

Sliders Reborn

Revelation (3)

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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.

Revelation (3): Who is Laurel Hills? Why is reality collapsing around her? What are the strange clocks scattered across three parallel Earths, counting down in perfect sync? What will happen when the countdown hits zero? And what is the secret of 1995? The sliders must find answers before time runs out.

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EXT. STREET - MORNING

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

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

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

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

Sound of footsteps.

Then Rembrandt cries out in pain --

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

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

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

WADE (OFF CAMERA)
I never agreed to that!

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

The sound of hands against a surface.

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)

I'm sure what Laurel means is that
if you could give us a little
silence --

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rembrandt observes the empty shelves with great disappointment.

REMBRANDT
So. They're probably out of Wheeties.

CUT TO:

THE NEWSSTAND RACK OF THE GROCERY STORE

Quinn is reading an aged *National Geographic*.

QUINN

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

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

ARTURO

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

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

REMBRANDT

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

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

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

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

WADE (OFF CAMERA)

Guys! Check these out!

CUT TO:

THE FRONT AREA OF THE GROCERY STORE

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

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

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

LAUREL
What's it for?

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

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

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

WADE
(a little strained)
That's a pretty good point, Laurel.

Arturo picks up one of the clocks.

ARTURO
This clock is, more specifically, a
stopwatch.

REMBRANDT
(picking up a clock)
Got no buttons. No touchscreen.
Doesn't do anything but count down.

WADE
(comparing her clock to
Rembrandt's)
And they're all counting down in
perfect sync.

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

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

LAUREL

You working out some repressed rage
issues?

QUINN

(stooping over the pieces
of his smashed clock)
No. I wanted to see how it's built.
(peering at the pieces)
Shockproof. Waterproof. Tempered
glass screen. Whoever built this
designed it to be dropped from fifty
feet into rough or wet terrain.

WADE

How do you know the height?

QUINN

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

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

QUINN
(whispering)
What are you doing?!

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

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

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

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

QUINN
It's seventeen against --

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

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

CUT TO:

THE VAN

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING

Rembrandt reacts to the face of the driver.

REMBRANDT
Maggie -- !

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

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

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

As she gags --

RAZOR

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

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

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

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)

Hey!

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

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

MEANWHILE: we see Quinn approaching the back of the van and levering open the door. Diving into the back. And we see a cooler of water thrown out onto the street, lid open, bottled water hitting the ground --

WE GO BACK to Rembrandt. The Scavengers converge on him. There are far more than Rembrandt can possibly fight off. And then --

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)

Ladies and gentlemen!

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

QUINN

You wanted water! Right now, every

bottle in this van is rolling down
the hill!

He waves an arm, gesturing -- and we see that emptied four coolers of bottled water onto the street. They're now rolling away downhill and gaining speed.

QUINN (cont'd)
So what's more important? Getting
your fight? Or getting your water
before someone else does?

Razor scowls at Quinn.

RAZOR
Everyone, keep --

SCAVENGER
Forget you, Razor! Get the water!!

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

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

Maggie rushes forward to Rembrandt.

MAGGIE
Who are you?

Laurel, Wade and Arturo step out from the grocery store, also rushing to Rembrandt's side.

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

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

QUINN
Everyone in!

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - DAY

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

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

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

MAGGIE
You gave up the water!

QUINN
I saved your life.

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

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

MAGGIE
"Our world?"

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

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

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

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

(from the back seat)
If it's undiscovered, how come you
know about it?

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

QUINN

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

MAGGIE

Millennial Tower? What's that?

QUINN

Exactly.

CUT TO:

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

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

QUINN (VOICEOVER)

There's no Tower in this universe.

MAGGIE (VOICEOVER)

"This universe"?

CUT TO:

THE SIX OF THEM

Hurrying through the woods --

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

THE SLIDERS

And Maggie -- descending to the sub-level.

MAGGIE
What is this place?

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

He gestures at the ceiling.

QUINN (cont'd)
The batteries have been charging
since 1940.

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

QUINN (cont'd)
Secondary exit's back there, I think.
And this facility definitely has
running water --

Hearing that, Laurel approaches a faucet.

LAUREL
Good to know. I'm parched --

And then Maggie suddenly leaps in front of Laurel.

MAGGIE
No!

LAUREL
What? What's wrong?

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

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

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

MAGGIE

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

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

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

MAGGIE (cont'd)
You give me this like it's nothing.
You really don't know what's going
on.

FADE TO:

MAGGIE SEATED.

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

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

REMBRANDT
The what?

ARTURO
A loosening of European borders. If
Ms. Beckett is referring to what I
think, the agreement may have
permitted nations to construct
artificial landmasses in
international waters --

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

The sliders exchange looks.

LAUREL

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

WADE

"What's Teslanium?"

MAGGIE

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

QUINN

That's amazing!

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

MAGGIE

Auto manufacturers were slow to adopt the new Teslanium engines?

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

MAGGIE (cont'd)

But the hydroponic islands grabbed onto these new engines right away.

And where you had two failing islands, you soon had two hundred. And a year later, every continent was surrounded in these islands.

World hunger was over --

REMBRANDT

But? There's always a but.

MAGGIE

But hundreds of thousands were dying

from massive organ failure.

FADE TO:

THE MAP OF ARTIFICIAL ISLANDS

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

MAGGIE (VOICEOVER)

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

CUT TO:

WADE'S HORRIFIED FACE.

MAGGIE

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

REMBRANDT

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

MAGGIE

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

FADE TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Where the sliders parked the van.

We see RAZOR and his scavengers approaching the abandoned vehicle.

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

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

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

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

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

REMBRANDT (VOICEOVER)
Who the heck is Hall?

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

Cali-quarantine.

As Razor steps into the woods --

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

FADE TO:

MAGGIE, SEATED ON THE TABLE.

REMBRANDT
What did you do for Hall?

Maggie buries her head in her hands.

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

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

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

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

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

QUINN
These clocks. What are they?

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

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

She studies her clock blankly.

MAGGIE

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

She studies her clock blankly.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

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

QUINN

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

MAGGIE

All of them. People think they're
counting down to the end of the
world.
(a breath)
We call them doomsday clocks.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

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

WADE

(to Quinn)

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

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

We can't leave her!

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

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

(beat)

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

QUINN

And then the timer would lose the
neutrino trail.

(beat)

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

WADE

What?!

Quinn holds up a clock.

QUINN

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

ARTURO

(cold fury)

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

Quinn freezes.

ARTURO (cont'd)

The clocks are plastic and circuitry.

WADE

Also glass.

ARTURO

A woman needs our help --

QUINN

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

ARTURO

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

QUINN

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

WADE

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

here -- helping that woman is our
priority!

QUINN

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

ARTURO

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

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

ARTURO (cont'd)

We are sliders. Visitors without
fear of reprisal or consequence.

QUINN

Those legbreakers with the rebar
could've had some serious
consequences for Rembrandt. For all
of us.

ARTURO

We have a responsibility to every
person we come across. To make a
difference however we can.

REMBRANDT

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

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

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

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

A moment passes with Quinn continuing to study the clock.

Then:

QUINN
We can fix her van.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

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

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

Quinn approaches, a length of rope in his hands.

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

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

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

He tosses the coil of rope to the table.

QUINN (cont'd)
We might need to pull and push to

get the van started.

WADE

But how can you fuel a crankshaft
with button cells?

ARTURO

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

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

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

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

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

QUINN

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

LAUREL

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

QUINN

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

MAGGIE

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

Quinn holds up one of the doomsday clock batteries.

QUINN

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

LAUREL

What?

QUINN

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

LAUREL

Why me?

Wade rises from the table in protest.

WADE

You're not taking the kid!

QUINN

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

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

MAGGIE

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

Quinn looks at Maggie briefly. Allowing himself to see an old friend in this stranger he just met.

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

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

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

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

The remaining 11 scavengers and Razor approach the hatch.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK TRAIL - DAY

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

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

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

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

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

ARTURO

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

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

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

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

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

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

And then Maggie promptly punches Razor in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP - DAY

Quinn and Laurel step inside the watchmaker's shop.

There's a central table strewn with an assortment of old parts. The display cases have been smashed. Every wall is covered by mostly bare shelves holding a few old-fashioned clocks.

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

No one is here aside from Quinn and Laurel.

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

QUINN
Sure, all the stones and cash are

gone -- but I'm betting the
precision work tools and small-scale
parts are still around.

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

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

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

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

LAUREL
I'm gay.

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

QUINN
Huh?

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

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

Quinn barely seems to be listening.

QUINN
Uh-huh.

LAUREL
And I'm young and impressionable and
will react positively to attention
from people who seem older and

cooler and if you took advantage of
that for your own gratification, you
would be an ass.

QUINN

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

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

RAZOR

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

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

He strains against his bonds.

REMBRANDT

(to Razor)

Why're you after us, man? You got
your water!

RAZOR

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

He strains against his bonds.

ARTURO

I assume this cannot be paid in

installments.

MAGGIE

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

WADE

Takes for what?

RAZOR

For all their Teslanium-free organs.
And traitors get taken first. You're
not exactly a video vixen anymore,
Beckett, but I'm sure we'll find a
market rate for your heart and lungs
and eyes --

Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo are horrified.

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

RAZOR (cont'd)

(to Maggie)

My guys are going to break through.
Your friends bought you one more day,
but this is the world and your
ending stays the same.

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

RAZOR (cont'd)

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

Maggie looks away for a moment as the sliders react.

RAZOR (cont'd)

How soon before you turn on the good

Samaritans here, Beckett?

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

MAGGIE

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

RAZOR

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

Maggie nods, almost to herself.

MAGGIE

Then I'm sure you'll understand.

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

CUT TO:

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP - DAY

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

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

LAUREL

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

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

QUINN

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

LAUREL

"More importantly?"

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

LAUREL (cont'd)

(holds up one adapter)

You didn't come for this, did you?

QUINN

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

LAUREL

So you came for the clockwork --

QUINN

(not looking up)

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

LAUREL

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

Quinn tenses, but he focuses on his clocks.

QUINN

I'm trying to help her and you and
anyone who lives in any reality. The

neutrino stream brought us to this world -- to these objects. There's got to be a reason --

LAUREL
You lied --

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

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

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

MAGGIE
He would've gotten loose.

(moving away)
The secondary exit's this way --

ARTURO
(following)
That man was --

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

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

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

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

ARTURO
Magnetically sealed!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. WATCHMAKER'S SHOP - DAY

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

LAUREL
(shouting)
There's no water here!

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

LAUREL
What's inside me?

SCAVENGER #2
(to his four other friends
Look at that skin -- no organ
failure there. No Teslanium running

through those veins. Dibs on the
kidneys.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCAVENGER
(approaching)
Thanks for the help, little girl --
you just widened my slice of the pie
--

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

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

Quinn steps back in.

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

QUINN
Interesting.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

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

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

ARTURO
Did that make it looser?

WADE
That made it tighter!!

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

Rembrandt casts a frustrated look at Arturo as we --

CUT TO:

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

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

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

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

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

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

ARTURO
(putting his hands to the

wheel)
This is as good as it gets! Push!
Push, Mr. Brown!

REMBRANDT
You're giving me flashbacks to my
pregnancy!

ARTURO
I wasn't there for that!

CUT TO:

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

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

SCAVENGER
Razor's down! I want his boots!

A second scavenger ignores this.

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

This scavenger walks towards Maggie and his friends follow.

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

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

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

MAGGIE

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

And she pulls the lever and twists it ninety degrees.

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

SCAVENGER #2

No one ever called you a rainmaker,
Beckett --

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

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

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

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

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

WADE

(to Maggie)

What did you do!?

MAGGIE

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

ARTURO

And created a flood of toxic water
that will drown us unless we get

this door open!

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

ARTURO (cont'd)
I can't turn it anymore -- ! I can't
turn it anymore -- ! I --

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

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

ARTURO
Ah.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

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

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

LAUREL
This bag is killing me --

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

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

QUINN
Forget the supplies!

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

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

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

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

QUINN (cont'd)
Stop! Stop this!

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

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

LAUREL (OFF CAMERA)
Quinn!

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

QUINN
Forgive me --

The children don't hear him.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER

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

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

REMBRANDT
(peering past Maggie)
It's a dead end! Why are we in a
dead end? Why did we unlock a door
to a dead end!?

Arturo stands next to Wade, examining the wall --

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

WADE
That hatch at the top --

ARTURO
A lever mechanism!

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

REMBRANDT
How do you know that?

MAGGIE
Desperate optimism.

Arturo begins to climb the ladder.

ARTURO
Come along! All of you!!

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

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

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

RAZOR
You're not getting out of here!

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

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

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

REMBRANDT
Maggie, we gotta go --

MAGGIE
(to Razor)
Look -- we can get out of here --

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

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

REMBRANDT
Maggie!

Maggie doesn't take her eyes off Razor.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

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

QUINN
There's a secondary door --

He charges off into the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - SECONDARY EXIT

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. ASCENDING TUNNEL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

REMBRANDT
Maggie!

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

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

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

FADE TO:

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

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

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

FADE TO:

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

LAUREL
Who was she?

Rembrandt stares at Laurel uncomprehendingly.

LAUREL (cont'd)
She wasn't in the *Jumpers* books.

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

Laurel listens sadly.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
I lost the Professor. Lost Wade.
Lost Quinn. But she stayed. Kept me
moving. Kept me fighting. Taught me
how to carry on. Saved me over and
over again.
(a halting breath)
She was my family. And I couldn't
even give her one more day --

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

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

FADE TO:

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

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

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

FLASHCUT TO:

The walls of the interdimensional tunnel racing past us --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

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

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

LAUREL
Where are we this time?

ARTURO
(looking about)
I believe this is Northbrook San
Francisco Shopping Center.

He looks down for a moment.

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

Rembrandt leads the way out of the hallway.

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

Rembrandt leads the way out of the hallway.

They step out into the shopping center.

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

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

People serve themselves freely. No money is exchanged.

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

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

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

REMBRANDT
Hunnh.

CUT TO:

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

QUINN
So, who pays for this?

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

The vendor laughs and moves on.

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

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

REMBRANDT
Wine and song for free for all --

LAUREL

They didn't actually dismantle the nuclear arsenals, though. They just threw away the keys, that's not the same thing.

(looking at her phone)

Whoa. Free 4G service. And look what's trending on Twitter.

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

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

WADE

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

LAUREL

(looking around)

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

WADE

(looking at her phone)

Elsewhere. The mall's an arts and culture zone. But why --

QUINN

Guys -- ?

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

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

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

ARTURO

My God.

QUINN
The clocks!

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

LAUREL
(producing her doomsday
clock from a pocket)
And how come they're all in perfect
sync?

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

Wade looks at a nearby plaque on a stand.

WADE
This is a Guy Laramie and Cornelia
Konrads piece.

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

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

REMBRANDT
And the hologram?

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

QUINN

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

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

As she speeds away, Rembrandt recognizes her.

REMBRANDT

It's Maggie --

ARTURO

What, again!?

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

ARTURO (cont'd)

(warning)

Mr. Brown --

REMBRANDT

She's running from something --

WADE

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

REMBRANDT

I gotta help her --

ARTURO

Mr. Brown! We must examine the
clocks!

REMBRANDT

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

Arturo turns to Quinn.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory! Talk some sense into
the man!

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

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

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

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

WADE
(protesting)
Quinn!

REMBRANDT
(warmly)
Quinn!

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

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

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

He pulls Laurel past a baffled Wade and Arturo.

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

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

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

QUINN

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

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

LAUREL

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

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

LAUREL (cont'd)

I beat the last guy pretty good with
a wooden plank.

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

QUINN
Alright. That explains it.

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

As a confused Laurel follows Quinn, we --

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

All four men in black draw guns.

MIB #2

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

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

QUINN

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

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL

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

REMBRANDT

Oh man, I am so sorry --

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

QUINN (VOICEOVER)

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

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

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

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

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

Maggie gapes at Rembrandt.

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

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

REMBRANDT
Maggie. I'm here to help you.

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

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

QUINN

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

LAUREL

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

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE

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

QUINN (VOICEOVER)
Sliders.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. LEGO STORE - DAY

Quinn and Laurel are standing at the cashier.

QUINN

(to the cashier)

How much for the library set?

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

CASHIER
Whatever. Help yourselves.

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

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

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

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

MAGGIE
I know who you are.

Rembrandt stiffens with surprise and unease.

REMBRANDT
You do -- ?

MAGGIE

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

Rembrandt is baffled, but manages to nod in agreement.

REMBRANDT
(cautiously)
Should've known you could tell.

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

Understanding begins to dawn on Rembrandt.

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

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

REMBRANDT
I'll do whatever I can, Maggie.

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

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

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

MAGGIE

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

REMBRANDT
(astonished)
How can you know all that?

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - DAY

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

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

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

QUINN
On worlds with an active cellular

data network, we can skip over
watching TV and reading the papers
to figure out what's going on.

He taps briefly on the timer.

QUINN (cont'd)

A few turns around a population
center in a major metropolitan area
and the timer can collate and
compare data and give us a summary
of local history.

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

ARTURO

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

LAUREL

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

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

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

WADE

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

ARTURO

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

Tennessee --

WADE

Wait, wait! Those happened on our
world too!

LAUREL

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

WADE

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

ARTURO

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

Arturo thumbs the phone some more, scrolling.

ARTURO (cont'd)

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

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

LAUREL

On our Earth, the Unabomber set off
sixteen bombs.

ARTURO

In this version of history, 1995
seems to have encouraged him to
heighten production; he went from a

few attacks a year to a minimum of
twenty a month --

WADE

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

ARTURO

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

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

LAUREL

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

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

WADE

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

LAUREL

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

WADE

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

ARTURO
And so it continues.

The scrolling text stops.

ARTURO (cont'd)
This world experienced the same
events as ours, but their
recollections were heightened by
hysteria and exaggeration. Fueling
panic and fear --

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

He looks up.

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

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

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

WADE
Wait -- wait -- so the countdown is

affected by news reports?

ARTURO

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

Arturo looks up from his phone grimly.

ARTURO (cont'd)

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

LAUREL

How can the clocks be synced to events?

QUINN

And who paid for these studies?

CUT TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S CAR - DAY

Maggie is still driving.

MAGGIE

His name is Hall.

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

REMBRANDT

Jameson Hall?

MAGGIE

(amazed)

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

REMBRANDT

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

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

MAGGIE

Well, I know where he is tonight.

REMBRANDT

How can you know that?

MAGGIE

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

REMBRANDT

What's he funding?

MAGGIE

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

REMBRANDT

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

MAGGIE

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

REMBRANDT

Three years before the clocks landed

MAGGIE

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

(a beat)

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

REMBRANDT

Whoa.

MAGGIE

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

REMBRANDT

What's this skyscraper?

MAGGIE

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

(making a turn)

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

Maggie brakes the car and it screeches to a halt.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

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

Rembrandt's smile vanishes from his face.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - EVENING

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

ARTURO

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

Laurel, looking at her phone, shakes her head.

WADE

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

QUINN

An electromagnetic burst that
polarizes light and prevents video
recording.
(to Arturo)
Sound familiar?

ARTURO

Indeed -- reminiscent of the
internal energies of an
interdimensional tunnel.
(holding up one of the
clocks as well)
Mr. Mallory, in your examination of
the internals, did you find anything
resembling a transmitter?

QUINN

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

WADE

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

LAUREL

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

WADE

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

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

QUINN

(beaming at Laurel)
Yes?

LAUREL

Sorry -- why does interdimensional tunnel nuke video recording?
(holds up her phone)
And why doesn't it short this out?
Or the timer? Or the clocks?

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

QUINN

(to Arturo)
Use the needle applicator.
(to Laurel)
When we open a vortex, it looks like a doorway to a tunnel. It's not. It's a complex extra-dimensional event. A symplectic manifold equation -- a mathematical construct mapped to three-dimensional space.

ARTURO
Quinn -- the clocks --

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

ARTURO
What? That's an absurd metaphorical simplification!

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

Laurel gazes at Quinn with amazement. Arturo looks disgusted.

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

WADE
(leaning over)
Professor, the crystal mechanism doesn't seem to have a piezoelectric resonator --

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

QUINN

Yeah!

LAUREL

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

QUINN

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

LAUREL

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

QUINN

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

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

LAUREL

Demagnetizing?

QUINN

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

ARTURO

(pounding on the table)

Mr. Mallory! Will you cease your prattling and focus on the clocks!?!

Laurel jumps.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LAUREL
Yeah? Tell me more --

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

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

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

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

Off Arturo's startled expression --

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIAL TOWER - EVENING

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

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

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

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

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

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

Rembrandt looks sickened. Maggie continues.

MAGGIE (cont'd)
Gunfire should tell us where the
snipers are. Odds are that only one
of us makes it through, at which
point --

REMBRANDT
(looking off camera)
Hey -- is that an air conditioning
repair office across the street?

CUT TO:

INT. MILLENNIAL TOWER, FRONT HALL - EVENING

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

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

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

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

DIGGS
Well, hello there! What brings a
nice couple like yourselves to the
tallest building in San Francisco?
Built in 2002, designed by famed
architect Gary Handel himself. The
building is currently in use as a
central point of economic,
sociological, scientific and
political data and development for
over a hundred companies.

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

MAGGIE
Are you a tour guide?

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

REMBRANDT
Diggs -

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

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

Maggie looks at her smartwatch briefly.

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

DIGGS
Really? Service calls are usually
routed through --

MAGGIE
Hall called us.

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

DIGGS
Right this way.

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

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT – EVENING

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

QUINN

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

He holds up the crystal.

QUINN (cont'd)

And this isn't the timing mechanism,
either. These clocks aren't using
the quartz they contain.

ARTURO

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

QUINN

The chronometric transistor isn't
keyed to the crystal.

ARTURO

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

QUINN

(not looking up)

Three days ago, you had a publisher and
Rembrandt's old manager doing that.

(Pulling a chip from the
clock parts)

And then three hours after meeting
Laurel, you had her extensive website

with ebook exclusives and a Wikia
resource.

Arturo is flabbergasted.

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

Quinn detaches a metallic gear from the clock.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He raises the part to show the Professor.

QUINN (cont'd)

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

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

ARTURO

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

Arturo looks at the clocks on the table in alarm.

ARTURO (cont'd)

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

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING

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

DIGGS

Really a pleasure to meet Mr. Hall's

friends -- never seen him in person,
never even heard his voice! But
anyone who knows that name gets to
see this view.

MAGGIE
Beautiful.

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

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

MAGGIE
Mr. Hall seems shy.

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

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

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

--

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

DIGGS (cont'd)
(stepping out of the
elevator)

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

As Rembrandt and Maggie exchange looks --

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT - EVENING

Quinn and the Professor are continuing to examine the clocks.

ARTURO
The bridge rectifier and the
microfarad unit --

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

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

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

ARTURO
Look at scuffs and scratches, Mr.
Mallory.

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

QUINN

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

ARTURO

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

QUINN

A single countdown on a single clock
--

ARTURO

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

QUINN

Someone made these. Scattered them this way. Why?

Arturo looks around.

ARTURO

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

CUT TO:

A CHEERFUL COOK.

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

COOK

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

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

CUT TO:

A WOMAN WORKING ON A SCULPTURE

She looks towards us and addresses us directly.

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

CUT TO:

A BOY PLAYING ON A PLAYSTATION VITA

BOY
Today's the day I finish Borderlands!

CUT TO:

A TEENAGED GIRL IN A MAGICIAN'S CAPE AND HAT

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

MAGICIAN
Got it! Finally got it!

CUT TO:

A YOUNG MAN TYPING URGENTLY AT A LAPTOP

He looks up towards us.

TYPIST

I gotta finish my novel before the
world ends.

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

LAUREL
That's fantastic!

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

TYPIST
It'll make me happy knowing it
exists.

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

The typist pauses from his work for a moment.

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

WADE
You don't know what's causing them!

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

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

LAUREL

These people are great!

WADE

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

LAUREL

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

WADE

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

LAUREL

"Us"?

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

LAUREL (cont'd)

Did you really hate sliding? Amazing
adventures, being with your friends
--

Wade looks sad.

WADE

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

She puts a hand to her head for a moment.

WADE (cont'd)

I hated living with the knowledge
that nothing I did would matter to
me. I could make friends. Save
people. Organize a mayoral campaign.
Bring democracy. Restore the
Constitution. Take down the Mafia.
Liberate shopping slaves.
(a breath)

But then the timer would count down
to zero and I'd leave it all behind.

Laurel is silent but sympathetic.

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

CUT TO:

INT. MILLENNIAL TOWER, 65TH FLOOR - EVENING

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

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

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

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

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

As Maggie and Rembrandt react --

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

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

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

MAGGIE

What kind of undercover op was that?

DIGGS

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

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

DIGGS (cont'd)

So, what do you want? Might as well
tell me, because the company policy
is that knowledge of Mr. Hall has to
be treated like a cancer and these
guys --

(gesturing at the troopers)
Are the chemo crew.

MAGGIE

(sweetly)

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

REMBRANDT

(politely)

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

DIGGS

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

Maggie's eyes narrow.

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

Rembrandt and Maggie lock eyes.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. AIR CONDITIONING REPAIR OFFICE - EVENING

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

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

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

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

REMBRANDT
Why're you doing this?

MAGGIE
What does that mean?

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

MAGGIE
What's that?

REMBRANDT
No killing, Maggie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAGGIE
Is that from my dad?

REMBRANDT

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

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

*REMBRANDT (CONT'D)
Look in here -- it's a Techson --
one of the models from the 70s --*

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

*REMBRANDT
This model was made before the FCC
starting restricting civilian
frequency usages at the factory
instead of just on the dials. We can
probably get this to work on the
troopers' frequency --*

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

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

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

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

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

*REMBRANDT
Yeah! And let's use the First Lady*

of Song.

Maggie looks confused as we --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. MILLENNIAL TOWER, 65TH FLOOR – EVENING

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. FOOD COURT – EVENING

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

QUINN

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

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

ARTURO

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

QUINN

The clocks have everyone thinking
the end is nigh --

ARTURO

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

QUINN

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

ARTURO

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

QUINN

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

ARTURO

I see no evidence to suggest
anything of the kind.

QUINN

Back home, we've had two economic
disasters in the past decade.
Antibiotic resistant strains of

bacteria with almost no development
on new drugs. Contaminated water and
air killing over eight million a
year.

Quinn looks bitter. Haunted. Lost.

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

Arturo regards his student with great sadness.

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

QUINN
Everything I know hasn't been enough
--

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

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ELEVATOR - EVENING

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

MAGGIE
Next stop -- where Mr. Hall hangs
his hat.

As the doors to the elevator close --

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

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

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

REMBRANDT
This Hall fella likes his privacy.

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

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

Maggie nods grimly, then draws her pistol.

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

floor.

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

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

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL FLOOR - EVENING

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

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

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

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

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

REMBRANDT
Bennish!?

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

Maggie turns to Rembrandt.

MAGGIE
You know this person? You know

Jameson Hall?

REMBRANDT

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

Bennish regards Rembrandt and Maggie with fuzzy confusion.

BENNISH

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

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

MAGGIE

This isn't Hall.

REMBRANDT

Could Hall be a fake name?

MAGGIE

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

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

MAGGIE (cont'd)

This is the home of someone who
doesn't think past his next meal!

BENNISH

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

REMBRANDT

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

BENNISH

Mr. Hall? He's Mr. Hall!

Maggie looks exasperated.

MAGGIE

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

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

MAGGIE (cont'd)

What the hell is that?

REMBRANDT

A credit card?

Bennish laughs like a hyena.

BENNISH

It's the universal key!

MAGGIE

You mean you use it to pick locks?

BENNISH

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

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

BENNISH (cont'd)

Hall's deal with me was that I
manage the money, keep the
doom-and-gloom clocks always at top
of the sheets -- and in return, the
vending machines on the

fifty-seventh floor are mine for the
taking!

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

REMBRANDT

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

BENNISH

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

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

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

MAGGIE

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

She rises from the computer and turns on Bennish.

MAGGIE (cont'd)

Jameson Hall. Where is he?

BENNISH

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

MAGGIE

You switch locations once a week --

BENNISH

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

Maggie jabs her gun into Bennish's face.

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

Bennish begins to laugh hysterically.

REMBRANDT
(his voice harsh)
Maggie, ease up!

He sets his own gun down.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
Maggie! This guy doesn't know
anything. He's middle management!

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

MAGGIE
God damn it!

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

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

BENNISH
Aw, now I feel bad.

REMBRANDT
What?

BENNISH

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAGGIE
Call them off. Abort the drone
strike now!

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

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

BENNISH (cont'd)
Naw, don't bother, don't bother.
Once I called the drones in, the
elevator locked. And man, those
things -- I've never seen 'em in
action, but I'm told they're
unstoppable. Programmed to kill
everyone on this floor except me.

(a pause)
I think Hall said something about
how they'd know to shoot past me. Or
through me. Or avoid hitting
anything important when cleaning
house. Maybe I shoulda asked.

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

Maggie turns from the elevator.

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

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

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIAL TOWER - EVENING

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

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

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

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

BENNISH

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

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

REMBRANDT
Do we need to go back up -- ?

Maggie whacks Rembrandt in the head as they descend.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - EVENING

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

MAGGIE
This was anti-climactic.

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

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

Rembrandt holds out the universal key card.

REMBRANDT
If you need a false identity or
something --

Maggie laughs, waving it off.

MAGGIE
Least of my worries, Rembrandt. I

get two blocks south of here and
Maggie Beckett ceases to exist. If
you need a way out --

REMBRANDT
I got an exit of my own --

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

REMBRANDT (cont'd)
Hello?

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

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

QUINN (PHONE)
I'll explain later.

Rembrandt releases an irritated groan.

QUINN (PHONE) (CONT'D)
Kidding. GPS in the phone. Come on,
Cryin' Man. We've got work to do.

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

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

MAGGIE
How'd you deal with it?

REMBRANDT

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

MAGGIE
Your friend sounds smart.

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

REMBRANDT
She was the best. She still is.

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

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

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)
Uh, Maggie?

Maggie turns around to find that Rembrandt has returned.

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

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - EVENING

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

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

pulsar --

WADE

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

REMBRANDT (OFF CAMERA)

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

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

LAUREL

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

Rembrandt laughs.

ARTURO

(casually)

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

Rembrandt nods vaguely.

QUINN

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

REMBRANDT

Yeah.

LAUREL

Gun? Can I see -- ?

Immediately, Wade positions herself between Laurel and Rembrandt.

WADE
No!

Quinn triggers the vortex.

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

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

Wade grabs Laurel and throws her into the vortex.

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

FLASHCUT TO:

The walls of the interdimensional tunnel race past us.

FLASHCUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

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

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

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

Wade steps forward and accidentally bangs into a pedestrian.

WADE
I'm so sorry --

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

STEPHANIE

Watch where you're going!

WADE

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

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

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

Quinn flips open the timer, looking at the display.

Wade turns back to her friends.

WADE (cont'd)

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

LAUREL

Some kind of hipster trend taking
San Francisco by storm?

ARTURO

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

REMBRANDT

Why's it so dark here?

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

LAUREL

How are all these drivers not

crashing into each other without
lights?

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

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

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

REMBRANDT
What kind of world have we landed on?

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

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

QUINN
A world sending a neutrino signal.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

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

Quinn stands apart, peering behind the counter at the equipment. And he spots SEVERAL DOOMSDAY CLOCKS.

They count down in perfect sync. There's a little over two hours left. He notes that cabling is running from the doomsday clocks directly into blender, the fridges and other equipment behind the counter.

Quinn turns away, looking to the condiment racks. He examines packets of sweetener and canisters of creamer before moving to a table. He observes

other patrons stepping into the lineup carrying Thermoses and travel mugs. He walks past a rack near the door, plucking a mapbook nestled among the free newspapers.

Quinn flips open the timer. The display reads: LOCATION TRIANGULATION. He sets it down. Opens the free map. His eyes sweep across it intensely.

We go BACK to Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel at the counter, picking up their drinks.

Wade reaches into her pocket for cash, but Rembrandt steps in front of her and swipes the pilfered-from-Bennish card across the credit card machine. The barista nods to indicate that payment was accepted.

Wade looks curiously at Rembrandt, who pockets the card without comment and the sliders move to Quinn's table.

WADE
(to Quinn)
Here's your tea.

As she sets the mug before Quinn, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel take seats. Wade squeezes in next to Quinn. Arturo raises his mug to his lips, takes a sip and grimaces.

ARTURO
(looking at his phone)
No trace of any cellular data or
wireless networks -- we may need to
resort to the old-fashioned method
of learning this world's
circumstances.

REMBRANDT
How long's the gizmo gonna take,
Q-Ball?

QUINN
We'll have a location for the
neutrino signal's point of origin
before this place closes up for the
night.

WADE
(looking about)

Night. Never seen a night like this
on any world before.

QUINN
It's global dimming. The
atmosphere's polluted to the point
of blocking out sunlight.

The sliders regard Quinn with astonishment.

QUINN (cont'd)
The counters and equipment here are
aluminum. I can tell from the lack
of intergranular corrosion that the
aluminum was extracted in the States

CUT TO showing the counters, then back to Quinn.

QUINN (cont'd)
The sweetener's strictly acesulfame
potassium; not a packet of sugar in
sight.

CUT TO a shot of condiments stand --

QUINN (VOICEOVER)
And then there's the cream, except
it's not cream at all. It's soybean
oil and sodium caseinate.

CUT BACK to Quinn talking:

QUINN
A coffee shop with no sugar or dairy.
A world with no sustainable sugar
cane plants and no workable means of
cattle farming.

He gestures outside the window at the sky.

QUINN (cont'd)
The ecosystem on this Earth's been
damaged; there isn't enough sunlight
to have grazing land or crops. The

sky's practically scorched with
chemical pollutants that bond to
water molecules and increase cloud
density enough to reflect sunlight
back into space.

Quinn starts spreading open the map he picked up from the stand. FOCUS ON
the map pages, which Quinn flips through --

QUINN (cont'd)

This map's a guide for seasonal
workers across every state. United
States manufacturing here is at
least four hundred per cent of what
it is back home.

We go back to Quinn.

QUINN (cont'd)

And the Professor's already noticed
the lack of data networks.

Quinn holds up the timer.

QUINN (cont'd)

This can tap into any signal on any
Earth. And it's not just cell towers
that're missing. There's barely any
radio activity on the aerial or
marine frequencies. Passenger jets
are minimal and there's almost no
shipping lanes by plane or ship.

REMBRANDT

But what's being manufactured just
to stay here in America?

QUINN

(gesturing at the map)
Energy. Electricity. That's most of
what the industrial plants on this
map do. And then there's artificial
foodstuffs. Whatever farming's left
would be for creating chemical and
protein equivalents.

Quinn gestures at the Professor's coffee.

QUINN (cont'd)

That's chicory with artificial flavor. I'm betting that every food item in this America came out of a factory after it was designed in a lab.

The Professor examines his coffee and winces.

QUINN (cont'd)

And with heightened manufacturing, there'd be an increased level of pollution. And at these levels across the States and every other country, it'd be catastrophic for the ozone layer, exposing the Earth to solar radiation well beyond human tolerances --

LAUREL

So they decided to beat it to the punch and block out the sun?

QUINN

They might not have done that deliberately. But they did it.

REMBRANDT

There's no way you can do that without really messing up the planet

ARTURO

It would create smog and acid rain.

WADE

And it would alter rainfall and evaporation -- it would -- it has -- destroyed modern farming.

QUINN

It's destroyed their ecology while letting them live in this state of

survival.

ARTURO
And the clocks?

Quinn eyes Arturo with slight surprise.

ARTURO (cont'd)
I may lack your perspective, Mr.
Mallory, but even I noted the
presence of the clocks behind the
counter. Cables leading into the
walls, into the equipment --

QUINN
I'm betting that energy, even mass
produced, sells at a premium and
there's limits on usage. That's why
there's no cell signals, no data
networks. The clocks operate on a
kinetic relay system --

LAUREL
If power cost too much and batteries
fell out of the sky, you'd use them
for everything you could.

WADE
So that's the human race on this
world? Cogs in one giant factory
making the bare essentials to keep
going?

QUINN
I think the best they can do is keep
everyone fed through nutritional
supplements and make sure the
water's safe.

He flips through the map again.

QUINN (cont'd)
It's efficient.

REMBRANDT

It's awful. They're killing this
world just to stretch out their time
on it.

Quinn looks at Rembrandt sadly.

QUINN
Could we honestly say our world's
any different?

LAUREL
There's no sustainability --

WADE
No chance to change things now --

QUINN
They're surviving --

ARTURO
Survival suggests the possibility of
a future, Mr. Mallory. This world
has none.

QUINN
(suddenly angry)
Does it look like they really have a
choice?!

Arturo looks at Quinn in astonishment. Quinn seems to be furious -- with
himself. He grips his tea cup, staring into the liquid.

And then the timer emits a chirp. Quinn flips it open.

QUINN (cont'd)
Signal locked. Coordinates
thirty-eight latitude,
minus-one-two-two longitude with an
altitude of six hundred feet --
that's -- that's --

He pauses to think.

REMBRANDT

That's the Millennial Tower.

Everyone looks at Rembrandt in surprise, but Quinn nods and begins flipping through the mapbook.

QUINN

It exists on this Earth -- and that
height -- it'd have to be the at
least sixty stories --

REMBRANDT

Seventy-fifth floor, actually.

The sliders glance at Rembrandt in surprise again. Rembrandt shrugs. Arturo peers at the mapbook as well.

ARTURO

A center of data processing and
power management for this version of
the United States.

Wade leans over to take a look --

WADE

Guarded by Aegis and Blackwater
soldiers?

LAUREL

How do we get to the seventy-fifth
floor of a building guarded by a
private army?

ARTURO

We need not confine ourselves to
three dimensions, eh, Mr. Mallory?
Perhaps a return to your
headquarters, preparing a vortex to
the specific location --

QUINN

We'd need to go back to the basement,
vortex ourselves to the Millennial
Tower on our world, then slide back
to this one but without shifting
geographically --

REMBRANDT
Or we could just go to the parking
garage of the building and use this
key right here --
(holding up the card)
And take the private elevator
straight up to where we want to go.

Everyone stares at Rembrandt again.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILLENNIAL TOWER - EVENING

We once again see this oppressively dark skyscraper -- and then abruptly
pan DOWNWARDS --

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - EVENING

It's a dark, shadowy space. We see five lights at a distance. It's the
sliders. They're approaching the private elevator, all holding flashlights.

QUINN
Elevator's there --

LAUREL
These flashlights seem kind of lame
when the whole world out there has
night vision goggles.

WADE
(to Rembrandt)
This is crazy! A universal key?
There's no such thing.

ARTURO
For a passcard to function in this
manner, it would need to contain
algorithms of intricate conception
that could adjust to every computer
system conceivable. It cannot

possibly work as you describe.

REMBRANDT

Conrad Bennish Junior gave me this
card.

ARTURO

Oh dear God.

They're at the elevator now.

LAUREL

So there's a private residence floor
with guards on all the floors below
it -- but there's a direct route
from a public parking garage?

REMBRANDT

I think only the owner can unlock
the elevator to let people up --

Rembrandt reaches out to the elevator card reader with his card. Taps the
card. The elevator doors open.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

Or we can just use the owner's card.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLENNIAL TOWER, 75TH FLOOR - EVENING

The elevator doors open. The sliders step out nervously.

Rembrandt looks about uncertainly. This is not the luxury residence he
encountered on the previous world. In front of the sliders are two large,
glass walls -- translucent but not transparent. They form a narrow entryway
towards whatever's beyond the barrier.

ARTURO

Mr. Brown, although violence is
rarely an ideal solution, perhaps
our situation calls for you to have
your weapon ready.

REMBRANDT

Got it, Professor -- no wait, I
don't got it! Where's my gun?

WADE

I swiped it at the coffee shop. The
ammo's in their garbage, the gun's
down a sewer. Laurel was way too
interested in --

LAUREL

You gotta be kidding me! We're
walking into the unknown and you
took our only weapon?

WADE

We don't need guns! We have a soul
singer, an arrested adolescent, one
mid-list author and a bratty
teenager. We can't be stopped.

Quinn steps through the entry way, past the glass barriers.

QUINN (OFF CAMERA)

Guys -- ?

CUT TO:

INT. DISPLAY ROOM - EVENING

The sliders find themselves in a large DISPLAY ROOM.

Throughout the room are numerous stands and display cases, some as high as
the ceiling and some at stomach-level. The stands all have metal trays.
Each stand and case contains a single item.

The sliders stop at the stand closest to the entrance. On the tray is an
enormous WASP with BEE-LIKE colors.

LAUREL

What the hell's that?

ARTURO

It's a spider-wasp -- ! One of these
appalling creatures once attacked me

REMBRANDT

Technically, they attacked all of us
--

ARTURO

I believe this to be the same one --
I crushed its head when I fell over
and this creature has been killed in
the same fashion.

He moves to the next stand, the other sliders behind him. And resting in
the tray is a button. A button with Arturo's name on it.

ARTURO (cont'd)

This is a remnant from my mayoral
campaign.

The next stand shows a book -- *Everything I Say is Right*, by Maximillian
Arturo.

ARTURO (cont'd)

Good heavens. This display room is
devoted entirely to me.

Wade punches the Professor in the shoulder. He yelps in pain.

WADE

Look at this!

Wade points to a tray featuring a can of Impact Cola -- the soft drink she
and Quinn were inadvertently helping to market in "The Young and the
Relentless."

There's also another tray featuring a CD: *The King is Back* with Rembrandt
on the album art.

There's a display case showing a poster of Quinn's twentysomething face,
unshaven and wearing glasses and named as Patient Zero. Next to it is a
newspaper showing Quinn Mallory wanted for the murder of Daelin Richards.

QUINN

Professor. There's something for all
of us except Laurel.

LAUREL

Well. I don't feel left out!

Wade looks at a strange remote control.

WADE

This timer over here -- Remmy, is
this the Egyptian timer?

Rembrandt nods.

Quinn looks into a display case.

QUINN

This here -- this is a map of the
wastelands from that desert world.

He moves to a nearby stand.

QUINN (cont'd)

And this is a team medallion from
the televised death matches.

ARTURO

The what?

REMBRANDT

After your time, Professor.

WADE

Was it after mine too? Because I
don't remember that.

Rembrandt performs a strange mixture of nodding and shaking his head.

ARTURO

What the devil are these?

He gestures at a virtual reality headset, a massive cryogenic tube and a stand that holds a wide, gamepad-resembling device.

REMBRANDT

VR gadget -- a stasis tube from that
amusement park that fed on emotions
-- and Dr. Jensen's timer.

Wade points at a display case where inside is a beaker of flame.

WADE

I don't remember this -- do you?

QUINN

This can't be --

He moves to the next display case --

QUINN (cont'd)

Remmy, this clown painting -- and
this periodic table with no aluminum
on it. Do you recognize these?

REMBRANDT

Yeah. Think this had to be after you
left Mallory --

From off-camera, Laurel screams.

The sliders rush to her side, and Laurel points a quivering finger at a display case. It holds a LIFELESS CORPSE of a man in his late-twenties.

WADE

Deric!

REMBRANDT

This is the psychic guy?

WADE

No, the other one! Man. He's looking
good.

Laurel looks ready to start crying.

LAUREL

That dude is dead! He's been mounted
like a trophy! He's --

WADE

It's fine, he's a robot.

Laurel looks relieved.

LAUREL

Is this the one you made out with?

As Wade nods, Rembrandt moves to another stand that holds a bucket of fried chicken -- and the bucket has the letters: BECKETT OF CHICKEN. He reaches in and takes a drumstick.

REMBRANDT

It's still hot!

QUINN

This doesn't make sense!

Quinn gestures at other items in the room. The red guitar played by one of the rock-star vampires in "Stoker." The organ donor bracelet from "The Breeder." The triangular Kromagg signaling device from "Invasion."

QUINN (cont'd)

These objects, these items -- they
can't exist! The worlds they came
from are gone --

REMBRANDT

(between bites of chicken)

Hang on, Q-Ball. I get that the
guitar and the cryo tubes from the
chasm shouldn't be in play. But the
Professor running for mayor and the
Impact Cola -- that was part of the
original timeline, wasn't it?

Quinn hesitates to respond.

ARTURO

Regardless, I think we can agree
that every item in this room is
something that one of us four can
recognize.

The sliders look uncertainly at Laurel who stands awkwardly in this room of
objects from the past.

LAUREL
What.

REMBRANDT
All this time, Laurel -- we were
thinking this was all about you. I'm
thinking we were wrong.

WADE
This is all about us.

ARTURO
But what is the purpose of these
artifacts?

QUINN
And who brought them all here?

A VOICE (OFF CAMERA)
I did.

A disembodied, echoing voice that seems oddly familiar.

And then there's a ripple in the air. A glowing, pulsing crackle. And then
the air seems to shift and a figure steps out.

The glare of the vortex behind him obscures his face, but we can see he's
clad in a pressed dress shirt and trousers. His hands folded behind him.
His hair is neat and styled.

The glare fades to reveal this mystery man's identity. It is Quinn Mallory.

QUINN-2
(to our Quinn)
Or should I say -- you did.

The sliders are astonished by this second Quinn.

Laurel gapes at Quinn-2's identical face but different bearing. Quinn-2 is formal and rigid, his clothes a stark contrast to Quinn's flannel shirt and worn jeans, his demeanor a striking difference from Quinn's more adolescent appearance.

Laurel keeps shifting her gaze from one Quinn to the other.

QUINN

This is impossible. We were erased.
You can't be here!

QUINN-2

Neither can you, but here we are --
twenty years to the day I gave you
the secret of sliding.

Quinn silently recognizes this alternate -- the very first Quinn-double he ever met.

QUINN

You -- you're responsible for
everything we've seen! Jim Hall!

And then suddenly, there are FLARES OF LIGHT around the sliders. Rembrandt jumps and drops his chicken.

The flares of light resolve into THE LIBRARY that Quinn visited in "Reunion." There's printers and photocopiers. This new landscape surrounds the sliders, obscuring or replacing the display cases in the way.

ARTURO

What in the world?!

QUINN-2

I was trying to make things better.
I thought I could force technology
to be democratized on Earth
twenty-two-point-seven with a
computer virus that would reveal
what was being withheld.

The printers and photocopiers start spitting out sheets of paper filled with text.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
But it didn't work. The chains I
wanted to break just got stronger.

Arturo reaches out for one of the photocopiers. His hand passes through it like it's a ghost. Quinn pulls out the timer, flips it open, glances at the readings --

QUINN
This is the Sonmoha virtual reality
technology -- only you're using
contained gravity fields to shape
polarized light --

Quinn-2 acknowledges this with a nod.

Then the scene SHIFTS. The sliders are now surrounded by what appears to be an assembly line at a bottling plant -- with plastic bottles of water shifting down a conveyer belt.

QUINN-2
On Earth fourteen-point-twelve, I
thought a strong hand could bring
stability.

The surroundings shift again to show the shopping mall and the pillar of doomsday clocks with the eerie holographic countdown in the air.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
On Earth seven-point-four, I thought
drawing attention to environmental
cataclysm would induce the world to
action.

The scene shifts again, resolving into the COFFEE SHOP where Quinn deduced this Earth's situation.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
And on this Earth, I thought
stimulating local labor could set
things right. I created a cover
identity to implement my ideas --

The coffee shop is replaced by the scene of a street with RAZOR'S SCAVENGERS running through them, screaming.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
But there were periods where I was
away. I lost control of the Jim Hall
identities to tyranny, idiocy and
industry --

The scene shifts again to show the luxury residential suite where Conrad Bennish Jr. sits back surveying a tower of pizza boxes.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
And the people paid the price --

The scene is replaced by a street -- where the children Quinn walked away from are lying bloody in the street --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Or used my warnings to serve
themselves --

We see another image of Razor followed by an image of the people in the shopping mall painting and cooking and writing their novels --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Or they took any excuse to give up.

And then the virtual reality images disappear and the sliders stand in the display room once more.

QUINN
You're blaming them for what you
started?

QUINN-2
No -- this all started with you.
(gesturing at Wade,
Rembrandt and Arturo)
Because of what you did for them.

Quinn reacts to this with grief-stricken horror. The same horror he showed outside the mapping room in his headquarters

REMBRANDT
(to Quinn-2)
What're you talking about, Q-Ball?
(to Quinn)
What're you talking about, Q-Ball?

Quinn says nothing. Quinn-2 looks at Arturo and Wade.

QUINN-2
Aren't you curious about why 1995 is
the critical year of divergence on
every world you've seen today?
(to Rembrandt)
Or why you're a missing person on
the previous Earth?

ARTURO
Explain yourself, Mr. Mallory --
either one of you!

But Quinn remains silent. His shaking hands grip the timer.

QUINN-2
(to Rembrandt)
You lost your friends and your home.
And then you got everything back.
Don't you want to know how?

REMBRANDT
Don't we already?

QUINN-2
Only what Quinn let you know.

REMBRANDT
There was a Kromagg machine. But
isn't there always?

ARTURO
An infernal contraption designed to
collapse the multiverse and replace
it with only parallel universes of
which the Kromaggs approved.

WADE

But we reprogrammed it to recreate
the multiverse based on the timeline
before the Geiger experiment. That
machine rebuilt our home Earth, gave
us back our lives --

QUINN-2

No. You failed. The Kromaggs deleted
your reprogramming.

ARTURO

Then how the hell are we all here?

The space around the sliders begins to glow again.

QUINN-2

This is how the Kromagg-human war
really ended.

And we see a machine take shape next to the sliders. A bizarre contraption
consisting of sliding coils and towers, repurposed car engines, numerous
satellite dishes and more. It's the size of a truck.

And we see a much-younger Quinn at a distance approaching the machine --

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

(looking at Quinn)

You took control of the machine. It
needed you to choose a moment in
time from a single parallel universe.
A starting point for any parallel
universes that would follow.

(beat)

Tell them what you chose.

QUINN

The Kromaggs were coming --

QUINN-2

Tell them the secret of 1995 --

QUINN

I had to choose something --

QUINN-2

Tell them what you did --

QUINN

I had a split-second to decide--

QUINN-2

Tell them how you killed us all!

QUINN

(to Wade, Rembrandt and
Arturo)

I was thinking of all of you. And
for the starting point of a new
multiverse -- I chose the day of our
first slide -- March 22. 1995.

We see the younger-Quinn reaching out to the machine -- and everything
vanishes in a flash. We're back in the display room.

QUINN-2

(cold fury)

And you condemned the multiverse
you'd created.

In the air above the sliders, we see numerous versions of Earth, all these
Earths connected by lines of laser light. A web of Earths. But then they
start to contract.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

Every single Earth now has an
identical history up to that date.
Every divergence originates there.

The other Earths fade. A single Earth hovers above the sliders -- above
Quinn. Standing in judgment of him.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

There are no Earths in existence
where the Library of Alexandria
didn't burn. Or where the ozone
layer hasn't been wrecked by
chlorofluorocarbon damage. Or where

mustard and sarin gas weren't dumped
into the ocean.

He glares at Quinn.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

On every Earth in the multiverse,
the Holocaust killed six million
Jews, the Khmer Rouge regime
murdered millions and now there's
internment camps and mass
extinctions and all this horror and
madness without alternative, without
divergence --
(to Quinn)
It's all because of you.

QUINN

I'm sorry --

QUINN-2

Every time I lost control of the Jim
Hall identity, I took comfort in
thinking there'd be an Earth with an
alternate outcome. But no new Earths
were born.

LAUREL

Wait, what!?

ARTURO

But the multiverse splits at moments
with multiple outcomes --

QUINN-2

But this is a multiverse rebuilt by
a flawed machine and a flawed human
being. And now every Earth is
trapped in your version of history
up to March 22, 1995. The only
Earths left are the Earths split
from that day.

(to Quinn)

I've kept track, so you did too.
We'd both categorize worlds into
branches, one branch for each major

divergence from that single day. So
-- how many major branches have
Earths that can support human life?

QUINN
Twenty-four.

Quinn's voice is bereft of defense or anger.

The other sliders are shocked.

QUINN-2
Those twenty-four branches contain
infinite Earths. But even those
branches will see each version of
the human race extinguish itself.

And then the single Earth above the sliders becomes a circular arrangement of Earths. But it's not the complex web we saw before. Instead, each parallel Earth is connected by a single line of light to a single Earth in the center.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
The worlds within those branches
vary in terms of society and culture
but not ecology or industry. Our
multiverse is now limited to the
human decision points of March 22,
1995. Eventually, twenty-four will
become none.

The array of Earths begins to contract.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Every Earth that fails to sustain
human life is an endpoint of human
probability -- a crack in the
roulette wheel leading back to the
axis on which it spins.

There is now a single Earth.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
The axis will break, the wheel will
collapse and everything will be gone.

And then the last Earth in the air vanishes as well.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

(to Quinn)

You could have chosen any starting point for new realities -- the Big Bang, the first eukaryote -- but the seed you chose left the multiverse dying Earth by Earth with no way to see new ones grow.

(gesturing at Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo)

And you did this all for them! The world's oldest high school student, this glorified busker and the most mediocre science fiction writer of all time.

LAUREL

Hey! He's very good with dialogue!

Quinn-2 briefly eyes Laurel with contempt before looking back at Quinn.

QUINN-2

Were they worth it?

QUINN

I'm sorry --

QUINN-2

You shattered all of reality for them, condemned every Earth --

QUINN

It was an accident -- I did not know -- that that was going to happen --

QUINN-2

And then for fourteen years, you've cowered from them --

QUINN

(agonized)

Because I was ashamed!

Quinn looks to Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo. Lost and broken.

QUINN (cont'd)

When I realized what I'd done, I
tried everything to fix it. Creating
bubble universes that could expand
into the interdimension --

ARTURO

(sadly)

But all you could create were pocket
dimensions as storage closets.

QUINN

Searching parallel Earths for water
purification techniques,
artificially grown organs --

WADE

(with pity)

But in a multiverse with only
variants after 1995, you weren't
going to have much luck.

QUINN

And when none of that worked, I
tried to minimize the damage. Using
a global slide system to air-drop
supplies --

REMBRANDT

And drop off a lottery ticket for an
old friend down on his luck?

QUINN

It was my fault -- and I didn't want
you three to be burdened with any of
this when you were rebuilding your
lives --

QUINN-2

Rebuilding on a poisoned foundation
on an Earth that's doomed along with
every other.

QUINN
I'm sorry! I don't know what to do
-- I've looked everywhere and I'm
out of ideas, I don't know how to
fix this --

He looks at his double, desperate for understanding and even forgiveness.

QUINN-2
What if I do?

Quinn-2 reaches out and a tiny, glowing RIP IN THE AIR appears. He plunges his hand into it and pulls something out -- a doomsday clock. The glowing rip vanishes and Quinn-2 holds up the clock.

ARTURO
These timepieces -- you made them.

REMBRANDT
Now why the heck would you want to
scatter billions of clocks across
three worlds?

QUINN-2
There aren't billions of clocks.
There's only one.

Wade, Rembrandt and Laurel pull out their individual clocks, confused. But Quinn and Arturo exchange a look. Quinn-2 has confirmed their suspicions.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
An everyday object mapped to
fifty-four billion points across
three dimensions.

REMBRANDT
The same clock in billions of places
--

WADE
Counting down in perfect sync --

ARTURO

Counting down to what?

QUINN-2

To a convergence. Over the last four years, the clocks have entrenched themselves in history and culture. Like load-bearing pillars in reality
--

QUINN

The disasters -- are you behind them?

QUINN-2

No. But the reactions to them were augmented by the presence of the clocks -- embedding them into the decision paths of each Earth.

QUINN

And the countdown?

QUINN-2

The countdown indicates the remaining time to the clocks' fundamental interactions reaching critical mass.

Quinn-2 looks at the clock in his hand with something resembling fondness.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

All of which is necessary for when I re-map the clocks back to existing only as this one here.

QUINN

You've been sending out a neutrino signal to fix the clocks on each Earth. Now you'll send out a new signal -- return the clocks to existing as a single object --

Quinn-2 nods.

QUINN (cont'd)

But if you remap the clocks this way,

you'll rip them out of reality --
out of history! You'd break cause
and effect --

QUINN-2

A sad necessity --

QUINN

And we've seen what happens when you
tear support structures out of
reality! Those dimensions will
implode! They'll be destroyed.

QUINN-2

And they'll form a probability event
horizon --

QUINN

Why would you want an
interdimensional black hole?

QUINN-2

Because it will drag every other
dimension in this multiverse into
the void -- compressing them.
Collapsing them.

ARTURO

How could destroying three Earths
impact every other reality?

QUINN-2

Believe me -- three Earths is all
it'll take for this damaged
multiverse.

QUINN

Why would you do this?!

QUINN-2

Because of you. You can arrange for
these wrecked realities to be used
as raw material to form a
recombinant universe. A new seed for
new worlds in a new multiverse.

Quinn regards his double with disbelief.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

The signal is ready. The mathematics
are complete -- except for one thing
that I need from you.

Understanding displays across Quinn's face.

QUINN

The Combine experiment. You want Dr.
Oberon Geiger's equations.

QUINN-2

The Combine equations would take me
four decades to work out, and by
then, there wouldn't be enough
parallel universes left for me to
rebuild. But I don't need to solve
that mystery -- because the answer
rests inside your head.

QUINN

I never saw the Combine calculations
--

QUINN-2

But Mallory did.

An image of Mallory (Robert Floyd) appears before the sliders. He's still
and unmoving, looking off into the distance.

Rembrandt reaches out to this image of his lost friend, and he is saddened
to find it intangible.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

He saw every stage of the Combine
process. Mallory is gone. But you
shared his memories.

Quinn-2 waves a hand. A chalkboard appears out of a rip in the air. Covered
in mathematical equations. An equals sign and a question mark at the

lower-right corner. An eraser and a piece of chalk resting in the front tray.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

Twenty years ago, I gave you your missing piece. Now it's time for you to return the favor.

QUINN

Your Combine process -- what's the apparatus? The equipment? The --

QUINN-2

Whatever you write will be written into the neutrino stream.

Quinn-2 reaches for the chalk. Picks it up. Holds it out to Quinn.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

If you give me what I need, the collapse will combine the shattered fragments into a seed containing every closed-off possibility, every dead-end avenue of choice -- all of them re-opened and restored for a new multiverse.

Quinn pockets the timer. Holds out his hand and lets Quinn-2 drop the chalk into his palm. Quinn studies the chalk --

QUINN

Everyone on these Earths -- in this multiverse -- you can't ask me to kill infinite numbers of human beings --

QUINN-2

You've killed them with every drink of water and every breath of air.
(gesturing to the board)
In a recombinant universe, they'll be refolded into the new multiverse.

QUINN

You mean dead. They'll be dead.

QUINN-2
Yes. None of us here will survive
remapping either, but we're all
stardust in the end.

Quinn looks at his friends in agony. They look back uncomprehendingly.
Dwarfed by the scale of the situation. Quinn looks at Laurel. Then --

QUINN
(to Quinn-2)
Why did you bring Laurel here?

The grief on Quinn's face is immeasurable.

LAUREL
What?

QUINN
(to Quinn-2)
Why would you give her to me now?

REMBRANDT
I think I should maybe get this
sentence on tape -- but what are you
talking about, Q-Ball?

QUINN-2
(to Quinn)
How long have you known?

QUINN
(staring at the kid)
Almost right away. And in the
library -- I saw her birth
announcement for a split-second. No
father listed. But her mother --
Jane Hills --

WADE
Who's that?

REMBRANDT
Isn't that the woman who wanted

Q-Ball to knock her up on that world
where most of the men died?

ARTURO

Oh, yes -- I can't remember, did Mr.
Mallory actually --

WADE

You know, I could never get him to
tell us --

REMBRANDT

He also wouldn't tell us if he and
Logan --

QUINN-2

Would you idiots shut the hell up!?

The sliders fall silent and we see that Quinn-2's formal composure is now marked with irritation and annoyance.

QUINN

(looking at Laurel)

She has my spatial contextual
awareness. She has my instinct for
mental calculation.

(a pause)

And she has my eyes.

LAUREL

What are you saying -- do you mean
you're my -- ?

QUINN

(to Laurel)

You're my daughter, I'm your dad --

(awkwardly)

Sorry I missed all your birthdays?

Quinn-2 nods faintly. Laurel's mouth drops.

QUINN (cont'd)

How can she be here?

QUINN-2

The same way the bucket of chicken
and the wanted poster are here --
she's a fragment of the destroyed
universes I was trying to restore. A
failure.

QUINN

You've been trying to restore a
former version of the multiverse --

QUINN-2

I was only able to recover artifacts
from the corrupted version.
Intelligent flames and animal human
hybrids and parasites.
Do you finally see how you've
squandered our gift?

Quinn holds up a hand as though it can shield him from Quinn-2's contempt
--

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

I gave you sliding and on your first
adventure, you lost your way back
home.

Quinn-2 gestures to the poster where Quinn is shown as Patient Zero.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

You could have cured every disease
in existence, but you managed only
one.

Quinn-2 looks briefly at the button from Arturo's mayoral campaign, the
robot in the case and the cryogenic tube.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

You could have drawn upon the
political and technological concepts
of different worlds to unite your
society with the wonder of the
multiverse --

He bangs a fist into the wanted poster with Quinn's face.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
But you wasted your time on
pointless run-ins with local
authorities.

Quinn's face is anguished and ashamed.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
And you could have ended the very
concept of war, but you blundered
into an interdimensional conflict --
turned the multiverse into nothing
but miserable copies of your
diseased home --
(jabs a finger at Laurel)
-- and doomed us all to this!

Laurel shakes with confusion and anger.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
A self-destructing adolescent. The
only kind your multiverse creates.
The only use I had for this
dysfunctional idiot was to place her
as a pawn and bring you here.

Quinn and Laurel stare at each other.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
A multiverse that creates Laurel
Hills -- does it have any right to
exist?

Quinn studies the chalk in his hand. Then the little girl standing before him. She looks back at him. Terrified of his judgment. Withering under the contempt of the other Quinn.

Quinn-2 holds up his clock. The countdown reading ten minutes left. He waves at the chalkboard.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Sliding is the only thing that can
save us now. It's the only thing
that ever could. Which is why you'll

bring it back. No matter what the
cost.

Quinn looks at his double -- and throws the chalk to the floor.

QUINN
You're wrong, Quinn.

Quinn-2 is astonished.

QUINN (cont'd)
I saw Laurel face insanity and
madness and push through to find
answers. She found the four of us
apart and she brought us back
together.

Quinn looks at his troubled, traumatized, angry, awkward daughter.

QUINN (cont'd)
She's perfect.
(to Quinn-2)
I won't help you. Not this way.

QUINN-2
The multiverse is dying, you jackass
--

QUINN
Then we'll save it! All of us!

QUINN-2
You've failed repeatedly for
fourteen years --

And Quinn looks at Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo, who react with relief at
Quinn's newfound hope.

QUINN
They weren't with me then. But
they're here now. We'll find a way
together. The answer is no.

QUINN-2

Quinn. Quinn, Quinn, Quinn, Quinn,
Quinn --
(a sad smile)
What made you think you ever had a
choice?

There's a crackle in the air.

Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel find their doomsday clocks disappearing
from their hands in a snap-hiss of vortex energy

And then reappearing in a peculiar quadruple image around Quinn-2 -- and
then fading into a blur around Quinn-2's doomsday clock.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Write the equations and save reality
-- or let it die. Because one way or
another, you're out of time.

Quinn turns away from his double, studying the blackboard. The equations on
the board. Arturo moves forward to take them in as well.

ARTURO
Mr. Mallory, your double is correct
in what he says --

QUINN
But the signal doesn't reach all the
clocks instantaneously -- it goes
from one clock to the next --

ARTURO
Meaning we still have a chance!

REMBRANDT
What are you talking about, Q-Ball?

Quinn pulls the timer from his pocket. Aims it past his double and triggers
the vortex.

QUINN
Everyone in -- !!

Without waiting, he dives into the vortex. Quinn-2 watches disbelievingly as Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel follow Quinn into the gateway.

FLASHCUT TO:

The walls of the interdimensional tunnel race past us, widening at the end of the tunnel to reveal --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT

We see Laurel emerging from the vortex, the other sliders having arrived ahead of her. The vortex closes behind her. Laurel looks about, spotting Wade, Rembrandt and Arturo --

LAUREL
Where's Quinn?

A vortex appears and a shopping cart emerges, Quinn pushing it out. Before anyone can say anything, Quinn leaps back into the vortex.

A moment later, Quinn returns through it, pushing a second shopping cart in front of him and pulling a third behind him.

As the vortex closes, the other four sliders look nervously at the items in the first cart.

The first cart holds two (collapsed) metal coils that resemble what's part of the sliding machine. There are six metal pillars composed of round discs, also identical to that part of the sliding machine.

There are four car batteries and an array of cables, each neatly coiled and tied with string. Resting at the top of this equipment is a timer.

And the other two carts have precisely the same items.

Quinn dashes back and forth through the room, stopping at different computer workstations to punch in keyboard commands, then leaps towards his friends, handing each of them a Bluetooth earpiece. They put them in their ears and Quinn does the same with his own.

REMBRANDT

What is going on here?

ARTURO

Mr. Mallory is executing his plan --
but Quinn! How can you have all this
equipment ready?

Quinn grabs the timer from the first shopping cart and starts keying in
commands.

He moves to the second timer. Programs it as well.

QUINN

Got it all ready before we slid --

LAUREL

You knew?! All this time, you knew
that --

Quinn moves to the third timer.

QUINN

I knew something bad was coming. It
was either a neo-Dynasty resurgence,
a resurrected Geiger-plot or the
return of that radioactive worm --
and this is much, much worse.

WADE

Radioactive worm?

QUINN

All this equipment's mixed and
matched from the three plans I put
together --

REMBRANDT

What is the plan?

Quinn finishes programming the third timer, snaps it shut and hands it to
Rembrandt.

QUINN

I'll tell you when you get there.

Professor!
(he hands Arturo the
second timer)
You're with Wade! Rembrandt, you're
on your own --

REMBRANDT
Why do I have to go off on a side
adventure again? I already --

QUINN
Fine, go with Wade!

Rembrandt happily moves to Wade's side. Quinn steps towards Laurel.

QUINN (cont'd)
(to Laurel)
I'll need you with me on this one.
(to the others)
Trigger your timers! Go now! Start
unpacking the equipment --
(tapping his earpiece)
And I'll tell you what to do next!

Rembrandt opens his timer and triggers the vortex. Wade pushes in one of the shopping carts and jumps in after it. Rembrandt's right behind her.

Arturo opens his timer and opens his gateway as well.

With a final nod to Quinn, Arturo shoves his cart into the wormhole and then leaps into the void. Both vortexes close instantly and at this point, Quinn is running up the basement stairs.

QUINN (cont'd)
Laurel! Come on!

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo emerges from his vortex and bangs into the shopping cart that came through first. He is outside the coffee shop where the sliders stopped before confronting Quinn-2.

Pedestrians look on with alarm at the vortex. They run away. Arturo ignores them and turns his attention to the shopping cart of sliding equipment.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Wade and Rembrandt are standing outside the grocery store they first encountered on the water-contaminated Earth. The moon illuminates the otherwise unlit street.

REMBRANDT
Now what?

CUT TO:

INT. MAPPING ROOM

The door to the mapping room swings open and Quinn charges in, Laurel behind him. This is the room that reported that only 24 sustainable variants of Earth remained.

QUINN
(tapping his Bluetooth
earpiece)
Professor! Start assembling the
equipment and talk Wade and
Rembrandt through it! You're both
constructing individual
Einstein-Rosen-Podolsky bridge
machines in linked synchronicity!

ARTURO (VIA EARPIECE)
Mr. Mallory! It's too dark here!
I've nothing to illuminate the
location!

Quinn grits his teeth, looks at Laurel, grabs her hand and yanks her to a computer workstation. He types in several commands, then hands her his own timer.

LAUREL
What do I --

QUINN
You hold it! Aim the front at
yourself! I'll be right back --

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The Professor moves his cart closer to the coffee shop window, trying to use the light from the establishment to make out what's in his cart. But then a vortex appears, and Quinn emerges, dragging two battery-powered spotlights on stands behind him. They brighten the space.

ARTURO
Ah, yes --

Quinn doesn't respond, leaping back into the vortex immediately and vanishing in a flash.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Rembrandt and Wade are pulling equipment out of the shopping cart.

ARTURO (VIA EARPIECE)
Begin with the coils! Pull the valve
on the lower end, this will inflate
them. While they inflate, connect
the disc pillars via cabling. After
that, Mr. Brown must link the
batteries while Ms. Welles opens the
coil interface --

REMBRANDT
Yeah, okay, okay -- but what's all
this gonna do to stop the other
Quinn?

INT. MAPPING ROOM

Laurel is still standing awkwardly, pointing Quinn's timer at herself when Quinn dashes back into the room.

QUINN
(touching his earpiece)
We're going to hijack the other
Quinn's signal.

Quinn takes the timer back from Laurel and nods, then begins to urgently tap in commands.

QUINN
Each clock has one of three neutrino
oscillation frequencies, depending
on which Earth they were sent to.
The neutrino stream sets their
frequency -- deciding whether
they're existing in multiple
dimensions or as a single clock.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo has set up the coils and is now preparing the car batteries.

ARTURO
The core clock -- the original, as
it were -- operates on a base
frequency. If we can match it --

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Rembrandt and Wade are also setting up their sliding machine.

QUINN (VIA EARPIECE)
-- we can send a new signal to all
the clocks and move them somewhere
safe!

WADE
But where can we move them?

CUT TO:

INT. MAPPING ROOM

Quinn is typing at a workstation.

QUINN

To one of my pocket dimensions. A
sealed destination with a random
isotopic spin that Quinn can't get
to -- but lets the clocks keep
existing in the multiverse!

A final round of aggressive typing --

QUINN (cont'd)

Pocket dimension ready!

LAUREL

But where do we get the base
frequency -- ?

QUINN

From you. You were receiving the
signal until we started sliding,
you're picking it up now that we're
home --

He holds up the timer.

QUINN (cont'd)

You just copied it to here. And now
we have to go!

LAUREL

Where -- ?

Quinn doesn't answer, aiming the timer forward, and triggering a vortex. He
moves towards it.

Laurel follows --

FLASHCUT TO:

The walls of the interdimensional tunnel speeding by our point of view --

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Laurel comes out of the open vortex. The mall-visitors see the vortex and back away quickly.

Laurel looks up at what's in front of her -- it's the giant pillar of doomsday clocks in the shopping mall on the doomsday obsessed Earth.

The holographic countdown is now at six minutes.

As the vortex closes, Quinn holds up the timer, triggering a second vortex. The shopping cart of equipment bursts out of the new wormhole. It closes seconds later. Mall visitors gabble as they run away from the lightshow.

As Quinn and Laurel begin to unload the equipment --

LAUREL

But the other you -- he's already
sending the signal --

QUINN

And now you're scrambling it.

Quinn and Laurel shift the weight of one of the coils to bring it to ground level. Laurel flips the valve and the coil begins to inflate. Then she looks to Quinn for an explanation

QUINN (cont'd)

You were a receiver for the neutrino
signal. This --

(he holds up the timer)

Is using you to transmit an altered
signal. It's strong enough to reach
all the clocks in this art display.

ARTURO (VIA EARPIECE)

And as each clock relays the signal
it receives to the closest clock in

range --

QUINN

It'll interfere with the other
Quinn's signal and slow him down.
But it won't hold him off forever,
and that's where the three sliding
machines come in.

He pulls out the second coil and inflates it. Then moves to the car
batteries while waving Laurel towards working on the disc-pillars.

LAUREL

Sliding machines on three Earths --
what'll they do?

QUINN

We can open a vortex here with the
new oscillation frequency. The
vortex will attract all the
pillar-clocks into the gateway --

ARTURO (VIA EARPIECE)

Creating a combined signal that all
three sliding machines can receive
and transmit to every clock all
three Earths --

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo's machine is complete.

ARTURO

While also creating three vortexes
to draw in every single clock!

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Rembrandt and Wade are connecting cables between pieces of the sliding
machine. It's nearly complete.

WADE
Quinn! Professor! We're almost good
to go!

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Quinn and Laurel are almost caught up to Wade and Rembrandt in assembling their sliding machine.

QUINN
Right behind you!

He plugs a cable into a car battery.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo holds the timer.

ARTURO
Apparatus assembled! Standing ready,
Mr. Mallory!

And then suddenly, there's a flash of light and Quinn-2 appears. Arturo reacts to the sight of this formal, stately version of Quinn.

QUINN-2
Professor -- this isn't the way!
Listen to me --

ARTURO
I did listen -- twenty years ago,
when you called me a pompous windbag
whose mathematics were the
equivalent of Neanderthal
scribblings!

Quinn-2 scowls at Arturo, then vanishes in a flash of light.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Wade and Rembrandt have completed the machine assembly and are standing back -- and then in a flash of light, Quinn-2 appears to them as well.

QUINN-2

Wade, stop! You have to trust me --

WADE

Trust you!? I should kill you! Date
rapist!

QUINN-2

What?!

WADE

You made me think you were my Quinn
and you tried to have sex with me in
the supply room!

Quinn-2 gives up on Wade, turns to Rembrandt --

REMBRANDT

Say, weren't you wearing a crazy wig
and face paint the last time we saw
you?

Quinn-2 lets loose a frustrated growl and turns away from Rembrandt.
There's a flash of light and he disappears instantly.

REMBRANDT (cont'd)

(touching his earpiece)

Our machine's done! Ready when you
are, Q-Ball!

Wade holds up the timer.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Quinn and Laurel stand next to the machine, looking at the pillar of doomsday clocks.

And the eerie laser-light display with the floor-mounted laser emitters aimed upwards, creating its mid-air display of the countdown, the digits composed of pure light.

QUINN
Activating vortex!

He does. The vortex appears next to the pillar of clocks, in front of the laser emitters.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo raises his timer and triggers the vortex as well.

ARTURO
Activating vortex!

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Wade holds up the timer.

WADE
Do we all have to say that?

REMBRANDT
Nah.

Wade triggers the vortex.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

And Quinn and Laurel stand in front of the pillar of doomsday clocks and the vortex next to it -- except nothing happens.

The clocks remain on the central support pillar. Still and unmoving. Unaffected by the vortex that's supposed to be drawing them in.

LAUREL
It's not working! Why's it not
working?

There's a flash of light from off-camera. Laurel and Quinn spin around to see Quinn-2 approaching, holding his doomsday clock.

QUINN-2
(to Laurel)
The central support strut inside the
pillar is magnetized, you defective
twit. The electromagnetic field's
isolating the clocks from your
vortex --

Quinn keeps his eyes on Quinn-2. Stepping in front of Laurel to bar Quinn-2 from reaching her. Moving towards his double.

QUINN
Laurel. Demagnetize the pillar. You
know how.

LAUREL
I forget. How?

Before Quinn can say anything, Quinn-2 punches Quinn in the face and then violently throws Quinn to the ground. Laurel launches herself at Quinn-2 --

Only to find him intangible. She passes right through him and lands in a heap on the ground.

LAUREL (cont'd)
What the --

QUINN-2
Enough!

Quinn-2 stoops over Quinn. Grabs Quinn by the throat and starts squeezing, apparently solid to Quinn. In his other hand, Quinn-2 holds up the doomsday clock.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Ninety seconds left! You're out of
time! Give me the equations!

Quinn, gasping, swings an arm weakly at Quinn-2, just missing the face. Quinn-2 loosens his grip for a moment --

QUINN
Laurel! Use circularly polarized
light --

And then Quinn-2 drives an elbow solidly into Quinn's throat. Quinn chokes at the impact and Quinn-2 resumes his grip on Quinn's throat. Quinn-2 hits Quinn in the face with the clock.

QUINN-2
Stop! Stop thinking you can
improvise! Stop expecting your idiot
friends to be any use! Stop
expecting the juvenile delinquent to
save the day!

But Laurel reacts to Quinn's words. Circularly polarized light. And then she looks at the pillar of doomsday clocks.

At the laser lights aimed upwards to create the display of holographic digits counting down. And at the open vortex. The vortex that's by the pillar and within range of the laser emitters.

Quinn-2 doesn't notice, looking only at Quinn.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
Forty-five seconds left. The next
breath I let you take will be your
last. Use it to tell me what I want
to know.

Quinn releases a choking gag in response.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)

You destroyed sliding. You destroyed
the future.

Laurel runs to the first laser emitter on the ground and pushes the laser downwards on its rotating axis. Shifting the beam to aim it lower.

The light-formed digits in the air begin to flicker.

Quinn-2 maintains his hold on Quinn.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
There is no hope.

Laurel pushes the laser-emitter low enough and the focused light passes DIRECTLY THROUGH THE BACK OF THE VORTEX.

The vortex filters and alters the laser light -- and what comes out of the front end of the vortex is a wide, blue beam that strikes the pillar of doomsday clocks.

QUINN-2 (cont'd)
There is no tomorrow!

And then Laurel moves to the next laser emitter. Lowers it. Aiming it through the back of the vortex. And she does the same to the emitter next to it.

Three beams of laser light are now passing through the back of the vortex. Becoming circularly polarized and striking the doomsday clocks and the magnetized support strut behind it --

Quinn-2 sees Quinn's smile. Quinn-2 releases his grip on Quinn's throat. Stands. Spins around to see the laser-hologram of the countdown flickering -- and vanishing.

All the laser emitters are now aimed at the vortex, and the vortex projects a wide blue beam that bathes the pillar of clocks in its light.

The pillar of clocks begins to shake. And rattle. And then they blurrily vanish. Reappearing moments in mid-air, detached from the pillar -- and then they fly straight into the vortex. Disappearing in a flash.

Quinn stands, rubbing his neck. Smiling.

Laurel rises from the laser emitters and beams at her father.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Arturo stands before the open vortex, fretting nervously -- and then there are tiny, multiple flashes of light in the sky above him.

Flashes that resolve into hundreds of thousands of doomsday clocks. Falling from the sky in a storm of clocks.

And arcing directly into the open vortex.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Wade and Rembrandt watch in amazement as hundreds of thousands of doomsday clocks appear in mid-air and descend towards their vortex.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Quinn and Laurel stand together, watching a torrent of clocks sweeping into the void.

Quinn-2 stands on the other side of the torrent, visible between bursts of clocks flying into the wormhole.

He glares at Quinn, his face burning with outrage.

Another burst of clocks briefly obscures Quinn-2 from sight. When the clocks pass, Quinn-2 is gone.

Quinn reaches for Laurel haltingly. Unsure.

Laurel steps closer to him. And Quinn puts an arm around her. She smiles.

Shoppers point and shout at the billions of clocks appearing in mid-air.
And the storm of clocks continues to stream straight into the open gateway.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BASEMENT

It is still, silent and empty.

A vortex appears. Arturo emerges.

Twin vortexes appear a moment later, returning Wade, Rembrandt, Quinn and Laurel to the basement as well.

ARTURO
Well, Mr. Mallory?

Quinn opens his timer while running to a computer workstation. Typing urgently and looking at the timer.

QUINN
We didn't get all the clocks.

WADE
Oh my God!

LAUREL
How many did we get into your
pocket dimension?

QUINN
About eighty per cent of them --
twenty per cent of the clocks across
all three Earths were remapped
before we could stop it --

REMBRANDT
But what does that mean? The other
Quinn was going to destroy reality,
but all this is still here --

Arturo moves to the computer workstation to peer over Quinn's shoulder.

ARTURO

A partial remapping of the clocks
with our measures would leave
fissures at three separate points in
San Francisco. The shopping mall.
The grocery store. The coffee shop.
But how far would the damage spread?

Quinn looks up from the computer, his expression grave.

QUINN

We'd better find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The sliders emerge from a vortex in the downtown area of San Francisco. The city around them is a bizarre mishmash. There's a settlement of tents next to a state-of-the-art skyscraper with a **BANK OF UKRAINE** sign on it.

There's a distinctive San Francisco cable car rattling up the rails, except the front half is painted to look like a wooden train car while the back end is rounded and metallic like a Japanese bullet train. A truck slowly drives past the sliders, its signage saying, **BUY YOUR WATER HERE.**

One street sign says **SUTTER** on one side but the other side is in Russian. Modern streetlights are next to gas lamps. There's a car factory next to a luxury hotel.

A passing taxi has a sign advertising **ANTI-DEPRESSANT ENRICHED IMPACT COLA**. Billboards encourage people to **VISIT TARGET FOR ALL YOUR WICCAN SUPPLIES**, to **REPORT ILLEGAL SUGAR DEALERS** and to sign up for **ESPERANTO AS A SECOND LANGUAGE**.

There's a hot dog vendor selling Geomash, a Blockbuster video rental store next to a smartwatch shop -- and there's a giant passenger blimp in the sky.

ARTURO

What has happened here?

REMBRANDT

This can't be home! Where are we?

Quinn studies his timer nervously.

QUINN

We're home, guys -- but home's
changed.

LAUREL

Changed into what?

WADE

It's like every block on this street
was pulled out of a different
version of San Francisco.

Quinn is still looking at the timer -- when it suddenly RINGS. As though
it's a phone.

The sliders regard him curiously, but Quinn seems unsurprised. He taps the
screen and holds it up to his ear.

QUINN

Mom! Yeah, I'm back. Listen, have
you been home in the last hour?

(a beat)

So you were definitely inside the
pocket dimension that forms your
apartment? Good, good.

He listens.

QUINN (cont'd)

Oh, you know. Traveling across three
parallel Earths. Confronting an
angry double out to destroy all of
reality. Yeah, pretty much. Lamb
chops tonight?

(glancing at Wade)

We might have company. Oh? Well,
it's complicated --

Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel stand in front of Quinn, looking at him
questioningly.

QUINN (cont'd)

So -- the bad news is that
the city of San Francisco has been
merged with at least eight hundred
parallel versions of itself. With
aspects and individuals now
co-existing in a single reality.

Wade, Rembrandt, Arturo and Laurel are stunned. They turn away from Quinn.
Looking around this patchwork San Francisco.

We pan from the sliders in a 360 degree rotation. Showing the city around
them. The billboards saying **HILLARY CLINTON: YOU LOVED HER AS PRESIDENT; YOU'LL
TRUST HER AS MAYOR** and offering **DISCOUNT CONCORDE FLIGHTS**.

A church that's one-half a Catholic cathedral and the other a Hindu temple.
A shanty town next to a sleek glass building with a sign declaring itself
the **INSTITUTE OF FLAT EARTH RESEARCH**.

We rotate back to the sliders surrounded by this strange new landscape. And
Quinn, still holding the timer to his face as a dated flip-phone:

QUINN (cont'd)

The good news is I'll be home for
dinner and I'm bringing your
granddaughter.

And on this closing line --

FADE OUT.

Sliders Reborn

will continue in:

- [Reminiscence \(4\)](#): How can Wade and Arturo be alive? How was home restored? How did Quinn return? What happened to the Kromaggs? All will be explained in this interlude novella.

- [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.