

sliders **reborn**

REVELATION (3)

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An Earthprime.com exclusive.

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

Revelation (3): Five sliders. Three worlds. A desperate search for answers that will lead to Quinn Mallory's darkest secret. The secret he has buried for 14 years. The terrible truth of 1995.

This script takes place after "The Seer," "Reprise" (1) and "Reunion" (2)

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EXT. STREET - MORNING

We pan across an empty and deserted city street that curves up and down in that peculiar San Francisco fashion.

For some strange reason, the streets are covered in small rectangular objects, all of them black, each tiny enough to fit in one's hand.

We come to a quiet looking grocery store. Closed. It stands at the peak of this hill. Broken windows against steel shutters that stand shut. We hear the ELECTRIC WHISPER of the vortex becoming a WINDY ROAR.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

The open vortex fills the otherwise dark grocery store with light. Rembrandt comes out of the vortex, the momentum carrying him a few steps forward -- then Arturo behind him -- then Wade, then Laurel, then Quinn.

The vortex instantly closes. Its light vanishes and we're left looking at darkness.

ARTURO (OFF CAMERA)
Have I gone blind or did someone
neglect the electric bill?

Sound of footsteps.

Then Rembrandt cries out in pain --

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)
Professor! You stepped on me!

ARTURO (OFF CAMERA)
My apologies, Mr. Brown. I --
(beat)
Wait a moment! Consider that
payback for perpetually aiming at
me on every vortex exit!

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)
Wade! You told him? Girl, we had an
unspoken agreement about our
secrets --

WADE (OFF CAMERA)
I never agreed to that!

LAUREL (OFF CAMERA)
Will you idiots shut the hell up!?

The sound of hands against a surface.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)
I'm sure what Laurel means is that
if you could give us a little
silence --

LAUREL (OFF CAMERA)
Quinn and I can focus on feeling
our way against the walls --

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)
-- locate a light source --

LAUREL (OFF CAMERA)
-- or some weird grating thing that
I'm afraid to reach into --

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)
Don't reach in, reach down -- feel
where it meets the floor -- I think
we've got a handle -- now grip and
pull up --

A metal clanking. And then we see the STEEL SHUTTERS of the
shop-front rising, letting morning sunlight into what
appears to be an abandoned grocery store of bare shelves and
empty aisles.

Quinn pulls the timer out from his pocket and flips it open.

QUINN
The timer's still got a lock on the
neutrino signal. We've got almost
four hours until we leave for the
next world.

Rembrandt observes the empty shelves with great
disappointment.

REMBRANDT
So. They're probably out of
Wheeties.

CUT TO:

THE NEWSSTAND RACK OF THE GROCERY STORE

Quinn is reading an aged *National Geographic*.

QUINN
This edition's six years old -- but
the cover article's about man-made
islands in the Bay Area. A pilot
project for growing produce in
hydroponic island gardens.

Quick pan to Arturo, reading an aged *Scientific American*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

This edition is four years old and features a map of over four thousand such islands off the coast of California. Along with an editorial about how artificial farmland will end world hunger.

Quick pan to Rembrandt, who is looking at the empty palettes where there ought to be fruit and vegetables.

REMBRANDT

So, this store went out of business? Or their stuff sells out so fast they gotta restock every day?

Quinn and Arturo cast doubtful expressions in Rembrandt's direction and Rembrandt looks back in agony.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Even as I say it, I know we landed on a world where everything's gone to crap.

WADE (OFF CAMERA)

Guys! Check these out!

CUT TO:

THE FRONT AREA OF THE GROCERY STORE

Wade and Laurel are standing past the cash registers. They're near the exit. At their feet are about 30 digital clocks. All identical.

They're small enough to fit in the palm of one's hand. Thin enough to slip in a pocket. Black in color. Rectangular with rounded corners. A soft-touch casing. Their glowing screens emit an eerie red light.

Quinn, Rembrandt and Arturo make their way to Laurel and Wade. Laurel and Wade have each picked up a clock. Laurel studies the screen. It's counting down from nine hours with its glowing seven-segment numbers.

LAUREL

What's it for?

WADE

You're asking what a clock is for? Although that explains all your tardies --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

No, dumbass. I'm wondering why someone would build something that only tells time. Why would you need a clock in 2015? Why this many?

Quinn, having overheard this, nods approvingly at Laurel and then briefly inclines his head at Wade.

WADE

(wrinkling her nose at Quinn)

That's a pretty good point, Laurel.

Arturo picks up one of the clocks.

ARTURO

This clock is, more specifically, a stopwatch.

REMBRANDT

(picking up a clock)

Got no buttons. No touchscreen. Doesn't do anything but count down.

WADE

(comparing her clock to Rembrandt's)

And they're all counting down in perfect sync.

Quinn picks up one of the clocks. Runs a finger over the soft-touch matte exterior, the anti-reflective screen -- and then he throws it on the floor.

Everyone else jumps. And stares as Quinn proceeds to stomp on the clock furiously. Then he rips a fire extinguisher off a nearby wall and drops it right onto the clock.

LAUREL

You working out some repressed rage issues?

QUINN

(stooping over the pieces of his smashed clock)

No. I wanted to see how it's built. (peering at the pieces)

Shockproof. Waterproof. Tempered glass screen. Whoever built this designed it to be dropped from fifty feet into rough or wet terrain.

WADE

How do you know the height?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Because the power system uses kinetic energy to charge the battery. And for this size, fifty feet would give a full charge. But why --

His remarks are interrupted by shouts and yells coming from outside the store. The sliders rush to the windows --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A van has stopped outside the grocery store, its path forward blocked by a makeshift roadblock of garbage cans, a dumpster, a row of overturned and stacked shopping carts and a worn looking sofa.

About 17 people are surrounding the van, carrying baseball bats and pieces of rebar as weapons. Their clothes are ragged and dirty. We will call them SCAVENGERS.

The scavengers gather at the driver's side door, shouting. Sentences heard include: "You can't get away!" and "Get out of the van!" and "Come out or we drag you out!" and also, "We'll take your water over your dead body if we have to!"

The van has only one visible inhabitant in the driver's seat, but we can't make out the face.

Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel watch from the broken windows of the grocery store, unnoticed.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Quinn starts forward towards the grocery store's exit. Rembrandt grabs him from behind, restraining him.

QUINN

(whispering)

What are you doing?!

REMBRANDT

(whispering)

What're you doing?! We got no idea what's going on out there!

QUINN

Angry people with big sticks surrounding one person in a stopped van --

Wade, Arturo and Laurel nervously look back and forth between the conflict in front of them and the one outside the store.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

You think you've got any chance in
a fight where it's twenty-five
against one?

QUINN

It's seventeen against --

REMBRANDT

Your *Rain Man* crap doesn't win
fights! We are not risking our
lives for something we know nothing
about!

And then from outside, there's a single howl that's
somewhere between terror and rage.

CUT TO:

THE VAN

And the driver's door being forced open by the scavengers.

Two scavengers drag the shrieking driver out by her arms.
She struggles frantically and furiously to no avail -- and
we get a look at her face. It's a face framed by reddish-
brown hair. It's a face we know --

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Rembrandt reacts to face of the driver.

REMBRANDT

Maggie -- !

And then Rembrandt instantly releases Quinn and charges out
the exit of the grocery store. Quinn is right behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Maggie Beckett -- or rather, a double of the Maggie we knew
-- is yanked from the van. Then slammed back into against
its side. Two scavengers hold her by the arms. A third
scavenger steps forward, the others moving out of the way
for him with deference.

This third scavenger is a pale, bald man with a muscled
build. We'll know him as Razor. He eyes Maggie for a moment
-- then pulls back a fist and punches her in the stomach.

As she gags --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAZOR

Not doing this to hurt you, just
need to take the fight out of you.
Everything in the Bay Area is Mr.
Hall's and that includes the water
in your truck --

Maggie throws her hardest kick at Razor, but he's ready for her and sidesteps quickly. Then he punches her in the throat. He's infuriated by her resistance.

As Maggie chokes and the other two scavengers keep hold of her arms, Razor pulls a knife from his belt. Raises it --

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)

Hey!

Razor turns to see Rembrandt storming forward. Three scavengers rush towards Rembrandt. One swings rebar.

Rembrandt twists away from the swing and grabs the rebar. Yanks the man forward and knees him in the gut. Then throws him at the second scavenger approaching.

Both scavengers tumble downward. But before Rembrandt can make his next move, the third scavenger knocks Rembrandt to the ground. The scavenger raises his rebar, about to swing.

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)

Ladies and gentlemen!

The scavengers spin around to see Quinn standing on top of the van -- and the back doors of the van are now open.

QUINN

You wanted water! Right now, every
bottle in this van is rolling down
the hill!

He waves an arm, gesturing -- and the scavengers see that while they were fighting, Quinn sneaked into the van and emptied four coolers of bottled water onto the street. They're now rolling away downhill and gaining speed.

QUINN (cont'd)

So what's more important? Getting
your fight? Or getting your water
before someone else does?

Razor scowls at Quinn.

RAZOR

Everyone, keep --

SCAVENGER

Forget you, Razor! Get the water!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And the scavengers charge down the hill, leaving Rembrandt, Maggie and the van. Razor seethes, sheathes the knife and charges after his comrades.

RAZOR (OFF CAMERA)
Every bottle comes back! Every
bottle is Hall's! Anyone hiding any
lives to regret it!

Maggie rushes forward to Rembrandt, helps him up.

MAGGIE
Who are you?

Rembrandt, still getting his breath back, doesn't respond. Laurel, Wade and Arturo step out from the grocery store, also rushing to Rembrandt's aid.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Who are you people?
(to Rembrandt)
Why did you help me?

Before Rembrandt can say anything, MAGGIE'S VAN suddenly performs a U-turn and pulls up right next to the sliders. Quinn is in the driver's seat.

QUINN
Everyone in!

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - DAY

Quinn speeds along, making deliberate turns, driving through the streets.

A BRIEF EXTERNAL SHOT: the streets are deserted aside from a few vagrants. Stores are shut. Traffic lights are out. And the strange clocks found in the grocery store are also scattered across the roads and sidewalks.

And then BACK IN THE VAN, we see Maggie, in the passenger seat, glaring at Quinn.

MAGGIE
You gave up the water!

QUINN
And got your life back in the
bargain.

MAGGIE
That water was my ticket out of the
city! I've got nothing else to
trade! This van doesn't have enough
gas to get through Oakland!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

(from the back seat)

Which means we must find a place of safety in what appears to be the Tenderloin district -- a difficult proposition even on our world --

MAGGIE

"Our world?"

Quinn suddenly twists the wheel of the van. Brakes the vehicle. And then peers out the driver's side window.

He's stopped the van on a hilltop in the Twin Peaks region of the city. He has chosen a vantage point that offers a magnificent view of the downtown area.

Quinn rolls down the window and leans out slightly. He studies landscape before him. Looking across the Transamerica Pyramid. The California Center. The Columbus Tower. St. Mary's Cathedral. The Marriott Marquis.

QUINN

I know where to go. There's an undiscovered military bunker nearby.

REMBRANDT

(from the back seat)

If it's undiscovered, how come you know about it?

Quinn straightens the wheel of the van, hits the gas. As the van speeds along --

QUINN

The Millennial Tower -- when renovating its lower levels in 2004, the contractors hit a pipeline that led to finding an off-the-books bomb shelter from the Second World War.

MAGGIE

Millennial Tower? What's that?

QUINN

Exactly.

CUT TO:

THE VAN GOING OFF ROAD AND STOPPING NEAR A GROVE OF TREES:

And Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo, Laurel and Maggie disembarking at the edge of the woodland areas in Presidio Park. They move towards the trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (VOICEOVER)
There's no Tower in this universe.

MAGGIE (VOICEOVER)
"This universe"?

CUT TO:

THE SIX OF THEM

Hurrying through the woods --

QUINN (VOICEOVER)
Which means the shelter was never
found --

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Quinn stops at a clear space in the trees. He squats down. Feels in the ground and then raises a WOODEN PLANK that has been covered with soil and debris. Flips it over, revealing that underneath is a metal hatch with a wheel.

QUINN
And no one ever found the aqueduct
system that went to the underground
bunker or its magnetically sealed
entrance here.

MAGGIE
And getting here was worth using up
all the gas in the van?

Quinn pulls out the timer, taps the controls and aims it the door in the floor. The hatch's wheel begins to turn, seemingly of its own accord. It unlocks and Quinn flips up the door to reveal a ladder going down.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL

In a dimly lit space, we see Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel standing as Maggie descends the ladder and drops to her feet.

There's a switchbox against the wall and Quinn is pushing all the switches. With each switch, the tunnel brightens a little. At the end of the tunnel is a thin line of light. All six approach the end of the tunnel to see that it's a set of sliding metal doors.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

The sliders and Maggie push open the sliding doors and step through. They find themselves standing at the entrance to a wide, three-level facility.

The 'ground-level' on which they stand has a staircase going downward into a lower level valley -- a sub-level. And at the opposite end, the sub-level has another staircase going to a higher level.

The space is filled with worktables, desks, cots and various doors and hatches -- and also the strange clocks that littered the streets and the grocery store.

The ceiling is lined with a network of pipes, pipes and more pipes, all criss-crossing to form an impenetrable maze. The pipeworks also extend to the walls.

Lights from the ceiling illuminate the space, keeping everything visible but still bleakly dim.

CUT TO:

THE SLIDERS

And Maggie -- descending to the sub-level.

MAGGIE

What is this place?

QUINN

Backup command center for the Western Defense Command in the 1940s. Never used. Above our heads is a hundred gallons of water from Fisherman's Wharf running through the hydroelectric system and keeping the lights on.

He gestures at the ceiling.

QUINN (cont'd)

The batteries have been charging since 1940.

Quinn gestures to the second staircase at the far end of the sub-level.

QUINN (cont'd)

Secondary exit's back there, I think. And this facility definitely has running water --

Hearing that, Laurel approaches a faucet.

LAUREL

Good to know. I'm parched --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And then Maggie suddenly leaps in front of Laurel.

MAGGIE

No!

LAUREL

What? What's wrong?

MAGGIE

What's wrong? You people -- you
throw away water! Drink from taps!
Who are you? Where do you come
from? Why are you here!?

She's aggressive. Near hysterical. Laurel recoils -- and
then the Professor steps forward.

ARTURO

My dear, we are travelers from
afar. We mean you no harm and we
would be most indebted if you would
clarify the local situation.

MAGGIE

"Local situation"? This is -- this
is --

Arturo holds up his hands, placating. Then he takes off his
knapsack. Reaches into it. And pulls out a bottle of water.

He offers it to Maggie. She takes it. Stares at it.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

You give me this like it's nothing.
You really don't know what's going
on.

FADE TO:

MAGGIE SEATED.

She's sitting on a table. The sliders are perched on
surrounding tables. Listening. We get to Maggie in the
middle of the story --

MAGGIE

-- and there was this idea for
using loopholes in the 1995 Shengen
Agreement --

REMBRANDT

The what?

ARTURO

A loosening of European borders. If
Ms.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO (cont'd)

Beckett is referring to what I think, the agreement may have permitted nations to construct artificial landmasses in international waters --

MAGGIE

Yeah, for hydroponic island gardens. But the project started in the Bay Area. Didn't work. There were fuel shortages, power failures -- until the open-source Teslanium engine.

The sliders exchange looks.

LAUREL

I think this is the part where we say, "What's Teslanium?" And you explain it to us like we're aliens.

WADE

"What's Teslanium?"

MAGGIE

Teslanium? Elon Musk's gift to the world when he was trying to get over his divorce? Battery cells in a liquid suspension, able to regenerate their own charge through a kinetic relay process.

QUINN

That's amazing!

Maggie looks at Quinn with an incredulous expression. But then she sees that the other four sliders are equally impressed.

MAGGIE

Auto manufacturers were slow to adopt the new Teslanium engines?

She pauses as though expecting the sliders to tell her they already know all this. But the sliders remain rapt with attention, much to Maggie's confusion. She continues her story.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

But the hydroponic islands grabbed onto these new engines right away. And where you had two failing islands, you soon had two hundred. And a year later, every continent was surrounded in these islands. World hunger was over --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

But? There's always a but.

MAGGIE

But hundreds of thousands were
dying from massive organ failure.

FADE TO:

THE MAP OF ARTIFICIAL ISLANDS

We see Arturo reviewing this map in the *National Geographic* he took from the store. His fingers trace over the man-made islands dotting the coast of California.

MAGGIE (VOICEOVER)

It was the Teslanium. Harmless on its own. Toxic when concentrated in water. It bonds to hydrogen on a molecular level. It leaked into waste water from hundreds of thousands of islands all over the globe.

CUT TO:

WADE'S HORRIFIED FACE.

MAGGIE

Every ocean's contaminated with Teslanium. Coastal areas are blocked off by the military and California's under quarantine --

REMBRANDT

Why are people being quarantined?
It's the water, not the people --

MAGGIE

And what are we but sixty per cent water? Water in the Bay will kill you in a week if you drink it or get drenched. And once the Teslanium's in you, you'll spread it into the environment through sweat, urine --

FADE TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Where the sliders parked the van.

We see RAZOR and his scavengers approaching the abandoned vehicle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (VOICEOVER)
Uncontaminated water -- it's the
only currency left.

Razor and the scavengers climb into the van, looking for
clues.

MAGGIE (VOICEOVER) (cont'd)
I was a pilot. Hadn't flown
anything smaller than a 727 in
years. I was in the air when San
Francisco fell apart. My husband,
Steven -- he had to leave without
me. He's in Alaska now. But he sent
a message to me. Let me know that
before he'd left, he'd been driving
a supply truck -- that the trailer
filled was with water -- and he
told me where he'd ditched it.

We see Razor pointing and waving at his scavengers to start
searching the woods.

MAGGIE (VOICEOVER) (cont'd)
I found it. The truck battery was
dead. I packed every bottle I could
fit into my van -- thought I'd use
it to barter for gas to get to the
border. But Mr. Hall found out. He
let me lead his people to the
trailer and now they're after me.

REMBRANDT (VOICEOVER)
Who the heck is Hall?

MAGGIE (VOICEOVER)
Jameson Hall. Local crime boss who
took over the local bottling plants
after the government fell apart.
Hall controls what uncontaminated
water's left inside the Cali-
quarantine.

As Razor steps into the woods --

MAGGIE (VOICEOVER) (cont'd)
He doles it out to his people. His
slaves. Working for him, drinking
his water -- it was the only chance
I had of staying clean and someday
getting through the CDC border
checks.

FADE TO:

MAGGIE, SEATED ON THE TABLE.

REMBRANDT
What did you do for Hall?

Maggie buries her head in her hands.

MAGGIE
Please don't -- please don't ask me
that.

The sliders react and Rembrandt is horrified by whatever it is he pictures. He reaches out to Maggie. But Maggie holds up a hand, refusing any comfort.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
When I got Steven's message -- I
knew had to try to get away. But I
never really believed I'd made it
back to him.

She reaches into a pocket and pulls out a CLOCK. A clock like the others scattered across the floors in the bunker and the streets of San Francisco.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
There's only eight hours left.

QUINN
These clocks. What are they?

Maggie has a tired reaction of confusion at Quinn's ignorance. Then:

MAGGIE
No one knows where they came from.
About eighteen billion of them
showed up out of nowhere all over
the planet in 2011. Appeared on the
streets, inside homes, inside
tunnels --
(gesturing around the
bunker)
Even here. All counting down from
four years.

She studies her clock blankly.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
On the day five hundredth
artificial island was finished, the
countdown jumped ahead by eight
weeks. When Britain dissolved, the
countdown jumped ahead another two
months. And when the United States
collapsed, the countdown lost
almost half a year.

CONTINUED:

QUINN

And every clock is in perfect sync?
Even with the jumps?

MAGGIE

All of them. People think they're
counting down to the end of the
world.

(a breath)

We call them doomsday clocks.

As the sliders study their own clocks --

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo are walking against a wall, opening cupboards and drawers, stepping over doomsday clocks on the floor. The pipeworks line the walls, a constant feature. The sliders speak in loud whispers.

WADE

(to Quinn)

Do you expect Laurel and Maggie to
find any food in this place?

QUINN

Freeze-dried and dehydrated
rations. Might help Maggie before
we go on our way --

REMBRANDT

We can't leave her!

QUINN

You know how she feels about Steven
-- she'd never abandon her husband.
She's on her own --

REMBRANDT

Are you kidding me, Q-Ball? The
only reason I got back into the
vortex was because you said people
need our help! Now we found someone
who does and you'll just walk away?

(beat)

We could all slide home -- then
slide her to Alaska on this world!

QUINN

And then the timer would lose the
neutrino trail.

(beat)

We need to focus on what's
important -- the clocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

What?!

Quinn holds up a clock.

QUINN

How were all these clocks scattered across the planet? How're they staying in perfect? And how did they get into a bunker that hasn't been opened since 1942? And --

ARTURO

(cold fury)

Will you shut up about the damned clocks, Mr. Mallory?!

Quinn freezes.

ARTURO (cont'd)

The clocks are plastic and circuitry!

WADE

Also glass.

ARTURO

A woman needs our help --

QUINN

There isn't a person in this world who isn't in trouble --

ARTURO

But Ms. Beckett is the one we've come across!

QUINN

We bought her one more day. We have to think about our mission. These clocks --

WADE

You could fit a hundred of these clocks in one of our knapsacks! We can look into them on the next world! But we've got three hours and change here -- helping that woman is our priority!

QUINN

I didn't bring you all on this trip to save one person. I brought you to save everyone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

Then you are the most disappointing student I have ever had, Mr. Mallory.

Quinn stiffens. Even Rembrandt and Wade are shocked at Arturo's quiet fury.

ARTURO (cont'd)

We are sliders. Visitors without fear of reprisal or consequence. We have a responsibility to every person we come across.

REMBRANDT

We've got to do *something*, Q-Ball!

Quinn lowers his head. Stares at the clock in his hand. Not looking up:

QUINN

The Maggie you knew, Remmy -- you'll never get her back. This isn't her.

REMBRANDT

Maybe not, but the Maggie I knew saved my life more times than you three put together. I lost all of you and she kept me alive. If I can't pay that Maggie back, I gotta help this one!

A moment passes with Quinn continuing to study the clock. Then:

QUINN

We can fix her van.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Laurel, Rembrandt and Maggie are racing around the floor of the bunker, gathering up the clocks and bringing piles of them to a central area table. Arturo and Wade are using tools found in the bunker to break the clocks open.

WADE

I keep breaking the whole clock every time I hammer it open!

Quinn approaches, a length of rope in his hands.

QUINN

Don't worry about that. We just need the batteries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

How are these little batteries going to power Maggie's van?

QUINN

We can combine them. Feed the charge into the van battery. That gives it a start. We can keep the van running on the kinetic power system in these clocks -- driving the van will charge it.

He tosses the coil of rope to the table.

QUINN (cont'd)

We might need to pull and push to get the van started.

WADE

But how can you fuel a crankshaft with button cells?

ARTURO

The answer is in Mr. Mallory's timer. It operates on a self-regenerating system that these kinetically charged clock batteries can be made to mimic.

Quinn pulls internal cabling from one of the shattered clocks, separating it from the debris.

QUINN

We can repurpose all the batteries into at least twelve power banks with sixty cells each. I can modify my timer chip and power relay with an adapter that'll trick the van's cylinders and pistons to use the cells instead of gas.

REMBRANDT

Don't we need the timer chip and power relay to use the timer?

Quinn reaches into his knapsack and holds up a thin and plastic zipper-sleeve the size of a small brochure.

QUINN

I'm carrying spares. But I need mainsprings and capacitors --

LAUREL

(approaching, carrying
clocks with Maggie)
Where can we get those?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Watchmaker's shop. There's one
three miles from here. We drove
past it; I can walk back.

MAGGIE

Wait, wait, wait -- so you're going
to use clock parts to get my van
running? Is that even possible?

Quinn holds up one of the doomsday clock batteries.

QUINN

These make it possible.
(turning to Laurel)
Laurel, you're with me.

LAUREL

What?

QUINN

We'll take the ladder back to the
surface, then head through the
woods towards Wedenmeyer.

LAUREL

Why me?

Wade rises from the table in protest.

WADE

You're not taking the kid!

QUINN

I need someone to watch my back
while I'm working in the shop. And
I need you three here assembling
the battery banks.
(leaning close to Wade)
Everyone has to keep busy or panic
sets in.

Wade is still shaking her head, but Quinn cuts off her
protests by handing her the timer. As Wade reluctantly
accepts it, Maggie moves towards them.

MAGGIE

You're all doing so much to help me
-- I don't know how to thank you --

Quinn looks at Maggie briefly.

QUINN

We'll be back.
(to Laurel)
Laurel, we're leaving the way we
came.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Laurel trots after Quinn, Maggie sits down with Rembrandt, Wade and Arturo and they continue assembling the batteries.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

We see Laurel and Quinn emerging from the hatch. Laurel moves in the direction of the van, but Quinn grips her shoulder briefly and points in the opposite direction.

They set off -- never noticing the scavengers approaching with Razor in the lead.

And they never notice Razor hold a finger to his lips, then point to five of his people and gesture for them to follow Laurel and Quinn.

The remaining 11 scavengers and Razor approach the hatch.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK TRAIL - DAY

Quinn leads the way, moving swiftly, stepping around scattered doomsday clocks. Laurel bounds and skips over them.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

And now Quinn and Laurel are further along, off the highway and walking along a street of abandoned shopfronts.

LAUREL
Why didn't we just go back the way
we drove?

QUINN
The angular trajectory of the trail
is thirty degrees to ground level.

LAUREL
You could just say it's downhill
this way.

Quinn nods faintly with a smile of approval. Laurel spots that and flushes with pleasure.

They come to the front entrance of a shop. The sign has fallen off the outer walls. Quinn and Laurel look down to see the words **OMEGA CLOCKWORKS** at their feet.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Wade, Arturo and Maggie are working on the batteries. Rembrandt is approaching with another handful of clocks when he hears a clatter from the entrance. Curious, he sets aside the clocks.

REMBRANDT
 (to the others)
 Guys?
 (they look up from their
 clocks)
 I think I hear something --

Rembrandt climbs the stairs towards the tunnel entrance. Wade, Arturo and Maggie follow. Rembrandt stands at the open doorway to the entry tunnel -- and spies the scavengers with Razor in the lead.

The scavengers roar and charge forward. Rembrandt dives for the heavy metal door on the left while Arturo leaps towards the door on the right. Both begin sliding the doors shut --

ARTURO
 Ms. Welles! The wall lever! It's a
 locking mechanism!

Wade rockets towards the lever. She grabs it. Begins tugging it downwards while Rembrandt and Arturo work on the doors, urgently trying to shift them shut before the scavengers make it through.

The doors are two feet apart when Razor manages to dive through the opening and end up a heap on the floor at Maggie's feet -- a second before Rembrandt and Arturo close the doors completely.

Wade gives the wall lever one last tug and there's an audible CLAMPING SOUND from the doors.

The scavengers can be heard from the other side shouting threats and calling to Razor. Razor stands, shouting towards the closed doors --

RAZOR
 All of you! Lever the doors! Break
 them down! Break them --

And then Maggie promptly punches Razor in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP - DAY

Quinn and Laurel step inside the watchmaker's shop.

There's a central table strewn with an assortment of old parts. The display cases have been smashed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Every wall is covered by mostly bare shelves holding a few old-fashioned clocks.

There is a shopkeep's counter and cash register at the back.

No one is here aside from Quinn and Laurel.

LAUREL

What makes you think this place
hasn't been looted?

QUINN

Sure, all the stones and cash are
gone -- but I imagine the precision
work tools and small-scale parts
are still around.

Laurel skips ahead of Quinn. But then her foot lands on top a loose sheet of paper on the floor. She slips and loses her balance. She falls backwards.

Quinn catches her by the shoulder. She spins around, facing him, still falling downward. Quinn grabs her by the waist just in time.

And then they remain in this position, Quinn holding Laurel by the waist. Man and girl. Closer than ever.

Quinn stares at Laurel. His eyes searching hers as though she's the greatest mystery in all existence.

LAUREL

I'm gay.

Quinn sets Laurel back on her feet and withdraws his hands.

QUINN

Huh?

He steps past her and starts looking about the parts on the table and the near-empty shelves.

LAUREL

I'm not into boys. Or men. Although
you've totally got this
thirtysomething football player
look going for you even though you
have to be like forty --

Quinn barely seems to be listening.

QUINN

Uh-huh.

LAUREL

And I'm young and impressionable
and will react positively to
attention from people who seem
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL (cont'd)
older and cooler and if you took
advantage of that for your own
physical gratification, you would
be an ass.

QUINN
I agree. I think this ground
level's a showroom; the workshop's
upstairs and so are the tools.

It's as though Quinn has completely forgotten this peculiar
moment of offbeat intimacy. He spots a set of stairs behind
the cash register and moves towards them. Laurel follows.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Maggie expertly twists Razor's arms behind him and marches
him down the stairs.

RAZOR
Your fancy door isn't going to hold
my people back for long!

At the foot of the stairs, Maggie punches Razor in the
stomach. He topples and Maggie directs his falling form
towards a chair. She promptly ties him to it with rope as
Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo approach.

REMBRANDT
(to Razor)
Why're you after us, man? You got
your water!

RAZOR
And now we want Ms. Beckett. Mr.
Hall needs to remind everyone of
the cost of desertion.

He strains against his bonds.

ARTURO
I assume this cannot be paid in
installments.

MAGGIE
The deal with Hall -- he keeps our
bodies Teslanium free. But then our
bodies belong to him. There's a
lottery system on who he takes.

WADE
Takes for what?

RAZOR
For all their Teslanium-free
organs.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAZOR (cont'd)
And traitors get taken first.
You're not exactly a video vixen
anymore, Beckett, but I'm sure
we'll find a market rate for your
heart and lungs and eyes --

Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo are horrified.

And then there's renewed shouting and the sound of metal
against metal from the other side of the door.

RAZOR (cont'd)
(to Maggie)
My guys are going to break through.
Your friends bought you one more
day, but this is the world and your
ending stays the same.

He locks eyes with Maggie, then turns his head towards the
sliders.

RAZOR (cont'd)
I'm sure she comes off as a real
comrade in arms to you people. She
was the same with me. Then she
found out about that water. And
then me and everyone else were all
just in her way.

Maggie looks away for a moment as the sliders react.

RAZOR (cont'd)
How soon before you turn on the
good Samaritans here, Beckett?

Maggie stares blankly at the table with the batteries. The
wrenches and hammers. Without turning around --

MAGGIE
If you had anyone out there, you'd
take any shot at getting back to
them. Same as me.

RAZOR
Believe me, Mags, I'd love to let
you go -- but there's plenty
looking to take my spot as Hall's
right-hand man. Can't let them
think Razor's lost his edge.

Maggie nods, almost to herself.

MAGGIE
Then I'm sure you'll understand.

She yanks a wrench from the worktable and strides over to
Razor. Before Wade, Rembrandt or Arturo can react, Maggie
raises the wrench and swings it straight into Razor's skull.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP - DAY

We're on an upper floor. The shelves are filled with scattered parts and tools. Quinn sits at a desk where he's cleared some space. Three disassembled doomsday clocks sit before him as he works with the tiny screwdrivers to remove small, fine components.

He peers at the chips intently as Laurel walks up with an armful of doomsday clocks.

LAUREL

So, we got the capacitors, got the mainsprings -- how soon 'til the power adapter's done?

Quinn continues to peer thoughtfully at the dismantled clocks, but slides over four small cylinders connected to a coil of wire.

QUINN

Four adapters for the four cylinders in Maggie's engine. Now, more importantly, we need to find out what's going on with these clocks --

LAUREL

"More importantly?"

Quinn doesn't turn around, focused entirely on a fourth doomsday clock he's now disassembling.

LAUREL (cont'd)

(holds up one adapter)

You didn't come for this, did you?

QUINN

I needed a springbar and a precision needle applicator to open up the clocks without breaking the mechanisms.

LAUREL

So you came for the clockwork --

QUINN

(not looking up)

Following the neutrino signal brought us to this universe. These clocks have to be related to your reality issues --

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

Is this all this is to you? Some puzzle? Rembrandt said that lady was your friend --

Quinn tenses, but he focuses on his clocks.

QUINN

I'm trying to help her and you and anyone who lives in any reality. The neutrino stream brought us to this world -- to these objects. There's got to be a reason --

LAUREL

You lied --

QUINN

I didn't say anything that wasn't true --

LAUREL

Why are you always lying to them? Lying to them about why you've been hiding for fourteen years. Lying to them about helping Maggie --

QUINN

I have helped Maggie. Her problem's solved. These clocks, on the other hand --

He returns to his examination. Laurel stares at Quinn's back, at this unknowable, alien figure. She retreats. Finds herself going back downstairs.

She's descended to the lower level of the shop. And she's just walked past the cash register when she finds herself face to face with FIVE burly and malevolent looking men. It's the SCAVENGERS.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Arturo looks at Razor's slumped over body in horror. Then he turns on Maggie. Enraged. Maggie barely seems to notice, stepping away from Razor and dropping the bloody wrench to the floor.

ARTURO

He was our prisoner! He was defenseless! He was --

MAGGIE

He would've gotten loose.
(moving away)
The secondary exit's this way --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO
(following)
That man was --

REMBRANDT
It's over, Professor! We got no
time to fight about it now!

He starts after Maggie. Wade casts a pained look at Razor and motions for the Professor to follow. Grimacing, the Professor moves.

They go up the back staircase of the lower level. And at the back wall, they find another hatch like the one on the surface. With a wheel to be turned.

Rembrandt and Maggie grip the wheel and begin to turn it. It turns an inch and no more.

ARTURO
Magnetically sealed!

Wade pulls out the timer, flips it open, looks at it blankly and hands it to Arturo.

ARTURO (cont'd)
I believe Mr. Mallory located the
correct resonance. I simply need
time --

Wade, Rembrandt and Maggie look back at the other end of the bunker. At the primary entrance with the scavengers behind the two doors. They see the two sliding doors begin to shift.

They see the tip of a crowbar appearing between the two doors as the scavengers lever them open.

ARTURO (cont'd)
(tapping a key)
I think I have it!

He points the timer at the wheel. But the wheel doesn't turn. Wade and Rembrandt try to turn the wheel and find it's loosened. It turns another few inches before it stops again.

ARTURO (cont'd)
Incremental progress! We must
continue --

MAGGIE
(moving away)
And I'll buy you some time.

Arturo continues to work the timer while Wade and Rembrandt work the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And we FOLLOW MAGGIE as she walks back to the stairs and returns to the sub-level of the bunker. As she moves closer to the entrance doors, the entrance doors begin to separate even farther as the scavengers work them apart.

Maggie looks left and right, looking for some means, some measure -- and then she looks up at the ceiling and the intricate network of pipes.

CUT TO:

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP - DAY

The five scavengers advance on Laurel. She backs away hesitantly.

LAUREL
(shouting)
There's no water here!

SCAVENGER #1
But there's you -- and you're a
little ragged, but what's inside
you's worth our time.

LAUREL
What's inside me?

SCAVENGER #2
(to his four other friends)
Look at that skin -- no organ
failure there. No Teslanium running
through those veins. Dibs on the
kidneys.

SCAVENGER #3
Fine by me so long as I get the
lungs --

And then Quinn comes down the stairs, holding an opened up doomsday clock. Staring at it. Not looking at any of the scavengers or even Laurel.

QUINN
Hey, Laurel, would you take a look
at this? I think the battery's in a
strange state --

He steps in front of Laurel and TOSSES the clock to the first scavenger, who instinctively catches it. And then the clock SPARKS. The scavenger's sleeve catches on fire.

The scavenger roars with fright and pain -- and Quinn throws a fist straight into his temple. The man drops like a stone -- and then the second scavenger leaps at Quinn.

Slamming Quinn into the wall -- and then RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL and into the shop next door.

CONTINUED:

As we hear crashing noises from next door, the remaining three scavengers move towards Laurel. A scavenger grabs Laurel by the arm. Instinctively, Laurel grabs his wrist and twists his arm. Then thrusts a knee straight into his stomach.

The man cries out and pushes Laurel away in a pained shove. Knocking her to the floor. And Laurel rolls under the center table in the room.

The man regains composure and crawls under the table, after Laurel -- and Laurel frantically rolls to the other end of the table and leaps on top of it.

Her weight is too much for the worn table legs and one end of the table goes down, LANDING RIGHT ON TOP of her assailant. Pinning him. He flails limply like a swatted fly.

Laurel ignores him, now turning her attention to the other two scavengers in the room. They stand at the other end of the table.

One moves along the side of the table, moving for Laurel --

And she runs up the table. Using it as an uphill ramp. Leaping over the outstretched hands of the scavenger reaching for her. Running towards the scavenger at the end of the table. Building momentum.

And then she leaps towards him. High enough to BOUND OFF the top of his head and ONTO THE BOOKSHELF behind him. She lands on top of THE SHELF. Her weight causes the shelf to topple over.

Laurel scrambles onto the top-side of the shelf. The bottom side drops directly ON TOP OF the scavenger and flattens him.

And Laurel remains in a crouch as the final scavenger approaches. She shifts her footing slightly, dislodging a loose plank from the shelf.

SCAVENGER

(approaching)

Thanks for the help, little girl --
you just widened my slice of the
pie --

Laurel KICKS the plank upward and grabs it in mid-air. She thrusts the narrow-end straight into the scavenger's jaw. He howls and Laurel swings the plank into the side of his head. He goes down --

Just as the SCAVENGER who attacked Quinn comes FLYING BACK THROUGH the hole in the wall. The scavenger lands on the ground insensate.

Quinn steps back in.

CONTINUED:

And Quinn looks around the watchmaker's shop. At Laurel, a 15-year-old girl standing in the wreckage with the three grown men she's left unconscious on the floor.

QUINN
Interesting.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Once again, we see the intricate network of pipeworks lining the ceilings and walls of the bunker. Shot after shot after shot and then we go to the rear exit door and to the sliders.

Rembrandt and Wade are struggling with turning the hatch wheel. Arturo works the timer and aims it at the wheel again.

ARTURO
Did that make it looser?

WADE
That made it tighter!!

ARTURO
Very good, we're narrowing down the range of settings --

Rembrandt casts a frustrated look at Arturo as we --

CUT TO:

A shot of Maggie rushing to a wall. A wall where there's junction in the pipeworks. A junction with a valve and a blue lever handle.

Maggie looks up at the ceiling, her eyes following the pipeworks -- and then she twists the valve handle to point in the opposite direction.

And then we CUT TO Maggie at another pipe junction at another valve -- and yanking the lever to point in the other direction. And then another shot of Maggie doing the same at another point in the pipes. And then another.

And then we CUT TO the front entrance with the sliding doors. The doors part by another foot -- and the scavengers begin to SQUEEZE THROUGH the gap and move towards the stairs.

WE RETURN TO the sliders at the back exit. Arturo taps another control on the timer, then stuffs the device into a pocket.

WADE
Don't tell me you're giving up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO
(putting his hands to the
wheel)
This is as good as it gets! Push!
Push, Mr. Brown!

REMBRANDT
You're giving me flashbacks to my
pregnancy!

ARTURO
I wasn't there for that!

CUT TO:

MAGGIE, standing to one side of the sub-level, watching the
TEN SCAVENGERS descend. She continues to move from valve to
valve, making her adjustments.

As the scavengers reach the foot of the staircase, one spies
Razor slumped over in his chair and howls with glee.

SCAVENGER
Razor's down! I want his boots!

A second scavenger ignores this.

SCAVENGER #2
Help yourself. I want Beckett's
liver!

This scavenger walks towards Maggie and his friends follow.

Maggie is standing by another valve in the pipes with
another lever to pull. She looks up at the ceiling, then
moves to an alternative valve instead. Reaching for the
lever. The scavenger laughs.

SCAVENGER #2 (cont'd)
It's over, Beckett! You should've
known the second you made off with
Mr. Hall's water that this is how
it'd end!

And Maggie looks at ten scavengers converging on her.
Defiance and rage burning in her.

MAGGIE
This started with the water. Well,
here's all the water you could want
-- fresh from Fisherman's Wharf!

And she pulls the lever and twists it ninety degrees.

A moment later, there is a brief drip of water from the
ceiling. A few droplets of water splatter on the floor
between Maggie and the scavengers. Then nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCAVENGER #2

No one ever called you a rainmaker,
Beckett --

And then there's a terrible creaking, groaning sound from the pipeworks in the ceiling.

Maggie darts towards Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo, scrambling to up the stairs towards the secondary exit. And then the pipes in the ceiling above the sublevel BURST.

A TORRENT OF TESLANIUM-FILLED WATER descends and soaks the scavengers. And the water doesn't stop falling.

Maggie and the sliders are protected from the descending water by the lowered ceiling over the back exit. But the sliders see the rising water in the sublevel.

The soaked scavengers shriek and panic. Most begin to struggle back towards the way they came. Some make it to the stairs. Some are washed away into the halls of the bunker.

WADE

(to Maggie)
What did you do!?

MAGGIE

Redirected the flow of water --
overloaded the pipes --

ARTURO

And created a flood of toxic water
that will drown us unless we get
this door open!

He strains at the wheel again. The wheel shifts a fraction of an inch and then refuses to rotate any more.

ARTURO (cont'd)

I can't turn it anymore -- ! I
can't turn it anymore -- ! I --

REMBRANDT

Uh, you've turned it all the way
around.

Rembrandt pulls at the wheel and the hatch door swings open.

ARTURO

Ah.

Wade leaps through the door, Arturo hurries after her, Maggie follows and Rembrandt brings up the rear.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Quinn and Laurel charge out of the watchmaker's shop. They urgently rush back up the street along the way they came.

LAUREL
(gripping her knapsack
straps)
This was easier going downhill!

QUINN
Hurry! The scavengers followed us;
that means they found the bunker!

LAUREL
This bag is killing me --

Quinn stops, spins around and reaches for Laurel. He unclips the two buckles on her knapsack and lets it fall off her back and to the ground. Bottled water falls loose from her bag.

LAUREL (cont'd)
Don't we need the --

QUINN
Forget the supplies!

Laurel nods and sprints past Quinn. Quinn tosses his own knapsack aside -- and then freezes as he sees four ragged looking children approach from around a corner. Three girls and one boy.

They barely notice him; they dive for the two knapsacks, frantically opening them. Grabbing the bottles of water.

One girl tries to take two bottles of water where the others take one -- a scuffle ensues.

Quinn watches in horror as the greedier girl is held down by the other children, struck in the face --

QUINN (cont'd)
Stop! Stop this!

The children ignore him, each scrabbling for the water, then fighting each other. Jabbing fists into faces. Fingers into eyes. Clawing. Biting.

And Quinn rushes towards them, desperate to stop the fight --

LAUREL (OFF CAMERA)
Quinn!

Quinn whirls about. Sees Laurel, already at a distance. He looks back to the children fighting.

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Forgive me --

The children don't hear him.

We stay on Quinn. And we see the same grief that we saw in him earlier as he saw worlds die in the multiverse mapping room. The same self-loathing and shame.

He turns away from the warring children and runs, tears filling his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

Wade sprints down the tunnel. Arturo is on her trail. Then Maggie, then Rembrandt.

And then Wade nearly slams into the very end of the tunnel.

REMBRANDT

(peering past Maggie)

It's a dead end! Why are we in a dead end? Why did we unlock a door to a dead end!?

Arturo stands next to Wade, examining the wall --

ARTURO

Calm yourself, Mr. Brown. There is a ladder leading to the surface --

WADE

That hatch at the top --

ARTURO

A lever mechanism!

MAGGIE

We unlocked the interior door; the exterior door's unlocked as well!

REMBRANDT

How do you know that?

MAGGIE

Desperate optimism.

Arturo begins to climb the ladder.

ARTURO

Come along! All of you!!

When there's sufficient distance between Arturo and the ground, Wade begins to climb the ladder as well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie and Rembrandt prepare to follow -- only for a hand to grab Rembrandt by the collar and wrench him backwards.

The hand belongs to Razor. He's still alive. Drenched in the toxic water. Tatters of rope still around his wrists. His eye a bloody pulp.

RAZOR

You're not getting out of here!

Rembrandt swings his head back, hitting Razor in his destroyed eye. Razor howls and shoves Rembrandt forward. Rembrandt drops to the ground.

And then Maggie leaps forward, throwing herself over Rembrandt and towards the wall of the tunnel. Then kicks off the wall in a ricochet maneuver that has her executing a spinning kick. It catches Razor in the neck.

Rembrandt stands -- and then notices water pooling at his shoes. The water level is rising.

REMBRANDT

Maggie, we gotta go --

MAGGIE

(to Razor)

Look -- we can get out of here --

RAZOR

(spitting)

And then I can die of kidney failure on the surface?! If I don't get out, then neither do you!

Razor throws a fist at Maggie, catches her in the ribs. Maggie knees him in the groin and pushes him back --

REMBRANDT

Maggie!

Maggie doesn't take her eyes off Razor.

MAGGIE

I can handle this, Rembrandt -- get out of here now!

Rembrandt reluctantly turns to the ladder and begins to climb, his feet hitting the second rung just as the water reaches the end of the tunnel wall.

Behind him, he can hear Maggie grunt and Razor scream.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Quinn and Laurel approach the open hatch to the bunker. They look inside to see a pool of water rising. Immediately, Quinn turns away from the hatch --

QUINN

There's a secondary door --

He charges off into the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SECONDARY EXIT

We see the ladder. And Arturo climbing up, past us. Then Wade. We move down past Rembrandt to the ground level of the tunnel. We see that the water's at knee height -- and Maggie's climbing the ladder, a few feet above the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Quinn running through the woods, his face desperate and Laurel trailing behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. ASCENDING TUNNEL

The water level is now rising up the ladder, mere inches below Maggie. The soles of her feet splash against the surface of the water. We pan upwards from Rembrandt to Wade to Arturo -- who squints as sunlight suddenly shines into the tunnel.

The hatch at the top of the ladder seems to be opening of its own accord. It lifts entirely to reveal that Quinn and Laurel are waiting.

Quinn's face fills with relief at the sight of the Professor. He reaches down and helps Arturo up to the surface. Arturo turns around and does the same for Wade.

Rembrandt, still on the ladder, looks down towards Maggie. His face is jubilant. Maggie smiles, the sunlight illuminating her red hair --

And then a hand grips her leg. A face emerges from the water -- Razor. His ruined face a rictus of fury.

He yanks Maggie downward. Maggie loses her grip on the ladder. Drops two rungs before catching the third, now hip-deep in water. She cries out at the strain in her arm --

Rembrandt looks down in horror. Lowers his feet down a rung -- hoping to reach Maggie, grab her -- save her --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But the hate-fueled Razor grabs the waist of Maggie's trousers. He yanks her downward with an enraged snarl. Maggie's feet, already submerged in the water, fail to maintain purchase. Her hands slip from the ladder.

Maggie falls into the rising water of the tunnel, striking Razor as she drops. Both go down with a splash --

And Rembrandt looks on helplessly as Razor vanishes into the water and then Maggie is lost as well --

REMBRANDT

Maggie!

He waits for a moment, but the water continues to rise with no sign of his friend.

And on Rembrandt's bleak and helpless face, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

We see the exit hatch at a distance. Quinn and Arturo are reaching in. Pulling Rembrandt out by his arms. Quinn steps over the hatch, looking for Maggie. His face falls at what he doesn't see.

Rembrandt sinks to the ground, his head lowered in grief.

FADE TO:

Rembrandt, seated by the secondary entrance to the bunker. Still and unmoving. Silent.

Behind him, we see Wade and Arturo speaking to Quinn. Exhaustion and sadness in their faces. Quinn nods regretfully.

Quinn holds up the power adapters meant for Maggie's truck and sets them down at the hatchway to the bunker.

FADE TO:

Rembrandt still seated by the hatch. Alone until Laurel sits next to him.

LAUREL

Who was she?

Rembrandt stares at Laurel uncomprehendingly.

LAUREL (cont'd)

She wasn't in the *Jumpers* books.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

We met her when we were sliding.
She had no home to go back to, no
family. She was one of us.

Laurel listens sadly.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

I lost the Professor. Lost Wade.
Lost Quinn. But she stayed. Kept me
moving. Kept me fighting. Taught me
how to carry on. Saved me over and
over again.

(a halting breath)

She was my family. And I couldn't
even give her one more day --

Behind Rembrandt and Laurel, Quinn approaches. Places a hand
on Rembrandt's shoulder. Grips tightly.

And we see in Quinn's face the same grief in Rembrandt's --
and something so much worse.

FADE TO:

The sliders are assembled by the secondary entrance to the
bunker.

Quinn holds the timer and aims it in front of them. He opens
the vortex. He glances sadly at Rembrandt before stepping
into the void. Arturo, Laurel and Wade follow.

And Rembrandt gives the hatch one final look before stepping
into the gateway.

FLASHCUT TO:

The walls of the interdimensional tunnel racing past us --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The vortex opens in a side hall (fire exit) devoid of
people. The sliders emerge one by one. They look around at
the white paneling of the wall and the bright lights shining
down and reflecting off the gleaming floors.

At a distance, the sound of hundreds of conversations and
low-level chatter can be heard.

LAUREL

Where are we this time?

ARTURO

(looking about)

I believe this is Northbrook San
Francisco Shopping Center.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks down for a moment.

ARTURO (cont'd)
And judging from the waxed floors,
we can be confident that
civilization has yet to fall.

Rembrandt leads the way out of the hallway.

REMBRANDT
(shaking his head)
Oh, sure. The way our day's going,
we are totally going to walk into
some giant party where everyone's
happy and world peace has been
declared and all food is free --

They step out into the shopping center.

The sliders promptly find that main floor of the mall is dominated by a giant party. A few hundred people are walking about, chatting amiably, walking along tables that seem to extend from one end off the mall to the other.

The tables are covered in platters of food. The sliders stand before a lavish stretch of vegetables -- fresh salads, steamed vegetables, green stews, hot soups, fruit trays, tofu burgers, soy sausages -- there's at least fifty feet of table space for vegetarians and after that are bread and wraps.

People serve themselves freely. No money is exchanged.

There's suddenly a gentle chime from the mall's loudspeaker system.

ANNOUNCER (LOUDSPEAKER)
*Attention! Attention! This is to
announce that United States, the
Russian Federation, the UK, China,
India, Pakistan and North Korea
have deleted all nuclear launch
codes. This final measure of the
Curie Accord means that as of this
second, every nuclear weapon on
Earth has been disarmed.*

There's a sedate murmuring of goodwill among the people helping themselves to food and drink. The loudspeaker system begins to emit a sedate jazz with soft vocals from Louis Armstrong.

REMBRANDT
Hunnh.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sliders helping themselves to a variety of foods. Quinn approaches one of the food vendors laying out a plate of squash tacos.

QUINN
So, who pays for this?

VENDOR
Pays? As if anyone's going to worry
about something so silly!

The vendor laughs and moves on.

WADE
All these years -- I can't believe
we've found it by chance --
paradise!

QUINN
(checking the timer)
For two hours and change, anyway.

REMBRANDT
Wine and song for free for all --

LAUREL
They didn't actually dismantle the
nuclear arsenals, though. They just
threw away the keys, that's not the
same thing.
(looking at her phone)
Whoa. Free 4G service. And look
what's trending on Twitter.

Arturo and Rembrandt crowd around Laurel to look at her phone; Quinn and Wade shake their heads and pull out their own phones. Onscreen text: **#lastrites, #final-days**

The sliders exchange looks as they walk along the length of the tables.

WADE
I don't get it. Why are they acting
like it's the end of the world?

LAUREL
(looking around)
And how is the end of the world so
low-key? Where's the keggers and
the strobe lights and the orgies?

WADE
(looking at her phone)
Elsewhere. The mall's an arts and
culture zone. But why --

QUINN
Guys -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sliders have come to a central area of the mall. And in the enter of the mall is a giant pillar. It stretches from ground level up to the ceiling that's 500 feet away.

It is a pillar composed entirely of doomsday clocks. All of them blinking. Counting down. A set of lasers on the ground floor are aimed at the pillar, creating a glowing, holographic MID-AIR light-display of the countdown.

Four-and-a-half hours are left in the countdown.

ARTURO

My God.

QUINN

The clocks!

REMBRANDT

How can the clocks on the last Earth be on this one too!?

LAUREL

(producing her doomsday clock from a pocket)

And how come they're all in perfect sync?

She holds it up and the others see that the clock from the last Earth is indeed counting down from four-and-a-half hours -- same as all the clocks in the pillar.

Wade looks at a nearby plaque on a stand.

WADE

This is a Guy Laramée and Cornelia Konrads piece.

ARTURO

I believe Ms. Konrads' distinctive trait is creating the illusion of levitation.

QUINN

(looking at the pillar)

There's a central support strut -- a giant pole at the center of all the clocks. It's using an electromagnet to hold all the clocks to its height.

REMBRANDT

And the hologram?

Quinn gestures to the floor around the pillar. There are eight spotlights mounted to the floor, attached to rotating bases that allow them to turn and rotate to angle their beams at the clocks. But no visible light is coming from them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Laser emitters -- and there must be
humidifier vents built into the
pole -- releasing steam the lasers
use as a photographic plate.

The sliders are studying the pillar and the holographic
countdown as people pass by indifferently -- and then a
woman runs in front of the sliders and past them in a mad
dash.

As she speeds away, Rembrandt recognizes her.

REMBRANDT

It's Maggie --

ARTURO

What, again!?

Arturo's face forms a protest as Rembrandt steps away from
the group in Maggie's direction.

ARTURO (cont'd)

(warning)

Mr. Brown --

REMBRANDT

She's running from something --

WADE

We don't know what she's running
from --

REMBRANDT

I gotta help her --

ARTURO

Mr. Brown! We must examine the
clocks!

REMBRANDT

And I appreciate you pointing to my
expertise in clockwork, but how
about you and Q-Ball handle this
one?

Arturo turns to Quinn.

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory! Talk some sense into
the man!

Quinn steps towards Rembrandt forcefully. He reaches for
Rembrandt and pulls the knapsack off his back.

QUINN

If you're going to go after Maggie,
you'd better travel light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He swiftly unzips the bag, reaches in and pulls out a handful of cash and the smartphone. He hands the cash and phone to Rembrandt.

QUINN (cont'd)
Do what you have to do, Remmy --
just get back here for the slide!

WADE
(protesting)
Quinn!

REMBRANDT
(warmly)
Quinn!

Quinn nods encouragingly and Rembrandt turns and follows after the Maggie double, leaving the sliders behind.

ARTURO
How can you encourage that
blundering trauma victim to venture
off alone into an unknown world?

QUINN
You realize that of all of us,
Rembrandt's the only one who didn't
die.
(as the Professor reacts
with a growl)
Hey, a toy store! I think they have
Lego! Laurel, let's check it out!

He pulls Laurel past a baffled Wade and Arturo.

CUT TO:

Rembrandt chasing Maggie. He turns a corner. And sees her cornered by four men in black.

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

Quinn and Laurel are sitting at a kids' table and have opened up a Lego set of a library. They have constructed a replica of the watchmaker's shop with the shelf and tables.

Six Lego figurines are in the playset: two represent Laurel and Quinn, five represent the scavengers. Quinn removes two of the figurines --

QUINN
So, while I was engaged in a polite
dispute with henchman number two,
you were defeating three grown men
in hand-to-hand combat?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laurel reaches into the playset, moving her figurine under the table. Then has the scavenger figurine crawl under after her.

LAUREL
(moving the figurines)
Then I dived on top of the table
and it collapsed on his head.
Started running up the table --

She recreates how she leapt onto the bookshelf and brought it down on top of the other scavenger.

LAUREL (cont'd)
I beat the last guy pretty good
with a wooden plank.

Quinn nods, satisfied, and rises from the play table.

QUINN
Alright. That explains it.

LAUREL
Explains what? I've never been in a
fight! How did I do that?

As a confused Laurel follows Quinn, we --

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Rembrandt stands at a distance, unnoticed by the four men in black who've surrounded Maggie Beckett.

MIB #1
Agent Margaret Allison Beckett, we
politely request your presence at
the local branch of the Department
of Defense.

MIB #2
The Department of Homeland Security
also petitions for the pleasure of
your company.

MIB #3
And the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco,
Firearms and Explosives would also
like a word about your recent data-
theft. And that guy --
(pointing to MIB #4)
He's from the Census Bureau and the
Federal Trade Commission.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

(a smirk)

My calendar's a little full. Why
don't you guys call me next week?

All four men in black draw guns.

MIB #2

We'd really appreciate it if you'd
find an opening in your day --

At this point, Rembrandt instinctively rushes forward
towards the men in black -- and slips on a recently mopped
patch of ground.

He slides forward awkwardly, legs coming out from beneath
him. As the men in black and Maggie turn to see him --

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

Quinn is standing by the cash register, speaking to Laurel.

QUINN

Spatial contextual awareness. An
instinctive grasp of your
surroundings, the distance between
objects and individuals and an
awareness of how to use it to your
advantage.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL

Rembrandt falls backwards and lands on his rear painfully.
He yelps in pain as he slides forward on the slippery floor
-- directly into the first man in black, knocking him over.
The gun drops.

REMBRANDT

Oh man, I am so sorry --

As the second man in black turns towards his associate,
Rembrandt flails, his legs going into the air. One foot
catches the man in black directly in the stomach and he
third, also bringing him down.

QUINN (VOICEOVER)

*It's an innate ability that some
people have -- often unlocked by
adrenaline.*

From the ground, Rembrandt plucks one of the dropped guns
from floor. Throws out his other arm to sweep away the other
two pistols. Leaps to his feet and stands to the right of
the fourth-and-final man in black.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rembrandt's gun-arm immediately goes to waist level, aimed directly at the fourth man's stomach.

REMBRANDT
(to the fallen agents)
Stay on the ground!

The final standing man in black still has his gun trained on Maggie. Rembrandt lightly jabs his gun into the man's ribs and he reluctantly lowers his weapon.

Maggie gapes at Rembrandt.

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

QUINN
Most people experience fear and freeze. But there are some who have certain adrenal responses. Where they're threatened or they see someone threatened -- and it triggers something in them. Something beyond flight or fight.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Rembrandt holds his gun. The final man in black tosses his weapon to the ground and Rembrandt kicks it away.

REMBRANDT
Maggie. I'm here to help you.

Maggie sizes Rembrandt up with a glance. Nods, then motions towards an exit before breaking into a run. Rembrandt sprints after her.

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

QUINN
It triggers an understanding of the obstacles between surrender and survival and the most effective means of reaching the latter. It's often found in people like --

LAUREL
Assassins? Spies! Marines? Navy
SEALS! Shaolin monks!

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Maggie dashes towards a nearby car -- a nondescript Toyota Camry. We see Rembrandt right behind her.

QUINN (VOICEOVER)
Sliders.

We CUT DIRECTLY to Maggie in the driver's seat and Rembrandt climbing into the passenger side.

Maggie guns the engine and the car speeds off while Rembrandt is fastening his seatbelt.

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

Quinn and Laurel are standing at the cashier.

QUINN
(to the cashier)
How much for the library set?

The cashier is working on a detailed model of a 1910 battleship and deeply uninterested in Quinn and Laurel.

CASHIER
Whatever. Help yourselves.

As the cashier attaches a secondary gun to a wing turret of the model ship, Arturo and Wade walk in.

ARTURO
Alright, Mr. Mallory, we did as instructed.

WADE
Walked in a circle around the mall
and counted to three hundred -- now
will you tell us why?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Maggie's Camry speeds past on strangely clear downtown streets.

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie's eyes are fixed on the road. Rembrandt glances uneasily at this stranger he considers a dear friend, ally and comrade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Like I said, I'm here to help you.
My name's Rembrandt Brown, I'm --

MAGGIE

I know who you are.

Rembrandt stiffens with surprise and unease.

REMBRANDT

You do -- ?

MAGGIE

The General's been in the trade
since 1971. I can spot one of his
trainees a mile away.

Rembrandt is baffled, but manages to nod in agreement.

REMBRANDT

(cautiously)
Should've known you could tell.

MAGGIE

Please. That spastic fighting
style? Pretending to be a hapless
civilian? Faking a fall to disable
and disarm? My father taught me
that stuff too.

Understanding begins to dawn on Rembrandt.

REMBRANDT

(with a smile)
You were a --
(pauses)
Your dad -- is a heckuva teacher.

MAGGIE

I told him to stay out of this.
This mission's off book. But I knew
he wouldn't be able to stop himself
from sending help.

REMBRANDT

I'll do whatever I can, Maggie.

He pauses, trying to tell the truth inside a lie.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

I owe your family a lot and your
dad told me all about you. He'd do
anything for you.

Maggie steers into a left-turn lane, braking the car briefly
to spare Rembrandt a quick look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

If I'm reading you right, you've seen some crazy shit. Long periods undercover in false identities? Traumatic incidents. And you've seen war zone combat.

REMBRANDT

(astonished)

How can you know all that?

MAGGIE

When you grabbed the gun, your hands were rock-steady. Now there's a tremor. Probably goes away when you're in the zone.

REMBRANDT

Tom sent me out here without a full briefing, Maggie. What are we doing tonight?

Maggie grins and there's a glint of devil-may-care madness in her eyes.

MAGGIE

We're going to find the truth about the doomsday clocks.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

Quinn, Wade, Arturo and Laurel are seated in the food court. None of the food vendors are open; all business has moved to the food tables.

Instead, the food court has been repurposed into an area for the arts. People are creating sculptures and paintings, others are urgently typing on laptops, some are working with odd mechanical parts.

At the sliders' table: Quinn holds out his hands and Wade and Arturo hand over their phones. Quinn taps the screens lightly, puts them on the table, then pulls out the timer.

QUINN

On worlds with an active cellular data network, we can skip over watching TV and reading the papers to figure out what's going on.

He taps briefly on the timer.

QUINN (cont'd)

A few turns around a population center and the timer can collate
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
and compare data and give us a
summary of local history.

He taps the timer on Wade's phone, then Arturo's. Laurel holds out her phone and Quinn taps the timer on her phone as well. Wade, Arturo and Laurel take back their phones and begin reading.

ARTURO
Historical summaries side-by-side
-- our world's and theirs. Most
ingenious, my boy!

LAUREL
(to the Professor)
But how do we move the story along
if the Jumpers can find out what's
going on with no risk or danger?

As Wade rolls her eyes and Arturo looks concerned about his next *Jumpers* book, ONSCREEN TEXT appears. Representing what the sliders are reading.

It scrolls by so fast it can't be read, but individual pieces of text rise from the scrolling words. **April 1995 - Oklahoma.**

WADE
The federal building bombing -- on
our world, that was the work of two
crazy people. But on this world, it
was the start of a nationwide
attack.

ARTURO
There were subsequent incidents. An
explosion in Baltimore, a train
derailment in Arizona, the
hijacking of a Federal Express
flight in Tennessee --

WADE
Wait, wait! Those happened on our
world too!

LAUREL
On our world, those didn't have
anything to do with each other. But
on this world --

WADE
(peering at her phone)
They were part of a coordinated
terrorist attack?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

On the contrary. These incidents were reported as a coordinated terrorist attack. But the evidence runs counter to such a theory. The Oklahoma bombing was the work of two extremists a thousand miles from the Arizona derailment. And the Baltimore explosion was due to a ruptured gas line.

Arturo thumbs the phone some more, scrolling.

ARTURO (cont'd)

The first divergence in history is not in the events as they transpired, but rather the events as they were reported and remembered.

In the scrolling text, another line pops out from the rest.
Unabomber.

LAUREL

On our Earth, the Unabomber set off sixteen bombs.

ARTURO

In this version of history, 1995 seems to have encouraged him to heighten production; he went from a few attacks a year to a minimum of twenty a month --

WADE

Or was he just getting in the papers twenty times a month?

ARTURO

Either way, it created the false impression that the United States was under siege. Leading to an atmosphere of panic.

Onscreen text continues to scroll until another sentence pops out: **Chicago heat wave.**

LAUREL

We had a class on the Chicago heat wave -- that was a little over seven hundred deaths, but here, it's reported as over three thousand -- but I think they fudged the numbers by including deaths from people who were already sick or old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Various years jump out of the scrolling text -- **1998, 1999, 2001.**

WADE

The 1998 listeriosis outbreak in our world killed fourteen people -- on this world, it also triggered a nationwide food shortage because of mass recalls.

LAUREL

School shooters were reported as sleeper agents brainwashed by Ukrainian neo-Nazis, creating friction in diplomatic relations --

WADE

The American Airlines Flight 587 crash was portrayed as a post 9-11 terrorist attack --

ARTURO

And so it continues.

The scrolling text stops.

ARTURO (cont'd)

This world experienced the same events as ours, but their recollections were heightened by hysteria and exaggeration. Fueling panic and fear --

QUINN

(studying his timer screen)
Which makes this the absolute worst environment to receive these mystery clocks.

He looks up.

QUINN (cont'd)

The clocks arrived in 2011, just like on the last Earth -- counting down from four years. And just a few weeks before the tornadoes that ravaged seven states.

WADE

(glancing at her phone)
And the dates of those disasters -- those are dates where the countdown jumped ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

(nodding)

Indeed. With each subsequent incident -- the 2012 cyclones, the attack on the Los Angeles airport, the Influenza outbreak in India -- the countdown sped up, at specific moments when these situations reached a global scale or were reported as such.

WADE

Wait -- wait -- so the countdown is affected by news reports?

ARTURO

There are numerous statistical studies which determined that each increase coincided with the planet losing significant capacity to sustain human life.

Arturo looks up from his phone grimly.

ARTURO (cont'd)

The clocks have become part of this world's mythology and iconography. The general population is convinced that they count down to the end of the world.

LAUREL

How can the clocks be synced to events?

QUINN

And who paid for these studies?

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie is still driving.

MAGGIE

His name is Hall.

We see through the car windows that the sky is beginning to darken.

REMBRANDT

Jameson Hall?

MAGGIE

(amazed)

Yes. That's black-level data. How can you know that name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

The man's a ghost. Seems to be everywhere and nowhere --

At a loss for how to continue, Rembrandt attempts an expression that seems mysterious and thoughtful.

MAGGIE

Well, I know where he is tonight.

REMBRANDT

How can you know that?

MAGGIE

Months working entry level jobs at credit firms, weeks of moonlighting at maintenance companies, and I finally got a fix on him. He left a trail with his hedge fund.

REMBRANDT

What's he funding?

MAGGIE

The statistical analysis of major-disasters coinciding with the doomsday clock countdowns. The art displays. The research firms. The religions. The stuffed animals. The jigsaw puzzle sets.

REMBRANDT

He could just be looking to capitalize on something popular -- who wouldn't be?

MAGGIE

The money trail shows the funds being strategically deposited to bankroll all this as early as 2009.

REMBRANDT

Three years before the clocks landed?

MAGGIE

Hall knew they were coming. And he made sure the clocks would constantly be in the public eye.

(a beat)

And getting a name and location meant stealing privileged information -- from the Department of Defense, Homeland Security, the Federal Trade Commission, the ATF and Census Bureau --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Whoa.

MAGGIE

I pinpointed the central point of Hall's transactions. It's the top floor of a skyscraper. But he shifts his location once a week. We're going to find him tonight and ask him to explain himself.

REMBRANDT

What's this skyscraper?

MAGGIE

Millennial Tower. Seventy-five floors high, top rate security with mobile steel walls, biometric scanners and blinding fog devices.

(making a turn)

Also a private army of Aegis and Blackwater troops guarding floors thirty to seventy with shotguns and semi-autos. Rumors of a drone force in adjacent buildings.

Maggie brakes the car and it screeches to a halt.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

We've two Glocks, one Sig Sauer and a smartwatch. No climbing gear, no IDs or passes, and I had to ditch my body armor this morning.

Rembrandt's smile vanishes from his face.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - EVENING

Quinn, Wade, Arturo and Laurel are now sitting, looking at the clocks. Quinn has laid out his tools taken from the watchmaker's shop on the previous Earth.

ARTURO

Is there video footage of the clocks' arrival on this Earth?

Laurel, looking at her phone, shakes her head.

WADE

Every camera on Earth went dead for thirty seconds and then the clocks were here. The cameras didn't stop working -- it's like there was no image data to record.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

An electromagnetic burst that polarizes light and prevents video recording.

(to Arturo)

Sound familiar?

ARTURO

Indeed -- reminiscent of the internal energies of an interdimensional tunnel.

(holding up one of the clocks as well)

Mr. Mallory, in your examination of the internals, did you find anything resembling a transmitter?

QUINN

Not so much as an antenna, Professor. And yet, these clocks are in perfect sync between dimensions.

WADE

That's impossible. There's no such thing as a perfect clock. Every chip makes rounding errors, every crystal's oscillation changes -- even an atomic clock loses a second every one-hundred-and-thirty-eight million years.

LAUREL

You're a guidance counselor! When did you become a computer expert?

WADE

I teach afternoon comp-sci -- and you need to show up to class.

At that, Laurel raises her hand like she's in school. Wade and Arturo ignore her.

QUINN

(beaming at Laurel)

Yes?

LAUREL

Sorry -- why does interdimensional tunnel nuke video recording?

(holds up her phone)

And why doesn't it short this out? Or the timer? Or the clocks?

Arturo begins to pry open the back of the clock with Quinn's springbar tool.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

(to Arturo)

Use the needle applicator.

(to Laurel)

When we open a vortex, it looks like a doorway to a tunnel. It's not. It's a complex extra-dimensional event. A symplectic manifold equation -- a mathematical construct mapped to three-dimensional space.

ARTURO

Quinn -- the clocks --

QUINN

The vortex represents a point of exchange. The human body -- and all matter, really -- is essentially frozen light that's been stilled to the point of solidity.

ARTURO

What? That's an absurd metaphorical simplification!

QUINN

The wormhole converts us into a photonic form that can exist within the interdimension as mathematical data -- specifically wave-particle functions that can then be converted that can be restructured within an alternate reality.

Laurel gazes at Quinn with amazement. Arturo looks disgusted.

ARTURO

If you've quite finished -- the clocks appear to use crystal-oscillation -- odd for a digital clock.

WADE

(leaning over)

Professor, the crystal mechanism doesn't seem to have a piezoelectric resonator --

LAUREL

(to Quinn)

So a camera can't take a picture -- because inside the wormhole, it's not a camera anymore. It's a mathematical concept --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Yeah!

LAUREL

So if the vortex is just a mathematical function, why does it have a front and back? I mean, the back of the vortex doesn't look like an opening.

QUINN

The front and the back -- they're a physical manifestation of the spatial and momentum coordinates of the function --

LAUREL

So what would happen if you walked through the back of the vortex?

QUINN

Nothing. It's not really there. That said, I've found that light passing through the back of the vortex becomes circularly polarized and it has a weird demagnetizing effect --

Arturo begins to glower at Quinn's inattention to the clocks. Quinn doesn't seem notice.

LAUREL

Demagnetizing?

QUINN

Yeah! I put a laser through the back of the vortex once just to see what would happen. The light came out the other side, hit my fridge and all the magnets fell off. Wiped all my credit cards, too.

ARTURO

(pounding on the table)
Mr. Mallory! Will you cease your prattling and focus on the clocks!?!

Laurel jumps.

ARTURO (cont'd)

(glaring at Laurel)
Could this mindless trivia be deferred to a time when we are not concerned with the mystery of your fractured existence?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laurel, reacting more to Arturo's tone than anything he said, makes a fist. Wade grabs Laurel by the arms and yanks her from her chair and away from the table.

WADE
(pulling Laurel away)
Hey, have we told you about the
world where scientists were revered
as athletes -- ?

LAUREL
(resisting)
That was *Jumpers* - Book One,
Adventure Seven.

WADE
Well. There was an Earth where the
sky was purple.

Laurel, suddenly intrigued, allows Wade to draw her away.

LAUREL
Yeah? Tell me more --

The ladies leave Quinn and Arturo alone. Arturo gives Quinn an ugly scowl as he plants a clock before Quinn.

QUINN
(picking up the clock)
Weird. Extended exposition usually
drives women away. Always worked on
Wade. And Maggie. And Mom. Although
it probably wouldn't have worked on
Diana --

ARTURO
Hmph.
(grudging respect)
I suppose Ms. Hills is that unusual
creature -- a child of the twenty-
first century fascinated by the
wonders of mathematics.

QUINN
Oh, yeah. And have you noticed how
she's been rewriting all your
memories?

Off Arturo's startled expression --

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIAL TOWER - EVENING

Rembrandt and Maggie stand before the terrifying skyscraper. The Millennial Tower of San Francisco. It looks to be made of cold, black stone -- actually windows lit and coated to look like they're made of empty shadow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A round fountain stands between our two friends and the front door. Rembrandt leans around the fountain's stream of water to look uncertainly at the Tower.

Maggie looks at her wrist -- specifically, at the smartwatch on her wrist. She taps the screen.

MAGGIE

The sun goes down in thirty minutes. That's our best window for entry.

REMBRANDT

This building is weird -- I can't even see my own reflection in it!

MAGGIE

Our best bet's to take out every guard we see. We'll be looking at sentries posted every twenty feet. Snipers in the upper atrium.

Rembrandt looks sickened. Maggie continues.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Gunfire should tell us where the snipers are. Odds are that only one of us makes it through, at which point --

REMBRANDT

(looking off camera)

Hey -- is that an air conditioning repair office across the street?

CUT TO:

INT. MILLENNIAL TOWER, FRONT HALL - EVENING

Rembrandt and Maggie stride through into the lobby, wearing the blue uniforms of Alliance Heating and Cooling. Maggie drags a case on wheels behind them, presumably their repair equipment.

The front hall is a massive space, the walls lined with abstract sculptures of glass and steel.

At the far back of the lobby is a wide counter-area at which a single receptionist is seated. Rembrandt and Maggie approach.

The receptionist stands and Rembrandt recognizes him. It's Elston Diggs, the bartender whom the sliders encountered in numerous Season 3 episodes.

DIGGS

Well, hello there! What brings a nice couple like yourselves to the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIGGS (cont'd)
tallest building in San Francisco?
Built in 2002, designed by famed
architect Gary Handel himself. The
building is currently in use as a
central point of economic,
sociological, scientific and
political data and development for
over a hundred companies.

Maggie casts a baffled look at Rembrandt, who completely
takes this in stride. Maggie looks back at Diggs.

MAGGIE
Are you a tour guide?

DIGGS
Guide, cook, bottle washer,
receptionist, researcher, jack of
all trades. You name it, I've
dabbled in it.

REMBRANDT
Diggs --

Rembrandt takes a moment to look at the nameplate at the
receptionist's desk to justify knowing the man's name.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
We're here on a service call -- the
seventy-fifth floor's evaporator
coils had a burst.

Maggie looks at her smartwatch briefly.

MAGGIE
Says here that the coolant's
flooding the whole unit?

DIGGS
Really? Service calls are usually
routed through --

MAGGIE
Hall called us.

Diggs instantly stands up, stopping only to take a Bluetooth
earpiece and press it into his ear.

DIGGS
Right this way.

As Maggie and Rembrandt following Diggs past the
receptionist desk, towards the elevators, we --

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - EVENING

We're back with Quinn and Arturo. Quinn has dismantled two clocks.

QUINN
Two clocks from two worlds -- and just like Wade said -- a crystal oscillation mechanism without a piezoelectric resonator.

He holds up the crystal.

QUINN (cont'd)
And this isn't the timing mechanism, either. These clocks aren't using the quartz they contain.

ARTURO
What did you mean, Ms. Hills is rewriting our memories?

QUINN
The chronometric transistor isn't keyed to the crystal.

ARTURO
I met her at a signing two years ago. She volunteered to manage my online presence, transcribe my lectures into blog entries, convert my manuscripts into digital formats. I've compensated her for her hours on a part-time basis --

QUINN
(not looking up)
Three days ago, you had a page on Goodreads, a page on Amazon and a small fan following.
(pulling a chip from the clock parts)
And then three hours after meeting Laurel, you had an extensive website with ebook exclusives and a Wikia resource.

ARTURO
But -- my home -- my car -- ninety per cent of my income comes from the success of the *Jumpers* novels!

QUINN
Yesterday morning, you were living off a six figure deal with the FOX network. They never greenlit the
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
s TV show, but they kept paying you
to keep the rights.

Arturo is flabbergasted.

QUINN (cont'd)
(pulling a transistor out
of the clock)
Rembrandt was living in a halfway
house until I sent him that lottery
ticket; he never rented Laurel's
basement -- and even if he had in
2001, how would he have recognized
her?

Quinn detaches a metallic gear from the clock.

QUINN (cont'd)
She's fifteen. She would have been
a baby.

Arturo's jaw drops. Quinn remains utterly focused on the
clocks.

QUINN (cont'd)
And there was no student with
Laurel's name registered at Wade's
school until yesterday morning.

ARTURO
How can this be possible -- ? My
memories and life, altered the
moment I laid eyes on the child --

QUINN
The neutrino stream was altering
reality. The signal was fixed on
Laurel. Like she was the receiver.
(beat)
Ever since we slid to another
Earth, the signal's been diffused.
Imprecise in its target. But the
timer was still picking it up.

Quinn holds up another piece of the clock. It looks like a
dull metal blade. Attached to a round base. It's tiny; Quinn
has to hold the base with his fingertips alone.

He raises the part to show the Professor.

QUINN (cont'd)
This doesn't belong in a clock,
quartz or digital. It's where the
crystal resonator should be. What
is it?

CONTINUED:

Arturo takes the item -- and then, seized with an idea, he reaches for Quinn's timer. He holds the timer up to the part.

ARTURO

The component is beyond my experience. But I can recognize its purpose from the timer's readings. It is a converter. Translating lepton resonance into crystal oscillation. Bypassing the quartz. Refined to receive a --

(he scowls at the converter)

To receive a neutrino stream.

Arturo looks at the clocks on the table in alarm.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Ms. Hills is no longer the receiver of the neutrino signal, Mr. Mallory. It's the clocks.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING

Rembrandt, Maggie and Diggs stand in the glass elevator that shows a view of San Francisco as they ascend. Maggie leans her case-on-wheels against one of the glass walls. Diggs taps the button on his earpiece and then turns to Maggie and Rembrandt.

DIGGS

Really a pleasure to meet Mr. Hall's friends -- never seen him in person, never even heard his voice! But anyone who knows that name gets to see this view.

MAGGIE

Beautiful.

DIGGS

Amazing man, Mr. Hall! Started as a wholesaler in the early 2000s, then started converting companies to move from physical products to producing and selling information, opinions, outlooks and forecasts. It's like he can look at the future and account for every possibility.

Maggie widens her eyes at Rembrandt, confused by Diggs' inexplicable need to drop information nobody asked for. Rembrandt shrugs. He's used to Diggs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Mr. Hall seems shy.

DIGGS

Our founder's view has always been that the work speaks for itself. That's why he's been so keen on using these so-called doomsday clocks to make everyone take a good look at the future.

REMBRANDT

You don't seem too worried about the end of the world.

DIGGS

When you work for a man like Mr. Hall, your future's assured. In four years, there hasn't been a single layoff or downsizing. No one's ever been fired. If you're here, it's because you're supposed to be here --

The elevator stops. The doors open to reveal 20 heavily armed troopers in body-armor, helmets and boots aiming shotguns and semi-automatic rifles straight into the elevator.

DIGGS (cont'd)

(stepping out of the elevator)

Except for you two. You two are not supposed to be here. Mr. Hall doesn't make phone calls.

As Rembrandt and Maggie exchange looks --

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - EVENING

Quinn and the Professor are continuing to examine the clocks.

ARTURO

The bridge rectifier and the microfarad unit --

QUINN

Identical in the clocks of both worlds. Same design. Same manufacturer.

ARTURO

No, Mr. Mallory. Look closely at the at the microfarad units from two different clocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Yeah. Both Jameco products,
probably came off the same assembly
line --

ARTURO

Look at scuffs and scratches, Mr.
Mallory.

Quinn takes picks up one of the microfarad units, peering at
the small, rectangular item. Then he looks at a second unit.
Holding them next to each other.

QUINN

They have exactly the same product
code -- and also exactly the same
scuff and scratch marks.

ARTURO

Indeed. The clocks are not mass-
produced items. They are a single
object. Somehow mapped to multiple
position in reality, held in place
by a neutrino signal.

QUINN

A single countdown on a single
clock --

ARTURO

That is somehow in billions of
locations across at least two
parallel Earths.

QUINN

Someone made these. Scattered them
this way. Why?

Arturo looks around.

ARTURO

The synchronicity with global news
reports indicates some degree of
social manipulation. To what
result?

CUT TO:

A CHEERFUL COOK.

He is standing over a steaming pot on a gas-powered range
(mini-stove). The background indicates we are still in the
shopping mall, just at a different location.

COOK

All these years, I'd dreamed of
opening my own vegetarian
restaurant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOK (cont'd)
I figured now was the time, the
mall was fine with me giving out
free food, all these other
restaurants joined in, and now I
can try out all these recipes I've
had percolating in my head for
years! Soy chili?

CUT TO:

A WOMAN WORKING ON A SCULPTURE

She looks towards us and addresses us directly.

SCULPTRESS
I've always wanted to sculpt Jesus
but with a historically correct
ethnicity.

CUT TO:

A BOY PLAYING ON A PLAYSTATION VITA

BOY
Today's the day I finish
Borderlands!

CUT TO:

A TEENAGED GIRL IN A MAGICIAN'S CAPE AND HAT

She takes off the hat, flips it over to show it's empty,
tilts it towards herself and pulls out a stuffed rabbit.

MAGICIAN
Got it! Finally got it!

CUT TO:

A YOUNG MAN TYPING URGENTLY AT A LAPTOP

He looks up towards us.

TYPIST
I gotta finish my novel before the
world ends.

And we CUT TO seeing Laurel and Wade, looking at the typist.
Laurel looks delighted, Wade looks skeptical.

LAUREL
That's fantastic!

WADE
That's stupid! If the world ends,
who's going to be alive to read it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYPIST

It'll make me happy knowing it exists.

WADE

Why do you even think the world's going to end?

The typist pauses from his work for a moment.

TYPIST

Every time those clock countdowns sped up, it was due to something ecological or bacterial -- and if you use past time-jumps matched with what caused the jumps --

WADE

You don't know what's causing them!

TYPIST

Well, whatever's coming with the end of the countdown is probably going to be extinction level. We probably won't even feel it or know it. But I should really get this done first.

Laurel nods enthusiastically at the typist and gives him a thumbs up. Wade turns away in disgust. As they walk away --

LAUREL

These people are great!

WADE

These people are sick. What's happening to them is wrong --

LAUREL

Why? Because they want to give away food? Because they want to make art and peace? Because they want to finish their books?

WADE

Because they've been told there's no tomorrow! The future's been stolen from them. No one should have to live like that, to live like us --

LAUREL

"Us"?

Wade stops in her path, realizing what she's revealed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL (cont'd)
Did you really hate sliding?
Amazing adventures, being with your
friends --

Wade looks sad.

WADE
Of course I didn't hate it. What I
hated was living on a countdown.

She puts a hand to her head for a moment.

WADE (cont'd)
I hated living with the knowledge
that nothing I did would matter to
me. I could make friends. Save
people. Organize a mayoral
campaign. Bring democracy. Restore
the Constitution. Take down the
Mafia. Liberate shopping slaves.
(a breath)
But then the timer would count down
to zero and I'd leave it all
behind.

Laurel is silent but sympathetic.

WADE (cont'd)
What happened to me was an
accident, but what's happening here
-- it's on purpose. Why?

CUT TO:

INT. MILLENNIAL TOWER, 65TH FLOOR - EVENING

Maggie and Rembrandt step out of the elevator, hands in the
air. The helmeted troopers surround them, shotguns and
rifles aimed.

They are on an unfurnished floor with no walls or
decorations. Only plain floor and the glass of the outer
walls, showing San Francisco in every direction. One of the
troopers drags the case-on-wheels out of the elevator.

DIGGS
Open that up, let's see what's
inside.

The troopers open it to reveal the case holds a metal box
with a speaker, an antenna and some dials and buttons on it.
It's a portable radio. A smartphone is plugged into the
audio jack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIGGS (cont'd)
Your ace in the hole was a civilian
band radio and an iPhone? Not much
of a plan, Beckett and Brown.

As Maggie and Rembrandt react --

DIGGS (cont'd)
Oh, yeah. We know all about you,
Beckett. Rogue agent. Freelancer.
Only client you'll work for is your
conscience. And you, Brown -- now
that is an impressive wipe job!

Diggs holds up a tablet with an FBI file showing Rembrandt's
name and photograph from 1995. We would recognize this as a
digital version of the file on Rembrandt from "Summer of
Love."

Maggie reacts to Rembrandt's photo, in which he's sporting
an afro and a white suit.

MAGGIE
What kind of undercover op was
that?

DIGGS
Rembrandt Brown! Disappeared March
22, 1995! Not a single appearance
in any system after that! Someone
went to real trouble on your
behalf, m'man.

Rembrandt reacts in astonishment to that date. His head is
churning with the implications.

DIGGS (cont'd)
So, what do you want? Might as well
tell me, because the company policy
is that knowledge of Mr. Hall has
to be treated like a cancer and
these guys --
(gesturing at the troopers)
Are the chemo crew.

MAGGIE
(sweetly)
We'd like to take the private
elevator on this floor up to the
residential suite.

REMBRANDT
(politely)
And ask Mr. Hall why in Sam Hill he
put all these wacky clocks all
across the world and works so hard
to keep 'em front and center of the
public eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIGGS
I'd say you gotta learn to live
with disappointment --

Maggie's eyes narrow.

DIGGS (cont'd)
But I think you might be about to
die with it.

Rembrandt and Maggie lock eyes.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. AIR CONDITIONING REPAIR OFFICE - EVENING

A sign on the wall reads: ALLIANCE HEATING AND COOLING. The office is closed for the day. Empty. Except for a small display case that shows aged equipment as some sort of nostalgic display for how long the business has been around.

Rembrandt and Maggie stand in the front area. Maggie is zipping up her heating and cooling repair uniform. Rembrandt is tying his bootlaces.

MAGGIE
This is ridiculous. We're going in
as AC repair?

Rembrandt reacts to her contempt in a polite but questioning tone.

REMBRANDT
Why're you doing this?

MAGGIE
What does that mean?

REMBRANDT
I mean this is an unsanctioned
mission. No one's paying you. But
you're doing it because you see
people living in fear for no reason
and you know that's gotta stop.
(beat)
It's your code. I got one too.

MAGGIE
What's that?

REMBRANDT
No killing, Maggie.

MAGGIE
Don't be a boy scout. I saw you
handle that gun. No way a guy like
you hasn't taken out his share --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Self-defense! I'm not killing security guards protecting a building to feed their kids.

MAGGIE

You think a private army of former Israeli Defense and Russian shock troops are going to let you through if you ask real nice?

REMBRANDT

You know these guys -- what kinds of gear do they have besides the guns?

MAGGIE

Infrared helmets with heads-up-displays. Every soldier would also have an off-site operator feeding them strategic data through their communications gear. It'll be on private wideband. Operating a seven-hertz frequency --

REMBRANDT

Yeah? You know -- the human brain operates on the seven-hertz frequency. The right tone at the right resonance through that kind of hardware -- it'd be like hitting the offswitch of the brain.

MAGGIE

Is that from my dad?

REMBRANDT

It's from my job. My cover job. As a sound engineer.

Rembrandt moves to the display case of aged, unused equipment being shown for nostalgia. He spots, inside the case, an extremely old SHORTWAVE RADIO SET.

REMBRANDT (CONT'D)

Look in here -- it's a Techson -- one of the models from the 70s --

MAGGIE

What're we going to do, throw that at the soldiers?

REMBRANDT

This model was made before the FCC starting restricting civilian frequency usages at the factory instead of just on the dials.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
We can probably get this to work on
the troopers' frequency --

Rembrandt pulls out his gun and bangs the handle into the display case glass. The glass doesn't even crack.

Maggie pulls out her gun and promptly shoots through the case. Rembrandt jumps.

MAGGIE
Oh, relax. This whole block's
cleared out for the night.

She steps over to the case, pulling the radio free from the shattered glass. As she examines it --

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
You know -- you might be onto
something. We just need to put some
batteries in this thing -- I think
I can use this to send our signal
-- it's even got the right audio
jack. And we can set up a remote --

REMBRANDT
Yeah! And let's use the First Lady
of Song.

Maggie looks confused as we --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. MILLENNIAL TOWER, 65TH FLOOR - EVENING

Maggie and Rembrandt still have their hands up. And then Maggie, ever so casually, brushes the SCREEN OF HER SMARTWATCH against her forehead. Triggering a button.

And we see the radio and the smartphone plugged into it. The SMARTPHONE lights up and JAZZ STARTS PLAYING. It's Ella Fitzgerald's rendition of *One Note Samba*.

We see the troopers touching their headsets, confused (to indicate is coming through their earpieces). We see Diggs touching his earpiece, baffled.

And then in the jazz can be heard a faint, BUZZING TONE -- and Diggs' eyes roll backwards and his body LOCKS INTO POSITION. He falls to his knees and, COMPLETELY STIFF, falls over on his side.

As the chord progression descends with Ella's voice, the armed troopers fall to their knees one by one. Maggie and Rembrandt stand, carefully tip-toeing around each body-locked, rigidly immobile soldier as they struggle against their brain activity betraying them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Maggie and Rembrandt shift to moving along the side of the room just as one soldier, in his stiffening state, attempts to pump his shotgun only to find he can't fire it.

And as troopers collapse and fall on their sides, Rembrandt and Maggie quietly step past them towards the private elevator while Ella Fitzgerald continues to sing.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - EVENING

Quinn looks at the clock in front of him again. Waving the timer over it.

QUINN

The neutrino signal's so diffused and scattered -- I don't think it's being sent to every clock. Just one or two. And then each clock relays it to the closest clock nearby. It's some sort of power-reduction design.

Arturo is looking around the food court at the artists working on their pieces.

ARTURO

I genuinely cannot discern if this world has been galvanized or given up.

QUINN

The clocks have everyone thinking the end is nigh --

ARTURO

As a result of what? They've no idea.

QUINN

They don't have any explanation for the clocks syncing up with disasters. Hell, we don't have any explanation --

ARTURO

The absence of explanation is cause for question, not credulity.

QUINN

You really think the world's not ending, Professor?

ARTURO

I see no evidence to suggest anything of the kind.

CONTINUED:

QUINN

Back home, we've had two economic disasters in the past decade. Antibiotic resistant strains of bacteria with almost no development on new drugs. Contaminated water and air killing over eight million a year.

Quinn looks bitter. Haunted. Lost.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'm spending my nights sliding in a couple new antibiotic formulations and faking the paperwork. Short-circuiting nuclear programs by sneaking in and crashing the hardware. I feel like we're hanging on by our fingernails --

Arturo regards his student with great sadness.

ARTURO

These are not insurmountable situations leading to inevitable outcomes. These are practical problems to be confronted with curiosity, reason and knowledge.

QUINN

Everything I know hasn't been enough --

ARTURO

Oddly for a mathematician, Mr. Mallory, you seem to have forgotten that there's strength in numbers.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR - EVENING

Maggie and Rembrandt stand in the private elevator. Unlike the glass elevator they first rode in, this one is plain and dark, although it has a digital display screen mounted above the panel of buttons.

MAGGIE

Next step -- where Mr. Hall hangs his hat.

As the doors to the elevator close --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE (cont'd)
(peering at the screen)
Window washers working this week.
Residents and renters are asked to
polarize their windows if they want
privacy.

REMBRANDT
Guess Mr. Hall's too rich to waste
time with curtains.

MAGGIE
(looking at the buttons)
Hunnh. This elevator goes directly
from the parking garage to this
reception floor -- and then up to
the residential suite.

REMBRANDT
This Hall fella likes his privacy.

MAGGIE
Hall is a fearmonger.
(shaking her head)
I know some good stuff came from
the clocks. But how can we build a
future with a countdown telling us
that time's almost up?

REMBRANDT
And how did he get eighteen billion
clocks to appear in all these
places instantaneously with nobody
seeing where they came from?

Maggie nods grimly, then draws her pistol.

MAGGIE
Rembrandt. I respect the experience
and skill it takes to go all zero-
fatality. But we don't know what's
waiting on the seventy-fifth floor.

Rembrandt hesitates. Then, reluctantly, he draws the gun he
took off the man in black in the shopping mall.

Both Maggie and Rembrandt stand ready, weapons aimed in
front of them as the elevator goes from floor 74 to 75 and
the doors open.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL FLOOR - EVENING

Rembrandt and Maggie step out of the elevator. They look
around to find luxurious furnishings. There's velvet sofas
against the windows. Paintings from Rothko and Pollock on
the inner walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a Ruijssenaars table (a block of glass and wood that floats in mid-air). The floating table is surrounded by Aresline Xten chairs (which go for 1.5 million each). There's glass dividers to break up the space. A bay of Alienware desktops, each hooked up to an individual 60-inch HDTV mounted on the glass of the outer walls.

This luxury, however, is obscured by several hundred empty soda cans littering the floors and tables. Empty packets of candy and other snack foods. Empty pizza boxes lying about on a large dining room table.

And then, at a distance, Maggie and Rembrandt spot an oval-shaped desk. A hand reaches up. Grabbing onto the surface of the desk. Then the hand yanks the body it's attached to into an upright position.

Maggie and Rembrandt gape at the T-shirt clad, glasses-wearing fortysomething. A pale face framed with lengthy dreads. An unshaven face with a rough complexion.

REMBRANDT

Bennish!?

It's Conrad Bennish Jr. at age-43.

Maggie turns to Rembrandt.

MAGGIE

You know this person? You know
Jameson Hall?

REMBRANDT

His name's Conrad Bennish Junior!
He's a scientist!

Bennish regards Rembrandt and Maggie with fuzzy confusion.

BENNISH

Are you guys here with my six pm
pizza? You're supposed to leave
them in the elevator and walk away.

He pulls off his glasses, wipes them hurriedly, puts them back on, then gawks at Maggie now that his vision is clear.

MAGGIE

This isn't Hall.

REMBRANDT

Could Hall be a fake name?

MAGGIE

Hall's a master planner! It's like
he knows what happens before it's
about to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gestures furiously at the pizza boxes, the candy wrappers, the soda cans. All the rubbish left about this luxurious suite where the chairs cost a small fortune.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
This is the home of someone who
doesn't think past his next meal!

BENNISH
Did Hall send you guys? I've been
waiting to hear back from him for
years!

REMBRANDT
Wait -- you've met him? Who is he?

BENNISH
Mr. Hall? He's Mr. Hall!

Maggie looks exasperated.

MAGGIE
The transactions! The funding! The
budget for every doomsday clock
committee and art installation and
magazine feature --

Bennish digs into his pocket, dislodging several used Kleenexes before producing what looks like a plastic card. He holds it up happily. Briefly swipes it through a card reader on the table.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
What the hell is that?

REMBRANDT
A credit card?

Bennish laughs like a hyena.

BENNISH
It's the universal key!

MAGGIE
You mean you use it to pick locks?

BENNISH
I mean it unlocks everything! Run
the numbers into Amazon like a
credit card, every charge clears!
Tap on any electronic lock, the
door swings open!

Rembrandt steps forward and plucks the card from Bennish's hand. Bennish doesn't protest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNISH (cont'd)

Hall's deal with me was that I manage the money, keep the doom-and-gloom clocks always at top of the sheets -- and in return, the vending machines on the fifty-seventh floor are mine for the taking!

Rembrandt examines the card. It is plain and white with a few numbers at the bottom edge.

REMBRANDT

This thing's an unlimited credit card -- and you use it to hit up the vending machines?

BENNISH

Man oh man oh man oh man you have not lived -- until you've had the Red Vines from the fifty-seventh floor.

Maggie furiously sweeps the pizza boxes off one of the computer workstations. She turns the computer on.

At the computer, Maggie raises her smartwatch and taps its surface. She's then able to log into the computers. She opens several files --

MAGGIE

This idiot's just following a list of bullet points to invest in. Pre-written story pitches to email to journalists. Research firms to hire for studying the clocks. Art fixtures to propose.

She rises from the computer and turns on Bennish.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Jameson Hall. Where is he?

BENNISH

I dunno. Only met the guy once! He set me up here and then he was gone!

MAGGIE

You switch locations once a week --

BENNISH

Naw, that's not me. I'd never leave the lucky licorice. That's just me messing around with my VPN.

Maggie jabs her gun into Bennish's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

What do you know?! Where does Hall
come from?! Who is he!? What does
he want?!

Bennish begins to laugh hysterically.

REMBRANDT

(his voice harsh)
Maggie, ease up!

He sets his own gun down.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Maggie! This guy doesn't know
anything. He's a middle management
stooge!

Maggie, breathing hard, lowers her gun. She turns away from
Bennish, looking outside one of the outer glass walls at the
San Francisco skyline.

MAGGIE

God damn it!

Rembrandt moves towards Bennish, putting a friendly hand to
his shoulder.

REMBRANDT

You okay, man? We're not gonna hurt
you. We made a mistake. We're gonna
leave you alone now.

BENNISH

Aw, now I feel bad.

REMBRANDT

What?

BENNISH

Now I feel really, really bad.
'Cause when I saw you weren't the
pizza guy, I swiped my card through
the drone dispatcher there --

He gestures towards the card reader that he swiped on the
table.

BENNISH (cont'd)

And now the army of murder machines
that guard this floor are coming to
splatter your brains and your
girlfriend's all across my walls.

Maggie and Rembrandt regard Bennish with horror. Bennish
casually wanders over to the computer Maggie turned on. He
sits down at the workstation and opens up a browser window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNISH (cont'd)
I'm gonna need a whole new class of
Roomba robot to clean human remains
out of this place. Sucks that no
one's allowed up here but me.

Maggie spins Bennish's chair around to face her and resumes
jabbing her gun into his face.

MAGGIE
Call them off. Abort the drone
strike now!

BENNISH
Aw, come on. Don't you think I
would if I could? You guys seem
nice enough.

Maggie releases him, moving towards the elevator. Rembrandt
follows --

BENNISH (cont'd)
Naw, don't bother, don't bother.
Once I called the drones in, the
elevator locked. And man, those
things -- I've never seen 'em in
action, but I'm told they're
unstoppable. Programmed to kill
everyone on this floor except me.
(a pause)
I think Hall said something about
how they'd know to shoot past me.
Or through me. Or avoid hitting
anything important when cleaning
house. Maybe I shoulda asked.

Rembrandt jabs at the elevator key. It doesn't respond.

Maggie turns from the elevator.

MAGGIE
(to Rembrandt)
Alright. We need to shoot out every
glass barrier here, use the ground
glass to misdirect the drone's
targeting. I'll go for the
thermostat, try to baffle thermal
readings. We might get out of this
if we can survive blood loss and --

REMBRANDT
Didn't the elevator have a notice
about window washers working this
week?

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIAL TOWER - EVENING

We have a downward looking view from the roof. We see a window washer platform.

We see Maggie and Rembrandt climbing out a window onto the platform. Maggie practically assaults the control box buttons with her fingers. The platform begins to descend.

We speed-zoom onto Maggie and Rembrandt's faces and stay with them as the platform drops towards the ground. Maggie's hair flies upwards from the motion.

We tilt upwards to see Conrad Bennish Jr. leaning out the window.

BENNISH

Hey! Guy! You took my card! You
give me back my card!!!

Rembrandt realizes that he's still holding the universal card key.

REMBRANDT

Do we need to go back up -- ?

Maggie whacks Rembrandt in the head as they descend.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - EVENING

The streets are still and silent. Empty. The Millennial Tower can be seen in the background as Maggie and Rembrandt walk away. Maggie is shaking her head.

MAGGIE

This was anti-climactic.

REMBRANDT

I always feel like my life is
building to some huge payoff that
never shows or comes ten or fifteen
years too late.

MAGGIE

I don't know how to face tomorrow.
I don't even know if I have one.
(looking sad)
We have to disappear.

Rembrandt holds out the universal key card.

REMBRANDT

If you need a false identity or
something --

Maggie laughs, waving it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAGGIE

Least of my worries, Rembrandt. I get two blocks south of here and Maggie Beckett ceases to exist. If you need a way out --

REMBRANDT

I got an exit of my own --

And then, Rembrandt's phone rings. He picks up, confused.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Hello?

QUINN (PHONE)

Remmy! If you start heading back towards the shopping mall now, you'll be here ten minutes before the slide!

REMBRANDT

Q-Ball? Now how the heck do you even know where I am?

QUINN (PHONE)

I'll explain later.

Rembrandt releases an irritated groan.

QUINN (PHONE) (CONT'D)

Kidding. GPS in the phone. Come on, Cryin' Man. We've got work to do.

Rembrandt smiles at that as he disconnects the phone. He looks at Maggie. Maggie looks forlorn and lost.

REMBRANDT

Maggie. There was a time when I was constantly living under countdowns. Never knowing what'd come next once my time was up.

MAGGIE

How'd you deal with it?

REMBRANDT

I remembered that everything I only know today was totally unknown yesterday. I learned when to hold my moments tight and when to let 'em go. A friend taught me that.

MAGGIE

Your friend sounds smart.

Rembrandt begins to walk away. Stepping towards shadow. Out of Maggie's sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

She was the best. She still is.

And then, with a few more steps, Rembrandt Brown is gone and Maggie Beckett stands alone.

She smiles thoughtfully. Not understanding. But not afraid. As she turns away --

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)

Uh, Maggie?

Maggie turns around to find that Rembrandt has returned.

REMBRANDT

Can you give me a ride back to the shopping mall?

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - EVENING

Quinn and Arturo are standing by the pillar of doomsday clocks. Wade and Laurel approach to join them. The holographic countdown is at a little over two-and-a-half hours.

LAUREL

So, the world's either ending in a hundred and fifty minutes due to some mass epidemic or some natural disaster brought on by human action or some sort of solar flare or pulsar --

WADE

Or -- nothing's is going to happen and these clocks are a big interdimensional joke.

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)

Well, it's not a joke, that's for sure. Somebody sank some real money and time and planning into these crazy clocks.

Rembrandt approaches. He's out of his AC uniform and back in civilian wear. Wade rushes to him and hugs him. Arturo shakes his hand. Laurel eyes Rembrandt curiously.

LAUREL

You're glowing. Did you have sex with Maggie?

Rembrandt laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO
(casually)
Judging by the handgun stuffed in
his trousers under his shirt, I'd
wager Mr. Brown was involved in
some spy-adventure that left him
reinvigorated and renewed?

Rembrandt nods vaguely.

QUINN
(gesturing at Rembrandt's
hidden gun)
Safety's on, right?

REMBRANDT
Yeah.

LAUREL
Gun? Can I see -- ?

Immediately, Wade positions herself between Laurel and
Rembrandt.

WADE
No!

Quinn triggers the vortex.

And the passing party-goers and mall wanderers look on in
amazement.

LAUREL
Oh, come on! I want to see --

Wade grabs Laurel and throws her into the vortex.

Quinn waves good-bye to the gawking mall-visitors and leaps
in. Wade steps into the vortex. Then Arturo and Rembrandt.

FLASHCUT TO:

The walls of the interdimensional tunnel race past us.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The vortex closes and Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and
Laurel turn away from the space it occupied. They step out
from an alley into an extremely dark night on a dimly lit
street.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The sliders look about, confused. The street lights are at such dim levels that they barely illuminate anything. The sky is pitch black. Yet, cars are speeding past them in the streets with headlights off.

Wade steps forward and accidentally bangs into a pedestrian.

WADE

I'm so sorry --

She reacts briefly to the woman she walked into; it's a tall, blonde woman, Stephanie, who towers above Wade and glares down at her contemptuously. Curiously, Stephanie is wearing glasses with lenses like goggles.

STEPHANIE

Watch where you're going!

WADE

Yes. I'm sorry. It's dark!

Stephanie looks at Wade in disbelief. As though Wade is observing that water is wet. Stephanie shakes her head and walks off. Quinn watches Stephanie go.

Several more pedestrians walk past the sliders and they too are wearing similar goggle-like glasses. Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel spin about, all taking note of this curious headgear.

Quinn flips open the timer, looking at the display.

Wade turns back to her friends.

WADE (cont'd)

Those glasses she was wearing --
that everyone's wearing -- are they
night vision goggles?

LAUREL

Some kind of hipster trend taking
San Francisco by storm?

ARTURO

There isn't a single person on this
street not wearing them, Ms. Hills;
they seem to be a necessity.

REMBRANDT

Why's it so dark here?

He gestures at the street. At the skyscrapers in the distance. And the cars without headlights.

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

How are all these drivers not crashing into each other without lights?

Quinn looks up briefly from the timer, then looks back down at it.

QUINN

Infrared display built into the glass -- if you check out the windshields, you can make out the grid pattern.

WADE

Darkness in the sky. Lights out on the ground. This is weird.

REMBRANDT

What kind of world have we landed on?

Quinn holds up the timer, showing the display screen to his friends.

It shows the flashing words: **COORDINATE MATCH CONFIRMED. LOCATION TRACKING IN PROGRESS.**

QUINN

A world sending a neutrino signal.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

This establishment is dimly lit and sparsely populated. Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel are standing by the counter in the midst of placing their orders.

Quinn stands apart, peering behind the counter at the equipment. And he spots SEVERAL DOOMSDAY CLOCKS.

They count down in perfect sync. There's a little over two hours left. He notes that cabling is running from the doomsday clocks directly into blender, the fridges and other equipment behind the counter.

Quinn turns away, looking to the condiment racks. He examines packets of sweetener and canisters of creamer before moving to a table. He observes other patrons stepping into the lineup carrying Thermoses and travel mugs. He walks past a rack near the door, plucking a mapbook nestled among the free newspapers.

Quinn flips open the timer. The display reads: **LOCATION TRIANGULATION.** He sets it down. Opens the free map. His eyes sweep across it intensely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We go BACK to Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel at the counter, picking up their drinks.

Wade reaches into her pocket for cash, but Rembrandt steps in front of her and swipes the pilfered-from-Bennish card across the credit card machine. The barista nods to indicate that payment was accepted.

Wade looks curiously at Rembrandt, who pockets the card without comment and the sliders move to Quinn's table.

WADE
(to Quinn)
Here's your tea.

As she sets the mug before Quinn, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel take seats. Wade squeezes in next to Quinn. Arturo raises his mug to his lips, takes a sip and grimaces.

ARTURO
(looking at his phone)
No trace of any cellular data or wireless networks -- we may need to resort to the old-fashioned method of learning this world's circumstances.

REMBRANDT
How long's the gizmo gonna take, Q-Ball?

QUINN
We'll have a location for the neutrino signal's point of origin before this place closes up for the night.

WADE
(looking about)
Night. Never seen a night like this on any world before.

QUINN
It's global dimming. The atmosphere's polluted to the point of blocking out sunlight.

The sliders regard Quinn with astonishment.

QUINN (cont'd)
The counters and equipment here are aluminum. I can tell from the lack of intergranular corrosion that the aluminum was extracted in the States.

CUT TO showing the counters, then back to Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
The sweetener's strictly acesulfame
potassium; not a packet of sugar in
sight.

CUT TO a shot of condiments stand --

QUINN (VOICEOVER)
And then there's the cream, except
it's not cream at all. It's soybean
oil and sodium caseinate.

CUT BACK to Quinn talking:

QUINN
A coffee shop with no sugar or
dairy. A world with no sustainable
sugar cane plants and no workable
means of cattle farming.

He gestures outside the window at the sky.

QUINN (cont'd)
The ecosystem on this Earth's been
damaged; there isn't enough
sunlight to have grazing land or
crops. The sky's practically
scorched with chemical pollutants
that bond to water molecules and
increase cloud density enough to
reflect sunlight back into space.

Quinn starts spreading open the map he picked up from the
stand. FOCUS ON the map pages, which Quinn flips through --

QUINN (cont'd)
This map's a guide for seasonal
workers across every state. United
States manufacturing here is at
least four hundred per cent of what
it is back home.

We go back to Quinn.

QUINN (cont'd)
And the Professor's already noticed
the lack of data networks.

Quinn holds up the timer.

QUINN (cont'd)
This can tap into any signal on any
Earth. And it's not just cell
towers that're missing. There's
barely any radio activity on the
aerial or marine frequencies.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)

Passenger jets are minimal and there's almost no shipping lanes by plane or ship.

REMBRANDT

But what's being manufactured just to stay here in America?

QUINN

(gesturing at the map)

Energy. Electricity. That's most of what the industrial plants on this map do. And then there's artificial foodstuffs. Whatever farming's left would be for creating chemical and protein equivalents.

Quinn gestures at the Professor's coffee.

QUINN (cont'd)

That's chicory with artificial flavor. I'm betting that every food item in this America came out of a factory after it was designed in a lab.

The Professor examines his coffee and winces.

QUINN (cont'd)

And with heightened manufacturing, there'd be an increased level of pollution. And at these levels across the States and every other country, it'd be catastrophic for the ozone layer, exposing the Earth to solar radiation well beyond human tolerances --

LAUREL

So they decided to beat it to the punch and block out the sun?

QUINN

They might not have done that deliberately. But they did it.

REMBRANDT

There's no way you can do that without really messing up the planet.

ARTURO

It would create smog and acid rain.

WADE

And it would alter rainfall and evaporation -- it would -- it has -- destroyed modern farming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

It's destroyed their ecology while letting them live in this state of survival.

ARTURO

And the clocks?

Quinn eyes Arturo with slight surprise.

ARTURO (cont'd)

I may lack your perspective, Mr. Mallory, but even I noted the presence of the clocks behind the counter. Cables leading into the walls, into the equipment --

QUINN

I'm betting that energy, even mass produced, sells at a premium and there's limits on usage. That's why there's no cell signals, no data networks. The clocks operate on a kinetic relay system --

LAUREL

If power cost too much and batteries fell out of the sky, you'd use them for everything you could.

WADE

So that's the human race on this world? Cogs in one giant factory making the bare essentials to keep going?

QUINN

I think the best they can do is keep everyone fed through nutritional supplements and make sure the water's safe.

He flips through the map again.

QUINN (cont'd)

It's efficient.

REMBRANDT

It's awful. They're killing this world just to stretch out their time on it.

Quinn looks at Rembrandt sadly.

QUINN

Could we honestly say our world's any different?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL

There's no sustainability --

WADE

No chance to change things now --

QUINN

They're surviving --

ARTURO

Survival suggests the possibility
of a future, Mr. Mallory. This
world has none.

QUINN

(suddenly angry)

Does it look like they really have
a choice?!

Arturo looks at Quinn in astonishment. Quinn seems to be
furious -- with himself. He grips his tea cup, staring into
the liquid.

And then the timer emits a chirp. Quinn flips it open.

QUINN (cont'd)

Signal locked. Coordinates thirty-
eight latitude, minus-one-two-two
longitude with an altitude of six
hundred feet -- that's -- that's --

He pauses to think.

REMBRANDT

That's the Millennial Tower.

Everyone looks at Rembrandt in surprise, but Quinn nods and
begins flipping through the mapbook.

QUINN

It exists on this Earth -- and that
height -- it'd have to be the at
least sixty stories --

REMBRANDT

Seventy-fifth floor, actually.

The sliders glance at Rembrandt in surprise again. Rembrandt
shrugs. Arturo peers at the mapbook as well.

ARTURO

A center of data processing and
power management for this version
of the United States.

Wade leans over to take a look --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE

Guarded by Aegis and Blackwater soldiers?

LAUREL

How do we get to the seventy-fifth floor of a building guarded by a private army?

ARTURO

We need not confine ourselves to three dimensions, eh, Mr. Mallory? Perhaps a return to your headquarters, preparing a vortex to the specific location --

QUINN

We'd need to go back to the basement, vortex ourselves to the Millennial Tower on our world, then slide back to this one but without shifting geographically --

REMBRANDT

Or we could just go to the parking garage of the building and use this key right here --

(holding up the card)

And take the private elevator straight up to where we want to go.

Everyone stares at Rembrandt again.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIAL TOWER - EVENING

We once again see this oppressively dark skyscraper -- and then abruptly pan DOWNWARDS --

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - EVENING

It's a dark, shadowy space. We see five lights at a distance. It's the sliders. They're approaching the private elevator, all holding flashlights.

QUINN

Elevator's there --

LAUREL

These flashlights seem kind of lame when the whole world out there has night vision goggles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE
(to Rembrandt)
This is crazy! A universal key?
There's no such thing.

ARTURO
For a passcard to function in this manner, it would need to contain algorithms of intricate conception that could adjust to every computer system conceivable. It cannot possibly work as you describe.

REMBRANDT
Conrad Bennish Junior gave me this card.

ARTURO
Oh dear God.

They're at the elevator now.

LAUREL
So there's a private residence floor with guards on all the floors below it -- but there's a direct route from a public parking garage?

REMBRANDT
I think only the owner can unlock the elevator to let people up --

Rembrandt reaches out to the elevator card reader with his card. Taps the card. The elevator doors open.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
Or we can just use the owner's card.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLENNIAL TOWER, 75TH FLOOR - EVENING

The elevator doors open. The sliders step out nervously.

Rembrandt looks about uncertainly. This is not the luxury residence he encountered on the previous world. In front of the sliders are two large, glass walls -- translucent but not transparent. They form a narrow entryway towards whatever's beyond the barrier.

ARTURO
Mr. Brown, although violence is rarely an ideal solution, perhaps our situation calls for you to have your weapon ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

Got it, Professor -- no wait, I don't got it! Where's my gun?

WADE

I swiped it at the coffee shop. The ammo's in their garbage, the gun's down a sewer. Laurel was way too interested in --

LAUREL

You gotta be kidding me! We're walking into the unknown and you took our only weapon?

WADE

We don't need guns! We have a soul singer, an arrested adolescent, one mid-list author and a bratty teenager. We can't be stopped.

Quinn steps through the entry way, past the glass barriers.

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)

Guys -- ?

CUT TO:

INT. DISPLAY ROOM - EVENING

The sliders find themselves in a large DISPLAY ROOM.

Throughout the room are numerous stands and display cases, some as high as the ceiling and some at stomach-level. The stands all have metal trays. Each stand and case contains a single item.

The sliders stop at the stand closest to the entrance. On the tray is an enormous WASP with BEE-LIKE colors.

LAUREL

What the hell's that?

ARTURO

It's a spider-wasp -- ! One of these appalling creatures once attacked me.

REMBRANDT

Technically, they attacked all of us --

ARTURO

I believe this to be the same one -- I crushed its head when I fell over and this creature has been killed in the same fashion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He moves to the next stand, the other sliders behind him. And resting in the tray is a button. A button with Arturo's name on it.

ARTURO (cont'd)
This is a remnant from my mayoral campaign.

The next stand shows a book -- *Everything I Say is Right*, by Maximillian Arturo.

ARTURO (cont'd)
Good heavens. This display room is devoted entirely to me.

Wade punches the Professor in the shoulder. He yelps in pain.

WADE
Look at this!

Wade points to a tray featuring a can of Impact Cola -- the soft drink she and Quinn were inadvertently helping to market in "The Young and the Relentless."

There's also another tray featuring a CD: *The King is Back* with Rembrandt on the album art.

There's a display case showing a poster of Quinn's twentysomething face, unshaven and wearing glasses and named as *Patient Zero*. Next to it is a newspaper showing Quinn Mallory wanted for the murder of Daelin Richards.

QUINN
Professor. There's something for all of us except Laurel.

LAUREL
Well. I don't feel left out!

Wade looks at a strange remote control.

WADE
This timer over here -- Remmy, is this the Egyptian timer?

Rembrandt nods.

Quinn looks into a display case.

QUINN
This here -- this is a map of the wastelands from that desert world.

He moves to a nearby stand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
And this is a team medallion from
the televised death matches.

ARTURO
The what?

REMBRANDT
After your time, Professor.

WADE
Was it after mine too? Because I
don't remember that.

Rembrandt performs a strange mixture of nodding and shaking
his head.

ARTURO
What the devil are these?

He gestures at a virtual reality headset, a massive
cryogenic tube and a stand that holds a wide, gamepad-
resembling device.

REMBRANDT
VR gadget -- a stasis tube from
that amusement park that fed on
emotions -- and Dr. Jensen's timer.

Wade points at a display case where inside is a beaker of
flame.

WADE
I don't remember this -- do you?

QUINN
This can't be --

He moves to the next display case --

QUINN (cont'd)
Remmy, this clown painting -- and
this periodic table with no
aluminum on it. Do you recognize
these?

REMBRANDT
Yeah. Think this had to be after
you left Mallory --

From off-camera, Laurel screams.

The sliders rush to her side, and Laurel points a quivering
finger at a display case. It holds a LIFELESS CORPSE of a
man in his late-twenties.

WADE
Deric!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT
This is the psychic guy?

WADE
No, the other one! Man. He's
looking good.

Laurel looks ready to start crying.

LAUREL
That dude is dead! He's been
mounted like a trophy! He's --

WADE
It's fine, he's a robot.

Laurel looks relieved.

LAUREL
Is this the one you made out with?

As Wade nods, Rembrandt moves to another stand that holds a
bucket of fried chicken -- and the bucket has the letters:
BECKETT OF CHICKEN. He reaches in and takes a drumstick.

REMBRANDT
It's still hot!

QUINN
This doesn't make sense!

Quinn gestures at other items in the room. The red guitar
played by one of the rock-star vampires in "Stoker." The
organ donor bracelet from "The Breeder." The triangular
Kromagg signaling device from "Invasion."

QUINN (cont'd)
These objects, these items -- they
can't exist! The worlds they came
from are gone --

REMBRANDT
(between bites of chicken)
Hang on, Q-Ball. I get that the
guitar and the cryo tubes from the
chasm shouldn't be in play. But the
Professor running for mayor and the
Impact Cola -- that was part of the
original timeline, wasn't it?

Quinn hesitates to respond.

ARTURO
Regardless, I think we can agree
that every item in this room is
something that one of us four can
recognize.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sliders look uncertainly at Laurel who stands awkwardly in this room of objects from the past.

LAUREL

What.

REMBRANDT

All this time, Laurel -- we were thinking this was all about you. I'm thinking we were wrong.

WADE

This is all about us.

ARTURO

But what is the purpose of these artifacts?

QUINN

And who brought them all here?

A VOICE (OFF CAMERA)

I did.

A disembodied, echoing voice that seems oddly familiar.

And then there's a ripple in the air. A glowing, pulsing crackle. And then the air seems to shift and a figure steps out.

The glare of the vortex behind him obscures his face, but we can see he's clad in a pressed dress shirt and trousers. His hands folded behind him. His hair is neat and styled.

The glare fades to reveal this mystery man's identity. It is Quinn Mallory.

QUINN-2

(to our Quinn)

Or should I say -- you did.

The sliders are astonished by this second Quinn.

Laurel gapes at Quinn-2's identical face but different bearing. Quinn-2 is formal and rigid, his clothes a stark contrast to Quinn's flannel shirt and worn jeans, his demeanor a striking difference from Quinn's more adolescent appearance.

Laurel keeps shifting her gaze from one Quinn to the other.

QUINN

This is impossible. We were erased. You can't be here!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2

Neither can you, but here we are --
twenty years to the day I gave you
the secret of sliding.

Quinn silently recognizes this alternate -- the very first
Quinn-double he ever met.

QUINN

You -- you're responsible for
everything we've seen! Jim Hall!

And then suddenly, there are FLARES OF LIGHT around the
sliders. Rembrandt jumps and drops his chicken.

The flares of light resolve into THE LIBRARY that Quinn
visited in "Reunion." There's printers and photocopiers.
This new landscape surrounds the sliders, obscuring or
replacing the display cases in the way.

ARTURO

What in the world?!

QUINN-2

I was trying to make things better.
I thought I could force technology
to be democratized on Earth twenty-
two-point-seven with a computer
virus that would reveal what was
being withheld.

The printers and photocopiers start spitting out sheets of
paper filled with text.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

But it didn't work. The chains I
wanted to break just got stronger.

Arturo reaches out for one of the photocopiers. His hand
passes through it like it's a ghost. Quinn pulls out the
timer, flips it open, glances at the readings --

QUINN

This is the Sonmoha virtual reality
technology -- only you're using
contained gravity fields to shape
polarized light --

Quinn-2 acknowledges this with a nod.

Then the scene SHIFTS. The sliders are now surrounded by
what appears to be an assembly line at a bottling plant --
with plastic bottles of water shifting down a conveyer belt.

QUINN-2

On Earth fourteen-point-twelve, I
thought a strong hand could bring
stability.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The surroundings shift again to show the shopping mall and the pillar of doomsday clocks with the eerie holographic countdown in the air.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
On Earth seven-point-four, I
thought drawing attention to
environmental cataclysm would
induce the world to action.

The scene shifts again, resolving into the COFFEE SHOP where Quinn deduced this Earth's situation.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
And on this Earth, I thought
stimulating local labor could set
things right. I created a cover
identity to implement my ideas --

The coffee shop is replaced by the scene of a street with RAZOR'S SCAVENGERS running through them, screaming.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
But there were periods where I was
away. I lost control of the Jim
Hall identities to tyranny, idiocy
and industry --

The scene shifts again to show the luxury residential suite where Conrad Bennish Jr. sits back surveying a tower of pizza boxes.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
And the people paid the price --

The scene is replaced by a street -- where the children Quinn walked away from are lying bloody in the street --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Or used my warnings to serve
themselves --

We see another image of Razor followed by an image of the people in the shopping mall painting and cooking and writing their novels --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Or they took any excuse to give up.

And then the virtual reality images disappear and the sliders stand in the display room once more.

QUINN
You're blaming them for what you
started?

QUINN-2
No -- this all started with you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
(gesturing at Wade,
Rembrandt and Arturo)
Because of what you did for them.

Quinn reacts to this with grief-stricken horror. The same horror he showed outside the mapping room in his headquarters.

REMBRANDT
(to Quinn-2)
What're you talking about, Q-Ball?
(to Quinn)
What're you talking about, Q-Ball?

Quinn says nothing. Quinn-2 looks at Arturo and Wade.

QUINN-2
Aren't you curious about why 1995
is the critical year of divergence
on every world you've seen today?
(to Rembrandt)
Or why you're a missing person on
the previous Earth?

ARTURO
Explain yourself, Mr. Mallory --
either one of you!

But Quinn remains silent. His shaking hands grip the timer.

QUINN-2
(to Rembrandt)
You lost your friends and your
home. And then you got everything
back. Don't you want to know how?

REMBRANDT
Don't we already?

QUINN-2
Only what Quinn let you know.

REMBRANDT
There was a Kromagg machine. But
isn't there always?

ARTURO
An infernal contraption designed to
collapse the multiverse and replace
it with only parallel universes of
which the Kromaggs approved.

WADE
But we reprogrammed it to recreate
the multiverse based on the
timeline before the Geiger
experiment.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WADE (cont'd)
That machine rebuilt our home
Earth, gave us back our lives --

QUINN-2
No. You failed. The Kromaggs
deleted your reprogramming.

ARTURO
Then how the hell are we all here?

The space around the sliders begins to glow again.

QUINN-2
This is how the Kromagg-human war
really ended.

And we see a machine take shape next to the sliders. A
bizarre contraption consisting of sliding coils and towers,
repurposed car engines, numerous satellite dishes and more.
It's the size of a truck.

And we see a much-younger Quinn at a distance approaching
the machine --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
(looking at Quinn)
You took control of the machine. It
needed you to choose a moment in
time from a single parallel
universe. A starting point for any
parallel universes that would
follow.
(beat)
Tell them what you chose.

QUINN
The Kromaggs were coming --

QUINN-2
Tell them the secret of 1995 --

QUINN
I had to choose something --

QUINN-2
Tell them what you did --

QUINN
I had a split-second to decide--

QUINN-2
Tell them how you killed us all!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN

(to Wade, Rembrandt and
Arturo)

I was thinking of all of you. And
for the starting point of a new
multiverse -- I chose the day of
our first slide -- March 22. 1995.

We see the younger-Quinn reaching out to the machine -- and
everything vanishes in a flash. We're back in the display
room.

QUINN-2

(cold fury)

And you condemned the multiverse
you'd created.

In the air above the sliders, we see numerous versions of
Earth, all these Earths connected by lines of laser light. A
web of Earths. But then they start to contract.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

Every single Earth now has an
identical history up to that date.
Every divergence originates there.

The other Earths fade. A single Earth hovers above the
sliders -- above Quinn. Standing in judgment of him.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

There are no Earths in existence
where the Library of Alexandria
didn't burn. Or where the ozone
layer hasn't been wrecked by
chlorofluorocarbon damage. Or where
mustard and sarin gas weren't
dumped into the ocean.

He glares at Quinn.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

On every Earth in the multiverse,
the Holocaust killed six million
Jews, the Khmer Rouge regime
murdered millions and now there's
internment camps and mass
extinctions and all this horror and
madness without alternative,
without divergence --

(to Quinn)

It's all because of you.

QUINN

I'm sorry --

QUINN-2

Every time I lost control of the
Jim Hall identity, I took comfort
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
in thinking there'd be an Earth
with an alternate outcome. But no
new Earths were born.

LAUREL
Wait, what!?

ARTURO
But the multiverse splits at
moments with multiple outcomes --

QUINN-2
But this is a multiverse rebuilt by
a flawed machine and a flawed human
being. And now every Earth is
trapped in your version of history
up to March 22, 1995. The only
Earths left are the Earths split
from that day.

(to Quinn)
I've kept track, so you did too.
We'd both categorize worlds into
branches, one branch for each major
divergence from that single day. So
-- how many major branches have
Earths that can support human life?

QUINN
Twenty-four.

Quinn's voice is bereft of defense or anger.

The other sliders are shocked.

QUINN-2
Those twenty-four branches contain
infinite Earths. But even those
branches will see each version of
the human race extinguish itself.

And then the single Earth above the sliders becomes a
circular arrangement of Earths. But it's not the complex web
we saw before. Instead, each parallel Earth is connected by
a single line of light to a single Earth in the center.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
The worlds within those branches
vary in terms of society and
culture but not ecology or
industry. Our multiverse is now
limited to the human decision
points of March 22, 1995.
Eventually, twenty-four will become
none.

The array of Earths begins to contract.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Every Earth that fails to sustain
human life is an endpoint of human
probability -- a crack in the
roulette wheel leading back to the
axis on which it spins.

There is now a single Earth.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
The axis will break, the wheel will
collapse and everything will be
gone.

And then the last Earth in the air vanishes as well.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
(to Quinn)
You could have chosen any starting
point for new realities -- the Big
Bang, the first eukaryote -- but
the seed you chose left the
multiverse dying Earth by Earth
with no way to see new ones grow.
(gesturing at Wade,
Rembrandt and Arturo)
And you did this all for them! The
world's oldest high school student,
this glorified busker and the most
mediocre science fiction writer of
all time.

LAUREL
Hey! He's very good with dialogue!

Quinn-2 briefly eyes Laurel with contempt before looking
back at Quinn.

QUINN-2
Were they worth it?

QUINN
I'm sorry --

QUINN-2
You shattered all of reality for
them, condemned every Earth --

QUINN
It was an accident -- I did not
know -- that that was going to
happen --

QUINN-2
And then for fourteen years, you've
cowered from them --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
(agonized)
Because I was ashamed!

Quinn looks to Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo. Lost and broken.

QUINN (cont'd)
When I realized what I'd done, I
tried everything to fix it.
Creating bubble universes that
could expand into the
interdimension --

ARTURO
(sadly)
But all you could create were
pocket dimensions as storage
closets.

QUINN
Searching parallel Earths for water
purification techniques,
artificially grown organs --

WADE
(with pity)
But in a multiverse with only
variants after 1995, you weren't
going to have much luck.

QUINN
And when none of that worked, I
tried to minimize the damage. Using
a global slide system to air-drop
supplies --

REMBRANDT
And drop off a lottery ticket for
an old friend down on his luck?

QUINN
It was my fault -- and I didn't
want you three to be burdened with
any of this when you were
rebuilding your lives --

QUINN-2
Rebuilding on a poisoned foundation
on an Earth that's doomed along
with every other.

QUINN
I'm sorry! I don't know what to do
-- I've looked everywhere and I'm
out of ideas, I don't know how to
fix this --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at his double, desperate for understanding and even forgiveness.

QUINN-2

What if I do?

Quinn-2 reaches out and a tiny, glowing RIP IN THE AIR appears. He plunges his hand into it and pulls something out -- a doomsday clock. The glowing rip vanishes and Quinn-2 holds up the clock.

ARTURO

These timepieces -- you made them.

REMBRANDT

Now why the heck would you want to scatter billions of clocks across three worlds?

QUINN-2

There aren't billions of clocks.
There's only one.

Wade, Rembrandt and Laurel pull out their individual clocks, confused. But Quinn and Arturo exchange a look. Quinn-2 has confirmed their suspicions.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

An everyday object mapped to fifty-four billion points across three dimensions.

REMBRANDT

The same clock in billions of places --

WADE

Counting down in perfect sync --

ARTURO

Counting down to what?

QUINN-2

To a convergence. Over the last four years, the clocks have entrenched themselves in history and culture. Like load-bearing pillars in reality --

QUINN

The disasters -- are you behind them?

QUINN-2

No. But the reactions to them were augmented by the presence of the clocks -- embedding them into the decision paths of each Earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
And the countdown?

QUINN-2
The countdown indicates the
remaining time to the clocks'
fundamental interactions reaching
critical mass.

Quinn-2 looks at the clock in his hand with something
resembling fondness.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
All of which is necessary for when
I re-map the clocks back to
existing only as this one here.

QUINN
You've been sending out a neutrino
signal to fix the clocks on each
Earth. Now you'll send out a new
signal -- return the clocks to
existing as a single object --

Quinn-2 nods.

QUINN (cont'd)
But if you remap the clocks this
way, you'll rip them out of reality
-- out of history! You'd break
cause and effect --

QUINN-2
A sad necessity --

QUINN
And we've seen what happens when
you tear support structures out of
reality! Those dimensions will
implode! They'll be destroyed.

QUINN-2
And they'll form a probability
event horizon --

QUINN
Why would you want an
interdimensional black hole?

QUINN-2
Because it will drag every other
dimension in this multiverse into
the void -- compressing them.
Collapsing them.

ARTURO
How could destroying three Earths
impact every other reality?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2

Believe me -- three Earths is all
it'll take for this damaged
multiverse.

QUINN

Why would you do this?!

QUINN-2

Because of you. You can arrange for
these wrecked realities to be used
as raw material to form a
recombinant universe. A new seed
for new worlds in a new multiverse.

Quinn regards his double with disbelief.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

The signal is ready. The
mathematics are complete -- except
for one thing that I need from you.

Understanding displays across Quinn's face.

QUINN

The Combine experiment. You want
Dr. Oberon Geiger's equations.

QUINN-2

The Combine equations would take me
four decades to work out, and by
then, there wouldn't be enough
parallel universes left for me to
rebuild. But I don't need to solve
that mystery -- because the answer
rests inside your head.

QUINN

I never saw the Combine
calculations --

QUINN-2

But Mallory did.

An image of Mallory (Robert Floyd) appears before the
sliders. He's still and unmoving, looking off into the
distance.

Rembrandt reaches out to this image of his lost friend, and
he is saddened to find it intangible.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

He saw every stage of the Combine
process. Mallory is gone. But you
shared his memories.

Quinn-2 waves a hand. A chalkboard appears out of a rip in
the air. Covered in mathematical equations.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An equals sign and a question mark at the lower-right corner. An eraser and a piece of chalk resting in the front tray.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Twenty years ago, I gave you your missing piece. Now it's time for you to return the favor.

QUINN
Your Combine process -- what's the apparatus? The equipment? The --

QUINN-2
Whatever you write will be written into the neutrino stream.

Quinn-2 reaches for the chalk. Picks it up. Holds it out to Quinn.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
If you give me what I need, the collapse will combine the shattered fragments into a seed containing every closed-off possibility, every dead-end avenue of choice -- all of them re-opened and restored for a new multiverse.

Quinn pockets the timer. Holds out his hand and lets Quinn-2 drop the chalk into his palm. Quinn studies the chalk --

QUINN
Everyone on these Earths -- in this multiverse -- you can't ask me to kill infinite numbers of human beings --

QUINN-2
You've killed them with every drink of water and every breath of air.
(gesturing to the board)
In a recombinant universe, they'll be refolded into the new multiverse.

QUINN
You mean dead. They'll be dead.

QUINN-2
Yes. None of us here will survive remapping either, but we're all stardust in the end.

Quinn looks at his friends in agony. They look back uncomprehendingly. Dwarfed by the scale of the situation. Quinn looks at Laurel. Then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
(to Quinn-2)
Why did you bring Laurel here?

The grief on Quinn's face is immeasurable.

LAUREL
What?

QUINN
(to Quinn-2)
Why would you give her to me now?

REMBRANDT
I think I should maybe get this sentence on tape -- but what are you talking about, Q-Ball?

QUINN-2
(to Quinn)
How long have you known?

QUINN
(staring at the kid)
Almost right away. And in the library -- I saw her birth announcement for a split-second. No father listed. But her mother -- Jane Hills --

WADE
Who's that?

REMBRANDT
Isn't that the woman who wanted Q-Ball to knock her up on that world where most of the men died?

ARTURO
Oh, yes -- I can't remember, did Mr. Mallory actually --

WADE
You know, I could never get him to tell us --

REMBRANDT
He also wouldn't tell us if he and Logan --

QUINN-2
Would you idiots shut the hell up!?

The sliders fall silent and we see that Quinn-2's formal composure is now marked with irritation and annoyance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN
(looking at Laurel)
She has my spatial contextual
awareness. She has my instinct for
mental calculation.
(a pause)
And she has my eyes.

LAUREL
What are you saying -- do you mean
you're my -- ?

QUINN
(to Laurel)
You're my daughter, I'm your dad --
(awkwardly)
Sorry I missed all your birthdays?

Quinn-2 nods faintly. Laurel's mouth drops.

QUINN (cont'd)
How can she be here?

QUINN-2
The same way the bucket of chicken
and the wanted poster are here --
she's a fragment of the destroyed
universes I was trying to restore.
A failure.

QUINN
You've been trying to restore a
former version of the multiverse --

QUINN-2
I was only able to recover
artifacts from the corrupted
version. Intelligent flames and
animal human hybrids and parasites.
Do you finally see how you've
squandered our gift?

Quinn holds up a hand as though it can shield him from
Quinn-2's contempt --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
I gave you sliding and on your
first adventure, you lost your way
back home.

Quinn-2 gestures to the poster where Quinn is shown as
Patient Zero.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
You could have cured every disease
in existence, but you managed only
one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn-2 looks briefly at the button from Arturo's mayoral campaign, the robot in the case and the cryogenic tube.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
You could have drawn upon the
political and technological
concepts of different worlds to
unite your society with the wonder
of the multiverse --

He bangs a fist into the wanted poster with Quinn's face.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
But you wasted your time on
pointless run-ins with local
authorities.

Quinn's face is anguished and ashamed.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
And you could have ended the very
concept of war, but you blundered
into an interdimensional conflict
-- turned the multiverse into
nothing but miserable copies of
your diseased home --
(jabs a finger at Laurel)
-- and doomed us all to this!

Laurel shakes with confusion and anger.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
A self-destructing adolescent. The
only kind your multiverse creates.
The only use I had for this
dysfunctional idiot was to place
her as a pawn and bring you here.

Quinn and Laurel stare at each other.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
A multiverse that creates Laurel
Hills -- does it have any right to
exist?

Quinn studies the chalk in his hand. Then the little girl
standing before him. She looks back at him. Terrified of his
judgment. Withering under the contempt of the other Quinn.

Quinn-2 holds up his clock. The countdown reading ten
minutes left. He waves at the chalkboard.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Sliding is the only thing that can
save us now. It's the only thing
that ever could. Which is why
you'll bring it back. No matter
what the cost.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn looks at his double -- and throws the chalk to the floor.

QUINN
You're wrong, Quinn.

Quinn-2 is astonished.

QUINN (cont'd)
I saw Laurel face insanity and
madness and push through to find
answers. She found the four of us
apart and she brought us back
together.

Quinn looks at his troubled, traumatized, angry, awkward daughter.

QUINN (cont'd)
She's perfect.
(to Quinn-2)
I won't help you. Not this way.

QUINN-2
The multiverse is dying, you
jackass --

QUINN
Then we'll save it! All of us!

QUINN-2
You've failed repeatedly for
fourteen years --

And Quinn looks at Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo, who react with relief at Quinn's newfound hope.

QUINN
They weren't with me then. But
they're here now. We'll find a way
together. The answer is no.

QUINN-2
Quinn. Quinn, Quinn, Quinn, Quinn,
Quinn --
(a sad smile)
What made you think you ever had a
choice?

There's a crackle in the air.

Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel find their doomsday clocks disappearing from their hands in a snap-hiss of vortex energy.

And then reappearing in a peculiar quadruple image around Quinn-2 -- and then fading into a blur around Quinn-2's doomsday clock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Write the equations and save
reality -- or let it die. Because
one way or another, you're out of
time.

Quinn turns away from his double, studying the blackboard.
The equations on the board. Arturo moves forward to take
them in as well.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory, your double is correct
in what he says --

QUINN
But the signal doesn't reach all
the clocks instantaneously -- it
goes from one clock to the next --

ARTURO
Meaning we still have a chance!

REMBRANDT
What are you talking about, Q-Ball?

Quinn pulls the timer from his pocket. Aims it past his
double and triggers the vortex.

QUINN
Everyone in -- !!

Without waiting, he dives into the vortex. Quinn-2 watches
disbelievingly as Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel follow
Quinn into the gateway.

FLASHCUT TO:

The walls of the interdimensional tunnel race past us,
widening at the end of the tunnel to reveal --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT

We see Laurel emerging from the vortex, the other sliders
having arrived ahead of her. The vortex closes behind her.
Laurel looks about, spotting Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo --

LAUREL
Where's Quinn?

A vortex appears and a shopping cart emerges, Quinn pushing
it out. Before anyone can say anything, Quinn leaps back
into the vortex.

A moment later, Quinn returns through it, pushing a second
shopping card in front of him and pulling a third behind
him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the vortex closes, the other four sliders look nervously at the items in the first cart.

The first cart holds two (collapsed) metal coils that resemble what's part of the sliding machine. There are six metal pillars composed of round discs, also identical to that part of the sliding machine.

There are four car batteries and an array of cables, each neatly coiled and tied with string. Resting at the top of this equipment is a timer.

And the other two carts have precisely the same items.

Quinn dashes back and forth through the room, stopping at different computer workstations to punch in keyboard commands, then leaps towards his friends, handing each of them a Bluetooth earpiece. They put them in their ears and Quinn does the same with his own.

REMBRANDT

What is going on here?

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory is executing his plan
-- but Quinn! How can you have all
this equipment ready?

Quinn grabs the timer from the first shopping cart and starts keying in commands.

QUINN

Got it all ready before we slid --

He moves to the second timer. Programs it as well.

LAUREL

You knew?! All this time, you knew
that --

Quinn moves to the third timer.

QUINN

I knew something bad was coming. It
was either a neo-Dynasty
resurgence, a resurrected Geiger-
plot or the return of that
radioactive worm -- and this is
much, much worse.

WADE

Radioactive worm?

QUINN

All this equipment's mixed and
matched from the three plans I put
together --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT

What is the plan?

Quinn finishes programming the third timer, snaps it shut and hands it to Rembrandt.

QUINN

I'll tell you when you get there.
Professor!

(he hands Arturo the
second timer)
You're with Wade! Rembrandt, you're
on your own --

REMBRANDT

Why do I have to go off on a side
adventure again? I already --

QUINN

Fine, go with Wade!

Rembrandt happily moves to Wade's side. Quinn steps towards Laurel.

QUINN (cont'd)

(to Laurel)
I'll need you with me on this one.
(to the others)
Trigger your timers! Go now! Start
unpacking the equipment --
(tapping his earpiece)
And I'll tell you what to do next!

Rembrandt opens his timer and triggers the vortex. Wade pushes in one of the shopping carts and jumps in after it. Rembrandt's right behind her.

Arturo opens his timer and opens his gateway as well.

With a final nod to Quinn, Arturo shoves his cart into the wormhole and then leaps into the void. Both vortexes close instantly and at this point, Quinn is running up the basement stairs.

QUINN (cont'd)

Laurel! Come on!

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo emerges from his vortex and bangs into the shopping cart that came through first. He is outside the coffee shop where the sliders stopped before confronting Quinn-2.

Pedestrians look on with alarm at the vortex. They run away. Arturo ignores them and turns his attention to the shopping cart of sliding equipment.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Wade and Rembrandt are standing outside the grocery store they first encountered on the water-contaminated Earth. The moon illuminates the otherwise unlit street.

REMBRANDT

Now what?

CUT TO:

INT. MAPPING ROOM

The door to the mapping room swings open and Quinn charges in, Laurel behind him. This is the room that reported that only 24 sustainable variants of Earth remained.

QUINN

(tapping his Bluetooth
earpiece)

Professor! Start assembling the equipment and talk Wade and Rembrandt through it! You're both constructing individual Einstein-Rosen-Podolsky bridge machines in linked synchronicity!

ARTURO (VIA EARPIECE)

*Mr. Mallory! It's too dark here!
I've nothing to illuminate the
location!*

Quinn grits his teeth, looks at Laurel, grabs her hand and yanks her to a computer workstation. He types in several commands, then hands her his own timer.

LAUREL

What do I --

QUINN

You hold it! Aim the front at
yourself! I'll be right back --

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The Professor moves his cart closer to the coffee shop window, trying to use the light from the establishment to make out what's in his cart. But then a vortex appears, and Quinn emerges, dragging two battery-powered spotlights on stands behind him. They brighten the space.

ARTURO

Ah, yes --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn doesn't respond, leaping back into the vortex immediately and vanishing in a flash.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Rembrandt and Wade are pulling equipment out of the shopping cart.

ARTURO (VIA EARPIECE)
Begin with the coils! Pull the valve on the lower end, this will inflate them. While they inflate, connect the disc pillars via cabling. After that, Mr. Brown must link the batteries while Ms. Welles opens the coil interface --

REMBRANDT
Yeah, okay, okay -- but what's all this gonna do to stop the other Quinn?

INT. MAPPING ROOM

Laurel is still standing awkwardly, pointing Quinn's timer at herself when Quinn dashes back into the room.

QUINN
(touching his earpiece)
We're going to hijack the other Quinn's signal.

REMBRANDT (VIA EARPIECE)
What? How?

Quinn takes the timer back from Laurel and nods, then begins to urgently tap in commands.

QUINN
Each clock has one of three neutrino oscillation frequencies, depending on which Earth they were sent to. The neutrino stream sets their frequency -- deciding whether they're existing in multiple dimensions or as a single clock.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo has set up the coils and is now preparing the car batteries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTURO

The core clock -- the original, as
it were -- operates on a base
frequency. If we can match it --

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Rembrandt and Wade are also setting up their sliding
machine.

QUINN (VIA EARPIECE)

-- we can send a new signal to all
the clocks and move them somewhere
safe!

WADE

But where can we move them?

CUT TO:

INT. MAPPING ROOM

Quinn is typing at a workstation.

QUINN

To one of my pocket dimensions. A
sealed destination with a random
isotopic spin that Quinn can't get
to -- but lets the clocks keep
existing in the multiverse!

A final round of aggressive typing --

QUINN (cont'd)

Pocket dimension ready!

LAUREL

But where do we get the base
frequency -- ?

QUINN

From you. You were receiving the
signal until we started sliding,
you're picking it up now that we're
home --

He holds up the timer.

QUINN (cont'd)

You just copied it to here. And now
we have to go!

LAUREL

Where -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn doesn't answer, aiming the timer forward, and triggering a vortex. He moves towards it.

Laurel follows --

FLASHCUT TO:

The walls of the interdimensional tunnel speeding by our point of view --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Laurel comes out of the open vortex. The mall-visitors see the vortex and back away quickly.

Laurel looks up at what's in front of her -- it's the giant pillar of doomsday clocks in the shopping mall on the doomsday obsessed Earth.

The holographic countdown is now at six minutes.

As the vortex closes, Quinn holds up the timer, triggering a second vortex. The shopping cart of equipment bursts out of the second vortex. The second vortex closes seconds later. Mall visitors gabble as they run away from the lightshow.

As Quinn and Laurel begin to unload the equipment --

LAUREL

But the other you -- he's already
sending the signal --

QUINN

And now you're scrambling it.

Quinn and Laurel shift the weight of one of the coils to bring it to ground level. Laurel flips the valve and the coil begins to inflate. Then she looks to Quinn for an explanation.

QUINN (cont'd)

You were a receiver for the
neutrino signal. This --
(he holds up the timer)
Is using you to transmit an altered
signal. It's strong enough to reach
all the clocks in this art display.

ARTURO (VIA EARPIECE)

*And as each clock relays the signal
it receives to the closest clock in
range --*

QUINN

It'll interfere with the other
Quinn's signal and slow him down.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)
But it won't hold him off forever,
and that's where the three sliding
machines come in.

He pulls out the second coil and inflates it. Then moves to the car batteries while waving Laurel towards working on the disc-pillars.

LAUREL
Sliding machines on three Earths --
what'll they do?

QUINN
We can open a vortex here with the
new oscillation frequency. The
vortex will attract all the pillar-
clocks into the gateway --

ARTURO (VIA EARPIECE)
*Creating a combined signal that all
three sliding machines can receive
and transmit to every clock all
three Earths --*

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo's machine is complete.

ARTURO
While also creating three vortexes
to draw in every single clock!

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Rembrandt and Wade are connecting cables between pieces of the sliding machine. It's nearly complete.

WADE
Quinn! Professor! We're almost good
to go!

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Quinn and Laurel are almost caught up to Wade and Rembrandt in assembling their sliding machine.

QUINN
Right behind you!

He plugs a cable into a car battery.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo holds the timer.

ARTURO
Apparatus assembled! Standing
ready, Mr. Mallory!

And then suddenly, there's a flash of light and Quinn-2 appears. Arturo reacts to the sight of this formal, stately version of Quinn.

QUINN-2
Professor -- this isn't the way!
Listen to me --

ARTURO
I did listen -- twenty years ago,
when you called me a pompous
windbag whose mathematics were the
equivalent of Neanderthal
scribblings!

Quinn-2 scowls at Arturo, then vanishes in a flash of light.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Wade and Rembrandt have completed the machine assembly and are standing back -- and then in a flash of light, Quinn-2 appears to them as well.

QUINN-2
Wade, stop! You have to trust me --

WADE
Trust you!? I should kill you! Date
rapist!

QUINN-2
What?!

WADE
You made me think you were my Quinn
and you tried to have sex with me
in the supply room!

Quinn-2 gives up on Wade, turns to Rembrandt --

REMBRANDT
Say, weren't you wearing a crazy
wig and face paint the last time we
saw you?

Quinn-2 lets loose a frustrated growl and turns away from Rembrandt. There's a flash of light and he disappears instantly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
(touching his earpiece)
Our machine's done! Ready when you
are, Q-Ball!

Wade holds up the timer.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Quinn and Laurel stand next to the machine, looking at the pillar of doomsday clocks.

And the eerie laser-light display with the floor-mounted laser emitters aimed upwards, creating its mid-air display of the countdown, the digits composed of pure light.

QUINN
Activating vortex!

He does. The vortex appears next to the pillar of clocks, in front of the laser emitters.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo raises his timer and triggers the vortex as well.

ARTURO
Activating vortex!

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Wade holds up the timer.

WADE
Do we all have to say that?

REMBRANDT
Nah.

Wade triggers the vortex.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

And Quinn and Laurel stand in front of the pillar of doomsday clocks and the vortex next to it -- except nothing happens.

The clocks remain on the central support pillar. Still and unmoving. Unaffected by the vortex that's supposed to be drawing them in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUREL
It's not working! Why's it not
working?

There's a flash of light from off-camera. Laurel and Quinn
spin around to see Quinn-2 approaching, holding his doomsday
clock.

QUINN-2
(to Laurel)
The central support strut inside
the pillar is magnetized, you
defective twit. The electromagnetic
field's isolating the clocks from
your vortex --

Quinn keeps his eyes on Quinn-2. Stepping in front of Laurel
to bar Quinn-2 from reaching her. Moving towards his double.

QUINN
Laurel. Demagnetize the pillar. You
know how.

LAUREL
I forget. How?

Before Quinn can say anything, Quinn-2 punches Quinn in the
face and then violently throws Quinn to the ground. Laurel
launches herself at Quinn-2 --

Only to find him intangible. She passes right through him
and lands in a heap on the ground.

LAUREL (cont'd)
What the --

QUINN-2
Enough!

Quinn-2 stoops over Quinn. Grabs Quinn by the throat and
starts squeezing, apparently solid to Quinn. In his other
hand, Quinn-2 holds up the doomsday clock.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Ninety seconds left! You're out of
time! Give me the equations!

Quinn, gasping, swings an arm weakly at Quinn-2, just
missing the face. Quinn-2 loosens his grip for a moment --

QUINN
Laurel! Use circularly polarized
light --

And then Quinn-2 drives an elbow solidly into Quinn's
throat. Quinn chokes at the impact and Quinn-2 resumes his
grip on Quinn's throat. Quinn-2 hits Quinn in the face with
the clock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

QUINN-2

Stop thinking you can improvise!
Stop expecting your idiot friends
to be any use! Stop expecting the
delinquent to save the day!

But Laurel reacts to Quinn's words. *Circularly polarized light*. And then she looks at the pillar of doomsday clocks.

At the laser lights aimed upwards to create the display of holographic digits counting down. And at the open vortex. The vortex that's by the pillar and within range of the laser emitters.

Quinn-2 doesn't notice, looking only at Quinn.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

Forty-five seconds left. Tell me
what I want to know.

Quinn releases a choking gag in response.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

You destroyed sliding. You
destroyed the future.

Laurel runs to the first laser emitter on the ground and pushes the laser downwards on its rotating axis. Shifting the beam to aim it lower.

The light-formed digits in the air begin to flicker.

Quinn-2 maintains his hold on Quinn.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

There is no hope.

Laurel pushes the laser-emitter low enough and the focused light passes DIRECTLY THROUGH THE BACK OF THE VORTEX.

The vortex filters and alters the laser light -- and what comes out of the front end of the vortex is a wide, blue beam that strikes the pillar of doomsday clocks.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

There is no tomorrow!

And then Laurel moves to the next laser emitter. Lowers it. Aiming it through the back of the vortex. And she does the same to the emitter next to it.

Three beams of laser light are now passing through the back of the vortex. Becoming circularly polarized and striking the doomsday clocks and the magnetized support strut behind it --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quinn-2 sees Quinn's smile. Quinn-2 releases his grip on Quinn's throat. Stands. Spins around to see the laser-hologram of the countdown flickering -- and vanishing.

All the laser emitters are now aimed at the vortex, and the vortex projects a wide blue beam that bathes the pillar of clocks in its light.

The pillar of clocks begins to shake. And rattle. And then they blurrily vanish. Reappearing moments in mid-air, detached from the pillar -- and then they fly straight into the vortex. Disappearing in a flash.

Quinn stands, rubbing his neck. Smiling.

Laurel rises from the laser emitters and beams at her father.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo stands before the open vortex, fretting nervously -- and then there are tiny, multiple flashes of light in the sky above him.

Flashes that resolve into hundreds of thousands of doomsday clocks. Falling from the sky in a storm of clocks.

And arcing directly into the open vortex.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Wade and Rembrandt watch in amazement as hundreds of thousands of doomsday clocks appear in mid-air and descend towards their vortex.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Quinn and Laurel stand together, watching a torrent of clocks sweeping into the void.

Quinn-2 stands on the other side of the torrent, visible between bursts of clocks flying into the wormhole.

He glares at Quinn, his face burning with outrage.

Another burst of clocks briefly obscures Quinn-2 from sight. When the clocks pass, Quinn-2 is gone.

Quinn reaches for Laurel haltingly. Unsure.

Laurel steps closer to him. And Quinn puts an arm around her. She smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shoppers point and shout at the billions of clocks appearing in mid-air. And the storm of clocks continues to stream straight into the open gateway.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT

It is still, silent and empty.

A vortex appears. Arturo emerges.

Twin vortexes appear a moment later, returning Wade, Rembrandt, Quinn and Laurel to the basement as well.

ARTURO
Well, Mr. Mallory?

Quinn opens his timer while running to a computer workstation. Typing urgently and looking at the timer.

QUINN
We didn't get all the clocks.

WADE
Oh my God!

LAUREL
How many did we get into your pocket dimension?

QUINN
About eighty per cent of them --
twenty per cent of the clocks
across all three Earths were
remapped before we could stop it --

REMBRANDT
But what does that mean? The other
Quinn was going to destroy reality,
but all this is still here --

Arturo moves to the computer workstation to peer over Quinn's shoulder.

ARTURO
A partial remapping of the clocks
with our measures would leave
fissures at three separate points
in San Francisco. The shopping
mall. The grocery store. The coffee
shop. But how far would the damage
spread?

Quinn looks up from the computer, his expression grave.

QUINN
We'd better find out.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The sliders emerge from a vortex in the downtown area of San Francisco. The city around them is a bizarre mishmash. There's a settlement of tents next to a state-of-the-art skyscraper with a BANK OF UKRAINE sign on it.

There's a distinctive San Francisco cable car rattling up the rails, except the front half is painted to look like a wooden train car while the back end is rounded and metallic like a Japanese bullet train. A truck slowly drives past the sliders, its signage saying, BUY YOUR WATER HERE.

One street sign says SUTTER on one side but the other side is in Russian. Modern streetlights are next to gas lamps. There's a car factory next to a luxury hotel.

A passing taxi has a sign advertising ANTI-DEPRESSANT ENRICHED IMPACT COLA. Billboards encourage people to VISIT TARGET FOR ALL YOUR WICCAN SUPPLIES, to REPORT ILLEGAL SUGAR DEALERS and to sign up for ESPERANTO AS A SECOND LANGUAGE.

There's a hot dog vendor selling Geomash, a Blockbuster video rental store next to a smartwatch shop -- and there's a giant passenger blimp in the sky.

ARTURO

What has happened here?

REMBRANDT

This can't be home! Where are we?

Quinn studies his timer nervously.

QUINN

We're home, guys -- but home's changed.

LAUREL

Changed into what?

WADE

It's like every block on this street was pulled out of a different version of San Francisco.

Quinn is still looking at the timer -- when it suddenly RINGS. As though it's a phone.

The sliders regard him curiously, but Quinn seems unsurprised. He taps the screen and holds it up to his ear.

QUINN

Mom! Yeah, I'm back. Listen, have you been home in the last hour?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

QUINN (cont'd)

(a beat)

So you were definitely inside the pocket dimension that forms your apartment? Good, good.

He listens.

QUINN (cont'd)

Oh, you know. Traveling across three parallel Earths. Confronting an angry double out to destroy all of reality. Yeah, pretty much. Lamb chops tonight?

(glancing at Wade)

We might have company. Oh? Well, it's complicated --

Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel stand in front of Quinn, looking at him questioningly.

QUINN (cont'd)

Well, Mom -- the bad news is that the city of San Francisco has been merged with at least eight hundred parallel versions of itself. With aspects and individuals now co-existing in a single reality.

Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel are stunned. They turn away from Quinn. Looking around this patchwork San Francisco.

We pan from the sliders in a 360 degree rotation. Showing the city around them. The billboards saying **HILLARY CLINTON: YOU LOVED HER AS PRESIDENT; YOU'LL TRUST HER AS MAYOR** and offering **DISCOUNT CONCORDE FLIGHTS**.

A church that's one-half a Catholic cathedral and the other a Hindu temple. A shanty town next to a sleek glass building with a sign declaring itself the **INSTITUTE OF FLAT EARTH RESEARCH**.

We rotate back to the sliders surrounded by this strange new landscape. And Quinn, still holding the timer to his face as a dated flip-phone:

QUINN (cont'd)

The good news is I'll be home for dinner and I'm bringing your granddaughter.

And on this closing line --

FADE OUT.

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

CONTINUES IN...

- **"Reminiscence" (4):** How did Quinn Mallory regain physical form? How can Wade and the Professor be alive? How can home be normal after the invasion? What happened to the Kromagg Dynasty? All the answers will be given here in this short novella.
- **"Revolution" (5):** Trapped in a deadly situation, Quinn is confronted by a spectre of the past -- an old friend from whom he has no secrets.
- **"Regenesis" (6):** A city of unwitting sliders. A detective agency called Sliders Incorporated. A final stand for the fate of all realities. This closing chapter is the long-awaited series finale of *Sliders*.