

Sliders: Infinite Dimensions

By

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SLIDERS: INFINITE DIMENSIONS

"The Truth"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. GRASSY HILL - LATE AFTERNOON

This is the same grassy hill that we saw last in the ending of "Homecoming, Pt. II."

There's a FESTIVE PARTY taking place -- streamers, balloons, loud music, barbecue grills with WHITE SMOKE issuing to the skies, picnic tables lined up back to back -- the place is jumping!

KEN and HEATHER make their way through the crowd. TWO SMALL CHILDREN bolt past them -- earning a fond smile from Ken. He then gestures at the sandwich in his hand.

KEN

I can't believe that lady offered me another sandwich. It tastes like rubber.

HEATHER

(gestures with her own sandwich)
Hey, the hummus and pita bread isn't so bad.

KEN

I can't wait to leave this place. Who'd thought that a sitting president would have pushed a bill through to make it necessary to only have consumers consume meatless products?

(beat)

I've had enough of Veggie World.

Heather laughs. She sees something past the crowd.

ACROSS THE HILL

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS and ANNA are in the middle of a conversation. From the looks of things, what ever Chris is talking about it has Anna enthralled.

Heather glances over at Ken and can tell that he's a bit annoyed.

HEATHER

Why does it bother you so much?

Ken tries to shrug it off but he knows that Heather isn't buying it.

KEN

It's -- I don't know. Don't you find it just a little annoying -- the way she's always hangin' around him?

HEATHER

(tongue in cheek)

It sounds to me like you're jealous.

KEN

Get out of town. I'm not jealous. Heather, we've been here for about two weeks now and she hasn't left his side.

(beat)

I don't know, I guess there's just something about her that's -- annoying. She gets on my nerves, I can't help it.

Ken is about to elaborate when he looks up and sees CHRIS and ANNA approaching -- he rolls his eyes.

CHRIS

(to Anna)

Well, sort of. The densitrometer circuit is one of the key components of the spatial differential fail-safe.

ANNA

Which keeps us from Sliding into any solid objects, right?

CHRIS

Exactly.

Ken moves past Anna, earning a strange look from her.

KEN
How much time?

CHRIS
(looks at the Timer)
About one minute.

ANNA
Do you think these people believed
us about the Marauders?

HEATHER
They seemed surprisingly accepting
of it. Who knows?

They wait out the remainder of the countdown. Chris aims the
Timer straight ahead.

CHRIS
(off Heather)
If not then this should be more
than enough to convince them.

Chris activates the Timer.

THE SLIDING VORTEX

blinks into existence -- a whirlpool of a deep, cold blue
void.

The party abruptly stops as everyone marvels at the sight
before them.

Ken takes off first, tossing the veggie sandwich over his
shoulder and diving into the vortex. Heather follows, then
Anna with Chris bringing up the rear.

Moments later the vortex closes.

Off their perplexity, we --

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW EARTH - LATE AFTERNOON - THE VORTEX

opens and one by one spits out our Sliders. After Chris lands on the wet pavement the vortex snaps shut.

Ken, Heather and Anna are already taking in their new surroundings. They've landed in a back alley where it's raining. Heavy rain.

CHRIS

Let's move it. I'm in no mood to get hypothermia.

The quartet leave the alleyway.

EXT. STREETS

The city doesn't look at all that different from their own -- normal, everyday traffic, people bustling about -- that is, before the Marauders invaded. The rain continues its onslaught on the group.

They seek refuge in a bookstore on the corner of the street.

INT. BOOKSTORE

The group piles into the bookstore, shaking off loose raindrops from their clothing. They take a look around.

Customers come and go while others sit, drink coffee, or snack on a muffin or scone. The bookstore is lit up very brightly -- some parts dark -- but the bright light is mostly scattered throughout the building.

The foursome stand just left of the magazine rack, where customers are scanning them over.

HEATHER

I'll be right back.
(off Ken and Chris)
I need to use the ladies' room.

ANNA

I'll go with you.

Ken is already heading over to a particular aisle of books as the girls leave to go find a restroom.

KEN

(to Heather and Anna)
We'll be in the history section.

(CONTINUED)

(to Chris)
One thing I've noticed -- girls
always go to the bathroom in packs.

CHRIS
That's one mystery I'll never be
able to solve. Let's just stick to
Sliding.

Ken and Chris look around and notices the signs or books
with a different language written on them.

KEN
From the looks of it this sign is
written in German --
(shrugs)
or some foreign language.

Chris takes a closer look at the book shelves.

CHRIS
I believe it's Dutch. I took a
semester of it back at the
University. My professor was very
scatter-brained.

Chris studies the signs that hang above them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
From the signs above the sections,
I think I see the history section.

The two brothers take a straight pathway towards the back of
the building. In an aisle that's abandoned, Chris pulls out
the Timer, checks the readout and slips it back into his
coat pocket.

KEN
How long?

CHRIS
Eighty-four hours and change --
just under four days.

KEN
Groovy.

Ken scans a shelf and finds something written in English. He
pulls out a black covered book without any cover and scans
the pages, finding some interesting facts every few pages.

Chris goes over to Ken, reading over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

KEN (CONT'D)

(reading from the book)

It looks like America is owned and operated by the Dutch. The Anglo Dutch War only happened the one time. The Dutch were prepared to battle the British and anyone else who got in their way.

CHRIS

I think I might go find the travel section, to see if there are any touristy things to do.

KEN

I'll be here.

As Chris leaves Heather approaches Ken.

HEATHER

Find anything interesting?

KEN

Yeah, we've landed in a world where the Dutch are in control. What is called New Netherlands and not the U.S. of A.

HEATHER

I wonder if English is a primary language here, or if we'll have to get an interpreter.

KEN

I'm sure some speak English, I mean on our world, everyone throughout the world knows how to speak English.

(looks around)

Where's Chris's girlfriend?

Heather shakes her head at Ken.

HEATHER

She's around, browsing.

Heather and Ken continue to poke around the history section until they are rejoined by Chris and Anna.

Chris opens the book he'd been holding and flips to a certain page.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(reads from the book)

Hey, guys, check this out. The whole western side of the United States is empty, except for California, which is now called New Amsterdam, and a small state right above this state called, Delft.

Heather looks about the bookstore.

HEATHER'S POV

Customers check their watches and move towards the exit in a manner that indicates that this is the norm.

HEATHER

I think it might be time to go find a place to stay for the night, as it seems like it's close to curfew.

Ken tosses a glance over his shoulder.

KEN

Yeah, good idea.

The group blends in with the crowd leaving the store.

EXT. STREETS

The group look about the city as they search for a place to stay for the duration of the Slide.

CHRIS

I guess the Dutch know how to make their city shine.

The last slivers of sunlight fade out of sight and darkness prevails on the city, with rain falling down like a salt shaker. The four notice what looks to be A POLICE VEHICLE, doing standard patrol, a bright neon green color.

The group continue on, keeping to themselves. Heather gestures at a familiar building.

HEATHER

Hey, look, it's the Windmill Inn.

KEN

It's about time -- a familiar sight.

They enter the hotel.

INT. WINDMILL INN

The hotel bustles about with normal, everyday activity -- patrons move about, bellhops pushing luggage racks -- the lobby is a bit crowded.

The group head straight over to the front counter where an OLDER, BALDING MAN waits to greet them.

HOTEL CLERK

Kan ik U helpen

KEN

Ah, sorry man, we don't speak Dutch.

The clerk laughs.

HOTEL CLERK

That's perfectly alright, sir. I speak English as well. What can I do for you?

Anna steps forward.

KEN

looks outright annoyed -- which doesn't go unnoticed by Chris and Heather.

ANNA

We'd like a room, please.

HOTEL CLERK

How long will you folks be staying with us?

CHRIS

Three nights.

HOTEL CLERK

Cash or charge?

Chris pulls out his wallet and checks its contents.

CHRIS

Charge.

The hotel clerk hands him a card reader and Chris swipes his credit card.

(CONTINUED)

A moment later the card reader displays the word **APPROVED** and proceeds to print out a receipt. Chris signs the receipt and hands it to the clerk just as Ken claps him on the shoulder.

KEN

Well, bro, let's just hope that we leave this place before your double shows up. I'd like to see how you'd explain this one.

CHRIS

Don't get me started.

The clerk hands Chris a room key.

INT. ROOM 12

Chris flicks the light switch as Ken, Anna and Heather enter the room. Chris closes the door behind them.

The room looks like your typical low rent hotel room -- a small bathroom, a closet space and two beds.

Ken goes over to one of the beds and pushes his hand against the mattress to test its firmness.

KEN

Looks like we'll be bunking up tonight.

(to Heather)

Hope you don't mind too much but I've been told that I snore.

Heather playfully pushes Ken from the bed and sits down.

HEATHER

Anna and I each get a bed. You and your brother get the floor.

Ken feigns disappointment as he goes over near the window.

Chris takes a seat at one of two chairs that are situated at a small wooden table. He takes the Timer out and looks at it with a furrowed brow.

Anna sits at the foot of the other bed.

ANNA

What's wrong?

Chris doesn't take his eyes off of the Timer.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I was just thinking -- we have over fifty parallel Earth coordinates downloaded in our Timer. Each world we visit is on Bremmer's hit list.

(beat)

How do we effectively go about this? There's a lot of ground to cover. How do we even warn this society?

Ken looks away from the window and goes over to sit down at the other chair, opposite Chris.

KEN

One world at a time, bro. We make 'em listen anyway we can. If we have to, we'll make it a point to Slide out in front of large crowds.

(beat)

That oughta get their attention, right?

CHRIS

It's not that easy, Ken. Some of these realities aren't as advanced as ours. Some of 'em could be decades, even centuries, behind ours.

Anna sits at the foot of the other bed, listening with a confused ear.

ANNA

Wait a minute, Chris. I thought you said that time remains the same during all Slides.

CHRIS

It does. Sliding is never time travel. No, while time remains concurrent during every Slide, some worlds prove Van Meer's theory of straight relativistic time dilation.

Ken holds up a hand, cutting off Chris's long winded speech.

KEN

We're getting off subject here. Look, all we can do is give these people a heads up, wait til the window opens, and Slide outta here

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEN (cont'd)
in front of everybody. Witnessing
the vortex alone ought to be proof
enough.

HEATHER
He's got a point, Chris. I know how
ridiculous our story may seem to
everyone else.

CHRIS

sits there -- thinking -- with the Timer in hand. Heaving an
exasperated sigh he sets the device on the table.

CHRIS
I think it's time that we all got
some rest. Tomorrow morning, we'll
do a little sightseeing, while
staying low key of course, and then
we'll go to city hall -- speak to
someone there.

Ken, Heather and Anna all agree to this. Ken takes a moment
and looks at the thinly carpeted floor.

KEN
Hey, Heather, are there any extra
pillows on the bed?

Ken's response is a white pillow tossed at his head.

TIME CUT TO

LATER - IN THE HOTEL ROOM

CHRIS

lays there in the dark -- the sound of Ken's snoring being
partially to blame -- staring up at the ceiling. He just
lays there -- staring -- and wears the look of a man lost in
deep thought.

INT. DINER - MORNING

The group sits at a wide booth -- Chris and Ken on one side,
Heather and Anna on the other.

ANNA
This boat ride's gonna be fun. You
guys will have to find something
else to occupy yourselves.

(CONTINUED)

Ken shoots Anna a brief look of annoyance.

KEN

Well, there was only one ticket left for today's ride, and there weren't any more openings until next week.

ANNA

At least I brought a camera, so I'll be sure to take plenty of pictures.

Ken turns his attention to Chris.

KEN

So, what are we doin' today?

CHRIS

One thing I'm going to need is currency. I know I've got a credit card an all, but the last thing I need to be is a swindler.

(off Ken)

No matter how you look at it, it's stealing, even if it's from -- myself. My double.

KEN

I guess from now on Chris, you'll have to buy a credit card that is known throughout the parallel universes. An inter-dimensionally preferred customer.

Their waitress comes over to their table and doles out four plates loaded with food. The group partakes in a hearty breakfast.

TIME CUT TO

LATER - THE DINER

is now packed -- every table in the place is taken -- a line going through the main entrance.

The group have all finished their meals. Chris looks at his watch.

CHRIS

I gotta get to the bank, the place is probably already busy at this hour.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

I'll go with you, Chris.
(off Ken)
You and Anna can -- bond.

Anna smiles in response while Ken gives Heather an "I'm going to kill you" stare.

Heather laughs and pats Ken on the shoulder.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

It'll be fun, Ken. We'll be right back.

KEN

(under his breath)
Yeah, sure.

Chris and Heather excuse themselves and leave the diner, leaving only Ken and Anna. A few moments later Ken gets up and heads towards the door.

ANNA

Where are you going?

KEN

Having a look around.

Anna gets up and follows Ken, whose irritated look doesn't go unnoticed. Together they leave the diner.

EXT. BANK

Chris and Heather are standing in front of the bank, an intimidating looking building of concrete and steel.

HEATHER

It seems like this world is like any other.

CHRIS

How so?

HEATHER

I know I've only began Sliding but, I don't know, I guess I thought with each world we visited, random things like morning traffic or speeding cars would be a little different.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

For some worlds, things are different, but this is just another workday for all of these people. Our job is to blend in and not draw any unneeded attention to ourselves.

Heather shrugs and looks over her shoulder.

HEATHER'S POV

Ken is seen talking to a couple of POLICE OFFICERS. Anna stands near by.

HEATHER

Hey, Chris. Take a look at this.

Chris looks over his shoulder.

CHRIS

(sighs)

So much for blending in.

ACROSS THE STREET

Ken is grabbed by the officers and shoved against the police vehicle. One of the officers slaps handcuffs on Ken's wrists as the other is already shoving him into the back seat of the police cruiser.

Chris and Heather run up to the corner of the street just as the police cruisers blast by.

CHRIS

stands there and watches his brother hauled away by the cops. He runs a hand through his hair.

CHRIS

(softer)

Damn it.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ROOM 12 - AFTERNOON

Some sunlight manages to spill into the room on the rather gloomy day. Chris, Anna and Heather all sit at the table.

CHRIS

Jaywalking. Has this world lost its mind? How can someone be arrested for something as trivial as jaywalking?

HEATHER

Apparently it's a big offense here. I mean, they *did* mention it in their travel brochure.

CHRIS

We need to figure this thing out. We may have to Slide from a prison or even a courtroom.

(beat)

Wouldn't be the first time.

HEATHER

One thing at a time. Tomorrow morning we're all gonna be at the courthouse for the arraignment.

ANNA

I don't know if this place can get much worse.

As if on queue -- *BANG!*

The sound comes from the next room. The three Sliders jump in their seats.

BANG! BANG!

Gun shots are heard and people are yelling, and then -- silence. The police sirens are gone.

Heather goes over to the window and looks out.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Police officers shove two men into the back of their cruisers and take to the streets. Pedestrians go about their business as if nothing had just happened.

Heather steps back from the window and pulls the curtain closed.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

I think it'd be best if we all just stayed in here till tomorrow morning.

Chris and Anna give each other a "What the hell just happened?" look.

Heather goes over to the bed and sits down and regains her bearings.

TIME CUT TO

COURTHOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

The courthouse is crowded. People fill the benches as they await the trial. Ken is seated at a table, dressed in a suit while his COURT APPOINTED LAWYER sits next to him.

Chris, Anna and Heather sit in the back, looking on in dismay.

HEATHER

Justice system moves swiftly on this world.

CHRIS

You call this justice? I call it a mockery of the judicial system.

ANNA

As far as we know Ken's only being charged with jaywalking.

(to Chris)

We'll find a solution. You guys did it for eight years, right? Have you ever been in this sort of situation before?

CHRIS

On occasion we got arrested and brought to court. We either exposed ourselves and opened the gateway inside the courtroom, or found other means of escape.

Silence falls upon the courtroom as the BAILIFF announces the judge's presence.

BAILIFF

All arise for the Honorable Judge Bridges.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone stands up as JUDGE BRIDGES (45), a tall African-American male, enters the room and takes his seat.

JUDGE BRIDGES
Please be seated.

Everyone sits down.

BAILIFF
This is the case of New Amsterdam
vs. Kenneth Richardson. Mr.
Richardson is being charged with
jaywalking.

The judge is handed a MANILA FOLDER and begins to go over its contents.

KEN

sits behind a table, his eyes glued to the judge. His lawyer, an attractive young brunette, leans over and whispers something in his ear -- he lowers his head in response.

TIME CUT TO

LATER - THE COURTROOM

The bailiff takes a slip of paper from the jury foreman and goes over to the judge. He hands over the verdict to the judge.

Judge Bridges reads the verdict.

JUDGE BRIDGES
On the count of jaywalking, this
court finds Kenneth Richardson
guilty. He will be placed in a
holding cell for three days, with a
final decision to be made at the
end of that period.
(bangs his gavel)
Case temporarily dismissed.

As everyone stands up Ken is escorted out of the courtroom in shackles. He passes by the group.

KEN

gives Chris a look that screams "Get me out of here!"

As Ken exits the courtroom his public defender approaches the group.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

is shocked at the sight of this person.

Ken's public defender introduces herself to Chris.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

You must be Chris Richardson, Ken's brother. I'm Camille Marshall, your brother's court appointed attorney.

CHRIS

(shakes her hand)

Nice to meet you, Ms. Marshall. I have to know -- what are the chances that my brother will go free?

CAMILLE

Likely. The only thing he did was jaywalk. After the standard three day visit to a holding cell, he will probably be let free and then must complete rehabilitation until he can return to society as a good citizen of this country.

Heather steps forward, hesitant to show herself to Camille.

HEATHER

Ah, excuse me here, but I have to ask you something. You wouldn't happen to have a sister named Heather, would you?

Camille is taken aback by Heather's inquiry but nonetheless answers her with a bit of uneasiness.

CAMILLE

About eighteen years ago I had a younger sister who drowned in our swimming pool, her name was Heather. Did you know her?

Heather steps back, looking down right uncomfortable.

HEATHER

I'm -- I'm sorry. I got you confused with someone else.

Chris steers the conversation back to the matter at hand.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Can we visit Ken while he's locked up?

CAMILLE

I'm afraid not, well at least not for the next three days.

(looks at her watch)

Look, I have to go now. If you need to get in touch with me you can reach me at this number.

Camille reaches into her coat pocket and pulls out a business card. She hands it over to Chris.

Chris takes the card as Camille leaves the courtroom.

Heather takes a deep breath and exhales slowly.

HEATHER

Man, that was weird.

Chris looks up at Heather as he slips the business card into his jeans pocket.

CHRIS

Remember how I explained doubles. Trust me, Heather, you'll be amazed at one can used to when you spend the last several years Sliding.

HEATHER

It's weird. I mean, I'm alive but -- dead at the same time.

ANNA

I think we should get going. The more we stay out of sight from the public, the better.

The group exit the courtroom.

EXT. STREETS

The rain has stopped, beams of sunlight breaking through the storm clouds. The streets are as congested as usual.

Chris attempts to hail a taxi. One approaches as if it's going to stop but speeds past, splashing water up at the trio.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

What's with taxi drivers, huh?

(beat)

Even when it comes to alternate realities some things just don't change.

Chris waves his arm again and this time, A GREEN TAXI CAB slows up near the sidewalk. Chris opens the door and lets Heather and Anna in first, then himself.

INT. CAB

Chris sits in the front seat while Heather and Anna sit in the back. The TAXI CAB DRIVER, a gruff man with a copious beard and wearing a beret, smiles at the trio.

CHRIS

I need to get to the bank on 149th Street.

The cab driver sighs in relief.

TAXI DRIVER

Thank goodness. Finally, some English speakers. You try living and working in a country where everyone speaks German or Dutch.

From the backseat --

HEATHER

Yeah, you're tellin' me.

Anna stifles a chuckle.

EXT. STREETS

The cab cruises down the street, navigating through increasing traffic.

INT. JAILHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ken's arms are bound together by handcuffs. He ducks his head as he's led down a featureless, gray cinder block corridor.

The two GUARDS escorting Ken are of Hispanic descent -- very bulky in size, and both wear mustaches and similar uniforms, making them look as if they were twins.

(CONTINUED)

One OFFICER walks in front, another behind Ken. The three move down a flight of stairs and enter through a metallic colored door that leads to a corridor with other cells -- some occupied, some vacant.

They stop at a holding cell, the officer in front opens the doorway. The guard behind Ken unlocks the cuffs, pulls them away.

Ken moves into the cell door.

KEN
(looks around the cell)
Talk about *deja vu*.

The cell doors *slam* shut behind him.

Ken goes over to a metal bench and sits down. He sits there, face buried in his hands. Just then --

VOICE
(harsh whisper)
Hey!

Ken picks his head up and looks around.

KEN
Who's there?

VOICE
Over here.

Ken follows the sound of the voice and discovers that it's coming from the cell to his left. He goes over to the bars.

KEN
Yeah, what do ya want?

IN THE CELL NEXT TO KEN

is a MAN, clad in ragged clothing, his face wrinkled beyond repair. He has grayish-white hair that sticks out underneath a winter cap.

PRISIONER
What brings you to this little
paradise?

KEN

grips the bars as he leans his head, trying to get a better look at the prisoner.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

I crossed a street. I tell ya, pal,
this country's got some pretty
twisted logic.

THE PRISONER

leans against the wall that's shared with Ken's cell.

PRISONER

I agree. I've been here for -- oh I
don't know -- ages it seems. It's
pretty cut and dry. I'm a drunk,
always have been, always will be.

The prisoner pulls out a FLASK, unscrews the cap and takes a
long swig.

KEN

begins to pace in his cell. He continues to speak with the
prisoner.

KEN

So, you're a regular here, huh?

PRISONER

(voice only)

Yeah, you could say that. I like to
think of this place as home.

KEN

Damn.

PRISONER

(voice only)

Yeah, but at least I get a dry
place to stay, especially on days
when it rains. I'm always required
to attend rehabilitation, but I
never seem to find my way. It
happens all over again, or at least
when I want the police to catch me.

KEN

So, you're tellin' me that while
they tell you to go to rehab, they
don't check up on ya? That doesn't
make any sense.

IN THE OTHER CELL

the prisoner leans his back against the wall.

(CONTINUED)

PRISONER

I'm considered a fall through,
that's why I do what I do.

KEN

(voice only)

What's a fall through?

PRISONER

Someone in the system who isn't
taken care of. No one cares for me,
so I'm on my own. I don't mind it,
it's an easy life.

The prisoner takes another sip from his flask.

IN KEN'S CELL

he stops his pacing and sniffs at the air. He makes a face.

KEN

And I'm guessing that they don't
search you before tossin' your ass
back here?

Ken's only response is a guffaw from the prisoner. He goes
back over to the thin metal bench and sits down.

On Ken's defeated manner we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREETS

Chris, Anna and Heather stand just right outside in front of
the bank -- behind them the cab eases back into traffic.

CHRIS

Even with Ken in jail, the little
things can still help. We get some
currency that this society uses, we
won't stick out like sore thumbs.

(as an afterthought)

It won't do any good for all four
of us to be behind bars.

HEATHER

The sooner we bail him outta jail,
the better. I want to leave this
world far behind.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA
I second that.

The three ascend the concrete steps and enter the bank.

INT. BANK

The first thing Chris notices is that the majority of the bank's patrons are speaking Dutch.

CHRIS
I know my Dutch isn't that good.
I'm going to see if I can find a
translator around here.

They find a line that accommodates a translator.

NEAR THE ENTRANCE OF THE BANK

a DISHEVELED MAN looks around as he adjusts his trench coat. Unseen by the patrons he locks the door. He goes over to where the lines start.

Chris is in the middle of a transaction when all of a sudden
--

The strange man reveals TWO SHOTGUNS attached in a diagonal formation on his chest. He pulls one gun out and fires it into the air three times.

GUNMAN
Everybody on the floor NOW!

Everyone complies as they hit the floor.

THE TRIO

exchange looks of dread.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BANK

The armed bank robber aims one of his shotguns at the TELLER, a young frightened woman whose probably no older than 20. He goes over to her and tosses a green sack on the counter.

GUNMAN

Empty the registers and put all of the money in the sack. Do as I say and nobody gets hurt.

The teller goes about emptying the registers and stuffing the bills into the sack.

The gunman watches closely.

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

Good, real good. Now we're just gonna go back to vault and --

The rest of what he's about to say is cut off by the distinct WAIL of POLICE SIRENS coming from outside.

OUT FRONT OF THE BANK

Police cruisers -- with the **New Amsterdam Police** emblem on the front doors -- swarm onto the scene.

The gunman panics -- he sweeps the crowd with the shotgun.

GUNMAN

Alright, who called the cops, huh?

The teller is frightened. She's like a living statue.

TELLER

I -- I don't know. I didn't do it.
(beat)

I think the silent alarm was tripped when I emptied the register.

The gunman looks about the crowd -- he plans on taking a hostage no doubt.

THE FRONT OF THE BANK

the cops are attempting knock down the door.

Switching out the shotgun for a knife the gunman picks a person at random -- Anna.

ANNA

(CONTINUED)

has a look of pure fright as she's yanked to her feet.

The gunman wraps an arm around her neck as he begins to take a couple steps back as he presses the serrated edge of the blade against Anna's throat.

GUNMAN

Alright, listen up, everybody. This pretty little lady an' I are gonna slip out the back. Anybody tries to follow me --

(indicates Anna)
and blondie gets it!

The gunman continues to move towards the rear exit. Unseen by the gunman -- but seen by everyone else -- an ARMED SECURITY GUARD inches his way towards the gunman.

Moments later the security guard aims his weapon at the gunman -- a clear head shot.

SECURITY GUARD

Put the gun down now!

Anger flares in the gunman's eyes as he tightens his hold on Anna.

GUNMAN

Damn it!
(presses the blade firmer)
See what you're makin' me do?

CHRIS

sees this happening -- hesitates -- and then charges right at the gunman!

The gunman steps aside as Chris attempts to rush him, in the process tripping him.

Chris skids to a stop on the marble floor. He looks up at the gunman.

CHRIS

Don't you hurt her.

The gunman motions for Chris to stand up.

GUNMAN

Nice try, hero.

At this time the police are about to enter the bank.

(CONTINUED)

GUNMAN (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

If you don't want to see this pretty little thing get hurt, I suggest you come with me. Go get the back door.

Chris does as he's instructed, his eyes never leaving Anna.

HEATHER

watches as the chaos unfolds.

AT THE BACK DOOR

the gunman, along with Anna and Chris, slip out.

The police burst into the bank, weapons drawn.

Heather stands up.

HEATHER

He went out through the back. He has two hostages.

EXT. STREETS - THE GUNMAN

is shoving both Chris and Anna into the back of an old Ford Econoline van. He slams the door shut and hurries over to the driver side.

Moments later the van peels out onto the street -- just as police burst through the back door!

SCRREEECH!

The van peels around a corner and disappears out of sight.

INT. BANK

While the police take information from the hostages and bank employees, Heather goes over to the front entrance, trying in vain to see any sign of Chris or Anna.

A POLICE OFFICER approaches her from behind -- he gently calls to her.

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, ma'am, but I'm going to have to get a statement from you.

On Heather we --

(CONTINUED)

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VAN

The gunman speeds down the streets, his eyes glued to the road.

Chris and Anna are in the back -- Anna has her face buried in her hands as Chris leans forward, pressing his hands against the mesh grate that separates him from the gunman.

CHRIS

Where are you taking us?

The gunman ignores Chris. He leans forward, peering up through the windshield.

GUNMAN

Damn helicopters.

THE SOUND OF WHIPPING PROPELLERS is heard. Soft at first the rumbling soon increases.

AERIAL VIEW - A HELICOPTER

is following the van's path.

EXT. STREETS/WOODED AREA

The van continues along its unknown path as police cruisers give chase. The van -- without warning -- changes course. It's now navigating through a dense wooded area.

The police begin to lose sight of the van. Even the helicopter has a difficult time tracking them.

Within a matter of moments the van disappears into the dense woods.

TIME CUT TO

LATER - THE WHITE VAN

comes up onto a rickety old cabin. The engine cuts out and the gunman exits the van, goes around to the other side, opens the door and yanks Chris and Anna out.

As Chris and Anna head into the cabin, the gunman looks up at the skies.

(CONTINUED)

THE FAINT SOUND OF WHIPPING PROPELLERS can be heard.

The gunman hurries inside.

INT. CABIN

Chris and Anna sit on a dusty love seat when the gunman goes over to them and begins to pat Chris down.

THE GUNMAN

frowns as he feels something in Chris's jacket pocket. He reaches in and pulls out the --

TIMER

The digital readout: **58 HRS 12 MINS 20 SECS**

GUNMAN

What is this?

Chris and Anna exchange quick glances.

CHRIS

(points to the Timer)

That?

(beat)

That's nothing. It's just a fancy remote control. The countdown tells me how much battery life is left.

GUNMAN

What's it control?

CHRIS

(nervous)

That's a tricky question, really.

The gunman closes the space between the two and punches Chris square across the jaw.

GUNMAN

I'm not gonna ask again.

Anna looks up at their attacker.

ANNA

Please don't hurt him, okay? I'll tell you what it is.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Anna, don't say a word.

ANNA

(makes eye contact with the
gunman)

It's called a Timer. It opens a
gateway to a parallel world -- an
alternate universe.

The gunman sets the Timer down on a nearby end table.

GUNMAN

That's a good one. Alright, fine.
If you don't wanna cooperate that's
your deal.

(looks at his watch)

I have to step out for a bit but
I'll be back soon.

(waves the Timer)

I'll just hang on to this gadget. I
like to think of it as --
insurance. That way I know you two
won't try an' do anything stupid.

The attacker slips the Timer into his pocket and leaves the
cabin -- he doesn't even bother locking the door.

Chris runs a hand through his ruffled hair as Anna goes over
to him.

CHRIS

(calms himself)

Okay, okay. This isn't the first
time that somebody has taken the
Timer from me.

ANNA

What do we do in the mean time?

CHRIS

(thinks)

We have no choice -- we wait till
he comes back. If we leave now we
may never get the Timer back.

ANNA

Obviously this man's disturbed.
What I can't figure out is motive.

He goes about checking out the cabin.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
(off Anna)
We can by taking a look around.

INT. JAILHOUSE

Ken is pacing when the DISTINCT SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS echo through out the corridor. He looks over his shoulder.

Camille Marshall approaches the cell door accompanied by a guard.

Ken is surprised to see her.

Camille's expression is equal to his.

KEN
What's going on?

CAMILLE
The judge has granted your release.
You're free to go.

KEN
What?

CAMILLE
You've been cleared of all charges.

KEN
How is that possible?

Camille lets out an amused chuckle.

CAMILLE
Apparently, the man who committed the crime was caught earlier this morning for the same offense. He's in custody as we speak.

A moment of silence follows as Camille looks on at Ken with -- curiosity.

KEN
What?

CAMILLE
You told me earlier that you had a brother.
(off Ken)
You never told me that you had a twin.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

smirks -- he knows what's really going on.

INT. ROOM 12

Heather sits at the desk, distraught.

THE DOOR

opens O.S.

Heather looks over as Ken enters the room. She runs over to him and they share a hug.

HEATHER

Ken, how'd you get out of jail?

KEN

Ah, well, let's just call it a case of mistaken identity.

(changes the subject)

Where's Chris?

Heather lets out an exasperated sigh.

HEATHER

Okay, let's see. Long story short, there was a bank robbery and your brother and Anna were taken as hostages. The police are out looking for them.

KEN

What the hell?

Heather picks up the TV remote and turns on the TV.

ON SCREEN - A REPORTER

in a news studio is speaking directly to the camera. We join her in the middle of the broadcast.

REPORTER

None of the hostages in the bank were harmed. The suspect, whose been identified as fifty-four year old Allen Wallace, fled the scene, taking with him two hostages.

Ken moves over to the foot of the bed and sits down.

BACK TO THE TV

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

One of the hostages has been identified as thirty-seven year old Christopher Richardson.

(beat)

The identity of the other hostage, a woman somewhere either in her late twenties or early thirties, remains unknown.

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS REPLACE THE REPORTER -- ONE'S OF CHRIS AND THE OTHER IS OF ANNA.

Heather turns off the television.

HEATHER

It all happened so fast, Ken. I just laid there, watching it all happen.

Ken gets up and motions for Heather to follow him.

KEN

Time's a'wastin'.

HEATHER

Where are we going?

KEN

We're gonna go get Chris and Anna back.

HEATHER

But where do we start looking? If the police can't find 'em then what makes you think we can?

KEN

(thinks)

I have a friend who might be able to help out.

On Heather we --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. CABIN

The attacker, now known as Allen Wallace, sits in a rocking chair -- a lit cigarette in one hand, the Timer in the other.

Chris, slumped in the love seat, comes to. Groaning, he sits up as he pinches the bridge of his nose.

ALLEN WALLACE
Well, look who's decided to wake up.

CHRIS
(looks around)
Wha -- ? Where's Anna?

ALLEN WALLACE
She's fine, she's in the other room.
(takes a drag from his cigarette)
I've been keeping an eye on this gadget of yours.

Chris leans forward, trying to catch a glimpse of the Timer's readout -- then frowns when Allen pulls the Timer back.

CHRIS
How much time does it have left?

ALLEN WALLACE
Why you wanna know? What's so special about this thing?

CHRIS
(pleads)
Please just tell me what it says!

ALLEN WALLACE
(laughs)
It says you have four hours left.

CHRIS
How long have I been out?

ALLEN WALLACE
On an' off for the past three days.
Took a ton of chloroform to keep you two knocked out.

Chris looks past Allen.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS'S POV

of a table, cluttered with various items -- long, rectangular sticks wrapped in green plastic, a disassembled alarm clock -- the makings of a bomb.

Chris looks back at Allen.

CHRIS

What's the meaning of all this?
What are you planning on doing?

ALLEN WALLACE

You and your lady friend was just a sure fire way of escape without bein' shot at. But now --
(indicates Timer)
I see that you may be of use to me. The system is flawed, messed up. The world's goin' to hell in a hand basket and I want no part of it.

CHRIS

So what's any of that got to do with us?

ALLEN WALLACE

If your friend is telling the truth, and this thing can open a doorway to another world, then I'd say that it's the chance of a lifetime to start over.

CHRIS

You can't be serious. I mean, what makes you even think that what she told you wasn't fabricated?

Allen gets up and goes over to the table, sifting through the items.

ALLEN WALLACE

Honestly, I'm not entirely sure, but you seem to really want this thing so it's got to hold some importance.

CHRIS

What do you plan on doing?

ALLEN WALLACE

To make my voice heard. To take a stand against a corrupt system.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
You're insane. Blowing up some
building can't hardly be considered
taking a political stand.

Allen continues to assemble the explosive device.

INT. BEDROOM

Laying on a small bed, Anna stirs and comes to. Sitting up,
she goes to move an arm but finds it to be handcuffed to the
bedpost -- she yanks at it a couple times.

She panics --

ANNA
Chris!

She yanks at her restraints.

IN THE NEXT ROOM

Chris goes to rush to her aid but is told to stay by Allen.

INT. CABIN

Chris remains on the couch.

Allen stands in front of the table, constructing his device.

CHRIS
It won't work.

ALLEN WALLACE
What?

CHRIS
Your plan. The way you're going
about it.

Allen stops what he's doing and turns to face Chris.

ALLEN WALLACE
And what would you know about what
it is I'm doing?

CHRIS
Violence begets a dysfunctional
society. What you see as a solution
to a problem is actually very cause
of it.

(CONTINUED)

ALLEN WALLACE

That may be but if something was to happen -- something big -- that would make people stand up and take notice --

Allen lets the rest of his statement hang as he returns to his work.

Chris looks over at Anna.

IN THE BACK ROOM

Anna meets his gaze.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. STREET CORNER - LATE AFTERNOON

Ken and Heather stand near a newspaper stand, looking down either side of the street. They're waiting for somebody.

KEN

She should be here any minute now.

HEATHER

Have I told you how weird this whole thing is?

KEN

Normalcy is just one of the many casualties of Sliding.

HEATHER

Something else I guess I just have to get used to, huh?

KEN

Trust me, it'll get easier with time.

Heather looks past Ken and sees someone approaching -- Camille.

CAMILLE

(to Ken)

I came here as soon as I got your message.

(beat)

I'll try my best but I'm not sure just how much of a help I can be.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Any little bit helps. Now surely you have some contacts.

CAMILLE

No, but I do know about the guy who took them.

HEATHER

Allen Wallace?

CAMILLE

Yeah. A couple years ago I defended him in court, got him a lighter sentence. He attempted to blow up some bank but the bomb he had strapped to him failed to detonate.

(elaborates)

Allen Wallace is an extremist. During his trial he said that the system was corrupt and that it was up to someone like him to get things back on track.

KEN

This just keeps getting better and better.

CAMILLE

Last time he tried this he didn't take any hostages.

KEN

We need to figure out where Wallace took Chris and Anna. They could be anywhere in the city.

Camille stands there -- thinking.

CAMILLE

Wait a minute.

HEATHER

What is it?

CAMILLE

During Wallace's trial he mentioned that he lived just outside the city, in some cabin I think. If he took your friends anywhere, chances are that it'd be there.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

If that's true then why haven't the cops already found 'em?

CAMILLE

All we know is that the cabin's somewhere in that area. The cops are still searching the area.

KEN

Then I guess we'll start our own search party.

On Heather and Camille we --

DISSOLVE TO

INT. CABIN

The bomb is just about complete -- Allen is making the finishing touches.

Chris watches in disgust.

CHRIS

It's only a matter of time before the police find you.

ALLEN WALLACE

The police are the least of my worries.

Allen picks up the

TIMER

The display now reads - **02 HRS 15 MINS 33 SECS**

He turns to face Chris, holding up the Timer, waving it back and forth like a pendulum.

ALLEN WALLACE (CONT'D)

Tick, tock. Tick, tock. Time's running out, Hero. Whatcha gonna do?

CHRIS

You don't even know how to use it.

ALLEN WALLACE

Doesn't look that complicated. I guess I'll figure it out when it hits zero.

(CONTINUED)

Chris tosses a quick glance across the room.

CHRIS

Hey, man, would you at least remove her restraints? There's no need to keep her locked up.

Allen ignores Chris, focusing his attention instead on the bomb.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(thinks)

Hey, how about we make a deal.

Allen stops what he's doing but doesn't look back.

ALLEN WALLACE

I'm listenin'.

CHRIS

If you let her go, I'll show you how the Timer works.

ALLEN WALLACE

I call bull on that one.

CHRIS

I'm serious. Nothing is worth jeopardizing the lives of my friends over. Let her go, and I'll show you how it works.

(beat)

Deal?

ALLEN WALLACE

Alright, Hero, you got a deal.

Allen goes into the other room and a moment later Anna comes out, rubbing at her wrists. He opens the front door and waves for Anna to leave.

Anna hesitates.

ANNA

Chris, I can't leave. I won't leave you here to rot.

CHRIS

I appreciate what you're trying to do, Anna, but you have to leave now

--

(hesitant)

it's for the best.

(CONTINUED)

Anna doesn't take her eyes off of Chris as she exits the cabin -- however, just before she leaves Allen calls out to her.

ALLEN WALLACE

Keep one thing in mind, sweetheart.
You tell anybody where we're at,
and Hero here gets it.

Anna nods and takes her leave.

Allen shuts the door behind her and goes over to the recliner and sits down, examining the Timer.

Chris leans his head back -- letting out a slow, shaky breath.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

EXT. WOODS

Anna pushes aside thick tree branches, desperately looking about to find some sort of clear path to follow. THE SOUND OF BIRD CHIRPING emanates from all about -- causing Anna to stop for a moment, close her eyes and take a deep breath.

She continues on her way. She stops when she hears the faint sound of a helicopter somewhere nearby.

ANNA

(excited)

Hey!

(beat)

Hey!

She darts through the woods until she comes to a small clearing. She looks up and -- while she can hear the helicopter -- she cannot see it.

Hope is fleeting.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(desperate)

Over here!

She searches the skies for any sign of the helicopter.

EXT. STREETS

A blue Ford Taurus speeds down the street.

INT. CAR

Camille is behind the wheel as Heather sits in the front with Ken in the back seat.

CAMILLE

Taking these roads will cut out about ten minutes. I just hope nothing's happened to your friends.

HEATHER

(to Ken)

It's been three days already. I just hope we haven't missed the Sliding window.

CAMILLE

(frowns)

Sliding window?

KEN

Long story, I'll explain later. We need to find that cabin.

CAMILLE

Up ahead is the turnoff. Once we reach the back roads it'll just be a matter of luck.

KEN

(snorts)

Luck.

(beat)

Well there's something that hasn't really been on our side.

EXT. STREETS

The Taurus picks up speed, moving around vehicles stopped at a red light.

EXT. THE CABIN - ESTABLISHING

is flanked by numerous tall trees -- some of their branches hang in a lazy fashion, brushing up against the cabin.

INT. CABIN

Allen rocks back and forth in his chair as Chris sits across from him.

We join them in the middle of a conversation --

ALLEN WALLACE

So you're sayin' that thousands of parallel worlds exist, along with our own?

CHRIS

(shrugs)

Hundreds, thousands, it's anybody's guess.

(beat)

The point being is that this device allows for safe passage through the Multiverse.

ALLEN WALLACE

I don't know, man. I mean, do you have any idea how crazy this all sounds?

CHRIS

No crazier than what ever it is that you're planning to do.

Allen laughs as he continues to rock in his chair. He thinks for a moment -- then changes the subject.

ALLEN WALLACE

The world's full of people like me, you know? We're out there, some are willing to do what ever it takes while others are too afraid to take the first step.

(beat)

Rehabilitation. They think that a few group meetings will "cure" us of our illnesses.

CHRIS

The only mistake I see is that they released you back into society.

(CONTINUED)

ALLEN WALLACE

Listen up, Hero. Do you have any
clue just how many of us are thrown
back into society?

(beat)

Don't you get it? *I'm* not the
problem. Freethinkers are not the
problem.

CHRIS

I hardly call knocking off a few
banks and holding innocents against
their will as "taking a stand."
There's no black and white about it
-- you're a criminal, a felon.
You're just somebody who fell
through the cracks.

(beat)

Don't you get it? No governing body
will ever be perfect.

ALLEN WALLACE

I'll admit that you're right to an
extent. A few bank jobs won't put
but a scratch on the surface. What
I, and other, are planning will be
much bigger. Everything goin' on
around us, what's about to happen,
it'll be bigger than all of us.

CHRIS

looks on at Allen with contempt, disgust.

EXT. WOODS

Anna is lost -- wandering around the dense woods. She stops
and looks back -- the look on her face says it all -- the
only way she knows is back the way she came.

ANNA

(mutters)

Just great.

She continues onward. She comes up on to a fork in the road
-- she could go either left, right or continue on straight
ahead.

ANNA

laughs -- a laugh which holds no humor behind it.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA (CONT'D)
(to herself)
You gotta be kidding.

EXT. WOODLINE

The Ford Taurus drives off of the paved roads and onto a dirt one.

INT. CAR

Camille points ahead to the dirt road they're traveling on.

CAMILLE
We can follow this road for the next couple miles or so. Anything after that will be a bit rough.

KEN
Look, Camille, not to be rude here but time isn't exactly our friend right now. We gotta get to my brother in less than two hours.

CAMILLE
Why? What's going to happen?

KEN
If you stick around long enough you'll find out.

Heather looks over at Camille. There's something that she's really wanting to tell her --

HEATHER
Camille?

CAMILLE
Yes?

HEATHER
(thinks)
What would you do if you wanted to say something very important to someone, but you weren't sure they'd believe you?

IN THE BACK SEAT

Ken gives her a warning look.

Heather ignores it.

(CONTINUED)

Camille seems to be considering the question as she drives.

CAMILLE

I'd at least try. That way, even if they didn't believe me, I'd know that I tried.

HEATHER

Okay, this is definitely gonna sound weird but you gotta trust me on this, alright?

CAMILLE

Sure.

From the back seat --

KEN

Heather -- think about what you're going to say.

HEATHER

I have, and I've been since we got here.

(to Camille)

The reason that the other guy you locked up earlier looked like Ken was because -- he is Ken. The Ken Richardson of this reality.

(off Camille's perplexity)

You see, we're not from around here. We're not even from this dimension. We come from a parallel Earth, and in the Earth that I come from -- we're sisters.

Camille is taken by surprise. She takes a moment to let it sink in.

Ken shifts his gaze between Heather and Camille, waiting to hear what's about to be said next.

A moment later --

CAMILLE

Wow, ah, that's some story.

HEATHER

But it's all true. On my world we grew up together, shared secrets, we were close. When the Marauders attacked, I thought I'd lost you.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER (cont'd)

My sister was taken captive while trying to save our parents. I thought that I'd never see her again -- but here you are.

CAMILLE

Look, I can understand how stressful this sort of situation can be, and I also know that when put into this sort of thing, the mind can come up with all sorts of weird stuff to keep itself intact.

Ken leans forward in the seat, his arms resting atop the driver and passenger seats.

KEN

Camille, I'm no psychologist but everything Heather's said is true. That man you arrested looked like me because he is me.

(indicates Heather)

She's the sister you lost all those years ago and in a short amount of time we're due to leave this world.

Camille is at a loss for words. What does she do? Focuses her attention on her driving.

TIME CUT TO

LATER - THE WOODS - THE TAURUS

steers off of the dirt road and onto a rockier path. They stay on this particular path for a while and then -- the car comes to a sudden stop! The wheels lock up as DIRT AND GRAVEL kick up in a large cloud of dust.

There's somebody standing in the middle of the road. It's Anna! She's jumping up and down as she waves her hands.

The car doors open and Heather, Camille and Ken all get out.

ANNA

heaves a sigh of relief as she runs over to them.

ANNA

Oh, thank God you guys are here! I thought -- I didn't know what to do.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Anna, where is my brother?

ANNA

(gestures over her shoulder)
Back there, about a couple miles I think. He's -- he's being held in some old cabin.

HEATHER

Can you take us back there?

ANNA

Yeah.

KEN

Let's go!

They all pile back into the car. It kicks up dirt and rocks as it heads off towards the cabin.

INT. CABIN

Allen picks up the homemade bomb and stuffs it into a red duffel bag. He then looks at the Timer.

The

TIMER

reads: **00 HRS 05 MINS 58 SECS**

He turns to face Chris.

ALLEN WALLACE

Five more minutes, Hero.

CHRIS

Then what? You kill me in cold blood and go blow up some bank?

ALLEN WALLACE

It's all part of the grander design.

CHRIS

Listen, why don't you just give me the Timer back? It's of no use to you.

Allen doesn't regard him as he slings the duffel bag over his shoulder. He heads over to the door and motions for Chris to follow.

(CONTINUED)

Chris complies and goes over to the door.

Allen opens the front door --

JUST OUTSIDE THE CABIN

the Blue Taurus races onto the scene, skids to a stop.

Allen panics as he whips out a knife and points it at Chris.

ALLEN WALLACE

What the hell is this?

Chris doesn't know what to say or what to do.

The

CAR DOORS

open and close O.S. Ken darts over to Chris and pulls him into a one armed hug.

KEN

Hey, bro, are you alright?

CHRIS

Yeah, I'm good.

(beat)

How'd you find me?

KEN

We spotted Anna up the road. She told us everything.

Heather and Anna share a brief hug as Camille stands by, looking on with a smile.

OVERHEAD IN THE SKIES

the sound of whipping helicopter propellers can be heard.

Allen looks up and then back at Chris.

ALLEN WALLACE

No, no this isn't supposed to happen. Not this way, I won't allow it.

In an act of desperation Allen attempts to rush Chris -- but is cut off by Ken. The two grapple on the ground -- a tangled mess of arms and legs fail about. The

TIMER

(CONTINUED)

falls to the ground. It now reads: **00 HRS 00 MINS 45 SECS**

Chris picks it up.

CHRIS

Ken! Less than one minute left 'til
the Slide!

Ken gains the upper hand and places a solid punch square
across Allen's jaw. He stands up and brushes himself off.

Camille watches in complete shock. She's snapped out of her
daze when Heather goes over to her, placing a hand on her
shoulder.

HEATHER

In about a few moments you're going
to learn the truth about everything
we've said.

Chris calls out the remaining time.

CHRIS

Thirty seconds!

Ken goes over to Camille.

KEN

This isn't how I wanted to do this
but I need you to pay close
attention to what I'm about to tell
ya, okay?

CAMILLE

Uh -- sure.

KEN

Your world is about to be invaded
by a terrorist group known as the
Marauders. They're going to come
here the same way we did. Please --
alert the authorities, let people
know -- do anything you deem
necessary.

(beat)

They're going to raid this world
for its natural resources. Please
take what ever precautions are
necessary to prevent it from
happening.

OFF IN THE DISTANCE

(CONTINUED)

the WAIL of police sirens can be heard. Overhead the distinct sound of a helicopter increases. The wind starts to pick up --

CHRIS

Three -- two -- one --

(beat)

Here. We. Go.

Chris activates the Timer --

THE SLIDING VORTEX

winks into existence.

Camille, in a complete state of shock, stares wide eyed at the vortex.

Allen starts to pick himself up off the ground, marvels at the sight of the vortex.

The police are now approaching --

Chris waves at Heather and Anna to go into the void.

CHRIS

Go on! Hurry!

Heather lingers for a moment, gives Camille one last hug and dashes off and jumps into the vortex.

Anna wastes no time as she sprints towards the vortex and disappears into it.

The police are now swarming in on the scene -- at first with weapons drawn but the presence of the vortex holds them captive.

Ken nudges Chris as he takes off -- hurdling himself into the vortex.

Chris takes one more moment to look at the pathetic sight of Allen Wallace before bolting off and vanishing into the vortex.

Allen, snapping out of his stupor, attempts to follow Chris. He flings himself towards it -- just in time for the

SLIDING VORTEX

to snap itself shut! Allen tumbles to the ground.

CAMILLE

CONTINUED:

52.

having just witnessed the vortex, stands there, an amused smirk on her face.

Off of the police moving in we --

FADE TO BLACK

THE END