

Sliders: Infinite Dimensions

By

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SLIDERS: INFINITE DIMENSIONS

"Homecoming, Pt. 2"

TEASER

FADE IN:

**INT. BREMMER'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING**

Looks like a therapist's office of sorts -- a large oak desk, outfitted with a COMPUTER, a stack of MANILA FOLDERS situated in front of a MONITOR.

A FAN lazily oscillates across the room.

KENNETH RICHARDSON (34) stands in front of the desk, appearing to be -- *bored*. He's been there, done that.

Ken's captor, OVERSEER BREMMER (58), stands by the room's only window, gazing out onto the sad cityscape.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

San Diego -- fun in the sun, nice blue waters, breath taking coastline? No. The entire city has been robbed of its natural beauty -- a mere shell of its former self.

Bremmer steps back from the window and turns to face Ken.

BREMMER

I have to admit that I'm --  
impressed with your nobility.

(beat)

Sacrificing yourself for total  
strangers, and for what? The  
greater good? Take a look around,  
Richardson. There ain't anything  
out there for 'em.

(beat)

They wouldn't last ten minutes on  
their own.

KEN

With your Goon Squad runnin' 'round  
town, it's a miracle that *anybody's*  
lasted as long as they have.

(CONTINUED)

BREMMER

Survival of the fittest. It's what this is all about.

KEN

You invaded our world, you son of a bitch! Who the hell gave you the right to play God?

Bremmer grins as he walks over to A DIAGRAM OF MULTIPLE EARTHS IN AN UPWARDS SPIRAL -- a few of them possessing RED BANDS -- and points to it.

BREMMER

This world here is just a quick stop along the way. The diagram here shows a cluster of worlds that are quite similar to one another -- with the few exceptions of course.

(beat)

From the data we've gathered these worlds all branched off from this reality.

Ken takes a step closer as he eyes the diagram.

KEN

What's that got to do with anything?

BREMMER

(exasperated)

Oh, come on, Richardson. I know you're not that dense.

(beat)

These worlds are all quite similar ecologically. It's gonna take a helluva lot of manpower to harness all of their resources.

KEN

Why us, Bremmer? Why such the strong interest in our world?

BREMMER

Your world thrives with what ours desperately needs. Out of all of the worlds we've been to, not even a handful of 'em have what yours does.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

This is insane. What makes you think you can conquer all these worlds?

BREMMER

My time here is short and soon I will be leaving. Another Overseer has been appointed to manage the activities here.

KEN

Don't let the door hit ya on the way out.

BREMMER

(smirks)

There's another reason why I went along with your demands. Those prisoners -- they don't mean jack to me.

(makes direct eye contact with Ken)

You on the other hand, I have taken a great deal of interest in.

KEN

What the hell are you talkin' about?

BREMMER

In twenty-eight hours I am due to Slide off of this world to begin claiming this interdimensional cluster of worlds -- and you're coming with me.

KEN

stands there speechless. Motionless.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**EXT. STREET SIDE - EARLY MORNING**

The ravaged remnants of Los Angeles doesn't look much better in the day light -- rioting has quelled for the time being, there were no armed guards patrolling the nearby areas -- things *almost* seems calm.

CHRISTOPHER RICHARDSON (37) and ANNA DONOVAN (30) navigate the war torn streets of Los Angeles with caution. Chris keeps Anna close -- he's not taking any chances.

CHRIS

The Civic Center's not too far from here. I mean, with the gun play at a stand still we shouldn't expect further difficulty.

ANNA

I still have to figure out a way to get my family outta the city. I just can't leave 'em here, y'know?

CHRIS

Understandable. First, we gotta get to them. Once we do that -- I don't know -- perhaps we just take them with us.

(beat)

Anywhere's better than here.

ANNA

Take them where?

Chris shrugs his shoulders in response -- he's not quite sure how to answer that question.

Anna eyes him for a moment or two -- she knows what he's getting at.

CHRIS

(musing)

Eight years.

ANNA

What?

CHRIS

I was just thinking. It took me eight years to get us home -- it was a promise that I wasn't even sure I could keep. All it took was a chance encounter, a random Slide.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

What happens next? I bring my  
brother back to this --  
(gestures at his surroundings)  
a war zone.

ANNA

Why are you doing this to yourself?

CHRIS

It's like I said last night -- I  
was naive to the Marauders. If I'd  
just -- I don't know -- put a  
little more effort into stopping  
them --

Chris lets the rest of his statement hang in the air -- he's  
unable to articulate the guilt that's enveloped him.

ANNA

You did what you could. All that  
any of us can do now is to stop  
what they're doing.

Chris stops in his tracks and faces Anna.

CHRIS

Even if we stop them now, the  
damage's been done. It's gonna take  
years for this society to get back  
a fraction of what it's already  
lost.

ANNA

(tongue in cheek)  
Then we better not waste any more  
time.

Chris's seriousness melts away -- leaving in its place a  
comforting smile.

TIME CUT TO

**LATER - THE STREETS**

are still calm. Of course there's a few SCAVENGERS roaming  
about, foraging in the dumpsters, looking for any kind of  
sustenance.

Anna points to a tall, white building.

THE LOS ANGELES CITY HALL

(CONTINUED)

stands tall, a bit battle scarred nonetheless.

ANNA

We're here. Craig's family should  
just be about a couple blocks away.

Chris moves past her.

CHRIS

Good. Let's stay off the main road;  
this area's probably crawling with  
those armed goons.

Anna acknowledges him with a tip of the head. She stays close to Chris as they continue on their way. Anna keeps looking over her shoulder -- something that doesn't go unnoticed by Chris.

CHRIS

What's wrong? You see something?

ANNA

I don't know -- I just got this  
feeling. I could swear we're being  
-- *followed*.

(shakes her head)

I don't know. I guess it's just my  
mind playing tricks on me.

Chris stops and takes a look around.

CHRIS'S POV

Nothing seems unusual or out of place.

Chris turns his attention back to Anna and places a hand on her shoulder.

CHRIS

I don't see anything out there, but  
I'll keep a close eye out, okay?

ANNA

nods as she looks away -- the uneasiness is easily readable on her delicate features.

CHRIS

takes one more moment to check the area again to make sure that he didn't miss anything.

**EXT. MARAUDER DETENTION CENTER - MORNING**

ARMED GUARDS patrol the perimeter of the building --  
SECURITY CAMERAS sweep their unblinking eyes over the area.

**INT. DETENTION CENTER - SECOND FLOOR**

HEATHER MARSHALL (34) makes her way down the featureless corridor, along with her motley crew of prisoners whom Ken had freed earlier.

DAVE (61), a fellow Detainee, points to a door at the end of the corridor.

DAVE

If we cut through that room there  
it should lead us to the third  
floor. There's no cameras coverin'  
that area.

HEATHER

Alright. Good.

Heather keeps moving but Dave reaches out and places a hand on her shoulder, stopping her in her tracks.

DAVE

Look, Miss, before we go chargin'  
up there we need a plan. The  
Overseer's probably got his thugs  
patrolling the area.

Heather looks about the group.

**HEATHER'S POV - THE FACES OF THE GROUP**

look tired, worn out. While brave they probably couldn't put up much of a fight.

HEATHER

(thinks)

Okay. We split up -- you all stay  
here and I'll check out the third  
floor.

DAVE

Are you crazy? I can't let you go  
wanderin' 'round this place by  
yourself.

(CONTINUED)



HEATHER

Look at them. They're tired,  
hungry. I can't put them in harm's  
way.

LINDA (48), the woman whom Ken had helped get food and  
water, moves through the group.

LINDA

I can stay here an' keep an eye  
out. We shouldn't expect much  
trouble -- this area's hardly ever  
patrolled by the Overseer's guards.

HEATHER

If Linda's stayin' here then  
(gestures at Dave)  
you're comin' with me.

Dave agrees with a smirk.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(to Linda)

If you run into any trouble I want  
you and the others to find a way  
out of this place, okay? There's no  
sense in all of us getting caught.

LINDA

Alright. You be careful. Lord knows  
there's been enough bloodshed. I  
wouldn't want anything to happen to  
you or your friend.

Heather smiles at Linda and then motions for Dave to follow  
her.

DAVE

goes over to Linda and they share a brief embrace -- not of  
the amorous nature -- more like good friends saying good  
bye.

DAVE

I'll be back before you know it,  
doll. Watch your back, alright?

LINDA

You too. Be safe.

Dave pulls back from the embrace.

HEATHER

(CONTINUED)

looks on with a smile.

Dave goes over to Heather -- and the two continue on down the corridor.

LINDA

watches them, standing in front of the group.

**INT. CORRIDOR/OFFICE ROOM - SECONDS LATER**

Heather and Dave make their way down the corridor and then take the room Dave pointed out. The room is an old office area -- various cubicles dot the room.

DAVE

(looks about the room)

It's amazing how much things have changed in just the last couple of months.

(to Heather)

So -- how'd you wind up here?

HEATHER

I got busted trying to cut across the Restricted Areas.

DAVE

Why the hell would you go near that area in the first place?

HEATHER

I was tryin' to get to Orange County.

DAVE

Damn, sweetie, there are other ways to get there, ya know. Goin' through the Restricted Areas is suicide.

HEATHER

I had no choice -- it was the quickest way out of town. I took a chance.

They come up to another door. Hesitantly, Dave opens it revealing --

**INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

Dave checks the area to make sure that it's clear. It is.  
They continue on.

HEATHER

I just hope that he's okay.

Dave tosses her a glance as they ascend the stairs.

DAVE

How do you know this guy?

HEATHER

We've known each other for years.  
Went to high school together.

DAVE

So he's, like, your old boyfriend  
or somethin'?

HEATHER

(smiles fondly)  
Something like that.

After a couple of flights of stairs they reach the top.  
Heather eases the door open -- they step through --

**INT. THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

At first she doesn't see anything. She motions for Dave to  
follow. Then -- they hear the sound of a METALLIC CLICK.  
They turn --

THIRD FLOOR - ARMED GUARDS

pointing assault rifles straight at Heather and Dave.

ACROSS THE HALL - MORE ARMED GUARDS

close in on the two.

THE GROUP'S LEADER

steps forward, standing nose to nose with Heather.

ARMED GUARD LEADER

What's this? Two trespassers? Who  
let you out of the cage, huh?

One of the guards recognizes Heather and Dave.

(CONTINUED)

ARMED GUARD #1  
 They're part of the group of  
 Detainees that the Overseer  
 released.  
 (beat)  
 Last time we checked there were six  
 of 'em.

ARMED GUARD LEADER  
 (to Heather)  
 Where are the others?

HEATHER  
 Go to hell.

The leader seems amused -- that is until he slaps her across  
 the face!

This enrages Dave as he takes a step forward -- he's stopped  
 short by the guards who hold him back.

ARMED GUARD LEADER  
 This isn't the time for heroics,  
 lady. Where are they?!

Heather rubs the side of her face, wincing in pain.

The leader motions for the two nearest guards.

ARMED GUARD LEADER  
 Go ahead and take these two to the  
 holding area.  
 (to another set of guards)  
 Go search the entire building for  
 the others -- they gotta be around  
 here somewhere.

Two guards escort Heather and Dave away as the other two set  
 off looking for the rest.

THE ARMED GUARD LEADER

watches Heather and Dave being escorted to the holding area.

#### **INT. BREMMER'S OFFICE**

BREMMER

sits behind his desk, leaning back in his large leather  
 chair.

A SMALL JEWELRY BOX

(CONTINUED)

sits at the edge of the desk.

KEN

stands across the room, looking on at the Multi-Earth Diagram.

BREMMER

There really isn't much to think about, Richardson. It's simple -- you agree to help me with the Extraction and I will grant safe passage for your brother and friends.

KEN

What makes me think that you'd be telling the truth?

BREMMER

I have no need for the others. Your brother may be a brain but we've got plenty of others for that kind of job.

(beat)

It's people like you that are hard to come by. I need someone who can get the job done.

Ken turns his attention to the Overseer.

KEN

I can't believe that we're even having this discussion. It's absolute crazy. You're more messed up than I thought.

Bremmer leans forward in his chair. He places a hand on top of the small jewelery box.

BREMMER

Time's not something that I have a whole lot of. If you're having trouble believing what I say then I guess I'm just going to have to -- show you.

As if on cue a BUZZER sounds off. Bremmer reaches over and presses the intercom button on his desk.

BREMMER

(into the intercom)

Yeah, what is it?

(CONTINUED)

A VOICE squakes over in between brief bursts of static -- it's the armed guard leader.

ARMED GUARD LEADER

(via intercom)

Sir, we've got two trespassers on the third floor -- one male, one female. We got 'em in the holding area right now.

(a brief burst of static)

They're the ones that you'd released earlier.

Bremmer peers up at Ken, smiling.

KEN

leans his head back, realizing whom the guard was referring to.

BREMMER

Excellent, good job. Ah yeah, go ahead and bring 'em to my office. Continue the search for the others.

ARMED GUARD LEADER

(via intercom)

Yes, sir.

Bremmer's about to end the conversation when he stops -- thinks for a moment and then says --

BREMMER (CONT'D)

When you find the others -- dispose of them.

ARMED GUARD LEADER

(via intercom)

Yes, sir.

Bremmer ends the conversation. He sits there, enjoying the situation as it unfolds.

Ken moves towards the desk -- a twinge of panic evident in his features.

KEN

Alright, Bremmer, that's enough. There's no need for all of this.

BREMMER

But there is. I have to get my point across somehow, don't I?

(CONTINUED)

(beat)

I gave those people a chance. A chance to get away, to start over. They were the ones who were foolish enough to stick around.

KEN

This is insane. You're one twisted bastard, Bremmer. A real piece of work.

BREMMER

laughs as he laces his fingers behind his head and leans back in his chair.

KEN

turns his attention to --

KEN'S POV

the Mult-Earth Diagram.

As Ken stands there, an idea forms -- if the slight twitch of an eye brow is any indication.

**EXT. L.A. RESIDENTIAL AREA - LATE MORNING**

Chris and Anna arrive at their destination -- a small, white house with boarded up windows. The other houses in the neighborhood don't fare much better.

Anna walks up to the front door and knocks on it -- and waits impatiently.

Chris stands behind her looking around at the neighborhood.

Anna knocks again.

CHRIS

Maybe they're not home, Anna. They might've already gone to somewhere safer.

ANNA

I don't think so. They knew we were coming. Craig called them just before we left Redding.

Chris continues watching the area.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Well, we can't stay here much longer. We gotta keep moving if we're gonna stay one step ahead of the Marauders.

Anna knocks for a third time -- there's no answer.

ANNA

Maybe they're inside, Chris. What if somebody broke in and they're injured and can't get to the door? We gotta check it out.

Chris turns to face Anna.

CHRIS

You're talkin' about breaking and entering. For all we know this entire neighborhood's being watched.

ANNA

I can't just turn around and leave. I've come too far already. Besides, I promised Craig.

CHRIS

removes his jacket, wraps it around his arm and then smashes it through a window pane. He reaches a hand inside and unlocks the door.

ANNA

is shocked.

CHRIS

(off Anna)

What? We gotta move fast.

Anna hurries inside as Chris tosses a glance over his shoulder before following her inside.

ON THE WALK WAY - A SHADOW

comes into view -- stopping short of the front door.



**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

From the looks of things whomever had been occupying the house had left in a hurry -- a few pieces of furniture were upturned, papers strewn about.

Chris checks out the living room while Anna does a sweep of the house. Amongst the chaos he finds A SMALL FRAMED PICTURE.

THE FRAMED PICTURE

is of Craig and Anna standing in front of a small house. Craig has his arm flung around Anna's shoulders.

Chris smiles as he holds the picture -- a deep longing easily seen through his narrative eyes. He sets the picture down when

ANNA

enters the room, looking absolutely worried.

ANNA

They're not here. From the looks of things it looks as if they'd left days ago.

CHRIS

Then we should be on our way, too.

ANNA

But where could they have gone to? We told them to wait here.

CHRIS

Anna, anything could've happened here. Maybe something happened in the neighborhood where it'd forced them to take an early leave.

(off Anna)

We'll keep looking for them on the way to San Diego, alright? I promise you I'll do everything I can to help find your family.

Anna nods and takes one last look at the living room. She lets herself be led by the arm as Chris heads towards the door.

**EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Chris and Anna leave the house and pass by the garage when

A PERSON

steps into view, blocking their direct path.

ANNA

holds back a gasp as she takes a startled step backwards.

CHRIS

abruptly stops, eyes transfixed on the man standing before them.

CHRIS

No -- it can't be. I saw you die.

CRAIG DONOVAN

stands in front of the two -- dirt and blood intermingled, streaked across his face. He looks like hell.

ANNA

(in shock)

Craig?

CRAIG

Anna -- thank God you're okay.  
After we got separated I tried  
following you but got lost.

(gestures at the house)

This was the only other place that  
I could think of that you'd go to.

Anna runs into his arms and the two share an embrace.

CHRIS

stands by watching the reunited couple. Judging from his expression -- something doesn't seem right with the whole thing.

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

FADE IN

**EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE MORNING**

Chris waits til Craig pulls back from the embrace.

CHRIS

Craig, forgive my saying so, but  
I'm -- confused. I saw you die in  
that explosion.

While Craig responds to Chris his attention's on an elated Anna.

CRAIG

I'm perfectly fine. You see, after  
you two took off I'd shot out one  
of the gas tanks on a nearby car --  
which was the explosion you saw.

(beat)

I had to lay low until the area was  
clear before I could make my move.  
By the time I could I couldn't find  
you.

ANNA

But you're here now -- you're here  
and you're safe.

Anna embraces Craig once more.

CRAIG

while returning the embrace, keeps his eyes on Chris.

CHRIS

falters a bit in his stance the longer the eye contact is  
made. He takes a step back.

CHRIS

Not to be rude here but we gotta  
keep moving -- there'll be time for  
a happy reunion later.

CRAIG

pulls back from the embrace -- not taking his eyes off of  
Chris.

CRAIG

He's right, sweetheart, we gotta  
go. I know someone who can get out  
outta the city safely.

Craig starts to lead Anna away but Anna stops him.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Wait, what about Chris? We still have to help him find his brother.

CRAIG

Anna, there's no time. We have to go now. I have someone on the outside waiting for us -- guaranteed safe passage to Nevada.

ANNA

We just can't leave him alone.

Craig's about to interrupt when Anna cuts him off.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Craig, if it wasn't for Chris then I'd probably be dead by now.

(beat)

I made a promise to help him and I'm gonna see it through.

Craig gives Chris a "screw you" look but holds his tongue. After a moment --

CRAIG

Alright.

(to Chris)

We'll take you to San Diego an' drop you off there -- after that you're on your own.

(beat)

Deal?

Chris steps forward and shakes his hand to seal the deal but --

CRAIG'S HAND

grips Chris' tight -- perhaps a bit too tight -- then relaxes.

CHRIS

moves back, rubbing at his hand.

ANNA

How do we get out of the city? The Cherokee was destroyed.

CRAIG

I was able to hot-wire a van -- it's how I got here. I parked just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG (cont'd)  
around the corner. C'mon, we have  
to leave now.

The three waste no further time as they make their way to the van. As Anna gets into the passenger seat Chris takes a look at the van -- which is kind of an eyesore.

Craig takes notice of this as he climbs into the driver seat.

CRAIG  
Look, pal, if you'd prefer to walk  
your happy ass to San Diego, fine  
by me. I'm only doing this as a  
favor to my wife.

Chris gets into the back of the van and slams the side door shut.

THE RUSTY WHITE VAN

takes to the street, disappearing out of sight around a corner.

**INT. DETENTION CENTER - CORRIDOR**

Heather and Dave are being escorted to Bremmer's office by two armed guards. Heather tries to talk to Dave but is silenced by a slight jab of a rifle barrel into her back.

ARMED GUARD #2  
No talkin'.

HEATHER  
Watch where you point that thing,  
pal.  
(tongue in cheek)  
You're worst than my last blind  
date.

Dave lets out a guffaw.

**INT. BREMMER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Bremmer is still sitting behind his desk --

Ken is across the room, arms folded and staring at the ground.

A DOOR

(CONTINUED)

opens O.S. Both Bremmer and Ken look up to see --

THE ARMED GUARDS, HEATHER AND DAVE

standing in the doorway.

Ken makes a move to go over to Heather but is stopped by the other guard, who aims his assault rifle at him.

KEN

Heather -- what are you doin' here?  
I thought you and the others had  
left.

HEATHER

What, and leave you here to rot in  
this place?

KEN

Why'd you do that, huh? I wanted  
you -- look, I just wanted you to  
be safe.

HEATHER

I'm not about to let you throw your  
life away for me.

Bremmer isn't interested in the interplay -- he dismisses the armed guards.

HEATHER AND DAVE

are shoved into the room. The door closes behind them.

BREMMER

sits in his chair, fingers steepled, his chin resting on top of his hands.

BREMMER

Well -- this is certainly  
unexpected. I have to know: why  
would you throw away a perfect  
opportunity to get away from all of  
this?

Heather tosses a glance over at Dave and then takes a step forward.

HEATHER

What, and miss out on the beautiful  
scenery? The clear blue skies? The  
ol' fun in the sun?

(CONTINUED)

(beat)  
Spare me, willya? You know why I'm  
here so let's cut the bullcrap.

KEN

grins -- even lets out a brief chuckle.

BREMMER  
Sure, you joke now, but when you  
realize the real reason you were  
brought here -- maybe you'll shut  
your trap.

Heather remains silent -- a true test of her willpower.

Dave looks confused.

DAVE  
Excuse me here but *why* are we  
here? We did nothing wrong. You  
took everything over and destroyed  
our world.

Bremmer lets out an exasperated sigh and shakes his head. He  
looks over at one of his guards.

BREMMER  
Do you realize just how irritating  
it gets -- hearing the same ol' sob  
story over and over again?  
(to Dave)  
Sir, I don't know who you are nor  
do I even care to. You serve no  
purpose to me.  
(waves at the guard)  
You can go ahead and kill him.

THE GUARD

raises his weapon --

Ken rushes over to Bremmer's desk.

KEN  
C'mon, Bremmer! There's no need for  
this crap! Just let the guy go!

BREMMER  
Why should I, Richardson? I gave  
him a chance already. *He* decided to  
go wanderin' around my complex.

KEN

(CONTINUED)

goes to pull Dave out of the line of fire but the other guard motions, with his weapon, for Ken to step back -- he reluctantly does.

THE GUARD

takes aim and --

*BANG! BANG! BANG!*

Bullets SLAM into Dave!

HEATHER

presses her hands over her face as --

KEN

looks away in utter horror.

HEATHER

DAVE!!!

(whimpers)

Oh God --

The gunfire stops. Dave's body slumps against the door -- slides sickly to the floor.

DAVE'S

sightless eyes stare up at the ceiling.

Heather stands there, weeping.

Ken rushes over to Dave's body and kneels down before it, checking for any signs of life. It's a futile effort but he has to at least try -- he looks over at Bremmer.

KEN

You son of a bitch. One way or another I'll knock ya outta your damned castle.

BREMMER

Don't you see now, Richardson?

(gestures at Dave's corpse)

That guy -- he didn't mean anything to me.

Ken goes over to Heather and consoles her. She tries to look over at the corpse but Ken won't let her.

(CONTINUED)



KEN

Don't look -- you don't wanna see that.

KEN

continues to console Heather -- all the while keeping his eye on Bremmer.

BREMNER

meets Ken's unwavering gaze with a smirk.

**EXT. STREET SIDE - NOON**

The rusty white van navigates through the ravaged city.

**INT. VAN**

Craig casually checks the rear view mirror as he drives. Anna sits in the passenger seat as Chris is in the back, checking his Timer.

THE DIGITAL DISPLAY OF THE TIMER

reads: **189:12:33**

CHRIS

(muses)

Just under eight days.

Anna turns in her seat, having heard Chris.

ANNA

What?

CHRIS

I have just under eight days left. After I find my brother I have to find a place to lay low till the Slide.

Craig adjusts the rear view mirror so that he can see Chris.

CRAIG

(annoyed)

Y'know, at first your whole b.s. story about -- alternate worlds, inter-dimensional criminals -- it was amusing.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG (cont'd)  
Now you're just pissing me off.

Chris leans forward in his seat -- aggravated.

CHRIS  
(angry)  
Listen, pal, I'm not making any of  
this up.  
(calmer)  
What may seem like science fiction  
to everyone else is what I've been  
doing for years.

Craig shakes his head and returns his attention to the road.

Chris leans back in the seat, sighing out of frustration.

TIME CUT TO

**LATER - THE VAN**

is now out of the residential area and out onto the main  
roads. Chris turns in his seat and --

THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW

a BLACK SEDAN -- while keeping a bit of distance -- seems to  
be following them.

Chris looks back over at Craig and Anna.

CHRIS  
Hey, guys. I think we're being  
followed.

Anna looks about trying to see the vehicle.

CRAIG

shifts in his seat and adjusts the rear view mirror.

ANNA  
Where? I don't see anybody.

CHRIS  
Right behind us. He's been  
following us for the past couple  
blocks.

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG

I think you're just bein' paranoid.  
We're almost out of the city.

Chris sits back in his seat as Craig checks the rear view mirror once more.

**EXT - STREET SIDE - AFTERNOON**

The white van passes through an intersection that has a MALFUNCTIONING TRAFFIC LIGHT -- it's constantly blinking red.

Moments later the

BLACK SEDAN

that Chris had pointed out passes through the intersection.

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**INT. DETENTION CENTER - HOLDING AREA - AFTERNOON**

The holding area is similar to one on the main floor but only smaller and with no bars -- a single door keeps them locked in. Heather sits on a bench as Ken paces back and forth.

Heather slowly looks up --

HEATHER

You're making me nervous.

KEN

It helps me think.

HEATHER

There's no getting out of this one.  
They got the entire floor on lock  
down.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

There's gotta be *something* that we can do.

HEATHER

Unless you can walk through walls then I doubt that there's much you could do.

Ken stops his pacing.

KEN

I've been in worse situations than this, Heather. Hell, I even managed to escape a Kromagg prison once.

HEATHER

(confused)

A what?

KEN

(dismissive)

Never mind, I'll explain later.

(to the point)

I know what Bremmer plans on doin', and I ain't stickin' around to be his lapdog. There's gotta be some way out of this room.

Ken continues to pace.

Heather places a hand over her mouth as she closes her eyes.

HEATHER

I can't believe that that man killed Dave -- and for what, huh?

(louder, on the verge of a breakdown)

FOR WHAT? YOU SON OF A BITCH! I HOPE YOU'RE LISTENING TO THIS BECAUSE WHEN I --

Ken rushes over to her and pulls her into his arms -- she offers no resistance.

KEN

(soothing)

Hey -- hey, it's gonna be alright. I got this. I swear, Heather, I'll get you out of here, okay? I promise I'll get you somewhere safe.

KEN AND HEATHER

stand there in the middle of the room -- as Heather weeps  
Ken is already planning their escape.

**INT. VAN - AFTERNOON**

Chris keeps checking behind them.

CHRIS  
(worried)  
They're still behind us.

Craig checks the rear view mirror.

CRAIG  
I'll shake 'em.

**EXT. STREET SIDE**

The van skids around a corner --

*SCREEEEECH!*

tires SMOKE as the the van shoots off down the street.

The black sedan takes off after them!

The van barrels through an intersection, fishtailing around  
another corner.

The black sedan stays on them.

**INT. VAN**

Anna grips the sides of her seat.

Chris is rocked in his seat.

CHRIS  
Subtle, Craig -- real subtle.

CRAIG

grins as he jerks the wheel hard right.

**EXT. STREET SIDE**

The van flies around another corner -- and shoots like a rocket down a long stretch of road.

THE BLACK SEDAN

falls further behind until it -- backs off completely, disappearing around a corner.

The van continues along its path.

**INT. VAN**

Chris peers through the back window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

There's no sign of the sedan behind them.

CHRIS

They're gone. They've just stopped chasing us.

ANNA

(sighs)

Thank heavens.

(to Craig)

Maybe now you can stop driving like a madman.

Craig brings the van to a stop, pulling over to the side of the road.

CHRIS

What are we doing?

CRAIG

Gotta make a quick stop. I'm picking up some supplies. It won't be too long.

CHRIS

Hang on, I'll give you a hand.

Craig doesn't offer a response as he opens the door and steps out of the van.

Chris and Anna waste no time following suit.

**EXT. STREETS**

The three quickly make their way across the street and over to a battle scarred building.

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The

DOOR

creaks open revealing --

An empty lobby. At one time this was a hotel.

Craig, Anna and Chris stand in the doorway.

CHRIS

What are we doing here?

CRAIG

Supplies. My contact told me that these -- Marauders -- had used this place as a base. Apparently they'd left some stuff behind when they were driven out of the area.

As Craig moves about Anna and Chris stay back.

ANNA

I'm not so sure about this.

CHRIS

Yeah -- I'm with you on that. Whoever was chasing could be back at any moment.

CRAIG

begins to scavenge the room -- finding odds and ends, including some canned foods.

**INT. DETENTION CENTER - HOLDING AREA**

Ken leans against a corner near the door, lost in thought.

Heather sits on the bench.

HEATHER

What's this guy plan on doing anyway?

(CONTINUED)

At first Ken doesn't respond -- it takes two more tries from Heather to gain his attention.

KEN

Us? Probably nothing. Me -- on the other hand -- Bremmer wants me to help him with his insane plan.

HEATHER

What plan?

KEN

To raid parallel Earths and strip them of their resources.

Heather looks away, still having a hard time believing Ken's claims. As she exhales slowly she looks up and sees --

HEATHER'S POV

an air ventilation grate.

HEATHER

Hey, Ken.  
(points up at the grate)  
Check it out.

Ken looks where Heather's pointing and sees the grate. He hurries over to it, stepping up on the bench in order to reach it.

KEN

Sweet. It looks like it's just big enough for us to crawl through.  
(beat)  
How could I've missed that?

HEATHER

Never mind that now. Let's get the hell outta here before they come back.

Heather watches as Ken works to free the grate. He hands the grate to Heather and she sets it down on the bench.

KEN

pokes his head through the opening.

KEN'S POV

The crawlspace is in just big enough for them to move through. Now -- as far as how sturdy it looks --

(CONTINUED)



Ken looks down at Heather.

KEN

Yeah, we can fit through it but I'm not sure if it can support our weight.

(thinks)

Maybe we should go through one at a time.

HEATHER

And what if those goons come back before one of us can escape? Too risky. We go together.

Ken holds his gaze on Heather for a beat -- he can't help but to smile.

Heather forces herself to pull away.

HEATHER

(smiling)

We should probably get going -- not a whole lotta time.

Ken gestures towards the grate.

KEN

Ladies first.

Heather climbs up on the bench as Ken gives her an added boost -- lacing his fingers together as he cups her foot.

Just as Heather disappears into the air duct --

THE DOOR

rattles O.S. Ken looks over --

THE DOOR KNOB

starts to turn.

KEN

(sighing)

Why do we always gotta cut these things so damned close?

Ken's first couple tries at getting in the air duct don't yield success. He looks back over at the door --

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Aw, man --

As the

DOOR KNOB

*clicks* and starts to turn --

A HAND

reaches out from the grate and grabs Ken's wrist.

KEN

is pulled into the grate. He places the grate cover back into place just as the

DOOR

opens revealing -- two armed guards.

The guards enter the room, looking around with dumbfounded expressions.

ARMED GUARD #1

What the --?

ARMED GUARD #2

Where'd they go?

ARMED GUARD #1

I dunno but we have to notify the Overseer.

(beat)

I just hope he's in a good mood.

The guard gets on the radio.

**INT. AIR DUCT - MOMENTS LATER**

Heather and Ken crawl through the small enclosed duct. Heather's first, followed by Ken.

KEN

even in a dangerous situation, can't help but to check out Heather -- he grins.

HEATHER

rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

I can feel your eyes on me, Ken.

Ken chuckles.

**INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR**

Bremmer briskly walks down the corridor, fury burning in his eyes.

The two guards instinctively take a step back.

BREMMER

stands nose to nose with one of the guards.

BREMMER

How the *hell* did this happen?

ARMED GUARD #1

I - I don't know they got out, sir.  
We locked 'em up in that room like  
you'd asked.

BREMMER

I don't want excuses, alright? I  
want Richardson brought back here.  
Alive.

ARMED GUARD #1

What about the other one, the girl?

BREMMER

I don't care what you do with her  
-- just go and bring him back to  
me. Do I make myself clear?

ARMED GUARD #1

Yes, sir.

The guards take off running.

BREMMER

watches them leave and then heads over to the room that Ken  
and Heather had been in.

**INT. HOLDING AREA**

Bremmer steps in and sweeps his gaze across the small room. His eyes wander up to --

BREMMER'S POV

the air vent -- placed slightly off track.

BREMMER

stands there with an amused look on his face.

FADE OUT

**END OF ACT THREE****ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**INT. ABANDONED HOTEL - LOBBY - LATE AFTERNOON**

Chris and Anna are checking out what used to be the lobby. Just like the house they were at earlier -- whom ever had set up shop here had left in quite a hurry -- random pieces of furniture over turned, papers strewn about.

Just behind the reception desk is another room -- Chris and Anna enter.

**INT. ABANDONED HOTEL - SECURITY OFFICE**

Much to their surprise this room is loaded -- various types of computers, scanners, a CB radio -- the majority of them still operational.

Chris's eyes widen as he goes over to one of the computers.

Anna stands awkwardly by, looking about at the equipment.

CHRIS

(in awe)

I can't believe this.

(to Anna)

Most of this stuff probably still works.

Chris sets about searching the computer for anything useful while Anna goes over to the CB RADIO.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Here's an old radio. Maybe we could  
use to help find your brother.

A CLICK of something metallic. Chris and Anna turn --

SECURITY OFFICE - CRAIG

is blocking the door and aiming a gun at Chris.

CHRIS

slowly raises his hands.

CHRIS

Craig -- what's goin' on here?

CRAIG

steps into the room while keeping the pistol aimed straight  
at Chris' head.

ANNA

is confused -- hurt -- frightened.

ANNA

(tentive)

Sweetheart, what are you doing?

CRAIG

(to Chris)

Give me the Timer.

(beat)

Go on, toss it over.

Chris tosses Craig the Timer -- Craig catches it and  
examines it while keeping the pistol aimed at Chris.

CHRIS

(smug)

I thought you didn't believe any of  
it.

CRAIG

I don't -- my contact does,  
however. I was given explicit  
instructions to deliver you and  
this

(holds up the timer)  
to them.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Craig, how could you do this to us?  
After all we've been through --  
after what's happened to our home?

CRAIG

I'm doing this for us, Anna.  
(gestures at Chris)  
This bastard here has caused us  
nothing but trouble and headache.  
(beat)  
How do you think I was able to  
strike up that deal?

CHRIS

You're working for the Marauders.  
That car that was chasing us --

CRAIG

All part of the show.

CHRIS

keeps his eye on Craig -- and the pistol that's aimed  
straight at his head.

**INT. DETENTION CENTER - OFFICE**

Ken and Heather search for the nearest exit in the room the  
air duct had led them to -- an old office area -- dotted  
with cubicles.

KEN

Once get out of this place we'll  
hook up with Chris -- I'm sure he's  
got some brainiac idea.

HEATHER

Hey, wait, maybe we should go back  
and check on the others. We just  
can't leave 'em here.

KEN

There's no time.

HEATHER

No time? They risked their lives to  
go back and get you, or have you  
already forgotten that?

Ken stops, spins around, and jabs a finger past Heather,  
towards the direction that they'd come from.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Bremmer has his men out lookin' for us! We don't have the time to go runnin' 'round this place.

HEATHER

Yeah, well for a place like this they're sure light on security.

KEN

(shrugs)

Maybe they never expected anyone to make it this far.

ACROSS THE ROOM

two armed guards enter the office -- weapons drawn -- and begin searching the office.

Ken sees them, jerks Heather down to her knees and around a cubicle.

KEN

pokes his head around the corner.

KEN'S POV

the guards continue their search, oblivious to their presence. Their path will lead them directly to them.

Ken motions for Heather to get ready -- they're going to jump the guards. Heather silently protests.

Ken times the attack --

THE GUARDS

decide to split up in order to cover more ground. One of them heads in the opposite direction and the other -- straight towards Ken and Heather!

Ken looks at Heather, takes a deep breath and, exhaling slowly, bolts up and rushes over to the guard knocking him to the ground.

As Ken and the guard roll around on the floor fighting, the other guard dashes over to help his partner. Heather, not knowing what else to do, stands up and runs into the other guard, using her own momentum to knock him down.

Ken manages to gain the upper hand, grabbing the assault rifle from the guard. He aims it at the guards.

(CONTINUED)

The two guards raise their hands.

KEN  
(to Heather)  
Grab their handcuffs.

Heather snatches the handcuffs from the guards, as well as the other assault rifle.

KEN (CONT'D)  
(to the guards)  
C'mon, over there.

He leads them over to a corner of the room where there's exposed piping. He and Heather handcuff the guards to the pipes.

Now armed Ken has a new idea -- if the lopsided grin of his is any indication.

HEATHER  
(off Ken)  
What do you got goin' on inside  
that head of yours?

KEN  
Change of plans.  
(beat)  
We're gonna go pay Bremmer a visit  
-- he'll be our ticket outta here.

**INT. BREMMER'S OFFICE**

*CRASH!*

The

DOOR

swings open -- nearly knocked off its hinges, revealing --  
Ken and Heather, fully armed.

BREMMER

raises an eyebrow out of surprise.

BREMMER  
(tongue in cheek, eying the  
door)  
If you want I could have it  
removed.

(CONTINUED)



Ken enters the room, rifle aimed straight at Bremmer. He goes to stand but Ken motions for him to remain seated.

KEN  
Stay a while.

Bremmer goes to stand, keeping his eye on Ken. He taunts him with a vicious grin.

BREMMER  
You won't shoot. I know you. Last time we met you had a clear shot on me -- yet you didn't take it.

KEN

falters in his stance but keeps his weapon aimed.

BREMMER

takes another step --

*BANG!*

BREMMER

falls to the floor like a sack of potatoes. He grabs at his leg -- a small red hole has formed just above his calf muscle.

Ken looks over his shoulder and sees Heather standing behind him, a THIN WISP OF SMOKE issuing from the rifle barrel.

HEATHER  
(to Bremmer)  
You know what your problem is? You talk too much.

Bremmer lays there on the floor, clutching at his wounded leg. Just then --

A LOUD BURST OF STATIC fills the room.

KEN  
What's that?

BREMMER  
That's probably my contact.  
(gritted teeth)  
I had a -- surprise for you, Richardson.

Heather goes over to the desk where the RADIO is and picks up the receiver.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER  
(into the radio)  
Uh -- go ahead.

MALE VOICE  
(via radio)  
Who's this?

HEATHER  
(thinks, into the radio)  
This is Bremmer's adviser. He's  
indisposed at the moment.

MALE VOICE  
(via radio)  
Put him on.

Ken reaches down and jerks Bremmer to his feet and shoves  
him over to the desk.

Heather hands the receiver for Bremmer -- he takes it.

BREMMER  
(into the radio)  
It's me. What do you got?

MALE VOICE  
(via radio)  
I have him, sir. The other one --  
the one with that weird gizmo.

KEN

frowns -- weird gizmo?

BREMMER  
(into radio)  
Bring him to me.

MALE VOICE  
(via radio)  
On my way -- I'll be there in a  
couple hours.

The broadcast is ended.

KEN AND HEATHER

exchange surprised looks.

BREMMER

chuckles and then grumbles as he grabs at his injured leg.

**INT. ABANDONED BUILDING**

Craig sets the radio receiver down and turns to face Chris, who's still seated in the chair.

Anna stands near Chris, in utter shock.

CHRIS

What now?

CRAIG

We're going on a road trip.

(waves gun at Chris)

Get up.

Chris does as he's instructed and moves past Craig while keeping his hands up.

Craig moves behind him, jabbing the muzzle of the pistol into Chris's back.

Anna follows.

**EXT. STREETS**

Craig leads Chris back over to the van while Anna tries reasoning with him.

ANNA

Please, Craig. Please, you don't have to do this. We can find another way out of the city.

CRAIG

Back off, Anna. I'm don' this for us, alright? The way it is it's either him or us.

ANNA

It doesn't have to be that way. C'mon, let him go. We'll find another way.

CRAIG

looks more annoyed than concerned. He flat out ignores Anna's pleas.

They go over to the van -- Craig shoves Chris into the back while Anna gets to the passenger side.

THE VAN

(CONTINUED)

starts up and takes to the street.

Moments later --

the BLACK SEDAN is once again following them.

**INT. VAN**

Chris is in the backseat -- he turns his body so that he can see out of the rear window.

CHRIS'S POV

the black sedan is following.

CHRIS

turns back around and leans his head back against the seat. His eyes closed he drawn in a shallow breath and exhales slowly.

**EXT. DETENTION CENTER - DUSK**

The white van -- with the black sedan in tow -- pulls up to the building that once was the Rancho Viewridge Center. The sedan parks behind the van and everyone gets out.

Chris is ushered to the building at gunpoint.

**INT. BREMMER'S OFFICE**

Heather and Ken stand near the desk -- Ken has Bremmer at gunpoint.

HEATHER

sees something, moves over to the window, and peers through the closed blinds.

HEATHER'S POV

Craig and a couple of ARMED GOONS are escorting Chris to the building. Anna's following close to Chris.

Heather steps back from the window and looks over at Ken.

HEATHER

Someone just pulled up. They're right out front.

(CONTINUED)

Ken acknowledges her with a tip of the head -- his sights are on Bremmer.

KEN  
(to Bremmer)  
What's goin' on here, Bremmer?

BREMMER  
Let's just say that things are  
about to get interesting.

Ken frowns at the comment but says nothing. They wait until there's --

A LOUD KNOCK ON THE DOOR

The door opens to reveal: Chris, hands raised and at gunpoint -- he's shoved into the room.

Craig and Anna enter the room, followed by the two sedan drivers.

KEN

looks over and is taken aback.

KEN  
Chris?

Chris shrugs a response. His eyes then fall on --

BREMMER

propped up against the wall, his leg stained with blood.

Now it's Chris' turn to be in shock.

CHRIS  
Bremmer.  
(beat)  
Figures.

Craig shifts his gaze between Bremmer and Ken.

CRAIG  
What's going on here?

KEN  
I was just about to ask the same  
question.

Heather moves over to the group and aims her rifle at Craig.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

You -- empty your pockets. Kick  
your gun over to me.

Craig does as he's told -- he kicks his pistol over to Heather and then reaches into his pocket and pulls out the Timer.

HEATHER

eyes the device -- she's not sure what the hell it is.

HEATHER

Give that to Chris.  
(off Craig)

Now.

Craig tosses the device to Chris.

Chris catches it and goes over to Ken.

ANNA

watches the situation unfold. She's absolutely lost.

KEN

Hey, bro, how long till the next  
window opens?

CHRIS

A little under eight days.

KEN

There's not many places where we  
can go hide for a week.

Chris thinks for a moment and then goes over to Bremmer's desk. He's looking for something.

CHRIS'S POV

the small wooden jewelry box sits at the front end of the desk.

Chris picks it up and opens it. He doesn't seem quite as surprised as one might have. He pulls out --

BREMMER'S TIMER

It resembles a slender TV remote. The countdown reads:  
**13:23:45.**

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Then I guess we'll just have to  
Slide from here.

Chris turns around and reveals the Timer for everyone to see.

KEN

lets out a guffaw.

KEN

Nice.

HEATHER

Wait a minute -- what's happening?

Ken turns his attention to Heather.

KEN

Heather, we don't have much time so  
I'll get to the point: that device  
will open a gateway to a parallel  
universe, that'll be our ticket  
away from this place.

(beat)

If you want you can come with us.

Heather isn't sure what to say.

Anna goes over to Chris.

ANNA

(looking at the Timer)

But that thing is still counting  
down. Won't that be a problem?

Chris ponders this for a beat before going over to Bremmer's desk. He sits down and sets to work at his computer.

Bremmer turns so that he can see Chris.

BREMMER

What are you doin'?

Chris's finger fly over the keyboard, his eyes glued to the monitor.

CHRIS

Looking for anything that might be  
useful.

(CONTINUED)

As Chris goes about his business, everyone else awkwardly stands by: Craig stands close to Anna but she pulls away from him, Heather and Ken keep their weapons aimed at Bremmer and his goons.

*Beeeeeeep! Beep! Beep!*

All heads turn towards Chris.

Chris sighs and pinches the bridge of his nose.

CHRIS

Damn it!

Anna moves over to the desk, leaning over Chris's shoulder.

ANNA

What's wrong?

CHRIS

The system's safeguarded -- there's some files that are locked. I can't access 'em.

(to Bremmer)

What's the password?

BREMMER

only laughs in response.

Anna moves past Heather and Ken, over to the desk where Chris sits. She leans past him and starts to go to work.

Chris watches in silent awe as Anna navigates around the system.

Moments later --

The

MONITOR

displays four columns -- each column listing several sequenced numbers.

ANNA

What is this?

Chris can't believe what he's seeing. He leans in close to get a better look.

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM

Ken tosses his brother a quick glance.

(CONTINUED)



KEN

What'd you find?

CHRIS

It's a list. A hit list, really.

(beat)

They're parallel Earth coordinates.

It's Bremmer's list of Earths the  
Marauders plan on invading.

Chris digs in his coat pocket and pulls out a USB CABLE; he hooks up one end to his Timer and the other to the computer.

When he's finished Chris slips both items back into his pocket.

CHRIS

I downloaded the coordinates to the  
Timer. That way we're not just  
Sliding blind.

Chris gets up and goes over to the middle of the room -- Ken and Heather step aside to make room. Chris turns his attention to Bremmer.

CHRIS

We'll be back, Bremmer. You can  
count on that. All those worlds  
you've raided, all those lives  
ruined -- it ends here.

(beat)

Come hell or high water.

Chris aims Bremmer's Timer at the far end wall and activates the vortex!

THE SLIDING VORTEX

winks into existence -- a clear whirlpool with a slight bluish tinge to it.

HEATHER

stands there, wide eyed and gape mouthed.

ANNA

watches in sheer amazement.

CRAIG

is in complete shock.

Ken goes over to Heather.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

C'mon, come with us! There's  
nothing left for either one of us!

Heather hesitates. She takes a quick around, weighing her options. Without further preamble she drops the assault rifle and sprints towards the vortex.

HEATHER

jumps into the void -- and vanishes!

Ken looks over at Chris.

KEN

Chris! Let's go!

Chris waves a hand at Ken.

CHRIS

Go on, I'll be right behind you!  
(off Ken)  
Go!

KEN

drops his weapon, races over to the void and dives right into it.

Chris looks back over to Anna.

CHRIS

What do you say? You can come with  
us, help us stop the Marauders.

Anna shifts her gaze between her husband and Chris.

ANNA

I -- I don't know.

CHRIS

Anna, there isn't much time. That  
vortex won't stay open for much  
longer. We -- I -- could use your  
help.

Anna looks back over at Craig -- the feelings of betrayal and hurt being overwhelming. Then she goes over to the vortex, standing in front of it looking back at her husband one last time.

CRAIG

finally snaps out of his daze. He calls out to her.

(CONTINUED)

CRAIG

Anna! What are you doing?

ANNA

is at a loss of words -- standing there, looking on at the hurt look Craig wears. With watery eyes she turns her back on him and throws herself into the vortex.

CRAIG

(horrified)

Anna!

Chris goes over to the vortex, stops and looks behind him at Bremmer and Craig.

BREMMER

watching the situation unfold, keeps his eyes locked onto Chris -- hatred burning in his dark eyes.

CRAIG

gives Chris a similar look but for different reasons -- the man had just taken his wife away from him.

CHRIS

shakes his head and disappears into the vortex.

THE SLIDING VORTEX

snaps shut moments later.

**INT. HYPERSPACE WORMHOLE**

A panorama of colors. Chaotic twists and turns send the Sliders on a wild ride.

**EXT. NEW EARTH - NIGHT - CHRIS**

lands with a rough tumble, stopping at Ken's feet. As Ken helps his brother to his feet the vortex snaps shut. Chris brushes himself off.

Heather and Anna stand next to one another, checking out their new surroundings.

The Sliders are on a lush, grassy hill. The night sky is riddled with bright twinkling stars. Very calm, serene.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

What a rush! That was like some wild roller coaster ride.

HEATHER

Nothing beats bein' flung through the cosmos, I guess.

As Ken and Heather split off to go talk in private, Chris goes over to Anna.

CHRIS

Are you alright?

ANNA

I, uh, I'll be alright. I just need a moment to collect my thoughts. So much has just happened, y'know?

CHRIS

Anna, when you feel the time's right, I'll be here for you.

(beat)

We're a team now. We look out for one another.

ANNA

smiles at Chris -- a warm smile.

ACROSS THE GRASSY FIELD

Ken and Heather look up at the star filled sky -- Ken's standing a bit close to Heather. She doesn't seem to mind too much.

KEN

A million worlds out there, and we're barely a speck on the map.

(looks over at Heather)

You're in for one helluva ride.

HEATHER

I'm up for it. What greater adventure is there than Sliding?

(beat)

I'm not worried. We'll make Bremmer pay for what he's done. One world at a time -- we'll warn 'em -- and pray like hell that they'll listen.

KEN

(CONTINUED)

beams a smile at Heather. He then pulls her into a one armed hug.

SLOW FADE TO

**INT. BREMMER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Bremmer sits at his desk, flanked by the ever present two guards. Standing in front of him is Craig Donovan.

BREMMER

Things have taken an unexpected turn. A minor set back. The Organization will be upset nonetheless.

CRAIG

Where do we go from here?

BREMMER

We can only move forward. Chris Richardson may have slowed us down but -- there's more than one way to skin a cat.

CRAIG

What do you need me to do?

Bremmer looks Craig in the eye -- smirks.

BREMMER

I'll make you another deal, a better one. You do exactly as I say with no questions asked, and I'll give you the means to go after your wife and bring her back.

(beat)

It's what you want, isn't it?

CRAIG

stands there, thinking. He looks Bremmer in the eye and gives his affirmation with a tip of the head.

FADE TO BLACK

**THE END**