

# sliders **reborn**

## REGENESIS (6)

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In celebration of the twentieth anniversary, *Sliders Reborn* is a six part series of screenplays featuring Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo in 2015 - 2016.

**Regenesis (6):** The sliders make their final stand for the fate of all realities. This closing chapter is the long awaited series finale of *Sliders*. An [Earthprime.com](http://Earthprime.com) exclusive.

Feedback can be sent to **ibrahim.ng (at) outlook.com**

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*This screenplay is dedicated to  
David Ernest Peckinpah,  
director, producer, screenwriter,  
husband and loving father.*

*May you also be reunited with  
those you loved and lost.*

## Regarding television:

"There is skill to it. It has to be joyful, effortless -- *fun*. TV defeats its own purpose when it's pushing an agenda or trying to defeat other TV or being proud or ashamed of itself for existing. It's TV!

"It's comfort. It's a friend you've known so well and for so long. You just let it be with you. And it needs to be okay for it to have a bad day or phone in a day, and it needs to be okay for it to get on a boat with Levar Burton and never come back -- because eventually, it all will."

— **Dan Harmon and Chris McKenna, *Community***

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"Everything you said is just insane! Dinosaurs! Truth collars! Poachers! Holographic rangers! And then the poacher got eaten! One of the best parts of trying to explain *Sliders* to anyone is a synopsis. They're always bonkers. Like a sentient worm that poops the elixir of life."

— **Annie Fish, *Sliderscast* #25,  
discussing the plot of "In Dinos Veritas"**

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

We're looking at the evening skyline of San Francisco and it looks similar to what we'd expect. But upon closer inspection, the iconic streetcars run on ELEVATED TRACKS and where we'd expect to see Alcatraz Island is a DISNEYLAND.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We sweep through the Castro District. Pedestrians walk through street crossings painted with rainbow-colored lines. We pause at a mom-and-pop style electronics retailer.

A shopowner (Mace Moon from "Last Days") holds the door open for two exiting customers: a mid-40s suburban father (Brady Oaks from "The Guardian") and a bookish 16-year-old (Rod Oaks). Mace hands Brady two shopping bags.

MACE

Best deal in town on VR boxing classes! Your boy'll be Stevia Ray Leonard in no time!

As we follow ROD AND BRADY down the street --

ROD

Dad, do I have to learn how to fight?

BRADY

I love you, son, but you're nearsighted and you're good at science, so you do the math.

As, father and son side-step cyclists, Rod seems to feel a vibration in his pocket. He pulls out his smartphone --

ROD

Zombie alert! This block's got zombies, vampires and radioactive slugs!

As Rod holds up his phone, we see that it's filming the street and applying graphics of WALKING CORPSES on top of the image. Brady EAGERLY pulls out his own phone.

As father and son stare at their screens while walking, they COLLIDE with a police officer on foot -- it's Constable Ryan Simms. Officer Garry Graves is behind him.

RYAN

Careful, sir!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cops are at a vending machine with a display of mini-hamburgers on it. The logo reads **SLIDERS INCORPORATED** followed by "**The 3D printed snack sensation!**" Garry is retrieving two mini-hamburgers from a hatch.

BRADY

Sorry. Got caught up in *Sole Survivor!*

Ryan waves him off and smiles. As Brady and Rod walk away, we stay on Ryan and Garry as they continue their beat, each munching on a mini-hamburger. Garry shakes his head as the pair walk up to their parked police cruiser.

GARRY

Game's a menace!

RYAN

C'mon, Garry, if it weren't a game, it'd be ICQ and MySpace --

GARRY

ICQ? Haven't heard of that since the anti-Lyft riots --

RYAN

I still have email blasts saying it's the new campus system --

GARRY

Campus?

RYAN

University of San Francisco? Bought up the city in ninety-nine and made us into mallcops at a school?

The two stare at each other with great confusion.

GARRY

We've been having a lot of these conversations. Is it just me or has this town gotten weird in the last eighteen months?

A woman WALKS PAST Ryan and Garry with a hurried sense of panic. As we pan away from Ryan and Garry --

RYAN

Garry, this is San Francisco. It is and always will be the weirdest place on Earth.

And then we turn our attention entirely to the woman. It's Daelin Richards from "As Time Goes By" and her face is locked in gnawing fear as she hurries down the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Our angle shifts in front of Daelin as she runs towards and past us and we see a pursuing figure -- it's Dennis MacMillan, Daelin's abusive boyfriend.

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

We stay BEHIND Dennis as he enters the alley. At the other end is a brick wall blocking any exit. Daelin cowers against the wall.

DENNIS

What the hell is going on?! I came back to my house! And it's been sold out from under me!

Daelin looks at Dennis with uncomprehending terror.

DENNIS (cont'd)

I left my truck in the long-term garage; they say it's never been there! And then I see you out and about --

Dennis steps forward, looming over Daelin and she shudders and shakes --

DENNIS (cont'd)

Why would you let me wake up from the accident and think you were dead?!

Daelin starts crying. And between sobs, she exclaims --

DAELIN

You're the one who's dead! You crashed our truck! You died!

And Dennis makes a fist --

DENNIS

Why're doing this to me? To drive me crazy!?

Then a HAND lands on Dennis' shoulder. Dennis sees around to see RYAN. Garry is behind him.

RYAN

Alright, let's take it easy before --

But Dennis throws a fist straight into Ryan's face and Ryan falls. Before Garry can react, Dennis tears Ryan's nightstick from his belt and swings it into Garry's gut.

As Garry goes down, Dennis whirls about for Daelin -- only to see that she's gone. We see her dashing out of the alley. Dennis watches her go in confusion, then stoops to rip the CAR KEYS from Ryan's belt. He storms out --

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

We pan up from yet another rainbow painted street crossing to see Daelin rushing past. Reaching into her pocket. Pulling out a small scrap of paper. Next to a building for **Krislov Nanosurgery** is a line of brownstones.

Daelin's eyes urgently scan the house numbers. She races up a set of stairs towards one particular door. Rings the doorbell. A moment passes and then it swings open.

Laurel Hills-Mallory stands in the doorway.

DAELIN

(babbling)

My dead boyfriend came back to life  
and he's coming after me -- !

LAUREL

Sucks. Welcome to Sliders  
Incorporated.

DAELIN

Wait wait wait -- you're the  
hamburger company?

LAUREL

Yeah, but we do some other stuff too.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Laurel moves down the hallway with Daelin behind her.

DAELIN

What is this place? The cops said I  
couldn't report a stalker who's been  
declared dead, but somebody in admin  
gave me this address --

They arrive at a set of doors. Laurel walks through --

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - NIGHT

Laurel pauses by the doorway, letting Daelin step out. And then we spin around to see their perspective of a WIDE AND BUSTLING OFFICE SPACE. It's filled with cubicles of glass, some transparent, some opaque, some transitioning between one or the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The walls of the office are also glass. Some walls act as display screens showing data and graphics. Some are windows looking out at the San Francisco skyline.

The distant ceiling features a display of TWENTY-FOUR BLUE SPHERES rotating in a spiral -- a hologram. It briefly zooms in on one sphere. The sphere is composed of smaller spheres. All the spheres are Earths.

None of this can possibly fit inside a small brownstone.

DAELIN

Whuh -- where are we?

LAUREL

Pocket dimension. Brownstone's an access point.

Laurel gestures to the other end of the bullpen -- a private office with another set of opaque glass doors. She leads Daelin towards them and as they walk along, we observe glimpses and hear snippets of what's going on around them.

We see FIVE VERSIONS of MARGARET ALLISON BECKETT walking by. Daelin gapes at the quintuplet Maggies.

LAUREL (cont'd)

Hey, Alice! Bex. Peggy. Meg. Greta.

As the two continue through the office, we see that numerous cubicles -- not all, but many -- have Maggies in them. Some work at computers showing posters and commercials for the *Sole Survivor* video game.

Another area has people in lab coats working in a chemistry lab, examining a display screen of molecules with the words **"Teslanium filtration rate: 95 per cent."** Next to it is another space filled with racks of plants growing out of glass tubes with a nearby monitor showing the words, **"Artificial sunlight at 73 per cent efficiency."**

Laurel leads Daelin to the office at the end of the bullpen.

CUT TO:

INT. ARTURO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Laurel and Daelin step into in a quiet, wood-paneled office that seems like a library. Shelves of books line every wall. Before a desk stand WADE WELLES, REMBRANDT BROWN and PROFESSOR ARTURO, looking up with welcoming expressions.

CUT TO:



WADE, REMBRANDT, ARTURO AND LAUREL

Sitting in cozy chairs with Daelin.

DAELIN

-- and my work visa expired, but my  
my veterinary license was still good  
in all six California states, so I  
decided I'd come home --

Wade and Rembrandt react to that, both exchanging a look.

DAELIN (cont'd)

But the city's not what I remember.  
I'm sure the Transamerica Sphere used  
be a pyramid and the Golden Gate  
Bridge wasn't blue during the day.

WADE

(awkwardly)

Well -- isn't that just typical San  
Francisco!

REMBRANDT

(unconvincingly)

Weirdest freakin' place on Earth!

Laurel stifles a laugh and Arturo rolls his eyes.

ARTURO

(to Daelin)

My dear Ms. Richards, I imagine it  
was not renovated local landmarks  
that brought you to our door.

DAELIN

Dennis MacMillan. We lived together  
in college. He quit medical school to  
join a band. He was a drunk. He was  
drunk when he dragged me into his  
truck one night and drove into a  
tree. I broke my shoulder and he  
broke his neck.

She takes a deep breath.

DAELIN (cont'd)

He was dead. So I got a little  
confused when he started following me  
around today. I don't understand! I  
don't --

She buries her head in her hands.

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Ms. Richards, rest assured that my associates and I will resolve this matter --

DAELIN

You're a hamburger company, you're video game designers and you're, what, a detective agency? I don't know if I can even afford you --

ARTURO

All we require is information.

DAELIN

About Dennis -- ?

LAUREL

Sure, but also about where you came from.

WADE

You said six Californian states -- would you know the secession dates? And the border divisions?

DAELIN

What? But that's -- that's just geography and recent history --

REMBRANDT

You probably noticed -- history's kinda gone multiple choice and all.

The sliders stand and reflexively, Daelin does too. Laurel moves towards the door --

LAUREL

(to Daelin)

Why don't we get you an omelette or something and you can tell us your version of current events?

DAELIN

But Dennis --

ARTURO

A consultant will be dispatched. Mr. MacMillan will not trouble you again, you have my word.

DAELIN

I -- I -- this is really weird! Reality isn't stable -- ? The dead are alive? How can you people act like it's another day at the office?!

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Well, we used to freak out over it.

WADE

I'd scream, Remmy would cry, the Professor would yell a lot.

REMBRANDT

But, I dunno, you get used to it after six to eight weeks and weird just becomes the new normal.

WADE

And then the next new normal comes along.

LAUREL

(at the door)

C'mon, guys. Mags is outdoing herself in the kitchen with poached westerns.

They usher Daelin out of the office. Arturo is left alone. And then he speaks to the empty space around him.

ARTURO

I trust you overheard all that, Mr. Mallory?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

We're on the top of a building that overlooks the San Francisco nightscape. And standing near the ledge of the roof is QUINN MALLORY.

His outfit is familiar yet different: his once-worn brown jacket has been laundered, his once-ragged jeans have been mended. And he's wearing GLASSES -- thin metal frames with lenses in a perfect circle. He's also got a smartwatch on his wrist.

Quinn taps an earpiece in his ear. A rose-gold magnesium ring gleams on his finger.

QUINN

I heard everything.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)

*Our contact in the police department has furnished some details. Mr. MacMillan seeks to settle old scores and may illuminate a path to the gunrunners.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*  
*Or he'll lead us straight to them.*  
*Mallory, this is Maggie, I just came*  
*on shift as your operator --*

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

We're in one of the glass-partitioned spaces in Sliders Incorporated. Maggie is at a keyboard before a giant monitor and we see Arturo entering behind her. This Maggie looks at her smartwatch (same one she had in "Revelation").

*MAGGIE*  
*Petlin in Tower Two gave us the GPS*  
*code for the stolen cop car. Their*  
*satellite's not in position, but our*  
*balloon's in place and MacMillan*  
*drove straight into Potrero Hill.*

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

We go back to Quinn. He's straightening his glasses and we suddenly ZOOM IN on his face and the clear lenses he wears -- and then ROTATE 360 DEGREES to see a shot from his point of view.

We're looking at San Francisco skyline through the digital HEADS UP DISPLAY on Quinn's glasses.

It gives Quinn's vision a slightly AMBER TINT. In the top right corner, we see a MAP of San Francisco with a blinking dot that the display identifies as **STOLEN SFPD CRUISER**.

Also in the display: there's a digital representation of a NETWORK OF TUNNELS. Superimposed on top of the cityscape. They extend all around the city, in and around buildings, up through the sky, down into the depths of San Francisco.

We come out of Quinn's POV perspective. But we still see some of Quinn's display data as onscreen text -- a set of GPS coordinates and addresses that scroll as they update.

*QUINN*  
*We thought the guns were getting*  
*shipped into the city through the*  
*Bay. What if we were wrong?*

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*  
*Our Mr. MacMillan approaches an*  
*abandoned paper mill.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN  
I'll take a closer look.

And then Quinn runs and LEAPS OFF THE BUILDING. A blue and silver VORTEX instantly appears and yanks him into its depths -- and we FOLLOW Quinn into the VORTEX.

FLASHCUT TO:

A TRAIL OF VORTEX ENERGY

Creating a tunnel-like frame of our perspective as we RACE THROUGH THE STREETS, passing a few feet above cars and trucks. We see *Sole Survivor* game posters ("**Will you be the sole survivor?**"), there's a billboard add for "**Enforcing Sugar Legalization**" next to another ad for "**US Postal Drone Pilot Training.**"

FLASHCUT TO:

AN AERIAL VIEW IN MIDDLE OF THE CITY

Again framed by vortex energy representing a tunnel, and this tunnel is at least 300 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND as we shoot through the city at an incredible pace. Our in-vortex perspective takes us THROUGH skyscrapers.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. PAPER MILL - NIGHT

We're outside a MANUFACTURING COMPLEX. The silence is broken by the roar of A VORTEX. Quinn emerges. The gateway closes.

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)  
*Citywide slide system's still got some deadspots. We just hit one.*

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*An experimental sliding network filled poor service areas and controlled by eye movements. Eye movements! What fool would use such equipment?*

QUINN  
(adjusting glasses)  
The one running the alpha test.

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)  
*This factory's outside the network. You'll only have sight-based transport and pre-stored locations.*  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (EARPIECE) (cont'd)  
*I'm looking for building schematics  
now --*

And then Quinn spots the stolen police car. He rushes towards it. The car is parked and empty and the trunk is open. There's an opened briefcase inside. It has an empty, gun-shaped space in the foam. Quinn looks at the paper mill.

QUINN  
Dennis went in there.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*To a covert cache for a weapons  
dealer? How does that blistering  
idiot think he can survive  
confronting such heavily armed  
criminals?*

QUINN  
I'm going after him!

As the Professor shouts in dismay, Quinn charges towards the facility.

CUT TO:

INT. PAPER MILL - NIGHT

We're looking at a worn desk in a dark space. A smartphone on the table. A hand picking it up. And a text being sent, a text that reads: **KILL THEM ALL.**

CUT TO:

INT. PAPER MILL HALLWAYS - NIGHT

There's numerous pairs of leather loafers hitting a hard concrete floor, we see shots of men in tailored suits raising black-plated handguns and snapping in cartridges.

CUT TO:

INT. PAPER MILL LOBBY - NIGHT

Quinn steps in through a creaky entrance door, looking at his surroundings. He taps his smartwatch. We go to his POINT OF VIEW as he looks around the lobby: we get the heads up display and we see that Quinn has night vision.

There's a targeting reticle that Quinn reaches out to move WITH HIS HAND and the display in his glasses responds to his touch. The display briefly scrolls the words **SLIDE NETWORK UNAVAILABLE. MODULAR DIMENSIONAL SYSTEM ENGAGED. SIGHT-BASED VORTEXING ENABLED. 97 PERCENT POWER.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We come out of the display as Quinn at a flight of stairs.

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)

*Still looking for schematics, but I  
got construction details. This place  
shut down with the paper ban in  
ninety-eight. Warehousing and loading  
might've been put to use for guns --*

ARTURO (EARPIECE)

*And many of these firearms are in the  
hands of dimensionally displaced  
Prohibition Party soldiers employed  
as guards --*

Quinn moves to the foot of the stairs.

QUINN

Dennis could be in here --

ARTURO (EARPIECE)

*Without the citywide network, your  
only sliding apparatus -- your only  
power source -- are your glasses and  
the watch! Why is this man worth your  
life?*

Quinn is on the second step when three suit-wearing guards step out from an upper-level doorway. They instantly train their guns on Quinn.

GUARD #1

Take out the trespasser!

They open fire just as Quinn waves a hand and TRIGGERS A VORTEX in front of him. Then the vortex VANISHES along with Quinn, leaving an empty space. The men lower their pistols in astonishment --

And then Quinn appears from a vortex BEHIND them, grabbing one gunman and yanking him backwards into the gateway. The vortex closes, then reappears with Quinn alone.

The remaining two guards spin around, Quinn throws himself back into the void. The gunmen fire into the wormhole -- only for Quinn to appear AT THEIR BACKS in a flash and SHOVE THEM BOTH into the gateway in front of them.

Both wormholes close. Quinn is alone.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)

*Well done -- but this strategy will  
yield diminishing returns.*

Onscreen text: **SLIDE SYSTEM - 62 PERCENT POWER.**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*  
*If you do this too much, the*  
*system'll burn out before it can*  
*recharge --*

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*  
*And surely we cannot condemn these*  
*men to an interdimensional tunnel*  
*detached from any sliding network --*

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL

Quinn ascends to the next floor of the facility.

*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*  
*Relax, Professor -- we'll get the*  
*network stretched out later and slide*  
*them 'em straight into an SFPD*  
*holding cell.*

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Quinn steps out to the second floor. The hallway's dimly lit by flickering bulbs. He moves forward. And turns the corner to find TEN suit-clad men aiming guns. He IMMEDIATELY whips back around the corner just as SHOTGUNS FIRE --

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

We see Dennis holding a gun, moving up the stairs. There's gunfire in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway windows shatter as the fight continues. The guards wield pistols and shotguns, firing at the FLASHES OF LIGHT where Quinn appears and disappears. Onscreen text shows the slide system power falling from **50 PERCENT** to **45**.

*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*  
*Mallory! The paper mill was built on*  
*top of old wells! The ground water*  
*access is still there! You can --*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

And then a gunman fires on a wormhole only to be STRUCK IN THE FACE by a BATTERING RAM OF WATER that leaves him insensate on the floor.

Another guard opens fire on a reappearing Quinn only to find his aim thrown off by a VORTEX THAT APPEARS AT HIS FEET, sucking him into the void.

The eight remaining men crowd together, aiming their guns outward, anxious and confused -- and then a vortex appears IN THE MIDDLE of them and Quinn appears.

As weapons swing in Quinn's direction, Quinn leaps back into the void and what comes out next is a FLOOD OF WATER, MUD AND ROCKS that BLANKETS the gunmen, KNOCKING THEM OFF THEIR FEET until they're PINNED UNDER SOIL AND ROCKS.

The vortex closes and another appears. Quinn steps out. And we get an update on the slide system power: **5 PERCENT**.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*Your system is depleted to the point  
where you could crawl farther than  
you can slide! Turn around now!*

But Quinn doesn't. He proceeds forward down the hall and to the next stairwell.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE SPACE - NIGHT

Quinn walks out from the stairwell and into a wide storage space filled with crates and racks and shelves. He looks up to see exposed ductwork on the ceilings.

He looks at the equipment on one rack -- a steel-framed glass box with a **DreamMaster 3D** logo on it. And there's many more of them.

QUINN  
These are 3D printers. The guns  
weren't being shipped into the city;  
they're being made right here.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*Quinn! Get out of there! What are you  
waiting for?!*

QUINN  
Building schematics --

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)  
*We got 'em! Reviewing them now and --*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's at this point that a good 20 - 30 suit-wearing guards emerge from various side entrances. They take aim and start firing. Quinn dives behind a crate as the shooting starts--

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dennis enters from the stairwell to find the downed guards unconscious and pinned under heavy layers of mud and rocks with water running down the floors.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE SPACE - NIGHT

Quinn is crouched behind a crate as gunfire rips up the walls next to him. We see another onscreen power update on the slide system: **6 PERCENT**.

*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*

*Mallory, your system isn't recharging fast enough! You'll get one more wormhole and it'll burn out your watch just getting you back to the stairwell --*

But Quinn stares at the broken pipes on the wall.

*QUINN*

*Professor -- look at the blueprints! How far does the ductwork extend? Maggie, is the steel austenitic or ferritic?*

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*

*There is likely two thousand pounds of pipes overhead --*

*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*

*It's low-chromium ferritic steel --*

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*

*Ferritic!? Of course! Your system can create an electromagnetic burst --*

We see another power update: **7 PERCENT**. And then Quinn reaches a hand towards the pipe. Casting a new wormhole. A small one. The vortex energy streams up the pipe --

*ARTURO (EARPIECE) (cont'd)*

*I have transmitted calculations for a self-replicating vector field! It can spread along every pipe and transform them all into an electromagnet!*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The gunmen are near Quinn's crate when they suddenly feel some invisible force TUGGING at their weapons. They struggle to maintain their grip -- but then their pistols, shotguns and rifles are RIPPED FROM THEIR GRASP and SMASH into the distant ceiling pipes above.

And then from above, there's a creaking, groaning noise.

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)  
*I think we might've weakened the  
ceiling --*

And Quinn sprints for the stairwell. Behind him, the ceiling comes CRASHING DOWN in a downpour of PIPES, CONCRETE, INSULATION and SHINGLES.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Arturo puts a tight fist over his mouth as he observes the screen with Maggie, looking at a satellite image of the wrecked warehouse. Behind them, Wade and Rembrandt walk in. Wade holds a CLIPBOARD of written notes.

WADE  
Wrapped up Daelin's debrief, now --

She stops, staring at the screen. Drops the clipboard. Rembrandt boggles at the screen as well.

REMBRANDT  
Don't tell me Quinn's in another  
collapsed building!

QUINN (SPEAKERS)  
*No, just a storage space! And I got  
clear just in time!*

INT. STORAGE SPACE - NIGHT

A CLOUD OF DUST is clearing as Quinn re-enters the storage space. His assailants have fled. The roof has fallen in to reveal a clear night sky. And a short display update tells us that Quinn's slide system is at **1 PERCENT POWER**.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Quinn walks into a worn and rundown office. Behind a desk sits a man in his mid-50s with lengthy red hair. He's wearing a suit along with thick-framed glasses. He looks like an accountant, but there's a faint air of malevolence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's Gerald Thomas -- the lead Dream Master from Season 3. Quinn isn't surprised to see him. But --

QUINN

Where's Dennis?

From behind Quinn there's suddenly a CLICK. Dennis MacMillan holds a gun to Quinn's head.

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)

*Mallory? Looking at the blueprints  
now and there's a side entrance.  
MacMillan could be right behind you!*

QUINN

Thanks.

Dennis shoves Quinn into the office and throws him to the floor. Then he levels the gun at Gerald.

DENNIS

You! I knew it was you, you're in this with her, this is all you --

GERALD

Uh -- and you are?

DENNIS

You ruined my life and you don't even remember me!? Am I that much of a nobody to you?

Quinn, on the floor, doesn't interfere as Dennis yanks Gerald forward until he's stomach-down on his desk. Dennis jams the gun into Gerald's temple. Gerald quivers and his body rattles with fear.

DENNIS (cont'd)

You destroyed my life! You killed my father! I'll kill you! I'll --

QUINN

Dennis. Stop.

Quinn's on his feet. Dennis swings the gun towards Quinn. Then back to Gerald, back and forth, back and forth.

QUINN (cont'd)

Let me help you. I know you don't want to do this --

DENNIS

You don't know anything about me!!

QUINN

I know everything about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dennis turns the gun on Quinn --

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Arturo motions urgently at Wade who picks up her dropped clipboard. Going through her notes. As her fingers flip pages, we see a rose-gold magnesium ring on her finger. Same as Quinn's.

Meanwhile, Maggie and Rembrandt are at the computers, pulling up what look like San Francisco Police Department records of Dennis that Wade leans over to skim --

WADE

Quinn! Say his name. Then his age!  
He's forty-two. And tell him --

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Our angle on Quinn briefly highlights his earpiece and the information he's receiving.

QUINN

Dennis MacMillan. Forty-two. The world thinks you're a drunk who dropped out of medical school to join a band.

Dennis looks at Quinn, utterly astonished.

QUINN (cont'd)

But the world's got you all wrong.  
Your father owed money to a loanshark.

CUT TO:

WADE LOOKING AT HER CLIPBOARD

WADE

The loanshark was Thomas, he made Dennis steal aspirin from the hospital -- yeah, you heard me! Aspirin's a controlled substance where he comes from --

CUT TO:

QUINN

Reaching out to Dennis.

QUINN

The only way you could clear your father's debt was to rob the pharmacy; you got caught, your dad was beaten to death while you were in custody, you dodged jail time but got expelled --

And then Dennis slams the gun barrel into Gerald's face, knocking off his glasses.

DENNIS

He made me do that! It's all him --

QUINN

He forced you to steal. But what came next -- that was all you.

GERALD

Please don't -- I don't even know who you are --

Dennis' shaking hands finally find a secure point of pressure for the gun -- on Gerald's neck. His fingers tighten around the trigger. Quinn takes a step forward --

CUT TO:

WADE

Tense and leaning forward.

WADE

Quinn. Tell him --

CUT TO:

QUINN

Moving closer to Dennis.

QUINN

Dennis. You became what everyone thought you were, but now you have a chance to become something else.

Dennis shakes his head, not even looking at Quinn anymore. Only Gerald. Gripping the gun --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENNIS

It's too late, it's too late -- I've got nothing left but this -- nothing but this!

QUINN

You've spent one day in this city. You must know by now -- this isn't the San Francisco you knew and this isn't the man who hurt you.

GERALD

(to Dennis)

I swear to God, I don't know what you're talking about! I'm in guns and grenades! I'm not in loans!

QUINN

(to Dennis)

You've seen the dead come back to life and there's so much more to see. This city's a place where every single one of us has second chances.

Quinn waves towards Gerald.

QUINN (cont'd)

This man was a killer before, he's a killer again. You can be something else. You can start right now -- and all you have to do is put the gun down.

Dennis stares at Gerald. Defeated and whimpering on his desk. He looks at Quinn. Resolute and gentle.

With a shaking hand, Dennis puts the gun on the desk next to Gerald and backs away. Gerald stands, rubbing his neck. And then there's ONSCREEN TEXT: **SLIDE SYSTEM - 16 PERCENT.**

QUINN (cont'd)

(to Dennis)

Come on.

Dennis hesitantly follows Quinn towards the door -- but then freezes as there's suddenly a METALLIC CLICK behind him. Gerald is holding Dennis' gun and aiming it at Dennis' neck.

GERALD

No idea who you are, but nobody comes in here the way you did and walks away --

He pulls the trigger. Dennis flinches. There is a rather anti-climactic click.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN  
(to Dennis)  
You left the cartridges in the car.  
(to Gerald)  
Oh, I dropped a roof on all your 3D  
printers, so you're going to be a  
little short on supply.

Quinn leads Dennis out the door, politely shutting it behind him.

Gerald, spitting mad, raises the gun like a club. Dives towards the door. And yanks it open -- only to be met with the sight of a VORTEX.

It closes almost instantly, leaving no sign of Dennis and Quinn.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE

We're looking at the 24 spheres, each one an individual collection of Earths. We pan downward, passing cubicles and staff until we come to Dennis. He's sitting on a plush sofa in the lounge area. Looking up at the display in awe. Quinn approaches, bringing him a mug of something hot.

DENNIS  
(taking the mug)  
You said the city's merged with  
alternate versions of itself -- how  
many -- ?

QUINN  
Nine hundred and forty seven as of  
now. Anyone coming to San Francisco  
comes into this composite reality;  
anyone who leaves goes home.

DENNIS  
Like a bus terminal?

QUINN  
You can only go to this world and  
your own. You could walk out of town  
with Maggie and you'd both be alone  
once you hit the city limits. We set  
up checkpoints to stop cars from  
losing drivers.

DENNIS  
How has this not made all the papers?  
The army would nuke this city just to  
keep the weird from spilling out.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

QUINN  
We're working with the municipal  
government.

DENNIS  
So, with the way this place works --  
I beat up two cops and threatened my  
ex -- but if I got outta town, I  
could get away --

QUINN  
Or you could stay. You're looking at  
a lot of community service, but  
you'll have a chance to be who you  
want to be -- who you should've been  
all along.

DENNIS  
(a bitter smirk)  
You gonna rewrite reality to make me  
a celebrity surgeon or a rock star?

Quinn smiles gently at that while glancing at his  
smartwatch.

QUINN  
No. I'm going to give you so much  
more and so much better.

Quinn moves to the edge of the lounge area, peering out. He  
waves to someone hidden by the opaque glass partition.

QUINN (cont'd)  
(to the person  
outside)  
Mr. MacMillan, the SFPD's releasing  
him into your custody pending a court  
date --

And the man walks into the lounge. A man pushing 70 who  
walks slowly but has tenderness and gentleness in his face.

DENNIS  
Dad!

Dennis drops his mug. It shatters at his feet as he rises to  
greet his dead father.

MR. MACMILLAN  
Denny -- I thought you were dead --

DENNIS  
Dad, I'm sorry --

Dennis throws his arms around his father. His father sobs  
with joy. And Quinn watches this impossible reunion, his  
face suffused with a bittersweet longing of his own.

CONTINUED:

FADE TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER

The door is open. Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie and now Laurel are sitting in chairs, looking exhausted. Quinn passes by the doorway, cleaning his glasses before putting them back on.

QUINN

Maggie, can you dispatch a team to get the guns and printers from the paper mill --

MAGGIE

Already did --

Dr. Diana Davis enters the room.

DIANA

They said to say all the guns are in dimensional lockdown -- you realize, I don't know what that means? I'm a medical doctor.

REMBRANDT

(to Diana)

Means the guns are safe.

(to Quinn)

So, just one thing, Q-Ball -- are you out of your freakin' mind?!

Quinn looks blankly at Rembrandt. Laurel stands --

LAUREL

You're forty-four years old! You're a forty-four year old man! Gunfights? Collapsing buildings?!

Diana looks at Quinn, scandalized.

DIANA

I just finished your physical therapy from the last one!

LAUREL

You're not a superhero! You're a dad!

WADE

I think what Laurel means is --

ARTURO

Why the devil was that drunken, violent abuser worth all this risk and danger and tension and stress and insanity?!

CONTINUED:

Laurel nods in Arturo's direction to confirm that was indeed her opinion. Quinn takes a moment to ponder the question.

QUINN

Come with me.

FADE TO:

EXT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - ROOFTOP

Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie and Diana are on the rooftop and Laurel is the last to emerge from the door. They stand surrounded on all sides by San Francisco. A San Francisco unlike any in existence.

The bay is dotted with little rafts holding windmills. Drones float through the sky and one briefly slows in front of us to show a US Postal Service logo.

There's a billboard advertising the memoirs of John F. Kennedy Jr. with a local in-person signing. There's conveyer belts forty stories above the ground taking pedestrians throughout the city. There's balloons in the air with logos that say Bayside Wifi.

QUINN

I had to save Dennis because he's one of us. Everyone here -- everyone in this city -- we're all sliders.

ARTURO

Are we redefining the term?

WADE

Quinn's right. You can't cross a street in this city without stepping into a whole new world.

Quinn and Wade walk closer to the ledge. The lights of the city gleam on Quinn's glasses. They and the others gaze out at this merged San Francisco.

ARTURO

Is there really no fixing this state of affairs?

QUINN

Nothing to fix, Professor. This is a place where families can reunite with their lost loved ones, where we can print food and medicine for the hungry and sick --

DIANA

I did run off seven new antibiotics. Seven! Today! Before lunch!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

I scored vinyls of Aretha Franklin and John Coltrane last week that didn't used to exist.

LAUREL

There's no such thing as a missing *Doctor Who* episode anymore.

WADE

I found an Atari 400 yesterday. Fresh off an assembly line.

MAGGIE

I found my husband.

QUINN

We all got second chances thanks to sliding. And now everyone here can get the same. Nothing's impossible anymore.

And we RIP AWAY from the seven sliders on the roof. We pull farther and farther into the city. Sliders Incorporated is only one building in a vast cityscape of impossible features.

FADE TO:

A HIGH ANGLE

On a residential neighborhood. Block after block of nearly identical houses, although the peaks and valleys of San Francisco streets lends them some eccentricity.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a two-story residence. Plain but likely overpriced. An immaculate lawn and a pleasingly maintained garden bed. We ZOOM IN on an upper-floor window.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A woman sits on a bed. Her eyes are filled with tears. She sits in jacket and trousers, shaking, rocking back and forth. Looking down at an item in her lap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A digital clock. A clock we've seen before. It's a doomsday clock, one of the clocks from "Revelation" built by Quinn's double. It is counting down in eerie, red numerals. Counting down from 20 SECONDS.

And a pistol sits next to her on the bed.

The woman looks up at someone else in the room. Someone we don't see. Someone in shadow in the corner.

But we do get a good look at the woman's face and we may recognize CAROLINE FONTAINE -- the lady in "Last Days" whose husband wanted her to play Russian Roulette.

CAROLINE  
(choked and sobbing)  
You say time's almost up -- but what  
you're promising -- how do I know  
it's not a trick?

She looks at the clock with grief and emptiness.

CAROLINE (cont'd)  
But what've I really got to hang onto  
anyway?

The clock is at 10 SECONDS. Caroline picks up the gun.

CAROLINE (cont'd)  
(a whisper)  
To be reborn --

We pan away to the wall next to Caroline. A gunshot rings out. The wall is splattered with blood.

And the unidentified figure in the room remains utterly still.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - MORNING

A pair of legs. A cart of drinks. We pan up to see Quinn pushing a cart of coffee down a hall and then COLLIDING with a second cart -- a cart of muffins and pastries with Laurel behind it. Father and daughter smile, Quinn straightens his glasses, both pull back to give each other space and both push their goods through a doorway side-by-side.

INT. BOARDROOM - MORNING

It's walled off by the same glass partitions throughout Sliders Incorporated. The glass is opaque and there's a ceiling as well as a back area of shelving with a solid brick wall. Quinn and Laurel wheel in their carts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the room are Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Dr. Diana Davis and five versions of Margaret Allison Beckett (Maggie, Allison, Bex, Peggy and Meg).

As everyone in the room murmurs greetings and helps themselves to contents of the carts, Rembrandt props up a medium-sized and framed photo on the boardroom table. It's a photograph of Mallory (Robert Floyd).

ALLISON

Do you have to bring that to every meeting?

REMBRANDT

He's not with us anymore, but this guy earned his place.

MEG

But nobody knows who he is!

(to Quinn)

Mallory, tell your buddy he's being weird!

QUINN

Remmy. You're being weird.

As Rembrandt makes an outraged noise --

QUINN (cont'd)

Just hang his photo on the wall.

Rembrandt's eyes widen as though this possibility never occurred to him. As he moves to the wall --

QUINN (cont'd)

I drilled a hook in last night.

REMBRANDT

(hanging the portrait)

Could we get Colin up here too?

QUINN

Could we not? I'm still getting over finding out he was one of fifteen clones programmed to kill us.

Rembrandt finishes hanging the photograph. Mallory overlooks the boardroom as Diana shifts to the head of the table.

DIANA

Alright, this is the sixty-fifth weekly meeting on the subject of addressing the 1995-limitation on the multiverse as well as reality's inability to split and generate new dimensions. Thank you all for coming to brainstorm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLISON

Whose turn is it to throw out an idea  
this week for fixing the multiverse?

MAGGIE

Uh -- Remmy's up this week, right?

DIANA

(checking a notepad)

Yes!

The Maggies (aside from Maggie) all groan. Rembrandt looks hurt.

MEG

Why are we asking the soul singer for  
scientific theories?

DIANA

(pointing to herself)

And why is the general practitioner  
leading this meeting?

ARTURO

The abstractions of quantum mechanics  
lend themselves to non-linear  
thinking. Whatever Dr. Davis and Mr.  
Brown lack in specific knowledge,  
they compensate for with perspective  
and imagination.

DIANA

I take good notes, I get it.

PEGGY

Brown's only going to come up with  
useless bullshit.

Rembrandt looks longingly at the door. Arturo looks to Quinn for help. Quinn, cleaning his glasses on his flannel shirt and not looking up, mouths something for Arturo to say.

ARTURO

Mr. Brown is also the longest-  
standing slider and the only one of  
us who didn't die; he has seniority  
and it's his turn.

LAUREL

Stop mentioning that you all died!  
It's god-damn creepy!

As Arturo nods agreeably and the Maggies mutter among themselves that it is indeed disturbing, Rembrandt stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Well, I was kinda taken with the other Q-Ball's idea -- the one he tried a year and a half ago. You know, with the doomsday clocks.

LAUREL

I'm sure you're not suggesting we go with Smarter Quinn's plan to kill everyone -- and yeah, I'm calling him that, I went there, it's fine.

Everyone looks to Quinn to confirm this. He shrugs before putting his glasses back on.

REMBRANDT

I was wondering if we could try doing Smarter Quinn's plan after everyone's died. Like, we could set it on a timer.

PEGGY

I don't understand anything you just said. Is that word salad? Are you having a stroke?

DIANA

I think Rembrandt's asking: could we use Smarter Quinn's plan, but time it to happen after the human race has gone extinct?

REMBRANDT

Yeah! That's the ticket, unless it's not?

QUINN

It'd be humane. It's sensible. It's currently not feasible.

Rembrandt's face falls.

QUINN (cont'd)

I said *currently* not feasible. There might not be enough of a multiverse left to rebuild at the endpoint -- but we might find an alternative. We need to look into this one.

ARTURO

Well done, Mr. Brown.

Rembrandt nods, looking relieved. He takes a seat. Diana leafs through her notes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DIANA  
I believe the Professor wished to  
raise a concern?

ARTURO  
Thank you, Dr. Davis.

The Professor stands.

ARTURO (cont'd)  
My friends, I have been privileged to  
see the convergence of ideas between  
us all. However, we must consider  
what is becoming an uncomfortable  
truth.

LAUREL  
If this is going to be a long speech,  
can I go to the bathroom first?

ARTURO  
We need to consider that there is no  
way to remove the 1995-limitation  
without destroying this present  
incarnation of reality.

QUINN  
Professor!

ARTURO  
I do not accept the concept of  
acceptable losses. We are caretakers  
of reality. But we must confront what  
may be inevitable and inescapable.

Quinn stands as well. Facing his teacher.

QUINN  
We are confronting it. We're going to  
fix this.

ARTURO  
My boy -- I believe that a multiverse  
without the 1995-limitation is a new  
multiverse that cannot co-exist with  
our own. One would replace the other.

QUINN  
There's got to be some way to make  
new universes form around the ones we  
have right now --

ARTURO  
The notion is absurd.

QUINN  
Oh, come on. It happens all the time!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Professor looks incredulous.

ARTURO  
What?! When has anything like that  
ever happened?

Quinn looks like he's struggling to think of something. His  
hands flail desperately, then --

QUINN  
Happens in *Star Trek*?

Arturo glares at Quinn.

ARTURO  
*Star. Trek?*

LAUREL  
Oh, yeah! The 2008 movie! It's set in  
a new dimension next to the old one.

Arturo looks to the Maggies, Laurel, Wade and Rembrandt for  
help. Then he looks to Diana. Desperately.

DIANA  
There's some contradictions between  
novels and the multiplayer games?  
Specifically with Wesley Crusher --

ARTURO  
Alright! So, in our search for  
examples, we have a single feature  
film --

REMBRANDT  
Well, hang on, Professor. The new  
*Terminator* movie did the same thing.

LAUREL  
I thought *Genisys* replaced the  
*Terminator II* and wiped out *Rise* and  
*Salvation* --

DIANA  
Well. The Guardian and Skynet in the  
film were also from separate  
timelines, suggesting at least three  
co-existing realities and --

ARTURO  
(roaring)  
Will you people shut up?!

He glares around the room at Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Laurel  
and Diana. When his glower hits the Maggies --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEX

Hey! I haven't even spoken yet!

ARTURO

This conversation has degenerated into a pointless discussion of cultural trivia!

Wade stands.

WADE

What the Professor's saying is that he's really happy with all the great ideas coming out of this group.

ARTURO

If we have assembled merely to debate overexposed copyrights, leave me out of future meetings!

WADE

The Professor's also impressed with you, Remmy -- your idea? Really good.

REMBRANDT

Hey, thanks, Professor!

ARTURO

If the discussion has stalled, then kindly adjourn and abandon any further pretense of discourse!

WADE

And now he thinks we should get down to business on the day's challenges and come back to this fresh next week!

Arturo turns towards Wade, his face red with fury. Wade smiles sweetly at him. Arturo storms out of the boardroom. At a distance, the sound of a slamming door can be heard. A moment of silence passes.

LAUREL

Dude really hated the last *Terminator*.

And then, somewhat meekly and regretfully, the Professor pokes his head back into the room.

ARTURO

Ah, Mr. Mallory -- Mayor Kelly requests a consultant to investigate a second suicide that once again lacks a corpse.

He nods, embarrassed, to the other sliders in the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO (cont'd)  
Good day to you all.

CUT TO:

EXT - STREET - MORNING

Quinn and Arturo are walking up the hills of the affluent Noe Valley neighborhood. All around them are buildings ranging from three to eight stories with arches and protruding windows in San Francisco's usual style.

What's unusual, however, are how at the fourth-story and above level, each building is surrounded by a layer of flexible, straw-like rods rotating around the structures in a whip-like frenzy.

Quinn and the Professor admire the sight as they walk. Arturo casts Quinn a curious look.

ARTURO  
Playing pedestrian today? What of  
that deathtrap on your wrist?

He motions to Quinn's smartwatch and the smartglasses.

QUINN  
It's called exercise. And I wanted to  
check out the new wind power rigs.

LAUREL (EARPIECE)  
*Dad? Are the subsonic bursts keeping  
birds away or are you walking through  
a storm of feathers?*

CUT TO:

EXT - HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Laurel's approaching her high school, the same as in "Reunion." There's almost nobody out front; class appears to be in session already and Laurel's coming in well after first period.

QUINN (EARPIECE)  
*The birds are fine, Laurel. Go to  
class --*

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Wade and Rembrandt are also on the street in what appears to be San Francisco's Japantown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Despite the sunny weather, a portion of the sidewalk has somehow been made a permanent ICE PATH. Ice skaters can be seen zipping downhill. On the other side of the street, a moving conveyer belt shifts people uphill.

WADE

(looking at her phone)  
So, the suicide scene of Phillipa Green -- didn't Peggy and Greta cover this one two weeks ago?

QUINN (EARPIECE)

*We need to compare this new suicide with the last one, find points of similarity and convergence --*

REMBRANDT

And make a shell-shocked family revisit how their teenaged daughter gassed herself with helium?

LAUREL (EARPIECE)

What a wonky way to go out --

QUINN (EARPIECE)

Laurel! Class!

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Laurel's walking through the hallways in the midst of students between class periods.

LAUREL

It's history class! I'll have to unlearn it all!

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

Quinn and Arturo are approaching a house. The house we saw earlier in which the suicide took place.

LAUREL (EARPIECE)

*I'll have to unlearn everything after 1995!*

QUINN

(exasperated)  
Learning and unlearning's education in a nutshell! And we're counting on your notes to make sure our merged curriculum's working!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*LAUREL (EARPIECE)*  
*Maybe I don't want to be your*  
*academic lab rat! Maybe I --*

Quinn raises his smartwatch.

*QUINN*  
*(to the watch)*  
*Colin! Disengage Laurel from the*  
*network for two and a half hours.*

There's a click and Laurel's voice cuts off.

*REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)*  
*Colin?*

*QUINN*  
*Wade said I had to name the slide*  
*system for the voice interface. I'm*  
*calling it the Cyclotronic Optical*  
*Local Interdimensional Network.*

*WADE (EARPIECE)*  
*I forgot to ask -- what do those five*  
*words even mean?*

*REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)*  
*Means he really wanted to call the*  
*slide system Colin. I thought the*  
*killer clone thing bugged you.*

*QUINN*  
*I have a contradictory personality.*

*REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)*  
*Look, man -- I don't know about*  
*making some poor family revisit their*  
*home-based horror again.*

*ARTURO*  
*You are not, Mr. Brown. In both*  
*cases, the residents discovered the*  
*scene of a suicide in their homes.*

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Wade and Rembrandt are at the front steps of the apartment building.

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*  
*Except they knew nothing of the*  
*deceased and there was no body to be*  
*found despite the apparatus and*  
*aftermath of a self-inflicted death.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE  
(pressing a buzzer  
button)  
So we're not retraumatizing as much  
as we're reweirding.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Arturo and Quinn are on the front porch of the house.  
There's two police cars in the driveway. Arturo raps on the  
door. It swings open to reveal a uniformed police officer.  
It's Garry Graves.

GARRY  
What.

ARTURO  
A fine morning to you, my good man. I  
am Professor Maximillian Arturo and  
this is my assistant. We are  
consultants from Sliders  
Incorporated.

Garry's eyes nearly pop out of their sockets.

GARRY  
The hamburger company!?

QUINN  
We do some other things too --

Garry reluctantly steps back to let Quinn and the Professor  
enter, but his consternation remains uncontained.

GARRY  
Why's Mayor Kelly sending two twits  
from a hamburger company to look into  
a crime scene?  
(trailing behind  
Quinn and Arturo)  
Is Ronald McDonald handling forensics  
on this one? Is the Hamburglar  
canvassing the block?

As Arturo and Quinn make their way into the depths of the  
house --

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Rembrandt and Wade are seated next to Mr. and Mrs. Green,  
two people in their mid-fifties, well-to-do in a spartanly

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

elegant flat. Mr. Green's graying hair is in stark contrast to Mrs. Green's vibrant red locks.

REMBRANDT

We're both real sorry to be making you go through the whole shebang again.

MR. GREEN

If it could give us answers, any answers at all --

His accent is Scottish.

WADE

The bedroom. It was always a guest-room?

MRS. GREEN

(also Scottish)

More of a junkroom. We'd throw in laundry we'd have no time to fold, leave all our clean socks there, a' thing we wanted out of the way --

MR. GREEN

And one morning, I went and found a helium tank next to the bed with a bag and an elastic for the neck. It was like a snuff film set for suicide by suffocation -- but there was no one in the room.

Mrs. Green puts a hand to her mouth. Stifling a sob. Mr. Green puts an arm around her. His own grief is subdued but visible.

REMBRANDT

Look, I get that finding a bed and a balloon gas tank in your junkroom's weird -- but this really upset you, huh? This really shook you up?

MRS. GREEN

It's not the helium tank and the bag. It's everything else in that room.

Mrs. Green stands and moves hesitantly towards the hallway. Mr. Green motions for Wade and Rembrandt to follow.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Mr. and Mrs. Green let Wade and Rembrandt step into what is clearly the bedroom of a TEENAGED GIRL.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

There's jeans and sweaters strewn across the floor, an unmade bed (with a helium tank next to it), posters of pistol-wielding cowgirls on the walls. There's a low-resolution photo printer in the corner with snapshots thumbtacked to the wall.

The snapshots show a bright-eyed redheaded girl of 15 with her arms wrapped around Mr. and Mrs. Green in a park, at a dinner table, atop a snowy hill.

And the Greens look around the room with regret.

MRS. GREEN

It's been a fortnight -- and we couldn't bear to throw any of this away.

MR. GREEN

We never wanted children. Never even applied for a license.

MRS. GREEN

We knew we'd never have the time or attention span. No review board would approve us.

(picking up one of  
the photos)

But this girl, this face --

Mr. Green walks around the walls. Tracing the posters with his fingers. Wade and Rembrandt watch.

MR. GREEN

We've never seen this girl, but we feel something here. She has my nose.

MRS. GREEN

My hair. She's a part of us. She came from us. She must've.

Mrs. Green looks despondently at the bed. At the helium tank. Wade examines the room's furnishings. She spots the laptop with the discrete webcam and the microphone. A series of lights on a shelf aimed at the seat before the laptop.

Mr. Green looks at the writing desk. A school ID rests on the table. Phillipa Green is the name on the card.

MRS. GREEN (cont'd)

Why would someone give us a child just to take her away?

MR. GREEN

And leave us knowing that if we had been parents -- we'd've only ever let her down?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wade and Rembrandt look at the Greens with pity.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Quinn and Arturo walk up a flight of stairs and are greeted by a man, ADAM, in his 60s with a receding hairline and nervous fingers.

ARTURO  
Mr. Fontaine?

ADAM  
Adam. You're the special  
investigators? I don't think the cops  
know what to do -- I don't think I  
know what to do --

QUINN  
It's going to be okay. Let's take a  
look?

Adam leads Quinn and Arturo to the end of a hallway. To a bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Quinn and Arturo follow Adam into the same bedroom where Caroline shot herself. There's a gun lying on the bed. There's blood on the walls. But there's no body to be found.

ADAM  
I don't understand. I was out of  
town. Came back this morning -- and  
my bedroom -- this is not my bedroom.

Arturo looks about the room grimly, examining the blood splatter and the carpet. Quinn approaches Adam.

QUINN  
The room -- it's changed. It's not  
how you remember it.

Adam looks relieved that Quinn understands him.

ADAM  
I had a double bed, not a king; I  
never wanted a TV in here, all my  
weights are gone and -- and --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sweeps a hand towards a shelf. He pulls photo albums out. Scattering them across the bed. Opening them. Showing Quinn and Arturo the photographs.

They're photographs of Caroline and Adam together. At their wedding. At family dinners. At formal functions. At a church dance. Adam pulls loose a photo.

ADAM (cont'd)  
What are these? Is this paper? I  
forgot what paper looks like.

He picks up one of the albums. Awkwardly flipping through the pages.

ADAM (cont'd)  
Is this -- is this what books were  
like before e-ink glass? Wasn't much  
of a reader before the paper ban.

Quinn peers at these everyday objects and carefully mirrors a more sedate version of Adam's confusion. Arturo continues to examine the walls and furniture.

QUINN  
What about what's on the paper and in  
the albums? This woman with you --

ADAM  
I don't know her! I'm not married! I  
live alone! Why am I in these  
pictures? Why are there tampons in my  
bathroom? Why's there makeup on the  
dresser? Why's there a dresser?!

And Quinn and Arturo look on sympathetically as Adam frets over his bedroom which is not his bedroom.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wade and Rembrandt have left the Greens and are now hurrying across the streets of San Francisco, briefly passing a horror movie poster with a Jack O'Lantern carved into a giant turnip and a Napster mattress store. Wade carries the laptop and the webcam from Phillipa Green's bedroom.

WADE  
(hand to earpiece)  
We've got a clue. Phillipa -- or  
whoever lived in that bedroom -- was  
an obsessive vlogger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT  
Kid had her own foldout bluescreen  
background in the closet!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Quinn and Arturo are emerging from the Fontaine house, both of them carrying armfuls of photo albums.

QUINN  
(touching his ear)  
We've got something too!

ARTURO  
Photo albums that cannot exist,  
depicting a wedding that never was!

Quinn shifts the albums to one hand and reaches out. Adjusting controls he can see through his smartglasses. Casting a VORTEX that BURSTS INTO EXISTENCE before him and the Professor.

The Professor jumps back. Quinn gives him a look. The Professor reluctantly steps into the void and Quinn follows after him.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Wade is seated at a table typing away at a laptop while Rembrandt brings over two glass mugs of brown pudding with spoons. As Rembrandt sits, Wade looks up and her eyes widen at the sight of the mugs.

REMBRANDT  
Don't ask me, sweetheart. I asked for  
two double doubles and this is what I  
got.  
(a smiling shrug)  
A city of sliders. You learn to love  
it or you check into Gate Haven.

WADE  
(smiling too)  
Coffee you eat with a spoon,  
touchscreen tattoos, powdered water,  
and that's just this block. Every  
day's an adventure.

And as Wade taps away at the keyboard --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE (cont'd)  
There's no Phillipa Green in any  
documented record even in the  
amalgamated municipal records.

REMBRANDT  
But that bedroom had a past. Someone  
lived there. Someone died there.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn and Arturo are in a space that looks precisely like  
Quinn's basement except there's glass dividers where the  
walls should be. Between the dividers, we can see the rest  
of the Sliders Incorporated office outside. This appears to  
be Quinn's personal office.

The Professor and Quinn are leafing through Adam Fontaine's  
photo albums. Quinn is holding the timer over them. We hear  
the shutter snap of a camera app.

ARTURO  
We are finding the same phenomenon.  
Caroline Fontaine does not exist  
within this composite San Francisco.

QUINN  
I'm putting Caroline's photos through  
Wade's facial recognition software  
and coming up with nothing --

Arturo examines the photographs after Quinn's snapped them.

ARTURO  
My wedding was the happiest day of my  
life. Until the days that followed.  
It heralded the future Christina and  
I would have together.

Quinn, scanning the photos, seems saddened despite Arturo's  
happy recollections. There's a flicker of guilt in Quinn as  
he keeps working.

ARTURO (cont'd)  
But I see no such joy in Ms.  
Fontaine's face.

Quinn leans over to look at the photos Arturo has in hand.  
In each image, Caroline's jaw is limp. Her eyes are blank.

ARTURO (cont'd)  
They stand next to each other hand in  
hand, they look into each other's  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO (cont'd)  
eyes -- and there is no passion, no  
fire, no love in Ms. Fontaine.

At that, Quinn puts the timer down and starts opening the other photo albums. Family photographs. Some of a younger Caroline before her marriage.

There's one photograph of a teenaged Caroline in a lineup of six girls and eight boys.

ARTURO (cont'd)  
These children look medicated and  
emotionally vacant.

Quinn takes a photo of the photo with his timer.

QUINN  
Colin. Run image recognition protocol  
across the amalgamated web.

There's a soft beep. Quinn adjusts his glasses, looking at something projected on his smartglasses. Arturo looks baffled for a moment before realizing that he lacks smartglasses of his own.

Quinn glances at Arturo, reaches for another set of glasses on the worktable and hands them to the Professor. The Professor hesitates and then grudgingly puts them on.

And projected in the space before them, we see two photos side by side. They are both the image of the children -- but Caroline is MISSING from the version on the right.

The image on the right scrolls away to reveal it's on top of a web article: **POLICE RAID CONVERSION CAMP.**

ARTURO  
Ms. Fontaine was homosexual.

QUINN  
(reading the  
scrolling article)  
She must've come out to her parents  
as a kid. And they sent her to this  
-- this facility. The police raided  
it months later. This photo was in  
the records. A graduation photo.  
Commemorating how she'd come out --  
(with cold fury)  
'Cured.'

ARTURO  
These conversion camps shatter minds  
and spirits. She would have been a  
broken woman who married a man with  
no feeling but traumatized inertia --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

And then she couldn't live like that anymore.

REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)

*But why doesn't her husband or anyone else remember her? Or Phillipa? I mean, people die in this crazy town, but they don't normally get erased from reality, right, guys? Right? Guys?*

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Wade and Rembrandt are sitting side by side next to Phillipa's laptop now.

WADE

(typing)

Just going to check this morning's obituaries online here -- okay! Death still a thing. So where'd the bodies go? Suicides don't clean themselves up. Unless they do now?

ARTURO (EARPIECE)

*I shall inquire with our contact at the police department to confirm one way or another, Ms. Welles.*

REMBRANDT

(shaking his head)

Never thought I'd see the day where we'd be detectives and needing to ask if people still die normal.

(a spoonful of coffee

pudding later)

Or that we'd be running fast food or handling support groups for interdimensional culture shock.

WADE

This morning, I just signed off on hypnotherapy clinics for helping merged individuals pick an identity.

A man walks past, holding a smartphone that suddenly emits the phrase, **"Will you be the sole survivor?!"**

REMBRANDT

Hey, Q-Ball -- what is up with Sole Survivor? I know you wanted to keep Melanie Wallace's people working, but whydja have 'em working on *that*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (EARPIECE)  
*It's a simulative data experiment.  
It's a way to --*

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*Kehler from the San Francisco Police  
Department reports four suicides this  
week and the bodies did not cease to  
exist upon expiry.*

REMBRANDT  
*So people're still stickin' around  
after they off themselves. Okay.  
Okay.*

WADE  
*And this laptop --*

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*I believe Ms. Beckett and Ms. Beckett  
already cloned its contents during  
their previous investigation?*

WADE  
*They did, but the data was corrupted.  
Except it wasn't -- the data just  
uses a Flex file system that our  
computers didn't recognize.*

QUINN (EARPIECE)  
*What's on the laptop, Wade?*

WADE  
*Schoolwork. Pirated TV shows. Fan  
fiction. And vlogs. Her video  
journal.*

*She taps on the touchpad. Rembrandt leans over to see. A  
POPUP VIDEO WINDOW appears onscreen; we see the video that  
Wade and Rembrandt are watching.*

*The video shows a redheaded teenager, about 15 -- Phillipa.  
Grinning into the camera. Speaking with a thick Scottish  
accent.*

PHILLIPA  
*This is my first day in the San  
Francisco Bay Area and it's  
incredible!*

*Wade skips ahead to another video. It's a segment of  
Phillipa applying makeup. Animated and glowing.*

PHILLIPA (cont'd)  
*I just met the sweetest boy -- he's  
taking me to the Hard Rock Automat!!*

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Wade skips ahead again to another video. And now Phillipa is in tears.

*PHILLIPA (cont'd)*  
*His ex saw us together -- she's the*  
*queen ant at school -- she's got*  
*everyone to have it out for me --*

We skip to the next video. Phillipa looks sleepless and haunted.

*PHILLIPA (cont'd)*  
*They stole my clothes out of the*  
*locker during swim class -- I walked*  
*home in my suit --*  
*(a cough)*  
*They followed me all the way and they*  
*were laughing at me --*

We go to the next video. Phillipa is crying.

*PHILLIPA (cont'd)*  
*They Photoshopped my face onto porn,*  
*they sent it around the school -- why*  
*are they doing this?*

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - DAY

Arturo and Quinn adjust their smartglasses, watching the same video footage Wade and Rembrandt are seeing. The POPUP WINDOW of video footage continues.

We go to the next video. Phillipa can barely look into the camera.

*PHILLIPA*  
*They call me a Scottish slut. They*  
*got everyone to call me that. They*  
*painted it on my locker. They broke*  
*into the PA system and put those*  
*words on a loop.*

And then the next one:

*PHILLIPA (cont'd)*  
*Whenever I'm in class, the girls --*  
*they repeat everything I say in what*  
*they think is my accent and they act*  
*like I can't speak proper English.*

Then the next --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILLIPA (cont'd)

*They follow me home now -- they threw juice boxes at me -- I can't -- I can't take anymore -- I look back at the last ninety days and I can't think of a single one without them -- I feel like there's only one way to get away -- to get out --*

The video window disappears.

REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)

*That's the last one, guys.*

Arturo moves to a chair and sits down slowly, his face weighed down with sadness. Quinn stares blankly into empty air, his body stiff and rigid. Then --

QUINN

The cinematography, even when she was broken -- it was perfect.

WADE (EARPIECE)

*That's your takeaway? That she was good at filming herself? Yeah! She had a bluescreen tarp. She set up lights and diffusers with a few lamps. So what!?*

QUINN

Phillipa's passion was filmmaking. Not chemistry -- not biology -- why would she suffocate herself using a tank of helium?

ARTURO

Quite so, Mr. Mallory. It is a means entirely too elaborate and calculated.

REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)

*Another thing -- helium's really hard to come by in this burg. Nine-tenths of the Earths that make up this San Francisco used up the world supply of the stuff. So -- where'd did that tank even come from?*

Arturo steeples his fingers while Quinn stands utterly still, staring at the floor. The floor under his worktable.

ARTURO

A dead child who does not exist. A dead woman who never was. A reality that denies their presence in this world or any other. And a weapon that cannot be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE (EARPIECE)  
What do we do now?

And then Quinn suddenly looks up.

QUINN  
Laurel. I need Laurel. I have to go.

And without explanation, Quinn charges out of his basement.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Teenaged students are milling about the exterior grounds of the school as Quinn makes a brisk run towards the entrance. He slows his pace to avoid crashing into any kids, all of whom appear to be speaking Esperanto. Quinn swiftly sidesteps each student as he makes his way inside.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Quinn is fighting the outgoing traffic of students headed out for a lunch periods, yet there's no noise save footsteps and a sign reading SIGN LANGUAGE SPACE explains why. He raises his smartwatch --

QUINN  
(whispering)  
Colin. Locate Laurel Hills.

Onscreen text appears: **Laurel Hills' network access has been disengaged.** Quinn smiles wincingly at himself -- and then suddenly, A WOMAN steps into his line of sight. A dark-haired lady in her mid-fifties. It's Laurel's teacher, Heather Hanley. She motions for them to step out of the sign language zone, then --

MS. HANLEY  
Mr. Mallory, I really need to insist  
on a parent-teacher conference.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Quinn sits at a student's desk, almost meek as Heather slams down a folder of paperwork before Quinn.

MS. HANLEY  
I know you came into Laurel's life  
quite suddenly, but I really have to  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. HANLEY (cont'd)  
question these changes you've made to  
her academic life.

(opening the folder)  
You've removed her from all STEM  
subjects here at school in favor of  
work placement --

QUINN  
At my firm. I'm an engineer at  
Sliders Incorporated.

MS. HANLEY  
That's the hamburger company?

QUINN  
We do other things too.

MS. HANLEY  
School shouldn't just be a place to  
paint and read fiction. Laurel's  
grades in math, chemistry biology and  
computer science were rock bottom and  
having her intern at your business  
won't make up the difference --

QUINN  
I think it can. I'm a quantum  
physicist and an engineer and I can  
instruct her. My associate,  
Maximillian Arturo, is a  
mathematician with a minor in  
chemistry, and my wife -- your former  
colleague -- is an IT specialist --

MS. HANLEY  
Wade was a guidance counselor.

QUINN  
She moonlit then, she moonlights now.

MS. HANLEY  
This Professor that Laurel refers to  
is the fourth-lowest rated lecturer  
at Berkeley --

QUINN  
Yeah, he does better one-on-one.

MS. HANLEY  
And you came out of nowhere; you're  
making massive shifts for a daughter  
I'm told you didn't even know about  
until a year and a half ago.

QUINN  
Well. Shame on me for not knowing  
what I didn't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. HANLEY

You haven't met with a single teacher in this building; if it weren't for Laurel showing me selfies of you two, I wouldn't be able to pick you out of a crowd. You can't avoid discussing your daughter's education with me --

QUINN

(apologetically)

Well, I didn't want to tell you that you've done a terrible job with her.

Ms. Hanley stares at Quinn in astonishment. She is extremely hurt.

MS. HANLEY

I've kept watch on that kid since the day she walked into my classroom --

QUINN

And your eagle eye missed out on how her mother was dead and she'd been hallucinating her mom being alive?

Ms. Hanley rents her chin in her hand, thinking for a moment. Then she says, very cautiously --

MS. HANLEY

It's an -- unusual -- situation.

QUINN

I'm sure you do great with the socially awkward and I know you're especially good with grade-skipping prodigies, but Laurel's not your wheelhouse and I've rebuilt mine for her. Having her fit into secondary school normalcy is not a priority.

MS. HANLEY

We have more to offer here than what you'll let her use.

Quinn stands from his desk.

QUINN

You know I had to put her on nicotine patches? I'm still thanking my stars she hadn't gotten into opiates by the time I found her.

MS. HANLEY

I'd referred Laurel to counseling --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

She's diabetic, did you know that? She didn't, and if I hadn't caught it, she would've had permanent pancreatic damage. She also needed dental surgery.

MS. HANLEY

Mr. Mallory --

QUINN

It has been a gauntlet to give her a life that lets her work through her crap without falling back on liquor and worse. To make sure she has a place at my table --

MS. HANLEY

Look, I know you're dedicated --

QUINN

And you can't be. Laurel's just one of many students to you. That's why, on your watch, my kid became a delinquent drunk. A failure on the verge of dropping out and ending up dead in a ditch.

Quinn swings away from Ms. Hanley. Moves towards the door. And freezes in place as he sees Laurel standing there, having heard a good chunk of this parent-teacher conference.

Laurel's face is pale and horrified.

QUINN (cont'd)

Uh-oh.

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - DAY

Bakers pull muffin trays from ovens, dispensers drip coffee into mugs, and we pan away from the kitchen into the café space of little tables where Laurel sits sullenly. Quinn lays a plate before Laurel holding a croissant tuna sandwich and a glass mug of tea.

QUINN

This is the only place in town that still makes sandwiches -- outside these walls, it's all rice paper wraps and dehydrated sandwich bars.

LAUREL

You called me a failure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way.

LAUREL

You didn't mean that I'm a disappointment to you?

QUINN

I mean we're all failures. Wade was a computer enthusiast who failed to hack it in a male-dominated comp-sci program and ended up in sales at Doppler Computers.

WADE (EARPIECE)

*Hey! I didn't fail! I stepped back to regroup!*

QUINN

You ever finish your certification?

WADE (EARPIECE)

*Damn it.*

QUINN

Rembrandt was a superstar who failed to hang onto his fifteen minutes of fame.

REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)

*It wasn't fifteen minutes, it was a year and a half! And I was well on my way to gettin' it all back! That Giants game would've popped, man!*

QUINN

The Professor was a genius who failed to find recognition for his brilliance, probably because he was, is and ever shall be a bombastic ass.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)

*Mr. Mallory, I do hope this pep-talk will achieve a more optimistic note in the near future.*

QUINN

And I failed to create anti-gravity. Failure is a process. We try a hundred different methods until we find the one that works. Medicating's one technique, but when you only have a hammer, every problem looks like a nail.

As Laurel reflects on Quinn's words and takes a bite of her sandwich, Quinn pulls the timer from a jacket pocket, opens

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

it and waves it up and down Laurel. Laurel, eating, raises an eyebrow.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Checking your dimensional stability  
through the micro-relay -- we can't  
have you drifting between dimensions  
anymore.  
(closing the timer)  
You're stable.

He pockets the timer and pulls a small vial and a syringe from his pocket.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Now for this.

LAUREL  
(finishing her  
sandwich)  
I thought I wasn't allowed to get  
high during school and business  
hours.

QUINN  
Insulin. Dr. Davis says that even  
with insulin patches, you'll need to  
fill up now and then. And you're  
still learning to find your own  
veins. Sleeve up?

Quinn draws the insulin into the syringe as Laurel rolls up her sleeve.

QUINN  
(injecting Laurel)  
You know, one day you'll be all grown  
up and you'll do this on your own.

LAUREL  
I'm hoping the patches get upgraded  
before I have to.  
(as Quinn removes the  
needle)  
By the way, those suicides you're  
working sounded creepy as hell.

QUINN  
That's what I wanted to talk about.  
I'm looking for your perspective.  
What was it like before we stabilized  
you to this dimension? Why'd you  
think your mother was still alive?

LAUREL  
It was like my brain would paper over  
gaps in reality.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LAUREL (cont'd)  
I didn't see Mom -- but I'd assume  
she was running late or held up in  
traffic and that I'd seen her  
recently --

Quinn nods while putting the insulin kit in Laurel's  
knapsack, then pulling out the timer again.

LAUREL (cont'd)  
It was a little less crazy than  
thinking I was out of sync with the  
universe. Mom was gone -- but there  
was an echo of her in my life. But I  
guess I never really knew her.

QUINN  
If I could give her back to you, I  
would.

LAUREL  
It's just -- if she'd died one month  
later in 1995, there'd at least be  
doubles.

QUINN  
She wanted you, Laurel. She begged me  
for you.

LAUREL  
Gross. And I get that you didn't  
really know her --

QUINN  
I try to. By coming here.

Laurel looks about, confused. Looks at the wrapping paper on  
the sandwich. The logo.

LAUREL  
Hills Bakery.  
(looking around)  
This is hers?

QUINN  
It kept going after she was gone. And  
even with an earthquake sinking the  
building and getting bulldozed for  
condos that got called off, this  
bakery kept coming back. It always  
came back. They still use her  
recipes.

LAUREL  
(looking at her  
sandwich crumbs)  
Should've eaten slower.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn flips open the timer, raising it to Laurel.

QUINN  
Your memories were revised to fit  
your addition to this reality. With  
the suicides, we're seeing revisions  
to fit removals.

LAUREL  
(eying the timer)  
What're you doing?

QUINN  
I switched off the micro-relay. I'm  
detaching you from this reality --

LAUREL  
What!?

Laurel reaches for the table before her. Her hand passes right through. She holds up both hands. They're turning transparent. Laurel reaches for her father, trying to anchor herself.

Quinn doesn't even look up from the timer as Laurel's fading arm goes through Quinn's face.

REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)  
*Q-Ball! What d'you think you're  
doing?!*

QUINN  
I'm only doing it for ten seconds --  
I need Laurel's quantum signature  
from when she's in flux --

LAUREL  
Oh my God! Turn it back on! Turn it  
back on! Turn it --

QUINN  
I just did. You're fine. You're  
solid.

Laurel punches Quinn in the face. Quinn recoils so severely from the impact that he falls out of his chair. His glasses go flying.

LAUREL  
Just checking.

The bakery staff look concerned, Quinn waves them off while wincing and retrieving his glasses.

QUINN  
(from the floor)  
Good one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL  
How could you **do** that!?

QUINN  
(getting back up)  
It was a test -- you're fine! Laurel,  
trust me --

LAUREL  
Trust you?! I barely know you!

QUINN  
(reseating himself)  
I'm your father!

LAUREL  
For what, eighteen months? Talk to me  
in ten years, then we'll see if you  
know what the hell you're doing!

Quinn shakes off the impact of Laurel's blow, puts his  
glasses back on and examines the timer screen.

QUINN  
If you were put into this reality by  
the same means that removed Caroline  
Fontaine and Phillipa Green, we can  
use the harmonic eigenstates from you  
and scan to see if they're showing up  
somewhere else.

Laurel nervously sips her tea as Quinn raises his  
smartwatch.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Colin. Scan for signal match.

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
**Scan in progress.**

Quinn whips his wrist back from his face at the strangely  
familiar voice.

QUINN  
That voice! Whose voice is that!?

WADE (EARPIECE)  
Yours. I just installed the software  
package. It's your voice but deepened  
and with a rasp. Remmy said you'd  
love it? I can change it if --

QUINN  
It's fine. It's fine. Laurel, let's  
go for a walk. I want to revisit your  
old stomping grounds and scan you in  
your old haunts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Laurel and Quinn rise from the table and button their coats --

REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)  
*So, you think Laurel's quantum sig  
 can lead us to where that tank of  
 helium came from that killed that  
 poor Phillipa?*

Quinn and Laurel are at the door to the bakery. A baker hands Quinn a paper bag while Quinn hands over some money. Then he responds:

QUINN  
 No. I already know where the helium  
 came from.  
 (opening door)  
 It came from me.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*What?!*

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quinn and Laurel are walking outdoors, passing from a busy commercial area to a block where all building lights are off, the street is vacant and a diner has a sign reading:  
 HOURS - 9 PM - 6 AM.

QUINN  
 I kept a tank in the basement for  
 secondary coil cooling.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - DAY

As Quinn speaks, we see Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Diana standing in Quinn's basement while a team of four Maggies examine the premises, holding tablets, looking over items and crossing inventory off a list.

QUINN (VOICEOVER)  
*The tank's been taken. It's in  
 Phillipa Green's room.*

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quinn and Laurel walk past a grocery store with a sign advertising bulk specials for ANTI-DEPRESSANT COCA-COLA and CAFFEINATED CORNFLAKES.

LAUREL  
You helped Phillipa kill herself?

QUINN  
What? No! Someone went into my office.

REMBRANDT (*EARPIECE*)  
*We're calling that basement junkroom an office now? I just wanna be clear.*

QUINN  
Someone took the helium and put it in that girl's room. Which means we need to run a full inventory sweep of Sliders Incorporated.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - DAY

Twelve Maggies, all armed with tablets, march into the office space and disperse, spreading about to check every piece of equipment as Diana directs them. Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo stand in the midst of this methodically panicked examination, reassuring alarmed employees.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quinn and Laurel walk past a bookstore -- same one where the Professor had his book launch in "Reunion" -- which is now advertising a book signing for *The Princess Diana Diaries*.

Through the window, we can make out a lady in a white outfit with short-blond hair at a table surrounded by admirers next to a poster of the book cover. Quinn pulls out the timer to scan Laurel again.

QUINN (*VOICEOVER*)  
*We need to find out what else was taken --*

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - DAY

Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo and Maggie (wearing her smartwatch) board an elevator --

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

The elevator doors open and the four of them emerge. A wall mounted sign next to the elevator reads STORAGE DIMENSION BAYS. The four sliders split into groups of; Rembrandt and Maggie going left, Wade, Arturo and Diana going right --

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Quinn and Laurel walk up a porch to a house -- the same house Laurel mistakenly thought to be her home in "Reunion."

The door opens to reveal MICHAEL HURLEY looking angry until Quinn hands over the paper bag he got at the bakery. Michael reaches inside and his hand emerges with artisanal donuts. As Michael munches, Quinn scans Laurel with the timer.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE DIMENSION BAY

Wade, Arturo and Diana stand in a giant storage locker with a faded FEYNMAN STORAGE sign on a wall, surrounded by messily organized and shelved items that include a (deactivated) D.E.R.I.C. the robot, a hologram of a fearsome red-clad wizard gesticulating at a wall, Wade's dress from the Lottery Ball and Quinn's *Mindgame* jersey from "Eggheads." They raise their tablets and begin checking items off a list.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE DIMENSION BAY 2

Maggie and Rembrandt are also examining items and checking them off a list on their tablets, brushing past night vision goggles, a set of prison bracelets from "El Sid," an elf costume and a Santa Claus outfit along with a case of deadly looking syringes from "The Exodus."

CUT TO:

EXT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - EVENING

The sky is darkening. It's not night yet, but we're close. Quinn and Laurel approach the brownstone in the Castro district. Laurel skips up the steps and Quinn follows.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - EVENING

Quinn and Laurel have just stepped into the bullpen when they're surrounded by Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie and Diana, all bearing tablets.

QUINN

What'd we find?

ARTURO

It is what we failed to find that is of great concern.

DIANA

Hey, so the Professor's the CEO, but we all report to Quinn like he owns the place -- does he own the place?

(as Laurel nods)

The command structure here is really weird!

MAGGIE

My, uh, counterparts -- what is up with that, Mallory? -- they just uploaded the last of the inventory check.

Quinn raises his smartwatch.

QUINN

Colin! What's missing from Sliders Incorporated storage?

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)

*The inventory process has failed to locate: the Dream Master hallucinogen from Earth 1807, the Mallory sword from Earth 1816, the E.R.I.C.A. robotic model from Earth 1813 --*

WADE

Not E.R.I.C.A.! I was getting her software working again! I didn't want to switch D.E.R.I.C. on until she was ready!

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)

*The Egyptian timer --*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

So what! That thing never worked  
right! Never ever!

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)

*Michael Levy's seismographic  
equipment from Earth 1818 --*

WADE

Was that the world with the  
fountain of youth?

REMBRANDT

The world with the giant  
slug!?

As Wade and Rembrandt cast confused looks at each other --

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)

*The Gineers' psi-sensitive fruit from  
Earth 1820, the LIPRON diet drug  
samples from Earth 1819, the organ  
donation bracelets from Earth 1823,  
the electroshock guitar from Earth  
1827 --*

REMBRANDT

That thing knocked me into the middle  
of next week and it made no sense how  
it could work. Reality gets real  
weird when it's breaking down.

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)

*Dr. Vargas' tranquilizer gun from  
Earth 1828, a dinosaur drumstick from  
Earth 1829, anti-snake venom samples  
from Earth 1826, virtual reality  
equipment from Earth 2807, bone graft  
implants from Earth 2816, cryogenic  
pods from Earth 2817, the mini scoop  
from Earth E0808 and Melanie  
Wallace's afterlife machine.*

WADE

I know some of that missing stuff,  
but not all of it.

REMBRANDT

You can count yourself lucky on that,  
girl!

QUINN

And minus Melanie Wallace's machine,  
they all have something in common --  
we took all of that from the  
Millennial Tower after the doomsday  
clocks were done. We kept it here  
under strict surveillance, quantum  
lock and kinematic key --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Quinn steps into the bullpen, his arms tight, his posture exuding both fear and wrath.

QUINN (cont'd)  
And he just waltzed in and helped himself, same as he always does.

ARTURO  
Are you certain that this is your doppelganger?

QUINN  
He's back.

On this grim note --

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - EVENING

Maggie, Diana and Arturo are reviewing security camera footage on one monitor while Rembrandt and Laurel are reviewing camera footage of San Francisco. Quinn is looking off into the distance, studying something in his smartglasses.

MAGGIE  
Facial recognition software's identified every instance of Mallory's face in this facility --

ARTURO  
And they match his location data as provided by the slide system --

DIANA  
Meaning if the other Quinn's ever been here, he was never once on camera.

REMBRANDT  
Having the same problem on our end, ladies and gents!

LAUREL  
Every time a camera picks up Dad's face in the city, it's actually Dad!

WADE  
Quinn -- what's he planning?

QUINN  
I don't know. Melanie said he'd bring monsters in his wake. She had a brain tumor, she wasn't thinking straight.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)  
I think she just saw the *Sole Survivor* game.

WADE  
This is no time for you to be keeping secrets!

QUINN  
I'm not! Not anymore and not ever again. Everything I know, I've told you all --

WADE  
Have you told us your theories? You've got to have some idea what he's up to -- he's you!

QUINN  
He's not me. He thinks of this world and everyone in it as a corrupted path best amputated; he sees you all as disposable, he has a calculatingly predatory perspective on this world and every other.

Quinn takes Wade's wrists gently.

QUINN (cont'd)  
I don't have that. I have you.

Wade looks up at Quinn tenderly. Smiling despite the circumstances. Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie and Diana stare intently at their monitors. Laurel makes a face.

LAUREL  
Ugh, barf! Do you have to do that in front of me?

QUINN  
(ignoring Laurel)  
What about Phillipa Green and Caroline Fontaine -- ? Their homes?

ARTURO  
There is increased vortex activity within their homes at the estimated time of their deaths -- and in the weeks previous, there were two bursts at each location.

QUINN  
So he visited them. He talked to them.

REMBRANDT  
You think he got 'em to kill themselves?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Most certainly. And Mr. Mallory the Second would not have done so merely to be cruel. His endgame is to overwrite this multiverse with another. So -- how did these suicides serve his goal?

And then Quinn's timer chirps. Quinn reaches into his pocket. Pulls the device out. Flips it open.

QUINN

There's neutrino activity -- similar to Laurel's when she's detached from reality -- but the polarity's been inverted.

He raises his smartwatch.

QUINN (cont'd)

Colin! Track location!

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**

***Storage Dimension 12 in Sliders Incorporated.***

Quinn stands. He reaches under the counter, pulling loose a case. He snaps it open. Inside are six sets of smartwatches and smartglasses. He motions towards it before moving towards the door and, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie, Diana and Laurel each take a set of the sliding gear before following Quinn into the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE BAY HALLWAY

The elevator doors open and the seven sliders come out of the door. They're all wearing smartglasses and smartwatches. Maggie unholsters a pistol and raises it carefully. Quinn gives her a look of disapproval.

Maggie looks at Quinn uncomprehendingly, not understanding his discomfort. And then, misreading Quinn's silent alarm, she reaches towards the back of her waist and pulls another nickel-plated handgun and hands it to Rembrandt. Quinn reacts with dismay.

At that, Maggie stoops, pulls a small pistol from her boot and also hands it to Wade who reluctantly accepts it. Quinn sighs and shakes his head as he proceeds down the hall even as Maggie produces another boot-holstered gun for Arturo, a taser for Diana and pepper spray for Laurel.

They move to the double-door entrance marked Storage Dimension 12.

CONTINUED:

Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie and Diana raise their weapons, everyone except Maggie and Rembrandt nervous, while Quinn presses a hand to the door control. The doors open. The sliders step through.

CUT TO:

INT. SKI LODGE - DAY

The sliders find that beyond the doors is an IDYLLIC WINTER LODGE of wood-paneled splendor with crackling fires, a table of sugary treats, and outside the windows are ski-lifts and falling snow reflecting the sunlight. People in winter sweaters are walking about.

The armed sliders silently hand their weapons back to Maggie. Maggie swiftly reclaims three guns, a taser and the pepper spray and conceals all armaments from sight.

QUINN  
(raising his  
smartwatch)  
Colin. Where are we?

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)  
*Your present location is Storage  
Dimension 12.*

LAUREL  
Uncle Colin? What's all this around  
us?

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)  
*Storage Dimension 12 is empty, Ms.  
Hills.*

Laurel picks up a cookie from the nearby table and takes a bite. Rembrandt and Maggie smile at patrons in the lodge who nod politely at them.

Wade and Arturo hold their hands over the fireplace and find it warm. Diana inspects the walls. Everything's solid.

The people seem to ignore the two double-doors to the storage space that stand incongruously in the middle of the floor.

COLIN (SMARTWATCH) (cont'd)  
*Storage Dimension 12 is empty.*

Laurel spots two women sitting on a nearby sofa. She nudges Quinn and points. Caroline Fontaine is seated with a blue-haired lady in her forties. They're snuggling on the sofa, practically in each other's pockets.

CONTINUED:

Quinn motions for the other sliders to hold back, then takes Laurel's hand and leads her to the couple.

QUINN

Hiya.

CUT TO:

QUINN AND LAUREL

Sitting on the floor before Caroline Fontaine and the blue-haired lady whom we'll later know as Dara. Caroline and Dara are chatting cheerfully with Quinn.

CAROLINE

(to Laurel)

You're fortunate to have a father who understands.

QUINN

I'm not sure I do. The truth is that my kid being gay doesn't strike me as anymore significant than her being good at boxing and bad at fencing. I wonder if that perspective makes me miss anything.

(to Laurel)

Does it make me miss anything?

Laurel is trying not to look at Caroline too much, unnerved to be sitting in a ski lodge that can't exist with a dead woman who never was.

LAUREL

Uh. Uh. I dunno. Ask me again in ten years.

CAROLINE

The truth is that Dara and I were lucky. We could've been born in the 1800s and been hanged for deviancy --

DARA

Instead, we were born just in time for global overpopulation to be such a concern that being gay's trendy.

CAROLINE

My parents definitely didn't mind the tax incentives that came with getting me registered.

LAUREL

Getting paid to be gay? What a world!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAROLINE  
A perfect world.

Quinn's eyes narrow at Caroline's words.

CUT TO:

WADE AND REMBRANDT

At an upper floor above the lounge area of the ski-lodge.  
Looking through the window. Peering through their  
smartglasses while adjusting their smartwatches.

REMBRANDT  
This is weird, Wade! I'm setting my  
specs for max telescopic zooming and  
there's nothing out there. It's like  
there's a wall of snow at the edge of  
the ski lodge.

WADE  
There's no digital signals, no  
satellite response. It's like this  
world exists only in this specific  
space for one specific person.

CUT TO:

ARTURO, MAGGIE AND DIANA

Also looking out a set of windows.

ARTURO  
Ms. Beckett, does your arsenal  
include a laser apparatus of any  
kind?

Maggie draws her gun. Diana jumps. Maggie pulls the laser-  
sight off the barrel and hands it to the Professor. The  
Professor switches it on, sending a beam of red light out  
the window. He then walks away and motions for Maggie and  
Diana to follow him.

They arrive at Wade and Rembrandt's window on the opposite  
end of the floor --

WADE  
Hey, what's this red light?

DIANA  
It's Maggie's gunsight. Going out the  
window on the other side of this  
building -- it's coming right back  
through this window here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO  
As I thought.

MAGGIE  
We're in a sphere?

REMBRANDT  
This is the Chandler all over again,  
the Chandler all over again!

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)  
We're in a bubble universe.

We see Quinn and Laurel coming up the stairs. Quinn's looking around at the walls and every surface through his smartglasses.

QUINN  
Everything here is to give Caroline  
an ideal life.

ARTURO  
But how could someone create this  
environment or even tailor it to her  
wishes?

The walls of the lodge begin the flicker and dim.

QUINN  
This construct isn't stable. It's not  
holding --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie, Diana and Laurel now find themselves standing inside a school. A school unlike any they've seen before -- every single surface seems to be a video display showing high definition footage of the space around them.

The sliders are watching themselves on all these televisions in a hallway that has all the other furnishings of a school -- display cases, class schedules, emergency directions, notice boards, although no teachers or students can be seen.

They look up and down at the floor and ceiling. Video of students in class, bathrooms, teachers' lounges and the street outside can be seen.

REMBRANDT  
Where are we? This a world of total  
TV or something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

These look like building tiles made  
of light-emitting diodes except --

She peers closer.

WADE (cont'd)

There's light absorption diodes too!  
These tiles send out and suck in  
light.

ARTURO

A camera and a display in the same  
component. Most ingenious. But what  
is its relevance to Ms. Fontaine?

And then we see a door in a hallway open and Ms. Hanley  
marching two defiant looking 15-year-old girls down the  
hall.

MS. HANLEY

Don't even deny it, girls -- how  
stupid do you have to be to think  
bullying Phillipa wasn't going to be  
captured on every screen? I hope  
following her home was worth having  
the vids follow you for the rest of  
your lives.

She drags the two girls past the sliders. And then three  
more people come out from behind the open door -- it's Mr.  
and Mrs. Green and their daughter, Phillipa. Her red hair  
seems richer than ever as she smiles at her parents. They  
silently walk past the sliders.

REMBRANDT

So this is a world of total  
surveillance -- nobody has any  
privacy and they're all cool with it  
-- and it's a world where the creeps  
messing with that kid got caught  
right away.

WADE

A perfect world for Phillipa.

QUINN

But why? And how?

And then the walls of the school begin to flicker and dim as  
the ski lodge did before.

QUINN (cont'd)

Colin! What's going on here?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
*Update. Melanie Wallace's afterlife machine has been located. It is presently in Storage Dimension 12.*

The school around the sliders vanish -- and the sliders find themselves looking at the same virtual reality afterlife machine that Quinn found in "Revolution" -- a chair with a gas mask affixed to the inhabitant.

Except there's TWO of these machines and Caroline Fontaine sits in one while Phillipa Green sits in the other.

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH) (cont'd)**  
*Update. Pocket dimension instability detected. Total event collapse imminent.*

And then Phillipa and Caroline vanish from the chairs. But the chairs remain -- and then both of them suddenly blur and divide until there's FOUR SEPARATE CHAIRS.

QUINN  
 Colin! How many times has the pocket dimension formed and reformed?

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
*Records indicate one hundred fifty six separate reformations --*

QUINN  
 My God. He's killed a hundred and fifty six people -- and now four more are next.

Quinn yanks out his timer. Tapping the keys urgently.

QUINN (cont'd)  
 Colin, can you match Laurel's neutrino signal to the harmonic eigenstates and get us a location? It'd be linked to the chairs --

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
*Signal locked. Four locations within the San Francisco Bay Area acquired.*

Quinn's already whirling about, looking to the sliders.

QUINN  
 Maggie, Rembrandt -- take the first location! Professor, Diana -- you're on the second! Laurel and Wade -- you'll handle the third! I'm on the fourth! Colin, send the coordinates to their watches!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)  
(motioning to their  
wrists)  
You've got the gear, you'll need to  
use it!

REMBRANDT  
What do you think's gonna be at each  
of these places?

QUINN  
Someone trying to kill themselves.  
Someone you're going to save!

DIANA  
But what if we can't --

QUINN  
(furious)  
You are going -- to save them!

Wade, Arturo and Maggie each trigger their smartwatches.  
Each opening a gateway. Quinn does the same.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

A vortex opens, propelling Diana and Arturo out. It's a wide  
and lengthy commuters' bridge with a few cars speeding by.

ARTURO  
Colin! Where are we?

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
***You are located at the San Francisco  
Oakland Bay Bridge.***

It's an impressive two-deck structure stretching across the  
Oakland Bay -- and there's no pedestrian walkway whatsoever.  
This isn't a crossing designed for people on foot -- but  
then Diana points.

At a distance, they can see a solitary figure sitting on the  
guardrail of the bridge. Poised to drop into the water of  
the bay below.

DIANA  
We have to get closer -- closer!  
Colin, vortex us four hundred feet  
forward --

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
***Unable to comply. Dimensional  
neutrality prevents vortex lock  
beyond this point.***

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO  
(glaring at his  
smartwatch)  
Come, Dr. Davis! On foot!

As they rush towards the person in the distance --

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A vortex deposits Rembrandt and Maggie into an alley next to an apartment. They look around for someone to save, but there's no one there.

REMBRANDT  
Colin, where's the person we're  
looking for?

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
***Destination inaccessible due to  
dimensional neutrality. Nearest  
location substituted.***

As Maggie and Rembrandt rush out of the alley --

REMBRANDT  
Fine, fine! Gimme an address!

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
***32 Courtney Road. Apartment 523.***

Rembrandt and Maggie spin about to see that the apartment building they're next to is numbered 32. They race up the steps to the entrance.

Maggie tries the entrance to find it locked. She motions for Rembrandt to step back and whips out two handguns. She fires six shots at the glass doors.

And she stands, staring at the bullets lodged in the unbroken bulletproof glass.

MAGGIE  
Hunh. Gentrification. It's a thing.

Rembrandt reaches into a pocket and pulls out the universal key from "Revelation." He taps the card to a keypad by the door handle and the door clicks open. As he and Maggie hurry inside --

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Laurel's high school campus is deserted and unlit except for the already closing vortex. Wade and Laurel rush towards the high school. Tugging at the locked doors to the entrance.

LAUREL  
Why can't Colin vortex us inside?

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)  
*Dimensional neutrality is preventing  
access to the fourth floor science  
wing --*

WADE  
(releasing the locked  
door)  
My keycard! I think I still have it!

Wade reaches into a pocket. As she searches, Laurel stoops, picks up a stone from the flower and rock garden next to the entrance and HURLS IT THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR. It shatters. Laurel steps through as ALARMS sound --

WADE (cont'd)  
(appalled)  
Oh for God's sake, Laurel!  
(to her smartwatch)  
Colin! Override alarms!

And as Laurel and Wade head into the now silent school --

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL

The vortex drops Quinn onto a set of stairs and he almost falls down before regaining balance. He checks his smartwatch.

QUINN  
Neutrality? What!? Colin, at least  
give me a proximity reading --

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)  
*Original location: rooftop of 31  
Kelbourne, distance of five feet --*

Quinn checks his watch further, then looks up at the door in front of him. It has a sign reading ROOF ACCESS. He moves to the door, tries the knob, finds it locked --

QUINN  
Colin, vortex me to the other side!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
**Unable to comply --**

Quinn starts banging on the door.

QUINN  
Hello! Is someone out there? Please  
-- whatever you're going to do, don't  
do it! Not yet! Just talk to me! Talk  
to me!

He urgently reaches into a pocket. Pulls out a small case.  
Flips it open to reveal needles and pliers -- his lockpick  
set. As he inserts a needle into the door --

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Arturo and Diana have reached a middle-aged man, early 50s,  
bald and in a striped peach shirt and tie. Shivering in the  
cold as he dangles his feet over the other side of the  
guardrail on which he sits.

ARTURO  
Good evening, sir --

The man looks at Diana and Arturo in shock. Arturo reacts to  
the sight of this man's face, although Diana does not. Then,  
setting that aside --

ARTURO (cont'd)  
My name is Professor Maximillian  
Arturo and this is Dr. Diana Davis.  
Might we request the pleasure of your  
company for a few minutes?

The man, looking out at the water, nods hesitantly.

DIANA  
What's your name?

MONTAGUE  
Montague. I -- I -- I don't know what  
you people are doing out here --

DIANA  
We just want to know what brought you  
here.

As Montague looks away --

CUT TO:

## INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Rembrandt and Maggie race to apartment 523. Rembrandt tries the doorknob. It's locked. Rembrandt reaches out with his universal keycard and tries to slip it between the door and the doorframe.

Maggie grabs him by the collar, yanks him out of the way, shoots through the lock and the two kick in the door and charge into the apartment.

CUT TO:

## INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rembrandt and Maggie are in an apartment with vinyl records decorating all the walls, pet-rocks decorating the tables, bean bag chairs and lava lamps. They see a woman on the balcony. Curly black hair and in her early 30s.

They hurry towards the balcony and then freeze -- seeing that the woman is holding a MASSIVE SYRINGE and about to pump it into her forearm. Her eyes widen at the sight of her visitors.

Maggie spots a plastic bottle of bleach on the dining room table. They approach the balcony slowly.

MAGGIE

Colin, get us a name. Who lives here?

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**

***Inhabitant identified as Madelyn  
McConnell --***

REMBRANDT

Maddie, honey?

He taps lightly on the glass.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Listen, before you do anything, can we just talk to you?

CUT TO:

## INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wade and Laurel are in a hallway and ahead of them is a science lab -- the room totally visible to the hallway through a glass wall.

Inside, they see a slender figure turning on the taps that feed GAS to BUNSEN BURNERS. They race to the door -- it's locked. Wade's keycard doesn't work.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE  
Colin! Facial recognition --

She leans to get a good look at whoever's in the lab --

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
***Facial match for Aaron Summers, male,***  
***fourteen years old --***

Laurel starts banging on the glass.

LAUREL  
Aaron!! Aaron, I know you don't know  
us, but just talk to us for a sec --

Aaron Summers steps into the light, peering at Wade and Laurel. Wade and Laurel are surprised -- despite the Colin AI identifying Aaron as a boy, the person in front of them lacks an Adam's apple, has distinctly feminine facial features and wears a sweater wrapped around small yet rounded breasts.

This is most definitely a girl.

WADE  
Laurel, you know how you're brash and  
blunt and lack any subtlety?

LAUREL  
Yeah?

WADE  
Need the opposite from you on this  
one.

LAUREL  
Gotcha.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL

Quinn continues to work the lock, intermittently banging on the door.

QUINN  
Hello? Are you out there?!

He presses a needle further into the lock -- only to find it getting stuck. He tries to pull it out and can't. He bangs on the door again.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Hello!? Please -- talk to me!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Arturo and Diana are standing a few feet from Montague who speaks without looking at them.

MONTAGUE

My family was born into academia.  
Classics was a billion-dollar  
business; you'd earn your stripes in  
liberal arts in the University of San  
Francisco and you could work anywhere  
you wanted --

Arturo and Diana exchange looks, Diana baffled by this  
existence Montague describes and Arturo wishing he could go  
there.

MONTAGUE (cont'd)

And then everything changed a year  
and a half ago -- the city's not a  
school anymore! The 3D printers that  
fed the world can't make anything  
bigger than a slider! My tenure  
doesn't exist! My office became a  
laundromat! And I can barely hang  
onto a job at Dairy Chancellor!

Montague begins weeping. His sentences become fragmented  
bursts.

MONTAGUE (cont'd)

Everything I worked for -- all  
worthless -- just like me -- I don't  
belong here -- I might as well be  
dead --

ARTURO

My dear fellow. I understand the  
frustration of seeing your  
achievements shattered and revoked.  
But you must consider that within  
adversity lies opportunity and --

Diana lunges forward, grabs Montague by the collar, yanks  
him off the guardrail and drags him onto the ground. He hits  
the bridge hard. Montague cries out in pain.

DIANA

Professor! Sit on him!

The Professor makes a noise of protest --

DIANA (cont'd)

Professor, I can't hold him! Sit on  
his chest! That's an order!



CONTINUED:

The Professor drops his posterior onto Montague's chest and Montague howls in agony. Arturo glowers at Diana.

ARTURO

Your lack of delicacy could have been fatal for this gentleman!

DIANA

Oh, stuff it. You can still give whatever big speech you were going to give.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rembrandt and Maggie are listening to Madelyn talk.

MADELYN

I thought I had a chance to reinvent myself, you know? I mean, this crazy city offers second chances. I quit pharma sales to study culinary arts, met a new guy -- a guy who took me to a hotel that I didn't know was one of those total surveillance ones with every surface a camera --

Rembrandt and Maggie wince.

REMBRANDT

We had a run-in with one of those earlier today --

MADELYN

I didn't know that he was a licensed exhibitionist or that going there with him meant filming us -- filming us -- streaming our footage --

Madelyn sobs softly while tightening her grip on her syringe.

MADELYN (cont'd)

It'll follow me forever.

She prepares to inject herself --

REMBRANDT

Wait, wait, wait! You can, you can! Maggie here used to be a spy! She's a master of fake identities!

(snapping his fingers)

She can rustle you up a new life just like that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE  
I can? I can!  
(thinking hard)  
That new life might have to be  
outside the Bay Area in a parallel  
universe. But sure.

As Madelyn lowers the needle --

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The girl inside the lab is leaning her head against the glass, telling Wade and Laurel her story.

ERIN  
I'd felt out of touch in my own body  
for so long -- and then I saw the  
nanosurgery clinic. I didn't have to  
be Aaron anymore. I could be Erin. I  
could be me. All it took was half an  
hour and a hundred bucks. And then  
Dr. Krislov sent me home --

She bursts into tears.

ERIN (cont'd)  
My mom -- she said she didn't know  
who I was, she said I was a stranger,  
that she'd call the police. My dad --  
he knew, I could see he knew -- but  
he called me an abom -- abom --  
abomination.  
(coughing and gagging)  
I have nowhere to live. I have no  
money. I have no one. I'm a freak. I  
just want to die --

WADE  
Aaron -- sorry, Erin -- no, wait,  
they both sound the same. Erin, you  
don't need to be ashamed. But it  
would've been a shock to parents who  
might not be acquainted with gender  
dysphoria and --

Laurel bangs a fist on the glass, interrupting Wade.

LAUREL  
You're not a freak. You're really  
hot. I go to school here. D'you want  
to go to winter formal?

Wade glares at Laurel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL (cont'd)  
And if you need a place to crash,  
we've got tons of bunks at Sliders  
Inc. and you can stay there forever  
so long as you don't mind mini-  
hamburgers for breakfast, lunch and  
dinner.

ERIN  
Sliders? I love sliders --

Wade throws up her hands in the air and walks away from the  
lab, leaving Laurel and Erin. There's a click as Erin  
unlocks the door to the lab to let Laurel in.

WADE  
Four years to get my master's in  
social work and my stepdaughter just  
has to flirt.  
(calling out over her  
shoulder)  
Just remember to turn off the gas!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Arturo remains seated on Montague's chest while Diana stands  
by, holding a cellphone.

ARTURO  
-- and therefore, Montague, Sliders  
Incorporated has accumulated numerous  
variations on the works of Chaucer  
and Shakespeare and is in dire need  
of an archivist to categorize the  
material --

DIANA  
(into her phone)  
Jill? Sorry -- I have to miss our  
date, sweetie -- I am literally  
helping talk someone off a ledge.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maggie, Rembrandt and Madelyn sit on her sofa drinking from  
stainless steel goblets. Maggie has a laptop open --

MAGGIE  
The key to a strong alternate  
identity is to find some aspect of  
yourself to focus on --

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL

Quinn has given up on trying to pick the lock and is now kicking the doorknob urgently. It holds tight. But then, from the other side of the door --

CALLISTA (OFF CAMERA)

Hello?

It's a small voice.

QUINN

My name is Quinn -- what's yours?

CALLISTA (OFF CAMERA)

Callista -- but please -- you can't do anything to help me. Please just leave. It's better this way --

QUINN

How old are you, Callista?

(silence)

Callista, just tell me that, tell me how old you are --

CALLISTA (OFF CAMERA)

Twenty-two.

QUINN

Callista, I'm forty-four years old and my life's been one crazy mess after another. I'd love to hear about yours.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Diana, Arturo and Montague are now walking off the bridge. Talking.

MONTAGUE

I'd thought about killing myself a few times -- and then one night, someone appeared in my bedroom out of nowhere. He told me that everything could change.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maggie and Rembrandt are listening to Madelyn talk.

MADELYN

Whoever he was -- he told me he could  
give me a perfect life. A perfect  
world.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Laurel and Erin are seated on the floor cross-legged. Wade  
paces back and forth, trying not to overtly eavesdrop.

ERIN

He showed me these flashes -- flashes  
of what my life could be.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Montague is still telling his story.

MONTAGUE

He showed me a world where the entire  
United States was a university --

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Now it's Madelyn sharing her glimpse of a perfect world.

MADELYN

A world where pornography's obsolete  
thanks to virtual stimulations --

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

And now we are with Erin again:

ERIN

A world where gender-fluidity's the  
norm.

She reaches into a pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIN (cont'd)  
He gave me this clock --

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Montague pulls a doomsday clock from his pocket. It's identical to the ones in "Revelation."

MONTAGUE  
He showed me the countdown.

It's counting down from two minutes.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Madelyn is holding up her own doomsday clock.

MADELYN  
He told me that if I killed myself  
when the countdown hit zero --

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL

Quinn is leaning against the door to the roof. Listening.

CALLISTA (OFF CAMERA)  
(voice shaking)  
Then I'd be reborn in the world I  
wanted. A world where self-driving  
cars were developed by the mid-  
nineties, where the accident never  
happened, where I wouldn't lose my  
parents at age 12, where I never had  
my head injury from the accident --

QUINN  
You can't trust what this man told  
you. He has his own reasons --

CALLISTA (OFF CAMERA)  
(despairing)  
I've got no reason to do anything  
other than walk off this roof.  
(bitter)  
Because of what happened to me -- I  
can't read. Language is a blur of  
letters. Foster care could never get  
me the help I needed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

What happened in your past doesn't  
need to be what rules your future --

CALLISTA (OFF CAMERA)

Future?! What future? I can't stop my  
hands from shaking! I couldn't last  
one day in fast food! I couldn't pass  
the safety exam to be a janitor!

QUINN

Callista --

CALLISTA (OFF CAMERA)

Even if that perfect world's a lie,  
I'd still take it over this one.

(a breath)

And the clock -- I've got one minute  
left to make it happen.

Quinn tugs at the needle lodged in the doorlock again. It  
remains stuck.

QUINN

I'm pretty good at picking locks.  
This one's beaten me. So all I can do  
is talk.

He speaks right into the locked door.

QUINN (cont'd)

I've lost everything in my life too.  
I lost my home, my family, my  
friends. I lost my freedom, I lost my  
body -- and there were times when I  
thought these were prisons I couldn't  
escape. But they weren't prisons.  
Just problems.

He presses a hand against the door. Closes his eyes.

QUINN (cont'd)

The world around you -- it's changed.  
And with those changes come new  
chances.

He opens them. And Quinn's desperation and panic and fear  
are gone. Instead, there is clarity and conviction.

QUINN (cont'd)

I can't stop you from jumping off the  
roof. But if you open this door, you  
won't be alone. And you'll never be  
alone again.

He lowers his head. Almost in prayer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a click. The doorknob turns.

Quinn stands. Spins about. And the door is pulled open to reveal a short-haired girl with a near skeletal frame. Brown hair and brown eyes that are red with tears. She's shaking. Constantly shaking. Quinn reaches out to her --

But Callista jumps back at the sight of him.

CALLISTA

You!

QUINN

What? Callista, it's okay --

CALLISTA

This is a trick! This was all a trick! You talked me into killing myself -- gave me this --

She holds up her doomsday clock.

CALLISTA (cont'd)

(screaming)

Then you get me to change my mind --  
is this all just some sick joke!?

She swings away from Quinn. Looking at the ledge.

QUINN

Callista, I'm not him -- he's not me  
-- we just --

Callista sprints towards the edge of the roof. Quinn charges after her. He's faster than she is. But Callista's head-start is too much for Quinn to match and she throws herself off the roof.

Quinn promptly dives after her. As Callista's limp form drops, a falling Quinn raises his arm.

And then we go INTO SLOW MOTION with a slight AMBER TINT to indicate we're seeing the world through the heads-up display of Quinn's SMARTGLASSES.

We see the speed of Quinn's acceleration towards the ground measured (**110 miles per hour**) and also Callista's (**112 miles per hour**). We see the measurements of the height from the ground below (**200 feet** becomes **180 feet**).

At **150 feet** from the ground, we see a sudden popup message of onscreen text: **DIMENSIONAL NEUTRALITY PARTIALLY BREACHED.**

Quinn reaches out. Manipulating a targeting reticle. Aiming it at Callista whom the heads up display reports is **20 feet** from him. But a popup message reports: **RESIDUAL NEUTRALITY - VORTEX TARGETING UNAVAILABLE.**

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

And Quinn triggers a vortex anyway. One that appears in mid-air right in front of him, in his path towards the ground. Well above Callista. It pulls him in. He and the vortex disappear in a flash.

And then the vortex reopens and Quinn bursts out of it -- now closer to the ground, closer to Callista. The heads up display reports that he is **2 feet** away from her. He reaches out to her. Screaming a plea that we can't hear, a plea for her to grab his hand --

But Callista remains limp, refusing to reach for Quinn --

And at **20 feet** from the ground, there's suddenly another popup message of onscreen text: **EMERGENCY PROTOCOL ACTIVATED, INERTIAL DAMPENING ALGORITHM TRIGGERED --**

A vortex rips Quinn out of the air. He disappears in a flash of light. He reappears safely at ground level.

And a moment later, Callista's body **SMASHES** into the ground ten feet away from him and shatters on the sidewalk.

Quinn freezes for a second and then rushes to Callista's broken body, looking down in horror at her disjointed neck, the limp loll of her head, the twisted angles of her arms and legs, the bones that have burst from her flesh --

And the doomsday clock that lies next to her counts down to zero -- and then it **VANISHES FROM THE SCENE** along with Callista's body.

Quinn watches this happen with seething rage.

FADE TO:

INT. STORAGE BAY 12

We pan away from the familiar doors of the storage bay we saw before to see Quinn. He stands, his fists clenched and his eyes blazing behind his glasses as the empty storage space of the pocket dimension around him takes shape. There's a flare of light in the center of the room --

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quinn stands on a sidewalk watching cars rolling along past him. He spots that all the cars, despite their varying makes and models and sizes and colors, have one thing in common -- the drivers aren't driving. Some are asleep. Some are reading on their phones. Some are lifting weights.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then Quinn spots Callista walking past. She stands on the street, waiting as a blue car pulls up and two elderly women emerge from within.

CALLISTA  
Mom and Mom!

The three women clasp hands in a warm greeting. Then the scene around Quinn seems to blur --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. STORAGE BAY

Quinn finds himself back in the storage bay pocket dimension -- which is no longer empty. Melanie Wallace's afterlife machine with its distinctive chair sits against the wall and inside is Callista -- who fades away with the machine.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - NIGHT

Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie, Diana and Laurel are in the lounge area, sitting with Montague, Madelyn and Erin. Quinn walks past them, unable to look their way.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Quinn bursts into his private office, this recreation of his old lab -- and storms to a cabinet. Yanking it open. Revealing a shelf of doomsday clocks. He grabs one and angrily throws it to the floor and slams his foot down on it. He SMASHES it open.

CUT TO:

QUINN

Taping individual components of the clock to a standing glass board in his office. Reviewing each one with a careful yet vengeful intensity.

CUT TO:

A BLACKBOARD

Filled with mathematical equations and Quinn at the bottom, writing numerals and symbols madly with chalk.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

Quinn, staring into space -- except we see what his smartglasses are projecting to his eyes.

He's running through a list of the missing items, seeing an image of each one as he does. The electroshock guitar that the rock star vampire used. The dinosaur drumstick. The LIPRON sample. The anti-venom vials. The missing miniscope from "Please Press One" and the cryogenic freezing chamber from "The Chasm."

CUT TO:

#### THE GLASS BOARD

Next to the taped up pieces of the doomsday clock are now photographs. If we counted them, we would see ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SEVEN of them. These are the suicide victims. Quinn rifles through a stack of one hundred and fifty seven file folders.

And then, absolutely livid, he throws the stack of file folders to the floor.

Behind him, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo enter the basement. Looking at Quinn nervously. Quinn hears them come in.

QUINN

(bleak)

He cast a wide net. It was women with identity crises the last few times, but in the past eighteen months, he's targeted bankers and artists, people with families and people with none, the rich and the poor --

WADE

It's sick. He's sick.

ARTURO

Of that, there can be no doubt. However --

REMBRANDT

He's got a plan. Q-Ball's always got a plan and so does this other one.

QUINN

He wants to replace this multiverse with a new one. How does this get him there?

(a breath)

He convinced all these people that their lives were worthless. That they meant nothing.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)  
That they should just throw  
everything away. Why would he do  
this? Why -- ?

There's a knock at the entrance. The sliders turn to see  
Laurel poking her head in, angled as though she wants as  
little of herself in Quinn's basement right now.

LAUREL  
Dad. Grandma says it's dinner time  
and she made your favorite.

EXT. MALLORY HOUSE - NIGHT

The Mallory house was abandoned in "Reunion," but that's no  
longer the case. The exterior of the house has been  
repainted and refinished, the lights inside glow warmly and  
are briefly offset by the blue and silver flash of a vortex.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The vortex is just closing behind Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt,  
Arturo, Laurel, Maggie and Diana. Quinn's mother, Amanda  
Mallory stands to greet them.

AMANDA  
Welcome, welcome! First big meal  
since I moved back in -- I'm so glad  
you're all here.

MAGGIE  
I smell lamb and cilantro seasoned  
potatoes! And some nut loaf variant  
for the vegetarians!

AMANDA  
Oh, Maggie, always a spy. Will your  
husband be joining us?

MAGGIE  
Steve's at the hospital, but maybe we  
can save him a plate.

Amanda nods, smiling warmly at Wade, Arturo and Diana. She  
reaches out to ruffle Laurel's hair playfully and Laurel  
mock-dodges and fails to evade. Amanda moves to Quinn and  
takes his face in her hands.

AMANDA  
You tried, Quinn. No need to let one  
failure destroy your entire life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn forces a smile as his mother pushes his glasses up his nose and releases him before leading everyone into the dining room.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The sliders and Amanda Mallory are passing around dishes, slicing up their food and chattering amiably.

AMANDA

Anything interesting happen today?

Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie, Diana and Laurel exchange looks like they're wondering who gets to go first.

CUT TO:

MAGGIE

Waving a forkful of sliced carrots animatedly.

MAGGIE

-- and I convinced the Secretary of Defense to hold off on sending the National Guard into San Francisco.

WADE

What'd you do, cripple his computer infrastructure? Dig up some dirt on him?

MAGGIE

Gave him all seven seasons of *Firefly*. Probably won't hear much from him for a few weeks.

CUT TO:

REMBRANDT

Taking a long pull at a glass of beer before setting it down.

REMBRANDT

My support group for people with dead relatives who're dead no more -- it's going great and I'm thanking God I'm not in their boat! I sure don't wanna deal with my Great-Uncle Myron or my Grandma Patrice!

CUT TO:

DIANA

Who is only now remembering to take off her white lab coat.

DIANA

I've started a sleep clinic for people adjusting to night hours in the red-eye district. I still can't figure how a world came to treat night as day and day as night --

QUINN

Decreased melatonin levels from too much screentime got the ball rolling on that one.

CUT TO:

WADE

Who is the only one eating nut loaf.

WADE

Had a client today after Quinn ran out. Screenwriter who'd write lightweight dramedy, go to bed, wake up to find half the pages rewritten into horror movies.

After a bite and a swallow --

WADE (cont'd)

Turns out her double kept night hours while she was keeping day hours -- and they kept rewriting each other without realizing they were living in the same apartment.

ARTURO

I endured reading one of those screenplays and it was textbook schizophrenia in Courier font.

CUT TO:

LAUREL

Who is helping herself to potatoes.

LAUREL

I have a date for winter formal!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

No you do not! You just talked that girl out of killing herself! Dating is no way to follow up!

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM

Rembrandt is putting a vinyl record onto the player. Wade is typing at her laptop. Maggie and Arturo are playing chess. Diana and Amanda Mallory are knitting. Laurel looks around for her father, and spots him heading outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALLORY HOUSE - NIGHT

Quinn is sitting on the porch, looking up at the stars. The starlight reflects in his glasses. Quinn also holds the timer in one hand. The screen reads **SOLE SURVIVOR STATISTICS UPDATE**. Laurel sits down next to him. Quinn smiles fondly at his daughter.

LAUREL

Do you have a crush on Maggie?

Quinn stares at Laurel blankly. He slowly holds up his hand to show his wedding band.

LAUREL (cont'd)

But you hired so many Maggies to work for you --

QUINN

When you need security consultants, analysts, researchers and diplomats, former spies tend to fit the bill and you can't go wrong with a Maggie Beckett. She's a chameleon.

LAUREL

And what are you?

Once again, Quinn stares at Laurel blankly. Laurel reaches out with a finger, prodding Quinn's timer down and tapping on the Sole Survivor game data.

LAUREL (cont'd)

I mean, you're not a video game guy. I went through your stuff in the basement. I found your baseball cards and your surfboard and your fencing foils --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

If you're going to rifle through my possessions, you could also straighten up.

LAUREL

You know what I didn't find? A Sega Genesis. Or a Super Nintendo -- and I went through the timer and you don't even have *Angry Birds* on there.

QUINN

I met a suicidal psychic who told me the city would be invaded by every monster I've ever fought. This game satisfies the conditions of the prophecy. I needed the peace of mind.

LAUREL

You're really weird. You're the weirdest person alive.

QUINN

The weirdest person I ever met was a shell-shocked war veteran who taught me how to kill vampires. Although there was the astral projection I met on a talk show.

LAUREL

How do you kill vampires?

QUINN

Combination of luck, luck and paintballs filled with holy water and what I think was garlic. Also luck. What're you wearing for your date, tux or dress?

LAUREL

Power suit all the way. Assuming we even make it to winter formal and reality isn't destroyed in some apocalypse brought on by the crazy alternate universe version of you.

QUINN

Oh. Plan to make it to winter formal.

LAUREL

Dad -- I have to ask -- what are our chances of winning this?

QUINN

Laurel --

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LAUREL

Come on. You teach me math. I know you ran the numbers. What are our chances?

QUINN

Near non-existent. Apart from that -- excellent.

Now it's Laurel's turn to cast a blank look at Quinn.

LAUREL

But then -- why -- why did you build all this? The city infrastructure. The slide system. You rebuilt this house for Grams, you've gotten everyone else to throw in with Sliders Incorporated -- if you think we've got no hope in hell --

QUINN

I figure we'll come up with something.

LAUREL

Why!?

QUINN

I just have a good feeling about us.

LAUREL

So -- all this stuff you have us doing every day -- it's because you're just betting that you and me and everyone inside will come up with something to save reality?

QUINN

I've been betting on us all for two decades.

LAUREL

How often does that actually work out for you?

QUINN

Sixty two point four eight per cent of the time. Although if you take into account that we all died --

LAUREL

Yeah, stop bringing that up.

QUINN

And then you consider that we're all here right now, then technically, our  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)  
chances aggregate to a shared  
percentage of --

LAUREL  
Oh my God! Alright already!

Quinn smiles. Laurel rests her head against her father's shoulder. They sit in quiet silence.

FADE TO:

WADE

Moving out onto the front porch. Sitting next to Laurel and putting an arm around her as well. Tapping one-handed on her laptop while Quinn reviews the timer.

FADE TO:

ARTURO

Coming out onto the front porch to find Wade and Laurel asleep while Quinn sits in silent contemplation.

FADE TO:

QUINN

Carrying an asleep Wade up the stairs while Arturo brings up the rear with an asleep Laurel in his arms.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn carefully lays a blanket over Wade and positions her comfortably on the pillows. Then he sits on top of the covers. Thinking. A moment passes and he carefully steps off the bed. Moving towards the door.

WADE (OFF CAMERA)  
Quinn?

Quinn stops.

WADE  
(eyes shut, unmoving)  
If you're going to go out, could you  
fill the coffeemaker and set the  
timer for seven hours? Thanks.

CUT TO:

QUINN

Lowering the cover on top of the coffeemaker next to the bed and moving swiftly out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Quinn is reassembling the broken doomsday clock. Attaching it via a cable to the timer. The timer flashes the words **GRAPHING QUANTUM VECTORS**. Quinn paces back and forth.

We FADE TO Quinn typing at a laptop connected to the timer connected to the clock as SUNLIGHT gleams from the glass walls around the basement.

It's hours later. Quinn takes off his glasses, rubs his eyes, puts them back on and resumes his work.

FADE TO:

EXT. MALLORY HOUSE - MORNING

In the front hallway. Laurel is buttoning up her coat. Mrs. Mallory hands Laurel her knapsack. Laurel smiles and skips out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn is opening up the timer, still connected to the clock and the laptop.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Arturo and Rembrandt emerge from a coffee shop eating what look like egg sandwiches in the form of freeze-dried bars.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn is at his laptop, typing in a command. The doomsday clock display flashes red briefly but then goes dead.

CUT TO:

## INT. MALLORY HOUSE - MORNING

Wade ventures into the kitchen holding a coffee cup. She opens the fridge. Pulls out a carton of milk. Pours what's inside into her mug. But there's only a few drops. Wade sets carton and cup down, reaches into her pocket and pulls out her smartwatch and smartglasses.

CUT TO:

## EXT. STREET - DAY

Laurel walks along her path to school, talking animatedly into her earpiece. We can briefly hear her saying "Erin."

CUT TO:

## INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn is now disassembling the timer.

CUT TO:

## INT. DOPPLER SUPERSTORE - MORNING

There's a flash of light inside this giant warehouse superstore of bulk foods and big box electronics, the legacy of Doppler Computers in the twenty-first century.

The light resolves into a vortex and Wade appears in the unopened store. The only person present is a man in a manager's shirt and tie -- Michael Hurley, who gives Wade a bored wave as though her shopping trips in pre-business hours are nothing new.

Wade pads towards a section marked DAIRY.

CUT TO:

## INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn presses a button on the timer. And the doomsday clock display suddenly LIGHTS UP -- as does the timer. Both count down in perfect sync from 10 SECONDS.

The countdown hits zero. And then the objects in Quinn's office begin to vibrate. The vibration shifts across the worktable to the shelves and to a glass partition at the edge of the basement.

Quinn moves towards it -- and then, despite the opaque surface of the glass, he can see what appears to be his own reflection -- except his reflection isn't wearing glasses

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

and is clad in a PRESSED DRESS SHIRT TUCKED NEATLY INTO TROUSERS in tidy contrast to Quinn's flannel.

The mirror image SMIRKS at Quinn.

                    QUINN  
Quinn.

                    QUINN-2  
Quinn.

Quinn-2's voice emits through the VIBRATION IN THE GLASS.

                    QUINN  
What have you done!?  
                    (pointing to the  
                            board of photos)  
What did you do to these people?!

                    QUINN-2  
I gave them the chance to be reborn.

                    QUINN  
They're all dead because of you!

                    QUINN-2  
I gave them what they longed for most  
and in worlds made just for them.

                    QUINN  
Your pocket universes all collapsed!

                    QUINN-2  
They would've taken my offer just the  
same.

                    QUINN  
And what was it that you offered  
them?

                    QUINN-2  
The chance to right every wrong,  
avert every tragedy, and live out  
perfect lives in perfect worlds --

                    QUINN  
That wasn't life! That was  
dimensional engineering and software  
and it didn't even last --

                    QUINN-2  
And what do you call this ridiculous  
city? Because this state of affairs  
isn't long for existence either.

                    QUINN  
At least we'll go down fighting --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2

It's not a fight if the match is fixed. And if you don't even stand a chance, then nothing you do matters.

QUINN

I help people. I give them choices --

QUINN-2

And I gave one hundred and sixty people choices too. I gave them the choice to be reborn. I gave that choice to the rich and the poor. The strong and the weak. People with families and people alone. Do you know how many people turned me down?

The vibration in the glass suddenly SPREADS THROUGH THE ROOM to the worktable, to the computer, to the refrigerator, to the metallic coils.

And in every metallic and slightly reflective surface, an image of Quinn-2 appears and every single object vibrates to envelope Quinn in a BARRAGE of sound with Quinn-2's response:

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

Nobody. Not one person said no.

The rumbling sound of Quinn-2's voice shakes the floor. And then the images of Quinn-2 vanish -- and Quinn's laptop screen lights up and shows Quinn-2's face. Staring out placidly and coldly.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

There is no one in this world who wouldn't throw everything away to start over again.

QUINN

(leaning into the laptop)

What was the point of this!? All these people, all these lives --

QUINN-2

I needed the sample size. To clear your conscience. You said you couldn't choose to restart reality. Now you don't have to. Everyone else accepts the truth.

(a pause)

This world is over and it's time you gave it up. The way they all gave up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

The objects you took out of here -- every artifact, every item -- you've been trying to get to Sliders Incorporated's pocket dimension network. Grabbing what we took from your tower. What are you looking for?

QUINN-2

For the storage dimension where you keep the doomsday clocks. When you put them in one place, you created a detonator of infinite scale for all reality.

Quinn looks away from the laptop.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

But you locked it up too well. Open it for me. Melanie Wallace's afterlife machine can be the firing mechanism and I'll do the rest. There won't be pain. There won't be suffering. Just the light of a new dawn.

At that, Quinn storms towards the entrance to his basement. But Quinn-2 appears in the glass partition next to the entryway.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

You can let go now, Quinn. Let me give you and all of reality the same peace I gave so many others. I'm here to help --

QUINN

You're a **monster!**

Quinn turns from the glass. Picks up his laptop. And hurls the computer into the partition. It shatters into shards.

But then the next intact glass partition blurs and shows Quinn-2's form. Quinn looks towards it, burning with rage and contempt.

QUINN (cont'd)

You put those people in a position no one should ever have to face! You made them think their pasts and futures were meaningless and worthless! Of course they said yes!

QUINN-2

They didn't die. They truly lived --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

You erased their lives! All their decisions, every moment they've ever had -- you took all that away! You did worse than kill them, you destroyed the people they once were!

QUINN-2

They made a choice.

QUINN

A choice that no one should ever have to make!

QUINN-2

Quinn. You were trapped in an impossible situation. Everything I did was to set you free.

Quinn steps towards the glass. No longer turning away.

QUINN

Quinn. I'll kill you, you deranged psychopath! I swear to God I'll kill you if it's the last thing that I do!

QUINN-2

Well. Then you really can't blame me for doing this --

And then from a distance, we can hear the windy roars of vortexes opening. All around Quinn, his glass partitions light up with text alerts: **VORTEX INCURSIONS, SLIDE SYSTEM UNKNOWN**. A map of San Francisco appears and red circles begin dotting the city.

QUINN

What -- ?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Rembrandt and Arturo have finished their breakfast sandwiches when they see and hear vortexes appearing at a distance before them on the streets and behind them as well.

And from each vortex emerges one WALKING CORPSE with GLOWING GREEN EYES -- some men, some women, all gray and rotting, about 60 in total with new vortexes adding to their numbers, all lumbering towards Rembrandt, Arturo and other pedestrians with their mouths parted in hungry snarls.

It's the fat-craving zombies of Season 3's "Sole Survivors."

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Rembrandt emits a high pitched scream. Arturo slaps him in the face. Rembrandt jabs the Professor in the shoulder and they turn, fleeing from the zombies --

Only to find that in the opposite direction is a 20 foot tall Tyrannosaurus Rex dinosaur, roaring in aggression and hunger at the people fleeing in his direction.

As Rembrandt's face fills with tears and terror, he points a shaking finger at the dinosaur stomping past a deli and a tailor.

CUT TO:

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Laurel's walking past an upscale Italian eatery called Paisano's when she hears the sound of two vortexes -- and then two men appear. Approaching Laurel like they know her on sight.

One is a tall gentleman in a velvet suit jacket and a high necked shirt with a cravat. His crisp cheekbones frame a predatory smile. He looks like a reject from a Victorian romance novel.

And then the second is a sunglasses-wearing man with bleached and frosted hair, a dark leather duster and he laughs in Laurel's direction with a feral snarl in his glee. He looks like an escapee from an 80s rock concert.

And then both men's mouths suddenly show FANGS dropping into their upper teeth.

It's Morgan and Harker, the rock star vampires of "Stoker." Laurel shrinks against the front window of the restaurant --

CUT TO:

INT. DOPPLER SUPERSTORE - MORNING

Wade is holding a carton of milk and walking past the home theater section when she sees news reports showing shaky cell phone camera footage at the underground Market Street Subway Station.

Commuters are retreating from the edge of the platform as bursts of light -- vortexes -- appear in the tunnel.

From each one emerges gangly men with pale skin, lengthily dreadlocked hair, all making howls of ferocity as they bound towards the platform like dementedly overcaffeinated circus acrobats. It's the underground predators of "The Last of Eden."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another TV shows vortexes depositing tiny remote controlled cars that look like oversized butter-dish-lids on wheels in downtown San Francisco -- the mini scoops of "Please Press One" firing lasers and scorching pedestrians' calves and ankles.

Hurley walks up as Wade watches in confusion.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - MORNING

The Maggies are watching displays on the glass walls that show a green dragon the size of a truck appearing in San Francisco's skies and descending towards the city with its mouth open and fire burning inside. Its claws batt away the US Postal Service drones drifting into its path.

On another screen is street camera footage of vortexes depositing humanoid creatures on the streets -- wild-haired men with muscled builds, clawed hands and the facial features of bears and wolves and lions. It's the animal-human hybrids of "This Slide of Paradise."

And then there's other displays. One shows at least 20 beetles that are five feet high and 15 feet long, crawling down the streets of San Francisco with their clawed legs keen to lash out against any humans. They look exactly like the scarab of "Slide Like an Egyptian."

And behind them and proceeding in the opposite direction are four GIANT SLUGS -- the radioactive worm from "Paradise Lost." The slugs open slimy mouths to reveal blade-like teeth --

Maggie observes all this and raises her smartwatch.

MAGGIE  
(to the watch)  
Colin, unlock armory!  
(to the office)  
Response team, assemble!

At least thirty Maggies turn away from the glass displays to follow Maggie --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Arturo and Rembrandt hurriedly pull their smartglasses from their pockets. They're already wearing their smartwatches. Behind them, we can see pedestrians running away from the advancing zombies while Rembrandt and the Professor stand their ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They reach out with their hands towards the advancing horde of upright and decomposing bodies that are about forty feet away.

Rembrandt and the Professor cast A WALL OF VORTEXES with the opening turned towards the zombies -- and the walking cadavers proceed to shamble RIGHT THROUGH the wormholes with no difficulty at all.

ARTURO

Colin! Why do these monstrosities remain!?

COLIN (SMARTWATCH)

*Incursions are scanning as dimensionally neutral. They are immune to translocation.*

Arturo turns to Rembrandt.

ARTURO

Mr. Brown, you must flee! Trigger your vortex --

REMBRANDT

What? Why don't you?!

ARTURO

(waving to the pedestrians)

I cannot abandon people to these abominations --

REMBRANDT

Well, I ain't leaving 'em either!

The Professor briefly throws his hands in the air and then they both run away from the zombies, following the fleeing San Franciscans -- only to realize that the people running from the zombies are now coming back the other way and behind them is the roaring Tyrannosaurus Rex who is now stomping towards what he sees as his next meal.

As the Professor and Rembrandt stand, caught between zombies on one side and a carnivorous dinosaur on the other --

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn watches street camera footage in one of his glass displays showing pleather-jacketed and blank-faced humans -- the robots of "State of the A.R.T." -- forming a marching wall along several streets and boxing pedestrians in, blocking any escape from the animal-human hybrids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then he turns to the glass in which Quinn-2's image stands.

QUINN

What're you doing?!

QUINN-2

Opening the doors to all my failures  
and your worst nightmares. Every  
attempt I made to restore the  
multiverse only led to fragments from  
the corrupted timeline -- radioactive  
slugs, super-intelligent snakes, that  
defect you call our daughter --

Quinn looks back at the screen showing San Francisco under attack.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

And now they're all yours. Let's see  
if your city's worth saving once  
these monsters consume it from the  
inside out.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED HALLWAY - MORNING

We see Maggie and thirty of her doubles standing outside a storage bay door. Maggie taps the door control on the wall and waves at everyone to hurry inside.

MAGGIE

Arm up, everyone! I want every weapon  
from the Dreammaster 3D in your hands  
and on the streets! We've got  
monsters to take out --

BEX

Uh, Captain -- ?

Maggie looks inside the storage bay and is horrified by what she sees. The racks of weaponry are slowly dissolving into sludge; where there were rifles and pistols and shotguns are now puddles of melted materials.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn is holding a finger to his earpiece.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*  
*Mallory, Sliders Incorporated's been*  
*disarmed! The only working weapons*  
*left are pepper spray and knives!*

Quinn looks at Quinn-2.

QUINN  
The 3D printers -- they came from  
you!

QUINN-2  
And they printed guns you brought  
right into your office. Guns with  
transmitters that gave me a way into  
your system while being programmed to  
melt right when your city needs them  
most.

Quinn looks at the display showing the map of San Francisco  
and all the dots throughout, each one representing some  
horror from Season 3.

QUINN  
Stop this! Stop this, please!

QUINN-2  
You want it stopped, you open your  
network, you give me my clocks!

Quinn looks around his basement. Searching for a way out. A  
solution. The way he's found one every time before. But not  
this time. Because there is no more time.

QUINN  
Alright. Alright!

With slumped shoulders, Quinn raises his smartwatch.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Colin! Disable dimensional firewall  
on locker 305.

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
***Security has been disabled.***

And as Quinn-2 regards Quinn with grim satisfaction, his  
image in the glass seems to stretch. And then the image of  
Quinn-2 is replicated in every glass surface in Quinn's  
basement --

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - MORNING

Throughout the office, various Maggies and other staffers are alarmed by the image of Quinn-2 appearing on all their display windows -- and now he is surrounded by his DOOMSDAY CLOCKS.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn looks backwards at his displays to see news reports still showing open vortexes depositing more animal-human hybrids and robots and scarabs and mini scoops. He glares at Quinn-2.

QUINN

I gave you what you wanted! Now shut all this down!

QUINN-2

Oh, I will. When I shut down this multiverse and replace it with my own.

(holding up a clock)

The clocks are connecting to your infrastructure. Giving me control of your sliding network and the detonator. That and the Wallace machine are all I need to hit the reset on this pathetic reality --

QUINN

You can't!

QUINN-2

I have no choice and neither do you.

And then the clock in Quinn-2's hand begins FLASHING 10 seconds -- and then counting down.

CUT TO:

A RAPID SUCCESSION OF SHOTS:

WE SEE LAUREL backed against the restaurant and throwing a PUNCH at Harker. The same punch that knocked Quinn Mallory on his ass. But this punch only knocks Harker's sunglasses off and he and Morgan laugh while Harker strikes Laurel in the chest and SENDS HER FLYING THROUGH THE WINDOW of the restaurant.

WE SEE REMBRANDT AND ARTURO in a crowd of people being BOXED IN by zombies on one end and a ravenous dinosaur on the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WE SEE WADE AND HURLEY at the Doppler Superstore watching the news. Wade's carton of milk has been dropped to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn-2 holds the doomsday clock with its display counting down.

QUINN-2

From the moment you chose 1995 to you locking up my clocks -- everything led us right here. Right now.

The countdown hits two seconds.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

You must have known all along it'd end this way.

And as the countdown hits zero and Quinn-2 snaps his fingers.

Nothing happens. The world around them remains intact. Confused, Quinn-2 snaps his fingers again. Nothing continues to happen.

And then a moment later, the doomsday clocks start COUNTING UP and Quinn Mallory smiles.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

What?! What's happening!?

QUINN

Those aren't your clocks. They're mine. I knew you'd try a backdoor into my system, so I made one meant for yours and I hid it in the clocks you just linked to your own network. You don't control my system --

(raising his smartwatch)

I'm in control of yours! Colin, suspend all vortex activity for the second system!

And then on Quinn's display, we see all the red dots disappearing.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - MORNING

Maggies and assorted staffers watch as the open vortexes depositing monsters ABRUPTLY SHUT and there's a brief glimpse of two vortexes where the super-intelligent snakes of "Slither" and the pancake parasites of "The Breeder" are seen just as the wormholes close, leaving them inside their tunnels.

CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Quinn-2 is furious.

QUINN-2

You stopped the supply, but what's in your city's staying where it is! And so long as I'm in this reality, they're dimensionally neutral! You can't slide them away --

QUINN

(to his watch)

Colin! Activate the *Sole Survivor* contingency!

The display screens show a progress bar and the words **SOLE SURVIVOR DATA UPLOADING**.

And then Quinn turns to his worktable. Reaching underneath to pull something attached to the underside -- it's a gun. A Season 4 Kromagg pistol designed for one-handed handling with a sunsight on top and a sizable barrel at the front.

QUINN-2

You stupid, stupid child! Your world is dying! You could've started over!

QUINN

You got something to say, you can say it in person. I've got your system and I'm coming your way.

(to his smartwatch)

Colin! Identify the second system's core coordinates and vortex me there!

A wormhole flashes into existence and Quinn raises his gun. His jaw is set with deadly intent. And he steps into the gateway.

CUT TO:



## INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Laurel rises from a bed of broken glass inside the restaurant as the vampires take their sweet time swinging over the window frame and stepping indoors.

MORGAN

Your daddy put a broomstick through  
my heart.

HARKER

And a crossbow bolt through mine.

Laurel staggers backwards, backing through a set of double doors and into the kitchen space. The vampires are in no hurry, casually stepping in her direction.

## INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Laurel looks around for an exit desperately. Doesn't see one. And from outside the kitchen --

MORGAN (OFFSCREEN)

That freak with your father's face  
brought us back and he tells us the  
way to your dad's heart --

HARKER (OFFSCREEN)

Is you and your dead body!!

Harker lets loose a prolonged laugh that sounds like a howling animal. He swaggers through the doors of the kitchen just as Laurel finds a GIANT METAL DOOR and behind it a sizable storeroom of jarred herbs and spices.

She dives into the storeroom, glimpsing the vampires in the crack between door and doorframe as she shuts and bolts it.

She can hear the vampires slamming their fists against the door. She's shocked to see a DENT in the door result from a single blow. Laurel reaches into her knapsack, finds the smartwatch from the night before, holds it up --

And the display reads **SLIDING NETWORK UNAVAILABLE**. As Laurel looks around in desperate terror at the metal-lined storeroom and ANOTHER DENT forms in the metal door --

CUT TO:

## EXT. STREET - DAY

The zombies pounce on people in the crowd. Arturo and Rembrandt struggle to get to the individuals being wrestled down, but there's so little space they can't even move --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then suddenly, at least 10 WORMHOLES APPEAR in the midst of the crowd. Each one depositing a Maggie into the crowd.

Each Maggie grabs one person and disappears in a flash and then each Maggie PROMPTLY RETURNS to evacuate another person. Ripping away the zombies' victims just in time, vortexing them away and then returning for more.

As four Maggies hold back what zombies they can with SLASHING KNIVES and ROUNDHOUSE KICKS, another Maggie GRABS ARTURO and yanks him into a vortex --

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - MORNING

The Professor bursts into the bullpen. Diana Davis stands in his path and joins him in mid-stride.

DIANA

Maggie's leading evacuations throughout the city! I had one of them bring you here. We need you to tell us what to do!

ARTURO

But Rembrandt --

REMBRANDT (*EARPIECE*)

*I'm good working evac, Professor! But you gotta figure something out before we lose the city!*

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Diana and Arturo rush into the operations center, taking a seat before the monitors. Arturo reviews the displays.

ARTURO

"Figure something out"?! Animal human hybrids, dinosaurs, killer beetles --

DIANA

They're called scarabs in the game.

ARTURO

Underground Morlocks on the subway system, miniature cars with laser cannons -- I am a man of science and all this is beyond reason!

WADE (*EARPIECE*)

*Maybe it's not --*

CUT TO:

INT. DOPPLER SUPERSTORE - MORNING

Hurley and Wade are leaning over a laptop in the computer section.

WADE

Professor, there's a computer protocol running called the Sole Survivor contingency and it just uploaded twelve gigs of data to our server. It looks like it's from Quinn! And where is Quinn anyway?

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

A flash of a vortex. Quinn Mallory appearing, gun in hand. Eyes narrow, stance perfect as he looks around at -- the World War II bomb shelter he took the sliders to in "Revelation."

Or at least a version of it. The bunker isn't flooded with water and corpses. It's filled with doomsday clock replicas scattered around the floor -- all counting up.

Quinn advances down the stairs, hands tight around his gun as he spots the organ donor bracelets from "The Breeder" and the Mallory sword from "Dragonslide" lying on the floor next to the foot of the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Diana and Arturo are reviewing what's on their screens.

DIANA

This is all the Sole Survivor game data! Details of how players fought the monsters, what worked, what didn't --

ARTURO

And what the devil are we supposed to do with this?!

And then their monitors show a static burst -- and then an image of Quinn. On the screen. Talking into the camera.

QUINN (ON THE SCREEN)

*If you're seeing this, then I'm indisposed and the Sole Survivor contingency's been activated because the city's under attack from hostile*  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (ON THE SCREEN) (cont'd)  
*forces that defy all conventions of  
 physics and biology.*

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

We see the DRAGON descending upon a high-rise office building. And the people inside are looking the windows in terror as it BREATHES FIRE and SETS THEIR BUILDING ABLAZE.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The office workers are screaming and running from the windows as the very FLOOR IS ON FIRE --

And then suddenly, vortex upon vortex appears in the office, all dropping in Maggie doubles and one Rembrandt.

Each of the sliders grabs a person, slides them out and then comes back for more until the entire floor is empty -- just as it's consumed in flames.

QUINN (VOICEOVER)  
*But the rules are just bent; they are  
 not broken.*

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Many Maggies and Rembrandt are holding their rescued people as they come out of the vortex on the street. And then they spot animal human hybrids on the ground, coming for the humans. The Maggies and Rembrandt frantically reopen vortexes to take their people elsewhere.

QUINN (VOICEOVER)  
*The Sole Survivor game's a simulative  
 data experiment. It created virtual  
 models of each and every one of these  
 creatures from the rock star vampires  
 to the radioactive worm. Analyzing  
 how their physiology must function.*

CUT TO:

INT. STOREROOM

Laurel urgently looks around the storeroom and all its jars and tubs of spices from pureed onions to dried basil.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meanwhile, the hinges of the storeroom door begin to rattle and loosen as the vampires outside pound away.

QUINN (VOICEOVER)

*If we understand how they work, we can figure out their weaknesses. This message means I haven't finished my analysis, but I'm sending you everything I learned!*

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Arturo and Diana are urgently scrolling through screens and screens of diagrams and text.

QUINN (VOICEOVER)

*I'm counting on the Professor and Dr. Davis to do what they do best -- analyze the data and devise solutions with the rest of you implementing each and every one.*

Arturo scrolls past a 3D model of the animal human hybrids and the scarabs. His face fills with confusion towards these unfathomable beings in his world.

But Quinn on the screen looks straight into the lens, at the Professor, at his friends, at us --

QUINN (VOICEOVER) (cont'd)

*You can do this. You're sliders.*

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER

Quinn advances through the bunker, stepping over a dinosaur drumstick from "Dinoslide" and past a cryogenic tube from "The Chasm." And then he comes to a central area in the bunker -- it's a raised platform area lined with miniature versions of Quinn's basement sliding coils lining the edges.

And on this platform is a version of Quinn's basement, but organized and neat in its worktables and machinery where Quinn's was a cluttered mess.

In the center of the platform is Quinn-2 -- his form flickering and crackling with energy, looking almost like a hologram composited on top of reality. He looks up at Quinn.

Quinn aims his gun straight into Quinn-2's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn-2 moves forward. And then his form blurs -- he visibly strains to take each step, wincing as though he has to work to keep himself attached to reality.

QUINN  
(horrificed)  
You're an Unstuck Man. You're  
detached from all dimensions. Why  
would you do this to yourself?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

We see the dinosaur lunging towards a crowd of cornered people on the street -- only for them to DISAPPEAR in a FLASH of vortex energy and Maggie Becketts spiriting them away.

We see the GIANT SLUGS encircling another group of people in the middle of the road, mouths wide and ready to eat them up -- only for Rembrandt to appear, trigger multiple vortexes, shove people into them and then dive into one himself.

CUT TO:

INT. STOREROOM

Laurel is standing blank and still inside the storeroom. She's emptied her knapsack onto the floor and her books and school supplies are scattered at her feet.

She stands unmoving as the top hinge of the door falls off and the middle one begins to come away from the wall as well, giving way to the vampires outside.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNKER

Quinn stares in astonishment at the blurred, crackling, unstable phantom of Quinn-2 -- who in person still looks like a reflection in a pane of glass. His voice sounds like it's coming from another room.

QUINN-2  
I had to use my body as fuel to make  
the doomsday clocks. I had to once  
again to unleash the fragments from  
the pocket dimensions where I kept  
them --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Numerous emotions cross Quinn's face -- horror, disgust, contempt, rage, hatred -- but then each one vanishes and all are replaced with pity.

Quinn lowers his Kromagg gun -- and then drops it to the ground, rushing forward to the platform.

QUINN

This has to stop. You have to stop.

QUINN-2

There's only one way that this will ever end --

QUINN

You're sick! You're dying. We don't have to fight --

Quinn-2 collapses. His form blurs and shimmers with what looks like vortex energy. He shakes and convulses.

QUINN-2

I'm fighting for reality itself!

Whatever composure Quinn-2 showed in the Sliders Incorporated office is gone; there's only an animalistic fury.

QUINN

I'm sorry for what's happened, but terrible things happened to us both, and now you've mutilated yourself --

QUINN-2

I did what I had to do to keep going!

QUINN

You're untethered, you're unstuck --

QUINN-2

It's easy for you! You've got your daughter, your family -- and you have all your friends --

QUINN

They could've been your friends too, all you ever had to do was ask.

QUINN-2

I wasn't trying to fill my social calendar, I was trying to fix what you did!

Quinn regards his double with only sadness for a miserable and damaged creature that's destroying itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Brother, please -- look at what  
you've become. You've lost yourself.  
Let me help you find your way back.  
Let me help you find your way home.

Quinn walks onto the platform. Stooping towards Quinn-2 who is collapsed in a painful crouch on the floor. Quinn holds out an open hand.

Quinn-2 reaches out and takes it. And then there's a crackle of energy -- and the shimmering blurriness around Quinn-2 that indicated his instability abruptly vanishes --

And a fully solid and cohered Quinn-2 swings a fist into Quinn's face and sends him reeling backwards and to the ground.

QUINN-2

I wasn't planning to retether, but  
you being here will stabilize me long  
enough to do this --

And he kicks Quinn straight in the stomach. Quinn howls with pain as he rolls backwards. Quinn-2 grabs Quinn by the collar, punches him in the stomach again and again and then hauls a limp Quinn towards a LAPTOP sitting on a table --

And then gripping Quinn's hair, Quinn-2 slams Quinn's face into the table. Then pulls him up and pushes him back down until Quinn's chin is pressed against the table. Forced to look at the laptop screen -- which shows security camera footage of the Italian restaurant.

It shows Laurel in the storeroom, standing still as Morgan and Harker finally SMASH THEIR WAY IN and grab Laurel.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

The only reason that you fight is  
because you fight for her. So let's  
subtract her from the equation --

CUT TO:

INT. STOREROOM

Laurel stands still and quivering as Morgan and Harker bare their fangs and BITE INTO OPPOSITE ENDS of Laurel's neck. Laurel's body begins twitching as her eyes roll back into her head --

CUT TO:



## INT. BUNKER

Quinn screams. Quinn shrieks. Quinn cries. And Quinn-2 presses the top of Quinn's head to grind his chin into the table -- until Quinn grips the table and kicks BACKWARDS. Quinn-2 goes flying. The table overturns. The laptop is smashed on the floor.

Quinn-2 charges at Quinn and Quinn throws Quinn-2 into the overturned table and then promptly triggers a vortex that he dives into --

CUT TO:

## THE VORTEX

Dropping Quinn on the street outside the RESTAURANT. He runs for the door, finds it locked, steps to the side, leaps over the broken window frame and scrambles into the restaurant and sprints into the kitchen.

Terrified anticipation is all over his face. He almost trips over the storeroom door lying broken on the kitchen floor and then he stops --

Laurel stands inside the storeroom alive and well.

Morgan and Harker LIE CONVULSING on the floor, both experiencing intense SEIZURES. Laurel has bite marks on both sides of her neck, yet she's only a little pale. Quinn looks at his daughter uncomprehendingly --

And then spots, on the floor, Laurel's insulin kit open with a used syringe next to AN EMPTY JAR of PUREED GARLIC. Laurel's left sleeve is rolled up with a small red dot on her forearm where she injected herself.

Father and daughter stand wordlessly, regarding each other with mutual warmth and admiration in a moment of silent serenity.

Then there's THE FLASH OF A VORTEX. A vengeful Quinn-2 appears, diving straight into Quinn and pushing him into a SECOND VORTEX that instantly disappears.

CUT TO:

## EXT. STREET - MORNING

A series of vortexes appear and Maggies drop out from the gateway, each one dragging a passenger with them and Rembrandt's in the lead.

But then the Maggies, Rembrandt and their charges find themselves menaced by the mini scoops shooting lasers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggies and others shriek with surprise as they are lightly scalded by laser fire.

ALLISON

Leave 'em here! Getting burnt's better than being eaten!

MAGGIE

All we're doing is moving people back and forth from hazard zone to hazard zone! We need to start leaving people in the tunnels for now or someone might actually die!

There's a ROAR from above and Maggie, her doubles and Rembrandt look up in horror to see the dragon flying overhead.

It crashes into a billboard advertising BLUE SHEEP SLEEPING DRINKS and unleashes a ROAR of fury and fire in the sky.

REMBRANDT

Professor! Diana! We don't have enough hands to evacuate the whole city, we gotta do something about these monsters!

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Arturo and Diana are staring intently at screens of text, diagrams, spreadsheets and 3D models.

ARTURO

Alright -- alright -- the dragon! How does it fly? How does it breathe flame?

DIANA

From what I can tell, its internal organs are in a fixed state of hyperprexia -- a biological internal combustion engine -- it depends on heat to function --

ARTURO

A dragon in a permanent fever --

WADE (EARPIECE)

Can we lower its temperature? With, I don't know -- anti-inflammatory drugs?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

But -- that thing weighs at least  
twelve thousand pounds! We'd need at  
least four thousand pounds of aspirin  
-- where do we find that?

CUT TO:

INT. DOPPLER SUPERSTORE - MORNING

Wade dashes across aisles, Hurley behind her. And Wade takes  
a turn directly into the pharmacy aisle where there is a  
GIANT QUANTITY OF ASPIRIN, bulk bottles in cellophane-  
wrapped boxes, stacked almost to the ceiling.

There's a flash of light off-camera. Laurel steps into  
frame.

LAUREL

The Professor sent me here! What're  
we doing?

CUT TO:

WADE, LAUREL AND HURLEY

Toppling the tower of ASPIRIN BOXES into a GIANT VORTEX. The  
boxes go straight into the void and come out the other side.

ARTURO (*EARPIECE*)

*The gateway will take the tablets  
without the packaging. We can  
increase the tunnel's pressure to  
create a fine powder --*

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

A vortex deposits Rembrandt on the roof of a tall building.  
ABOVE the height of the dragon's flight path. Rembrandt  
reaches out a hand towards the dragon. Casting a VORTEX  
above it.

And from the vortex comes CLOUD OF WHITE DUST, ENVELOPING  
the dragon in a powdery fog of aspirin. The dragon breathes  
it in, absorbing the medication. And then it lets loose a  
wailing groan and begins to DROP TOWARDS THE STREET BELOW  
and the pedestrians below --

CUT TO:

## EXT. STREET - MORNING

People running from the falling dragon find themselves PLUCKED AWAY by vortex flashes in which Rembrandt and a squad of Maggies pull people from the path of the dragon just before it CRASHES INTO THE STREET and creates a massive CRATER containing the unconscious dragon and no other casualties.

Rembrandt reappears at a distance, looking back at the sinkhole in the street.

REMBRANDT

(amazed)

Did we just take out a dragon with aspirin?!

WADE (EARPIECE)

Yes! No! We used generics!

REMBRANDT

Unbelievable! Way to go, Q-Ball!

DIANA (EARPIECE)

Excuse you?!

REMBRANDT

Way to go all of us!! But has anyone been able to get Quinn on the comms?

CUT TO:

## EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

A vortex appears in the middle of a quiet residential street currently untouched by monsters -- and Quinn and Quinn-2 drop out from within, trading punches with Quinn knocked backwards.

Quinn leaps into a new vortex of his own, then COMES BACK OUT and dives aside as a TORRENT OF WATER comes from the gateway and SMASHES INTO Quinn-2.

It sends Quinn-2 flying down the street until he returns with a vortex firing a FLOOD OF SAND in Quinn's direction. Quinn waves his hands, SHIFTING his vortex of WATER to meet the BATTERING RAM of sand --

CUT TO:

## INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Arturo and Diana are now studying 3D models of humanoid figures in pleather jackets with a heading that reads DR. ALDOHN'S ADAPTIVE ANDROIDS --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)  
*Professor, you took one of these  
robots apart and put 'em back  
together; you gotta know something!*

ARTURO  
That wasn't me!

REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)  
*Oh, sorry --*

ARTURO  
The robots appear to have a spatial  
orientation system with a gyroscopic  
design flaw! They require four feet  
of level ground in every direction to  
remain standing upright. What can we  
possibly achieve with this trivia?!

CUT TO:

INT. DOPPLER SUPERSTORE - MORNING

Wade is sprinting forward. Laurel and Hurley are right  
behind her as Wade leads them into the sporting goods  
section and towards RACKS AND RACKS of GOLF BALLS on sale.

CUT TO:

WADE, LAUREL AND HURLEY

Shoving stacks and stacks of the cases of golf balls into a  
vortex, Wade and Laurel vortexing to the top of the racks to  
shove higher-shelved boxes of balls into the void --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rembrandt and Maggie stand on the peak point of a road,  
looking down at the fifty or sixty marching robots who are  
boxing in civilians and preventing them from fleeing a crowd  
of animal human hybrids at a distance. Rembrandt and Maggie  
reach out.

They cast vortexes. And from those vortexes come an  
AVALANCHE OF GOLF BALLS that roll DOWN THE HILL in a storm  
of white and yellow and to the feet of the robots.

The marching robots step atop the balls and each one  
IMMEDIATELY begins to WOBBLE AWKWARDLY, and then every  
single one of the pleather-jacketed robots SLIP OFF THEIR  
FEET, lying FLAT ON THEIR BACKS or face first in golf balls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Each attempts to stand, then EXTENDS THEIR ARMS in the system orientation sequence we saw in "State of the A.R.T." except the golf balls prove impossible for their design to navigate and they come crashing back down to the ground. The civilians step over the fallen robots to run.

REMBRANDT

Ha! Yes!

(yelling to the sky)

What else you got, Q-Ball Number Two?

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - MORNING

We are in MID-AIR, thirty stories above the ground. And then vortexes appear in mid-air with the two Quinns propelled towards each other, meeting halfway in a flurry of fists --

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Arturo and Diana are studying two separate displays now. One is an overview of the underground predators of "The Last of Eden" while the other is a display showing the fat-craving zombies with their eyes glowing green.

ARTURO

These underground Morlocks -- they cannot abide sunlight! We need a source of ultraviolet light!

DIANA

And these zombies! They only want to eat people because they crave fat! If we could find a substitute with a suitable sedative --

CUT TO:

INT. DOPPLER SUPERSTORE - MORNING

A running WADE comes to a halt in the dairy section, looking at an ENORMOUS REFRIGERATOR showing a massive sale on HASH BUTTER with a sign that also reads NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS.

We go to Laurel and Hurley elsewhere in the store, dashing into the tools section and arriving at a giant selection of UV FLASHLIGHTS.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE HOME THEATRE SECTION where TVs are showing shaky phone camera footage of 20 MAGGIES appearing on the subway platform at the Market Street Subway Station, warding off the Morlocks with UV flashlights and forcing them back into the tunnel and away from commuters.

We PAN AWAY to see Wade, Laurel and Hurley EMPTYING the contents of the butter fridge into a vortex.

As Laurel tosses the last stick of butter into the vortex --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rembrandt and four Maggies stand atop a bus shelter and reach out, casting vortexes in the direction of HUNDREDS of ZOMBIES (with the T-Rex visible at a distance).

The vortexes send out several hundred STICKS OF BUTTER into the crowd of zombies. They cease pursuing any people, stooping to cram the hash butter into their mouths.

And then, reacting to the hash in the butter, they begin to sway, consume more and then collapse.

REMBRANDT

Hey, let's try the stoner butter  
offensive on the dinosaur as well!

CUT TO:

THE MIGHTY TYRANNOSAURUS REX

Surrounded by vortexes that fire stick after stick of drugged butter into its jaws. It gorges itself and then promptly KEELS OVER asleep and Rembrandt stands on the sidewalk looking on in amazement at the slumbering giant lizard that has chosen the middle of the street as the place for its morning nap.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN MATEO-HAYWARD BRIDGE - MORNING

The bridge is littered with abandoned cars and in the center is flash after flash of vortexes as the two Quinns battle.

Quinn-2 reaches towards a car, casting a vortex. The car disappears into the void and then reappears ABOVE Quinn's head. Quinn vortexes away just in time -- and then a vortex appears and hurls a Buick at Quinn-2.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

With a wave of his hand, Quinn-2 disappears the Buick with a gateway and with another wave, Quinn is suddenly running from an EMPTY SCHOOLBUS.

Quinn DIVES into a vortex just in time and the schoolbus CRASHES through the guardrail of the bridge and into the water below.

Quinn reappears next to the guardrail -- and then Quinn-2 appears BEHIND Quinn, grabbing him in a headlock. Quinn strains against him and both go tumbling off the bridge, disappearing into a vortex halfway to the water --

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Diana and Arturo are now studying a display of the giant scarab from "Slide Like an Egyptian."

DIANA

These scarabs -- they're genetically engineered, designed to be sizable -- but they're basically giant beetles!

ARTURO

Could we employ a repellant?

DIANA

Loggers use pheromones in verbenone to trick beetles into thinking the trees they'd infest are already taken. It drives them away, it has a strong smell, it's a chemical in rosemary oil -- but where do we find enough of it?

CUT TO:

INT. DOPPLER SUPERSTORE - MORNING

Wade, Laurel and Hurley stand before a giant display of HERBAL COUGH SYRUP. A tower of bottles that are stacked nearly to ceiling height.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Rembrandt and Maggie cast a vortex that creates a FLOOD OF BROWN SYRUP towards the SCARABS, which immediately start backpedaling in response.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

This is gonna be a nightmare for the street cleaners! And how do we fight the giant slugs and animal human hybrids?

CUT TO:

INT. DOPPLER SUPERSTORE - MORNING

Wade, Laurel and Hurley are rushing down an aisle of culinary items.

ARTURO (VOICEOVER)

*The radioactive slugs, like any other slug, are 70 per cent water! Our measure must be dehydration!*

At the end of the aisle is a rack holding sack upon sack of the San Francisco Salt Company's finest SEA SALT.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Twelve people are backed against a wall by four giant and hungry slugs.

The slugs bare their teeth and coil backwards, preparing to strike -- and then a set of vortexes from above drop a FLOOD of SALTY CRYSTALS onto the slugs and shower the people in the salt as well.

The slugs recoil from their would-be victims. They immediately go limp and begin to flail, wail and shrink as the water in their bodies is consumed.

And Maggie and Rembrandt stand at a distance, looking on triumphantly only to hear terrifying animalistic growls.

They turn to see at least thirty animal human hybrids baring their teeth and flexing their clawed hands. Charging forward.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Arturo and Diana urgently review Quinn's files on the animal human hybrids.

DIANA

Genetic splicing, animal DNA -- this is completely insane!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory's notes indicate that these creatures were designed by this Dr. Vargas in an effort to cure his peanut allergy! All this for feeling peckish!

REMBRANDT (EARPIECE)

*Peanut allergy? Professor, these things -- they're all the doctor's messed up clones! If he's got a peanut allergy, then so do they!*

CUT TO:

INT. DOPPLER SUPERSTORE - MORNING

Wade, Laurel and Hurley arrive at a shelf of store brand peanuts in plastic tubs.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

We see Rembrandt running towards us, arms out, casting a vortex -- and then above him appears a gateway that sends out a STORM of crushed peanuts that fill our line of sight.

We pull back to see the animal human hybrids deluged in peanuts and falling into convulsions that leave them collapsed and foaming at their mouths.

REMBRANDT

No one's ever gonna believe this!

MAGGIE

What about the miniature cars firing laser cannons giving people light burns below knee level?

WADE (EARPIECE)

*There's a Doppler special here on galvanized metal buckets!*

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SQUARE - MORNING

The mini scoops are firing their laser beams at an alarmed group of people wincing from slight scorching on their legs when there's multiple FLASHES OF LIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wade, Rembrandt, Maggie, Laurel and for some reason, Hurley, descend upon the scene. Each holds two metal pails and another vortex is dropping more pails behind them.

The sliders (and Hurley) drop the metal containers on top of each mini scoop in sight until they're trapped inside, unable to burn through the reflective metal and unable to move the weight of the buckets.

REMBRANDT

(to Hurley)

Nice work, man!

HURLEY

Thanks.

(consulting his phone)

That'll be twenty one thousand, five hundred and thirty two dollars and eighty one cents for the aspirin, golf balls, butter, flashlights, peanuts, cough syrup, salt and buckets.

But the sliders are distracted by what they see above -- a series of vortexes and between them, two human figures battling in the sky, trading punches in mid-air as they fall and then disappearing into wormholes to reappear and do it all over again.

REMBRANDT

Is that Q-Ball?

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

We're at the edge of San Francisco's Glen Canyon Park. The peace is shattered by twin vortexes and the appearance of two Quinns.

Quinn throws a kick into Quinn-2's stomach and sends him into a wormhole, Quinn-2 reappears above Quinn's head and drops on top of him and drives him into the ground. As he forces Quinn's face into the grass --

QUINN-2

When will you get it!? This city, this world, your home, your friends -- none of it's real! This multiverse is dying and all this is just the patient's last gasp. The final spasm before rigor mortis. The last flare of neural activity before brain death.

Quinn-2 stoops over Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2 (cont'd)  
Show's over, Quinn, and all this is  
just mediocre fanfic that doesn't  
matter and doesn't count.

And Quinn swings an arm out wildly, hitting Quinn-2 in the  
throat. As Quinn-2 recoils, Quinn rises.

QUINN  
You're wrong. We're all sliders.  
These people matter.

Quinn-2 raises his arms and casts a vortex that releases a  
SUDDEN BURST OF AIR that sends Quinn ROCKETING ABOVE THE  
TREES.

He casts another vortex that catches Quinn in mid-air, then  
another one that sends Quinn flying back out towards Quinn-  
2, straight for Quinn-2's fist --

But then Quinn casts a gateway of his own just before impact  
and Quinn reappears behind Quinn-2 and hits him at full  
force. Both disappear into a new vortex --

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Wade, Rembrandt, Laurel and Maggie rush into the room to see  
Arturo and Diana nervously examining data on their screens.

MAGGIE  
My squad's rounding up the monsters  
with a fleet of U-Haul trucks and a  
few forklifts -- now where the hell  
is Mallory?!

ARTURO  
Engaged in quantum fisticuffs and  
pitting one sliding system against  
another! The results could be  
catastrophic!

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
***Communication with Quinn Mallory***  
***restored.***

And Arturo leans over to the computer interface --

ARTURO  
Quinn! Your double's gateways in  
proximity to yours are tearing apart  
the fabric of reality! Stop fighting!

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Quinn is a hundred feet above the trees, just exiting a vortex, just in time to receive a PUNCH TO THE JAW from Quinn-2 as the two grapple again.

Just as a struggling Quinn and Quinn-2 are about to hit another mid-air vortex --

QUINN

Have you tried telling *him* that?!

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OPERATIONS CENTER - MORNING

Wade is seated at a computer, typing away. Arturo looks grim while the other sliders stand by uncertainly.

WADE

Professor -- the other Quinn's using some sort of personal sliding module! It's like he is the sliding module! We've got control of his system, but now it's locked in with ours!

As Wade types --

ARTURO

This battle is shredding the walls of this dimension! Ms. Welles, you must remove the second Quinn from this reality and suspend him in the interdimension --

WADE

(panicked and typing)  
But the way the system's slaved -- we'd lose our Quinn too! And with the distortions between the two sliding systems -- we can't track them! We'll never see Quinn again!

ARTURO

Their conflict must cease! Wade, we haven't any alternative! You must remove them both --

Wade stops typing. Shaking her head in denial. Grief and loss all over her face.

WADE

I just did.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Quinn and Quinn-2, still fighting, fly into a vortex once again --

CUT TO:

AN EMPTY WHITE SPACE

And we pan to the right to find Quinn and Quinn-2 lying stomach down on the floor. A vortex behind them closing.

They stand and look around in confusion at this empty, white, featureless landscape.

QUINN-2

Where are we?

Quinn stands, looking about.

QUINN

This is a still point between dimensions. A perceptual vacuum of raw reality that's waiting to be reshaped and --

A fist swings straight into Quinn's face. Quinn-2 roars with fury as he throws a kick towards Quinn -- Quinn catches the leg in mid-air and throws his doppelganger back.

Quinn-2 hits the the ground and rolls to his feet, leaping forward again --

CUT TO:

Quinn's fist SLAMS into Quinn-2's jaw and Quinn-2's head swings back from the impact --

CUT TO:

Quinn-2's elbow STRIKING Quinn's face and smashing Quinn's head into the blank, white ground --

CUT TO:

Quinn rolling away, staggering to his feet -- Quinn-2 rising -- both of them briefly pausing and then charging towards each other, Quinn leaping into the air in a flying kick, Quinn-2 lunging forward with both fists --

CUT TO:

A low angle on the floor. Two sets of legs crossing back and forth. Grunts. Shouts. Cries of pain. The impact of flesh on bone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then we see Quinn-2 collapse into frame, falling flat on his back. His face covered in blood, his eyes blank with pain and exhaustion --

And then our Quinn drops to the ground in precisely the same state. Drained and spent with neither the victor.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

Above the trees and on ground level are flashes of energy -- they look like they're about to open into vortexes, but they don't just yet. Instead, they start grouping together.

The flashes of light come closer and closer to each other on ground level. Separate from the flashes, a vortex appears and Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Laurel, Maggie and Diana emerge.

ARTURO

There are severe instabilities in this region. The trail of dimensional damage between the two slide systems ends here --

And then the flashes finally merge to form a GIANT VORTEX. A vortex that WIDENS AND SPREADS. It spread BACKWARDS, reaching the trees of the forest -- and the TREES VANISH IN A FLASH, leaving behind an EMPTY landscape.

REMBRANDT

Professor! What's going on!?

ARTURO

Reality has been pierced and the wound is widening! The two Quinns ripped a hole in the very structure of this dimension and we may not be able to close it!

FLASHCUT TO:

THE WHITE SPACE

Where Quinn and Quinn-2 are standing weakly -- and they can observe, at a distance, the same GIANT VORTEX that appears in the park -- but from the opposite end.

Through the vortex, they can see a distorted image of the park and the other sliders.

QUINN

What's that?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2

It's what we did -- we ripped a hole  
in reality -- I've seen this before,  
this is how universes die --

QUINN

Can we fix it? Can we use your clocks  
and the Wallace machine -- ?

QUINN-2

Not for this! It's growing! It'll  
spread to every reality in existence  
and there won't be anything left to  
save!

Quinn covers his mouth with his hands. Quinn-2 looks away,  
turns away, puts his hands to his head --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

I didn't want this! I wasn't trying  
for this! I was trying to save  
reality --

He turns to Quinn.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

Why couldn't you just let me do what  
I had to do?!

QUINN

I was trying to save everyone. I'm  
sorry --

Quinn-2 looks at Quinn with tired scorn.

QUINN-2

You're sorry?!

QUINN

I'm sorry for the choice I made  
sixteen years ago. I'm sorry what I  
did to you. If I could go back, I'd  
think harder, choose better --

QUINN-2

(bitter)

Maybe this is all we get. Extra  
chapters in a story that we both know  
ended a long time ago.

And then, at a distance, away from the giant  
interdimensional sinkhole, there's a strange flare of light.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

What's that over there?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

QUINN  
I don't know --

The two Quinns hesitantly move towards the flare of light and it resolves into an ENORMOUS CONTRAPTION. A bizarre mishmash of sliding coils and towers, repurposed car engines, numerous satellite dishes and more. It's the size of a truck.

We've seen it before. We saw it in "Revelation." It's the machine that Quinn used in 2001 to reset reality.

QUINN-2  
The machine! What's it doing here?

QUINN  
What if it's always been here?  
Waiting for me -- waiting for us.

Quinn-2 looks at Quinn questioningly.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Brother, please -- forgive me. Work  
with me. Help me.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

The giant interdimensional sinkhole of a vortex has EXPANDED since we last saw it -- the trees in the park are gone and it's stretching forth towards nearby buildings in its path.

CUT TO:

A RAPID SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

In which the expanding vortex is consuming cars, houses, buses, buildings --

And in all these locations, WADE, REMBRANDT, ARTURO, LAUREL, DIANA and MAGGIE are each seen vortexing in, grabbing one person, vortexing away, returning to grab another -- always at the very EDGE of the vortex's widening perimeter --

FLASHCUT TO:

THE MACHINE

Quinn and Quinn-2 stand next to it. Studying it carefully.

QUINN  
This machine -- it's not really a  
machine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)  
It's a representation of  
indeterminate reality shaped by our  
wishes and our will --

QUINN-2  
Machine! Reset the multiverse with a  
core decision point of February 3,  
1648!

Nothing happens.

QUINN  
(thoughtfully)  
Now that there's two of us here, it  
needs us both to agree.  
(turning to Quinn-2)  
February 3, 1648. The day Johannes  
Gutenberg died. A multiverse with  
movable type would have a good  
foundation --

QUINN-2  
But that's not enough for you.

QUINN  
We have to save everyone this time.

QUINN-2  
How?! A new multiverse replaces the  
old one! At least the people in this  
version of reality'll still be around  
as doubles --

QUINN  
That won't be them! People aren't  
just names and faces; they're the  
choices they've made. We have to save  
them all.

QUINN-2  
That sinkhole is not getting any  
smaller!

CUT TO:

ANOTHER RAPID SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

Where Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Laurel, Maggie, Diana and  
other Maggies are are urgently grabbing individuals from the  
edge of the growing vortex, transporting them farther and  
deeper into the city, then returning to the edge of the  
vortex to grab more people --

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - MORNING

We see Maggie doubles and others looking at a digital map of San Francisco where the vortex is shown to have encompassed one-third of the city and is growing even more.

FLASHCUT TO:

QUINN AND QUINN-2

Standing by the machine and racking their brains.

QUINN-2

August 17! 1914! We'll secure the existence of antibiotics and you'll hang onto about twenty-three to thirty per cent of this reality's population!

QUINN

Not good enough!

QUINN-2

Fine, fine! May 17, 1954! The end of segregation in American education and the ozone layer's still serviceable! You'd retain probably thirty five per cent of the population!

QUINN

No!

QUINN-2

I am not going past 1958, that's a point of no return!

(as Quinn shakes his head)

For God's sake, we need to make a choice! We don't have much longer, but right here, right now, we can pick any point in reality, any point in history --

QUINN

Wait, what did you just say?

The two Quinns stare at each other for a moment -- and their eyes light up at exactly the same time.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

The enormous vortex is now horizontal and spreading out at a terrible speed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The park isn't a park anymore, it's just empty wasteland that's starting to crackle with energy as though reality itself is starting to dissolve.

But then the vortex suddenly folds back in on itself and VANISHES. And in the closing FLARE OF LIGHT -- everything it took of the surroundings -- the trees and roads and signs and stones --

All of it is restored.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie, Diana and Laurel stand in the middle of the road, looking back in the direction of the park. Baffled by the sudden absence of the vortex that threatened to consume them all.

Arturo raises his smartwatch, tapping it -- but the display reads: **SLIDE NETWORK OVERLOADED. VORTEX UNAVAILABLE.**

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - MORNING

The sliders return to the park on foot -- and are astonished to find a bruised and bloody Quinn Mallory walking towards them in struggling steps.

WADE

Quinn!

She is the first to reach him. She wraps her arms around him. He goes limp over her for a second and she struggles to bear his weight. Rembrandt and Laurel rush to Quinn, helping to prop him up as Arturo, Maggie and Diana get closer.

ARTURO

Where is your counterpart?

QUINN

Home. He went home.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A slumbering dinosaur rests atop a flatbed truck driven by a Maggie-double. Other Maggie doubles are climbing over a sea of unconscious zombies, injecting them with the cure from "Sole Survivors." Some Maggies pass by with wheelbarrows containing deactivated robots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie, Diana and Laurel walk by, heading back towards Sliders Incorporated.

MAGGIE

Engineering team says the sliding network's going to be offline for four hours.

REMBRANDT

Q-Ball, what happened with you and you?

QUINN

We found the machine. The one that could choose a new branching point for the multiverse. We chose again.

LAUREL

Whadja pick?

QUINN

We picked right there and then. We picked the very moment when we were trying to choose a moment.

As they walk, Arturo's eyes widen.

ARTURO

You chose a moment of infinite outcomes, one that represents every choice you might have made. But that means --

QUINN

Let's find out what it means.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - MORNING

Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Maggie, Laurel and Diana rush through the busy atmosphere of the bullpen. The holographic display of Earths in the ceiling is absent. Quinn limps towards a workstation. He leans over and types rapidly. In the ceiling above, there is a flicker of light.

The holographic display reforms and only twenty four groupings of Earths can be seen.

But then a flashing text near the bottom indicates that the display is **REFRESHING DATA** -- and then all twenty four groupings of Earths vanish. All of them are replaced by one single, solitary Earth.

And then the one Earth shifts to reveal another Earth behind it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then another and another until the multiverse map shows an INFINITE NUMBER OF EARTHS in a repopulated multiverse with a spiral of identical planets that stretches on forever.

The sliders look up with delight. Rembrandt lets out a low whistle, Wade glows with happiness and the Professor is overjoyed.

As the number of Earths increases in the hologram, Quinn drops against the desk behind him, looking upwards with a serene gratitude.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

We have a high angle on a quiet afternoon. Pedestrians walk quietly, normal traffic is in place -- it's like the attack on San Francisco never happened in that all the damage is gone.

Except as we lower to street level, we see bus shelters with signs advertising ROBOT BABYSITTERS and FREE ANTI-ZOMBIE VIRUS SHOTS.

There's also mini scoops rolling along the sidewalk but doing so peaceably and with SFGOV logos on them. They aim lasers at litter on the streets, vaporizing candy bar wrappers and paper cups.

Quinn Mallory runs along this street in a light jog. He stops next to a bus shelter, spotting a familiar face inside.

It's Callista, who does not appear to have thrown herself off a building. Quinn knocks gently on the glass of the bus shelter.

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INCORPORATED OFFICE - DAY

Quinn enters the bullpen with Callista at his side. Dr. Diana Davis stands waiting as though she's expecting this and Quinn guides Callista to Diana. Diana leads Callista off as Laurel approaches Quinn.

LAUREL  
I thought that girl was dead.

QUINN  
We changed that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

Even with this do-over, the other  
you's still a psycho killer.

QUINN

We've got Mags and Wing on rotating  
surveillance for him. Right now, my  
mind's on something else.

He leads Laurel farther into the bullpen where Wade, Arturo  
and Rembrandt are standing. Looking up at the hologram of  
the multiverse overhead. Waiting.

At one side of the office, Maggie can be seen directing her  
doubles into various vortexes.

MAGGIE

Bex and Allison! You're on recon for  
Earth 203.1 -- see if you can get a  
lock on organ cloning and cheap  
dialysis. Meg and Peggy, you'll be  
tracking down chlorofluorocarbon  
removal techniques! And Gretchen,  
you'll be looking for an uncut print  
of *The Magnificent Ambersons*.

The sliders watch the Maggies running in every direction.

ARTURO

Ironic, eh, my friends? We have  
completed our mission and yet, we  
find ourselves busier than ever.

REMBRANDT

Dunno if we should be just leaving  
Diana and the Maggies to do all the  
heavy lifting --

QUINN

I just want us to do something first,  
something just for us.

WADE

What are we doing?

Quinn holds up the timer.

QUINN

The multiverse is back. Anything we  
can imagine, anything we want to see,  
all of it waiting out there for us.

WADE

There's lots of places we should be  
going --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

But where is it you want to go?

Quinn looks at Wade. Rembrandt. Arturo. Laurel.

QUINN (cont'd)

What's out there you want to see?

Rembrandt smiles. As Rembrandt speaks, Quinn taps his smartwatch.

REMBRANDT

Always wanted to check out one of those Van Meer worlds where time runs slow and see Charlie Parker live.

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**

**Searching interdimensional datanet.  
Historical references collated.  
Coordinates located. Coordinates  
locked.**

And then Quinn turns to the Professor, smartwatch in his direction.

ARTURO

I have always been curious to explore a version of Earth where Nikola Tesla's ideas became the forefront of scientific development.

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**

**Searching interdimensional datanet.  
Historical references collated.  
Coordinates located. Coordinates  
locked.**

Quinn then looks to Wade. Smartwatch ready to hear Wade's heart's desire.

WADE

Is there a world out there where suffragists won the vote by the Edwardian era?

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**

**Searching interdimensional datanet.  
Historical references collated.  
Coordinates located. Coordinates  
locked.**

And then the sliders look at Laurel.

LAUREL

My -- my mom. Is she out there?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

**COLIN (SMARTWATCH)**  
***Searching interdimensional datanet.***  
***Historical references collated.***  
***Coordinates located. Coordinates***  
***locked.***

Laurel smiles broadly.

**QUINN**  
Colin, upload coordinates to the  
timer.

He raises his device, his outdated but cherished timer, and all the sliders move in closer together.

**REMBRANDT**  
This is gonna be new for all of us,  
huh? Full control of sliding and  
infinity in our hands. Where to  
first, Q-Ball?

Quinn studies the screen. There's a mischievous glint in his eye as he raises the timer -- and hands it over to Laurel. His daughter accepts the timer with a squeal. She looks up at the sliders, excited and a little nervous.

**QUINN**  
It doesn't matter. Wherever we go,  
we'll go together, and with the  
multiverse back, we could do this  
forever.

Laurel taps the touchscreen. Making a selection. And she raises the timer.

We see Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo -- watching eagerly as Laurel points the timer and triggers the gateway. A burst of light emerges from the timer, widening into the vortex. And we pull BACKWARDS into the wormhole until our point of view is framed by the purple and green energies of the interdimensional tunnel.

From our perspective, Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel are now distant figures standing at the edge of infinity. They are invincible. They are indestructible. They are the Sliders.

# sliders **reborn**

REPRISE | REUNION | REVELATION  
REMINISCENCE | REVOLUTION | REGENESIS

featuring

**Cleavant Derricks** as Rembrandt Brown  
**Sabrina Lloyd** as Wade Kathleen Welles  
**John Rhys-Davies** as Professor Maximillian Arturo

with

**Taissa Farmiga** as Laurel Hills-Mallory  
**Kari Wuhrer** as Margaret Allison Beckett (1 - 94)  
**Charlie O'Connell** as the voice of Colin  
**Robert Floyd** as Mallory  
**Tembi Locke** as Dr. Diana Davis

and

**Jerry O'Connell**  
as Quinn.

"*Sliders* never really ends."

— **Cleavant Derricks**