

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

We're looking at the evening skyline of San Francisco and it doesn't look terribly different from what we'd expect to see. But if we're looking closely, we'll spot that iconic streetcars are now running 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 make their way across street crossings painted with rainbow-colored lines. And we swing along the streets, pausing at a mom-and-pop style electronics retailer.

There's a shopowner (Mace Moon from "Last Days") holding open the door for two customers: a mid-40s suburban father (Brady Oaks from "The Guardian") and a bespectacled, 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

You're nearsighted and 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 and radioactive slugs!

As Rod holds up his phone, we see that it's using the camera to film the street in front of him and applying graphics on top of the onscreen image. This augmented reality phone app pastes a number of rotting but walking corpses on top of the street. Brady 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.

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RYAN  
Careful, sir!

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 a tray of 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! Two accidents last week from driving and playing --

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?

RYAN  
Have you seen this city, Garry?

A woman WALKS PAST Ryan and Garry with a hurried sense of panic. We stay on Ryan and Garry for a moment longer --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN (cont'd)  
 San Francisco is and always will be  
 the weirdest place on Earth.

And then we SPRING AWAY from Ryan and Garry in a near-elastic movement to follow 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.

Our angle shifts in front of Daelin as she runs towards and past us and we see a pursuing figure. We see his face -- it's Dennis MacMillan, Daelin's abusive boyfriend. We follow Dennis as he follows Daelin into an alley --

INT. ALLEY - NIGHT

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

DENNIS  
 What the hell is going on?!

Daelin quakes, wrapping her arms around herself --

DENNIS (cont'd)  
 I came back to my house! And it's not  
 just being rented -- it's been sold  
 out from under me! This your doing?!

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! I checked out my storage  
 space; they say I never rented it!  
 And then I see you out and about --

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

DENNIS (cont'd)  
 You made me think you were gone and  
 came back and robbed me?!

Daelin starts crying.

DENNIS (cont'd)  
 Why would you let me wake up from the  
 accident and think you were dead --

And then Daelin exclaims --

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Daelin pushes herself against the back wall of the alley.  
And Dennis makes a fist --

DENNIS

No, no -- no ! Why're doing this to  
me? To drive me crazy!?

Daelin presses backwards as Dennis advances -- and then a  
HAND lands on Dennis' shoulder. Dennis sees around to see  
RYAN. Garry is behind him.

RYAN

Alright, fella -- let's take it easy  
before --

But Dennis, his face filled with mistrust and fury, reacts  
to Ryan's hand with rage -- he throws a fist straight into  
Ryan's face and Ryan staggers and 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 can see her dashing out of  
the alley in friht. Dennis watches her go as he shakes in  
confusion, then stoops to rip the CAR KEYS from Ryan's belt.  
As he storms out of the alley --

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

We pan up from yet another rainbow painted street crossing  
to see Daelin rushing across. 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. Raps on the  
door. A moment passes and then it swings open.

Laurel Hills stands in the doorway.

DAELIN

(babbling)

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

LAUREL

It's okay. Welcome to Sliders  
Incorporated.

Daelin reacts with a double-take.

DAELIN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL  
Yeah, but we do some other stuff too.

SMASH CUT TO:

A BLACK SCREEN that reads:

# s l i d e r s reborn

## REGENESIS

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Laurel moves down a hallway with Daelin behind her.

DAELIN  
What is this place? The cops said I  
couldn't report a stalker when the  
stalker's 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 on a WIDE AND BUSTLING OFFICE SPACE populated with cubicles of glass, some transparent, some opaque, and some transitioning between one or the other.

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

The distant ceiling features a display of 24 blue spheres rotating in a spiral -- a hologram that 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 -- we're -- we're in a  
skyscraper --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

We're in a pocket dimension. The brownstone's an access point.

Laurel gestures towards the other end of the bullpen -- a private office with another set of opaque glass doors. She leads Daelin towards it 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 past Daelin and Laurel. Daelin gapes at the quintuplet Maggie Becketts. Laurel nods to them as they pass --

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-panelled office that seems like an aged library. Shelves of books line every wall with a rolling ladder on wheels at one side.

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 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 notices that, but continues with her story.

(CONTINUED)

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DAELIN (cont'd)  
But -- um -- the city wasn't how I  
remembered it. I'm pretty sure the  
Transamerica Sphere used be a pyramid  
and the Golden Gate Bridge wasn't  
blue during daylight hours --

WADE  
(awkwardly)  
Well -- yeah, but that's San  
Francisco for you, right?

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 unfamiliar landmarks that  
brought you to our door --

DAELIN  
Dennis MacMillan. We lived together  
when we were in college -- he was --

She puts a hand to her head.

DAELIN (cont'd)  
He quit medical school to join a  
band. He was violent. He was a drunk.  
He was drunk when he dragged me into  
his truck one night -- he drove  
straight 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 town today. He says I stole  
his house and his truck -- I sold the  
house after he died, the truck was a  
write-off and I don't understand any  
of this -- I don't --

She buries her head in her hands.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

No, 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

Around here, we'd be calling that alternate history.

WADE

And alternate history's our business.

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.

REMBRANDT

(to Daelin)

C'mon. Mags down in the kitchen's outdoing herself with poached westerns --

Daelin looks tempted as she allows herself to be ushered out of the office by Wade, Rembrandt and Laurel. And when Arturo is alone, he speaks to the empty space around him --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO  
I trust you heard 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 --

QUINN  
I heard everything.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*Our contact in the police department  
provided some details regarding Mr.  
MacMillan.*

Quinn listens.

ARTURO (EARPIECE) (cont'd)  
*He seeks to settle old scores and in  
doing so, he may reveal a path to the  
gunrunners' center of distribution --*

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 seated at a keyboard before a giant monitor and we see Arturo entering behind her and taking a seat next to her. This version of Maggie is looking 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO  
He's driving away from every major  
body of water --

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**.

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

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.

ARTURO (*EARPIECE*)  
*Mr. MacMillan is approaching an  
abandoned paper mill.*

QUINN  
I'll take a closer look.

And we pan BEHIND QUINN. There's a brief COLOR SHIFT as the scene looks amber -- and we see some of the details of Quinn's heads-up display. We see a digital representation of a NETWORK OF TUNNELS. Superimposed on the cityscape.

The tunnels extend all around the city, in and around buildings, up through the sky, down into the depths of San Francisco. Then the amber-tinting disappears along with all the tunnels.

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 OF SAN FRANCISCO, passing a few feet

CONTINUED:

above cars and trucks. We briefly glimpse more Sole Survivor game posters, we see a billboard add for "**Enforcing Sugar Legalization**" next to another advertisement for "**US Postal Drone Pilot Training.**" As we twist and turn down another street, a brief glimmer of light ahead expands into ANOTHER VORTEX and we BURST THROUGH IT --

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. We briefly see children playing with Pogs in one unit. In another, there's two men at a candlelit dinner and eating with ornate sporks. They're oblivious to the tunnel invisibly passing through their homes.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. PAPER MILL - NIGHT

We're outside a labyrinth MANUFACTURING COMPLEX. The lights are off and the space is quiet -- until the silence is broken by the windy roar of THE VORTEX. Quinn emerges and the gateway closes.

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)

*The citywide slide system's working well, but there's still deadspots and we just hit one.*

ARTURO (EARPIECE)

*An experimental sliding network filled dead zones throughout the city and controlled by eye movements -- eye movements! What reckless fool would use such equipment?*

QUINN

*(adjusting glasses)*  
It's been working out okay.

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)

*That factory ahead of you's outside the network; you'll only have sight-based transport and pre-stored locations. I'm looking for building schematics now --*

ARTURO (EARPIECE)

*This calls for caution, Mr. Mallory.*

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And then Quinn spots the stolen police car. Quinn rushes towards it. The car is parked and empty and the trunk is open. Quinn sees an opened case for backup firearms. There's an empty, gun-shaped space in the foam.

QUINN  
 (looking towards the  
 paper mill)  
 Dennis went in there.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*But this is likely a covert cache for  
 a weapons dealer! Only a blistering  
 idiot would single-handedly confront  
 such heavily armed criminals --*

QUINN  
 I'm going after him!

As the Professor shouts in dismay, Quinn charges towards the paper mill--

CUT TO:

INT. PAPER MILL - NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

INT. PAPER MILL HALLWAYS - NIGHT

We see numerous pairs of leather loafers hitting a hard concrete floor, we see glimpses 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 it 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)

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We come out of the heads-up display as Quinn looks towards a flight of stairs.

*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*

*Still looking for site schematics, but I have construction details. This place shut down with the paper ban in ninety-eight, but the warehouse and loading docks 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 by this enterprise --*

Quinn moves to the foot of the stairs.

*QUINN*

*Dennis could be in here somewhere --*

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*

*Mr. Mallory! Without the citywide network, your only sliding apparatus -- your only power source -- is your glasses and the watch! You might as well battle an army with a toothpick! Why is MacMillan worth your life?*

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

*GUNMAN*

*Take out the trespasser!*

The men 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 gunmen lower their pistols in astonishment --

And then Quinn appears from a vortex behind them, grabbing one gunman from behind and yanking him in. The vortex closes, then reappears with Quinn alone. The remaining three gunmen spin around, Quinn throws himself back into the void, then appears behind the gunmen again in a SECOND VORTEX and then shoves all three into the FIRST GATEWAY.

Both wormholes close. The gunmen are gone.

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*

*Effective, but draining.*

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

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

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*  
*And I must question leaving these men*  
*within an interdimensional tunnel*  
*detached from any sliding network --*

Quinn proceeds into the doorway beyond the stairs.

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 into an SFPD holding cell.*

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Quinn stepping 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 at him. He IMMEDIATELY whips back around the corner just as shotgun fire BLASTS INTO THE WALLS. The gunmen come around the corner firing --

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 gunmen wield pistols and shotguns, firing madly at the FLASHES OF LIGHT where Quinn appears and disappears. Onscreen text shows his system's power dropping from **50 PERCENT** to **45 PERCENT**.

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*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*

*Mallory! The paper mill was built on top of old wells, the ground water access is still there! You can use that to --*

And then guard 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 gunmen crowd together, aiming their guns outward, anxious and confused. Two randomly fire into walls -- and then a vortex appears IN THE MIDDLE of the seven-gunmen and Quinn appears.

As the men shriek and turn their weapons on him, 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 see another update on the slide system power levels: **18 PERCENT.**

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*

*Impressive use of underground sediment, but your power is drained. You must fall back and --*

Quinn proceeds down the hall and to the next stairwell --

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE SPACE - NIGHT

Quinn walks out from the stairs and into a wide storage space filled with crates and racks and shelves. He looks up to see exposed ductwork on the ceilings. He peers at equipment on one rack --

QUINN

These are 3D printers. The guns aren't being shipped into the city; they're being printed here.

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*

*Mr. Mallory, vacate the premises immediately! What are you waiting for?!*

QUINN

Building schematics --

(CONTINUED)

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

It's at this point that a good 20 - 30 suit-wearing gunmen emerge from various side entrances, take aim and start shooting. We see Quinn dive behind a crate --

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: **15 PERCENT.**

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)**Why did you go into a gun battle unarmed and alone?! Why didn't we just call the police?**MAGGIE (EARPIECE)**Mallory, your system's isn't recharging fast enough. You'll probably get one more wormhole and it'll burn out your watch just getting 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)**The secondary level between this storage space and the roof is devoted entirely to piping that's likely two thousand pounds of steel --**MAGGIE (EARPIECE)**It's low-chromium ferritic steel --**ARTURO (EARPIECE)**And how is this trivia of value?!?*

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We see another power update: **13 PERCENT**. And then Quinn reaches a hand towards the pipe. Casting a new wormhole. A small one. The vortex energy streams up the pipe --

QUINN

I can send an electromagnetic pulse into the duct system -- generate current into a self-replicating vector field that'll spread along every path of every pipe --

ARTURO (*EARPIECE*)

*Of course -- and turn the ductwork above into an enormous electromagnet!*

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*)

*Mallory, you weakened the ceiling --*

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

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE SPACE - NIGHT

A CLOUD OF DUST slowly clearing as Quinn re-enters the storage space to find his assailants having fled the collapse. 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 **2 PERCENT POWER**.

QUINN

I haven't seen Dennis anywhere, he must've gotten ahead somehow --

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

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

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

QUINN  
Where's Dennis?

CUT TO:

INT. SLIDERS INC. OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT

Maggie is studying the computer with concern.

MAGGIE  
Professor -- look at these blueprints!

ARTURO  
Is that a service entrance?

MAGGIE  
That stairwell bypasses the first two floors --  
(hand to earpiece)  
Mallory! You weren't behind MacMillan! He's been behind you!

CUT TO:

DENNIS HOLDING A GUN

To the back of Quinn's head.

QUINN  
Thanks, Maggie.

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 reacts with a detached awkwardness.

GERALD  
Who are you?

Quinn, on the floor, doesn't interfere.

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

Dennis thrusts the gun towards Gerald's nose.

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DENNIS (cont'd)  
My dad borrowed from you, you crappy  
loan shark! You lent him the cash  
because you knew he had a son in med  
school! You knew you could pressure  
me to rob the pharmacy!

Gerald doesn't know what Dennis is talking about.

DENNIS (cont'd)  
I got caught carrying out your damned  
Aspirins! I was lucky not to end up  
in jail, I got kicked out of school,  
you broke my dad's legs and left him  
to die and I spent the next twenty  
years of my life a loser!

Dennis swings the pistol barrel into Gerald's temple. Quinn  
grimaces at the sight. Gerald takes the impact with an  
unusual grace, wincing in pain but making no sound, and  
touching his head in a dapper fashion.

DENNIS (cont'd)  
Everyone in my life thought I dropped  
out of school to join a rock band,  
every single person saw me as a  
druggie lowlife -- and the best I got  
was knowing you OD'd on Tylenol!  
Except now you're here, Daelin's  
alive, you're all in this together --

At that, Gerald finally offers a response.

GERALD  
No idea what you're talking about.  
Aspirin and Tylenol are as legal as  
sucralose and I've never been into  
loans or drugs. My jam was printing  
guns slimmer and smaller, faster and  
lighter --

Dennis grabs Gerald by the collar and yanks him forward. He  
forces the gun straight into Gerald's ear --

DENNIS  
I'm going to blow your brains out --

And then Quinn finally stands.

QUINN  
No. You're not.

Dennis looks at Quinn uncomprehendingly.

DENNIS  
Who the hell are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

I know what you went through before and what you're going through now. But this man isn't responsible. He deals in 3D printed guns; he comes from a place where you can buy painkillers over the counter --

GERALD

Isn't that every place?

Dennis knocks Gerald in the head with the gun again.

DENNIS

Shut up!

QUINN

Dennis, this isn't the San Francisco you knew. This is a new world where we all have second chances. This man used his to sell guns to gangs -- he used his chance to kill. You can use yours the same way, or you can build yourself a better life.

DENNIS

He took my father -- he took my life -- I'm killing him here and now -- !

QUINN

You can't. You took the gun, but you left the cartridges in the car. It's not loaded.

At that, Gerald suddenly pushes Dennis hands away from him and stands. Dennis pulls the trigger. There is a click.

Gerald gives Dennis the most condescending of nods. He straightens his suit. Walks out from around his desk.

GERALD

I'm sorry to give you both bad news.

DENNIS

What're you talking about, man?

Gerald picks up the smartphone from his desk.

GERALD

I can't be having unwelcome visitors walking in and out -- which is why I sent off a text before to instruct another squad of heavy hitters to come in and kill anyone who shouldn't be here. Should be pulling up any minute --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dennis points his gun at Gerald. Remembers it's empty. Then angrily throws it at Gerald. It bounces off his chest and lands limply on the floor. Chagrined, Dennis moves for the door --

GERALD (cont'd)

No point, buddy. They'll be here by the time you get to ground.

Dennis runs anyway. And Gerald and Quinn are left alone. Quinn sighs and perches himself on Gerald's desk. Gerald sits next to him.

GERALD (cont'd)

Real shame we won't get to know each other any better.

Quinn checks his watch. **20 PERCENT. SLIDING NETWORK UNAVAILABLE. SIGHT-BASED VORTEX AVAILABLE.**

QUINN

Oh, I know you plenty, Gerald Sanderson Thomas. I know you grew up in a world where the guns you love were outlawed and destroyed. And you found yourself here and decided to bring 3D printed weapons into the mix.

Gerald looks at Quinn with a vague confusion, but just dismisses it as the words of a man about to die.

QUINN (cont'd)

I know you dream of the next firing pin design, the next loading mechanism -- but never spend a second thinking about the organs those weapons tear apart or all the lives they're built to break.

We get another slide system power update. **25 PERCENT.**

GERALD

Supply and demand.

Quinn rises from the desk, walking backwards.

QUINN

I've got a man to save, but once that's done, my people will take your printers and you'll be an arms dealer without any arms to deal.

And on that, Quinn steps backwards into a suddenly appearing vortex and VANISHES in a flash.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAPER MILL - NIGHT

We're back at the outside area of the paper mill, back at the stolen police cruiser -- and we see Dennis racing towards the car, throwing himself into the driver's seat just as TWO HUMVEES pull up. These militaristic jeeps look like they came straight out of a Season 4 Kromagg episode and they're filled with angry men and semi-automatic rifles.

Dennis fearfully guns the ignition and speeds away as the humvees pursue him with a blitz of gunfire -- just as Quinn's vortex deposits him on the scene. We see an onscreen update: **SLIDING NETWORK ACCESS RESTORED**. Quinn triggers another gateway and steps inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dennis' stolen police car practically leaps through a district that's a strange mix of CHINATOWN SURROUNDINGS mixed with Dutch stonework.

He speeds past us just as QUINN steps out of a flare of vortex energy, standing in wait for the humvees. He casts a VORTEX into the street to intercept the vehicles. The drivers SWERVE to dodge the gateway, but it reorients right into their path --

Only for both humvees to DRIVE RIGHT THROUGH with no effect.

QUINN

What!?

FLASHCUT TO:

QUINN BACK IN THE VORTEX --

We see him propelled along the streets of San Francisco, past a bookstore with a sign advertising "**PRINCESS DIANA BOOK SIGNING**" and a Napster branded mattress store.

ARTURO (EARPIECE)

*It's a personal sliding system, you fool! That all terrain vehicle must weigh two thousand pounds!*

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)

*Five thousand pounds --*

QUINN

Then I'll catch up to them on foot!

CUT TO:

INT. HUMVEE - NIGHT

We're in the humvee at the rear of the three. Inside are a driver and two men in the back aiming semi-automatic rifles out the windows, aiming for Dennis' car. There's suddenly a flash of light and Quinn appears in the middle-back seat.

DRIVER  
(looking into the  
rearview mirror)  
Gaahhhh!!!

The gunmen in the backseat swing their guns towards Quinn.

QUINN  
Gaahhhh!

He vanishes into a vortex just before they fire.

CUT TO:

QUINN ON THE STREET

Watching the humvee speed on --

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)  
*What the hell did you think was going  
to happen?*

QUINN  
Need to try again --

FLASHCUT TO:

A VORTEX TUNNEL

And we can see the city around us as Quinn is sent through the tunnel. We see a square with a small stage; a sign reading "**OPEN STAGE POETRY NIGHT**" and a performer presenting his writing in sign language. We zip past a billboard offering **RED SHEEP SLEEPING DRINKS**. And we finally come up on the first humvee --

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*I forbid you to slide back into that  
vehicle!*

QUINN  
I've got an idea -- Maggie, look up  
the specs for a AF20 axial piston  
pump --

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)  
*On it, but --*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*ARTURO (EARPIECE)*  
*What can be done with a pump?*

The vortex tunnel ends and transitions into the next one, and we see Quinn now speeding along streets where people stand on automated conveyer belts to move them along --

QUINN  
That humvee's a M-ten-ninety, I've taken it apart before. Maggie, program a gateway primed to pick out that pump -- its weight, its components -- while bypassing any other object --

*MAGGIE (EARPIECE)*  
*Specifications loaded! Gateway programmed!*

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We see the second humvee speeding towards us. There's a flash and then Quinn steps into the frame, waving a hand and casting a vortex on the street. Emboldened by how the previous wormhole had no effect, the humvee driver accelerates STRAIGHT THROUGH the vortex.

But on the other side of the window, the vehicle STALLS. There's a GRINDING, SNAPPING sound from under the hood and it slowly comes to a halt.

Pedestrians passing by on conveyer belts look at the stopped humvee and the confused men inside. A satisfied Quinn stands at a distance. Next to him, a vortex appears and disappears, leaving the pump -- a chair-sized mechanism of rounded tubes and coils -- on the street next to him.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Dennis CRINGES as gunfire shatters the back windows of his car. We can see the humvee behind him.

CUT TO:

QUINN PURSUING THE LAST HUMVEE FROM WITHIN THE TUNNEL

As before, he vortexes to the sidewalk, waiting for the humvee to pass. He casts a vortex to intercept the vehicle -- except it speeds right through with no effect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN  
They modified this one!

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
*Can you attempt your previous efforts  
with soil and water -- ?*

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)  
*Of course he can't! That humvee's all  
terrain! It could drive through  
quicksand!*

But then Quinn spots a bakery across the street, its display of muffins and cake in the storefront window -- and then Quinn VANISHES into a vortex. We see a flash INSIDE the closed and dark bakery --

CUT TO:

INT. BAKERY - NIGHT

We see Quinn trigger another vortex and run to a nearby shelf. He grabs armfuls of some packaged items -- he hurls them into the wormhole. And on the other side of the vortex, we see the now empty packages floating to the floor, their contents having been removed by the gateway.

We finally get a good look at the labeling on the packages. It reads: "**Jane Hills Chocolate Fudge Brownie Mix.**"

FLASHCUT TO:

THE INTERIOR OF THE INTERDIMENSIONAL TUNNEL

We see thick brownie mix swirling between dimensions.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Quinn stands, watching the cop car and humvee approach.

MAGGIE (EARPIECE)  
*Quinn, seriously! You can't gum up a  
humvee engine with that --*

QUINN  
I'll add water --

Dennis' police car blows past Quinn. Quinn raises his hands, casting two wormholes in the path of the approaching humvee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO (EARPIECE)  
To a packaged chocolate powder from a  
second rate bakery!!

QUINN  
It's a brownie mix designed and  
formulated by the mother of my child!

The humvee comes near and it's met by a STORM of WATER and BROWNIE MIX that flies out of the two wormholes, COVERING the vehicle in a THICK SLUDGE that reaches UNDER THE TIRES, THROUGH THE FRONT VENTS.

The engine in the humvee emits a CRACKLING SERIES OF POPS and a small fire ERUPTS from under the hood and blows off the cover. The humvee SCREECHES to a halt.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Dennis, looking nervously into the rearview mirror, wonders where his pursuers have vanished. He looks back through his windshield -- only to be surprised by a WORMHOLE appearing in the back seat and Quinn dropping into the seat. Dennis looks backwards, SCREAMS IN SURPRISE --

QUINN  
Hi, Dennis. I -- Dennis, watch the  
road!!! Watch the -- !!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We have a straight front angle on the car as it speeds OFF A PIER and crashes into the water of the Bay. The police car sinks like a stone. And we pan to the right to see Quinn and Dennis sitting on the pier, a vortex behind them closing.

Dennis leaps to his feet, pointing fearfully at the sinking car, shrieking incoherent gibberish at Quinn. Quinn adjusts his glasses.

QUINN  
I'm hungry. You want breakfast?