

# sliders reborn

## REVOLUTION (5)

Script by Ibrahim Ng  
Melanie Wallace created by Jon Povill

An [Earthprime.com](http://Earthprime.com) exclusive.

In celebration of the twentieth anniversary, *Sliders Reborn* is a six part mini series of PDF screenplays with Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo in 2015.

**Revolution (5):** Trapped in a deadly situation, Quinn Mallory is confronted by a spectre of the past -- an old friend from whom he has no secrets.

This interlude screenplay features the character of Mallory and takes place after "The Seer," "Reprise" (1), "Reunion" (2), "Revelation" (3) and "Reminiscence" (4).

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

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*For Rob Floyd.*

INT. HALLWAY

Onscreen text:

**6 PM**

We're in an ornate and lavishly decorated hallway. Plush carpets, Renaissance-era paintings -- and intricately constructed oak doors with carved crests.

This splendor is marred by dim lighting and a TERRIFYING BURST OF FAINT-GREEN FOG that RACES DOWN THE HALLWAY towards us. Obscuring everything. We pull backwards trying to keep ahead of the fog, but it CATCHES UP TO US.

The fog FILLS OUR PERSPECTIVE -- and then we see a familiar mopyy-haired figure coming backwards out of the fog.

It's QUINN MALLORY -- he's dragging someone, a woman, by the arms. We only get the briefest glimpse of her: braided hair and dark skin, well-cut trousers, a sporty jacket zipped up over a silk blouse.

The woman is unconscious and limp. Quinn struggles to yank her towards a door that he pushes open the door with his shoulder -- and then he pulls the insensate woman inside.

INT. STUDY

Quinn lays the woman to the ground and leaps to the door to slam it shut. The fog drifts through the gap underneath the door. Quinn pulls off his brown jacket. Urgently rolls it up and stuffs it in the gap between door and floor -- and the fog streaming in is reduced but not stopped.

Quinn looks at the fallen woman. She's in her late 50s. Her eyes are shut and her face is feeble. He checks her pulse and then he withdraws his fingers and shakes his head.

The fumes continue to drift in. Quinn looks at the closed door. He takes a deep breath to get as much air in his lungs as he can, but that's right when the gas reaches him and he breathes some in.

He raises a hand to his face -- pausing briefly to cast a pained look at the rose-silver magnesium band he wears on his ring finger. And then he's suddenly dazed as a wave of delirium strikes him --

*He starts looking about the room. It's a study -- cozy armchairs, bookshelves, a small writing desk --*

(CONTINUED)

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*There's also a metallic chair. Sleek and modern in its shining sheen. At odds with the rest of the decor. Electrodes hang loosely from the headrest. A breathing mask lies on the seat with a tube that runs to the armrest and then from the chair into the floor.*

*More in keeping with the room is a small wooden table covered with sachets of loose-leaf tea, a teapot and a carafe of steaming water. Quinn sits.*

*The woman's still and unmoving corpse remains on the floor. As the fog slowly but surely enters the room through the closed doorway --*

CUT TO:

*Quinn's hands, blending different loose tea leaves.*

CUT TO:

*Quinn pouring hot water into the teapot.*

CUT TO:

*Quinn pouring the teapot's contents into a mug -- only for another hand to reach in and take it. Quinn spins around to see this newcomer.*

*It's Mallory (Robert Floyd). Mallory raises the mug and takes a sip.*

MALLORY

*Perfect blend. Now -- let's get the hell out of here.*

*Quinn gapes at Mallory.*

*Mallory's hair remains close-cropped but has lightened a little. His once slender build has widened with muscle. The deeper lines in his face are offset by his fresh complexion.*

*He wears the same lightweight navy jacket and blue sweater he did in the Season 5 premiere. Time has barely seemed to touch him.*

QUINN

*You! You can't be here! You're gone -- you're dead!*

MALLORY

*If you don't get your ass in gear, you could be right behind me.*

CONTINUED:

SMASH CUT TO:

A black, empty screen. Then:

# sliders reborn

## REVOLUTION

CUT TO:

*INT. STUDY*

*Mallory is pacing back and forth. Quinn sits at the table, focused entirely on his tea.*

*MALLORY*

*Okay, the timer's shorted and you can't slide out or call for help. But there's a vent and the ductwork for a house this size --*

*QUINN*

*Has had renovations. The ducts narrow to a quarter-foot wide once you get inside.*

*Quinn has returned his attention to his tea blend.*

*MALLORY*

*Fine -- fine! But I've burglarized enough homes to know the air systems in mansions operate on modular arrangements! There's gotta be a control panel we can override to vent the gas --*

*QUINN*

*(resigned)*

*Closest one's on the other side of the house. I'd never make it with that fog outside.*

CONTINUED:

Quinn is pouring his tea leaves into the pot strainer -- then a *SPLASH OF STEAMING LIQUID* strikes him in the face. Quinn flinches, rises from his chair --

Only to find that he's dry. Mallory tosses aside his mug.

MALLORY

Quinn!

QUINN

Quinn.

Quinn remains bleakly indifferent even as Mallory knocks aside the tea leaves.

MALLORY

The tea's not real.

(pointing to the  
corpse on the floor)

This! This is real. The gas poisoned her. It's poisoning you -- you're starting to hallucinate --

Quinn briefly raises a hand in Mallory's direction.

QUINN

(exasperated)

I'm glad you're here to tell me this!

MALLORY

You've got to get out of here --

QUINN

There's no getting through that fog.  
There's no way out.

Quinn begins reassembling his tea blend.

MALLORY

What is it with you and the tea?

Quinn looks at Mallory, noting how this odd variant, this double who isn't a double, has both aged and not aged.

QUINN

I had to quit beer because it kept triggering flashbacks of trench warfare. I had to quit coffee because it was messing up my sleep patterns.

(raising his teapot)

I got old.

CONTINUED:

MALLORY

*And you could get even older if you'd work with me --*

QUINN

*There's nothing to work!  
(waving at the door)  
I've slowed the gas -- but I can't stop it. Everything I did today trapped me here.*

MALLORY

*What are you talking about?*

*Quinn looks at Mallory.*

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Onscreen text:

**Nine hours ago. The office of Sliders Incorporated.**

We see an office bullpen of scattered cubicles. Movers are bringing in furniture.

Quinn walks in behind a man wheeling in a TV to find Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel in the middle of what will be a bullpen of cubicles. They're immersed in conversation. Arturo holds a file folder.

WADE

(to Laurel)

Go to class! You're not dropping out of school to work here!

LAUREL

You dropped out of school to work here.

WADE

I'm forty-five years old!  
(freezes at hearing it out loud)  
Oh no -- I said it, now I can't ignore it --

Laurel, sensing this is a troubled moment, decides to leave, pausing only to throw a nod in Quinn's direction before

(CONTINUED)

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skipping past him -- forgetting her leather jacket that's thrown over an office chair.

Quinn takes the jacket. Without looking behind him, he tosses it over his shoulder. Without looking behind her, Laurel throws back a hand and catches the jacket.

She pulls it on in one smooth motion, never slowing her gait. As Laurel disappears out the door --

QUINN

Don't we already have a meeting on the books for tomorrow?

Arturo hands Rembrandt the file folder.

REMBRANDT

Something weird's come up, Q-Ball! This lady, Melanie Wallace --

Quinn tenses at Rembrandt's mention of the name, which the other sliders notice.

QUINN

(covering)

Video game developer, right?

REMBRANDT

Yeah. Big player in the biz -- but she's buying a lot of stuff that's way outside of her line of work.

QUINN

How far?

REMBRANDT

She picked up the Sonmaha virtual reality tech --

WADE

Sonmaha -- that's the company that trapped me in a VR world to try to steal slide tech?

REMBRANDT

Uh -- I guess? Wallace bought 'em on the same day she also bought a chemical plant that makes psilocybin arylcyclohexylamine --

WADE

(playfully)

The plant makes what again?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Psilocybin arylcyclohexylamine -- and don't be trying to trip up my tongue on this one! I spent all morning practicing how to say it.

QUINN

I've heard of that --

REMBRANDT

That's the psychotropic drug those creepy Dream Masters used on us.

Wade and Arturo look confused.

ARTURO

What the devil is a Dream Master?

REMBRANDT

(to Wade and Arturo)

You don't want to know.

(to Quinn)

That stuff makes a great sleeping pill when mixed with Aspirin. But what does a video game lady want with interdimensional meds?

Quinn nods and Rembrandt continues.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

She also bought up three firms that make systems for sulfuric propylene hexafluoride --

QUINN

I've heard of those too --

REMBRANDT

Yeah, it's the coolant in cryogenic systems on that world with the bone grafts -- and also in that theme park that ate bad feelings.

WADE

The what?!

REMBRANDT

I'm telling you, girl -- you don't want to know!

(to Quinn)

The big question -- how's this Melanie Wallace lady picking out tech from other dimensions? All the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (cont'd)  
 directories were mixed and mingled  
 when the San Franciscos got merged.  
 And what's she planning to do with  
 all this stuff?

ARTURO  
 I confess my last experience with  
 video games was on an Atari in 1973,  
 but even I can see the leisure  
 applications of virtual reality --

WADE  
 (peering at the file)  
 But what is up with a game designer  
 buying up psychotropics and  
 cryogenics?

QUINN  
 (taking the file)  
 I'll check into it.

REMBRANDT  
 Hang on a sec here! I found this --

QUINN  
 I know, but I need your focus on  
 interdimensional media licensing  
 right now. You know that's what'll  
 keep the lights on here.

Quinn turns to Wade.

QUINN (cont'd)  
 You're two weeks away from completing  
 the slide system's computer  
 infrastructure. We can't wait any  
 longer.

Quinn looks to the Professor.

QUINN (cont'd)  
 And don't you have the new doctor to  
 train?  
 (the Professor nods)  
 You guys have bigger jobs right now.  
 I'll handle this one.

The sliders murmur among themselves, somewhat put off by  
 Quinn's attitude but conceding his points.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As they disperse, Maggie Beckett passes by. Her loose hair is reddish brown and shoulder length, she's clad in a leather jacket and white top -- but casualness is offset by the pistol on her hip.

MAGGIE

You sure you don't need backup on this one, Mallory?

QUINN

Relax. This isn't another Millennial Tower. This is going to be the most boring thing to happen to us since Wade dated a robot.

A crumpled ball of paper strikes Quinn in the face -- and as it bounces off, we suddenly GO INTO SLOW MOTION as we pan around Quinn to show MALLORY --

Mallory stands in the center of the office bullpen which is NOW FROZEN IN TIME -- except for Quinn and Mallory.

Wade's arm is outstretched in mid-throw. We see on her ring finger a rose-silver magnesium band -- the same ring as Quinn's.

Rembrandt and Arturo are exchanging smiles as they set off to their respective tasks. Maggie is casting a quizzical look in Quinn's direction.

Mallory plucks the frozen ball of crumpled paper from the air and tosses it back and forth from hand to hand.

MALLORY

So, you're looking into a woman so rich that she could buy and sell you to medical science nine times over -- and you decided to take her on all on your lonesome?

Quinn doesn't answer, instead looking longingly at these frozen images of his friends as though he's seeing them for the very last time.

MALLORY (cont'd)

Melanie Wallace. Why'd her name jump out at you the way it did?

QUINN

I knew her name. So did the others, they just forgot --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*MALLORY*  
*Who is she?*

*FLASHCUT TO:*

INT. LOBBY

We have a wide angle on a lavish building lobby of steel and glass. In the center is a crystal sculpture spelling out the words FORESIGHT DEVELOPMENT.

Onscreen text:

**Seven hours ago.**

A wide reception desk is strategically positioned between the entrance and the elevators. Quinn approaches the receptionist.

*QUINN*  
I'm here to see Ms. Wallace.

*RECEPTIONIST*  
Then you make an appointment.  
Mellie's booked to eternity, man --

*QUINN*  
(politely)  
I think you'll find I'm her eleven  
o'clock if you'll just check?

The receptionist, rolling her eyes, double clicks her mouse three times -- and then her eyes widen with surprise.

*RECEPTIONIST*  
I don't -- Mr. Mallory? I didn't see  
this earlier, I --

*QUINN*  
(gently)  
Happens to the best of us. I'm sure  
she won't mind if I use her private  
elevator.

He strides past the desk and the befuddled receptionist.

CUT TO:

INT. MELANIE WALLACE'S OFFICE

Quinn walks through open elevator doors and into an office.

He briefly looks about the office. It's lined with monitors showing 3D models of jungles and castles, spaceships and battleships, period settings and future environments.

The technology looks at odds with the main lighting in the room -- candles. Lining the walls of the room are low-height shelves and on top of each one are about a hundred CANDLES, each one part of a PERIMETER OF LIGHT around the office.

A woman rises from her desk -- Melanie Wallace.

It's the woman we saw earlier -- the corpse in the study. Her face is clever yet marked with a weariness.

QUINN

Ms. Wallace. Thanks for fitting me into your schedule.

MELANIE

From what I can tell, you're a stranger who brute-forced your way into my system.

QUINN

(snapping)

Cut the crap, Wallace! I know who you are, we both know why I'm here!

ABRUPT CUT:

Quinn has all of a sudden repositioned himself from the private elevator doors to in front of Melanie's desk. Aggressive and in mid-rant. Shouting into Melanie's face. We've skipped over something.

QUINN (cont'd)

-- and you're fine with burning down the world around you so long as you're in your happy dreamworld!

MELANIE

There's nothing illegal about what I'm doing.

QUINN

And there's nothing illegal about how I'll stop you.

CONTINUED:

Quinn spins around, storming towards the door, passing the private elevator, bursting through the office doors --

CUT TO:

*INT. HALLWAY*

Quinn storms into the hallway -- and MALLORY IS THERE. He joins Quinn in mid-stride.

MALLORY

*Think you skipped a step there, partner.*

QUINN

*I cut to the chase.*

MALLORY

*What's your beef with the video game executive?*

QUINN

*She's building a virtual reality machine in her home. It uses a version of the Dream Master hallucinogen and the cryogenics to create simulations that get sent directly to the brain.*

Quinn turns a corner, headed towards the elevator.

MALLORY

*And this pisses you off so much that you forgot about the private elevator?*

Quinn pauses in mid-step, remembering his exit was back in Wallace's office. Then he continues towards the main elevators.

QUINN

*She bankrupted her company building this machine. I looked at the books while getting into their system to put in my appointment. Wallace looted her people's pensions, their insurance, their severances --*

Quinn comes to the elevator and jabs the down button.

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)  
*Everyone from the janitors to the  
 receptionist out front is going to be  
 out on the street -- and all so she  
 can play a damn video game!*

MALLORY  
*You seem unbelievably upset over some  
 lady's couch potato ambitions. What's  
 this really about -- ?*

The elevator doors open. Quinn walks in --

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE

Quinn now walks into the Sliders Incorporated bullpen.

CUT TO:

Quinn sitting at one of the desks, typing away at a computer workstation. Maggie approaches.

MAGGIE  
 When you called in for headhunters,  
 did you mean mercenaries or  
 recruiters?

Quinn looks up from his computer, staring at Maggie with  
 unnerved horror.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 Recruiters it is. How many people  
 need new jobs?

QUINN  
 Six hundred and twenty-two.

Maggie's eyes nearly burst from their sockets with surprise.

QUINN (cont'd)  
 I know it's a tall order, Beckett.  
 Have them start with the cleaning  
 staff?

Maggie sighs.

MAGGIE  
 I'll see if they can begin to make a  
 dent in that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

And what about our other projects?

MAGGIE

Yellow fever epidemic in South Asia -- but we're extracting a vaccine from Earth 21.40 that might be workable in a year. And the new refugee pipeline'll be good to go in three months.

At Maggie's words, Quinn's shoulders visibly sag and his face drags down with disappointment. Maggie is astonished at Quinn's reaction.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Mallory -- Quinn. There's hope for this world -- for all of them. There's always hope.

This sentiment only seems to leave Quinn looking lost and Maggie is truly disturbed. This isn't what she expects or knows of Quinn. She glances away for a moment. Then:

MAGGIE (cont'd)

I've got to make a call, can we finish this later?

Quinn nods and briskly turns back to his computer. As Maggie steps away, *MALLORY STEPS INTO THE SHOT.*

*He peers over Quinn's shoulder at the computer screen.*

MALLORY

*These are some crazy blueprints for one heck of a house here --*

*Quinn turns towards Mallory with confusion as Mallory reads the screen.*

*On the screen, we see a wireframe of an enormous mansion --*

MALLORY (cont'd)

*Construction work orders on a mansion -- Melanie Wallace's home, huh? Contracts for a secondary ventilation system throughout the house.*

Quinn switches to a different window on the screen and we see several machines that look like bundles of metallic cylindrical tubes --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MALLORY (cont'd)  
*Axial tomography scanners installed  
 into the fourth floor walls? What,  
 does she need a CAT scan before bed  
 every night?*

Quinn continues to work on his computer and there's another window showing giant steel tanks.

MALLORY (cont'd)  
*Compression tanks for gas in the  
 basement, modified with the cryo tech  
 -- all this for a virtual reality  
 machine?*

Before Quinn can answer, if he's even going to, Maggie returns.

MAGGIE  
 Mallory!

QUINN  
 Yes? MALLORY  
 Yes?

Maggie doesn't notice Mallory.

MAGGIE  
 You're taking a time out. Boss's orders.

QUINN  
 I have work --

MAGGIE  
 No, you have a day off.

Quinn turns back to his workstation, but Maggie drops to a crouch and pulls the power bar from the wall. The screen goes dead.

Maggie stands and grabs Quinn by the collar. She starts dragging him towards the entrance of the bullpen.

MAGGIE (cont'd)  
 The Professor says you're banned from the bullpen for 24 hours.

QUINN  
 But I --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Go take in a show, see your fiancée,  
hang out with your kid -- just don't  
be here.

*Mallory laughs hysterically as Quinn is manhandled out.*

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE

We pan across empty seat after empty seat in a small theatre  
-- until we come to Quinn, sitting alone, his expression  
blank as the credits are rolling.

Onscreen text:

**Two hours ago.**

*Mallory steps into frame carrying a tub of popcorn and  
munching away. He offers the tub to Quinn who absentmindedly  
takes a handful.*

*In mid-bite, Quinn pauses, stares at the popcorn and then at  
Mallory --*

QUINN

*I didn't have any popcorn --*

MALLORY

*You also didn't have the ghost of  
Christmas past questioning your every  
move. Everyone adds subtext to their  
memories.*

*(a pause)*

*Why are you watching these?*

QUINN

*The movies?*

MALLORY

*Star Trek -- the reboot. Then  
Terminator Genisys. Then X-Men: Days  
of Future Past. You could watch  
anything in this private theatre you  
keep under the office. Why these? Why  
now?*

QUINN

*My kid put them in my queue.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*Mallory suddenly leans into Quinn's face.*

MALLORY

*Who do you think you're talking to?*

*Quinn flinches for a split second. Mallory steps away, breaking the moment of confrontation.*

MALLORY (cont'd)

*You had a sudden hankering for movies with alternate timelines.*

*Quinn is silent.*

MALLORY (cont'd)

*Interesting that Maggie gets to throw you out of the office for the day. Why did you start a business where the Professor's in charge?*

QUINN

*Some people are built to lead --*

MALLORY

*And some people are built to be by themselves?*

*Quinn looks away, but Mallory doesn't stop.*

MALLORY (cont'd)

*You could've built sliding in a university lab, but you did it in your basement. You could have seen Wallace with your friends, but you went in on your own. Even this startup with your friends, you designed to keep yourself alone.*

*Silence.*

MALLORY (cont'd)

*Always isolated. Always hidden. Even now. Especially now.*

*(gesturing at the screen)*

*What're you looking for? And what is it you're afraid you'll find?*

*Quinn stands up from his seat, letting the remnants of his popcorn fall to the floor. As he walks away --*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*MALLORY (cont'd)*  
*Because whatever it was, you didn't*  
*find it here. That's why you went*  
*where you did --*

CUT TO:

EXT. WALLACE MANSION - NIGHT

Were looking at a gated entrance. Beyond it is an ENORMOUS HOUSE -- stretching farther than the camera can frame it, the ends of the home lost to the darkness of night.

Onscreen text:

**One hour ago. Wallace estate.**

The dark is briefly broken by the FLASH OF LIGHT and the ROAR OF WIND unique to THE VORTEX -- and we see Quinn walking towards the gate. A shoulder bag on his arm and a small satellite dish in his hand.

*MALLORY*  
*Why here?*

*QUINN*  
*I worked out how to stop her. I*  
*decided to do it tonight.*

*MALLORY*  
*You could have slid into her house if*  
*that's where the machine is --*

Quinn drops the dish to the ground and reaches into his pocket for the timer. He flips it open and examines the display curiously.

*QUINN*  
*I set the tunnel to put me on the*  
*roof, but the slide system couldn't*  
*get a lock. Her VR machine -- all*  
*that tech from all those worlds --*  
*they're creating competing*  
*oscillations that repel the tunnel.*

Quinn pockets the timer and walks towards the closed gate to the mansion. He is utterly undaunted.

*MALLORY*  
*I thought you weren't going to do*  
*anything illegal.*  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY (cont'd)

*As a convicted felon, I can tell you that breaking and entering still gets you six to eighteen months.*

Quinn approaches the gate.

MALLORY (cont'd)

*And usually a fine!*

There's a keypad. Quinn taps in a code. The doors mechanically swing open.

QUINN

*Wallace ordered a new satellite dish and a home install months ago. It was held up due to lack of payment. I bought the dish. I came out here to do the job.*

MALLORY

*You figured she'd be so happy with satellite TV that she'd give up on VR?*

CUT TO:

EXT. WALLACE MANSION ROOF - NIGHT

Quinn is using a power drill to attach a mounting bracket to the roof.

QUINN

*Her equipment operates on a specific electromagnetic frequency. By a curious glitch, it's the same as this dish.*

Quinn begins to put the dish on the bracket.

FLASHCUT TO:

*A wireframe model of the mansion and an overlaid image of the medical scanners -- both of which Quinn was reviewing back in the Sliders Incorporated bullpen.*

QUINN (VOICEOVER)

*The axial tomography scanners she had installed in her home -- they're to gradually locate the right electromagnetic frequency to project the simulation into her brain.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*We zoom in on the wireframe model -- and then focus on the basement under the mansion. There's a new image on top: the compressed gas tanks we saw on Quinn's screen.*

QUINN (VOICEOVER) (cont'd)  
*The hallucinogen -- she had it converted to a gaseous form. It's stored in tanks under the house. It's volatile, combustible and out of the way.*

*And then we pan UPWARD in the wireframe model of the house, going INSIDE, up to the fourth floor, through a hallway, into a room -- and we see an image of a sleek looking chair -- the same one we saw in the study earlier.*

*The one with the electrodes. The breathing mask receiving some unknown gas from the tubes going into the floors.*

QUINN (VOICEOVER) (cont'd)  
*The gas is being cooled, filtered, diluted and fed into a breathing apparatus -- Melanie's dosing herself nightly. Priming her brain for the dream state simulation.*

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. WALLACE MANSION ROOF - NIGHT

*Quinn is securing the satellite dish with a power screwdriver.*

MALLORY  
*That is some crazy infrastructure for a video game.*

QUINN  
*Why do you think a house this size no longer has any staff? And she mortgaged every acre of this estate.*

*Quinn steps back from the satellite dish and pulls out the timer. He aims the timer at the dish and taps a key.*

QUINN (cont'd)  
*I activate the dish. Set it to create interference. The tomography scanners never get the right brain frequency, she never gets her VR working --*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY

*And when she finds out that this dish gets her 600 channels but no simulation?*

QUINN

*She's just about broke, Quinn. By the time she finds this dish, she won't be able pay the power bills to run her machine, never mind use it.*

MALLORY

*And you're doing all this because --*

QUINN

*Because nobody should ever be rewarded for selling out their own.  
(lowering the timer)  
It's done. And she'll never even know that I was here.*

At this point, Quinn's timer rings like a phone.

QUINN (cont'd)

(answering)

Hello?

MELANIE (PHONE)

Mr. Mallory -- please feel free to join me in the fourth floor study.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

*This is the same hallway we first saw. Quinn and Mallory walk down the hall and to an open door.*

MELANIE (OFF CAMERA)

Come in.

INT. STUDY

*Quinn enters (alone) to find Melanie seated in the chair. Electrodes are attached to her head. A breathing mask is strapped to her face.*

*Melanie breathes in from the mask -- then takes it off and stands. She looks ill and haggard, tired and worn.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(Note: The table with the tea that Quinn was sitting at in the first scene is nowhere to be seen.)

QUINN

How did you know I was here?

MELANIE

You were always in my blindspot --  
but in this place, here and now -- I  
can see you.

Quinn paces about the room, his mind racing.

QUINN

It's all the equipment from different  
worlds, all with conflicting  
oscillation frequencies -- they're  
creating dimensional neutrality.  
Letting you see me when you couldn't  
before.

MELANIE

I've seen too much and you've known  
it all. Please, Mr. Mallory -- I want  
no more of this, only peace --

Quinn approaches Melanie curiously.

QUINN

You say your sight's been restored  
when it comes to me. Then look at me  
now and tell me what you see --

MELANIE

I see why you came. I see the lies  
you tell yourself, that this is about  
morality and equality when the truth  
is you simply want my power --

Quinn's temples visibly strain with frustration.

QUINN

Alright! Fine! Look at me and tell me  
my future.

MELANIE

A wall of darkness -- the light of  
this world reaching towards it --  
colliding, flaring and then going  
out --

Quinn shakes his head, defiant.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

QUINN

No. Look again -- please --

Melanie closes her eyes. She raises a hand to her head, pressing two fingers to her temple, then --

MELANIE

Something comes from the dark. That which you thought buried has been recovered --

QUINN

What -- ?

MELANIE

(eyes shut)

The madness. The monsters. They return -- I can see them --

QUINN

No! They're gone -- in the past!

Melanie's closed eyes tighten even more.

MELANIE

He's coming back -- and he's bringing the past with him. I see them all --

QUINN

This can't be right --

*Around Melanie, we can see blurred images briefly appearing and disappearing. There's an image of five human-shaped creatures but with furred faces and fanged teeth howling in rage at us -- the animal-human hybrids from "This Slide of Paradise."*

MELANIE

I see ravenous animals that walk like men ravaging our streets -- while beasts emerge from beneath our feet.

*There's a brief image of men with faces of rotted flesh and long hair leaping in our direction -- the underground predators of "The Last of Eden."*

MELANIE (cont'd)

I see mechanoids in shells of skin -- carnivorous reptiles that dwarf us all -- reanimated corpses craving flesh and the scarabs that follow in their wake --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*We see Quinn covering his mouth in horror as around him, images of Melanie's vision form:*

*Marching humans with robotically blank faces, a dinosaur and a crowd of zombies with eyes that glow green, followed by several car-sized beetles -- the monsters of "State of the ART," "Dinoslide," "Sole Survivors" and "Slide Like an Egyptian" --*

*They fade away and Melanie's eyes open. She locks her gaze on Quinn.*

MELANIE (cont'd)

The radioactive invertebrates and the blood drinking cadavers.

*We see flashes and flickers of what Melanie describes -- the giant worm from "Paradise Lost," the leather-clad vampire from "Stoker." As these images fade --*

MELANIE (cont'd)

They will return. Slipping through the cracks of this broken world.

QUINN

No -- we'll stop it, we'll stop him and everything he brings with him --

MELANIE

With what? The only power sliding gives you is to help you flee, but there's nowhere these creatures won't dominate before your world is shattered --

Quinn shakes his head in denial --

QUINN

There has to be a way --

MELANIE

There is none, there never has been. Not since March 22, 1995 --

Quinn recoils at her words. And then he frantically dashes out of the room, fleeing Melanie and her vision and all his fears. Melanie stands from the chair --

INT. HALLWAY

Quinn stumbles out from the study. Melanie's right behind him. Every word she speaks is a blade that goes through him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE

You destroyed sliding. There is no hope. There is no tomorrow.

Quinn freezes in place, his back to Melanie. Shaking.

MELANIE (cont'd)

Now grant me what little peace I've built.

In an urgent frenzy, Quinn plunges his hand into his pocket and pulls out the timer. Desperate to get away. Flips it open and taps a control.

The leads at the front of the timer create a brief burst of light -- but no vortex appears. Instead, the timer SPARKS and goes dead. Quinn punches the controls again. Nothing happens. The timer has flatlined.

Quinn looks at Melanie sheepishly -- and then suddenly, the walls rattle and shake and there's the ROAR OF AN EXPLOSION.

They rush to the windows. They look outside to see the GLASS BLOWING OUT of windows from the floors below, smoke rising through the broken frames -- something's exploded on the lower levels of the mansion.

And then, from the end of the hall, greenish GAS begins to appear, intensifying, progressing towards Quinn and Melanie in rapid acceleration, becoming a WALL OF FOG coming for us.

Quinn dashes back towards the study, past Melanie -- and then realizes Melanie isn't following him. Instead, she plants her feet, throwing her arms wide, letting THE FOG take her --

Quinn grabs her from behind, pulls her with him --

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY

Quinn yanks Melanie into the room. She collapses. Quinn shuts the door, wedges his jacket into the gap between floor and door.

He stoops to check Melanie's pulse, but finds none. He stands -- and then spots the gas entering the room, slowed slightly by the jacket but entering nonetheless.

Quinn instinctively inhales to save his breath, but takes in some of the gas -- and then dizziness overwhelms him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He tries to stay upright by leaning against the door -- but he collapses next to Melanie.

And then we PAN TO THE RIGHT --

And we see MALLORY AND QUINN. Standing together against the wall. Observing the dead Melanie and the Quinn who is lying next to her. Watching this flashback in third-person.

We observe that the Quinn on the floor still has his eyes slightly open.

And the Quinn who's standing looks down at his fallen form grimly.

QUINN

Turns out -- triggering a timer in a location with overlapping dimensional oscillations and highly volatile gases is a really bad idea.

MALLORY

What happened?

QUINN

My timer caused a power surge. Sparked the gas in the tanks. They exploded. The first three floors are on fire. The gas is rising through the floors.

MALLORY

What is this gas?

QUINN

Diluted, it's a sedative. In high doses, it's a hallucinogen. And when concentrated, it's combustible. It's displacing the air. It's starving my brain of oxygen.

Quinn crouches down to examine his own body on the floor.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'm losing consciousness.

MALLORY

What did she say to you, Quinn?

QUINN

You heard --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY

*What did she say to you in her  
office?*

*Quinn looks away.*

MALLORY (cont'd)

*And who is this woman to make you  
lose all hope?*

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. MELANIE WALLACE'S OFFICE

We're back in the earlier scene in Melanie's office -- with Quinn standing at the edge of the room, noting the candles that form a circle around the space -- except this time, we see the entire conversation.

QUINN

*Cut the crap, Wallace. I know who you  
are, we both know why I'm here!*

MELANIE

*I know why you're here. But I don't  
know who you are.*

*Quinn regards her with suspicion. Melanie ignores this,  
closing her eyes and raising a hand to her head.  
Concentrating.*

MELANIE (cont'd)

*I can see the ripples you create, but  
it's as though no hand was there to  
cast the stone. It's as though you  
don't exist.*

QUINN

*I don't and yet I'm here. That should  
tell you why this matters.*

MELANIE

*(opening her eyes)*

*You know what I see -- what I am --  
but how?*

QUINN

*We've never met, but I'd heard of  
you. A version of you in a life you  
never lived.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pauses, waiting for suspicion or ridicule or surprise from Melanie -- but she regards him with total credulity.

QUINN (cont'd)

I saw a world where you were the runner up -- the second in line to lead a civilization of precognitive telepaths -- people just like you.

Melanie reacts with a nod -- as though Quinn is only confirming what she knows. We stay on Melanie for a moment, establishing a reunion with this character we met briefly in Season 2's "Obsession."

QUINN (cont'd)

Your sensitivity lets you identify technology from parallel worlds; you have your double's gift --

MELANIE

I know of whom you speak. I treasured her dearly. This sensitivity --

QUINN

That's all your second sight is. Sensitivity to the dimensional branching points resulting from decisions.

At that, Melanie bristles.

QUINN (cont'd)

You're interpreting the data unconsciously -- the future's a set of possible choices, you sense the most likely one.

Melanie's face tightens. Hearing her precognitive and telepathic gifts reduced to such terms is demeaning, and yet she feels a tired fascination for Quinn's words.

QUINN (cont'd)

If you can see every choice that someone might make, you see what they're thinking. It's like reading their mind. You can see their choices to the beginning and the end --

MELANIE

I saw my own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns away from Quinn and looks at the perimeter of her office. At the candles that stand atop the shelves, forming a circle of flames.

MELANIE (cont'd)

All my life, I felt a multitude of lights all around me. Infinite numbers of me out there, some turning left where I went right, some going down where I went up -- I could feel them all.

She looks painfully at the candles. Longingly.

MELANIE (cont'd)

Even unknowingly, they were there for me. And even when one of them died --

Quinn listens.

MELANIE (cont'd)

I felt them become a part of me. And knowing that I was part of something greater, that I was never alone -- it led me to do great things.

QUINN

You were an ecologist. You tapped volcanoes for fuel, you synthesized protein from grass -- but then you changed. What changed?

MELANIE

My sight did. Once, I could see into the infinite, and there was endless light. But then suddenly, there was now an empty darkness that consumed every ember and spark --

Quinn is filled with pity. He asks a question to which he thinks he knows the answer.

QUINN

When did this happen?

MELANIE

March 22. 1995. Every version of me out there was gone. Suddenly, I was alone.

She reaches out to one of the candles. A thumb and index finger to the flame. And then she snuffs the candle out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE (cont'd)

All alone. I never knew why until you came here. Now I can see the ripples you made -- a war of worlds -- a flashpoint of decision -- and now all that remains is --

She flails, throwing her hands wide as if to indicate the world around her in all its inadequacies.

QUINN

This is all that I could save. You -- are all of you that I could save.

MELANIE

(bleak)

Then you should have let me die.

QUINN

Before what happened, you were building the future. After that, your focus became entertainment, simulations -- video games. Why? The worlds you saw were gone, but you still had your own --

MELANIE

Those people -- those versions of me -- they were my worlds.

She turns from the candles to face Quinn and her grief is overwhelming.

MELANIE (cont'd)

And then I couldn't feel them anymore. And the future they showed me through their eyes -- it was once an intricate map of infinity. But now, the future is a straight line on a narrow road.

QUINN

The multiverse -- it stopped splitting --

MELANIE

I once felt constant renewal. Every moment of choice, every open point -- I could feel new existence and new life -- but now every choice collides with a wall of darkness and all I see is decay and death --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

QUINN

You're feeling the impact of worlds  
that can't be born --

MELANIE

(empty)

I feel them dying before they live.  
And now --

Quinn regards Melanie sadly.

QUINN

And now, you're dying too. I know  
what they found. I know how long you  
have.

MELANIE

It hardly matters now. This world  
doesn't have much longer than I do.

QUINN

You don't know that. My friends and I  
can solve anything --

MELANIE

I see what you're building. Sliders  
Incorporated --

QUINN

We'll find a way, we can fix this --

MELANIE

(acidic)

Who do you think you're talking to?

Quinn freezes at that. Dreading whatever foreknowledge she's  
about to share.

MELANIE (cont'd)

You're going to fail. The road ahead  
may be narrow, but I can see where it  
ends.

QUINN

And where is that?

MELANIE

This world is surrounded by darkness.  
It has been for twenty years. It will  
consume us whole. There will be  
nothing left.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

This world and every other had  
problems long before the war --

MELANIE

The war is over and I've seen what  
worlds remain. There is no solace  
there, no hope, no peace -- only what  
I make for myself.

QUINN

That's not peace. That's just a drug  
and VR software. The only thing your  
machine will give you is a digital  
dream and it won't save your life, it  
won't give you more time --

MELANIE

Time's nothing but a perceptual  
construct of neurochemical sensation.  
This merged world has given me the  
means to take a single moment and  
make it eternal in the mind --

QUINN

That's not going to help you -- or  
this world -- or anyone else --

MELANIE

(screaming)

I can't save anyone else!

Quinn is taken aback. Melanie's blank, vacant calm is now  
enraged, frustrated fury.

MELANIE (cont'd)

This merged city will crumble into  
madness. Whatever hope you had  
withers and wilts, I can see it  
ebbing from you now --

Quinn holds up a hand as though to shield himself --

QUINN

You can't read me --

MELANIE

But I can read your face. I can hear  
it in your voice.

Quinn freezes --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MELANIE (cont'd)

I can see the tiredness in your eyes,  
hear the raggedness with which you  
speak -- the desperate desire for  
relief -- the only difference between  
you and me is that I've found a way  
to build it.

QUINN

(contemptuous)

You built that machine by bankrupting  
your company. Raiding employee  
pensions. Trading their severances.  
Pilfering their health plans. You'll  
ruin all these lives --

MELANIE

No more than they've already been  
ruined by the world in which they  
live.

Quinn turns away abruptly, disgusted. He nearly collides  
with one of the candles and backs away. He looks at Melanie  
questioningly --

MELANIE (cont'd)

I light each one every morning. I put  
them out every night. To remind  
myself that every flame flickers and  
fades.

And we PAN AWAY to show Quinn and Mallory observing this  
scene from a third person point of view.

*They watch the Quinn in the flashback shout his words at  
Melanie, vowing to stop her and then storm out the door --*

*And then ALL AROUND Mallory and Quinn, we see blurry, fast-  
forwarded versions of every scene that followed.*

*Quinn in the Sliders Incorporated bullpen. Quinn sitting in  
the private movie theatre. Quinn approaching the gate of  
Melanie's mansion. Quinn in the study, confronting Melanie  
-- running out and then running back in, dragging Melanie's  
body with him, shutting the door as the fog streams into the  
room --*

*And then Quinn inhaling the fumes despite his best efforts  
and falling to the floor next to Melanie.*

*We're BACK IN THE STUDY now and Quinn and Mallory stand over  
the two bodies at their feet, one dead and one just about.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY

Okay. Thanks for the rundown of your mid-life crisis here. Let's move.

QUINN

Move?!

Quinn gestures to the version of himself on the floor, overcome by the fumes.

QUINN (cont'd)

I can't even stand! I can barely crawl!

MALLORY

You can't just give up --

QUINN

And even if I got out of a burning house filled with poisonous gas, I'd still be trapped in a broken multiverse that's collapsing Earth by Earth!

MALLORY

It was like that even before you came here! You didn't stop trying then --

Quinn looks at Melanie's still and unmoving body.

QUINN

She saw the road ahead. This world has no future --

MALLORY

So make one.

Quinn kneels next to his body. Looking into his own barely open eyes.

QUINN

I'm dying.

MALLORY

And I wouldn't be here if you weren't. But you've died like three times and you always found your way back.

QUINN

What makes you think I found a way before?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mallory doesn't understand.

QUINN (cont'd)

Is that what you thought of me when I was in your head? When you saw my past through the travel agency?

MALLORY

Your world was destroyed, your friends were killed, your identity was stolen -- and yet here you are --

QUINN

Because we got lucky.

Mallory is stunned.

QUINN (cont'd)

It wasn't ingenuity or survival skills or science that got us home. We have this world because we couldn't save the others.

MALLORY

You still found each other in the end and you have each other now --

QUINN

It's just chance. That's all it ever was. And now our luck's run out.

He motions at his body.

QUINN (cont'd)

First mine. And then my world's. What she saw -- I can't even begin to understand it, but I know that there's no stopping it --

MALLORY

You've heard that before.

Images form around Mallory as they did with Melanie except this time, Quinn can see them.

There's soldiers in green uniforms. An exceptionally pompous Arturo holding a book with his own face on it. A malicious looking doctor in a lab coat. A gun-toting mobster. A gaunt man with eyes that pierce the soul. A Kromagg.

A two-dimensional outline of a person. Wade with long hair holding a soda can. A sneering mall manager. A young televangelist in a leather chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY (cont'd)

*The Soviets. The Sheriff. The CDC.  
The Mafia, Derek Bond, Kromaggs,  
Zercurvians, EduLearn, SkyHigh Plaza,  
the Chief Oracle -- they all said you  
couldn't fight them and you always  
proved them wrong.*

*Quinn approaches each of these images of the past, these  
vanquished foes, each of whom dissolves into mist as he  
walks past them.*

QUINN

*Did I? Because every single person I  
ever saved from them is gone.*

*He looks sadly at Melanie on the floor.*

QUINN (cont'd)

*She was right --*

MALLORY

*She's dead.*

QUINN

*She saw the future --*

MALLORY

*She saw that everyone dies? I'm not  
psychic and I could tell you the same  
thing!*

QUINN

*She saw what's coming --*

MALLORY

*You know better than anyone that the  
future you see doesn't have to be the  
one you make; you've always tried to  
build --*

QUINN

*I was keeping myself and everyone  
else busy; it was better than giving  
into panic --*

MALLORY

*And fighting to survive now is better  
than kicking back with imaginary  
ginger tea!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

You'll forgive me for saying my options for saving reality are a little limited right now -- what with me being barely conscious on the floor!

MALLORY

Then set your sights lower. Find a way out of this house first. Worry about reality after that.

QUINN

I can't find a way out --

MALLORY

Then keep trying!

QUINN

What difference would it make?!

MALLORY

The difference between choosing to fight or just ending up a victim.

QUINN

(abruptly)

Who do you think you're talking to?

Mallory looks at Quinn questioningly.

QUINN (cont'd)

You think I don't know you as much as you know me?

Quinn turns from Mallory, but flings barbs at him still.

QUINN (cont'd)

I know we've got the same dad, but your mom was Elise and not Amanda. I know you were a prodigy in litigation. Studying law on full scholarship at Oxford at seventeen --

And half of Melanie Wallace's study vanishes, replaced with a young Mallory in a brightly lit lecture hall full of students. Mallory looks sharp and engaged. We go in close on this youthful Mallory's face --

QUINN (cont'd)

And then your dad died.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*The lighting around the young Mallory's face shifts; fluorescent lighting becomes stormy clouds in a graveyard, and we pull back to see young Mallory is at a somber funeral. We pan to a middle-aged woman standing next to Mallory, looking blank and dazed, same as Mallory.*

*Quinn and Mallory observe this scene.*

QUINN (cont'd)

*And after the funeral in San Francisco -- your visa didn't let you go back to England to finish school, you lost your scholarship, your mom became a drunk and you just lost your way.*

*We go back to the young version of Mallory -- and the scene around him shifts again. Now he's looking down at a Lamborghini and prying open the door to the car.*

QUINN (cont'd)

*It drove you crazy how something that came so easily disappeared just as easily -- you got angry, you got bitter. Started stealing cars for street races.*

*The scene around the younger Mallory shifts to show him behind the wheel of the vehicle, a maddened exhilaration on his face as he accelerates -- and then we suddenly PAN AWAY and hear a violent crash and the sound of crumpling metal --*

*And we come to Quinn and Mallory looking at the fancy car wrapped around a telephone pole with Mallory inside it.*

QUINN (cont'd)

*Then you wrecked your legs, triggering a latent muscular dystrophy that left you crawling to Dr. Geiger for a cure --*

*Quinn turns away from the scene. As it fades back to Melanie's study, Quinn glowers at Mallory.*

QUINN (cont'd)

*You want to lecture me on choices? You let fate decide all yours. Your dad died, you lost out on school, your mom fell apart, your legs gave out -- and all you ever did was react.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)

(acidic)

You even let circumstance pick out what they'd call you, "Mallory." When were you anything **but** a victim?

Mallory turns back to Quinn.

MALLORY

The day I met you.

Quinn shakes his head.

QUINN

You didn't want me in your head. You saw through my eyes and you were repulsed --

MALLORY

I was afraid of what I saw but not anymore. You gave me a gift.

QUINN

You were just a host --

MALLORY

You showed me the world through your eyes. Every world. You showed me what you used to know -- that every choice remakes the world.

Quinn feels his anger deflate at that, but nothing replaces his bleakness --

MALLORY (cont'd)

I was a victim. You made me a slider. And what you did for me, you did for so many more --

QUINN

And now they don't exist.

The mist that was once Quinn's enemies reforms into new images: a severe brunette in a red beret. A youthful aristocrat with wavy hair. A strawberry blonde holding a computer disk.

A lady in a hoodie holding a gun. A nervous young waitress. A young boy in a cowboy outfit. A Victorian street urchin. A uniformed hotel receptionist with her son by her side.

Quinn looks at each one with grief.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)

Rebecca. Prince Harold, Natalie, Michelle -- Gillian, Jamie, Trevor -- Holly. Matthew -- they're all gone. I thought sliding made a difference, but it's nothing more than tech. I failed them all --

MALLORY

Did you think the rebels beat the Soviets the second you left? Or that the second Revolutionary War was done after you slid out? Or that the Mafia couldn't rebuild or that EduLearn was down and out?

Quinn doesn't know how to answer that --

MALLORY (cont'd)

These people -- the rebels, the prince, the waitress, the hotel manager -- you didn't win their battles or end their wars -- but you left them knowing it could happen.

Mallory looks at the people that Quinn thinks he let down.

MALLORY (cont'd)

You gave them a road to revolution.

Quinn looks back at all these people he's met in his travels. And then looks at Mallory -- this phantom of the past, this impossible figure of another life.

MALLORY (cont'd)

You used sliding to make a difference in the only way that matters -- you gave them all a fighting chance. So give yourself that now.

Quinn looks away from Mallory -- and his eyes go to his body lying on the floor. The fumes drifting into the room. The door to the study and the poison that lurks behind it. The corpse that has already succumbed.

QUINN

I can't see any way out --

MALLORY

Then look again.

And then we --

CONTINUED:

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. MELANIE WALLACE'S OFFICE

We're back in Melanie's office -- with Quinn and Mallory watching Quinn from the past storm out the door -- and then time freezes.

MALLORY

Use every moment you have left.

Quinn casts a grudging look at Mallory -- but then he nods and moves to Melanie's desk, looking at the papers scattered across its surface.

QUINN

I saw the chemical composition on her desk -- or maybe there's something about that or her machine I can still use --

MALLORY

You tried it your way; let's try it mine now. What do we know about Melanie?

QUINN

She's alone.

MALLORY

She wasn't before. But she is now. And she feels it constantly.

He moves to the candles. Quinn joins Mallory. Together, they look at the flames.

MALLORY (cont'd)

She reminds herself constantly.

QUINN

The candles -- she lights them every morning and puts them out every night.

MALLORY

Why doesn't she have her assistant do it? Why does she do it herself?

QUINN

Because it's how she remembers and hangs onto some fragment of what she used to have, what she used to feel

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)  
 -- she has to do it with her own  
 hands --

MALLORY  
 Using what?

QUINN  
 What do you mean?

MALLORY  
 You see any lighters around the  
 office? She does this every day,  
 she'd keep the lighter next to the  
 candles --

Quinn whirls about. Looks up and down the room --

QUINN  
 There's no lighter here.

MALLORY  
 I smell sulphur.  
 (peers at a wastebin)  
 There's spent matches in here.

Quinn's eyes widen as he looks through the room again.

QUINN  
 But there're no matchbooks on the  
 shelves, none on the table --

MALLORY  
 So where does Melanie keep the  
 matches?

CUT TO:

INT. STUDY

Quinn kneels over Melanie's corpse -- and sees the faint  
 bulge in her trouser pocket. A bulge in the shape of a book  
 of matches. He looks at Mallory.

MALLORY  
 The fog -- the gas outside this room.  
 You said it's explosive. Diffused in  
 this study, but concentrated in the  
 hallway outside --

QUINN  
 And a few lit matches out there --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALLORY

Could create a second explosion. It'd blow through the walls. Vent the gas outdoors, restore oxygen to your brain --

QUINN

Only if it doesn't blow me up in the process!

MALLORY

You've got a chance --

QUINN

To get crushed to death in a collapsing house? That's if I'm not incinerated! It's insane.

MALLORY

Quinn. Every revolution seems crazy when it starts.

Quinn shakes his head in disbelief.

QUINN

Quinn -- are you really here? Or are you just a manifestation of my subconscious mind?

MALLORY

Yes.

Quinn glares at Mallory. Then he turns his attention to his own fallen form --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. STUDY

Onscreen text:

**Now.**

Quinn -- collapsed on the floor next to Melanie. Fighting to keep his eyes open. We're back in reality.

We see Quinn shifting his hands to Melanie's body. Weakly reaching into her pocket. Struggling to grip the matchbook. Fingers weak. Barely managing to dig the matches out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The matchbook drops to the carpeted floor. Quinn opens the matchbook gingerly -- but finds his fingers are too weak to pull loose a match. A despairing haziness fills his face --

But then he spots the metal zipper on Melanie's jacket. He manages to raise himself into a kneeling position -- and runs the matchtips against the zipper. Nothing.

He tries again -- there is a flicker -- and the matches  
BRIGHTEN WITH FLAME.

Quinn pushes himself to his feet, only to sway and fall -- but he throws out an arm and manages to catch a wall with one hand while holding the lit matches with the other. He staggers towards the closed door and manages to fall against the doorframe.

He puts a hand to the doorknob, turning it. He pulls as hard as he can -- which isn't hard at all. His jacket, wedged between door and floor, holds the door back. Quinn pulls again -- opening the doorway to a crack.

Not enough space to throw the matches out. Another pull -- but then Quinn can't stay on his feet.

He starts to drop -- but he uses his downward motion to pull one more time while keeping the matches in hand.

The door opens just enough. Quinn shifts his matchbook-grasping arm just enough to toss the lit matchbook out the door and into the hallway -- and then he drops to the floor, the last of his strength gone as the fumes overwhelm him --

CUT TO:

A FIERY EXPLOSION FILLED WITH SMOKE AND DEBRIS, encompassing our sight, obscuring anything and anyone.

FADE TO:

EXT. WALLACE MANSION - NIGHT

From a high angle, mansion is in flames. Two firetrucks and an ambulance are on the front lawn. We pan DOWNWARDS, our angle reaching A STRETCHER with a body bag being pushed away from the house. And then our moving camera comes to another stretcher being wheeled by a paramedic towards the ambulance.

Quinn Mallory lies on top of it, an oxygen mask on his face. The paramedic's on one side and on the other side are Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Laurel, Maggie and Diana Davis.

CONTINUED:

DIANA

This is one hell of a first day. Are your consultants often caught in explosions?

MAGGIE

With exhausting regularity, Dr. Davis. Good thing he was behind a solid oak door.

The paramedic removes Quinn's oxygen mask. He gives a smiling nod of reassurance to the sliders. Then he moves away to open the ambulance doors, leaving Quinn with his friends for a moment.

LAUREL

The firemen think he sparked the explosion on purpose.

REMBRANDT

For real? Q-Ball could've blown himself into a million pieces!

WADE

Remmy, I'm sure he would've been instantly vaporized.

ARTURO

(leaning over Quinn)  
Setting aside the fact that you're alive, Mr. Mallory, what the devil made you think you could come out of that alive?

We see Quinn's face. His eyes are slightly open. His head is still, but his eyes dart about the people around him. He sees Maggie. His eyes stop on Diana for a moment, then move to Laurel, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and standing next to Arturo is *Mallory*.

Mallory is unseen and unnoticed by anyone save Quinn. And Mallory looks at Quinn with a neutral, unreadable expression. Waiting for his response.

QUINN

(weakly)  
We're sliders. There's always a chance.

And Mallory smiles. On his triumphant expression --

FADE OUT.

# s l i d e r s **reborn**

WILL CONCLUDE WITH...

**"Regenesis" (6):** A city of unwitting sliders. A detective agency called Sliders Incorporated. A final stand for the fate of all realities. This closing chapter is the long-awaited series finale of *Sliders*.