(to Wade-2)

Sure would help if you could tell me  
about this.

WADE-2

Why should I help you? How could I  
have been fooled for an instant? You  
have none of his -- his sensitivity.  
Or intellect! Quinn's a genius.

REMBRANDT

Hey, on the right day, this guy is a  
genius! Give him a chance.

WADE-2

When Quinn and I are online, it's  
like we're two halves of one soul.

A faint smile appears on Quinn's face.

WADE-2 (cont'd)

Wait a second -- you knew me! You  
knew my name! You knew about Kelly --  
who are you?

Quinn and Rembrandt exchanges looks -- and Wade-2 leaps  
towards a wallscreen.

WADE-2 (cont'd)

I'm calling security drones --

QUINN

You're Wade Kathleen Welles! Your  
parents are Don and Ellen! Your  
favorite stuffed animal's a blue  
teddy bear named Mugsy! You're a  
former varsity gymnast! When you were  
nine, your sister opened up all the  
Christmas gifts and spoiled the  
surprise! You like Black Velvet  
liquor and you're terrified of  
snakes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wade-2 gapes at Quinn.

WADE-2

That's not -- even if you read every mem-log, you couldn't know that --

QUINN

Wade, I'd never hurt you. You knew who I was when we first met. You weren't wrong -- I am Quinn -- I'm just not yours.

WADE-2

This is impossible -- but -- you are him. I can see it -- I can feel it --

QUINN

I'm sorry we had to mislead you but I swear to you -- your Quinn's out there and he's with my friends. Help me and I'll take you to him.

Wade-2 studies him, unsure.

REMBRANDT

'Scuse me? I think the screen's saying you got a lock.

Quinn and Wade-2 cross back to the keyboard.

On a COMPUTER SCREEN: it shows a MOVING DOT, indicating Quinn-2's laptop, with a grid overlay showing the various onliner towers and offliner territory. The dot, naturally, is moving across offliner turf.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

They're still on the outside?

QUINN

You got it.

WADE-2

But -- that can't be. Quinn wouldn't be outside.

QUINN

An onliner never goes anywhere without his rig?

WADE-2

Never. So -- so you must be reading that map thingy all wrong.

QUINN

Downstairs, our friends got in a fight with some tough-looking guys  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)  
 who were picking on somebody who  
 could be your Quinn.

WADE-2  
 No. No, it can't be. My Quinn -- he's  
 educated, he's a technological  
 genius! He can't be a cracker!

REMBRANDT  
 I thought I knew what that meant, but  
 clearly you're giving it a whole new  
 meaning.

WADE-2  
 An identity hacker, a tween --

Rembrandt is baffled.

WADE-2 (cont'd)  
 Don't you speak English? He's not  
 from Magenta -- he's a fake!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quinn-2, Wade and Arturo are running. Quinn-2 is in the lead, still clasping the laptop. Ahead lies a junk-strewn field, the high wall surrounding a trailer park beyond. The Scavengers are in close pursuit.

QUINN-2  
 Run exactly where I run -- follow my  
 footsteps!

He dashes into the field, weaving a path toward the trailer park. Wade and Arturo follow him exactly. The Scavengers are only a few yards behind.

We CUT TO the THE LEG OF A SCAVENGER as he stumbles over a TRIP-WIRE. HOMEMADE CATAPULTS spring up, FIRING LOADS OF ROCKS. COWBELL ALARMS SOUND. THE SCAVENGERS are pelted with rocks, shield themselves, fall back.

At the wall, Quinn-2 hurriedly pulls out an old-fashioned brass key unlocks the gate and dives through with Wade and Arturo, locking it behind them.

We WIDEN to reveal THE TRAILER PARK --a motley collection of weathered mobile homes, Winnebagoes and Airstreams, surrounded by woodpiles, provisions, rusted-out cars, etc..

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
 Home sweet home. C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stowing his laptop out of sight under his jacket, he leads them toward one of the trailers.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN-2'S TRAILER - DAY

Wade and Arturo enter first -- to find a shotgun barrel shoved into their faces.

QUINN-2  
Throttle back, Mom.

Now we see the gun is held by AMANDA MALLORY, Quinn-2's mom. On this Earth, she's a solid, no-nonsense woman, hair pulled back, expression deadly.

AMANDA  
When the alarms went off, I thought the barbarians were at the gates!

QUINN-2  
They were, but we took care of it.

AMANDA  
And who exactly are 'we'?

QUINN-2  
This is Wade and Arturo.

Wade extends a hand to Amanda. Amanda takes it.

AMANDA  
Sorry for the hard welcome, but you know how times are.

WADE  
We're learning.

Arturo looks about. The place is poverty-inventive, artistic-eccentric. Most noticeably, there are no machines. All the household equipment is pre-electricity.

ARTURO  
You have quite a place here.

AMANDA  
I just ask myself what Hedy Lamarr would do and I do the opposite.  
(off Arturo's reaction)  
You know Hedy Lamarr?

ARTURO  
Vaguely at best, madam.



CONTINUED:

WADE

You don't know who Hedy Lamarr is?  
You're such a chauvinist pig,  
Professor!

QUINN-2

She was the mom on that TV show back  
in the Stone Age.

WADE

She was a genius! She invented spread  
spectrum and frequency hopping  
technology. If those jackasses  
running the US Navy in World War Two  
had looked at her tech instead of  
writing her off for being a woman,  
we'd have had internet by the 60s,  
cellular networks by the 70s --

QUINN-2

What do you mean? We did get all  
that.

WADE

What? Oh. Of course.

AMANDA

We didn't get all that, Quinn. And if  
we did, we lost it. The neural  
networks chewed it all up and spit it  
out -- along with us.

QUINN-2

Don't get her started.

AMANDA

I was fine with the internet when it  
was a box on a desk. But I drew the  
line at AOL wanting to send drones to  
perform eye and brain surgery.

(on a jag)

Anyone like who lacked neural  
compatibility for retinal interface  
or neural uplink -- anyone like Quinn  
or me -- we couldn't even get to the  
doorstep of 'modern' society.

Wade looks at Amanda in dismay. At Quinn-2.

WADE

(to Quinn-2)

How could anyone think there's  
something wrong with your brain?

Amanda looks at Wade approvingly.

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

My boy's a genius. Solved Hilbert's sixteenth problem in four seconds, balanced the Tate conjecture in two. Modern society declares that Quinn's brain is worthless because it's not machine compatible. That's a society I want no part of.

She gestures around the house.

AMANDA (cont'd)

We grow our food, we build our tools and we get by just fine without nowmail or digital interfacing or drone-maintenance or any of that.

She puts an arm around Quinn, proud and strong. Then the satchel Quinn holds beeps -- or rather, the laptop beeps from inside the satchel.

COMPUTER VOICE

You have urgent nowmail, you have urgent nowmail.

Amanda glares at Quinn-2.

CUT TO:

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT

Quinn and Rembrandt are sitting at the makeshift desktop computer. Wade-2 is pacing back and forth in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. MALLORY HOUSE

We see Amanda Mallory brandishing the shotgun at Quinn-2's laptop.

AMANDA

What's that doing in this house?!

QUINN-2

Mom, I can explain --

AMANDA

You'll explain nothing! Put it down and step aside!

ARTURO

My dear Mrs. Mallory --

AMANDA

Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

Mrs. Mallory -- please! Is there any reason to point a gun at your son!?

Amanda looks at the weapon in her and the direction in which the barrel's pointed. Horrified, she lowers the gun. Then sets it down on a table.

WADE (cont'd)

(softly)

We're trying to get in touch with some friends. Quinn was kind enough to offer help.

AMANDA

Take it outside. I won't have that machine in here.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUINN-2'S TRAILER - FRONT STOOP - DAY

Quinn-2's at the keyboard, Wade and Arturo beside him.

QUINN-2

(to Wade)

It's from Kelly -- no, wait -- it's from your apartment --

He stops, as a line of text appears on screen. "MESSAGE FROM WADE WELLES." Quinn-2 stares at it, frozen. He casts a shocked look at Wade.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

If Wade's sending me this message then -- then who the hell are you?

CUT TO:

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT - DAY

Quinn at the keyboard, Rembrandt standing by him. The computer CHIRPS, someone's responding to his call. A message appears onscreen. "W + A HERE: WE'RE ALL OKAY."

CUT TO:

EXT. QUINN-2'S TRAILER - FRONT STOOP - DAY

Wade has leaned over Quinn-2 to type a message to Quinn and Rembrandt while Quinn-2 continues to regard Wade with confusion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2

You're not Wade! You can't be --

ARTURO

I believe this is the point in our relationship where you will recall that we knew you by name, Mr. Mallory.

QUINN-2

But you knew who I was!

Wade glances at Quinn-2 with great embarrassment -- so much that she's compelled to look back at the computer.

ARTURO

And next, Mr. Mallory, you will recall that Ms. Welles also --

QUINN-2

You recognized me on sight!

ARTURO

And next, you will also be cognizant of how she and I, in our own exchanges --

QUINN-2

You call her 'Ms. Welles' -- that is her name --

Wade-2 stiffens at the keyboard. Her typing becomes more rigid.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

You're Wade. You have to be. I know it -- I can feel it. But you're not the Wade I know -- you can't be --

ARTURO

Entirely correct, Mr. Mallory. And now I shall speak five words that shall serve as sufficient explanation for a boy with your body of knowledge -- the Einstein-Rosen-Podolsky bridge.

Wade is staring resolutely at the computer, but Quinn-2 presses a finger to her cheek to turn her in his direction.

QUINN-2

You didn't know about offliners and onliners -- you didn't have any reaction to learning what I was -- you're not my Wade -- you're a Wade from another planet!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Same planet, Mr. Mallory. Different dimension.

CUT TO:

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT - DAY

WADE-2 (O.S.)

You ask him.

Quinn and Rembrandt turn to see Wade-2's come up behind them. She's been crying, but now she's resolute.

WADE-2

Ask him if he's an offliner.

EXT. QUINN-2'S TRAILER - FRONT STOOP -DAY

Quinn-2, Arturo and Wade are looking at the computer when a message appears. Typing out "WADE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'RE AN OFFLINER." Quinn-2 freezes in shock for the second time.

WADE

You have to tell me -- you have to tell her!

QUINN-2

Why? I can lie like always. She'll believe it and we can go on.

Wade looks insulted.

ARTURO

How long can you hope to hold her at a distance and let her know only a false version of yourself?

WADE

Your mom goes a little overboard, but she's got a point about computers. I've never met one that could hold your hand when you're lonely or rub your neck when you're tired. That has to be the person on the other end.

QUINN-2

But if I do this, you'll -- she'll -- never talk to me again.

ARTURO

Your counterfeit identity cannot be sustained, Mr. Mallory -- no more than our own has with you.

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT -DAY

We're on the monitor as it types out "OFFLINE BUT NOT OFF LIMITS, I HOPE."

WADE-2

I'll kill him. How could you -- he -- do this to me?

QUINN

He can't help being offline any more than you can help being online.

REMBRANDT

You were anxious to meet the guy. You came down and found us, seemed pretty happy when you thought he was your Q-Ball. Why was that?

Wade hesitates to answer -- and then turns away. The question is too much. She darts away from Rembrandt, away from Quinn -- and finds herself looking at THE CHAIR. The concourse implant chair like the ones her family's sitting in.

WADE-2

(touching the chair)

I thought there might be more to life than this.

(turning back to Quinn and Rembrandt)

And I thought he might be part of that.

EXT. QUINN-2'S TRAILER - FRONT STOOP - DAY

Quinn-2 at his laptop. Wade and Arturo looking on. Amanda appears in the doorway behind them, watching curiously.

QUINN-2

(to Wade)

What's taking you so long?

WADE

Well, right now, I probably want to kill you. Give me a minute to cool down.

Amanda comes out onto the porch. Quinn-2 barely notices his mother, his anxiety towards the screen overriding everything and anything.

We go to an ANGLE ON THE LAPTOP as the screen comes to life. "MEET US AT MAP COORDINATES 345 x 55B."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn-2 is relieved to see this. Amanda sees the look on Quinn-2's face.

QUINN-2  
She's coming out.

WADE  
And our friends are coming with her.  
Yes!

She claps Quinn-2 on the shoulder, Quinn-2 looks at her in delight -- and then stiffens, realizing she isn't the one his feelings are meant for. He looks back at the computer. Closes the laptop. As he stands --

AMANDA  
This girl means that much to you?

QUINN-2  
Yes, ma'am.

Amanda thinks about it a minute, then raises the shotgun.

AMANDA  
If you're going back out there,  
you'll be needing this. Who's the  
handiest with it?

Arturo looks appalled by the weapon, but something akin to politeness prevents him from declining.

ARTURO  
(nods toward Wade)  
She is.

Wade just manages to conceal her fright before Amanda spots it. Amanda gives Wade the gun.

AMANDA  
Had a feeling I might like you.

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wade-2 is still staring at the computer, not really believing what she's just committed to.

QUINN  
You're really going to be glad you  
did this.

WADE-2  
I'll be glad I went outside?

QUINN  
And this being San Francisco, you'll  
need a jacket or something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE-2

A jacket? I guess I could get a coat.

She moves away, heading down her hallway, presumably to a closet.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Wade-2 enters. Stands over the still, barely breathing bodies of her families. She reaches to her ear, tapping a key on her retinal rig. The eyescreen and mouthpiece snap forward.

The room around Wade-2 seems to VANISH and we find her standing on a BLANK, EMPTY space -- and in front of her, Kelly is seated at an ornate table with a lavish meal before her. It's like Kelly's table was plucked out of a fancy restaurant and deposited here.

KELLY

Sis! How're you? This is Ethan --

She gestures at the empty space on the other side of her table.

WADE-2

Um.

(to the blank space)

Hi?

Kelly laughs.

KELLY

I forgot!

(to the space)

My sister's not cabled yet -- she can't see you. Just give me a second.

She stands from the table and moves to her sister.

KELLY (cont'd)

What's up?

WADE-2

I needed to see you -- I needed to ask you -- have you ever wanted to go no side? Just to see what's out there?

KELLY

Wade -- everything you want is in the concourse --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KELLY (cont'd)  
 (tapping Wade's head)  
 And the concourse can send it  
 straight in here. Look at Ethan --

WADE-2  
 I can't.

KELLY  
 Well, pretend you can. Pretend he's  
 perfect, everything you want --

WADE-2  
 Well, if he's everything you want,  
 he'd be a champion fencer, a math  
 whiz, ballroom dancer --

KELLY  
 And he is!

WADE-2  
 You guys met on this trip?

KELLY  
 I made him for this trip!

WADE-2  
 But -- if you made him, then he's  
 just a program. He's not real.

KELLY  
 But he feels as real as I need him  
 to. He makes me feel everything I'd  
 want to --

WADE-2  
 Isn't that just the chair pumping  
 endorphins and serotonin and  
 adrenaline into your system?

KELLY  
 What else would there be?

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Quinn and Rembrandt are putting away the desktop computer as they await Wade-2. And Wade-2 returns wearing a coat along with a troubled yet determined expression. Rembrandt nods to her and turns to Quinn.

REMBRANDT  
 Okay, so, where's the exit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

After that fight, the system apparently locks down for three hours. No way out. Security precaution.

REMBRANDT

Don't people complain about getting locked in for three hours?

(a pause)

Right. World of computer zombie people who never leave home.

QUINN

I did find one alternative.

CUT TO:

A EXT. IVORY TOWERS - GARBAGE PILE - DAY

There are several large chutes coming out of the building. We hear Quinn, Rembrandt and Wade-2 before we see them. Yelling. Then they drop out of one of the chutes, covered with garbage. Quinn, Remmy and Wade-2 extricate themselves, removing bits of rubbish.

WADE-2

That was disgusting!

(looks around)

Oh my God! My rig! Where's my rig?

Quinn looks about near where she landed, holds it up.

QUINN

Here.

She snatches it, hurriedly puts it on, taps the eye-screen.

WADE-2

Status.

COMPUTER VOICE

optimal function

WADE-2

Thank God.

(looking around)

The disposal drones that shift away the waste -- they must be on security function after the fight.

She looks at the garbage and cringes.

REMBRANDT

First step's always the hardest and you just took it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She nods, tries to smile. Quinn and Rembrandt lead her off.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEAN STREETS - BLASTED CORNER - DAY

Wade, Arturo and Quinn-2 stand waiting. Wade holds Amanda's shotgun as she aces. Quinn-2's nervous. He clutches his satchel and the laptop in it nervously. There's a SOUND behind them. Wade spins, ineptly aiming the shotgun. It's Quinn, Rembrandt and Wade-2.

REMBRANDT

Whoa, we surrender!

Wade's overjoyed to see them. All smiles, she and Arturo rush up to them.

QUINN

Why do you have a shotgun?

REMBRANDT

Now, that's no way to greet the lady. He was worried sick over you and that's the truth.

WADE

(a smile)

Really.

QUINN

I didn't know you were armed and dangerous.

Then Wade notices Wade-2 standing near. Staring in amazement at her identical double. Wade waves at Wade-2 -- and then reaches out for Quinn-2 and yanks him directly into Wade-2's line of sight.

Quinn spots his double and claps him on the shoulder in a friendly manner.

QUINN (cont'd)

That light of intelligence in your eye tells me you must be Quinn --

Quinn-2 is stunned to see his twin self.

WADE

(gesturing to Wade-2)

And this! This is Wade.

QUINN-2

Hiya.

CONTINUED:

WADE-2

Hi.

They just look at each other. Quinn instinctively reaches for a keyboard only to realize he's not at a computer. Wade-2 does nothing.

After a moment, Quinn-2 reaches for Wade-2's eye-rig. For a moment, she backs away -- but then stops and nods hesitantly. She holds herself still and Quinn-2 detaches the rig. Both smile uncertainly as Quinn-2 hands it back to her and she pockets it.

QUINN

(to Quinn-2)

We should move this over to your place.

QUINN-2

No way.

(to Wade and Wade-2)

One look at you two and she'd freak to the next dimension.

WADE

Well. I think I know just a spot.

CUT TO:

INT. DOMINION HOTEL - SUITE - DAY REVEAL

Rembrandt and Arturo are lounging, eating earthquake rations, drinking bottled root beer. The room's a wreck and is lit only by candles. We see Quinn-2 and Wade-2 at a distance by the window.

REMBRANDT

Candle light, root beer, dehydrated cheese soup. Who could ask for anything more?

ARTURO

The cuisine is a significant improvement from the inedible paste we tolerated on the world of right-wing fundamentalists.

Quinn walks past, holding some napkins.

QUINN

I had a nice lobster bisque downstairs at the Lamplighter a few worlds ago; shame they're out of stock this time around.

Wade approaches, carrying some cushions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

Anything's an improvement on that world where being sober was a crime.

Quinn and Wade regard each other awkwardly.

QUINN

(nervously)

Well, you never had to eat food cooked by robots who couldn't taste.

WADE

(uncertainly)

I had to eat the Professor's fish once.

ARTURO

I apologize for my trout being less than what you're accustomed to from the North Shore Junior College cafeteria!

Rembrandt rolls his eyes and tugs at the Professor's sleeve.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Mr. Brown, perhaps we should ascertain what periodicals were in print until the onliners abandoned the medium --

Rembrandt nods and they set off towards the bookshelves in the room, leaving Quinn and Wade somewhat alone.

WADE

Did you have sex with her?

QUINN

What!? No! Never! She thought I was him! That would be rape! I think it would be? It would be.

WADE

Just made out with her, huh?

QUINN

No! Of course not. Twice. I didn't initiate. Oh God. Please don't be --

WADE

I kissed him too.

QUINN

He any good? I tend to worry that there's food in my teeth and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

He was sweet. He could tell when I wanted to lead, y'know? How was I?

QUINN

The tongue stuff was good, I could have done without the nails on my neck --

WADE

With you, I could do without that thing where you're very obviously thinking about how much to breathe through your nose and timing it --

QUINN

It's cool that we can talk about this.

Quinn and Wade look at their doubles by the window.

WADE

Can they?

We go to Quinn-2 and Wade-2. Both are nervous, particularly Wade-2. Both are sipping root beer from the bottle. Quinn-2's laptop hangs on a door nook nearby in its shoulder bag.

WADE-2

How could you do it?

QUINN-2

(babbling)

I didn't mean to trick you. I'd been lurking on the development node for ages. When I saw your construct in eight-dimensional vectoring -- I was curious about the person who made it. And I wanted to get to know you and -- I -- I couldn't reveal who I was, I'd get banned --

WADE-2

But how did you do it? How could you collate Pauli-x operators without ket notation?

QUINN-2

I'm good at math. I just partition different parts of my thinking until the calculations finish.

WADE-2

I had a knowbot talking me through all of it. But you had --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gestures at the satchel, reaches for it, and pulls out the laptop. The rough-hewn device creaks as she lifts it.

WADE-2 (cont'd)

You had this. No server access. How were you accessing all that data so -- so instantaneously?

QUINN-2

I read it?

WADE-2

But you were working through it with me in real-time, you were outpacing the knowbot --

QUINN-2

I remembered it.

Wade-2 gapes at Quinn.

WADE-2

How? How's that even possible?

QUINN-2

It's -- it's just how my brain works.

WADE-2

Imagine what it'd be like if you were concourse-linked. Your neural centers could be primed for direct data without --

QUINN-2

I can't get cabled, Wade. My brain won't take the uplink. My neural patterns can't sync to the machine --

Wade-2 looks away, embarrassed.

WADE-2

I'm sorry. I didn't know that.

QUINN-2

It's okay --

WADE-2

And you already know just about everything about me --

QUINN-2

That's not true. I just know how you code, how you banter, where and how you learned -- I don't know you, not -- not yet --

But Wade-2 can't meet his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

When we talked about consecutive eigenvalues, you knew so much about how a person would handle qubit conversion, it was like you could see through the user's eyes. It's why I wanted to meet you.

Wade-2 pulls out her net rig.

WADE-2

Well, your keyboard is over there, and I have my eyescreen -- but then you're not rigged, your irises weren't scanned, so that means no access rights --

Quinn-2 takes the eye screen from her and holds it up.

QUINN-2

I'm not in here. And when we talked, there wasn't anything we couldn't tell each other.

WADE-2

What do you want to know? I've got all the facts in the short-term storage, we could put them on your laptop --

QUINN-2

I don't want a list -- Wade -- there's a difference between facts and really knowing something or someone --

Wade-2 stares at him uncomprehendingly. Quinn-2 waves his arms in frustration and loses his grip on the eye-rig -- and it bounces off the window sill and that sends it FLYING OUT THE WINDOW. Wade-2 shrieks.

Arturo and Rembrandt spin about. Wade and Quinn hold up their hands, telling them to stand back as Wade-2 leaps towards the window and stops at the window sill.

Wade-2 rushes up to Wade.

WADE-2

Take me home! I hate this world!  
(glancing at Quinn-2)  
I hate everything in it!

Wade-2's crying. Wade puts an arm off to another corner of the room. around her, leads her away.

Angle ON WADE AND WADE-2 --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Wade sits Wade-2 down, gives her a tissue.

WADE  
You don't really want to go home, do you?

WADE-2  
I don't know what I want --

WADE  
The guy's definitely a handful.

WADE-2  
He's impossible --  
(deflating longing)  
And incredible. He wants to know me -- there's no me to know! Compared to him, I'm handicapped, I'm deficient, I'm a child --

WADE  
Yup.

Wade-2 looks horrified at Wade's words.

WE GO TO QUINN AND QUINN-2 -- the two doubles standing next to each other.

QUINN-2  
(to himself)  
Really smooth, Mallory.

QUINN  
You're almost as good with women as I am.

WE GO BACK TO WADE AND WADE-2.

WADE  
Quinn -- he's a calculator on legs and we can't compete with him there. But he can't remember the difference between left and right without looking at his hands, he eats messier than a 5-year-old, and he built a sliding machine -- but without help, no one else could ever use it.

WADE-2  
I have nothing to offer him --

WADE  
Being his reflection wouldn't make you his equal. He wasn't attracted to you because you had a knowbot -- he chose you because of how you used it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wade-2 gives a small smile. She looks toward Quinn-2 rises, heads toward him. Quinn-2 moves toward her, expectant. They're about to speak when the door of the hotel room flies open and the Scavengers burst through.

Wade dives for the shotgun, but Miles kicks it away and shoves her hard against a wall. The Scavengers hold guns on our heroes, moving them into a clump toward the back of the room. Hurley blithely steps through the hole in the door, comes up to them.

He is briefly stunned by the sight of two Quinns and two Wades, but then shrugs.

HURLEY

Family reunion? I've always hated family. Nothing but a drain when you're trying to go about your business. Although trailing Mallory today's led me to something I need.

(to Wade-2)

You see, what I oh so desperately needs is my very own onliner.

He grabs Wade-2 hard by the arm, pulls her toward him. Our guys try to rush him, but they are forced back at gunpoint.

HURLEY (cont'd)

As for the rest of you... well, Miles can say it best.

He drags Wade-2 out the door.

And from under his long coat, Miles whips out a heavy-duty BAZOOKA and FIRES it at the ceiling above the sliders.

We see the DUST AND RUBBLE -- and then we abruptly go into SLOW MOTION for a moment before SPEEDING INTO A REWIND.

REWIND: The collapsing ceiling reseals itself, the bazooka blast returns to its barrel, Hurley and Wade-2 return to the room, the sliders are reverse-flinching at the sight of Miles' raised weapon and his finger around the trigger.

And then we MOVE FORWARD again but this time in SLOW MOTION.

We see Quinn spotting the bazooka and then looking about the room. At the bookshelf. At the wall of the bedroom door. At the supporting pillars throughout the suite.

SLOW MOTION: We see Quinn rotating in his head to take all the furniture in and his eyes briefly locking with Arturo. And then we see Arturo dive for Rembrandt and colliding with Quinn-2 while Quinn charges in Wade's direction just as Miles lets loose his blast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOW MOTION: Arturo shoving Rembrandt DOWN into a heap NEXT TO ONE OF THE PILLARS, grabbing Quinn-2 and throwing himself and Quinn-2 next to the chest of drawers in a huddled crouch.

SLOW MOTION: Quinn seizing Wade and dragging her along with himself into a crouched position next to a tall cabinet.

And then we resume NORMAL SPEED as the bazooka brings the ceiling CRASHING DOWN.

We pan across the wreckage of the collapsed room. To the tall cabinet. And we see a slab of drywall shoved away as Quinn and Wade stand.

WADE

What -- ? How -- ?

QUINN

A strong object can act as a supporting beam for falling wreckage and create a shelter space from impact -- at least that's the theory.

Next to the chest of drawers, Arturo rises from a space beneath the wreckage, propping up Quinn-2 who sports a gash on his head. Rembrandt also stands, pushing aside an impromptu tent of shingles and ceiling tile.

REMBRANDT

I'm glad you picked today to test this one out, Q-Ball!

He spots Quinn-2's bleeding head.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

You okay, man?

QUINN-2

Wade!

WADE

I'm here.

QUINN-2

The other one!

WADE

Sorry, sorry --

QUINN

I put a scrambler on her rig. I can track it, I can track her!

QUINN-2

But I lost her eye-scanner!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

That was just the monitor. The CPU is still on her. Where's your laptop?

As Quinn-2 reaches for it --

CUT TO:

EXT. IVORY TOWERS - DAY

Hurley has a firm grip on Wade-2's arm as he shoves her toward the scanner beside the glass wall. The other Scavengers flank them. Hurley reaches into a pocket and pulls out a rough approximation of Wade-2's rig and slaps it on top of her head. The eyescreen moves into place.

HURLEY

Say it.

WADE-2

Ret me.

The RETINAL SCAN BEAM plays over her eye, then switches off. And the doors open.

CUT TO:

EXT. IVORY TOWERS - GARBAGE PILE - DAY

Garbage continues to shunt out of the vent. Arturo, Wade (with shotgun) and Rembrandt stand studying it. Quinn-2 is on his laptop, Quinn looking over his shoulder. Wade looks at the garbage vent.

WADE

You want us to go up that? I'm not looking for a close encounter with somebody's discarded washer.

QUINN

Not to worry, we should be disabling the system right about --

Quinn-2 finishes typing and we hear the garbage tube GRIND TO A HALT. Garbage stops emerging.

QUINN-2

Now.

Quinn starts up the tube, followed by Arturo. Then Wade. Then Quinn-2 starts to climb as well, Rembrandt behind him. The weight of Quinn-2's computer bag strains his shoulder, Quinn-2 groans but doesn't complain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT  
 (behind Quinn-2)  
 Your Wade's really gotten under your skin.

QUINN-2  
 She's a scrapper. Aside from a major computer dependency, she's perfection.

Wade finds herself glowing at the compliment that isn't meant for her. As the sliders and Quinn-2 climb --

CUT TO:

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - DAY

On a BIG WALL MONITOR as a variety of internet images flash by in dizzying variety.

HURLEY (O.S.)  
 Perfection.

Widen to reveal Hurley lounging in an armchair, watching the screen, while Wade-2 sits nearby at the desktop computer Quinn had been using earlier. Miles stands flanking Hurley. Next to Hurley is the CONCOURSE IMPLANT CHAIR. Hurley looks at the chair.

HURLEY  
 All the world at your fingertips and none of it real enough to weigh you down.  
 (to Wade)  
 Not worth the scars and immobility of making it all permanent, of course, but that's why I've a use for you -- Mallory's onliner lover.

WADE-2  
 What do you want? There's nothing here that isn't digital -- nothing here is real!

HURLEY  
 There is one thing in the onliner world that's real to the offliner realm.

WADE-2  
 What?

HURLEY  
 Your drones. All they do now is remove garbage and work greenhouses and build towers. Imagine if they  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HURLEY (cont'd)  
 started engaging in the affairs of  
 offliners. They'd be an army. I could  
 lay waste to rivals and enemies, hold  
 total power over my domain -- and all  
 I need is to have a slave plugged  
 into the concourse network.

Hurley holds up a computer chip.

HURLEY (cont'd)  
 A concourse-cabled servant to do my  
 bidding with my will -- and this chip  
 -- overriding their own.

Hurley grabs Wade-2 by the wrist, yanking her close. She  
 yelps as Hurley runs the EDGE of the chip along her neck.

HURLEY (cont'd)  
 You were going to be cabled to the  
 concourse soon, weren't you? You  
 still will be with this little  
 addition. I'll be an onliner through  
 you.

Wade-2 struggles to pull away and Hurley laughs.

INT. IVORY TOWERS - HALLWAY OUTSIDE WADE-2'S APARTMENT - DAY

Quinn-2's typing on his laptop, Quinn beside him, Rembrandt,  
 Arturo and Wade (with her shotgun) nearby.

QUINN  
 (to Quinn-2)  
 Talk to me.

QUINN-2  
 I try not to talk to myself. But  
 climate control scanners are telling  
 me there are eight -- nine -- ten  
 people in the flat! It's Hurley and  
 his goons and Wade.

WADE  
 (pumps gun)  
 So I aim high, right? I just make  
 sure whoever I shoot at's taller than  
 me. I can do that. I can probably do  
 that. I can maybe do that.

Quinn reads the screen over his double's shoulder.

QUINN  
 There's one guy who's way too close  
 to your Wade for comfort. Can we get  
 control of anything in the room?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn-2 studies the laptop screen.

QUINN-2  
I've got one thing in mind

INT. WADE-2'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Hurley's leaning close to Wade-2 now, one hand on her hair, the other holding his chip. He pulls her closer towards the CONCOURSE IMPLANT CHAIR.

And suddenly, IT COMES TO LIFE. We MOVE with it as it ABRUPTLY SHIFTS forward and wraps a SUDDENLY EXTENDED metal ribcage around Hurley, imprisoning him. Hurley drops his override chip.

HURLEY  
What is this? Get me out of here!

Miles and the other Scavengers react. From the headrest of the chair appears a NEEDLE-DRILL, aimed directly at the back of HURLEY'S HEAD.

HURLEY (cont'd)  
Get me out!

Just then, Wade-2's apartment door opens and the sliders surge in, Wade aiming the shotgun.

WADE  
Hold it!

In the confusion, Arturo and Rembrandt grab the Scavenger's weapons lying next to the door and raise them. The Scavengers hold up their hands and back away from Hurley.

HURLEY  
Make it stop! For God's sake, make it stop!

Wade-2 comes close to him, full of hate. She picks up the override chip that Hurley dropped.

WADE-2  
I thought you wanted to be online.  
Now you can be.  
(beat)  
Chair. Supplemental implant for addition.

Hurley lets out a shriek of protest as Wade-2 puts the override chip into an open hatch on the back of the chair.

WADE-2 (cont'd)  
Proceed with surgery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then the needle arm shoots straight into Hurley's temple and Hurley lets out a scream that's abruptly cut off as the chair dispenses anesthetic and the sliders and Scavengers look on in dismay as Hurley is patched into the concourse.

QUINN-2

What did you do to him?

WADE-2

I made him a member of my family.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

The two Quinns and the two Wades stand by as Arturo and Rembrandt hold the Scavengers at gunpoint and motion for them to jump down the garbage chute. Each one does.

QUINN-2

(to Wade-2)

What're you going to do with Hurley?

WADE-2

There's a space in the bedroom next to my mom and dad and sister. If he's there and with his chip, I can keep in contact with my family through him -- and it could free me up to do other things?

(hopefully)

To go other places?

Quinn-2 smiles at that.

And Quinn and Wade stand to one side of the room, watching their counterparts as Wade-2 puts a hand to Quinn-2's cheek, brushes her fingers over Quinn-2's head wound and then stands on her tiptoes and leans forward to kiss him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. QUINN-2'S HOUSE - DAY

Quinn-2 and Wade-2 enter, followed by the sliders, who hang back to give the two a moment alone. Quinn-2 awkwardly shifts his computer bag behind his back. Wade-2 is nervous, on very strange ground here. She looks around the area.

WADE-2

You live here?

QUINN-2

Yeah. It's not fancy.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

WADE-2

It's real.

Amanda comes out of the kitchen, sees Quinn-2, and reacts to his bloodied head.

AMANDA

My God, Quinn, what happened to you?

She notices Quinn and Wade behind Quinn-2 and Wade-2 and gapes at them.

QUINN-2

Oh, that -- that's no big deal! Don't worry about that --

(taking Wade's hand)

This is who I wanted you to meet.

Wade-2 smiles shyly at Amanda, who reacts to the sight of the new Wade in front of her with great confusion.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

Mom, this is Wade. She's an onliner. I mean, was an onliner.

WADE-2

I'm very pleased to meet you.

AMANDA

I seem to've met you earlier today --

Wade-2 laughs and Amanda can't help but be disarmed. Amanda, casting a confused look at the other Quinn and Wade, extends her her hand to Wade-2.

AMANDA (cont'd)

Call me Amanda.

They shake hands. Amanda turns her attention to the other Quinn, our Quinn and Quinn looks uncertainly at this double of his mother. Amanda briefly closes her eyes as though forcing herself to handle this bizarre situation calmly.

AMANDA (cont'd)

I'll put out some corn muffins and you can explain to me why I have two sons and two Wades on my hands --

QUINN

(examining the timer)

I'd love to, but we have to run.

QUINN-2

Thanks for everything.

Wade-2 smiles at Quinn and Remmy, gives each a quick hug. The sliders exit. Wade-2 turns to Amanda.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE-2

Quite a place you have here.

Amanda, still stunned by the two Quinns and Wades, says blankly and reflexively --

AMANDA

I just ask myself, what would Hedy Lamarr do, and I do the opposite.

EXT. QUINN-2'S HOUSE - DAY

The sliders come out and head up the walkway.

ARTURO

Ah, young love. Heaven knows how that relationship will progress when mother, son and lover must reside within the same home.

REMBRANDT

Think they'll be able to make a change here? Bring the two worlds together?

QUINN

Who's to say they should? The online and offline worlds both have their merits -- and Quinn and Wade ended up better than some.

WADE

I wouldn't want Quinn and Wade to end up homeless nomads doomed to wander the interdimension and dealing with one insane mess after another.

QUINN

Or sleeping on an endless succession of Dominion hotel room sofas and floors.

WADE

Or constantly involved in cases of mistaken identity.

ARTURO

Or listening to the inane banter of two college students across a thousand different worlds.

REMBRANDT

Or never having any idea what's going on and being totally dependent on two big geeks to get any lay of any land.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The timer counts down to zero and Quinn opens the wormhole. Quinn gestures genially at the void and Arturo leaps into the vortex. Rembrandt is right behind him.

Quinn and Wade stand before the wormhole, regarding each other silently, finding friendship, trust and respect in each other's faces.

QUINN

Do you ever think about us as a couple?

WADE

Quinn. Whether we're like our doubles or not, we are a couple.

She beams at him and leaps into the void. And as Quinn steps towards the gateway --

QUINN

A couple inside a quartet.

FADE OUT.