

sliders reborn

REUNION (2)

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An Earthprime.com exclusive.

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

Reunion (2): In 1995, Quinn Mallory and his friends found the gateway to parallel worlds. Twenty years after the first slide, the original quartet must reunite and begin their adventures once again.

This script takes place after "The Seer" and "Reprise" (1).

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

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On a BLACK SCREEN, there are the words:

San Francisco

2015

And there's the sound of footsteps and creaking boards:

FADE IN:

On a wooden staircase. A pair of feet pound down the stairs, raising clouds of dust. At the foot of the stairs, the feet stop and we get our first look at LAUREL HILLS, 15, dressed up warm but looking worn. Dark hair framing a gaunt, pale face.

She looks around at where she is: a mostly empty basement. There are a few cardboard boxes, a lot of dust and some abandoned gardening tools.

Laurel sinks to a seated position at the bottom step. Reaches into a knapsack, pulls out a bottle of vodka. Unscrews the cap and takes a long pull. Then another. Then she rests her head against the stair behind her head, closing her eyes.

We stay on Laurel and see a BRIGHTENING LIGHT against her face. Laurel's eyes snap open.

The walls of the basement are glowing with light -- and then the space starts to fill.

A chalkboard filled with equations fades into existence along with large metal coils hooked up to a large transformer. The transformer's hooked into a liquid-nitrogen cooling system.

There are multiple computers and a worktable covered in electronic parts. We recognize it as Quinn Mallory's basement lab.

Laurel stares at her vodka bottle and sets it down. Stands up, looking about the basement in amazement at how an empty space has become a cluttered laboratory.

She moves to the chalkboard, staring at the mathematical sequences. She moves a finger to the smiley-face at the end of the equation.

At her feet, Laurel sees scattered newspapers. She picks one up. One January 2014 paper reads **MAXIMUM WAGE LAWS IN 13 STATES.**

Another reads **FACEBOOK BUYS UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE**. And another reads **BILL NYE'S CHURCH OF EVO-CREATIONISM OPENS**. Then there's **FCC LAYS OUT 14 LANES OF INTERNET TRAFFIC; VACCINATION FRAUD: 500 ARRESTS** and more and more newspaper headlines of things that didn't happen.

Laurel stares at all of this with astonishment, curiosity and a delighted sense of wonder.

Then a blurred figure **BURSTS INTO FRAME** and knocks Laurel to the ground.

Laurel yelps. Wonder becomes fear. She urgently crawls backwards.

The figure -- a woman with braided-black-hair in a smart suit and shiny shoes -- regards Laurel with demented hunger. The woman's **EYES GLOW GREEN**.

In a frenzied movement, the woman grabs Laurel by the collar. Raises her into the air. Slams Laurel into a wall.

The woman lets loose a demonic growl and from her open-mouth, a **DARK TENTACLE** bursts from within. Then the front of the tentacle **SPLITS** to reveal spike-like teeth.

The tentacle whips out to Laurel's neck and **BITES IN**. Laurel begins to gag and choke. The woman releases her hand's grip on Laurel as the tentacle's teeth tighten.

Laurel's body goes limp. Her skin takes on a blue-ish pallor.

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)

Excuse me?

The woman's tentacle remains locked on Laurel's neck, but both the woman and Laurel turn to see the newcomer in the basement. It's **QUINN MALLORY** (42-years-old).

QUINN

Anyone seen my keys?

The woman hisses at Quinn.

QUINN (cont'd)

I know I left 'em here somewhere --

The woman begins to shift fully towards Quinn, who barely seems to pay her any mind. He's checking tables, peering at shelves.

QUINN (cont'd)
Don't let me interrupt, you go
about your business --

Laurel unleashes a choking gag -- the only sound she can make to plead for help.

Quinn, crouched to look under a table, doesn't seem to take any interest.

QUINN (cont'd)
Oh, here they are --

And Quinn suddenly stands with a tank of liquid nitrogen and the hose in hand. He unleashes a wide burst at the woman. She howls and leaps back. Her tentacle releases Laurel, who slides down the wall pitifully.

The woman lets loose an animalistic roar at Quinn. And then, talking around the protruding parasite in a rasping growl --

WOMAN
You can't stop me. You can't --

Quinn promptly sticks the hose right into the woman's mouth but has the tip of the hose make contact with the PARASITE and not the woman. He unleashes a short, directed blast -- straight into the parasite. The woman shrieks and collapses.

From her OPEN MOUTH, the tentacle slithers out, attached to a larger, cake-like parasite. Quinn, turning his back to the woman, sends another burst of nitrogen at the creature and it cracks into icy shards.

The woman gasps and coughs.

WOMAN (cont'd)
Where -- am --

Quinn casts a look around the basement and focuses on the nitrogen tank. It's disappearing slowly. In fact, everything in the basement is fading away. Including the woman.

Within moments, the basement has returned to its bare and abandoned state.

Laurel staggers forwards towards Quinn, who casts a concerned look at her and also notes the liquor bottle by the stairs.

LAUREL
What -- what -- what --

Quinn touches her lightly on the shoulder.

QUINN
(gentle)
Go home, kid.

He steps away from her, reaching into a pocket to produce THE TIMER. The original Motorola TAC flip-phone timer. He flips it open, taps a control and a vortex appears.

Laurel gapes at the silver-blue opening in the air as the wind from the gateway ruffles her hair and fills the basement with light.

LAUREL
Who are you?

QUINN
Not your problem. And as far as
you're concerned, I was never even
here.

And he casually steps into the vortex like he's stepping through a door. He vanishes in a flash and the vortex instantly closes.

Off Laurel's astonished face --

SMASH CUT TO:

A black screen, then:

sliders reborn

REUNION

"Just when I'm out, they pull me back in."

We hear an alarm clock going off --

CUT TO:

INT - BEDROOM. MORNING

Quinn Mallory sits up in bed. On his chest is an open book (*The Future of the Mind*).

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANNING ACROSS Quinn's bedroom as we hear the sound of running water and a toothbrush. We see a table with various newspapers, all copies of the *San Francisco Examiner*, all with the same date.

One headline reads **GIANTS BEAT RED SOX** while another reads **GIANTS GO BANKRUPT**. Another reads **CRIMEAN ANNEXATION** while the other reads **RUSSIAN DISARMAMENT TREATY SIGNED**.

We're to **EDWARD SNOWDEN AND CHELSEA MANNING ENGAGED** when we hear the sound of an electric razor.

CUT TO:

Quinn emerging from the bathroom, shaved and dressed in his jeans, flannel, and brown coat along with a worn, gray knapsack. He pulls out the timer, flips it open and presses a key.

The vortex appears and Quinn eagerly dives in.

FLASHCUT TO:

The interdimensional tunnel racing past our point of view.

FLASHCUT TO:

A MONTAGE SEQUENCE

As the song *What I Like About You* (by the Romantics) plays, we see a shot of a STREET VENDOR TRUCK selling newspapers, magazines, snacks and coffee.

Then the shot smoothly DIVIDES INTO FOUR SEPARATE AND SIMULTANEOUS SHOTS of the SAME TRUCK --

Except that the FIRST version of the truck is stained with dirt and has a man behind the window. The SECOND truck consists of an automated and unmanned printing press.

The THIRD truck is operated by the same man in a Republic of China Army uniform with helmet and rifle -- and the FOURTH truck has, in front of it, ornate tables and chairs and a wait staff.

We see Quinn stepping into the FIRST SHOT. He procures a bundle of newspapers and magazines from the man who greets Quinn in a familiar manner before Quinn leaves.

CONTINUED:

Then we hear the roar of the vortex followed by Quinn stepping into the SECOND SHOT and swiping a card through the machine that immediately prints out a sheaf of newspapers. Quinn walks out of shot --

We hear the vortex once again, then Quinn stepping into the THIRD SHOT and buying another set of papers and magazines from the vendor who seems to be expecting him. Quinn steps out of frame and the vortex sounds again.

Now, Quinn steps into the FOURTH SHOT, once again buying papers and magazines that he stuffs into his knapsack. As Quinn walks out of frame, we hear the vortex again and we --

CUT TO:

INT. CATHEDRAL - MORNING

A beautiful stained glass window shows the STARBUCKS logo in this church. We see Quinn and several others praying at the front of the church, and two priests walking past, solemnly filling paper packets with coffee beans and handing over one packet for each person.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

It's a city street where every flat surface is lined with solar panels and Quinn approaches a row of vending machines, procuring sealed packages showing photos of pancakes.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SQUARE - MORNING

In an outdoor square in downtown San Francisco, we see an outdoor market with cows, chickens and sheep and mobile vegetable gardens on flatbed trucks. At a stall attached to a barn, we see Quinn buying bread, milk, eggs and a large bag of peanuts, again stuffed into his knapsack.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDOOR MARKET - MORNING

We see Quinn at a fish market receiving a bag of kippers and stuffing them in his knapsack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A passing merchant carrying a box of lobsters accidentally bumps into Quinn and knocks loose Quinn's bag of peanuts.

The bag briefly snags on a table corner and rips open before it hits the ground. The peanuts BURST OUT from within, covering the immediate floor space in a wide puddle of the crunchy legumes.

The kipper-salesgirl stares at the peanuts and unleashes a TERRIFIED SCREAM.

Passing shoppers spy the peanuts and begin to panic. The lobster salesman dives over a table like the peanuts are ticking time bombs.

We see a woman dialing 9-1-1 as Quinn dives for the exit --

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

Pan past a building exterior wall with posters reading **PEANUTS ARE POISON** and another that says **NUTS TO NUTS!**

We pass through the BACK OF A POLICE SQUAD CAR in which two officers in the front read a message on the CAR COMPUTER that goes from showing the words **BIOHAZARD AT CONLIN MARKET.**

And then we spot Quinn running past.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Quinn finds himself in a dead-end with the two police officers pursuing him. He spots a fire escape with a ladder just out of his reach.

CUT TO:

Quinn grabbing an empty trash bin, wheeling it under the fire escape, flipping it over, climbing on top and jumping for the ladder -- just as two cops dash into the alley.

CUT TO:

Quinn ascending the ladder only for a police officer to grab him by the left leg.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn's right foot STRIKING the police officer in the face. The cop collides with his partner and both hit the ground hard.

CUT TO:

Quinn wincing, pulling a first-aid kit from his knapsack and tossing it down before continuing to climb.

CUT TO:

Quinn standing on the fifth floor of the building's fire escape, looking down grimly as the furious cops ascend to the third floor level. Quinn pulls out the timer from his coat pocket.

CLOSE UP of the timer countdown. It's at 50 seconds.

CLOSE UP of Quinn's knapsack as he pulls out the LOAF OF BREAD and crumbles a chunk into a handful of crumbs.

CUT TO:

The police officers are at the fourth floor level when Quinn THROWS THE BREADCRUMBS at them.

A flock of pigeons DESCEND upon the cops, forcing them to stop climbing, stay on the fourth level and use their hands and hats to shield themselves from the pecking birds.

The timer BEEPS. Quinn triggers the vortex and the cops watch in amazement as Quinn leaps into the void.

FLASHCUT TO:

The inside of the vortex speeding past us --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

The vortex opens and spits Quinn out.

Quinn proceeds to apartment 211 and presses the doorbell. The door opens to reveal Quinn's mother, AMANDA MALLORY.

QUINN

Morning, Mom! Brought us breakfast.

AMANDA

Did you get the peanuts?

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

After a wide establishing shot of the location, we CUT TO a close shot of LAUREL leaning against a brick wall outdoors. She raises a cigarette to her lips and takes a desperate drag. Then she REACTS to someone off-camera. In an exhale of smoke and words --

LAUREL
 (to an unseen listener)
 Oh, God -- before you bust me,
 something really weird happened
 last night --

CUT TO:

Laurel still talking -- in each CUT, we will see a slightly different angle on Laurel at a latter point in her monologue, of which we're seeing only the edited highlights.

LAUREL (cont'd)
 -- and the party was blown and I
 got out the back and jumped the
 fence with a thing of Smirnoff --

CUT TO:

LAUREL (cont'd)
 You're a guidance counselor! You're
 not supposed to judge me!

CUT TO:

LAUREL (cont'd)
 Look, they brought it to share, so
 they shared all of it with me.

CUT TO:

LAUREL (cont'd)
 -- figured it's better to go home
 to Mom drunk than go home to Mom
 still drinking --

CUT TO:

LAUREL (cont'd)
 -- that house has been on sale for
 years! They say that four people
 disappeared there --

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

LAUREL (cont'd)
And the basement was empty and then
it wasn't -- !

CUT TO:

LAUREL (cont'd)
Some zombie lady with glowing eyes
and her mouth had some kind of dick
monster that bit me and gave me a
full-body ice cream headache --

CUT TO:

LAUREL (cont'd)
-- if you don't believe me, look at
the scar here -- !

CUT TO:

LAUREL (cont'd)
This guy saved me! And then he
pulled out this big, weird cell
phone --

CUT TO:

LAUREL (cont'd)
-- huge blue and silver hole in the
air and he walked into it and he
was gone and I swear to God I was
not wasted!

We PAN RIGHT to see the guidance counselor whom Laurel Hills
is addressing. The guidance counselor is WADE WELLES at the
age of 44.

Wade regards Laurel with a mix of wonder and credulity.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen table is strewn with the remnants of Quinn's
interdimensional shopping trip, showing leftover eggs,
sausage and pancakes. Quinn and Amanda Mallory are sitting
back with coffee, with Amanda leafing through Quinn's
various newspapers and magazines.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

Malaria outbreaks are up by 14 per cent --

QUINN

Already slid in a new shipment of the right drugs into the Red Cross storerooms --

AMANDA

I've run off the paperwork; don't forget to slide into the offices after dark and make sure they know it's there for them.

QUINN

I'm redirecting a human trafficking pipeline, but I need somewhere to send the slaves --

AMANDA

Ecuador's nice. Where are we on free global wifi?

QUINN

Pending legislation, so we'll have that by 2021.

AMANDA

And are you sure there isn't a more subtle alternative to our anti-STD measures than vortexing millions of boxed condoms all over Africa?

QUINN

Can't sit around all day putting them in gift wrap.

AMANDA

And on the climate change front --

QUINN

I sneaked a slide relay into Time Warner's last satellite; it can open a low-level vortex to siphon seven per cent of greenhouse gases towards the sun -- it'll buy the planet more time.

AMANDA

Buy time?

Silence. Quinn stares at his coffee grimly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

We can't make waves. People can't know we're here --

AMANDA

We're not stopping human traffickers, just moving their victims away. We're not curing diseases, just giving palliatives. We're not toppling dictators, just bandaging the ones they hurt. We're not making the world better --

QUINN

What do you want me to do? Send every tyrant into the void?

AMANDA

There've got to be worlds out there with cold fusion, water-treatment techniques, cheap dialysis, organ cloning --

QUINN

There's no way to introduce any of that to this Earth without people finding out where it came from --

AMANDA

Why are you so afraid of that?

QUINN

If people can't treat this planet properly, they'll treat all Earths just the same.

(beat)

I'm doing my best --

AMANDA

You have a sliding network that takes you anywhere on the planet and you use it to make anonymous donations.

(beat)

Don't you want to be doing more than a little charity and renting out storage spaces? You need to come out of your bubble --

QUINN

Bubble universes are really hard to make! Fourteen years later and all

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)

I can create are infinite closets
with atmosphere and some shelves.

AMANDA

And your Feynman Storage is a nice
little business in renting pocket
dimensions, but you've capped it at
three thousand clients when you
could make one for every person in
the world.

(beat)

You don't believe in the human
race. But what do you think your
friends would say?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

It's a nice little one-story home. Clean and well-
maintained. The door swings open and we see REMBRANDT BROWN
step out the front door. There's a faint look of caution in
his eyes and a slight tremble in his step. He gets in his
car (a small Toyota) and drives off.

Quinn is standing on the opposite end of the street, unseen
by Rembrandt.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

We hear the vortex sound effect, but it's so fast and quick
that it could be the wind. Quinn emerges from the vortex. It
vanishes instantly. He watches Rembrandt park his car and
dart into a small building.

Quinn follows him and enters the same building.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUND STUDIO - DAY

We see Rembrandt at a sound mixing workstation, adjusting
audio levels. On the display in front of him is a FIRST
PERSON SHOOTER video game. We see gunfire erupt in the game
noiselessly, then Rembrandt taps a key and we hear the sound
effects.

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Quinn observes through a glass interior window. He's watching Rembrandt directing staffers to run up and down a mock-up of a flight of stairs while Rembrandt holds a microphone to their feet.

CUT TO:

SAME INTERIOR LOCATION

Rembrandt is now directing three people to applaud, then directing them to talk, then directing them to yell. Quinn observes through a window.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

We see Rembrandt coming out of the building with a group of co-workers, shaking his head no as they head towards a restaurant across the street while Rembrandt goes to his car.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

We see Rembrandt in an office floor filled with cubicles that have been arranged to allow visitors to sit in front of the desks. Rembrandt seats himself before an elderly, bearded gentleman and hands over a thin file folder.

CUT TO:

SAME LOCATION

The gentleman, Marc, is now leafing through Rembrandt's documents. He speaks with an English accent.

MARC

Quite thorough, Mr. Brown -- my clients rarely bring completed tax returns--

As Rembrandt replies, we SHIFT OUR CAMERA ANGLE slightly to the right to reveal that QUINN is sitting in the cubicle RIGHT NEXT TO REMBRANDT -- unseen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Well, I'm not a math whiz, Marc, so I do want someone like you to check it out --

MARC

Very good -- I see extensive details of your freelance work.

REMBRANDT

Those Disney boys pay me for covert voice coaching over Paypal, so I have to file that separately --

MARC

I must say, Mr. Brown, for such a conscientious taxpayer, I am somewhat nonplussed by this gap of six years --

Rembrandt stiffens in his chair. The accountant, peering at the papers, doesn't notice.

MARC (cont'd)

Were you indisposed... ?

REMBRANDT

I got kidnapped.

MARC

Oh my!

REMBRANDT

I was taken out of the country. Escaped, but then I got stuck in a war zone as an enemy combatant. Escaped again. Spent some time in a mental ward. Then I worked in a coffee bar. There was that week I sailed on a pirate ship.

The accountant gapes at Rembrandt.

MARC

But I see you made it home and all was well?

REMBRANDT

Yeah, I'm about eighty-five per cent sure this isn't a virtual reality simulation or anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And on the other side of the cubicle, the unseen Quinn Mallory stares into space miserably.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Laurel's sitting in class at a desk/chair combination among her classmates. She visibly strains against its constrictions as the teacher, Ms. Hanley, speaks.

MS. HANLEY

Ecological disasters. Now, who has an opinion on which ones are significant?

(silence from the class)

It's an opinion! No wrong answers! How about you, Ms. Hills?

LAUREL

(reluctantly)

The Fukushima Daiichi nuclear disaster.

MS. HANLEY

No -- no -- Laurel, if you don't know the answer, find it in the readings -- don't just guess at --

LAUREL

I did find it in the readings. March 11, 2011? A tsunami hit the power plant, flooded the diesel generators, shut down the cooling systems -- ? Released radioactive material? The Japanese government set up an exclusion zone for --

The classmates begin to chuckle. One classmate, Rod, looks contemptuous and irritated.

ROD

Oh my God, Hills -- if you don't know what you're talking about, just say so.

LAUREL

It's right here in the textbook!

MS. HANLEY

Where did you read that?

CONTINUED:

LAUREL
(holding up her book)
Here!

MS. HANLEY
(peering over Laurel's
shoulder at the page)
Laurel -- read this paragraph --

LAUREL
"The rebuilt sea wall at the power
plant was able to redirect the
flood water to prevent any damage
to the generators and -- "
(double-take)
But --

The heading over the text does indeed read: **FUKUSHIMA
DAIICHI POWER PLANT AVERTS NEAR DISASTER.**

MS. HANLEY
It almost happened -- but it
didn't. I don't know where you're
getting your statistics --

LAUREL
That's not what was there before!
It said something different!

The classmates begin to laugh outrageously while Rod is
visibly frustrated.

ROD
Are you seriously saying there's a
joke copy of the textbook just to
screw with you? You need help!

MS. HANLEY
Rod!

ROD
I'm sick of this LSD-dosing moron
and her hallucinations --

MS. HANLEY
Take a timeout, Mr. Oaks!
(reaching out to Laurel)
Look, you're upset, you're not --

Laurel pulls away from Ms. Hanley --

LAUREL
I read it!

CONTINUED:

Her classmates' laughter becomes overwhelming and Ms. Hanley turns away from Laurel to calm her class --

LAUREL (cont'd)

I read it!

She picks up her textbook, stares at the unfamiliar words -- and as her classmates continue to laugh, Laurel grabs her bag and runs out the door.

CUT TO:

AN EMPTY HALLWAY

Laurel sinks against a locker, sliding to the ground, head in her hands. After a moment, she flips open her textbook. The original text is back with the heading: **FUKUSHIMA DAIICHI DISASTER ZONE.**

Laurel's tear-reddened eyes dart around the hallway with paranoia.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - DAY

We see Rembrandt coming into a bar for the lunch hour. He walks right past Quinn, who, seated at the bar, has carefully angled his face away. Rembrandt takes a seat at a booth, accepts a glass of water from a server before studying the menu.

SERVER

Sliders!

At the word, Rembrandt jumps in his seat, knocking over his glass of water. The server, holding a plate of MINI-HAMBURGERS, stands by the booth next to Rembrandt's.

SERVER (cont'd)

Who was it who had the sliders?

A quivering Rembrandt sets his glass upright, never noticing an anguished Quinn rise from the bar and walk out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

We see Wade emerge from her guidance counselor's office, stepping towards the front exit, nodding amiably to students as she passes. As Wade steps through the doors, a calmer Laurel darts through and in the same direction as Wade.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

Wade has boarded and she's moving to the back of the bus. The very back. Then, glancing in the glass window of the back --

WADE

Laurel, my office hours are seven to three.

She turns around. Laurel is standing on the bus.

LAUREL

(taking a seat)
Good, I'll know when to avoid you.

WADE

(also sitting)
I gave you a referral to a sobriety coach. Do you want something else?

LAUREL

No! I'm riding a bus! But since we're talking, where were you from 1995 to 2001?

Wade's face instantly takes on a practiced blankness.

WADE

I'm sure I was lots of places. Six years is a big --

LAUREL

Because there's this weird story about a college kid who lived in the Mallory house who opened a doorway to hell. And threw three people into it: a mean teacher, this girl who was stalking him -- and some random musician.

WADE

Urban legend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

There's a leaked FBI file on their investigation into the Mallory house with your name in it --

WADE

(angry)

And the FBI denounced the file as a hoax! The Agent Yenn in that file wasn't even in San Francisco in 1995! It's a phony! Some prankster pulled my name at random!

LAUREL

But the man in the basement -- that's his photo in the file -- Quinn Mallory!

WADE

No such person!

LAUREL

(furious)

But I saw him!

WADE

There's no one with that name, Laurel! No birth certificate, no driver's license, no scholarships -- nothing! He's not real! You're hallucinating! You need help! To which I referred you! Stop following me!

LAUREL

I'm not following you!

WADE

Then why are you here!?

LAUREL

I'm riding a bus!

DRIVER (OFF CAMERA)

Not anymore!

Laurel and Wade look up to see that the bus has stopped, the driver is looming over them and the passengers are gaping at Laurel and Wade and their shouting match.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The bus pulls away and we see Laurel and Wade are continuing forward on foot.

WADE

If you're not following me, why are you going in exactly the same direction?!

LAUREL

Why do you think I'm going to believe you over what I saw with my own eyes?!

WADE

Why do you think you should trust anything you see when you're tripping on mushrooms or LSD or salvia?!

LAUREL

Why does everyone always think I'm high?! I'm not always!

WADE

Then what the hell was that in class today!? And why are you following me?! Why can't I just go to a bookstore?

LAUREL

Why do you think I'm following you when I'm just going to a bookstore!?

WADE

Oh, really?! What bookstore?!

Laurel bangs on the window of a shop they've just arrived at.

LAUREL

This damn bookstore!

Laurel reaches into a pocket, pulls out her smartphone, thumbs the display and holds up the screen. It's a digital leaflet, reading: **PROFESSOR MAXIMILLIAN ARTURO PRESENTS THE NEW VOLUME OF JUMPERS. AUTOGRAPHS AND A READING.**

Wade regards Laurel sheepishly. Then rummages into her own bag and produces a leaflet. Wade's leaflet is the same as the one on display on Laurel's phone.

CONTINUED:

WADE

Whoops.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

It's a library full of bookshelves and barely a book in the hands of the visitors. Instead, people are seated at tables.

They're tapping away at laptops, swiping at smartphones, scribbling with styluses on tablets or working at desktop computer workstations.

Quinn is making his way through the tables, admiring some of the phones and laptops and tablets.

CUT TO:

QUINN SITTING AT A DESKTOP COMPUTER.

He's Googling the name Laurel Hills. Pulls up several browser tabs. While waiting for the sites to load, he pulls out the timer.

The 12-year-old boy sitting next to Quinn sees the oversized, outdated device and sneers dismissively. Quinn smiles fondly at his timer and flips the device open.

We get our first good look at it and see that the seven-segment display is a touchscreen, and the keypad and mouthpiece segments are now touchscreens as well.

The bottom screen reads: **VORTEX ACTIVITY LOG: Mallory Basement, 11:43 PM - 11: 45 PM. CATALYST: Unknown. QUANTUM SIGNATURE: Unknown.**

Quinn sets aside the timer and looks back to the computer screen, studying Laurel's profile picture on a social media site.

QUINN

Who are you? What is it about you
that makes reality go wild?

The boy who sneered at the timer makes a "Shhhh" noise at Quinn with great irritation.

QUINN (cont'd)

This is what I get for coming out
of my bubble, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He begins clicking through Laurel's social media profiles. An over-designed Tumblr page with angsty, black-and-white selfies. Articles in the online school newspaper.

But as Quinn scrolls, the websites suddenly flash to **NO SUCH PAGE** or **PAGE UNAVAILABLE**. Then they reappear. Then they disappear again.

Quinn locates a birth announcement for Laurel Hills -- it appears and disappears before he can read it.

Baffled, Quinn goes to the website for Laurel's school. Faced with the Intranet and the login page, Quinn grins, reaches for his timer, taps the screen. The login page instantly shows that access is granted.

Quinn looks up Laurel's student records. Her address appears -- and Quinn has finished copying it into the timer right when the screen abruptly declares, **RECORDS NOT FOUND**.

And then briefly shows Laurel's records only for them to vanish again.

Quinn regards this with fascination as he continues swiping and tapping at the timer controls.

We see words flash across the screen. **VORTEX ACTIVITY LOG -- TRACKING QUANTUM SIGNATURE -- SUBJECT SIGNATURE UNSTABLE**.

QUINN (cont'd)
Unstable? I'll say.

And then his the timer's screen flashes again. **SIGNATURE TRACKED. STABLE POINT ON PARALLEL EARTH LOCATED. PROCESSING COORDINATES**. And then we see a display of numbers and letters -- the coordinates.

QUINN (cont'd)
One Earth in all the multiverse
where you're stable in reality,
Laurel Hills. Couldn't hurt to take
a look around --

He taps the timer. The screen declares, **COORDINATES PROGRAMMED. PARALLEL EARTH LANDING SITE: PRESENT LOCATION OR ALTERNATIVE?**

QUINN (cont'd)
I'll take the scenic route.

He taps **PRESENT LOCATION**. And we see Quinn rise from the computer, holding out the timer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We follow him as he walks into a row of shelves in the library. Then he's out of sight and we stay on the shelves.

We hear the thundering crackle of the vortex and see flashes of its light coming from within the shelves. It lasts for a split-second.

Same shot -- Quinn emerges from the shelves and we pull back to a wider angle of the library. In this parallel Earth, it's a much different library.

The computers have vanished; instead, it's all microfilm readers. The laptops and smartphones are gone; the library's visitors are now scribbling on pads and leafing through books.

Quinn looks about with immense fascination.

CUT TO:

QUINN, WALKING THROUGH THE LIBRARY --

Holding the timer. He doesn't notice that people are noticing him and pointing him out to each other.

CUT TO:

QUINN LOOKING AT A MAP HE'S SPREAD OVER A TABLE.

He holds up the timer, re-reading Laurel's address, and then locates the street with the same name on the paper map.

He checks the timer again. It reads: **RETURN WINDOW TO EARTH PRIME AVAILABLE IN 2 HOURS, 27 MINUTES.**

On the timer, Quinn pulls up a San Francisco map and then holds the timer over the map, using the camera to scan paper map. The timer screen reads: **UPDATING DIGITAL MAP WITH SCANNED HARD COPY.**

A young lady, AMY, approaches Quinn.

AMY

Hi! I'm Amy. Could I get a photo with you?

QUINN

Uh -- sure -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy poses next to Quinn, puts an arm around him and holds up a Polaroid camera. She nudges Quinn's arm to get THE TIMER into frame for her camera, then snaps a shot.

AMY

Thanks! You're amaze-balls!

She kisses Quinn on the cheek so fast he can't stop her and then she's off.

Around him, people are staring in amazement at him. A small boy, walking past, holds up his hand for a high-five that Quinn gamely provides.

A mid-fifties librarian with neck tattoos of dripping blood (JACK SHEPPARD) pats Quinn on the shoulder admiringly. In a Cockney accent:

JACK

Stick it to them with that mobile, mate! I wish I had your balls!

Quinn responds with the well-practiced smile of someone entirely out of his depth. Around him, more people are looking at him with starstruck eyes -- and then it becomes clear that they're not looking at QUINN.

They're looking at the timer. Quinn glances at it and then looks about, continuing to note the lack of laptops, the absence of cell phones, the rotary dial phones and card-system at the checkout desk -- and also the TWO POLICE OFFICERS marching towards Quinn.

One cop, OFFICER SANDRA PETLIN, is a woman in her late 40s with a severe expression and her partner is OFFICER JACK KEHLER, in his late 50s with a world-weary look.

AMY and JACK are the first after Quinn to notice the cops. Other library-patrons spot them as well, see them moving towards Quinn --

AMY

Everyone, look! It's 5-0! Let's get THEIR autographs!

Amy and the Jack lead the charge of 15 - 20 people crowding around the cops, ostensibly seeking autographs but really impeding their progress towards Quinn.

OFFICER PETLIN

People! You're interfering with police business! Disperse!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But her voice is lost in the sardonic requests for photos and autographs! As Amy passes around her Polaroid for photos, Quinn stuffs his timer into his knapsack and darts for the exit.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

We pan across a display of books. One blown-up book cover serves as a poster with the title *Jumpers*. It has the image of four silhouettes in front of a vortex with the tagline: **"They found the gateway to parallel dimensions. But on their first adventure, they lost their way back home."**

The author's name is **MAXIMILLIAN ARTURO**. We see a medium-sized lineup towards a signing table, the view of the table blocked by lined-up fans chatting amiably.

Wade and Laurel stand in the line-up, Laurel looking past Wade even as Wade speaks to her. The line advances as Wade talks.

WADE

I didn't know you were a *Jumpers* fan.

(when Laurel says nothing)

I know you're not a junkie, more a recreational escapist.

(Laurel is unresponsive)

I know you saw what you saw. I just wasn't ready to believe again.

LAUREL

Believe what?

Before Wade can reply, a rich and deep voice cuts in.

ARTURO (OFF CAMERA)

This is a most unexpected reunion!
I was wondering what became of you!

Laurel and Wade have reached the front of the line and are standing before the author. Wade looks at Professor Arturo, her face filling with warmth and pleasure.

She positively glows with joy at the sight of him. She moves towards the table -- and the Professor doesn't notice her and instead extends his hand to Laurel.

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

(shaking his hand)

What're you talking about,
Professor? I've been texting you
all week about how your web
relaunch is going!

ARTURO

Forgive an old man, Ms. Hills --
words on a screen rarely capture
the person typing them. I have
always been grateful to have
procured your services during your
placement at this store and --

WADE

(sputtering)

Wait -- wait -- you two know each
other?!

ARTURO

Oh, yes. Ms. Hills is my web
designer! A most capable --
(his words abruptly end as
he sees Wade)
Ms. Welles?

WADE

Hey. Loved the new book.

A broad, boyish smile fills the Professor's face as he rises from the signing table, twists around it to get to Wade and embraces her in his arms.

The Professor lifts her into the air, twirling her in a joyful hug. Laurel leaps out of the way of Wade's legs. Wade laughs.

A brunette lady holding a *Jumpers* book observes Wade and the Professor with alarm. The lady, Brice, looks at Laurel.

BRICE

He doing that with all of us?

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY - EVENING

Day is darkening. Quinn descends the stone steps of the library and makes it to street level. He grips his knapsack as he gets to the foot of the steps. Looks left and right, sizing up his options.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A police car is parked on the right, next to a bike rack. Quinn starts towards the bikes --

Only to be grabbed from behind and slammed against a stone pillar by a cop from the library. OFFICER JACK KEHLER jabs an elbow into Quinn's back while OFFICER SANDRA PETLIN relieves Quinn of his knapsack.

The timer falls out of the bag and the cop practically recoils at the sight.

OFFICER KEHLER
That gadget! It's loose!
(handcuffing Quinn)
Containment box, Sandra Every second
counts!
(to Quinn)
I'm warning you, you little punk!
If that gizmo releases so much as
my license plate into the world,
you won't make it to the station!

Officer Kehler yanks Quinn towards the police car and slams him against the side of it. Officer Petlin emerges from the trunk of the police car with a CONTAINMENT BOX -- a metal box with a sliding top and an (open) combination lock.

OFFICER KEHLER (cont'd)
Get his phone in there! That
nerdphone of his could be giving
everyone in the Bay Area cancer
with every second it's in the open!

OFFICER PETLIN
Jack, there's no evidence that --

OFFICER KEHLER
You want to take that chance? What
do you want to bet that gizmo's
looking up everything we've ever
had for breakfast?

OFFICER PETLIN
(throwing the timer in the
box and snapping it shut)
Alright! And we'd better check his
knapsack, too --

CLOSE UP ON QUINN'S HANDS: We see that, without anyone noticing, he's procured a slender needle from an inner sleeve pocket and he's expertly inserting it into the handcuff lock --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Officer Petlin puts the metal box on the closed trunk of the car. Proceeds to empty Quinn's knapsack onto the trunk-top.

Stacks of cash, energy bars, first-aid supplies, a Swiss-Army knife and a toolkit fall out. Petlin holds up one stack of 20-dollar bills --

PETLIN

Looks like we can book him for
counterfeiting, too!
(holding up the bills)
Missing some ovals around Jackson
and the White House!

Officer Kehler looks away from Quinn to peer at the bills -- and that's when Quinn abruptly THROWS HIS HEAD BACK into Kehler's face.

The police officer reels backwards. Goes for his gun. But Quinn drives a suddenly UNCUFFED FIST straight into Kehler's temple.

Quinn's aim is pin-point accurate and strikes precisely the right nerve -- Kehler's body goes limp and his eyes roll backwards --

As Officer Petlin reaches for her service weapon, Quinn shoves the falling Officer Kehler right into Petlin.

Petlin throws up her arms protectively as her unconscious partner slams into her and sends her into the car. She cries out from the impact. The wind is knocked out of her.

The impact to the car also causes the metal box holding the timer to slide into the street. The stacks of cash are also strewn across the ground and blown away.

Quinn notices but ignores it all, charging towards Officer Petlin, yanking her gun from her holster and simultaneously handcuffing her hand with one cuff and attaching her to the bike rack with the other cuff.

He starts for the box containing the timer lying in the street --

Only for a passing van to RUN IT OVER.

Quinn freezes for a split-second as he sees sparks and smoke from inside the crushed box -- and then he spins around, heading straight for Officer Kehler's unmoving form, and still holding Petlin's gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER PETLIN
 (straining against the
 cuffs)
 No! Leave him alone!

But Quinn detaches the cartridge from the gun and drops both gun and ammunition to the ground. Then he swipes the car keys off a clip on Kehler's belt. Jumps into the driver's seat of the police car.

As Quinn speeds off in his stolen car --

OFFICER PETLIN (cont'd)
 (into her portable radio)
 This is Officer Sandra Petlin,
 reporting a suspect in a stolen
 squad car, three-five-one, going
 east on Dunway --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - EVENING

Wade, Laurel and the Professor are seated at his signing table. The Professor is signing books for his fans while speaking to his friends.

ARTURO
 A guidance counselor? A profession
 most worthy of your compassionate
 heart, Ms. Welles.

Wade beams at the compliment.

LAUREL
 Compassionate? She tried to make me
 think I was crazy!

WADE
 I said I was sorry.
 (to the Professor)
 What Laurel saw in the basement --

ARTURO
 Allows for numerous explanations.
 Ms. Hills, your penchant for
 hallucinogens is no secret --

WADE
 She wasn't hallucinating. Then!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Having been present for the Summer of Love twice over, I must point out that mind-altering substances are often stored in fat cells, then released when consumed for energy. And even at your best, Ms. Hills, you must confess that your nutrition is lacking --

LAUREL

Unbelievable. I know what I saw, Professor!

ARTURO

And I do not doubt it. But on two separate occasions, Ms. Welles and I have encountered individuals sensitive to probability factors as relating to alternate realities --

WADE

What? What are you talking about?

ARTURO

(patiently)
The psychics and the telepaths.

LAUREL

Psychics and telepaths are not a thing! Are they?

WADE

They totally are. But was Gillian psychic or --

ARTURO

In any case, the former basement lab remains a soft spot in reality. Ms. Hills, in an altered state of mind, may have been experiencing a temporary sensitivity --

LAUREL

But that guy that saved me --

ARTURO

Yes, you may rest assured that not everyone from a parallel reality is malicious --

WADE

It was Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Arturo casts a shocked look at Wade.

WADE (cont'd)
He's back. I don't know how. I
don't know why.

The Professor rises from his seat with such force that he
knocks over his *Jumpers* books. His fans leap back.

ARTURO
Apologies, my dear readers! An
urgent matter has called me away.
(throwing on his coat)
Ms. Welles! Ms. Hills! Come along!

He charges towards the door of the bookstore, Wade and
Laurel hurrying after him.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EVENING

We see the parked police car in an empty alley. Quinn
emerging from it with a police radio.

He raises it to his ear as he steps out of the alley. He
starts to move left --

RADIO
*Stolen squad car last seen heading
south on Baywick, heading to the
intersection of Dunn and Bays --*

Quinn immediately turns right instead. A number of
pedestrians are coming in his direction. Quinn, with
seemingly accidental clumsiness, bumps into a passing woman.

QUINN
Sorry!

As he walks away, he holds up her wallet. Pulls out some
bills -- but then spies photos of three children in the
wallet and the wrinkled, worn appearance of the bills. He
puts the money back and spins around.

QUINN (cont'd)
Ma'am! You dropped your wallet.

CUT TO:

SAME LOCATION

Quinn keeps walking, passing a FILM DEVELOPING SHOP and a GIANT RECORD STORE along with phone booth after phone booth and people running up to use them.

Quinn approaches a STREET VENDOR, the same periodical-and-snack selling vendor he visited on the breakfast run earlier.

The man inside the vending booth, CHARLIE ALMQUIST, 60s, nods to Quinn as Quinn approaches. (It's Coach Almquist from "Eggheads.")

Quinn looks at a small rack for *San Francisco Examiner* with each section of the newspaper being sold separately for a dollar and in small, pamphlet form. And all the magazines are digest-sized.

From inside the booth, a small radio emits a crackling sound of static that breaks up any and all spoken words.

QUINN

Need some help with that radio,
Coach?

CUT TO:

QUINN AND CHARLIE

Seated at a folding table and chairs outside the vendor. Quinn has taken apart Charlie's radio and the police radio and is tinkering.

CHARLIE

Sorry I don't remember you, son.
Coached a lot of kids over the
years. Got pushed into an early
retirement that has me hawking
papers to supplement the pension.

QUINN

(adjusting the radio)
At least you've got a lot to read!

CHARLIE

Not the future I was expecting.

QUINN

Were you counting on flying cars?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Always thought I'd get to see phones and TVs that could fit in your pocket. Or a postage system that doesn't take eight to ten days to get a letter to my sister in New Zealand. Or computerized records for doctors and hospitals.

QUINN

It takes time.

(beat)

Your tuning coil's out. But I've got a spare one here --

CHARLIE

I don't know what it's like in Canada, but the good old US of A has plenty of pocket computers and e-letter systems -- they just don't let your average Joe buy or use it.

(holding up a magazine)

They got printers in the White House do a full run of these at one-fifth the price of the inkjets, but they buy up all the patents and restrict it to government and military.

QUINN

(looking at radio)

Two sides to every dream, Charlie.

(holds up one of the chips)

This is the product of a union factory in Texas. Up the production for smartphones and tablets --

CHARLIE

What in Sam Hill's a tablet?

QUINN

And they'll make them even cheaper -- find labour in countries where children are put to work for starvation wages while your neighbours are out of work. And put together a global network of information --

(waves to the newsstand)

And no one would be buying these.

Quinn begins snapping the radio back together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

But if we had a more connected world, this crazy Q-fella wouldn't be wreaking havoc across the planet.

QUINN

What're you talking about?

CHARLIE

You said you'd been working up in Canada. Did they not get the news up there?

QUINN

Publication ban. You were saying?

CHARLIE

Q! Since 2003, printers at every TV, newspaper and magazine started printing jobs that no staff ever sent. Like they had minds of their own. They'd run off all kinds of top secret military and government files or ledgers and accounts for big corporations or private letters of the rich and powerful.

QUINN

Who's doing this?

CHARLIE

No one even knows how, never mind who. We've had twenty Senators put in jail, been through three Presidents, had ten big corporations sued by a hundred countries -- and all the docs are signed with the letter Q. I don't know if I would thank the guy or run if I met him.

Quinn finishes re-assembling the radio. He turns it on.

RADIO

We have breaking news that the long-pursued Q -- a federal fugitive wanted for over eight hundred counts of violating the 1917 Espionage Act -- has at last been seen if not identified.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RADIO (cont'd)
 (static, then)
*Police are seeking a Caucasian man
 in his late thirties or early
 forties, six-foot-two, with long,
 brown hair in a brown jacket and a
 red flannel shirt and jeans in the
 Dunkirn District. This man is armed
 and dangerous --*

Charlie gapes at Quinn's hair, jacket, shirt and jeans.

QUINN
 (handing over the radio)
 Good as new. How about I take a few
 of these papers and a train token
 and we'll call it even?

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - EVENING

There's a crowd of people gathered in the train station near the entrance. Many are holding signs and banners: **TRUST WITH TECH! CONNECT THE GLOBE!**

A demonstrator, a short, fiery man named Arlo, stands on stacked milk crates, yelling needlessly into a megaphone.

ARLO
 The human race can transmit thirty thousand kilobits of data a second. Create microcircuitry in nanometers! But where does all that go? To a military industrial machine! They've taken the pinnacle of human achievement! I say we take it back!

As demonstrators cheer, Quinn enters the train station, joining the evening commuters. He spies police officers standing by the turnstiles.

Quinn smoothly integrates himself into a small grouping of five commuters headed towards the turnstiles, easily burying himself between them, carefully keeping in step.

The commuters unknowingly block Quinn's face from the view of the cops and he deposits his token into the station's fare receptacle and steps through the turnstiles unnoticed.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM

Quinn is moving towards the platform, lagging behind other commuters to avoid making eye contact or drawing attention. But this causes him to miss the train -- he makes it to the platform just as the doors close. The platform is empty.

As a second train approaches, Quinn prepares to board -- only for a hand to drop to his shoulder.

Quinn spins around to see a burly, unshaven, sunglasses-wearing security guard. (It's Sid, the brutal abuser from "El Sid.")

SID

Well, well, well! You're the big fish everyone's looking for, Mister Q!

Quinn leaps to Sid's left, hoping to evade him. Sid promptly kicks Quinn's legs out from under him and shoves him straight into the platform wall.

SID (cont'd)

(gazing down at a fallen Quinn)

You're outmuscled and outgunned, little man.

Quinn painfully pulls himself into a seated position, starting to rise. Sid leans right into Quinn's face.

SID (cont'd)

But if you want to put up a fight, I wouldn't mind being the guy who knocked Q's teeth out before bringing him in.

QUINN

Alternate proposal, Sid.

Sid blanches as he realizes that Quinn knows his name.

QUINN (cont'd)

How about you forget you saw me and I forget all about those assault and robbery charges your employers probably don't know about?

Sid recoils. Backs away. As he turns to run --

CONTINUED:

SID
 (fleeing)
 You're a monster! You're a monster!

Quinn watches Sid run. He reaches into a pocket, pulls out one of the digests from the news vendor. Studies the cover:
WHO IS Q?

The train stops and Quinn boards.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - EVENING

Quinn is looking out the window thoughtfully. Studying the scenery.

A dark-haired woman, JUNE, drops down into a seat near Quinn's. (It's the con-woman from "Greatfellas.") She spots Quinn's face.

We can see her mentally comparing the radio description of Quinn to the man sitting next to her. She rises. Reaches for the emergency lever.

QUINN
 How's it going, June?

JUNE
 How -- how do you know who I am?

QUINN
 I also know about the skimming.

June freezes in place.

QUINN (cont'd)
 I'm just looking to visit a girl
 and see if she's alright. I'm not
 looking for trouble.
 (beat)
 So how about you act like you don't
 know who the police are looking for
 and I'll act like I don't know how
 much you've stolen?

June backs away from Quinn and scurries away, farther down the train. Quinn glances at the digest in his hand again.
WHO IS Q?

Quinn is positively unnerved.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER HAIGHTS STREETS - EVENING

Quinn has gotten off the train, left the station and is now walking the streets. He spies several police cars speed by and he casually melts behind a lamppost. Spies a taxicab at a distance.

He steps out and hails it. It stops. Quinn gets in.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - EVENING

The driver, PAVEL, turns around in the driver's seat to look at his passenger. (It's Pavel! From the Pilot! And a few other episodes.)

PAVEL

And where can I take you tonight,
young man -- ?

He then gapes at Quinn's face, recognizing it to match the description of the fugitive. He reaches for the radio --

QUINN

Pavel. I know why you drive this
cab. I know why you circle these
streets. Why you drive these routes
year after year.

Pavel stares at Quinn.

QUINN (cont'd)

Take me where I want to go and I'll
tell you what happened to your son.

CUT TO:

THE TAXI

Speeding down the street.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT

But this isn't Quinn's taxi. We're back on our home Earth and we see that this taxi contains Laurel, seated between the Professor and Wade.

Laurel looks mutinous.

LAUREL

So, now you believe me -- but you're sending me home?

ARTURO

This situation is of no concern to a child! Your safety must be considered.

LAUREL

You wouldn't even know Mallory was back without me!

ARTURO

And we shall spare you no detail when we know more, Ms. Hills.

LAUREL

Wade! Don't do this!

WADE

Laurel, if you get so much as a paper cut while you're hanging out with us, I'm the one who gets sued!

ARTURO

Will your stung ego be soothed, Ms. Hills, by an advance draft of the next volume of *Jumpers*?

WADE

(nodding eagerly at Laurel)
I betcha it's even better than the most recent one, and that one was fantastic!

Lauren wavers between glaring at Wade for addressing her like she's a child and being tempted by the book.

The Professor looks flattered.

ARTURO

Really, Ms. WellVs? That is most gratifying.

CONTINUED:

WADE

It was great! I loved how *Twenty-Nine-Point-Seven* had the characters explaining the concept of probability amplitudes without making it in any way condescending to the layperson --

LAUREL

(looking at her phone)
Funny. That's almost exactly what Jumper-Joan says on Goodreads here.

WADE

(nervous)
Well -- great minds think alike!
(slightly more confident)
And I thought another great segment was when you had Quince and Willa talking about harmonic oscillation and their discussion is an exact description of how they first met in the first book --

LAUREL

(holding up her phone)
Funny. That's exactly what Zikzak23 says on Jumpers dot net.

WADE

Crap.

LAUREL

You've never read the Professor's books, have you?

WADE

Uhhh --

ARTURO

-- Ms. Welles -- ?

WADE

I have read *of* them?
(Arturo glares)
I read the reviews. I read the reviews!

ARTURO

I sent you complimentary copies!

CONTINUED:

WADE

I had kids' college applications to review! Why do I have to read *Jumpers*? I lived it!

ARTURO

Charlatan!

WADE

Egomaniac!

LAUREL

How did you people travel together for six years without killing each other?

WADE

Well, it was actually four years --

ARTURO

Eighteen months for me --

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

A cab pulls up to a curb.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT

Pavel looks back at Quinn.

PAVEL

This is six blocks from where you wanted --

QUINN

I need to get the lay of the land.

PAVEL

You are a good man. Why do you make such panic for the world?

QUINN

Whoever this Q is -- I'm not him.

PAVEL

But you know so much --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
I travel a lot. I've met lots of
people and learned lots of things.
Good luck, Pavel.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

Quinn is walking down the street as the cab drives away.

QUINN
(muttering)
Eisler. 148 Eisler.

FLASHCUT TO:

THE SAME STREET QUINN IS ON --

But Quinn is not there. We see another taxicab driving past.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXICAB - NIGHT

WADE
Eisler -- up ahead.
(to Laurel)
Don't do anything. Don't take
anything. Just drink some water and
go to bed.

ARTURO
Once again, this may merely be the
perspective of an old man, but
fluids before bedrest? Most unwise.

WADE
Alright!

LAUREL
(sullen)
Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

The taxicab pulls to a stop in front of Laurel's house. Wade, Arturo and Laurel emerge.

ARTURO

Must we accompany the young lady to her front door?

LAUREL

Yeah, must you?

WADE

I've seen your file, Laurel. If I don't see you get home with my own eyes, I won't believe it happened.

They're at base of the front porch. Laurel waves good-bye to Wade and the Professor. Bounds up the porch. Reaches into her pockets and starts looking for her keys.

Wade and Arturo are heading back to the taxicab when they suddenly spot a strange, GLOWING RIPPLE IN THE AIR in front of them.

WADE (cont'd)

Do you see that or do I need glasses?

ARTURO

Our eyes do not deceive us, Ms. Welles. It appears to be a rudimentary manifestation of vortex energy -- an unstable rift in reality.

WADE

How do you know?

ARTURO

It was a hypothesis. It could be a Magic-Eye painting in laser form.

Wade laughs and approaches the ripple in the air with fascination.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Ms. Welles --

Wade turns.

CONTINUED:

ARTURO (cont'd)
This phenomenon does not appear to
be singular in nature.

He gestures to another GLOWING RIPPLE IN THE AIR, this one behind them.

And then there are four more, making for a total of six, on the front lawn of Laurel Hills' home.

Laurel, still searching for her keys, doesn't notice. She gives up the search for keys and raps on the front door with a fist.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn is approaching the house. And he sees THE SAME RIPPLES on an otherwise empty front lawn.

He reaches into his pocket. Digs out a penny. Tosses it into one of the ripples.

We follow the penny into the ripple --

CUT TO:

THE PROFESSOR PEERING AT ONE OF THE RIPPLES

And then a penny flies out of the ripple and strikes him in the eye.

CUT TO:

QUINN -- LOOKING AT THE RIPPLE

And hearing THE PROFESSOR'S CRY OF SURPRISE from beyond the ripple.

CUT TO:

THE PROFESSOR, RUBBING HIS EYE --

As Wade approaches him, we hear, from the ripple --

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)
Sorry!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pull back to Laurel, whose back is turned to the action unfolding on her lawn. The front door opens. And a man, MICHAEL, stares at Laurel through dirty glasses.

MICHAEL

Oh no -- not you again --

LAUREL

What?

MICHAEL

Get away from my house, you lunatic!

LAUREL

What are you -- this is my home -- Mom! Are you in there?

MICHAEL

For the fifth time -- you don't live here! Lay off the crack, kid!

LAUREL

Why do people keep --

MICHAEL

This is my house! Get away from me! I'm calling the police!

Laurel recoils from the man, terrified. Michael slams the door in her face. Laurel spins around, rushes to Wade, who is examining the ripples with the Professor.

Both have completely missed what happened at Laurel's door.

LAUREL

Wade -- Professor -- something's wrong --

WADE

(not looking at Laurel)
I'll say.

Laurel bursts into tears. Wade finally turns to her. Sees Laurel's distress.

WADE (cont'd)

Laurel -- !

Instinctively, she wraps her arms around the girl while the Professor remains focused on the ripple that spat a penny at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO
Hello? Is someone there?

CUT TO:

QUINN

Reacting to the voice. His eyes widen with amazement --

And then someone DIVE-TACKLES Quinn to the grass. Quinn cries out. His head is forced into the lawn.

His assailant is a police officer -- Constable Ryan Simms. Simms stands and keeps Quinn pinned with a boot to his back. Quinn twists his head, sees Simms' face.

CONSTABLE SIMMS
It's been a long chase, Mister Q,
but you've run far enough.

QUINN
No -- wait!!

CUT TO:

THE PROFESSOR REACTING

To the voice he hears from beyond the ripple.

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)
Wait -- let me go and I'll get your
gambling debts written off!

CONSTABLE SIMMS (OFF CAMERA)
I don't know what you're talking
about!

Wade also reacts to the voices, looking up from Laurel.

The Professor reaches a hand into the ripple. It disappears.

And then the ripple seems to PULL HIM FORWARD. The Professor cries out with surprise and instinctively REACHES FOR WADE, who is gripping Laurel.

His hand grabs Wade's arm. He tries to pull back from the ripple. But he instead pulls Wade and Laurel TOWARDS IT --

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. LAUREL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Constable Simms is raising his radio.

CONSTABLE SIMMS

Hey, Garry! I got him! We're at --

And suddenly, PROFESSOR ARTURO BURSTS OUT OF THE RIPPLE. He slams RIGHT INTO CONSTABLE SIMMS and knocks him to the ground. Both men lie in a heap.

ARTURO

I do apologize --

There's another yell of fright from LAUREL as she and WADE emerge from the ripple and the momentum has them nearly tripping over the Professor and Constable Simms.

Laurel gasps and spins around, taking in her surroundings. The Professor apologizes to Simms and tries to help him up, but Simms is groaning from a twisted ankle.

And then Quinn stands -- and he and Wade Welles find themselves staring at each other for the first time in fourteen years.

Quinn gazes wordlessly at Wade, drinking in the sight of her. Joy and warmth flare in his eyes as he steps towards her. He can scarcely believe in this reunion.

Wade promptly slaps him in the face. Laurel laughs hysterically at this.

WADE

You bastard! Where the hell have you been for fourteen years!?

QUINN

I'm --

WADE

You didn't exist! We were the only ones who remembered you! We thought you were gone! We thought you were dead!

Quinn looks sheepish. Meanwhile, the Professor helps Constable Simms to his feet.

ARTURO

I trust no harm has been done --

CONTINUED:

CONSTABLE SIMMS

I'm okay -- thanks.

(jabbing a finger at Quinn)

But that man is going into custody
now!

Wade and Laurel gape at Constable Simms, and Wade silently recognizes him.

Quinn holds up his hands --

QUINN

You sure you don't have any
gambling debts?

CONSTABLE SIMMS

Yes, I'm sure!

QUINN

Do you have any suicidal tendencies
you wouldn't want exposed?

Simms reacts with another baffled look. Then the Professor promptly punches Simms in the jaw and sends him back to the ground.

OFFICER GRAVES (OFF CAMERA)

Hey!

They look to see Constable Simms' partner advancing up the street. Reaching for his gun --

QUINN

Run for it!

He darts off the lawn and begins to sprint, Wade and Laurel and the Professor behind them. The Professor gasps at the exertion --

QUINN (cont'd)

In there!

He thrusts a hand towards what looks like a COMMUNITY CENTER that's been cleaned out and slated for demolition. The four of them run into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - NIGHT

All the furniture has been cleaned out and the four find themselves in a wide lobby-area with flights of stairs against the left and right walls.

LAUREL

What? This place was still open yesterday --

QUINN

We're in a parallel universe! Come on!

He runs for the stairs --

WADE

Do we have a plan here?!

QUINN

Slide window in --
(glances at his watch)
Two minutes! We just need to keep our distance from the cops until then!

As they run up the stairs --

ARTURO

Just how often do you find yourselves on the run from the authorities, Mr. Mallory?!

QUINN

This is only the second time today!

As they make it to the top of the stairs, Arturo stops, catching his breath, resting his hands on his knees -

LAUREL

Where's the timer?

Arturo doesn't react to this, Wade and Quinn stare at Laurel.

LAUREL (cont'd)

The *Jumpers* books have a timer.

At this point, the cops enter the community center. The sliders duck down behind the stairway railing.

CONTINUED:

OFFICER GRAVES

Listen up, Q! The back's chained up! There's no way out but the front! So come out now and there won't be any trouble!

Wade reacts to Graves' words.

WADE

"Q"? What did you do?

QUINN

Wrong person.

LAUREL

Where's the timer?

QUINN

It got run over, it's in pieces, it doesn't matter.

WADE

What?!

ARTURO

How are we supposed to get home without the timer?

QUINN

It --

He's cut off as Graves and Simms start yelling.

CONSTABLE SIMMS

Come out now or we start shooting!

OFFICER GRAVES

Ryan -- maybe not -- they're not armed and -- the paperwork!

CONSTABLE SIMMS

Garry! We're about to catch the most wanted man alive! We can fill out some forms!

Graves sighs and both cops pull their guns.

OFFICER GRAVES

Just warning shots!

CONSTABLE SIMMS

I'm not a monster.

CONTINUED:

They fire into the ceiling and promptly trigger a MASSIVE BURST OF FLAME AS THE CEILING SPLITS OPEN WITH FIRE.

CONSTABLE SIMMS (cont'd)
Oh my God! I think I hit a gas
line!

OFFICER GRAVES
(moving for the door)
I know you hit a gas line!

CONSTABLE SIMMS
(yelling as he runs)
Q! This isn't worth dying for; you
and your friends get down here now!

But then huge portions of the dropping ceiling descend right upon the flight of stairs, blocking Laurel, Wade, the Professor and Quinn from making it back down the stairs.

They watch in horror as flames catch into the wiring of the walls and sparks begin to fly.

The fire spreads down the walls and the carpeted stairs ignite.

QUINN
Back! Back!

The four retreat, and start to run around the upper level, trying to get to the stairs on the opposite end of the building. Quinn leads the way.

The other three trail behind him. Quinn gets to the top of the opposite-end stairs, Laurel and Wade lagging behind to support a weakening Arturo --

And then the electrical system in the ceiling area sparks and flares. Sparks drop towards the carpeted floor. Flames erupt BETWEEN Quinn and the others. The fire separates them.

Laurel, the Professor and Wade jump back. But the flames behind them are closing in too.

WADE
Quinn! Find a fire extinguisher!

Quinn looks left and right. There are no extinguishers.

He regards his friends behind the flames with impassive thoughtfulness. Checks his watch.

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Three. Two. One --

And then behind Quinn, a burst of light flares and widens into a VORTEX. Its cool, blue light seems to soften the flames for a moment.

Without a single glance back to his friends, Quinn turns and steps into it.

The vortex vanishes instantly.

WADE

Quinn!!!!

But she's shouting at empty space. Quinn is gone.

Arturo pulls off his coat, attempts to beat back the flames in a futile gesture as they close in. And as the heat and fire intensify --

WADE (cont'd)

Laurel, I'm --

And then suddenly, there's another BURST OF LIGHT that turns into an OPEN VORTEX. The blue-white light drowns out the hellish-red of the fire.

And from the vortex comes a FLOOD OF WHITE FOAM.

It instantly smothers the flames around Wade, the Professor and Laurel and leaves them standing knee-deep in what looks like melted marshmallows.

The foam floods the floor and spreads in every direction, dampening the fire across the floor and stairs.

And then Quinn emerges from the vortex. He's holding another Motorola-encased timer.

He points it at the vortex behind him and the vortex's energy pattern instantly reverses from streaming outward to streaming inward.

QUINN

Let's go home.

He ushers Laurel into the vortex. She shrieks as the tunnel takes her. Then Wade enters. Then the Professor. And Quinn steps in himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. FEYNMAN STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

The vortex releases Laurel, Wade, the Professor and Quinn into an empty parking lot. They find themselves standing in front of a large building with the words **FEYNMAN STORAGE** mounted above the entrance.

QUINN

Sorry. Meant to vortex us indoors,
but I had to set this thing in a
hurry.

He triggers another vortex.

QUINN (cont'd)

Come on. I'll show you around.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

The vortex deposits the four into the lobby of the storage facility. The front desk is unmanned and Quinn leads Laurel, Wade and the Professor into a large elevator.

As they stand, Quinn taps two keys on the elevator. As the elevator descends, jets in the elevator send bursts of air at the sliders, removing the white foam from their clothes.

ARTURO

You've constructed a sliding
network?

QUINN

I can open a vortex anywhere on
this Earth. And when I'm on a
parallel Earth, my system tracks my
location and opens a vortex when
the window's available -- but a
timer can delay or reprogram the
gateway.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The four of them walk down a hallway lined with sets of double-doors with keycard scanners.

ARTURO

"A timer?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Yeah, I've got hundreds now. Any one of them can sync with the system.

(gesturing at the long,
long series of doors)

Behind each of these doors is a really large storage space -- as far as my customers know. But it's actually a pocket dimension.

ARTURO

You've created bubble universes?

QUINN

They're not universes -- just enlarged dimensions. There's atmosphere and gravity, but it's really just empty closet space.

WADE

One for every customer?

QUINN

Physically, this facility could only serve about two hundred clients; interdimensionally, it's serving about three thousand.

(continuing down the hall)

And I have my own storage spaces with parachutes and decontamination equipment --

LAUREL

And a pocket universe full of fire-extinguishing foam?

Quinn nods. Laurel regards him with glowing admiration as he leads them all to a specific door.

QUINN

I do most of my work in here.

He taps a key card to the scanner and the doors swing open. He enters. The four of them descend a creaking flight of stairs into --

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT

It looks just as it did in the Pilot except even more so. Giant metal coils are situated throughout the basement, resting between multiple worktables covered in various electrical components.

One table is devoted to timers -- multiple copies of the Motorola TAC timer.

Three chalkboards sit against the walls, covered with mathematical equations. Four widescreen TVs are mounted on the walls, each showing maps and newsfeeds.

There's a sofa, armchair and home theatre system making up a central TV area (with a keyboard and mouse on a coffee table).

There's a kitchen area with a stove and oven, a fridge, a horizontal freezer and a dining table. There are shelves and shelves of survival gear and food supplies.

The floor is bare concrete with a few rugs thrown over the sitting areas. Incongruously, a side area shows QUINN'S BEDROOM attached to the basement.

It's the home-lab of a messy university student -- or rather, a 42-year-old man who never grew up from that.

LAUREL

Whoa. The Batcave!

Quinn glances at Laurel with a surprised and very-pleased smile.

Wade rolls her eyes as she and Arturo descend. As the four step off the stairs --

QUINN

(spotting Wade's look)
You used to think this was cool.

WADE

I used to think two gigs of RAM
made a supercomputer!
(hand to head)
Forty-two years old and you're
still living in your mother's
basement. Only an immature moron
would be impressed.

LAUREL

This place is amazing!
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL (cont'd)
(bounding between work
tables)
That's a graviton isolation tube.
And this is a whispering gallery
spectrograph.
(stopping at a rack of
over 100 Playstation 3s)
This is either an insane gaming
system or a homemade supercomputer
and it is definitely a homemade
supercomputer!
(at the chalkboard)
And these calculations are for
coordinating the twenty-eight
segments of a controlled gateway
through the interdimension!

She looks at Quinn with delighted hero-worship.

LAUREL (cont'd)
This is all yours -- you built all
this! You're a genius!

Quinn takes a moment to enjoy this, then --

QUINN
How do you know what all that is?
(to Wade and Arturo)
How does she know how all that is?

Wade throws her hands up in the air blankly. Arturo glowers.

ARTURO
For God's sake! Is the troubled
teenager the only one who reads my
books!?

WADE
I read the first chapter. I felt
like your work was aimed at
arrested adolescents and man-
children who never moved out.

She looks pointedly at Quinn.

ARTURO
To be fair, Ms. Welles, Mr. Mallory
has clearly shifted a facsimile of
his basement into a pocket
dimension of which he has
ownership.

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Yeah. And as for *Jumpers* -- there are two characters named "Quince" and "Willa". That's too close to home for me and I hate looking in the mirror already --

ARTURO

As well you should, Mr. Mallory! This entire facility -- this ridiculous laboratory -- it is an affront to your creation!

LAUREL

What are you talking about, Professor? This place is great!
(looking about the bookshelves)
Twelve *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* books!

QUINN

They're from an Earth where the author survived his heart attack and started writing like there was no tomorrow.

LAUREL

Fifteen volumes in the *Harry Potter* series!

QUINN

Books three, eleven and fourteen don't fit in with each other.

LAUREL

(looking at the blu-rays)
Twenty-seven versions of *Blade Runner*!

QUINN

They'll never stop re-editing that thing; our world has seven versions already.

LAUREL

(opening a fridge)
Whoa! You have New Coke!
(peering into a freezer)
Forty-one varieties of Baskin Robbins! Ice cream that's literally out of this world!

CONTINUED:

Arturo glowers at Quinn.

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory! It has been twenty years since you first opened the vortex and you have used sliding for the most childish of pursuits!

QUINN

Well. No ice cream for you.

Arturo looks away in disgust for a moment and spots a newspaper lying on one of the worktables, one of the papers we saw earlier in Quinn's room. He grabs one.

ARTURO

Even a casual perusal of today's headlines from this world or any other shows an endless array of human horror.

He rips the paper open and begins leafing through its contents.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Every day, eighty-thousand acres of rainforest are destroyed --
 (flipping a page)
 Five thousand people die from consuming contaminated water --
 (flipping a page)
 Nine hundred and twenty-five million people starve --

He looks up from the paper and back to Quinn.

ARTURO (cont'd)

And what have you done about it?

He walks across the floor of the basement, looking over the worktables, the shelves, the computers. He looks ready to roll up the paper and beat Quinn stupid with it.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Two decades to refine sliding technology and what's it for? Entertaining yourself? A fourteen year holiday?
 (gesturing at the timers)
 You haven't even moved forward on the design! You continue to use repurposed cellular phones!

CONTINUED:

QUINN

You try waterproofing something the size of an iPhone after putting in a geographic spectrum stabilizer -- see how far you get!

ARTURO

How can you have created so much and done so little?!

QUINN

Those numbers you're throwing out would be a lot higher without me -- and I don't answer to you, Professor! You have no idea what sliding means! Wade has more grounds to criticize me than you!

Arturo looks to Wade.

WADE

I dunno what he's talking about.

QUINN

(to the Professor)

You slid for eighteen months! After that, you were safe -- and almost home! We went on without you and you'll never understand what we went through! I watched Wade die!

LAUREL

(scooping ice cream from tub to bowl)

Wait, really?

QUINN

I saw this world overrun with Kromaggs!

LAUREL

(handing Wade ice cream)

You died?

WADE

(taking the ice cream)

I don't know, it was so unclear!

QUINN

They invaded our world! They took my mother! They took my identity!

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

(to Wade while filling
another bowl with ice
cream)

We were invaded -- when? By whats?

WADE

Wasn't around to see it, thanking
God I missed it.

(tasting ice cream)

Creme Brulee flavor? It's good!

QUINN

(to Arturo)

They dissected my cat! They turned
Wade into a computer! They made me
think I had a brother! They turned
Remmy into a traumatized wreck!
They shaved his mustache,
Professor! His mustache!

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory, you are hysterical.

LAUREL

Yeah, calm down.

(handing Quinn a bowl)

Have hazelnut.

(handing Arturo a bowl)

Have some mint chocolate.

(as they eat)

I'm assuming all this dying and
invasion and mustache stuff got
cleared up in some cosmic reset
that only nerds can understand.

QUINN

Is that in one of the Professor's
novels?

ARTURO

Surely I would be above such shabby
plot contrivances.

WADE

Quinn, why did you let us think you
were gone?

QUINN

I got you home. Back to your lives.
I had to let you live them.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)

(beat)

And I've done what I can for the world. But we've seen what happens when sliding's introduced to a society that isn't ready for it.

ARTURO

And you feel the strength of your convictions, Mr. Mallory?

QUINN

Yes!

ARTURO

Then why did you hide yourself? You hid from our friendship, from our trust, from anything we might have had to say --

QUINN

You want a say? You've got one now! What are we going to do about Laurel?!

Quinn, Wade and Arturo look at Laurel, who has a spoonful of ice cream in her mouth. She takes the spoon out.

LAUREL

You mean, you need to discuss whether or not you're going to kill me to maintain the secrecy of Jumping?

QUINN

What? No! It's called sliding!
(to the Professor)
What have you done?

WADE

Does that matter?
(to Laurel)
And I think Quinn meant we need to talk about your effect on reality.

QUINN

Yeah.

Laurel lowers her ice cream to a table. The terror and paranoia that she put on pause earlier is beginning to return.

CONTINUED:

WADE

There were ripples in reality in front of your house.

ARTURO

You experienced a parallel reality in Mr. Mallory's basement -- in the original location.

LAUREL

I don't know why it happens to me. Sometimes I'm home and a stranger's there and says I'm in the wrong place.

(beat)

Once, I went into school with an essay on a mudslide in Washington State and Ms. Hanley said it never happened and I couldn't find any articles on it and then when I went home, they were all back online.

Quinn regards Laurel with great sympathy and sadness.

QUINN

That's terrible. How can you live like this?

LAUREL

I drink heavily.

ARTURO

That is troubling in itself, but Ms. Hills' situation with reality indicates a pattern of instability in this dimension.

WADE

Centered on her.

QUINN

And triggered to an even greater extent when she's around us. Her history is unstable; appearing one moment, disappearing the next.

(looking at a timer)

The Earth we left was a stable point for her history, but her arrival sent it into a state of flux.

ARTURO

And that Earth's circumstances --

CONTINUED:

QUINN

It's a world where digital communications technology's restricted for government and military use through patent legislation and supply chain manipulation.

(beat)

Someone was manipulating the systems they had. Slaving printers to leak top secret information.

LAUREL

Those cops were chasing someone called Q -- could that be the you who lives in that dimension? Maybe he would know what's going on with reality, with me --

QUINN

No.

LAUREL

Why not?

QUINN

There is no Quinn Mallory.

Laurel stands up, walks to Quinn and taps a finger to his shoulder cautiously.

LAUREL

You're here.

WADE

(to Quinn)

I could slap you again to confirm this.

QUINN

When we rebuilt the multiverse, we restored a version where no version of me ever existed.

(holds up his ice cream)

This is reality after we saved it.

(moves to kitchen area,
sprinkles crumbled
peanuts on ice cream)

And we're a layer of topping on top.

CONTINUED:

WADE

But then how do we figure out what's going on?

QUINN

I don't know. I don't --

ARTURO

I believe I may have a route towards our answers.

Quinn, Wade and Laurel look to Arturo.

ARTURO (cont'd)

We must seek out the assistance of a specific individual. The person who was used as a template to rebuild this multiverse.

(grim)

And quite possibly the only other person stupid enough to work with Mr. Mallory again --

CUT TO:

QUINN'S HAND KNOCKING ON A DOOR

The door opens to reveal REMBRANDT BROWN peering out from behind it.

Quinn, Wade and Arturo stand on the front porch of Rembrandt's house with big smiles.

WADE

Rembrandt! You look great!

Rembrandt slams the door in their faces.

QUINN

Remmy? What are you doing?

INSIDE THE HOUSE: Rembrandt is locking the door urgently and pressing himself against the door like he's afraid they'll knock it down.

REMBRANDT

Go away! All of you! You just stay away from me!

OUTSIDE: Quinn, Wade and Arturo exchange looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

What are you talking about? We're your friends!

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)

When *exactly* did we become friends, Q-Ball!? Was it when you dragged me through that cosmic donut hole and left my car in an iceberg?!

INSIDE THE HOUSE: Rembrandt is howling through his closed door.

REMBRANDT

Was it when you got me pregnant!? Was it when you told me you were sending me home and dropped me into an alien battle zone!?

OUTSIDE: Quinn is alarmed. Arturo and Wade look horrified. Arturo looks at Wade, mouthing, "Pregnant?"

QUINN

(to Rembrandt)

That was an accident!

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)

How about that time you left me sliding alone for a year? You never even taught me how to recharge the timer!

Arturo and Wade cast outraged looks at Quinn. Quinn throws his hands in the air helplessly.

INSIDE: Rembrandt is starting to pound on the locked door.

REMBRANDT

I got chased by dinosaurs! Twice! I have faced off against two-dimensional beings! I had to fight rock-star vampires and giant slugs! And don't even get me started on that theme park that fed off bad feelings!

OUTSIDE: Wade and Arturo look at Quinn quizzically.

WADE

Rock-star vampires?

ARTURO

What's this about the slugs?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSIDE: Rembrandt continues shouting.

REMBRANDT

I was chained to a pipe and beat up
by myself! I got shot at with a
laser cannon mounted on a toy car!

OUTSIDE: Quinn sighs while Wade stoops to examine the doorknob. Without looking behind her, she raises her hand and Quinn instantly hands her a thin needle. Wade begins to apply it to the door lock.

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)

I can't take anymore! I can't deal
with anymore! I lost six years!

INSIDE: Rembrandt pounds on the door some more for emphasis.

REMBRANDT

And I am not letting you people
take anymore than you already have!

And then the door lock clicks. Rembrandt looks down at it in dismay and the door is forced open by the Professor kicking it in. The door swings in, striking Rembrandt and knocking him to the ground. Quinn, Wade and Arturo stand above him.

ARTURO

(horrified)

Mr. Brown! My apologies --

REMBRANDT

Professor!
(as the Professor helps
him up)
That hurt!

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory is fully aware of his
trespasses and wishes to make
reparations --

REMBRANDT

He can't!
(to Quinn)
There ain't nothing you can do to
make up for what you've already
done to me!

Arturo clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory has purchased a fully
refurbished 1971 Cadillac de Ville
and put your name on the ownership.

Rembrandt gapes at Arturo. Arturo motions to Quinn. Quinn
rifles through his pockets and finally produces a key. He
hands it to Rembrandt.

Rembrandt takes the key and steps outside onto the front
porch. He gazes in delight at the red-painted, newly waxed
car in his driveway. His eyes linger on the smooth lines and
sleek front-end of the car.

Laurel Hills sits in the passenger seat.

REMBRANDT

Who's that?

QUINN

She's my intern. And she was
installing a car radio with
Bluetooth and speakerphone.

REMBRANDT

(turning to Quinn)

Oh, Q-Ball. I could never stay mad
at you!

He hugs Quinn. Quinn hugs back. Two brothers reunited.
Rembrandt laughs.

QUINN

So, listen, we've got a sliding
problem and we were hoping you
could help us out --

The moment Quinn mentions sliding, Rembrandt's eyes bulge
with fury. He shoves Quinn backwards and into the front-
porch railing.

Rembrandt backs away from his friends roughly, and then with
frantic desperation, he leaps back into his house and slams
the door shut again.

The sliders regard the door sadly. Then Wade and Arturo
glare at Quinn. The door opens briefly. The sliders look up
optimistically.

Rembrandt throws the car keys at Quinn and slams the door
shut just as Quinn catches them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)
Go away! You stay away from me!

CUT TO:

EXT. REMBRANDT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn, Wade, Arturo and Laurel are standing in front of Rembrandt's front porch.

ARTURO
Well, I don't know about you three,
but my sense is that Mr. Brown will
give serious consideration to
assisting us.

WADE
He'll definitely think about it.

LAUREL
Totally! Just a matter of time.

Quinn lowers himself to the front porch steps, sits and buries his head in his hands.

ARTURO
Oh come along, Mr. Mallory! Surely
you didn't expect to win him over
immediately.
(beat)
Some sustenance is in order after
the evening we've had.

WADE
I know a place nearby --

ARTURO
Very good.

QUINN
You guys go. I'll wait here.

The sliders regard Quinn doubtfully.

QUINN (cont'd)
He'll want to talk to me
eventually. I should wait. I owe
him that and so much more.

Wade and Arturo nod. They start to head towards the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laurel lingers next to Quinn and Wade and Arturo look at her questioningly.

LAUREL
I'll hang out here.

Wade and Arturo turn their questioning looks to Quinn. He nods indifferently. Wade and Arturo walk off. Laurel seats herself next to Quinn on the front porch. Quinn barely seems to notice her. He is lost in thought.

LAUREL (cont'd)
So, there's some stuff in the third
Jumpers book --

QUINN
I haven't read them.

LAUREL
Did you really meet a female
version of yourself and have sex
with her?

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We hear the clatter of glasses and plates, the murmur of quiet chatter as we pan to Wade and the Professor's booth.

The Professor is disassembling one of Quinn's timers and it's hooked into a small netbook in front of Wade. A waitress brings two plates to Wade and the Professor's table.

ARTURO
(to the waitress)
Ah, thank you, my good woman. This
looks sumptuous!
(after the waitress leaves)
This looks disgusting. What is
this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE
(forking her food)
Seaweed salad.

ARTURO
(grim)
I'd forgotten your culinary tastes
would inevitably lead us to a
vegetarian restaurant.

He slides the salad over to Wade, sips from a mug of tea and continues to look at the timer internals while Wade eats and peers at the netbook screen.

WADE
Quinn's cloud network is amazing.
The hardware in this netbook's
barely enough to boot. It's
offloading all the processing to a
processing mainframe.

ARTURO
Indeed -- a pirate-satellite system
linked to Mr. Mallory's computing
and sliding network.

WADE
He's been busy.

ARTURO
Yes, but to what end?

WADE
I've been spending the last
fourteen years trying not to think
about sliding at all.

ARTURO
As have I, admittedly with little
success. Every damned paper I've
sought to produce turned into a
science fiction novel! I've been
reduced to teaching one class a
year!

WADE
Every counselling session I have
with the kids turns into a
discussion about playing the odds
for the best probable outcome.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

I spend my mornings and evenings scanning almanacs and biographies, making certain they're consistent with what I remember.

WADE

I caught the end of *It's a Wonderful Life* on TV and it had a new scene where the bad guy gets beaten to death by a mob. It was a spoof, but it scared me.

ARTURO

That boy -- that man -- and his invention have left us permanently scarred! Who can blame Rembrandt for his recalcitrance?

CUT TO:

EXT. REMBRANDT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn is finishing up a story --

QUINN

-- and as far as I can tell after piecing together forty-seven eyewitness testimonies from eighteen different Earths, that's how the Kennedy assassination went down.

LAUREL

Sliding just opens the door to solving every mystery, doesn't it?
(beat)
How's the energy crisis out there in the multiverse?

QUINN

We saw this Earth where anyone sit on stationary bikes and get paid to pedal to produce power.
(a smile)
We saw an Earth where death was conquered and birth was seen as an abomination. A San Francisco that was the property of Mexico. A United States dominated by fifty years of anti-Communist hysteria.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)

Another one where freedom of the press was a myth --

LAUREL

That all sounds terrible and you're smiling.

Quinn, caught, looks away for a moment.

LAUREL (cont'd)

Those were all Earths you saw with your friends, weren't they? And now you slide alone.

(beat)

Is that why you're sad?

QUINN

What're you talking about?

LAUREL

You can go anywhere. It's all waiting for you with a tap on the timer. But the only time you're happy is when you talk about what you did with Wade and Rembrandt and the Professor.

Quinn looks at Rembrandt's closed front door with great sadness. And Laurel shifts uncomfortably in her position. Embarrassed to have pushed.

LAUREL (cont'd)

(changing the subject)

Something else I've always wondered about -- has sliding ever given you any ideas on why socks vanish from the dryer?

QUINN

I have this theory -- I think it's the rotational motion of socks matched with the formulations of liquid fabric softener that have a shredding effect on spacetime, altering the curve to shift socks into --

The door to Rembrandt's house suddenly swings open.

REMBRANDT

Hey! Don't go polluting the kid's brain with your garbage!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Rembrandt -- I said it was a theory.

REMBRANDT

Save the scientist crap, Q-ball --

QUINN

A theory's a thought experiment until --

REMBRANDT

Oh good God, why are you even here?!

QUINN

Because I need your help and so does Laurel and so does the world!

Rembrandt actually looks at Laurel for the first time. There's a moment of recognition --

REMBRANDT

Laurel!

QUINN

Have you two met?

LAUREL

I think so -- ? Wait, you're the guy who rented my mom's basement -- whoa, you look really different now that you have a mustache!

REMBRANDT

That was a rough year. Washed up into the world with a six year disappearance, no work, a few hundred in the bank --

LAUREL

Didn't you win the lottery or something?

REMBRANDT

Sort of. A winning ticket turned up in my mail. Just a few hundred thousand, but it got me back on my feet --

Rembrandt stops his story and turns to Quinn. Quinn smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Was that ticket from you?

QUINN

There's a parallel Earth just like ours except Daylight Savings was abolished and I could get the lotto numbers early --

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Wade and Arturo are now sitting next to each other. Peering at the netbook connected to the timer.

WADE

The interface in Quinn's operating system is a mess -- he still relies on typing out individual commands. It's like he never left 1995!

ARTURO

The basic principle is sound. Any device attached to the sliding system -- like this timer -- becomes the system.

WADE

I guess that makes sense if he's the only one who uses it.

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory has set his system to search for more anomalies like what was in front of Ms. Hills' home --

WADE

(jabbing at the screen)
There's activity.

ARTURO

Which the system designates as normal background noise --

WADE

Except the amount of reality distortions has been going up and up and up --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

From the moment we arrived at Mr.
Brown's house --

WADE

And brought Laurel with us -- !

CUT TO:

INT. REMBRANDT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rembrandt has permitted Quinn and Laurel into his home.
They're in the kitchen. Rembrandt is pouring tea. Quinn
admires some of the awards mounted on the wall.

QUINN

Best sound design in an action-
adventure video game? Nice.

REMBRANDT

Yeah. It turns out I really know
how to create the experience of
running from gunfire and explosions
and giant slugs that crap out slime
that gives eternal life.

Laurel is astonished.

QUINN

Yeah! Good times.

As Rembrandt scowls --

QUINN (cont'd)

I knew you had to rebuild your
life. I kept my distance. But now I
can't --

REMBRANDT

Listen, I appreciate the visit and
the car, but sliding was too much
before and it's too much now. I'm
not your man for this.

QUINN

Remmy -- we need you.

REMBRANDT

Oh, c'mon, Q-Ball! You don't need
me. You never did and you never
ever will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn opens and closes his mouth wordlessly.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
 You're an engineer who's out of
 this world and after twenty years,
 I bet you're better than ever.
 Wade's a social worker, the
 Professor's the Professor.

He pours a mug of tea for Laurel, holds it out to her.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
 You guys got no use for a down-and-
 out soul singer --

And then the moment Laurel grips the mug that Rembrandt holds out to her, there is a SPARK between their hands. THE WALLS OF THE HOUSE begin to SHAKE and the GROUND BEGINS TO TREMBLE.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
 What is this!?! I chose this
 property 'cos it was clear of
 tectonic plates!
 (as photographs start
 falling off the wall)
 I'm going to give that real estate
 agent a piece of my mind!

And then Laurel screams. She points at a RIPPLE forming in the center of Rembrandt's kitchen.

LAUREL
 What is that thing!?

The ripple begins to TAKE SHAPE INTO AN OVAL. Like a VORTEX.

REMBRANDT
 Oh no -- !

The house continues to tremble and shudder. Quinn moves for the exit.

QUINN
 We have to get out of here! Come
 on!!

Quinn, Rembrandt and Laurel race for the front door. Quinn puts his hand on the doorknob only for the walls holding the door up to fall apart in the quake-like situation. The door simply falls outward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Let's go!!

The three charge out --

CUT TO:

EXT. REMBRANDT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

And from the front lawn, they turn to Rembrandt's house see a GIANT SINKHOLE in the air itself appearing inside the residence.

It's an ENORMOUS VORTEX that continues to grow as it starts absorbing REMBRANDT'S HOUSE room by room, each one vanishing into vortex energy --

REMBRANDT

No! This can't be happening! I just refinished that basement! I just reshingled the roof -- !

And the house begins to DESCEND INTO THE GROUND ITSELF like it's sinking into interdimensional quicksand.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Q-Ball! Make it stop!

Quinn pulls Rembrandt away from the house. Starts towards the Cadillac -- only for the widening VORTEX IN THE WRECKAGE OF THE HOUSE to spread and STRETCH towards the driveway and the NEW CAR --

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Oh God! This can't be happening again! This can't be happening again!

The out-of-control vortex whips out and begins to pull the car towards its depths.

SLOW MOTION: The tires of the car SCRAPING against the driveway as it moves. The vortex's gravitational pull overpowers the parking brake and the Cadillac begins to pick up speed in the direction of the vortex.

SLOW MOTION: Rembrandt wailing in dismay as he sees the car dragged towards the vortex.

SLOW MOTION: Rembrandt reaching towards the Cadillac desperately as Quinn hauls him backwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SLOW MOTION: The Cadillac is pulled into the vortex and DISAPPEARS in a FLASH.

SLOW MOTION: Rembrandt's face breaking with despair as he sinks to his knees on the grass and unleashes an agonized shriek towards the sky.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Noooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

And then the vortex begins to stretch and extend towards Quinn, Rembrandt and Laurel.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Wade and Arturo are walking back towards Rembrandt's house.

WADE

I feel full!

ARTURO

How pleasant for you.

WADE

Fine, we'll go out for artery-clogging fat next time -- honestly, I don't know how you slid so long without opening your --

And then they hear a loud crackle and they see flashes of light from a distance --

ARTURO

Ms. Welles, do my eyes deceive me or are Mr. Mallory, Ms. Hills and Mr. Brown being menaced by out-of-control vortex energy on Rembrandt's front lawn?

CUT TO:

EXT. REMBRANDT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn and Laurel grab one of Rembrandt's arms each and yank him to his feet. Spin him around, hoping to run. But the vortex energy seems to leap right in front of them. Surrounding them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
Emergency slide out!
(reaches into his pocket)
Emergency -- wait -- wait --
where's the timer?

LAUREL
The Professor was looking at it --

REMBRANDT
Twenty years later and you still
can't hold onto the timer?!

LAUREL
Your phone! You can activate your
sliding system --

QUINN
(checking his pockets)
I think I left it in the car!

LAUREL
What kind of nerd are you!?

The vortex energy begins to close in.

QUINN
The question might be academic at
this point --

And then there is, separate from the energy surrounding
them, another burst of light. Forming a vortex.

Wade and Arturo leap out, Wade holding her open netbook and
Arturo holding the timer.

Arturo points the timer at the vortex. The pattern of energy
instantly reverses from streaming outward to streaming
inward.

ARTURO
Come.

Quinn shoves Rembrandt and Laurel into the vortex instantly.
Wade dives in, then the Professor, then Quinn --

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

The vortex opens again and the five of them emerge across the street from Rembrandt's house. Watching the vortex energy consume the property.

Quinn instinctively reaches for the timer Arturo holds just as Arturo holds it out to him. Quinn taps several keys on the timer. Sends out a stream of silver and blue light towards Rembrandt's house.

The vortex energy seems to shrink and then it's reduced to a pinpoint of light and then even that disappears.

All that remains is a giant crater where Rembrandt's house, garage and new car once stood.

Rembrandt, stunned, rushes towards his property. Stares at the empty space. Quaking with terror. Shaking with outrage.

QUINN

So, basically, something's gone
wrong with reality and we could
really use your help on this one.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Empty and quiet. And then the silence is split open by the roar of the vortex. Wade emerges first. Then Laurel. Then the Professor. Then Rembrandt, and behind him is Quinn.

We go to a STILL SHOT of the sofa in Quinn's basement and we watch as Quinn gently guides Rembrandt to sit. Rembrandt sits and quivers wordlessly.

Quinn grips Rembrandt's wrist for a second before stepping away.

CUT TO:

SAME SHOT

Of Rembrandt sitting on the sofa as WADE wraps a red fleece blanket around him while Laurel sets a mug of tea before him.

The Professor promptly steps in, confiscates the mug of tea and sets a shot glass and a bottle of whiskey before Rembrandt instead.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

SAME SHOT

Rembrandt sits still on the sofa, whiskey untouched, wrapped in his blanket, while Quinn and Arturo walk back and forth examining calculations on a notepad while Wade follows them as she swipes back and forth on a TABLET.

Laurel sits next to Rembrandt and takes the whiskey bottle, but before she can raise it to her lips, Wade passes by, takes the whiskey and hands her a glass of water.

CUT TO:

SAME SHOT

Rembrandt, sitting still, as indecipherable chatter is heard off-camera. The voices begin to solidify --

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)

It's a neutrino stream, colliding with the matter in our universe, bending spacetime until it breaks.

WADE (OFF CAMERA)

And the basement, the school, Laurel's house, Remmy's house --

ARTURO (OFF CAMERA)

-- were like receiving points for this signal, heightened by Ms. Hills' presence and her interaction with us.

LAUREL (OFF CAMERA)

But where's it coming from?

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)

Somewhere out there --

REMBRANDT

In space?

Wider shot -- Quinn, Laurel, Wade and Arturo look at Rembrandt.

ARTURO

What?! No, you fool -- from out in the multiverse!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

Professor! Rembrandt's in shock! He just lost his home! His --

REMBRANDT

Oh God -- the car!!

Quinn and Wade exchange looks.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Another Caddy gone! And I never even got a chance to sit in it!

The Professor rolls his eyes.

ARTURO

It has been twenty years! Are you really still fixated on your --
(Wade elbows him)

Ow!

Wade glares murderously at the Professor. The Professor, frightened, takes a breath and approaches Rembrandt.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Mr. Brown, please know that you have my utmost sympathies. The loss of a loved one is always a shock. This was a brutal conclusion to what should have been a long and happy association.

Wade gives the Professor an approving look. Rembrandt nods heavily as Arturo reluctantly puts a somewhat reassuring hand on Rembrandt's shoulder.

For the first time since Rembrandt arrived, he looks about the surroundings.

REMBRANDT

Oh, Lord. We're back in the place where Q-Ball opened the doorway to hell and dragged us all in.

ARTURO

Actually, this is a pocket dimension in which Mr. Mallory is free to experiment with the full range of his gifts for interior design -- such as they are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gestures at the cluttered basement with its exposed ceiling piping and the unfinished walls and the concrete floor with few rugs here and there.

REMBRANDT

(to Quinn)

Seriously? You can make pocket dimensions, vortex anywhere you want and this is where you hang your hat?

QUINN

I needed one place that felt like home.

REMBRANDT

Yeah, so do I -- and now it's a crater! I don't have vortex insurance, Q-Ball!

QUINN

The house can be rebuilt! What's happening to this planet and reality might not be so easy! What happened to your house was just the start of something worse -- and it all started with this interdimensional signal.

LAUREL

Do we know who sent it? Or where it's coming from?

QUINN

The only way we'll find out is to track the signal to its point of origin. I've tagged all of us with micro-relays --

REMBRANDT

What? When?

Then he raises his wrist where Quinn held it earlier and spies a dark, penny-sized, cloth-like patch on his wristbone.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

What is this?

QUINN

Micro-relay. We're all wearing them. They're connected to my sliding system --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
 (holds up the timer)
 -- which is measuring the signal,
 measuring us against it, tracing
 where it came from --

The timer beeps. Quinn looks at it as though it's showing him something new.

As he studies it --

REMBRANDT
 Okay then! You keep at it, I'm
 gonna find a motel --

QUINN
 (looking at the timer)
 Remmy. We can follow the signal,
 but not from here.
 (looks up)
 We have to follow it across every
 parallel Earth it passed through.
 That's the only way the timer can
 work out the signal's point of
 origin --

WADE
 Wait, what?!

ARTURO
 Is there some reason why you
 withheld that information?!

QUINN
 (holding up the timer)
 I just found out! We need to --

REMBRANDT
 He said 'we'! Why is he saying
 'we'? Don't say 'we!' There's no
 'we'!

QUINN
 We need to go to each parallel
 Earth in the trail --

He spies Laurel shuffling back and forth awkwardly.

QUINN (cont'd)
 And we all have to go!
 (Laurel points at herself
 questioningly)
 Yes! You too!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Holy heck -- why?!

QUINN

Our proximity to Laurel amped up the signal. Eventually, it triggered rips in reality.

(holds up the timer)

Right now, this can only calculate which Earth comes first in the trail. We need to go to that world and the timer can use us to triangulate the signal, then calculate which dimension comes next --

LAUREL

How many Earths will we need to visit?

QUINN

Could be one, could be ten -- but the timer will tell us when we've gotten to where the signal started.

Quinn begins moving up and down the worktable, grabbing tools and parts and tossing them into his knapsack. As Quinn steps into a large closet --

ARTURO

(shouting after Quinn)

Have you gone mad? The last time we went sliding cost us six years of our lives!

WADE

Professor, relax! Quinn's had twenty years to refine the technology. There's no way sliding's going to be random --

QUINN

(emerging with four more knapsacks)

Oh, sliding's totally going to be random!

WADE

What!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

(reading the timer)

This first Earth we're going to?
We'll have the coordinates in an
hour.

(setting down the timer)

When we arrive, the timer will
start a countdown for how long it
takes to calculate the next set of
coordinates. We're not going to
know where we're going or how long
we're staying until we get there.

WADE

Have you lost your damn mind?

(waving at Laurel)

You want to drag a child into
random sliding? She's 15-years-old
and she's already twisted and
demented!

(to Laurel)

No offence.

LAUREL

None comprehended.

QUINN

Did you see what happened to
Rembrandt's house? That's what's
waiting for everyone if we don't
find the origin point of the signal
and shut it down.

Laurel's mouth is hanging open. Wade is shaking her head,
reluctance and denial all over her face.

Rembrandt is quivering with fright and wrapping his blanket
around himself.

And then Arturo unleashes a roar of frustration. It shakes
the rafters. Everyone jumps.

ARTURO

(grim)

I must concur with Mr. Mallory.
Nowhere and no one are safe. This
situation calls for sliders and we
four --

LAUREL

(weakly)

Five.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

-- are the only who remain.

Rembrandt and Wade respond to this with agonized groans. Laurel regards the scene with blank astonishment. Quinn continues to stuff his knapsack with supplies.

CUT TO:

A SHELF OF PROTEIN AND FIBER BARS

And Wade, Rembrandt, the Professor and Laurel lined up before Quinn as he deposits a quantity of food bars into their knapsacks.

WADE

Any way we can each have a working timer on this trip?

QUINN

Not without another six months of prep.

CUT TO:

A RACK CONTAINING STACKS AND STACKS OF US CURRENCY

And Wade, Rembrandt, the Professor and Laurel lined up before Quinn as he tosses a few stacks of money into each bag.

REMBRANDT

Can we bring along your pocket dimensions to store stuff in like guns and rocket launchers and gold?

QUINN

Remmy, if I could do that, do you think I'd be packing right now?

CUT TO:

A SHELF OF FLASHLIGHTS, FIRST-AID KITS AND ASSORTED SURVIVAL GEAR

And Wade, Rembrandt, the Professor and Laurel lined up before Quinn as he places an assortment of items in their bags.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

Can someone write me a note for school so I don't get in trouble for skipping again?

QUINN

Wade, can you fake the paperwork?

WADE

Sure, I can -- what? No!

LAUREL

Oh, come on!

CUT TO:

A RACK OF CELLULAR PHONES

And as Quinn hands Laurel, Wade, Rembrandt and the Professor one phone each --

ARTURO

Is there the slightest chance the exits from the vortex will be less painful than before!?

QUINN

First thing I fixed after we got home.

ARTURO

The only upside to this wretched affair!

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT

We pan across the basement to see Wade on her cell phone --

WADE

Kelly, I'm not going to make it to lunch --

And Rembrandt also on his phone --

REMBRANDT

Hey, my house got demolished in an accident and I need some time off -- no, really! You don't believe me, you go see for yourself -- !

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And we see Laurel leaning against a bookshelf, hands clasped and shaking. She's looking longingly at the bottle of whiskey we saw earlier.

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)

Souvenir.

Quinn is there.

QUINN

Had to quit drinking in 2004. I was getting fat. Listen, you're going to be fine --

LAUREL

Oh my God. I'm going to go Jumping. Sliding. Sliding! And to places we won't know anything about. What if I use the wrong money? What if I get selected for a population-control purging? I'm really scared and I can't stop feeling scared --

QUINN

Good.

(as Laurel glares at him)

Your fear sharpens your reflexes. Heightens your awareness. Don't try to deaden it. Don't ignore it.

He gently takes her wrists.

QUINN (cont'd)

Feel it. Accept it. You'll need it to keep you alive.

As Laurel exhales --

QUINN (cont'd)

And it'll be different for you than it was for us. You're already a slider, you just didn't know it.

(glancing at the others)

Sliding brought out the best in all of them.

Laurel nods tremblingly, not quite meeting Quinn's gaze. But she's calming. Quinn's touch and words soothe her.

Then she looks up at Quinn and blurts out --

LAUREL

Why are you lying to them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn releases Laurel's wrists, backs a step away --

QUINN

What?

He casts a look around to see if Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo have heard -- they haven't. Wade and Rembrandt are on their phones. Arturo is studying a timer.

LAUREL

You said you didn't see them for fourteen years because you thought they were better off without you. But you don't believe that --

QUINN

Laurel --

LAUREL

What are you hiding from them?

Quinn regards Laurel with something akin to fear -- like he's caught and on the verge of being exposed. Then --

ARTURO (OFF CAMERA)

Mr. Mallory!

Arturo walks up to Quinn, holding a timer, tapping it furiously.

ARTURO

This infernal device ignores my commands! It refuses to update the status of the calculations!

LAUREL

You're using your fingernail!

ARTURO

Explain.

LAUREL

You need to use your fingertip --

As Laurel and Arturo discuss the timer, Quinn backs away. He passes by Wade and Rembrandt, who are still on their phones.

Quinn starts up the staircase of the basement.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

We see Quinn talking into his phone as he walks down the hallway --

QUINN
 -- so I might be out of touch for a few days -- Mom, no! It will not be like last time! I promise!

CUT TO:

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Quinn pockets his phone as he heads down the hall. His face is cold. Haunted.

He comes to an innocuous set of doors, like every other set of doors in the hallway.

He presses his keycard to the reader. There's a click and Quinn pushes open the doors and steps through.

CUT TO:

INT. MAPPING ROOM - NIGHT

This room is as dark as the hallway and we can barely make out Quinn's face. We see him holding up his hands. Snapping his fingers.

The center of the room before Quinn pulses with light. And we see a TABLETOP DISPLAY -- the entire table is a screen.

It fills with light and then resolves to showing a SPIRAL OF SPHERES. The spheres come into focus and are shown to be blue and green -- they're PARALLEL EARTHS. A continuing spiral.

We see a STATUS DISPLAY at the top of the screen. It says: **TWENTY SEVEN PRIMARY DIVERGENCES.**

And then we see new words: **PROBE CYCLE COMPLETE - DATA UPDATING.** Then THREE of the Earths in the spiral suddenly GLOW RED, FLARE BRIEFLY and DISAPPEAR.

The STATUS DISPLAY now reads: **TWENTY FOUR PRIMARY DIVERGENCES.** And next to these words: **EARTHS 22.8 - 22.34534, 25.13 - 25.60432, And 26.45 - 26.5010492 - UNINHABITABLE.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn lowers his head in shame.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Quinn emerges from the mapping room. The doors swing shut behind him and automatically lock. Quinn rests his head against the doors and his face is filled with grief.

And then he straightens. Squares his shoulders. His face becomes clear of emotion. And he starts back down the hall towards his basement lab.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Quinn descends the stairs. And pauses for a moment, staring at Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo, hefting their bags, murmuring amongst themselves, taking turns patting Rembrandt on the shoulder. He watches them quietly, his face filling with warmth and fondness and affection.

His friends look up. Laurel joins them.

QUINN

The timer should be ready now.

Arturo flips the timer open, examines the screen and nods. Quinn descends to the foot of the stairs and Arturo hands him the timer. Rembrandt, Wade and Laurel stand. They move to Quinn's side.

REMBRANDT

I cannot believe this -- just when
I'm out, they pull me back in!

Quinn triggers the timer. A beam of light bursts from the tip of the timer and widens into a blue and silver oval of crackling energy, filling the previously warm-lit basement with blue and white light.

Rembrandt glares at Quinn.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

I had plans tonight, Q-Ball! I was
going to see some greats at the
jazz fest!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rembrandt shambles into the vortex. The Professor approaches the gateway grimly.

ARTURO

(darkly)

I was going to enjoy *Jeopardy* with
a well-aged Pinot noir.

And then he leaps in after Rembrandt. Wade approaches the void.

WADE

(grim)

I was going to iron my socks.

She throws herself into the tunnel. And Quinn, having wilted under each remark, looks apprehensively at Laurel.

LAUREL

I was going to get high and escape
reality.

(gestures at the vortex)

Same difference?

And then she nervously steps into the gateway. She yelps as it takes her in a flash. Quinn, now alone, casts a bemused look about his empty basement.

QUINN

Happy twentieth anniversary?

And then he enters the vortex. It closes behind him.

FADE OUT.

To be continued...

sliders **reborn**

CONTINUES IN...

- **"Revelation" (3):** Who is Laurel Hills? Why does she affect reality so strangely? What are the mysterious clocks scattered across three parallel Earths? Why are they all counting down in perfect sync? And what happens when the countdown reaches zero? The sliders must race to find answers before time runs out.
- **"Reminiscence" (4):** How did Quinn Mallory regain physical form? How can Wade and the Professor be alive? How can home be normal after the invasion? What happened to the Kromagg Dynasty? All the answers will be given here in this short novella.
- **"Revolution" (5):** Trapped in a deadly situation, Quinn is confronted by a spectre of the past -- an old friend from whom he has no secrets.
- **"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*.