

Sliders Reborn

Reminiscence (4)

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Sliders Reborn is a six part series of screenplays celebrating the twentieth anniversary of *Sliders* and features Quinn, Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo in 2015.

Reminiscence (4): How can Wade be alive after "Requiem"? How can Arturo still be alive after "The Exodus"? How was Quinn restored after "New Gods for Old"? How did they find Rembrandt? How can home be normal after "Genesis"? What has happened to the Kromagg Dynasty? All your questions will be answered in this short interlude novella.

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gatehaven
psychiatric center

REASSESSMENT TRANSCRIPT | PATIENT 403-B7 | FEBRUARY 15, 2001

Testing, testing. Alright, recorder's on! I'm Dr. Matthew Liebling. I've been called in due to Dr. Redmond's absence; I'm here to do a psychiatric reassessment of Patient 403-B7, admitted February 13, 2001. Hello, there.

Hi.

If you could state your name for the recorder?

My name is Quinn Mallory.

Alright. Mr. Mallory. There's no need for this to be anything but a pleasant conversation. I'm here to help.

You can do that by calling my friends! Rembrandt Brown! Wade --

All in due time.

You were brought into Gate Haven after an outburst at Doppler Computers. You're clearly upset -- what would you say is the problem?

It's a long story. To really understand, you need to know the concept of parallel universes and the multiverse as a whole.

It starts with Max Tegmark's four levels of existence, beginning with the cosmological horizon --

Mr. Mallory, I've reviewed your intake interview. I'm up to speed on your story.

If you're not going to take me seriously --

I'm aware of what you said: You're a college student at Berkeley with a keen aptitude for engineering and mathematics. You were attempting to create anti-gravity in your basement.

You opened a gateway to parallel universes, took with you three friends -- Wade Welles, Rembrandt Brown, Professor Maximillian Arturo. But on your first adventure, you lost your way back home.

You've explored multiple parallel Earths including one where the majority of the population was psychic and one where the Summer of Love never ended.

You encountered one Earth that was a paradise lost in which death had been conquered and birth was seen as an abomination. One where you may or may not have left behind your friend, the Professor, and taken an alternate version -- and one where the Constitution was suppressed and forgotten -- really?

I thought that one was crazy too. If you're up to speed, then what do you want to know?

Mr. Mallory, let me show you this -- it's a letter from the admissions office at Berkeley.

Official letterhead. Signed and dated.

The admissions officer has no record of any Quinn Mallory ever registered as a student in any faculty.

That's because there's been a shift in reality.

Mr. Mallory, there is no record of anyone with your name having ever lived in California.

There's no birth announcement for you. No record of you with the Department of Motor Vehicles, no school transcripts.

There is nothing with the name Quinn Mallory on it at all.

It's the after-effect of the Kromagg-human war.

Kromaggs -- that would be -- let's see here -- you described Kromaggs as an alternate evolutionary path to human beings -- a race existing in a parallel universe who formed an interdimensional empire based on conquest and tyranny --

Wow, you really read everything in that file.

An interdimensional dynasty that invaded the planet Earth in 1998 and enslaved the human race.

It was a really tough year.

Mr. Mallory, let me show you something else. These are all of today's newspapers. A quick perusal would indicate that there haven't been any recent alien invasions unless they buried it behind the classifieds.

I know -- I know! And I can explain that -- it's all because of Dr. Oberon Geiger's experiment.

Oberon Geiger -- I don't believe you've mentioned anyone by that name before -- no, it's definitely not in the intake interview. Who is Dr. Oberon Geiger?

It's a long story --

And one that isn't anywhere in what we have on file. Which means that I'm obligated to let you tell it, Mr. Mallory. Who is this Geiger?

He took everything away from me.

Go on.

It started at the end of our fourth year of sliding. We weren't any closer to finding our way back home, but we'd definitely had a great time trying.

Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo were the best friends I ever had -- and then Dr. Geiger took them all away.

Dr. Geiger was from the Earth of psychics and telepaths. While we were there, telepaths read my mind -- mine and the Professor's.

And after we left, there was an effort by the government of that world to gather every piece of information the telepaths had on sliding.

They wanted to build it for themselves. The man chosen to lead that project was Dr. Geiger.

You don't seem to like him much.

He was working with bits and pieces of what the Professor and I knew about sliding -- and he was filling in the gaps in a sloppy rush.

He was so desperate to get sliding technology together and take all the credit for creating it even though he was working with third-hand knowledge he didn't really understand himself.

He was reckless. And coming from me, that's saying something. He put together a sliding machine in a mad dash and it nearly killed him.

Geiger's first sliding experiment blew up in his face and the machine ripped him out of reality and turned him into an Unstuck Man.

What's an Unstuck Man, Mr. Mallory?

It's someone who's no longer anchored to any one reality in the multiverse. A disembodied ghost of a person. Drifting between dimensions, never staying in one place, immaterial.

That should have been the end of him, but it wasn't.

He fought his way back into another reality -- one with a unique electromagnetic signature that could extend his time there.

He manifested to scientists on that world, convinced them to build a special facility -- a Combine -- where he could at least stay in one room.

He traded his knowledge -- my knowledge and the Professor's -- for the scientists' labor and resources. And then he came up with a plan: he'd collapse every reality in the multiverse into one and only one -- which meant he wouldn't drift anywhere else because there'd be nowhere else to go.

That doesn't sound like a simple endeavor.

It wasn't -- that project took years and when he was ready, he hesitated. Decided he'd run a small, localized test first. He knew about me and my friends sliding.

He manipulated the electromagnetic field of his Earth to draw our sliding tunnels in his direction. And he found a double of me on that Earth -- and he planned to combine me with him and see how that would turn out.

I take it he wasn't successful --

He was and he wasn't. His experiment was another badly calculated, slapdash mess that ripped me out of reality. Left me an unanchored ghost -- just like him.

But I fought back to reality, I tried to make it back to my friends -- and I found myself in the body of my double. I was a secondary consciousness inside his head.

He was in the driver's seat. But he needed my help and I gave him what I could -- and I had a look around and everything was wrong.

Wrong?

Wade and the Professor -- they were gone! In their place was a woman I didn't know -- a former fighter-pilot named Maggie Beckett. And Rembrandt was different, too -- he was a shell-shocked, traumatized man. And me!

I looked in the mirror and my face was different. This double of me had become an alternate person -- Rembrandt thought maybe it was a version of me with a different mother or father.

I did my best to help them stop Geiger from using his machine to do anymore damage -- and then I tried to stay out of my alternate's way.

Why didn't you try to get control of the body?

It wasn't mine! I could feel my alternate's fear. He'd spent years in a wheelchair, he was terrified of losing control of his own body and I didn't want to hurt him.

I tried to stay out of his way -- but then Maggie pulled me back. A later world had a machine that could unlock memories and she used it on him. She used it on me.

The machine showed us my memories -- but the memories I saw there were either slightly off or totally wrong.

How could your memories be wrong?

The events I saw -- they either didn't happen the way I remembered or they were completely new experiences.

I saw myself in my lab, creating the first anti-gravity matrix. And I saw my double -- the version of me who was smarter --

Smarter than you?

I admit it. But something was wrong. When I met my double, it was winter, but when I saw it again through this machine, it was fall --

So you remembered wrong. Why does that matter?

Because next, I saw one of my earliest slides with Wade, Rembrandt and the Professor -- but it was the wrong world!

You didn't remember it?

One of our earliest slides was to an Earth where the Summer of Love never ended. But what I saw in my memories instead was our time on an Earth where a viral epidemic had broken loose. That should have happened later! And other things were wrong, too.

There were times when other people leapt into the vortex with us and travelled with us for awhile. But in this new version of my memories -- they'd vanish the second they jumped into the vortex and we'd forget all about them. I couldn't understand why --

Memory is not exact, Mr. Mallory. We reconstruct memory every time we recall it, rebuild new versions of the original events --

Well, I didn't remember running into shapeshifters or talking intelligent flames or vampires or zombies or animal-human hybrids or flesh-eating slugs that excreted radioactive slime, but there they were in this altered version of my life.

I almost didn't recognize the third year of sliding that came out of the machine. There were all these supernatural creatures and magical constructs -- potions and enchanted swords and dragons -- there's no way any variation on alternate history produces anything like that.

Then you have cause to doubt your recollections --

It got so much worse. I saw the Professor die.

But you said the Professor was present when you were ripped out of reality --

I know! But in these flashbacks of all these slides I didn't remember -- I saw us on an Earth where the Professor was attacked by a British lunatic in US Army uniform.

This man stuck a needle in the Professor's head and gave him brain damage. Then he shot him. That never happened. Not to me. But I saw it happening.

And then I saw more. I saw me and my friends making it back to my home Earth. But it had been invaded by Kromaggs. They took away my mother, they took away Wade -- all of this was wrong.

It was like someone had taken my life and infected it with madness and horror and turned it into a nightmare.

Mr. Mallory, you must consider that these fantasies are fundamentally destructive. These recollections you find so troubling could be your mind trying to warn you --

No -- no! Something was twisting my life into a grotesque parody of what it used to be.

I came out of those unlocked memories and I couldn't understand where they came from at all -- but I could feel them becoming a part of me. Existing next to what I remembered as a second version of the past.

I stayed in my alternate's head and out of his way -- but I made sure my eyes were open.

And I noticed -- even in the present day, things were strange. Rembrandt -- he tried to find doubles on me of other worlds, he wanted them to help him -- but on every Earth he visited after the Combine experiment, I'd never been born. It was like every version of me had been erased.

And I started noticing -- nearly every adventure in the fifth year seemed to be stuck on the same streets and the same hotel -- like there wasn't any world outside of them. It was like realities were shrinking. And then my alternate had a run in with some nanites --

A run in with what?

Microscopic robots. They were used to heal him after an injury -- and I guess they saw my presence in his mind as mental damage.

They buried me deep in my alternate's mind -- so deep that I couldn't give him my knowledge or help him at all.

I could only watch -- until something drove me out. When they found Wade!

Yes, Wade -- where had she disappeared to?

The Kromaggs had taken her -- but then Rembrandt found her! And my alternate saw her -- and what he saw --

What happened to Wade?

She'd been dissected. Surgically dissected. And then reassembled into a biological computer designed to pilot a fleet of Kromagg manta ships in an all-out assault on the multiverse.

She'd been cut open. Her brain was exposed. What was left of her was floating in a vat of liquid. She couldn't even speak, she was communicating telepathically --

... right...

And what I saw -- it drove me mad.

Really.

I couldn't stand it -- it was too much for me.

Because of my invention, my friend had been mutilated. It broke my mind. I tried to bury myself in my alternate's body but couldn't -- so I let myself go.

I let myself fall away from his body, let myself drift and I hoped to simply to cease to be.

And this is how you ended up at the Doppler Computers?

What? No! The next thing I knew, I was on a cold marble floor. I was back in my own body. I was in control. I stood up and Wade and the Professor were there.

I was under the impression that they had been mutilated and murdered?

The Professor -- the original Professor -- the one who'd been left behind -- he showed me this museum wing. It was devoted entirely to sliding technology. And Wade was alive too.

They took me to the windows and had me look outside. And the world outside was a devastated city in flames with machines crawling over the wreckage and manta ships in the sky --

Kromaggs again. I see.

And the Azure Gate Bridge --

The *what*?

It had been torn in half. And then the Professor took me to the front door and had me open it and outside was the interdimensional vortex.

The museum was out of sync with the rest of reality -- that was how the Professor escaped the invasion. Saved who he could.

And then Wade -- Wade's consciousness from the Kromagg machine reached him and he restored her.

Restored her? You said her body had been destroyed --

Yes, but that was in an altered timeline.

The Professor said reality had become malleable, changeable -- he converted the phantom of Wade into a set of mathematical functions and managed to pull her out from the original timeline -- the way she was before the Combine experiment.

He said that in this space between worlds, we were all equations in the end.

And then she helped him track down the Combine experiment and they were able to reconstruct and reverse what it did to me -- they brought me back!

What a charmed life you lead, Mr. Mallory.

And the Professor -- he said that the Kromaggs weren't just conquering worlds -- they were stripping all the mineral deposits and natural resources out of the Earth to build a machine.

From what he and Wade had seen, that machine was an extended version of the Combine facility. The machine that ripped me out of reality.

Why would the Kromaggs want that?

Because they'd seen what Dr. Geiger had done to reality -- and they liked what they saw.

They saw how ripping me out of existence had taken all my doubles as well -- and it cracked reality, caused universes to contract and implode and collapse. They wanted more of that -- to collapse every reality into a single universe -- and make that universe their own, with no versions out there where Kromaggs weren't the dominant form of life.

I told the Professor and Wade about the altered memories I'd witnessed. The monsters and the supernatural creatures and the insanity and madness. The Professor told me that these were symptoms of a broken reality, the effect of Geiger's experiment reaching into the past as well as the present.

He said that so many of my doubles had been sliders who'd been entangled in the realities of infinite worlds -- and ripping them out of existence was the equivalent of pulling load bearing walls out of a building. And he said that the Kromagg machine would only make it worse.

The Professor said we couldn't stop the machine. This reality warping engine -- it was spread out across 17 parallel Earths, all linked in function, gradually burning up individual universes as fuel to widen its influence.

The Professor said the best we could do was repurpose it -- reprogram it to build instead of destroy.

He said that if we could find someone who had lived out both timelines -- the version before the Combine and after the Combine -- we could use that person to create a template for a reconstructed version of reality.

You make creating reality sound like you're making cookies --

It's not that different!

The problem was we didn't have anyone who'd lived through both timelines -- the Professor, Wade and I were both from the pre-Combine timeline. Rembrandt, though -- he'd lived through both!

So we had to find him.

According to your previous interview -- the sliding process is entirely random and had the four of you passing through an infinite number of parallel Earths.

How could you possibly find Rembrandt?

His timer -- the Egyptian timer -- it wasn't unique when we first found it, but it became that soon enough.

I'd installed my own geographic spectrum stabilizer into the timer and we'd made additional modifications on other Earths.

It had a unique sliding signature that we could try to find.

Of course. And just like that, you found your friend.

No -- it wasn't instantaneous! It took months! We built a new timer and we did our best to track him.

Sometimes, we'd get to an Earth right after he left. Sometimes, we'd get to the wrong Earth entirely.

But eventually, we caught up with him -- we found him unconscious in an empty alley. When he came to, he told us he didn't believe what he was seeing -- and when we explained where we'd come from, he said it had to be a Kromagg trick.

Because the Kromaggs are telepaths too? Your account of their mental abilities is somewhat unclear --

I asked Rembrandt to think back to our third year -- the products of realities where logic, reason, cause and effect were shattered concepts.

I asked him if he'd noticed how the realities he visited in the past year had seemed confined to the same streets and the one hotel. As though reality were shrinking after Geiger's experiment.

I told him that these were the death rattles of a dying multiverse and we could only stop it with his help.

And then you went to a Doppler Computers?

Will you stop asking that? I'll get there! I'll get there!

We started on reprogramming the Kromagg reality warping engine. We'd have to break into each Kromagg facility on each Earth covertly, bring Rembrandt with us, and use him to secretly reprogram their engines.

After eight months, we'd reprogrammed 15 of the 17 engines. But the 16th facility -- that was where everything went wrong. The Professor was captured. Wade and Rembrandt went after him and got caught too. And -- I left them.

You abandoned your friends?

I had to --

You've been urging me to contact them.

You've been insisting that they're the most important people to you -- why would you walk away from them?

Because we were running out of time -- the Kromagg reality warping weapon had become more powerful than ever. I made it to the 17th Kromagg facility -- the last one. The one with the control center that operated the other 16 engines on 16 other worlds. I made it to the engineering bay.

I triggered our stealth program. And all the destruction the Kromaggs had brought about -- it started to be reversed! Our plan was working, realities were being rebuilt!

But then the Kromaggs got through my lockouts, stormed the room, stopped the program, brought their weapons to bear on me -- and I didn't want to die at their hands. I threw myself into the heart of their engine.

I take it you somehow survived that in order to be sitting here telling me this story --

I found myself in a blank, empty white space. A vacant void of nothing.

I didn't know where I was or what to do -- I was sure I was dead. But then the Professor was there.

I asked him how he could be there with me. He told me that I'd brought him there. That reality outside the Kromagg facility had been reduced to this empty nothingness because the rebuild program had been interrupted. We were all in the same place in the end and my perceptions would shape the reality around me.

The Professor vanished and Wade was there -- and she told me that in this space, we were all equations. I told her I didn't know what to do next and Wade vanished, replaced by Rembrandt.

Rembrandt told me that we were surrounded by pure, conceptual space -- the raw material of reality that could be shaped by someone who existed in both this void and in the remaining reality outside -- someone like me.

He said that I could create anything I wanted.

And I imagined a machine. A machine like the Kromagg engines, but one I'd built myself. I imagined it powered by car batteries. Composed of repurposed microwaves.

Lashed together with duct tape. Assembled from discarded carnival-laser equipment and remainder-table products from Doppler Computers.

Right, the Doppler --

And suddenly it was all in front of me. What should've taken me years to build was completely finished in the blink of an eye.

Wade said that the blank space around us was raw reality in need of shape and form -- that I had to make a choice.

I had to choose a specific moment on a specific Earth -- and that moment and place would be the core of a new multiverse.

And then Wade was gone and my mom was there! I'd brought her there too!

Mom and I looked through moment after moment in my life. The day I had to choose baseball or football at school -- or when I decided to blame my dad for the bullies at school -- or the day I picked up a baseball bat to defend myself.

Wade and I watched me decide that I'd build my lab in my basement. The Professor and I looked over the moment when I decided a job at Dopplers would be better than being a teaching assistant at school.

Moment upon moment and all of them with me -- and all I could think of was how we wouldn't have to be here if I'd never stepped into the vortex.

Wade and I found ourselves watching me in the past as I opened the first vortex I would ever step into.

I realized we couldn't keep looking forward. Instead, we had to look back -- back to before sliding, before our journey, before me --

But then suddenly, we weren't alone. The Kromaggs were here in this void. We were surrounded. They declared that reality was theirs to control, even this space in between. That the core Earth would be their own.

The Professor shouted for me to make a choice now -- and I chose. I activated my machine.

I saw iron and nickel burst into existence at my feet. Then covered by a liquid layer of molten lava. Then the rigid rock of planetary mantle. And then the planetary crust of a newly formed Earth.

I saw the Kromaggs around me disappear, replaced by the trees and grass and air and light that sprang into being.

I felt atmosphere take shape around me and realized I hadn't been breathing. Then I passed out.

And when you recovered consciousness --

I was in Golden Gate Park. I was still alive. I went to the Doppler Computers -- I just wanted to see something familiar. Got a bit excited -- and institutionalized.

But it's all a misunderstanding --

You say you chose a core Earth. A core moment in time from a single reality. What did you choose?

March 22, 1995 -- the day of my first slide.

It wasn't on purpose -- it's just where I was when the Kromaggs came.

Mr. Mallory -- that doesn't make any sense at all.

You say you were erased from existence like that explains why there's no record of you.

But then you saw you rebuilt reality with the date of your first slide as a starting point -- so why don't you exist?

Because the rebuilding process was interrupted -- both times by the Kromaggs -- so the rebuild ended up using bits and pieces of the pre-and post-Combine multiverses.

The day of my first slide -- but from an Earth where I was ripped out of reality and never existed.

But that's just it. You never existed. So how can you be here?

I was at the eye of the storm -- the center of the whirlwind that sowed the seeds of a new reality.

I must have been isolated from the rewrite, protected, kept intact --

What about the Kromaggs who were there with you?

My machine cast them out while keeping me in -- along with my friends.

And then when the rebuild was done, I was still there, I was in Golden Gate Park, it was 2001 --

You just told me that reality was reconstructed at March 22, 1995.

That's the core of the multiverse -- but the world resumed from a point relative to whatever passes for the present inside the void.

But the point still stands -- this is a reconstructed universe where you never went sliding, never took your friends with you --

Yes, they're safe, they're alive --

And they cannot possibly know who you are. So why do you keep wanting me to get in touch with them for you?

You don't exist. You can't expect them to confirm your identity.

But they will know! I was in the void -- that's how I survived -- and they were in there with me!

I brought them to me -- Mom and my friends! I was folded back into the rebuilt reality -- which means they'll be folded back into reality with the versions of themselves that already exist here!

Two versions of your mother and your friends on this planet?

No -- one version of each! The versions of them in the void -- they'll have been written back into the multiverse!

But no one knows who you are --

Because I didn't exist until now in this reality! But Mom, the Professor, Wade, Rembrandt -- they were here before -- and they'll be here now!

It's a secondary revision of reality. At this point, Mom won't find any sign that I ever existed -- but she'll remember how she raised me and how I went missing!

And the Professor, Wade and Rembrandt -- they'll remember all our adventures and everything we shared -- and everyone will remember that they disappeared in 1995 and returned in 2001!

And how much does this secondary revision affect other parallel Earths?

Are there Wades and Rembrandts and Professors on every Earth out there now?

I don't -- I don't know! I'd have to go out and look!

What about Rembrandt's car?

What?

Your initial interview, you mentioned abandoning Rembrandt's car on a parallel Earth. If

he never actually went sliding on this Earth -- but then the revision means he went sliding after all -- where's the car?

The car would have been here up to 2001 -- and when my Rembrandt was written back into this reality, the car would have retroactively disappeared in 1995.

Everything that happened to my friends from 1995 to 2001 will have been written as a secondary revision.

Look! I've told you everything now!

I know you don't believe me, Dr. Liebling, but you don't have to. You don't have to think I'm sane. You don't have to trust a word I've said.

Just pick up the phone and call my mom! Call Wade! Rembrandt! The Professor! They'll know who I am! Help me.

Help you? What makes you think I would ever do anything to help you?

You said you would -- you're a doctor --

I said lots of things to get through the door here, you worthless little parasite.

What -- ? What are you talking about?

Let me ask you something -- what does Quinn Mallory look like?

What? He looks like me! I'm Quinn Mallory!

Describe yourself.

He -- he's a man -- I'm --

What colour is his hair? How tall is he? What are his identifying characteristics? What marks does he have on his face?

I -- I -- I -- I can't picture it in my head --

Don't you ever look in a mirror?

I -- something's wrong -- reality must have shifted -- I can't see myself -- why can't I -- ?

Here's a mirror. Look into it now.

What -- no! That's not me -- that can't be me --

Quinn Mallory is 27-years-old. Do you see a 27-year-old man in the mirror?

I -- this can't be --

Because I don't see a 27-year-old man in front of me. I see a man who's about 50.

Something's gone wrong -- the rebuilt reality -- it's not holding --

Quinn Mallory has a scar above his lip. I see no scars on your face.

This isn't right -- please --

Quinn Mallory doesn't have curly hair, but you certainly do --

Dr. Geiger! He must have done something! Dr. Geiger must have done something --

You're not Quinn Mallory.

That's not true! How could I know what I know unless I'm who I know I am -- ?

Oh. I imagine it's because you attempted to merge with the alternate Quinn who still had fragments of his fraternal double lodged in his mind --

Merging -- Geiger! Geiger did this!

He did -- or should I say, you did -- Doctor.

I haven't earned my doctorate --

Stop hiding behind your madness. Stop cowering in the shadow of another man and face reality as you've made it, Dr. Geiger.

I'm not Geiger!

Because you wish you were Quinn?

I am --

I wish you were Quinn too, Doctor -- then you'd know the hell you have me living in.

No -- you? You're -- you're Dr. Liebling, you're --

Dr. Matthew Liebling is indisposed. Dr. Liebling found his car wouldn't start this morning. I removed the rotor arm.

I made sure he would be unable to make it in today to see you.

Then I took his ID card, slipped in on a shift and made sure not to miss his appointment with you.

I wanted to meet you. To learn what you had done and why you had done it.

I didn't do anything! I'm just trying to find my way back home --

You chose to meddle with research stolen from the minds of people better and brighter than you. You didn't even bother to understand what you were working with before you set it loose on reality.

And now you're hiding from what you did in the identity of someone else --

No!

From what I know about you, you must have been in the void too -- probably where you ended up when you detonated that fragment of a parallel Earth.

The machine cast out the Kromaggs but anything else was left inside -- so you would've been rewritten atop this rebuilt reality just like Wade Welles, Rembrandt Brown, Professor Arturo, Amanda Mallory and the other Quinn --

The other Quinn -- you're -- you're --

Oh, I'm not him.

I gave that idiot the secret of sliding and he's been as much a disaster as you.

You! You're the first me I ever met! But you can't be here -- all my doubles were erased --

Yes -- all the doubles within any parallel universes. But in an infinity of Quinns, there was one -- just one -- who wasn't on any parallel Earth at all during your experiment.

I was in the vortex when you combined your Quinn with another one and ripped the others out of reality.

Your experiment reduced an infinity of Quinns to three: that inferior alternate -- then the disembodied one -- and finally, me.

I didn't know what had happened to me. All I knew was that my memories were being changed.

I went from having a wife and father and mother to having none of them at all. I'd been rewritten into living as a faith leader lording over savages in wild. I went insane.

But I found myself and who I once was. Eventually. And then I searched for answers.

I tracked you to your little oasis of desperation -- that fragment of an Earth you'd suspended in the interdimension.

And then I learned what you'd done.

But before I could do anything, you decided to be suicidal and tear down the cramped and tiny world on which you'd clung to your diseased life --

Then -- you must have died too!

Except we didn't. If my double were written back into this Earth, he must have brought me with him -- me and you.

Both you and I were in the interdimension -- then scattered into the void where reality was rebuilt -- and then restored to this existence.

And you have a piece of Quinn inside you after you tried merging with his fraternal alternate.

Which means that when Quinn was written back into this reality, he was also written onto you.

You're Geiger with a dash of Quinn, and after the life you've led, of course you're desperate to be Quinn.

When I found myself on this Earth where I'd never lived, I wasn't afraid. I knew what I had to do.

I bluffed my way into a job. A lab. Scavenged the parts. Built a sliding machine. Programmed the coordinates to get myself home -- back to my wife, my parents, my world.

But the world on the other side of the tunnel was about the same as this one

My father was dead, my wife and mother were strangers and March 22, 1995 was the only point for divergences.

Why are you here?

I wanted answers, Doctor. I read about your scene at the store. Recognized you from

the photo in the paper.

And I wanted to know why my life was erased, why my world was destroyed, why my family was taken away, why I was made a stranger to everyone I've ever known.

And now I see the reasons sitting in right here in front of me -- all in the form of you, you demented buffoon --

I should kill you right now.

No! You can't get away with --

You think anyone even knows I'm here? I don't exist, thanks to you.

You think anyone's going to be troubled by a screaming patient in a mental ward? I should wring your neck. Or maybe I'll just snap it. Or perhaps I'll knock your ribs straight through your heart. Or aim my fist at your nose and send your ethmoid bone into your brain.

So many options, so many choices -- if only I could go from world to world to try them all, but I've looked enough to know you're the only one of you in all realities -- just like Quinn -- just like his friends -- and just like me --

Please don't -- don't hurt me --

I haven't found Quinn Mallory. Wherever he is, he's lying low. But I've found you.

I want the Combine equations, Dr. Geiger. I want to know what you did to collapse reality. I want the mathematics. The raw data. Or whatever inane version of it you have inside your head --

Wade! Rembrandt! Professor! Help me!

Dr. Geiger --

Professor, please! He's going to kill me! Rembrandt!!

No. I see. You're too far gone. The knowledge in your mind is buried so deep under Quinn that I'd break your mind trying to extract it and destroy what I was looking for in the first place.

Wade! Don't leave me with him!

And maybe you're not worth my time. I wanted to know the truth. And the truth, Doctor, is that you're irrelevant.

This is all because of Quinn Mallory.

I gave him the secret of sliding. I showed him the doorway to infinity -- and he's taken all of that and turned it into a joke. Sliding doesn't take you anywhere anymore except right back where you started.

Every Earth is now like this one -- filled with weak, spineless, selfish people -- just like you.

I'm sorry -- it was an accident -- please, I just wanted my friends to make it home --

Oh, yes. That needy fool. In a position to remake reality into anything he could imagine and he turned it into a soft landing for a lousy poet, an over-the-hill musician and an arrogant ass.

They are the best people I have ever known --

They're nothing. And so are you.

You can stay here, Geiger. Trapped between two minds in a prison of your own making. It's time I got to work.

What are you going to do?

Quinn Mallory destroyed my world. And now I will do the same to him -- if it's the last thing that I do.

[Sound of door opening. Footsteps. Door swings shut and locks.]

Quinn? Quinn, come back! Help me! I'm you! I'm you! Help me! Professor! Wade! Rembrandt!

I'm Quinn Mallory!! I'm Quinn Mallory!!

END OF TRANSCRIPT.

Sliders Reborn

will continue in:

- [Revolution \(5\)](#): Trapped in a deadly situation, Quinn is confronted by a spectre of the past; an old friend from whom he holds no secrets.
- [Regenesis \(6\)](#): The sliders make their final stand for the fate of all realities.