

Sliders: Infinite Dimensions

By

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SLIDERS: INFINITE DIMENSIONS

"State of Execution"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

The BARTENDER, a tall blond haired man in his early 20s, places two draft beers down onto the counter top.

TWO HANDS

reach out -- each grabbing the glass handle of a beer mug.

CHRIS and KEN each take a sip at nearly the same time. Ken holds on to his mug while Chris sets his down.

Other than the Richardson brothers there aren't that many other patrons in the bar.

KEN

Look, Chris, all I'm saying is that maybe it wasn't such a good idea to bring her along.

(sips at his beer)

I mean, we've been doing this for years now. She could get hurt.

CHRIS

Ken, Anna is a fully capable person. I have the utmost faith in her abilities.

KEN

She's married. You took her away from her husband.

(shrugs)

Yeah, granted things aren't picture perfect back home but she belonged with her husband.

(beat)

You had no right.

Chris sips at his beer and sets the mug down, the look on his face a mixture of surprise and anger.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(slightly raised)

No right? Ken, her husband was working with Bremmer.

(softer)

I couldn't just leave her there, you know? Her life was at risk.

(beat)

I did what I thought was right.

KEN

I just don't think she's cut out for Sliding. It's one thing with Heather -- her entire family was taken from her. She can hold her own, she's proven that already.

CHRIS

And so can Anna.

(looks Ken in the eye)

Just give her a chance, alright? Let her prove herself.

Ken shakes his head as he continues to sip at his beer. He's about to say something to Chris when something out of the corner of his eye catches his attention.

HEATHER AND ANNA

approach the bar. Heather has the Timer -- she looks at the readout.

HEATHER

Hey, guys, shake a leg. We got thirty seconds 'til the Slide.

Chris places a twenty dollar bill on the counter and all four leave the bar.

EXT. ALLEYWAY

It's your average, typical alleyway -- an overflowing dumpster, trash strewn about -- nothing out of the ordinary.

The quartet check the area to make sure the coast is clear. Heather activates the Timer.

THE SLIDING VORTEX

appears in front of the dumpster.

Chris is the first to enter the vortex, followed by Ken, Anna and then Heather.

INT. WORMHOLE

The Sliders lean into every twist and turn as they fly through the hyperspace tunnel.

EXT. NEW EARTH - AFTERNOON - THE VORTEX

appears in the exact same alley as the previous world, spits out the Sliders. It snaps shut just as Heather tumbles to the ground.

KEN

An infinite number of parallel worlds -- and we don't even move five feet.

CHRIS

With a Sliding radius of 700 miles I'd say that's quite impressive. At least we're still in San Diego.

ANNA

How much time do we have here?

HEATHER

(looks at the Timer)
Twelve hours.

The group brush themselves off and head out to the streets.

EXT. STREETS

The group, walking along the sidewalk, looks around at their new surroundings. While this may be San Diego, the city looks more congested.

There's something that the Sliders notice -- something that didn't exist back on their homeworld, something that seems to be the epicenter of the city's attention. At the center of the city block -- it's a

COLISEUM

A MARQUEE graces the front of the coliseum that reads: **FBI - TEN MOST WANTED.** Below that in smaller lettering: **The FBI is offering rewards for the apprehension of the ten most wanted fugitives.**

The groups stop to look. Images of criminals begin to scroll across the marquee. Then, Numbers Nine and Ten of the Most Wanted --

(CONTINUED)

Anna and Craig Donovan.

All eyes are now on Anna.

Off Anna's shocked state, we --

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS

Pedestrians flock towards the coliseum -- some even bump past the Sliders. Chris and Heather do their best to conceal Anna's presence while Ken manages to gain the attention of one of them.

The pedestrian is a bit irritated by being stopped.

KEN

Hey, man.
(gestures at the coliseum)
What's goin' on over there?

The pedestrian, a middle aged man in a business suit, reacts with a strange look.

PEDESTRIAN

Where have you been, pal?

KEN

Oh, ah, well we're from out of town, you see --

PEDESTRIAN

They're getting ready for the execution.

KEN

(hesitant)
Execution?

PEDESTRIAN

Yeah. This one's going to be good, too. The FBI finally caught Jack Monroe.

(CONTINUED)

(off Ken)

Jack Monroe -- you know, the serial killer, the one that's been terrorizing the San Fernando Valley for the past eighteen months?

KEN

Oh, yeah, sure. So they're going to kill him
(indicates coliseum)
in there?

PEDESTRIAN

(laughs)

Man, you *must* not be from around here. Of course they're gonna kill Monroe -- along with about a few other fugitives.

The pedestrian shakes his head at Ken as he continues on his way.

Ken turns back to the group.

KEN

Did you guys hear any of that?

HEATHER

Yeah, I did, and we need to get Anna off the streets quickly.

CHRIS

We'll head to the Windmill Inn.

(to Anna)

Don't worry, alright? We'll get you somewhere safe.

Anna is trying to recover from her shock -- and not doing a good job at it either -- manages a slight nod.

KEN

Hey, Chris, I'm gonna go see what else I can find out about this little Wonderland we've slid into. I'll meet you at the hotel.

Ken leaves in one direction as Chris, Anna and Heather head off towards the hotel.

INT. WINDMILL INN

The trio enter the near desolate hotel. Heather opts to go check out a room while Chris stays next to Anna.

The HOTEL CLERK, a young brunette in her early 20s, is watching TV -- she's oblivious to Heather's presence.

Heather, after waiting several moments for the clerk, turns her attention to the TV.

ON THE TV SCREEN

is a REPORTER, an attractive African American woman, standing in front of the coliseum the Sliders saw earlier. Behind the reporter people line up to enter the coliseum -- the lines spread out like thick spider webs.

REPORTER

The Coliseum will be closing its doors in about an hour, so be sure to place your bets.

HEATHER

frowns at the reporter's comment --

HEATHER

(muses)

What's going on here?

BACK TO THE SCREEN

The reporter is now interviewing one of the spectators standing in line.

REPORTER

Sir, who are you placing your bet on for today's execution?

SPECTATOR

I'm going with Jack Monroe. That guy's as brutal as they come, had the cops runnin' around in circles for over a year -- he's definitely got the edge here.

The reporter turns back to the camera.

REPORTER

Well, there you have it, folks. Seats in the Coliseum are just about full but you can catch the execution here, live, in one hour.

(CONTINUED)

Heather rings the service bell twice.

The hotel clerk turns away from the TV, smiling at Heather.

HOTEL CLERK

Welcome to the Windmill Inn, how
can I help you?

HEATHER

I'd like a room, please.

HOTEL CLERK

How many people will there be?

HEATHER

Four. If we can could we get a
suite?

The hotel clerk checks the computer for any available
suites.

HOTEL CLERK

I'm sorry but all the suites are
checked out. We do, however, have a
few rooms left.

(refers to the computer)

We can place you in Room 12 if you
like.

HEATHER

That's fine.

(indicates the TV)

Don't you find all that to be a bit
barbaric?

HOTEL CLERK

Hmm? Oh, you mean the executions?

(off Heather)

Not really. They're criminals,
psychotics, people of no use to
society. I say let 'em take each
other out, they'd be doing all of
us a favor.

(beat)

Besides, it does make for great
entertainment -- seeing all those
criminals get what they deserve.

The transaction only takes a few moments. The clerk hands
Heather the keys for the room and then goes over to Chris
and Anna.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
Everything alright?

HEATHER
Yeah, c'mon, let's get Anna out of sight.

The

HOTEL CLERK

watches them leave.

INT. ROOM 12

Anna goes over to a table -- situated near the only window in the room -- and sits down as Chris closes the door. Heather sits down across from Anna.

HEATHER
This society's messed up. Remember that coliseum we saw when we Slid in? Yeah, well apparently that's where they round up all the convicts and execute them.
(beat)
It's some sort of sick spectacle around here.

CHRIS
Okay, we'll lay low 'til Ken gets back. Out of sight, out of mind.
(to Anna)
Are you alright?

Anna looks past Chris and Heather, towards the window.

ANNA
It makes me sick, knowing that out there I'm some wanted felon.

CHRIS
Anna, remember how I explained doubles? They are just mere versions of ourselves, versions that have made different life choices.
(beat)
What ever this version of you has done on this world, it does not make you a bad person.

(CONTINUED)

Anna offers a faint smile in response -- it's of little comfort to her.

Heather, seeing how bothered Anna is, attempts to change the subject.

HEATHER

Isn't this the same room that we stayed in a few Slides ago? You know, the world where the Dutch were in control?

(beat)

Even with Sliding some things just don't change, I guess.

ANNA

(bitter)

I wouldn't say that.

Now it's Heather's turn to be uncomfortable -- she reaches for the remote control and turns on the TV.

ON THE SCREEN

people await the next scheduled public execution. Several channels all show the same thing.

Heather sighs and shuts off the TV.

Chris sits there at the table, lost in thought.

TIME CUT TO

LATER - THE FRONT DOOR OPENS

and Ken enters the room. He's got a few books tucked under his arm -- he makes a beeline over to Chris over at the table.

KEN

You're not gonna believe this.
(sets the books down in front of Chris)

This world's on crack.

Chris picks up one of the history books and flips through it.

KEN (CONT'D)

I went to the library to see what I could dig up on this place.

(sits down at the table)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Apparently, on this world the FBI
is more of a corporation rather
than an agency.

(beat)

During the "War on Crime" in the
1930s, FBI agents apprehended
several notorious criminals, but
the prisons were crowded, the
state's funds were low.

Chris continues to flip through one of the books as Heather
joins the group. Anna half listens to Ken.

HEATHER

So what's all this got to do with
the Coliseum?

KEN

I'm getting to that.

(beat)

Like I was saying, the prisons were
overcrowded and crime was rampant.
California was on the verge of
bankruptcy. The FBI had to do
something to regain control. You
see, they figured that the only way
they could achieve that was through
drastic measures.

(beat)

The first public mass executions
took place in the 1963. In order to
make more room in the prisons they
took about half of the inmates out
to an old baseball stadium in Los
Angeles where they allowed the
public to attend.

CHRIS

So how does that explain why the
populace sees this as some kind of
sick game?

KEN

Well, the public executions were
only the beginning. As time went on
people saw it as a form of
entertainment. Sponsors soon
followed, big name advertisers, you
name it. They turned the executions
into a sort of Roman gladiator
event -- inmates fight it out to
the death.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)

The public executions brought in a ton of revenue for the state. In 1999 California became known as the "state of execution." The FBI spearheads the whole thing.

HEATHER

I'm sorry but I don't see any sport in slaughtering people just for the sake of entertainment --

(beat)

even if they happen to be criminals.

CHRIS

Did you happen to find out anything about Anna's double?

Ken takes one look at Anna and then motions for Chris to go over near the door so that Anna couldn't hear.

Once they're near the door --

KEN

(soft tone)

On this world, Anna and her husband are some pretty heavy hitters. They're responsible for a series of bank robberies, extortion and even murder.

CHRIS

Murder?

KEN

Yeah, they're responsible for the murder of some high profile scientist.

CHRIS

Who?

KEN

I don't know, some guy named Quinn Mallory. You know him?

CHRIS

Kinda. On our world, back in '94, I took a trip to San Francisco to meet up with an old friend. She'd introduced me to Quinn Mallory.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)
I'm telling you, Ken, this guy was brilliant, he knew more than most of my professors.

KEN
(looks over at Anna)
Should we tell her?

CHRIS
Not just yet. It's a lot for her to take in.

Ken nods in agreement.

ANNA

gets up and moves past the brothers, opening the door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(surprised)
Wait, Anna, where are you going?

ANNA
I can't take this right now. I need some time alone.

KEN
Hey, Chris is right. I think maybe you should stay here and --

ANNA
(interrupts Ken, angry)
Don't act like you even care, alright? Don't think I don't know what you're saying behind my back.

Anna takes one last look at the brothers and then leaves the room.

Chris and Ken exchange looks.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Anna stands out in the hallway, pinching the bridge of her nose, trying to collect her thoughts. She leans against the wall.

A few moments pass and then --

Anna picks her head up when she hears the sound of HEAVY FOOTSTEPS coming from the end of the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

frowns at who she sees approaching her.

INT. ROOM 12

Heather stands near the window while Chris and Ken sit at the table.

HEATHER

Man, it's gotta be rough for her right now. I feel real bad for Anna.

KEN

Why? We told her the risks, what could happen during a Slide. It's not like she didn't know.

CHRIS

You know, Ken, you could be a little more understanding. This is the first time she's had to deal with a double.

KEN

And *this* is what I was trying to explain to you. If you'd just ever listen for one --

The rest of what Ken was about to say is cut off by A LOUD SCREAM coming from just outside the door! All three sprint to the door.

Chris flings the door open to reveal --

An empty hallway.

Heather looks down one end of the hallway while Ken checks out the other.

HEATHER

She's gone.

CHRIS

Anna!

(beat)

Anna!

THE HALLWAY

is empty, save for the three Sliders. Off of them we --

(CONTINUED)

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY

The three stand there in the hallway, trying to make sense of what just happened.

KEN

I'll go check the lobby, maybe somebody's seen her.

Before either Chris or Heather can respond, Ken takes off down the hall.

Heather turns her attention to Chris.

HEATHER

Why can't we ever Slide into a world without having one of us being abducted?

(sighs)

What are we going to do?

CHRIS

I -- I don't know. She could be anywhere, anybody could've taken her.

HEATHER

Just great.

Moments later Ken rejoins the group.

KEN

I checked the lobby --

(beat)

nobody's seen her.

CHRIS

C'mon, let's go.

The three hurry down the hallway.

EXT. SAN DIEGO - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

The city is bustling, the Coliseum being at the epicenter of its activity. The lines just about extend to the streets!

INT. COLISEUM

Here we get a closer look -- set up much like a baseball stadium, there's various advertisers for soft drinks, software companies, car dealerships, cigarettes -- the Coliseum is definitely the pride of California.

Various CRIMINALS are being gathered up, SECURITY GUARDS prepping them for the upcoming event.

Every seat in the place is filled with cheering spectators.

INT. OFFICE

The office is your typical one at best -- a leather couch situated near the door, a heavy wood desk outfitted with a computer and various other odds and ends -- but the distinguishing feature is a long, wide Plexiglas window that overlooks the Coliseum.

EDWARD GRANT (58), an intimidating man, stands in front of the Plexiglas window, watching the events unfold. Next to him are two SUITS.

GRANT

Time's running out, gentlemen, and I have very little to show for our continuous efforts. Some of our biggest sponsors are threatening to back out if we don't start producing results.

SUIT #1

I wouldn't go that far, sir. As usual we've sold out every seat in the house.

SUIT #2

Yeah and we even have a couple of the Ten Most Wanted down there.

GRANT

I promised the FBI that I'd give them nothing but the deadliest, most dangerous fugitives.

(points at the window)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRANT (cont'd)
All we have down there are a few petty thugs. No, we need something more. If we had more of "the Ten" out there, like Jason Kelley, Alex Franks then we'd be back on top.

Somebody's CELL PHONE rings -- Suit #1 pulls out an iPhone and moves over across the room to take the call. A few moments later he rejoins the two men.

SUIT #1
(to Grant)
Sir?

GRANT
What is it?

SUIT #1
One of your informants just called.

Off Grant we --

DISSOLVE TO

INT. LIBRARY

There aren't many people in the library -- most of them are at the Coliseum, no doubt. The few that are there mull about or sitting at a nearby table reading a book.

In the section of the library designated for their computers, Chris and Ken stand behind Heather, who's seated behind a computer.

HEATHER
If we were to have any clue as to who may have taken Anna, I think we should start by looking up her double.

Heather pulls up a website on the Internet.

The

MONITOR

displays the homepage of YouTube.

Heather then types in Anna's name in the search bar.

BACK TO THE MONITOR

(CONTINUED)

A video clip is playing -- the duplicates of Anna and Craig Donovan, bound in handcuffs, are being led by police officers down the steps of a courthouse. The flashes of cameras explode around the couple as reporters barge their way through the crowd, shouting questions and shoving microphones in their faces.

Alt-Anna ducks her head from the cameras, trying her best not to be seen. Alt-Craig, on the other hand, has no issues with it whatsoever.

A REPORTER shoves a microphone in his face.

REPORTER

Do you have anything to say, Mr. Donovan?

ALT-CRAIG

Yeah, as a matter of fact I do.
(looks directly into the camera)

There's nothing out there that connects us with the Mallory murder. The police have mishandled the entire investigation.

The reporter tries to question Alt-Anna, who has her face buried in her husband's shoulder.

Alt-Craig pushes past the reporter.

ALT-CRAIG(CONT'D)

No further questions.

Heather stops the video clip here as she turns and faces the brothers.

Chris looks disappointed.

CHRIS

We already knew that Anna's double was arrested for Quinn Mallory's murder. What we *don't* know is what happened after.

KEN

I tried looking that up, bro, and the best that I could find was that they're currently in prison.

HEATHER

(thinks)
Maybe.

CHRIS

What?

HEATHER

Never mind. From the looks of things in that video, it seems like her husband was running the show. This other Anna doesn't look like she fits the bill of a convict.

CHRIS

I suppose so. What do we know about the Quinn Mallory of this world?

KEN

Apparently he worked for some company --
(thinks)
Barnett something --

Chris finishes Ken's statement.

CHRIS

Barnett Scientific Research and Development.

(beat)

I know. We had Barnett R and D back home. They specialized in scientific venues that most others were hesitant to take. If Quinn Mallory was working there then maybe he was on to something big.

HEATHER

Like Sliding?

CHRIS

Perhaps, or maybe something else that we haven't even thought of yet.

(frustrated)

None of this is helping us find Anna. We Slide in twelve hours.

Ken is about to speak when SOMETHING catches his attention. He tosses a glance over his shoulder.

KEN'S POV

A person stands near a window across the library, clad in a long coat, hat and dark sunglasses. Male or female is unknown but whoever they are they're watching the Sliders.

Ken nudges Chris on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

I think we're being watched.

Both Chris and Heather turn to see.

ACROSS THE LIBRARY

where the mystery person had stood moments before, is now gone.

KEN (CONT'D)

Look, guys, I think our best bet now is gonna be the Coliseum. If whoever it was that took Anna thinks that she's her double, then that'd be the most obvious place, wouldn't it?

CHRIS

You're right, Ken, but there's no way we'd get in. The gates are closed, remember?

HEATHER

We should get back to the hotel and come up with some sort of plan.

Ken tries looking for the mystery person -- no such luck.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISHING

An old brick, three story building that sits on a street corner. Painted alongside the building: **HENDERSON FABRIC AND TEXTILE.**

INT. WAREHOUSE

Edward Grant stands there, checking his BlackBerry. He pockets the device when he hears THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS coming from behind him -- he doesn't bother turning around to see who it is. He already knows.

GRANT

My time is not something to be wasted, you know.

The other person, cloaked in shadow, stands behind Grant.

CONTACT

You're gonna thank me for this one, Ed, trust me.

(CONTINUED)

GRANT

Kinda hard to trust the words
spoken from a convicted felon.

CONTACT

A minute of your time is all I ask.
I have something that'll benefit
both of us.

GRANT

rolls his eyes as he turns to face his contact, who is no
other than --

ALT-CRAIG DONOVAN

who steps out of the shadows.

GRANT

This better be worth my time,
Donovan. Don't make me regret our
"arrangement".

ALT-CRAIG

This one's good.

Alt-Craig leads Grant over to a connecting room. There, in
the center of the room, is a person bound to a chair, eyes
blindfolded.

Alt-Craig removes the blindfold.

Grant isn't impressed in the slightest -- if anything he's
confused.

Slider Anna turns her head away the moment the blindfold
comes off.

GRANT

What is this, some kind of joke?

ALT-CRAIG

No joke.
(eyes on Anna)
Amazing, isn't it?

GRANT

Where'd you find her?

ALT-CRAIG

A "friend" of mine called, said she
saw Anna at the Windmill Inn with a
group of people. I went to check it
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALT-CRAIG (cont'd)
out and saw her standin' there in
the hallway.

(beat)

After I grabbed her, she insisted
that she wasn't my Anna. Get this
-- she claims to be from a parallel
Earth.

GRANT

A parallel Earth, huh? That's some
story. So, what do you want me to
do about this?

ALT-CRAIG

She's a dead ringer for Anna. I
hand her over to you and do what
ever with her, and once the world
thinks she's dead my wife is in the
clear to get out of the state,
start over somewhere new.

GRANT

What about yourself?

ALT-CRAIG

I'll figure that out. So -- do we
have a deal?

Grant considers this as he looks over at Anna.

Off of a terrified Anna we --

DISSOLVE TO

INT. ROOM 12

Ken stands by the window, peering out through the blinds
while Chris and Heather are watching a live broadcast of the
Coliseum.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

All heads turn towards the door.

Ken moves across the room, holding up a hand for Chris and
Heather to not move. He opens the door.

There, standing in the doorway, is Alt-Anna Donovan. She's
wearing the same clothing as the "mystery person" Ken saw
earlier at the library.

(CONTINUED)

KEN
(astonished)
You're the one I saw at the
library, you were watching us.

ALT-ANNA
I had to be sure I had the right
people.
(checks the hallway)
Can I come in?

Ken steps aside to let Alt-Anna in. He closes the door
behind her.

Heather and Chris exchange looks.

Alt-Anna removes her coat and sunglasses.

ALT-ANNA
It's you, right? You're the
Sliders.

CHRIS
(hesitant)
Uh, yes, that's correct.

HEATHER
Do you know where our friend is?

ALT-ANNA
Yes, that's why I'm here.

KEN
Where is she?

ALT-ANNA
My husband has her. She's being
held in some old factory a few
blocks from here.
(beat)
My husband plans on handing her
over to the FBI to be executed in
the Coliseum. Today.

The three Sliders exchange looks of dread. Off them we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

FADE IN

INT. ROOM 12

Alt-Anna sits at the table across from Chris, Ken and Heather are next to the window -- eyes and ears are all on Alt-Anna.

ALT-ANNA

My husband works with Edward Grant, he's the Administrative Director of Operations at the Coliseum.

(shrugs)

He decides who goes into the Coliseum. You see, lately the criminals being sent in are only guilty of minor offenses, the majority of the Top Ten are still at large. Popularity for the sport is dropping quite fast.

CHRIS

Which is where our Anna comes in.

ALT-ANNA

Exactly. If they can get more of the Top Ten in there, the sponsors won't back out and the FBI continues to rake in the money.

KEN

Just how did your husband manage to work all this out with Grant?

ALT-ANNA

I don't know -- I guess he saw someone who he could control. Use a criminal to catch a criminal.

(beat)

I don't know the specifics of it but bottom line is that if Craig helps Grant bring in criminals for the Coliseum then he'll let us go.

HEATHER

And with our Anna in your place, you'll be in the free and clear.

ALT-ANNA

That is the plan.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

We can't let that happen.

Ken picks up the remote control and turns on the TV.

ON THE SCREEN

The same reporter from earlier can be seen standing just outside the Coliseum's main gates -- she has her head tilted with a hand brushing up against her ear, as if she's listening to something. She faces the camera.

REPORTER

This just in -- another fugitive from the FBI's Top Ten will be taking part in today's execution.

The image of the reporter is replaced by a mug shot of Alt-Anna.

Back to the reporter.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Convicted on several accounts of armed robbery, aggravated assault and murder, Anna Donovan will be arriving at the Coliseum shortly.

Ken shuts off the TV and turns to face the group.

KEN

Alright, guys, if we're gonna make a move then now's the time.

Chris turns to Alt-Anna.

CHRIS

Anna, do you know where Craig would be at this very moment?

ALT-ANNA

He should still be at the warehouse.

CHRIS

Okay.

(thinks)

Now all we need is a plan.

ALT-ANNA

has a certain look on her face -- a look that shows the mental wheels are turning.

INT. WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Alt-Anna approaches Alt-Craig, who is conversing with Edward Grant -- while escorting the Sliders at gunpoint.

ALT-CRAIG
Anna, where did you go?
(looks at the Sliders)
Who are they?

GRANT
That's what I'd like to know as well.

ALT-ANNA
I caught them outside trying to get in. They say they're friends of my impostor.

ALT-CRAIG
Good job, babe.

Alt-Craig goes over to his wife and kisses her as he takes the gun away from her.

Edward Grant looks on with a touch of confusion.

GRANT
What's your brilliant plan now, Donovan?

ALT-CRAIG
Hell, I figured I'd just kill 'em right here, right now.

ALT-ANNA
Sweetheart, why don't we give them what they came for. They want their friend and, the way I see it, the Coliseum always has room for more -- guests.

Alt-Craig tosses a glance over to Edward Grant.

ALT-CRAIG
What do ya say, Ed? Guaranteed to be a hit.

Grant's at a complete loss but not closed to the idea, either.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD GRANT
Sure, why the hell not?

Alt-Anna indicates the room that her double is in.

ALT-ANNA
I'll be right back. I want to take
a closer look at the poor bitch
before you haul her away.
(beat)
I want front row seats when it
happens.

ALT-CRAIG
You know you can't go out in
public, babe, not yet.

ALT-ANNA
There'll be too many people there
not paying attention to me. As far
as they're concerned, I'd already
be in the pit.

Alt-Anna takes her leave.

Alt-Craig turns his attention to the Sliders.

ALT-CRAIG
So, what's your story, huh, more
intergalactic travelers come to
visit?

CHRIS
Inter-dimensional travelers,
actually. We're Sliders.

ALT-CRAIG
After today it won't matter a damn
bit who, or what, you are.

INT. OTHER ROOM

Alt-Anna checks to make sure that she's out of earshot -- from where she's at in the other room, she's also out of sight. She then removes the blindfold and gag from her double -- she gets her first real look at the situation.

ALT-ANNA
(stunned)
This is -- I can't believe this.
You look so much like me.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Please, you can't let him hurt me.

ALT-ANNA

Don't worry about that, okay? Your friends are here.

ANNA

I have to get out of here. I don't belong here.

ALT-ANNA

I know that. I won't let anything happen to you, I promise.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Edward Grant, who had been standing by this entire time, checks his watch and looks up at Alt-Craig.

EDWARD GRANT

Enough of my time has been wasted.
I have an execution to oversee.
(indicates Sliders)
Round 'em up, let's go.

Alt-Craig goes calls out to his wife. Moments later they are joined by the two Annas -- one has her hands bound with a zip tie and the other is escorting her.

The Sliders have their wrists bound in a similar fashion and brought over to Grant at gunpoint.

Alt-Craig stops Alt-Anna before she can join the group.

ALT-CRAIG

Are you sure you want to do this, going out in public? I'm not so sure this is a good idea.

ALT-ANNA

I'm sure, everything will be alright.
(indicates Sliders)
All the attention will be on them.

Alt- Craig kisses his wife and then watches her leave with Grant and the others. He thinks for a moment and then --

ALT-CRAIG

Grant.

With a furrowed brow Grant goes over to Alt-Craig.

(CONTINUED)

ALT-CRAIG

Ed, I just wanted to tell you to be careful. We don't know anything about these people -- you never know when someone's about to screw you over.

GRANT

Yeah, sure.

(beat)

I got to go.

As Grant turns to leave, Alt-Craig "bumps" into him -- this earns Alt-Craig a very strange look from Grant.

Alt-Craig only shrugs in response.

Grant takes his leave as he escorts the Sliders out at gunpoint.

ALT-CRAIG

watches them leave. Once they're out of sight he smirks as he glances down at the WHITE PLASTIC CARD that he holds in his hand.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

The streets are not at all that occupied as Grant leads the Sliders over to a BLACK SEDAN that's parked just around the corner of the building. The group, along with Alt-Anna, get into the vehicle.

The vehicle steers out onto the streets.

INT. SEDAN

Grant is driving while Alt-Anna sits in the front. The Sliders are wedged in the back seat, shoulder to shoulder.

Chris manages to lean his head forward a bit.

CHRIS

(to Grant)

Please, let us go. Look, I won't go to the cops, alright? I won't say a word.

GRANT

That'd be kinda hard to do that when you're dead, don't you think?

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

We've done nothing wrong.

GRANT

You know too much, and letting you
all go is a chance that I'm just
not willing to take.

Chris leans his head back and sighs.

Ken looks over at Anna, who has her head lowered. He leans
down to speak to her in a lowered yet comforting tone.

KEN

(whispers)

Hey, don't freak out, alright?
We'll get you out of this.

(beat)

It's all part of the ride -- all
the thrills at no extra charge.

Despite her terrified state, Anna manages a soft chuckle.

GRANT

having heard Anna's laugh, looks over his shoulder. He turns
his attention to Alt-Anna and raises an eyebrow.

GRANT

You better think twice about
showing up to the Coliseum looking
like that. You're bound to raise
much unneeded suspicion.

ALT-ANNA

Don't worry, I got it covered.

Alt-Anna fidgets in her seat.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COLISEUM

Grant parks the sedan in the only parking space available --
right up front of the Coliseum. One by one everyone exits
the vehicle and are lead over to the main gates.

EXT. COLISEUM SIDE ENTRANCE

Grant leads the group over to a side entrance. He reaches into his coat pocket and frowns.

Ken looks on at Grant with an amused grin.

KEN
Something wrong there, chief?

GRANT
(mutters)
Damn it.

Grant pulls out his BlackBerry, dials a number and holds the phone up to his ear. A moment later --

GRANT
(on the phone)
Yeah, it's me. I've seemed to have misplaced my access card, I need you to buzz me in.
(beat)
I can't, the only other way inside is through the main gate -- it's a damned three ringed circus out there.

Grant ends the call and slips the phone back into his pocket. They wait for a few moments until a soft *click* is heard.

A RED LIGHT switches to GREEN on the CARD READER CONSOLE.

Grant opens the door and lets Alt-Anna and the Sliders enter. He closes the door behind them.

INT. CORRIDOR

A suit is waiting for Grant in the narrow, featureless corridor.

GRANT
These fugitives will be taking part in today's execution. Have them prepped and ready to go, the execution begins in twenty minutes.
(beat)
Oh, and see to it here that my guest --
(indicates Alt-Anna)
gets front row seats for the show.

(CONTINUED)

SUIT #3

Yes, sir.

The suit lets the Sliders pass first, then Alt-Anna.

Grant calls the suit back.

GRANT

(hushed tone)

Keep an eye on my guest. If she
tries anything funny, let me know
immediately.

SUIT #3

Of course, sir.

The suit takes his leave.

GRANT

watches them leave.

EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE COLISEUM

An old, beat up Toyota pick up truck slows to a stop -- the engine cuts out. Alt-Craig steps out of the truck, checks the area to make sure it's clear, and then heads over to the same side entrance that Grant had gone through.

EXT. COLISEUM SIDE ENTRANCE

Alt-Craig pulls out the plastic access card that he'd lifted from Grant back at the warehouse, swipes it and grins as the red light flashes to green.

He does one final quick check to make sure he isn't being watched, opens the door and moves in.

As the door closes we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. PREP AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

The prep room looks as if it were once a locker room, long ago. There are even BLOOD STAINS on some sections of the wall.

Uniformed guards approach the Sliders, handing each of them some sort of weapon -- such items like crowbars, baseball bats or even brass knuckles.

Ken frowns when one of the guards hands him the BRASS KNUCKLES.

KEN

Really? This is like bringing a knife to a gunfight.

Chris is holding A SPIKED BASEBALL BAT.

CHRIS

This is completely insane. I don't want to hurt anybody, I just want to get the hell off of this godforsaken dimension.

(thinks)

Who has the Timer?

Heather, who's sitting on a bench near Ken, has a BLOOD STAINED CROWBAR in her possession.

HEATHER

Anna's double.

(beat)

Look, guys, we don't have all that much time left 'til the Slide. We gotta do something -- if we go out there we're all dead meat.

Anna, who holds a KNIFE with much hesitance, is standing near Chris.

ANNA

There isn't much that we can do at this point. It's like you just said, Heather, my double has the Timer and she's out there with Grant.

(beat)

I guess the only thing that we could do is make a grab for the Timer once we get out there.

Ken sighs as he begins to pace. He tosses a glance over at one of the five GUARDS watching them.

(CONTINUED)

The

GUARD

gives him a taunting grin.

UNIFORMED GUARD
Ten minutes to show time.

KEN
Thanks for the time check there,
Big Ben.

UNIFORMED GUARD
You know somethin', pal? You're a
real smartass.

KEN
I guess it's better than being a
dumbass, right?

The guard takes a couple steps towards Ken -- Chris tries to defuse the situation.

CHRIS
Alright, just knock it the hell off
you two.
(to the guard)
There's no need for further
violence. You're going to see
plenty of that in a few minutes.

UNIFORMED GUARD
Then I suggest that you tell your
friend here --
(indicates Ken)
to keep his damned mouth shut.

Chris is about to speak when Ken steps past his brother, closing the space between himself and the guard.

KEN
I don't know about the rest of you
but I'm not to put up with some
rent-a-cop.

The guard withdraws his NIGHTSTICK.

Ken stands his ground.

UNIFORMED GUARD
I've had enough of your mouth,
punk.

(CONTINUED)

Heather and Anna watch in silence.

Chris jumps to his feet and positions himself between his brother and the guard.

CHRIS

Alright, enough!

(to Ken)

Please don't go making the situation any more worse than it is.

KEN

Like it isn't already? No.

(pushes Chris aside)

I'm getting sick and tired of being taken captive on damn near every world we slide to.

UNIFORMED GUARD

Make your move.

Ken's about to throw a punch when another guard interrupts -- he pulls his colleague back.

UNIFORMED GUARD #2

Let it go, the show's about to start.

UNIFORMED GUARD

(eyes on Ken)

I wouldn't miss this one for a single minute. I'm gonna enjoy watching those convicts tear you to shreds.

KEN

Don't count on that -- *pal*.

THE UNIFORMED GUARD

only smirks in response.

INT. CORRIDOR

Alt-Craig walks down the corridor at a brisk pace. He stops and pushes his back against the wall when he hears the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS echoing through out the corridor.

Alt-Craig holds his breath as TWO GUARDS move past. A few nerve racking moments later Alt-Craig continues on. He takes a couple more turns until he finds the prep room.

(CONTINUED)

Alt-Craig, peering around the corner of the door, looks into the room.

ALT-CRAIG'S POV

The prep room is empty. There's no sign of his wife or of the Sliders.

ALT-CRAIG
(harsh whisper)
Damn!

He continues on, having an idea of where they might be. Along the way he keeps an eye out for Grant or any of his goons.

INT. COLISEUM

Every seat in the house is full -- jam packed with eager spectators. CAMERA FLASHBULBS flash out of sync with one another, creating some sort of chaotic light show.

A JUMBO-TRON SCREEN overlooks the Staging Area --

ON THE JUMBO-TRON

Various angles of the spectators and participants. A shot or two includes Chris and Heather.

The "participants" of the execution are standing in 3 ranks. The Sliders are dispersed amongst the crowd -- Ken and Anna are in one rank while Chris and Heather are a couple ranks over.

Ken tries to see where Chris and Heather are out.

KEN'S POV

Amongst the crowd, just barely visible, is Chris and Heather. Heather looks over and makes eye contact with Ken -- she's trying to hide her fear but not doing a good job at it.

ANNA
(nervous, terrified)
I can't go through with this, Ken.
I don't stand a chance against
these people.

KEN
Just stay close to me, alright?

(CONTINUED)

ANNA
What's your plan?

KEN
I have a plan -- I just don't know
what it is yet.

ANNA
(more terrified)
Great.

ACROSS THE GROUP

Chris and Heather stand next to one another. Heather sweeps her gaze across the large group of convicts.

HEATHER
What are we going to do, Chris? We
need to get the Timer back and I
don't see Anna's double anywhere
around.

CHRIS
I wouldn't expect you to be able to
see much through this crowd.
(beat)
This isn't the first time were we
had to cut it close. Once they send
us out there, we'll take advantage
of the chaos and we'll make a break
for it.

HEATHER
If that's the case then we're going
to have to most fast.

INT. OFFICE

Edward Grant stands in front of the Plexiglas viewing window. He couldn't be happier.

As usual, the two suits are present. One of them is holding a clipboard with some documents attached to it.

SUIT #1
(reads the documents)
I don't know how you did it, sir,
but we're already getting the
preliminary ratings, and they are
off the charts.
(beat)
We noticed a 42% increase when the
news had announced that Anna
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUIT #1 (cont'd)

Donovan and her friends would be taking part. This is more than we could've hoped for.

GRANT

Let's not put all of our eggs in one basket just yet. The execution hasn't even started.

SUIT #2

That may be, sir, but we're already getting calls from some of the sponsors who'd already dropped out, and even some new ones, too.

(beat)

We're even getting calls from Microsoft. Ever since they bought YouTube, they've been the number one site for online entertainment. Get this -- they want to start streaming the executions live on their websites.

GRANT

We'll see, gentlemen, we'll see.

Grant continues to watch the crowds below but he can't hide the satisfied smile spreading across his face.

INT. CORRIDOR

Alt-Craig comes up to the back door that leads to the Coliseum's "battle grounds". He peers through the small viewing window in the door.

THROUGH THE VIEWING WINDOW

The crowds are standing by. From this viewpoint there's no sign of his wife or of the Sliders.

Alt-Craig checks to make sure the coast is clear. He stands there by the door, trying to get a better look.

INT. COLISEUM BOX SEATS

Alt-Anna, sitting next a couple of upper class people, fidgets a bit in her seat. Ducking her head, she slips her hand into her pocket and pulls out

THE TIMER

(CONTINUED)

The readout displays: **00 HRS 10 MINS 23 SECS**. Just below that the following headers can be seen in columns, reading from left to right:

TARGETED INTERDIMENSIONAL COORDINATES DOWNLOADED, PARAMETERS SET TO: SHUFFLE

CURRENT SLIDING RADIUS SETTINGS - 700 MI

RETURN INTERDIMENSIONAL COORDINATE LOCKED IN? Y.

GEOGRAPHICAL SPECTRUM STABILIZER - WHISPERING GALLERY

SELF REGENERATING POWER CHIP FUNCTIONAL - 97% CAPACITY

Alt-Anna slips the device back into her pocket when she notices the strange looks she's getting from the two seated next to her.

MIDDLE AGED SPECTATOR

That's, uh, some nifty iPod you have there.

ALT-ANNA

(nervous)

Thanks.

She turns her attention back to the crowd.

INT. COLISEUM

The guards are now ushering the convicts out onto the staging area by columns of two. Ken and Anna are among the first two groups.

Chris and Heather grow more antsy with each passing moment.

CHRIS

Okay, now it's getting down to the wire.

HEATHER

You're telling *me*?

INT. STAGING AREA

Ken and Anna stand side by side, gripping their weapons in a fit of pure nerves.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Don't panic. There's still just enough time for us to get out of this. Once they give the signal, head towards the box seats.

ANNA

(nervous)

Not like I have much of choice in the matter.

Once everyone is ready the guard motions for the next couple groups.

Moments later Chris and Heather make their way out onto the area. THUNDEROUS ROARS emanates from the crowd as they raise to their feet!

Chris catches sight of Ken. He turns to Heather.

CHRIS

I see Ken.

HEATHER

Where?

CHRIS

(points)

About to rows ahead of us.

HEATHER

Do you see Anna?

CHRIS

Yeah, I do, and from the looks of things, the poor girl's about to have a panic attack.

HEATHER

Who could blame her?

Each group continues to make their way out onto the staging area until everyone is present -- two distinct groups are now facing each other, with about twenty feet give or take between them. The guards do a final quick headcount and then turn to face the

WATCH TOWER

where the officials are situated.

THE GUARD

gives the "thumbs up" to the officials.

INT. WATCH TOWER

The OFFICIALS, three men and three women, all give the "go ahead" and proceed to begin the execution.

One of the officials, an African American woman near middle age, leans into a microphone.

COLISEUM OFFICIAL
Ladies and gentlemen, the
executions are about to begin!

INT. STAGING AREA

The crowd goes wild upon hearing those words! HOLLERS AND WHISTLES erupt from the crowd.

Ken tenses his body.

KEN
(under his breath, nervous)
It's showtime --
(to Anna)
Get ready.

ANNA
This isn't happening.

KEN
Well it is, okay? Get your head in
the game, Anna. Remember, the
moment it starts, head to the box
seats.

ANNA
O - okay.

TWO ROWS BACK

Chris and Heather prepare for the impending chaos.

HEATHER
I'm open to suggestions here.

CHRIS
(thinks)
When they give the signal -- run.
Run like hell.

HEATHER
That's it, that's your brilliant
plan?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Why do you guys always expect me to
have all the answers?

HEATHER

Because you usually do.

The execution is about to begin.

INT. CORRIDOR/EXT. COLISEUM

Alt-Craig can't wait any longer. He eases the door opens and
heads out to the Coliseum.

He ducks his head as he avoids any kind of direct eye
contact. He finds a spot near the front. He catches sight of
his wife's double -- he grins.

INT. COLISEUM BOX SEATS

Alt-Anna glances at the Timer once more.

The

TIMER

reads: **00 HRS 08 MINS 12 SECS**

She conceals the Timer as she searches the crowd for the
Sliders.

ALT-ANNA

C'mon, c'mon, where are you guys?

This time she pays little heed to the strange looks from the
spectating couple.

INT. STAGING AREA

The guards stand between the two masses.

The official makes the announcement via the P.A. system.

COLISEUM OFFICIAL (P.A. SYSTEM)

And now, the event that you're all
waiting for --

(beat)

LET THE EXECUTION BEGIN!

THE CROWD

(CONTINUED)

yelps with UNCONTROLLED EXCITEMENT!

The guards take a few steps back --

and the two masses convene onto one another -- the execution has begun!

KEN

looks around in a frantic state, ducking his head as A STEEL PIPE just misses him.

KEN

Damn it!

He looks around -- he can't find Anna! She's amiss amongst the hordes of criminals and convicts battling it out to the death.

KEN

Anna!

(beat)

Anna!

Ken is knocked to the ground when a BURLY BEARDED THUG rushes him. A punch from the thug lands square across Ken's jaw.

They continue to grapple on the ground while --

ACROSS THE STAGING AREA

Chris and Heather stay close to one another, Chris leading Heather through the masses by the hand. For the most part they're successful, that is until their direct path to the box seats is blocked by two DAUNTING CRIMINALS.

Chris and Heather stop dead in their tracks.

CHRIS AND HEATHER

stand as still as statues -- frozen in fear.

BACK OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE

where Ken is still struggling with the tough looking biker guy. For the most part, Ken's able to fend off the attacks but the ones that find their target -- it's not looking too good.

Ken grabs at the thug's shoulders and shoves with all the strength he can muster.

(CONTINUED)

The thug lands flat on his back but he's not down for long. He gets back up and charges yet again at Ken.

Ken, at first oblivious to the impending attack, is searching the crowd for Anna.

KEN

Anna!!!

Something catches his attention out of the corner of his eye -- he instantly disappears out of sight!

THE BURLY BEARDED THUG

rushes Ken and grabs him by the legs, pulling him to the ground. The struggle continues.

INT. OFFICE

Grant and his two suits watch the chaos unfold.

GRANT

This is better than I'd anticipated. I haven't seen a crowd go this wild in months.

SUIT #1

The inclusion of Anna Donovan and her friends alone were enough to send the ratings through the roof.

Grant smiles to himself as he watches the execution. He frowns when he sees something -- down there in the crowd.

THROUGH THE PLEXIGLAS WINDOW

There, near the first rows of spectators, is Alt-Craig Donovan.

GRANT

Donovan? What the hell's he doing here? He's going to ruin everything.

(to Suit #1)

Alert the guards, tell them we've got an unexpected visitor.

SUIT #1

Who?

(CONTINUED)

GRANT

Craig Donovan, he's down there in
the stands. First row. Tell the
guards to throw his ass in here.

(as an afterthought)

Can't afford any loose ends.

The suit tips his head and takes his leave.

Grant turns his attention back to the execution.

GRANT

Oh yeah, this is *definitely* more
than all of us could've hoped for.

INT. STAGING AREA

Chris and Heather continue to make their way towards the box seats when SOMEONE grabs Heather from behind and throws her to the ground. Chris wheels around to go help her when he's knocked down to the ground himself.

Heather is struggling with A MUSTACHIOED CRIMINAL WITH AN EYE PATCH. He tries to choke her.

EYE PATCH

I'm gonna enjoy every moment of
this, cutie.

(eyes Heather)

Such a waste. So nice an' soft.

Heather grimaces as she rears up her knee right into his groin! She shoves him off of her as his one eye just about bulges out of his head.

HEATHER

(stands up, brushes herself
off)

Sorry there, Cyclops, you're not my
type.

She looks over and sees Chris struggling with A HEAVILY TATTOOED CRIMINAL.

Chris tries to fend off the attacks but to little avail -- the criminal is laying into him pretty bad.

Heather sprints over to help Chris. She throws herself onto the criminal, and both tumble to the ground.

Chris picks himself up and, a bit dazed, tries to make sense of what just happened.

(CONTINUED)

Heather and the criminal are struggling.

TATTOOED CRIMINAL
Bitch! I'll snap your freakin'
neck!

Heather loses the upper hand as the criminal, now fueled by unbridled anger, throws her to the ground on her back.

Chris sees in horror what's about to happen to Heather.

CHRIS
Heather!

Chris races over to the criminal, grabs him by his outstretched arm and pulls him to his feet -- he places one, good solid punch to the criminal.

The tattooed criminal lands flat on his back, dazed.

Chris helps Heather to her feet.

Heather, while very grateful, tries to play it off.

HEATHER
Thanks for the hand, but I had him.

CHRIS
(in a hurry, not entirely
convinced)
Sure you did, c'mon let's go find
the others.

Chris takes Heather by the hand and practically drags her away.

ACROSS THE STAGING AREA

Ken manages to get back on his feet, after being unintentionally helped by another criminal, whom had fallen into them.

The bearded thug and this other criminal are now going at it.

Ken takes off, searching for Anna. He ducks and pushes his way through the crowd -- along the way taking just enough time lay out a few criminals to try and take him by surprise.

ON THE JUMBOTRON

Various angles of the execution can be seen.

INT. FRONT ROW SEATS

Alt-Craig is looking for his wife. Just as he pushes past a couple spectators holding food and drink, he sees Alt-Anna sitting in the box seats.

However, just before he can make his way over to her, A PAIR OF HANDS grab hold of him by his shoulders.

Alt-Craig spins around and is facing TWO GUARDS.

ALT-CRAIG

What's the meaning of this? Let go of me.

UNIFORMED GUARD

Sorry, no can do. Mr. Grant's orders.

ALT-CRAIG

Orders? What orders?

The guards' only answer is them dragging Alt-Craig and shoving him into the Staging Area.

Alt-Craig rushes over just as the security gate is swung shut. The guard smiles as he locks the gate.

UNIFORMED GUARD

Have fun, Mr. Donovan.

ALT-CRAIG

No, you can't do this! Let me out!

The guards laugh as they turn their backs on him and leave.

INT. STAGING AREA

Alt-Craig looks about the chaos in pure dread. He sets about trying to find another way out.

INT. COLISEUM BOX SEATS

Alt-Anna steals another glance at the Timer.

The

TIMER

now reads: **00 HRS 03 MINS 45 SECS**

She stands up and heads down towards the gate that separates the Staging Area from the spectators. She leans against the gate, trying to find any sign of the Sliders.

INT. STAGING AREA

Ken pushes past a group of fighting criminals when he sees
--

Anna. She's lying on her back, A POOL OF BLOOD forming from under her back.

Ken's eyes go wide in both shock and fear.

KEN

Anna --

Ken rushes over to Anna and kneels down beside her. She's alive but hanging on by a thread.

Anna's eyes flutter open. She sees Ken. This isn't Anna but her double.

ALT-ANNA

(struggles to speak)

Don't worry, your friend is safe. I made sure of that.

KEN

You switched places with her. Why?

ALT-ANNA

It's only right that I pay for my crimes. Your friend doesn't belong here.

KEN

No, I don't believe it.

(then)

You were never guilty of any of those crimes, were you? It was all your husband, wasn't it?

ALT-ANNA

(struggles)

I may not have pulled the trigger but I didn't try to stop it, either. I'm just as guilty as Craig.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

I gotta get you outta here.

Ken picks Alt-Anna up and carries her across the Staging Area. He makes it over to the box seats, where the real Anna looks on in utter shock.

Alt-Craig, having just been in a struggle, gets to his feet when he sees Ken carrying his wife.

ALT-CRAIG

Anna?

Alt-Craig takes off sprinting over to Ken and Alt-Anna.

Chris and Heather reach the box seat area where they also see Ken with Alt-Anna.

With much ease, Ken lays Alt-Anna back on the ground. His hands are covered in blood.

Alt-Craig goes over to his wife and takes a knee. He's about to break down --

ALT-CRAIG

Sweetheart?

(then)

Please, baby, don't die on me. I need you.

Chris and Heather are in a state of shock, that is until they see their Anna standing there on the other side of the fence.

Something comes over Chris as he lays eyes on Alt-Craig. He bolts over to them, pushes Ken aside and grabs Alt-Craig by the collar, pulling him close enough so that they're standing nose to nose.

CHRIS

You did this to her, you son of a bitch! You should be the one laying on the ground, not her!

Alt-Craig doesn't put up much of a struggle.

ALT-CRAIG

I love her! She's my wife.

Ken goes over to Heather, both of whom are watching Chris with raised eyebrows. Neither one of them has ever seen Chris lash out like that -- Ken goes over and pulls his brother off of Alt-Craig.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Save it, bro, he isn't worth it.

(then)

C'mon, we got a wormhole to catch.

Anna manages to hop the gate and joins the group. By this time they are just starting to gain the attention of some of the spectators.

ANNA

Back at the warehouse, my double decided to switch places with me. She gave me the Timer so that when the time came, we could all leave.

She looks at the Timer.

ANNA

We got about twenty seconds.

Anna looks over at her double and kneels beside her, pushing aside a couple of loose strands of matted hair.

ANNA

You shouldn't have done that.

ALT-ANNA

(struggles)

At least one of us was smart enough to leave the bastard.

Anna gives her a faint smile as she stands up, aims the Timer and activates the vortex.

THE SLIDING VORTEX

opens up, a swirling bluish - clear whirlpool.

ON THE JUMBOTRON

A close up shot of the vortex followed by the shocked reactions of the spectators.

All of the fighting has ceased by this point. All eyes are on the vortex.

INT. WATCH TOWER

The officials look on in awe and wonder at the sight of the vortex.

(CONTINUED)

COLISEUM OFFICIAL
(in awe)
What in the hell is that??

INT. OFFICE

Grant eyes the spectacle in complete shock.

One of the suit's is on the phone. Moments later he disconnects the call and goes over to Grant.

SUIT #1
Sir, that was a rep from the FBI.
The Director wants to know what's
going on.

GRANT
Wish I knew.

INT. STAGING AREA

The participants and guards look in with mixed reactions -- wonder, awe, utter confusion.

Heather is the first to sprint towards the vortex -- she leaps right in.

Ken is second to go, throwing himself into the void.

Chris takes a moment to go over to Anna, easing her away from the sight of her double.

ALT-CRAIG

is kneeling beside the corpse of his wife, looking up at Anna.

Anna shakes her head at him. She turns her back on him and races over to the vortex.

Chris is the last to go into the void.

Moments later the

SLIDING VORTEX

snaps shut.

A guard dashes over to where the vortex had just been, waving a hand through the space that it'd occupied just moments prior.

(CONTINUED)

Off of the crowd, we --

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Grant is sitting at his desk, going over the contents of a file. He adjusts his eyeglasses and sets the folder down.

He's speaking to SOMEBODY but we don't know just who it is yet --

GRANT

That was quite the -- turnout
tonight, wouldn't you say?

A VOICE, a very familiar voice, speaks.

FAMILIAR VOICE

If I'd known that they were in
possession of Sliding technology --

Grant holds up a hand.

GRANT

All in due time -- Mr. Mallory.

ALT-QUINN MALLORY

a man who's supposed to be dead, sits on the other side of the desk, cross legged, clad in a business suit.

ALT-QUINN

You could've done more, Grant. Once
you saw the vortex activated, you
should've detained them. They might
have had something that I could've
used.

(then)

Barnett's running out of funding,
fast. If they shut down my lab then
my entire life's work will be for
nothing.

GRANT

Look, Mr. Mallory, just continue to
honor our deal. You scratch my back
and I'll scratch yours.

(then)

Besides, as far as the world is
concerned, you're dead, you have
nowhere else to go.

(CONTINUED)

ALT-QUINN

I'll do whatever I have to in order to continue my work. Big deal, so I have to work underground. Once my experiment's complete, none of it will even matter.

GRANT

You know as well as I do, Quinn, that if somebody of great importance to the community were to be violently killed, then that'd in turn boost revenue for the Coliseum for when we catch the murderer.

(then)

People like Craig Donovan are easy to control, to manipulate. Even though he's been a pain my ass he's helped me bring in some very dangerous criminals.

(then)

That's why I'd arranged your "murder."

Grant leans forward in his chair and steeples his fingers.

There's a certain look that Alt-Quinn has -- does he actually regret what he's done?

Off of Alt-Quinn we --

FADE TO BLACK

THE END