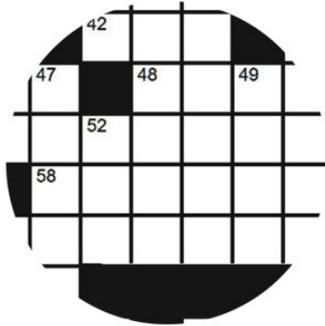


A secret government installation. A young woman seeking adventure. A pessimistic scientist. A world weary federal agent. And a degenerate genius who will endanger them all as his recklessness sends them through a gateway to parallel worlds.



s l i d e r s
D E C L A S S I F I E D

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Edited by Ibrahim Ng

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We start with a solid black screen. In plain, serif letters, white type appears, saying:

In an undisclosed location...

The text fades and then we

FADE TO:

A SHEET OF PAPER. It is taped to a wall. On the paper is an amateurishly drawn sketch of the tilted northern hemisphere of the Earth. The drawing of the Earth has a cartoonish, frowning face on it. Under the cartoon Earth are the handwritten words:

Lost and Found

ALLI (O.C.)

*What if you could find brand new
worlds right here on Earth -- where
anything is possible?*

And we pull back even wider to reveal that the drawing is taped to a government seal on a wall. It's the seal for the DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY.

ALLI (O.C.) (cont'd)

Same planet -- different dimension!

We see now that the seal hangs on the wall in a hallway with two chairs.

ALLI (O.C.) (cont'd)

We've got the gateway!

In the hallway are two people; both are dressed in suits you would expect a federal agent to wear. ALLI CRISTON, an energetic, wide-eyed young woman, is standing. ARNOLD GIBBS, a strong, silent type, is seated and focused on a newspaper crossword puzzle.

ALLI

*(falling into the
seat next to Gibbs)*

What if the Russians ruled America?

Gibbs concentrates on writing something in the crossword and refuses to look at Alli.

GIBBS

The Russians can't even rule Russia.

Alli's eyes light up as her imagination changes gears.

ALLI

Oh! What if your dreams of being a superstar came true?

With a smile, Alli looks at Gibbs, who continues to write in his crossword.

ALLI (cont'd)

Just think about it. What if it's the same year, and you're the same person, but everything else is different!

Gibbs lifts his eyes for a moment, but straight ahead and not at Alli.

GIBBS

And what if you can't find your way back home when you're done? That's why nobody uses the thing, Allison.

Gibbs is still facing forward, but his eyes have drifted in Alli's direction. Like a little devil, Alli tries to seal the deal now that she has a piece of Gibbs's attention.

ALLI

Come on, Gibbs. What's life without a little risk?

GIBBS

You think they stuck you here to take risks?

Gibbs shakes his head as he turns his attention back to the crossword.

ALLI

Well, you're stuck here too. Why are you here anyway?

Gibbs scowls a bit. This question has upset him. Alli is annoyed and a bit flippant.

GIBBS

I don't want to talk about it.

ALLI

How bad could it be?

Gibbs looks directly at Alli with a deadly serious expression.

GIBBS
I. Don't. Want. To talk about it.

Alli folds her arms, frustrated. Gibbs looks back at his crossword puzzle.

ALLI
Fine.

She gets out of her chair with a confident look.

ALLI (cont'd)
I'm going to see the Doc. Maybe he'll take me for a spin around the universe.

GIBBS
Heh. Good luck with that.

We linger on Gibbs as Alli walks away. Gibbs has looked up long enough to roll his eyes. He smirks to himself as he continues to watch Alli walk away.

GIBBS (cont'd)
"What if." Hmph.

Gibbs looks back at his crossword.

GIBBS (cont'd)
What if I knew seven letters for "Fortunes in decline"?

We go to an angle BEHIND GIBBS in his chair as he leans in to write something on the crossword.

GIBBS (cont'd)
Know it? I'm living it.

And we abruptly ZOOM IN on the crossword puzzle, which fills the screen. The texture of the newsprint vanishes and we're now looking at an animated image of a crossword puzzle.

We move in closer until the screen shows only a SINGLE SQUARE on the crossword puzzle. There's a very small 4 in the upper left hand corner of the square.

A letter **S** appears inside the square as though being written by an invisible pen.

We shift down on the crossword speedily to see the BOX UNDER THE **S**, now being filled with the letter L being written in by an unseen hand. We continue to shift one box down at a time, the letters **I**, **D**, **E**, **R** and **S** appearing rapidly.

And then we pull back. And we see, on the crossword, the words:



We zoom in on the **D** in **SLIDERS**. In the hollow space inside the **D**, we see a single figure walking down the hallway in the direction AWAY FROM US. The hallway fills our eyes.

The figure is Alli, walking through the facility. She passes by a corkscrew board. The board has several papers pinned to it, one a photo of a girl.

Alli glances at the board and sticks her tongue out at it playfully as she passes by. We stay on the board for a moment and take in its contents.

ON THE BOARD: We can see the photo is Alli's goofy, toothy grinned photo ID with the name "**Agent Alli Criston**" on the bottom. Pinned beside the photo are papers titled "**Transfer Order.**"

There is a post-it note pinned to the bottom of these documents. Written on the Post-It are the words:

Return to Sender

Also on the Post-It is a little frowny face with its tongue stuck out.

We turn away from the board and BACK TOWARDS Alli, who has continued down the hall and is well ahead of us. As we speed after her to catch up, we stop again at a DISPLAY CASE against a wall. In the case is a large photo of a group of people reminiscent of a NASA crew photo.

Below the large photo is a large type plaque that reads "**In Memory of Wonderland Expedition One.**" Below this title are several small photos.

We go closer to ONE SPECIFIC PHOTO: it is Gibbs in a stoic expression. The plaque underneath reads "**Agent Arnold Gibbs,**" and there's a post-it note attached to the photo, reading:

Luckiest S.O.B. alive

We turn away from the display board and continue to pursue Alli as she proceeds away from us. At a distance, we see her laughing as she walks by a new display.

We stop to see this display too: mounted on the wall are six portrait style photos, and a large print sign above the photos reads "**Pioneers of Reality Travel.**" Once again, one of the photos has a post-it note taped to the bottom of it.

We go in close on this photo: it is someone we haven't seen before, but we'll meet him later. It's a thirtysomething man who looks like he just posed for a driver's license photo he wouldn't like showing to people.

The plaque underneath this photo reads "**Dr. Reese Devereaux Technical Advisor.**" The post-it note stuck to Reese's photo says:

UN-luckiest S.O.B. alive

And we turn away from the display to see that Alli is once again far ahead of us. She's about to make a right-turn around a corner, and as we rush forward to meet her, we turn to face the very wall we're speeding past.

The wall is plastered with posters, newspaper articles and an assortment of papers.

Included is a paper headlined "**Three Missing - Presumed Dead**"; a "**Have you seen me?**" poster with a picture of Wade Welles; a promotional poster for a Lifetime movie titled *Not*

Without My Son featuring an actress who looks like Mrs. Mallory.

There's a *National Inquirer* cover with the headline "**The Crying Man Lives!**" with a blurred photo of a man in an alley; and another newspaper headline that reads "**Maximillian Arturo sought for questioning in disappearances.**"

We are at the end of this wall and we finally catch up to Alli. She is approaching a door. By the door is a sign in large red letters that reads "**STOP ON SIGHT**"; the bold sign is taped above a police department's mug shot featuring the side and front profile of CONRAD BENNISH JR.

A Post-It taped to Bennish's photo reads:

Just an S.O.B.

Alli opens the door and walks in.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB / BREAK-ROOM

DR. REESE DEVEREAUX, a depressed, average male, sits at his cluttered work table; the good doctor's lab is a poorly modified break-room, and the doctor is well aware of this fact. The doctor is dressed in a white lab coat.

There is a large, white dry erase board with the unified field theory equation written out in black marker.

The FROWNY FACE next to the answer drives home the fact that the person who wrote this equation is also the person who's been making all of these amateur signs we've been seeing.

Reese faces the door playing solitaire on his computer. No one walking in the room can see the screen.

Alli walks into the room. She knocks on the door as she walks by it, but it is apparent she wasn't going to wait for someone to answer.

ALLI
What'cha doin'?

CONTINUED:

A startled Reese jumps to hit a button on the keyboard. The screen changes from solitaire to some kind of active, wavy science thing that seems important but probably isn't.

Reese looks up to see ALLI; he then he closes his eyes in frustration.

REESE

The same thing I do every night. Try to ignore the annoying girl.

Alli's eyes widen as she grins. It is as though she is thinking, "*Yeah, but I'm not going away.*" Alli walks straight over the table and picks up THE TIMER which is plugged into its cradle.

ALLI

If I remember right, all I have to do is turn...

Reese snatches the timer and cradle from her hand and puts it back on the table. Alli rolls her eyes.

ALLI (cont'd)

Oh come on, Reese.

Reese is a bit annoyed that she has forgotten his title again.

REESE

Doctor. It's Doctor.

Alli sarcastically salutes.

ALLI

Yes sir, Doctor, sir!

Alli smiles and leans on the table to get closer to Reese's face.

ALLI (cont'd)

If you're really afraid of jumping into the unknown, I could get you a big blue phone box to ride in.

Reese stands. He paces for a moment as he wipes his hand down his face in frustration.

REESE

Dear, dear Alice. Always looking for rabbits to chase down holes.

Reese looks to Alli.

CONTINUED:

REESE (cont'd)
What do you know of the nature of
reality?

ALLI
Isn't the world what we make of it?

Reese shakes his head.

REESE
And therein lies your problem. The
human race is arrogant. We like to
believe that the nature of reality is
limited only by our vision.

Reese picks up a pencil and pulls a piece of paper out. Alli
looks on; she's still a bit amused at being called arrogant
by someone who's arrogant.

REESE (cont'd)
The truth is that our visual ability
limits us. The foundations of our
reality are its smallest, invisible
parts. We live in a house built on
sand.

The camera focuses on the paper as Reese talks. Reese is
drawing the Hydrogen atom; one small sphere attached to
circle as it spins around a larger sphere inside the circle.

REESE (cont'd)
From our perspective, we can't
predict or control which way the
electron spins around an atom.

Reese points to the smaller sphere connected to the circle
around the larger sphere.

He draws an arrow curving away from the small sphere in a
clockwise fashion. Then he draws another arrow curving away
from the small sphere in a counter-clockwise fashion.

REESE (cont'd)
Instead, nature is designed for both
possibilities in every atom; and each
possible combination has been pre-
written and catalogued. We are simply
handed our story and allowed to read
it.

(beat)
And all of these combinations, these
stories, these realities, live in
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

REESE (cont'd)
parallel to each other like the
stacked pages of a massive book.

Reese holds up the piece of paper.

REESE (cont'd)
The story of our reality is just one,
single page.

Reese grips the paper and stretches it tight with his hands,
then slams the paper down over the sliding timer that sits
in its cradle.

Alli twitches back from the sharp, unexpected motion. The
timer has torn through the paper leaving the paper ruined.

Reese removes the timer from its cradle. In one hand, he
holds the timer up; in the other hand, he holds the ruined
paper. Reese gestures with the timer as he talks.

REESE (cont'd)
And this thing pokes a hole. What was
written on the paper is torn, and
it's never the same again.

Reese lays the loose timer and ruined paper back on the
table; with a deadly serious tone and expression, he
continues his talk with Alli.

REESE (cont'd)
There is no Wonderland to see inside
Pandora's open box. We lived
blissfully trying to understand the
world we had until a kid stumbled
across this thing in his basement.

Reese points back to the timer.

REESE (cont'd)
Inside this bit of plastic and
circuits, we were finally given the
most dangerous thing ever known. We
were given the ability to stop
reading our story, step outside of
our page and deface every page in the
library. In the shifting sands of
reality, this thing is like dynamite
in a sandbox.

Alli looks up in the air as she thinks toward the positive.

CONTINUED:

ALLI

I don't know. Sounds like freedom.
Maybe he never came back because he
found a better story.

REESE

Or he corrupted another reality into
a worse hell than it already was.

Alli shrugs.

ALLI

If that's how you want to spin your
electrons.

Reese thinks for a moment on the irony of the comment.
Suddenly a blue strobe light comes to life behind Reese.
Alli looks at it with confusion.

ALLI (cont'd)

(sarcastic)

Attention K-Mart shoppers...

Reese whips around in a panic.

REESE

It's the alarm!

Alli watches Reese run from the room; she follows behind in
disbelief.

ALLI

Blue? Really!?

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY

The camera slowly rises to reveal a figure standing in the
lobby. His arms open wide and a smile on his face as he nods
in approval of himself.

This is CONRAD BENNISH, JR. Strapped to his chest are
several sticks of dynamite with an alarm clock in the
middle.

BENNISH

Here I am, Uncle Sam.

FADE OUT.

-- POTENTIAL ACT BREAK --

FADE IN:

INT. LOBBY

Alli and Reese run into the lobby to find Gibbs and Bennish in a stand off. Gibbs has his arms open ready to pounce; Gibbs is looking for an opportunity as he inches forward. A grinning Bennish gestures at the bomb as though he dares Gibbs to jump in.

ALLI
YEAH! Time to kick some tail!

Alli tries to run off to join Gibbs, but Reese grabs her by the arm and stops her; he knows she'll just make it worse.

REESE
He's got a BOMB!

Alli looks at Reese like she can't believe he's missed the point.

ALLI
That's what makes it great!

Reese just looks at her with continuing disbelief.

Gibbs keeps his eye on Bennish.

GIBBS
(yelling)
Go call this in, Alli! Tell them it's Junior!!

A cautious and mortified Reese keeps his distance; he can only respond by yelling back to Gibbs.

REESE
The kook that thinks he got a patent on interdimensional travel? How the hell did he find us again?!

Reese is still holding Alli's arm; Alli is trying to break free without hurting Reese but she's also distracted as she absorbs the information being shared.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIBBS
Some idiot in D.C. declassifies the
project. Google Earth catches a
picture on the street. Pizza boy
blabs his mouth.

Gibbs inches closer to Bennish.

GIBBS (cont'd)
It doesn't matter. He's here.

BENNISH
You can't hide the truth! You can't
handle the truth!

Bennish keeps the agent at bay by teasing that he'll blow
the bomb. Reese still grasps Alli.

ALLI
(barking at Reese)
Let me help!

GIBBS
Do what I said, Alli!

Gibbs smiles while looking at Bennish.

GIBBS (cont'd)
This creep isn't going to do it
anyway. I can see it in his eyes.

ALLI
(yelling)
He's wearing sunglasses, Gibbs!

The color drains from Reese's face.

Alli finally pulls her arm free of Reese and starts toward
GIBBS, but she stops as an idea dawns across her face. Alli
darts back toward the lab stopping for a second to pat Reese
on the chest.

ALLI (cont'd)
I've got an idea.

Alli leaves the room, but Reese's gaze stays fixed on the
battle for the bomb. With an accepting expression:

REESE
(matter of fact)
We're all going to die.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB / BREAK-ROOM

A grinning Alli runs through the door and stops herself by hitting the desk. Alli is looking down at the timer and the ruined paper from Reese's demonstration.

Alli picks up the ruined paper in one hand and looks at it. With a big eureka moment smile, she snaps her hand closed crinkling the paper in her palm.

ALLI
Dynamite in the sandbox.

Alli tosses the wadded paper back on the table. The camera zooms in on the wadded paper as Alli scoops up the loose timer and runs for the door.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY

Gibbs and Bennish are still facing off.

In the background, a petrified Reese has begun to slowly sidestep toward the door, but his eyes stay fixed on the two men.

BENNISH
Just give me the gizmo, and I'm gone.

GIBBS
Gizmo? This look like World War II to you, son?

BENNISH
Just do it!

Bennish is starting to get serious.

GIBBS
You look more like an Old West fan.
Want me to fetch the doodad instead?

Bennish snarls.

CUT TO:

Alli runs past Reese to enter the room. Reese notices that Alli has the timer in her hand and grabs her back to stop her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REESE

What are you doing?!

Alli is examining the timer's controls as Reese tries to get the timer out of her hands.

ALLI

We're going to get rid of the bomb.

REESE

You can't just throw a bomb into another reality!! You don't know where it will end up, and it's inconceivable that it would end up in a place that's bomb proof!

ALLI

I'm going to close the tunnel on the bomb before it gets to the other side.

REESE

That's crazy! You'll -- you'll --

ALLI

I'll what?

REESE

Well I don't know! But it can't be good!

Alli manages to turn the knob on the timer and a beam shoots out. A vortex opens directly behind Bennish. Bennish instinctively turns to face it and his jaw drops at the sight of the vortex before him.

BENNISH

(in awe)

Whoa.

Gibbs steps toward the back of the distracted Bennish to get control of the bomb. Gibbs grabs Bennish's arms and pulls them behind Bennish's back. Gibbs is winding up to throw Bennish in the vortex before the bomb can go off.

BENNISH (cont'd)

Get off!

The alarm clock falls off the vest. No explosion. Gibbs pulls Bennish around for a face to face; Gibbs speaks under his breath like a man trying to control his blood pressure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIBBS

The damn alarm clock isn't even attached to anything.

Gibbs grabs into the bomb; the red sticks of 'dynamite' squish in his hand.

GIBBS (cont'd)

Play-Doh!?!

Bennish has a look of someone who doesn't know quite to say. Sheepishly, Bennish responds.

BENNISH

C'mon, bro. I'm crazy, but I'm not stupid.

Alli yells out to GIBBS; she hasn't heard what Gibbs is saying. Reese's struggle for the timer is causing it to point in all sorts of directions.

ALLI

Gibbs! I'm closing the vortex! Throw it in!

REESE

You're turning the dial the wrong way!

ALLI

No, you are! Let go!

The timer points at the vortex long enough for the dial to be turned; a new beam shoots out causing the vortex to start moving toward Gibbs and Bennish.

Gibbs can see it coming.

GIBBS

Oh, hell.

The vortex swallows Gibbs and Bennish with a BAM and a flash of light as it keeps moving toward Alli and Reese. Alli looks on in excited awe. Reese is screaming.

The camera keeps zooming in toward Reese's open mouth. With a bam and a flash of light we

CUT TO:

The interior of the sliding tunnel. Like most of the series, we see no one in the tunnel; we simply hear otherworldly sounds and see the sights.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

INT. LAB / BREAK-ROOM (DARK)

With a bam and a flash of light, Reese and Alli hit the floor. In front of them are Gibbs and Bennish pulling themselves up from the floor.

The lab is now different. The lights are out or flickering. There is a television on the floor. We can see the dark screen, but the television is on its side because it has fallen off the cart which has also fallen to the floor.

The lab table is still upright, and everything we saw earlier in Reese's lab is still present.

However, the equation on the dry erase board now has a different answer; there are three question marks beside the equal sign. No one ever notices this fact.

Bennish rises in excitement.

BENNISH

Nullified gravity creating an
entropic vacuum with unlimited
inertia!

ALLI

Did he hit his head?

GIBBS

Not yet.

Gibbs grabs into Bennish and winds up for the hit. Reese speaks ominously.

REESE

This isn't the lobby.

ALLI

Maybe it just shot us into another
room? That would be disappointing.

The ground starts to shake with a rumbling sound; dust falls from the ceiling. As the shaking stops, the lights come back on.

The look on Reese's face becomes one of horror; he drops to his knees, but his gaze continues straight ahead.

CONTINUED:

Slumped against the wall in a bloody mess is Reese. A double of Reese. The gun in his hand tells us that he took his own life.

The television flickers to life. The reception is poor; there is static in the picture. However, it is clear that a newscast is in progress. The female news anchor is solemn.

NEWS ANCHOR

*... stands devastated at this hour.
Reports are still coming in, but it
would appear that the predictions
were accurate. This is the end of the
world.*

Alli, Gibbs and Bennish share a concerned look as Reese continues to stare in shock at the body.

FADE OUT.

-- SWIPE TRANSITION DIAGONALLY FROM
RIGHT TO LEFT DIAGONAL SWIPE
MATCHES EDGE OF NEWSPAPER MOVING
ACROSS SCREEN --

FADE IN.

A CSA TODAY newspaper headline in large font

"Suicide Booth Recall / Survivor Complaints Mount"

Further down on the page, another item title is

"Rodham Proposes Unification"

The camera pulls back to reveal that Reese has used the open newspaper to cover his double's dead body. To the side, Gibbs and Alli are returning the playing television back upright on its stand.

Bennish sits behind the desk and has inexplicably found a slinky to play with. His self-absorbed grin shows his utter lack of concern about the situation.

NEWS ANCHOR

*For centuries, the mystery of planet
Mars eluded scholars.*

CUT TO:

We now see the television screen fully as though we're watching the broadcast. Some static and interruption still fills the screen.

CONTINUED:

The inset picture next to the depressed and somber NEWS ANCHOR's head is a representation of planet Mars -- cracked open into three, separate distinct pieces with smaller rock floating all around.

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
Nicknamed "The Cracked Planet," it was believed that Mars had been torn apart by the combined gravitational forces of planets Jupiter and Juno.

CUT TO:

Gibbs walks up to join Reese and Alli in watching the television. Bennish seems to still live in his own world.

ALLI

Juno?

GIBBS

In Roman mythology, she was the wife of Jupiter.

REESE

(somber)

The asteroid belt. In our reality, there's an asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter. It's from a planet that was destroyed or didn't form. But it's silly to think that caused the Mars problem. The gravity wouldn't add up.

Bennish leaps out of his seat looking at the television.

BENNISH

I'm famous!

CUT TO:

The inset picture behind the news anchor now depicts Conrad Bennish, Jr. Well, a Conrad Bennish, Jr. This Bennish appears to be a little more clean cut, but he is just as full of himself.

The somber tone of the News Anchor continues.

NEWS ANCHOR
... thanks to Dr. Conrad Bennish, Jr. and his proof of the expanding planet theory. Earlier today, the good doctor appeared on the American News Network to answer final questions.

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

A clip from ANN (the American News Network) begins to play; the CNN font is used to create the ANN logo in the bottom left corner of the screen. Much like a press conference, the only person on camera is Doctor Bennish. Someone off-screen asks a question.

VOICE

*Doctor. Can you offer us any hope in
this dark hour?*

Doctor Bennish grimaces and wastes no time in addressing the question.

DOCTOR BENNISH

*Hope? I wasn't wrong! I nailed it!
It's the end of the world!*

Doctor Bennish nods to himself approvingly because it is obvious that the only thing he cared about was being right. He then exclaims as he points toward the off-camera questioner:

DOCTOR BENNISH (cont'd)

Loser!

CUT TO:

The four Sliders looking at the television screen. Bennish is slack jawed with shock.

BENNISH

*That is the greatest thing I've ever
seen.*

Alli, Reese and Gibbs slowly turn to look at Bennish in disbelief and disgust.

CUT TO:

The local News Anchor is back; she continues her somber report.

NEWS ANCHOR

The good doctor indeed "nailed it."

An image of a rocky sphere fills the screen as the News Anchor continues in voice over.

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)

*Using information collected by the
Odyssey Mars orbiter, we now*

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
understand that planets grow. The earth began as a smaller planet that expanded. As that expansion continued, the earth's crust cracked to create the trenches that house the oceans separating our continents.

A series of still images shows the barren planet slowly expanding into the image of earth we know; the only difference is that the Gulf of Mexico is now mostly dry land.

The image returns to the News Anchor behind his desk.

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
But like a balloon, there are limits to expansion; and those limits can be calculated. Many scoffed at the doctor's prediction of the earth's end, but the massive tsunamis and earthquakes in the years that followed have left little doubt in public opinion. Ironic as it may seem, our world will now be destroyed by division. The time is now. God help us all.

An inset image of the Confederate flag appears on the screen as the camera shifts slightly left to accommodate.

NEWS ANCHOR (cont'd)
In other news, unconfirmed reports of the President's suicide continue...

CUT TO:

Reese walks away from the television in a huff.

REESE
 This is stupid!!

Alli walks up to console Reese.

ALLI
 Oh, come on. It's not the end of the world.

GIBBS
 No. That's actually the point.

BENNISH
 And I proved it!

CONTINUED:

Gibbs just shakes his head and walks over to the computer.

REESE

No. This really is stupid! The earth isn't going to crack open. This is a grand example of mass hysteria in the tradition of Y2K and global warming.

Bennish gets in the face of Reese as if he's offended to have his double's theory challenged.

BENNISH

Then how do you explain the quake?

REESE

Did you get a good look at that globe? Most of the Gulf of Mexico wasn't there. The asteroid that supposedly killed the dinosaurs must have never hit in this reality. That kind of event could change earthquake patterns.

Alli excitedly interjects.

ALLI

So there's dinosaurs here!?!

Reese throws up his hands in frustration.

REESE

Oh yes! Let's go dinosaur hunting! We can use my other dead body for bait!

BENNISH

That's just wrong.

Gibbs looks up from his surfing of the world wide web.

GIBBS

Do we really want to stick around and see if this Earth holds together?

The ground shakes again with dust falling from the ceiling as the lights flicker.

BENNISH

Man's got a point.

The shaking stops.

CONTINUED:

REESE

Point or not, it's moot. Using the device again will just take us to another random reality.

ALLI

Not necessarily. This thing has to have our world's address in it. How else would it ever take anyone back home?

REESE

Yeah. When you set the timer.

Reese holds up the timer to Alli's face; it reads **00:00:00**.

REESE (cont'd)

And somebody didn't even set the timer!

BENNISH

Bypass. Give it.

Bennish reaches out to get the timer; Reese pulls it back protectively.

REESE

It doesn't work like that.

Gibbs leans up to grab Bennish by the arm. Gibbs shakes his head "no" and exchanges looks with Bennish. Alli notes this and puts herself between Reese and Bennish.

Bennish protests with a "thh" sound and snatches his arm free; Gibbs lingers his gaze on the situation until finally returning to read the computer screen in front of him.

Reese gestures with the timer while remaining mindful of Bennish.

REESE (cont'd)

This thing wasn't made to fire like a gun whenever you want. It's like a computer. It was started wrong and the whole thing has crashed. I'll be lucky to make it do anything now!

ALLI

So reboot it.

REESE

I don't have the equipment to --

CONTINUED:

Gibbs clears his throat to get Reese's attention. Gibbs is pointing down to the computer and the contents of the table; the equipment and layout is nearly identical to Reese's original desk.

REESE (cont'd)

Oh.

The ground shakes a little.

GIBBS

You better do what you've got to do,
Doc. These people have been damn
specific.

Gibbs turns the laptop monitor to face the the other three. The screen shows the headline for *The Breitbart Report* website. The red headline reads "**DOOMSDAY**" with a countdown clock under it; only a few hours remain before the countdown reaches zero.

The ground is shaking more violently; we hear things falling over. Reese looks at Bennish.

REESE

Your idiot double gave them a
countdown clock! No wonder everyone
is in a pan --

The power cuts off plunging them into darkness.

REESE (cont'd)

-- ic.

Flashes of light from the hallway like electricity sparking; we hear a rumble as things continue to shake more and more. Gibbs stands up.

GIBBS

We gotta go!

REESE

Grab the laptop!

Gibbs grabs the laptop, Reese grabs a cable from the table. Everyone tries to make it out of the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING ENTRANCE

The Sliders stumble out of the front door and into a flickering orange glow. The shaking continues to grow. The Sliders stop in awe of what they see in front of them.

GIBBS

Damn it.

CUT TO:

The camera takes the Sliders' point of view; we are getting the view of what they saw.

Beyond the lawn is a city in ruin. Fires burn out of control; the electricity is off as far as the eye can see; there is very little left standing above street level... and the very few things still standing are falling like footsteps moving towards the Sliders.

REESE

My God.

The shaking has increased dramatically. The rumbling is much louder.

Alli and Bennish fall down. Gibbs falls back into a wall but braces himself while securing the laptop. Reese is now in a panic pressing every button he can find on the timer while hitting his hand on the side of it.

Reese vents his disappointment to the lump of plastic.

REESE (cont'd)

I knew it. I knew it. I *KNEW IT*.

Close up of the timer read-out as it finally comes to life with its start-up sequence

The barely standing Reese could almost cry with excitement and joy -- but then we hear a cracking sound. Reese looks up and his expression changes to one of horror.

The ground is cracking open, and the crack is coming toward the Sliders.

Reese tries to fire the timer, but he stumbles causing the beam to shoot straight at the ground a half dozen feet in front of him. The vortex opens, Reese hits the ground, the timer breaks open, circuits and chips lie exposed.

Alli moves toward Reese to help him up; the vortex is dead center of the forming crack -- and the crack is widening.

CONTINUED:

It won't be long before the crack is so wide that it won't be possible to jump into the vortex.

A wobbly Bennish jumps for it and slides away. Gibbs looks to Alli, but she and Reese are on the opposite side of the growing crack. Gibbs curses himself knowing he can't do anything; he jumps and slides away.

Alli is trying to pull Reese to his feet.

ALLI

Come on!

Reese is desperately trying to scoop up timer parts that have fallen on the pavement and in the grass.

Alli finally pulls Reese to his feet and pushes him off into the vortex. She quickly follows behind, but the camera trails back to where Reese was lying.

On the rumbling ground is a single microchip that has been left behind.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL FOOD COURT

With a bam and a flash of light, we see Reese hit the floor like a man lying down for a nap; but Reese's eyes are wide and shell shocked.

He holds the timer pieces limply to his chest; he seems to have run out of the little hope his heart was capable of carrying.

Off camera, we hear an otherworldly echo...

ALLI

WOO-HOO!!

Reese's eyes flare as he rolls out of the way of what he expects.

With a bam and a flash of light, Alli hits the floor running and stops herself on the table in front of her. Dust falls from her clothing as she hits the table. Alli has a smile from ear to ear; she sees this entire thing as incredibly fun.

It would appear that the Sliders have landed in an indoor shopping mall food court. There are over-turned chairs and tables all around the exit path of the vortex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gibbs has placed the lap top on a table and is replacing the chairs around it. On the edge of our view, Bennish has just pulled himself up from the floor and is shaking off the jolt of the trip.

Reese is still lying on his back; it doesn't appear that he's even trying to get up. The vortex closes, revealing a newspaper stand that was behind it.

The camera takes Reese's point of view looking at the ceiling as Alli leans to look at down at him.

ALLI (cont'd)
Rise and shine, Droopy head.

The camera takes Alli's point of view looking at Reese on the floor. Reese squints his eyes in a mix of annoyance and anger.

Alli helps Reese to his feet as parts of the timer fall to the floor. Alli looks at the parts while talking to Reese.

ALLI (cont'd)
Wow. Glad we have you to fix that.

REESE
Your confidence astounds me.

Gibbs has walked over to the newspaper stand and picked up a newspaper.

ALLI
Who knows... maybe we're back home already and it doesn't matter.

GIBBS
I wouldn't count on that... unless you think the press is experimenting with creative spellings for "Barack."

Gibbs shows them the front page headline of *The New Hudson Times*.

"Barker Promises New Deal: A New Car for Every Garage"

Further down the page, another item title is

"Countries Face Off On International Feud"

Alli and Reese look at each other. Alli tweaks her mouth with that innocent "maybe" expression and shrugs her shoulders; Reese shakes his head "No" in response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alli abruptly realizes Bennish has slipped away; she starts scanning the immediate area with her eyes.

ALLI

Wait a minute. Where's Junior?

Gibbs throws the paper down in a frustrated huff.

GIBBS

I'll get him. Stay here.

Gibbs walks away.

Reese sits at the table with the laptop and drops the pieces of the timer he carries on the table top. His eyes soak in the impossibility of putting this egg back together.

REESE

Don't worry. We're not going anywhere.

Alli leans down and pats Reese on the shoulder; Reese looks at her. Alli winks, smiles and points her finger at a poster advertisement Gibbs is walking by as he leaves.

The poster shows attractively arranged gadgets and reads "Remote Control Lower Level 98." The logo is in the Radio Shack font with the R inside of a C instead of a circle.

Gibbs walks past the sign.

INT. MALL HALLWAY

The camera follows Gibbs as he walks down the mall. Gibbs is looking for Bennish, but he is also amazed at how easy the task should be; there are no other people present and most of the stores are closed with their gates down and lights off. It's like walking through a ghost town.

Gibbs finally sees a sign of life; there are two men sitting behind a kiosk in the center of the mall's main walkway. The front of the kiosk reads "**Information Desk**"; the words are presented in the same font used for the *Jeopardy!* logo.

Gibbs stops and thinks for a moment as he looks at the desk.

GIBBS

I'm gonna regret this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gibbs walks up to the Information Desk. One of the men behind the desk is clearly a Security Guard who seems to be asleep; the other is a SERVICE Representative who seems engaged in reading a book.

The Representative stops reading in order to look at Gibbs.

GIBBS (cont'd)
Is there nobody else in this mall?

REPRESENTATIVE
What do you expect with this economy?

Gibbs is perplexed; if the economy is so bad, then why are the two guys sitting behind this desk being paid to do nothing?

The Representative gets out of his seat and takes his position at the counter so that he can better serve Gibbs.

REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
Yeah, yeah. I know it's not my job to talk about that. Welcome to the Information Desk. Do you agree to tell the truth under penalty of law?

Gibbs is getting more confused.

GIBBS
Excuse me?

REPRESENTATIVE
I can't help you if you don't agree.

Gibbs sizes up the Representative and the still sleeping SECURITY GUARD. There's no one else around; he could take them down if he had to.

GIBBS
Alright then. Fine. Need me to do a Boy Scout salute too?

The Representative laughs.

REPRESENTATIVE
That's pretty good. Ha! Because a Boy scout would never come to the Information Desk! Hahaha!

Gibbs eyes widen; he wonders if he's gotten hold of some kind of nut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
Seriously, though. You do agree to
tell the truth under penalty of law?

GIBBS
YES!

REPRESENTATIVE
Great! What category can I help you
with?

GIBBS
Look. I don't know what you want me
to say. All I'm looking for is a few
answers.

The Representative leans in as though to play along.

REPRESENTATIVE
We only give information at the
Information Desk. You give the
answers.

Gibbs puts his hands on the counter, drops his head and
mutters to himself.

GIBBS
What kind of screwed up world is
this?

The Representative interrupts.

REPRESENTATIVE
Oh! Politics!

Gibbs raises his head with a fed up expression, but he's
curious enough to see where this is going.

The Representative looks under the desk as though he's
trying to find the right drawer; he finally finds the right
section and rips off a sheet of paper like we would a paper
towel from the roll.

The Representative reads from the paper.

REPRESENTATIVE (cont'd)
The first Vice President to have an
office in the White House; he also
helped change the position from
simple figurehead into a presidential
advisor and troubleshooter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gibbs looks at the Representative in disbelief; they've really been talking about a trivia game during all of this? The Representative looks down at his watch as though he's counting off time. Gibbs decides to answer.

GIBBS

Walter Mondale. That's my answer;
what's yours?

The Representative shakes his head in disappointment.

REPRESENTATIVE

Ohhh. No. Sorry. The answer was Wink
Martindale. You were so close, but
you have to pronounce the names
correctly or it doesn't count.

Gibbs nods his head in amazement.

GIBBS

Wink Martindale. The guy from Tic Tac
Dough.

GIBBS (cont'd)

(sarcastically)

Of course.

The Representative flips over the question paper to look at the back.

REPRESENTATIVE

And that one was worth five hundred
dollars too. You can still pull that
negative up, though. Choose your
category.

Gibbs starts to walk away.

GIBBS

Thank you, but I've had my fill of
Jeopardy today.

The Representative seems unsure of what to do; he didn't expect Gibbs to just walk away. The Representative wakes up the SECURITY GUARD.

REPRESENTATIVE

Uh... Sir! Sir! You... you can't just
leave. You have a negative balance!
You owe us five hundred dollars.

Gibbs keeps walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIBBS

Gambling in a mall based on a game show. I've seen it all now.

The Security Guard runs up and grabs Gibbs by arm. Gibbs stops and slowly turns his head toward the Security Guard as though to ask him if he wants to keep his arm. The GUARD is a bit shaken by the look, but stays professional.

SECURITY GUARD

You were read your Truth or Consequences rights, correct?

GIBBS

You have got to be kidding me.

SECURITY GUARD

Okay. At this time I must ask if you refuse your right for me to collect two hundred dollars.

GIBBS

Hell yes.

The GUARD is getting a little jumpy; he's putting his hand on the pepper spray attached to his belt.

SECURITY GUARD

You have hereby waived your right to pass and will go directly to jail. Can you present a freedom card at this time?

Gibbs thinks for a moment and asks a question.

GIBBS

Does this happen a lot around here?

SECURITY GUARD

If you're stupid, it does.

Gibbs smiles.

GIBBS

Then I think I finally found my answer. I'm all yours.

The Security Guard and Representative are both confused and waiting for the other shoe to drop, but the Security Guard takes the opportunity while he has it. A cooperative Gibbs is escorted away.

FADE OUT.

-- POTENTIAL ACT BREAK --

FADE IN.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT

Alli has a small plastic shopping bag in her hand and is walking toward the food court where Reese sits. Reese is intently working on something, but it is hard to tell what given the new amounts of junk sitting around.

There are also at least a dozen empty plastic shopping bags littering the floor around the table.

Reese has a soldering iron in his hand which is connected to a power strip fed into an extension cord that snakes off somewhere out of sight. The laptop is open, plugged in and apparently on.

ALLI
Well, here it is.

Alli throws the bag on the table; Reese fumbles to catch the bag unsuccessfully. The subsequent look on Reese's face relays his frustration with Alli's lack of care with delicate equipment.

Alli pulls up a chair and sits down.

ALLI (cont'd)
I hope that's the last thing you need. We're out of money and I have no idea where Gibbs is.

Reese has opened the shopping bag and is glancing at the microchip to make sure which side is face up and which is face down. Reese then starts to carefully place and solder the chip.

Alli puts her elbow on the table and props her cheek up on her hand as she sadly stares at the busy Reese.

ALLI (cont'd)
And this mall is awful. The only store I saw open was the electronics store. Everybody's really obsessed with watching television.

Reese is not paying attention. Reese is rapidly pointing his finger at different sections of the table and moving his

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lips; it's like he's making sure every step has been followed; he gets more excited the longer he does this. Alli raises an eyebrow at this strange behavior.

Reese exclaims.

REESE
I got it! I think I got it!

Alli sits up and scoots her chair closer to look at what Reese has done; her eyes widen in anticipation. Reese starts typing on the laptop keyboard.

REESE (cont'd)
Please. Please.

The camera takes the point of view of Reese and Alli looking at the laptop screen; we can see the exposed circuits of the timer beside the laptop with a cable connecting the timer to the laptop.

The laptop screen image is simple. At the top of the screen, there is a message that reads "**Auto-set Reboot in Progress**"; directly below the message is the standard progress bar seen when programs are installed on a computer. The progress bar is almost complete.

The progress bar completes. The message at the top of the screen changes to "**Auto-set Reboot Successful.**"

Reese throws his arms up and cheers in success as Alli grabs in to to hug him.

Then the laptop makes a buzzer sound; the kind of sound it makes when something goes wrong.

Reese and Alli freeze as their eyes drift down to the laptop screen; their happy expressions wilt to concern.

ALLI
What does that mean?

CUT TO:

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE

A tight shot of two fingers holding up a micro-chip; the chip clearly has a crack in it.

The camera slowly pulls back to reveal that Reese is the person holding the chip; the laptop is tucked under Reese's

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

other arm, and the timer is not visible (we are left to assume it's in his coat pocket).

Reese and Alli are at the counter of an electronics store; Reese is standing and Alli is leaning on the counter with both elbows. On the other side of the counter is a Clerk.

REESE

This chip is defective.

CLERK

Okay.

The Clerk does nothing. After waiting a moment, Reese's expression relays his expectation of the Clerk to do something more than say "Okay."

REESE

So... can we get a replacement?

CLERK

Sure. We take cash, deed or mortgage.

Reese looks at Alli. Alli has been dealing with this already and just shakes her head to confirm she also can't believe those are the options.

Alli turns her eyes to the Clerk; her mouth frowns to show her regret.

ALLI

I left my mortgage at home.

The Clerk seems slightly confused. Reese starts to talk, but does a slight double take at Alli because he just realized the irony of her comment. Reese then continues his address to the Clerk.

REESE

We don't want to buy another one!
Your store sold this to us broken!

The Clerk holds out his hand.

CLERK

Your receipt?

Reese looks to Alli. She shrugs and crooks her mouth in that "I don't know where it is" way. Reese sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REESE

We don't have the receipt, but you have to remember her. She was just in here!

The Clerk looks at Alli. Still leaning on the counter with her elbows, Alli smiles and waves at the Clerk with her fingers. The Clerk smiles back.

REESE (cont'd)

Please. You must help us. We desperately need this chip to start our...

Reese and Alli look at each other like they're both trying to come up a lie on the spot.

REESE (cont'd)

... car.

The Clerk raises an eyebrow. He knows that doesn't sound right, but he guesses he'll take their word for it.

CLERK

Without a receipt, you have to go to Customer Service first.

REESE

But...

CLERK

It's the law.

Reese is getting frustrated.

REESE

Fine. If it's not here, then where do I go?

CLERK

You want directions?

The Clerk gives a heavy sigh.

CLERK (cont'd)

I'll need to get the dice.

The Clerk leans under the counter, searching. Reese and Alli look at each other confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLERK

(mutters)

I just hope you don't roll a six. I hate explaining the six.

Reese interrupts the Clerk's search.

REESE

Um... thank you. I'll just go on out there. I'm sure there's a mall map or an information desk...

The Clerk interrupts.

CLERK

Oh, you don't want to go to the Information Desk.

Reese is just trying to go at this point.

REESE

Yes. Okay then. Thank you.

Reese looks at Alli.

Alli motions for Reese to go on ahead; her head is turned so the Clerk can't see her face, and she is tilting her head and darting her eyes toward the Clerk's position like she's trying to tell Reese she can probably schmooze another chip out of this guy if Reese will just leave.

Reese rolls his eyes as he turns around and walks out the door.

Alli again leans on the counter with her elbows and smiles at the Clerk. The Clerk smiles back.

ALLI

Sorry about him. He's just my ride.

CLERK

He's kind of stupid, isn't he?

Alli crooks her mouth as she thinks for a moment. She wouldn't put it quite that way, but she it occurs to her that the Clerk's answer fits pretty well.

ALLI

Yeahh...

Alli looks back at the Clerk with those puppy dog eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALLI (cont'd)
Can't you help just me?

The Clerk is still being more about business than flirting.

CLERK
Why would I do that?

ALLI
Well, that chip's not worth a lot of
money, but it would mean a lot to me.

The Clerk really doesn't follow.

CLERK
So?

ALLI
Don't you want to get to know me
better?

The Clerk finally gets it.

CLERK
You mean like a date?

ALLI
Sure. I can't tonight because my
friend has to get home, but we could
set something up.

CLERK
But you don't even know if we're
compatible.

Alli acts like its cute that this guy apparently has no
common sense.

ALLI
Who ever does?

CLERK
Well...everyone. That's what the test
is for.

Alli is confused.

ALLI
Test?

CLERK
You want to take the test?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alli is starting to get a little worried.

ALLI
What kind of test are we talking
about?

CLERK
Hold on a second.

The Clerk walks off camera; Alli's head follows his path as she wonders if she should take this opportunity to get the hell out of there.

The Clerk comes back carrying a black index card box; two Sharpee pens and several pieces of large, white poster board. The Clerk hands Alli a pen and several pieces of the poster board; Alli is really confused about what is going on here.

The Clerk opens up the index card box.

CLERK (cont'd)
Okay, it's my stuff, so you have to
pick a card to be fair.

Alli looks down at the card box and starts looking through the cards as she thumbs through them; the Clerk stops her.

CLERK (cont'd)
No! You can't look; that's cheating!
Just pick a card.

Alli is still very leery of this, but she picks a card out of the middle of the file and reads it.

CLERK (cont'd)
Okay. Let me see it.

Alli turns the card around to face the Clerk. We see that the card reads "Favorite TV Show."

CLERK (cont'd)
Oh! That's a good one.

The Clerk holds the poster board where Alli can't see it; he starts to write something on it with the pen. Alli tries to look at what the Clerk is writing, and he stops her. The Clerk replies playfully.

CLERK (cont'd)
You're such a cheater! Go on and do
yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alli reluctantly starts to write something on the poster board; the Clerk is done writing and is encouraging her to hold up her board so that he can't see what she's writing.

After a few moments, Alli stops writing.

CLERK (cont'd)
Are you done? Let me see!

Alli holds up the card where we can read it; she's tired and really isn't all that impressed with doing this. The card says *Wipeout* (referring to the ABC game show).

The Clerk responds with a bit of disappointment.

CLERK (cont'd)
Ah.

The Clerk turns his card to Alli so that we can read it; the card reads *Full House*. Alli's face can't hide how awful she thinks it is that he would pick that as his favorite show. However, it's pretty clear that this world's *Full House* is likely to have a gaming element.

The Clerk motions at the box.

CLERK (cont'd)
Okay. Go on. Pick another card.

Alli reluctantly picks another. Alli shows the card to the Clerk and to us; the card reads *Your Perfect First Date*.

CLERK (cont'd)
Great!

The Clerk excitedly starts to write. Alli hesitates for a second as she keeps thinking about how stupid this is, then she starts to write. Alli finishes up writing quickly, but the Clerk is still writing.

The Clerk keeps writing. The Clerk is writing a lot. Alli wonders what the hell this guy could be writing. Finally the Clerk finishes.

CLERK (cont'd)
Done! Let's see it.

Alli turns her card where we can see it; the card reads *Paint Ball*.

CLERK (cont'd)
Oh. Interesting. Here's mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Clerk turns around his card where Alli can see it. We cannot read what the card says; all we can see is Alli's reaction as she reads it.

As Alli reads through the rather lengthy card, her mouth begins to slowly drop open as her eyes widen; we get the impression that Alli is becoming increasingly mortified by how much of a pervert the Clerk is.

Alli's mouth quickly closes into a tight frown as her angry eyes dart up quickly to look at the Clerk.

Then out of nowhere, Alli is throwing a punch straight at the Clerk's face.

CUT TO:

INT. STORE ROOM

The swing of Alli's punch transitions into the swing of a door slamming. On the back of the door is a sign that reads "**JAIL.**"

The camera pans over to Alli and Gibbs sitting next to each other much like the first scene. Alli's chin is in her palm being supported by her elbow on her knee; she looks like a kid who just got sent to detention.

Beside Gibbs is a large stack of magazines; Gibbs has a magazine in his hand and hasn't stopped reading it to look over at Alli yet.

Gibbs slowly looks at Alli who continues her sad gaze forward. After a second or two, Alli moves only her eyes to look at Gibbs.

ALLI

I. Don't. Want. To talk about it.

Gibbs laughs loud and hard.

FADE OUT.

-- POTENTIAL
ACT BREAK --

FADE IN:

INT. STORE ROOM

Alli has leaned back into her chair talking to Gibbs. Gibbs is reading a magazine.

ALLI
Gibbs. What's going on here?

Gibbs answers but never stops reading the magazine except for the occasional glance over at Alli.

GIBBS
The Quiz Show Trials.

ALLI
What?

GIBBS
Back in the 1950's, a bunch of people came forward about how television game shows were rigged.

Alli's eyes widen.

GIBBS (cont'd)
On this world, only one person came forward -- Herb Stempel. Herb was bitter about losing to champion Charles Van Doren on the show *Twenty One*, and that's all anyone saw with Herb testifying alone.

Consternation fills Alli's face as Gibbs relates these unfamiliar, alien events. She looks to the door of the store room as Gibbs continues.

GIBBS (cont'd)
But even with just Herb, the whole thing went before Congress. On our world, Van Doren admitted everything to Congress and it changed people's opinions about game shows.

Alli presses her hands against the door, wishing she could smash it open.

GIBBS (cont'd)
On this world, Van Doren never testified at all and game show hosts only became more popular.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GIBBS (cont'd)
Not wanting to lose their growing
power, game show hosts ran for
political office and easily won and
they've kept office by making
everything into a game.

Alli rests her head against the door miserably.

GIBBS (cont'd)
It's a modern version of Rome's bread
and circuses. People will give up
their freedoms as long as they're
having fun.

Alli lets her hands slide from the door. Even if she
escaped, she'd still be trapped on this world.

She is sad and still as she looks at Gibbs.

ALLI
I want to go home.

Gibbs raises his eyebrows to show his amazement that Alli
has finally realized why people don't slide.

ALLI (cont'd)
Gibbs... what are we going to do?
Reese fixed the machine, but we're
stuck in...

Alli looks around a minute realizing her storage closet
surroundings.

ALLI (cont'd)
... is this really a jail?

Gibbs never stops reading his magazine.

GIBBS
Don't worry. They'll come to us.

ALLI
But Reese doesn't know what he's
doing! And Junior could care less.
And...

Gibbs looks at Alli as it finally hits her that those
reasons are exactly why Reese and Bennish will also end up
in "**Jail.**"

ALLI (cont'd)
Ooohhh.

CONTINUED:

Gibbs nods and goes back to reading his magazine.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL HALLWAY

Reese is still trying to find his way to Customer Service; he has a shopping bag with the microchip in his hand and the laptop still tucked under one arm; we assume that the timer still must be in his lab coat.

Reese passes by a music store that appears to be the only other place in the mall that's open. Beside the door is a life sized standee of Cleavant Derricks dressed as a clown; the sign reads "**You Will Believe a Clown Can Cry! Order Now!**" It would appear Rembrandt Brown is an opera singer on this world performing *Pagliacci*.

Reese shows no interest in going inside the store. As Reese walks by, there is suddenly a commotion as someone runs out of the store with a SALESPERSON running after him. Reese stops to look.

Bennish has stolen a guitar and is making a run for it; the SALESPERSON is running after him.

SALESPERSON

Give it back! I'm not playing games here!

Bennish and the SALESPERSON run off screen as Reese watches. Reese stays still for a moment. Bennish runs by Reese a second time having changed direction. Bennish stops for a moment and points his finger at the pursuing SALESPERSON.

BENNISH

Your rules don't apply to me!

Bennish starts running again; the SALESPERSON is close behind. Reese watches for a moment as they run off into the distance; then he shakes his head and returns to his attempts to find Customer Service.

CUT TO:

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE

Reese walks into the room and is delightedly surprised he has finally found Customer Service! Reese swiftly walks up

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to the counter; the Cashier behind the counter has her back to Reese and we can't see her face.

Reese walks up and knocks on the counter. The Cashier turns around and it is the somber News Anchor we saw on the previous world. Reese is surprised.

REESE

Oh, God! It's you!

CASHIER

(deadpan)

I say the same thing to the mirror every morning. Can I help you?

REESE

But aren't you a news anchor?

The Cashier raises an eyebrow; she's wondering if she knows this guy but then realizes she doesn't.

CASHIER

How did you know that's my dream? Of course, I think all of the competition would have to commit suicide before I ever got a chance.

Reese has a revelation.

REESE

Oh! That makes sense!

The Cashier squints her eyes in anger. Reese realizes how he just sounded.

REESE (cont'd)

I mean...

The Cashier is angry and ready to be done with this.

CASHIER

Can I help you?

Reese doesn't know what to say, so he sheepishly presents his problem.

REESE

Yes. Well. You see, I purchased this from the electronics store, and it was defective. And since I had no receipt...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The still agitated Cashier doesn't say a word; she reaches under the counter and rips off a sheet of paper from a roll. Reese decides to shut up; he's happy that she's jumping right into taking care of his problem.

The Cashier reads the paper, wads it up and throws it in the garbage. Reese becomes a little concerned. The Cashier then picks up an egg timer that was sitting on the counter, winds it up and sits it back on the counter in front of Reese.

The clock is ticking, and Reese is wondering what is going on. Reese is about to say something, but the agitated Cashier speaks before he can.

CASHIER

Pirate.

Reese is a little offended but also confused.

REESE

Excuse me?

The Cashier responds with a bit more abrasive tone.

CASHIER

Child.

Now Reese is getting upset.

REESE

Now that's not fair. I didn't mean to...

The Cashier has leaned toward Reese a little and interrupts him with her continued her abrasive tone.

CASHIER

Dog.

Reese leans a little forward and responds with some anger.

REESE

Cow.

The Cashier leans forward more; she is now clearly angry.

CASHIER

Fairy!

Reese's eyes flare in anger; he gets right up into the Cashier's face and yells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REESE

BIT...

We hear the DING of the egg timer before Reese can finish.

CUT TO:

INT. STORE ROOM

A close-up of Reese's face. A sad Reese is leaning his chin into his hand; the redness tells us that he has clearly been punched in the eye. The camera pulls back.

REESE

The password was Peter Pan.

The camera reveals Alli sitting next to Reese; she has her hands on Reese's shoulders consoling him.

ALLI

You couldn't return something until you played *Password*?!

REESE

How was I supposed to know this was game show world?

The camera has revealed Gibbs sitting next to Alli. Gibbs is still reading a magazine.

GIBBS

I would've named it Vicious Women World.

Reese nods slightly in agreement; he just hadn't thought of that one. Alli gives Gibbs an annoyed look. Gibbs smiles to himself.

Alli looks back to Reese.

ALLI

So they took everything?

REESE

They took the laptop, but I've still got the timer in my pocket. Fat lot of good it does us without that chip.

Alli looks off.

ALLI

What are we going to do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gibbs looks at the door.

GIBBS
You see that lock?

Alli and Reese look to the door.

We see that the lock is some kind of electronic keycard lock.

Alli and Reese look back at Gibbs; Gibbs is already back reading his magazine, but his free hand is holding out a closed pocket knife.

GIBBS (cont'd)
I've got a feeling security isn't too tight here.

Reese takes the knife and sighs as he looks at Gibbs.

REESE
Why don't you do it?!

GIBBS
My way makes more noise.

Reese shakes his head and moves to the door lock and starts working on popping the case off the lock. Alli bends down beside him to watch.

ALLI
You know how to do this?

REESE
Oh yes. Part of my doctoral thesis was based on the physics of safe cracking.

Reese pops the casing off.

ALLI
Oh! So you lock yourself in your lab for the practice!

Reese looks at Alli. Alli has a big smile. Reese is not amused.

REESE
Ha. Ha.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reese is digging around to see if he can figure out how the lock works. Suddenly Reese seems surprised, and he uses the knife to carefully pry off a microchip. Reese has an expression of excitement and relief.

REESE (cont'd)
I don't believe it! It's the chip!

Alli is as amazed as Reese; both are laughing at the irony of their arrest setting them free. Gibbs still reads his magazine.

Reese reaches in his pocket to dig out the timer; he lays it on the chair as he takes the back off to expose the circuitry. Reese places the microchip on the circuit board, but then he remembers something he forgot. Reese starts patting his lab coat to see if by some miracle what he needs is there.

ALLI
What is it?

REESE
The soldering iron. I can't secure the chip; it could fall out of the slot.

There is a noise from the door; someone is trying to open it. Gibbs closes his magazine and stands up.

GIBBS
Can we open up a tunnel with the chip as it is?

REESE
I don't know. Maybe.

Reese is looking around for the long shot of anything else he can use to solder with.

The beating on the door is getting louder and more violent.

ALLI
Uh. I think we should take the chance and get out of here while we still can.

Gibbs has braced his shoulder on the door to keep it shut; there's no room for someone else to help.

GIBBS
Fire it up, Doc!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reese is scrambling; he presses hard on the chip to try to make it stay in place. Reese is trying not to look back at the noises coming from the door, but he catches himself doing it every once in awhile.

Alli is happily frantic and hoping Reese can hurry up.

Reese closes up the back of the timer; the timer comes to life. Reese points it at the wall as quickly as he can and turns the dial; a vortex strains to open along the surface of the wall. The vortex finally forms fully.

REESE

That's got it! Let's go!

Reese jumps through the vortex and disappears with a bam and a flash of light.

Gibbs steps away from the door, and the lock falls off to the floor leaving the door to freely open. Gibbs reaches out for Alli.

GIBBS

Move it!

Bennish is thrown through the door between Gibbs and Alli. Gibbs squints his eyes in frustration that this bad penny has shown up again. Bennish holds up his hands as if to give up.

BENNISH

I was just playing that guitar. I swear!

Alli sees that the Security Guard is the one who threw Bennish into the room; the two men had been struggling outside the door and thus causing the noises.

The Security Guard is shocked at the sight of the vortex, and he's fumbling for the pepper spray on his belt again.

Alli's had it with this place; she winds up her arm and punches the Security Guard in the face sending him backward.

Bennish runs past Gibbs into the vortex; Gibbs moves to the door to stand next to Alli. Alli gives a frustrated look to GIBBS, and then runs to jump into the vortex.

Gibbs looks out at the Security Guard who is holding his nose. The Security Guard looks up at Gibbs; Gibbs shrugs with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIBBS
Vicious Women World. What're ya gonna
do?

Gibbs turns away as the camera stays on the SECURITY GUARD's face; the Security Guard moans in pain and starts to cry like a baby.

CUT TO:

With a bam and a flash of light, we're back in the sliding tunnel as it winds through the interdimension.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY

With a bam and a flash of light, Gibbs hits the floor. We seem to be back where we started in the lobby of the Department of Homeland Security.

Reese has picked himself up and is looking around to see if anything is different. Bennish and Alli are still getting up from the floor.

ALLI
Did we make it back?

REESE
I don't know. We did land in the dimensional weak spot that would have been created by our first trip. But let's face it. We've now basically got the physics version of an STD. Everything could look clear for months and then the difference will suddenly stick out like a sore... whatever.

Alli is disgusted by the analogy; Bennish nods and smiles because he thinks it's cool.

Gibbs has picked himself up off the floor and holds the alarm clock and red Play-Doh bomb belt in his hands.

GIBBS
Well, I would think the odds are slim that this would be in another world's lobby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alli, Reese and Gibbs all look at Bennish; they remember what got them into all of this. Bennish starts backing away with his hands up.

Bennish starts to make a run for it and Alli slams him face first into a wall. Alli has Bennish's arm behind his back and is tweaking it enough to make Bennish cry out.

BENNISH

Ow! You are one crazy chick.

Bennish smiles and looks over his shoulder at Alli.

BENNISH (cont'd)

I dig it!

Alli scrunches her face in disgust and frustration and tweaks Bennish's arm further.

Bennish howls from the sharp pain. Alli pulls Bennish's other hand behind his back and starts pushing him down the hall.

ALLI

We'll go find you a room with a better lock on it.

The camera stays on Gibbs and Reese as Alli and Bennish disappear down a hallway.

Reese is still looking around to see if anything is different. Reese looks back to Gibbs who is still holding the alarm clock.

Gibbs shrugs; Reese raises an eyebrow.

REESE

I fully expect to return to my office and find Rod Serling reciting the moral of this story.

Reese takes a moment to look at the timer in his hand; shakes his head, and turns to walk down the hall to his lab.

The camera stays on Gibbs as Reese disappears down the hall. Gibbs is walking back to the hallway and the chair where we started this entire story.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Gibbs gets to his chair. The little sign is still taped to the Department seal. Gibbs looks at the alarm clock and shakes his head thinking about the day he's had. Gibbs puts the alarm clock and Play-Doh bomb belt on the floor; picks up his paper and starts to sit in his seat.

Then Gibbs stops because something out of the corner of his eye didn't look quite right. Gibbs turns around to look at the little paper sign taped to the Department seal.

The camera begins to zoom in on the little paper sign, in a way, mirroring our opening sequence. Except this little paper sign doesn't have the Earth frowning.

Instead, this paper sign has the Earth sticking its tongue out at us and the words below the drawing now read:

Don't Panic.

BLACKOUT.