

Sliders: Infinite Dimensions

By

Anthony Baird

SLIDERS: INFINITE DIMENSIONS

"Shadow Games"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT - HOME - DUSK

A MAN -- late fifties with graying hair and deep wrinkles on his worried face -- sits in an old recliner holding a telephone receiver.

MAN

(over the phone)

Listen, what do you want from me?

(sighs)

I'm getting too old for this crap.  
Look, let the young kids battle  
this one out.

A VOICE on the other end of the line sounds deep and indistinguishable, sort of like one's voice sounds when it's digitally altered. Through the disguise it's hard to miss the DISTINCT SOUND OF DESPERATION.

ALTERED VOICE

You're much needed, Jim. You're the  
only one who can get close enough,  
the only one they'd trust.

The man, now known as JIM, leans his head back and lets out a sigh. He then leans forward, a certain edge in his tone.

JIM

I don't know who you are or how you  
found me, but my answer is no.

ALTERED VOICE

Normally there wouldn't be much of  
a choice. After all --

(brief laughter)

we've had to convince people much  
more unwilling than yourself, Mr.  
Richardson. Tell me, what do you  
miss the most?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

What the hell is this? I've had enough of your games.

ALTERED VOICE

Before you go hanging up there's something that I think would interest you.

(beat)

Your wife, Jim. We have the means of returning her to you.

JIM

sits there, silent and motionless. It takes him a few long and silent moments to respond. When he does --

JIM

(shouts into the phone)

Listen here you sick bastard! My wife is dead! I've had enough of your stories, telling me about some other son that doesn't exist.

VOICE

You agree to help us and we'll make sure that you survive, okay? You will be well rewarded. You want your proof? Fine. Your son, Chris, will confirm that what we're saying is the truth.

Jim stands up and crosses the living room, peering out through the closed blinds on the window.

JIM

I'll make you a deal. You bring my son to me and have him explain all this.

(beat)

That happens, and then only after, I'll follow through on my end. Deal?

VOICE

Your cooperation is much appreciated, Mr. Richardson.

JIM

Hey, wait a minute. How am I to contact you?

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

According to our records, your sons should be coming to visit you shortly. We'll guide them to you, don't you worry about that. After you talk with Chris I will call you.

(beat)

They are not to know of any of this. Chris and Ken Richardson must be free to act without interference.

JIM

Look -- I've already lost my wife. If you hurt my son --

VOICE

Quite the contrary. I want Chris to help us. You'll see. Everything will work out for the best.

The connection ends.

Jim Richardson stands there holding the receiver. He sets it back in its cradle and walks over to a FRAMED PICTURE atop a chest of drawers and picks it up.

THE FRAMED PICTURE

is of Jim's late wife, Kathleen. In the photo she is very radiant -- and very pregnant.

Jim speaks to the picture.

JIM

What the hell am I doin', Kath? All of this seems pretty crazy, doesn't it? Parallel earths. Us having two sons.

(beat)

If there was ever another chance at happiness --

JIM

smiles as he brushes his finger tips against the photo.

Off of Jim's expression, we --

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. OFFICE - NIGHT**

There's nothing out of the ordinary here, just your standard typical office. A MAN IN A BUSINESS SUIT sits behind a heavy oak desk, a cordless phone in hand.

Two other people are present, one man and one woman. Both are dressed in attire similar to that of the FBI.

Just outside the office are TWO ARMED SECURITY GUARDS.

WOMAN

Did Richardson agree to help us?

The MAN, who was the voice that we heard earlier, nods. When he speaks this time he sounds normal, less gruff although nonetheless intimidating.

MAN

Just like I said he would. I didn't get this position by playing nice.

Off of this "mystery man" we --

FADE TO BLACK

**END OF TEASER****ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**INT. PIZZA PARLOR - AFTERNOON**

CHRIS, KEN, ANNA and HEATHER sit in a booth, eating pizza and watching a television that's positioned in one of the ceiling corners. Besides a WAITRESS and the CASHIER there aren't many other patrons present.

THE TELEVISION

is broadcasting a news report. Two REPORTERS can be seen sitting behind a desk.

MALE REPORTER

In other news today, Larry McBane, Secretary of Agriculture, is continuing a nation wide survey of land mass in California. Claiming to be part of a new stimulus plan,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALE REPORTER (cont'd)

McBane says that the better utilization of our land's resources will be vital to creating new jobs and reviving our economy.

FEMALE REPORTER

Congress has declared bi partisan support for this measure, despite the initial price tag, claiming that in an age of globalization we need to give a little to make a lot. Political commentators note that this is the tenth consecutive bill that both parties have jointly supported. Now to Dan Suthers for Sports --

The television is turned off by an employee standing on a stepstool.

The Sliders each react to the news broadcast with amusement.

KEN

I thought I'd seen it all but I never expected to land on an Earth where political parties get along.

CHRIS

(chuckles)

Must make election season boring.

Heather Marshall takes a bite of a pizza slice.

HEATHER

Still that might be a good thing. If they're willing to put aside their political differences, then maybe they'll take the Marauder threat seriously.

ACROSS THE PARLOR

Jim Richardson stands near the door, watching the Sliders. He's preparing to put on an act. After a moment he makes his way over to the booth.

Anna is the first to notice Jim. She motions for the others to look.

JIM

Excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

Both Chris and Ken are stunned by the sight of their dead father's duplicate. Anna is confused until Heather leans over and whispers something in her ear.

KEN  
(apprehensive)  
Uh, Dad?

JIM  
After all these years. In a pizza  
joint of all places.

Chris stands up.

CHRIS  
What are you talking about?

JIM  
I haven't spoken to you since your  
mother's funeral. The last I heard  
was that you blamed me for what  
happened to your mother.  
(beat)  
You accused me of her broken heart.  
After that you disappear. That is,  
until now.

Chris is at a loss for words. So are the others.

CHRIS  
Hey, look, Dad. Now I'm sure all of  
this is a lot to take in but I can  
explain everything.

Ken stands up and moves over towards his brother.

Jim nods and then looks over at Ken. It's clear that he doesn't recognize him. He extends his hand to Ken.

JIM  
I'm Jim Richardson, Chris's father.  
And you are?

Heather and Anna exchange saddened looks.

Ken shrugs, trying to be nonchalant.

KEN  
Ah, nobody I guess.

Jim furrows his brow at Ken's comment.

Anna tries to ease the situation. She stand up and offers her hand to Jim.

ANNA

I'm Anna Donovan, a friend of  
Chris's.

(gestures at Heather)

And this is Heather Marshall.

After an exchange of pleasantries Jim reaches into his coat pocket and produces a pen. Using one of the napkins on the table he jots something down.

JIM

This is my phone number and  
address. When you have the time,  
Chris, I'd really like it if you  
were to come by. We can catch up.

He hands Chris the napkin, takes one last look at Ken, and then takes his leave.

Once Jim is gone Ken runs a hand through his hair and exhales through his teeth.

KEN

Well that sucked.

Heather places a comforting hand on Ken's shoulder. While holding his gaze at the front door he places his hand atop of hers.

Anna goes over to Chris, who's standing there looking at the napkin.

ANNA

How you holding up?

CHRIS

I don't know. I mean, this isn't  
the first time I've bumped into my  
dad on a different Earth. You'd  
think that after eight years of  
Sliding I'd get used to the weird  
things.

Heather joins Anna and Chris.

HEATHER

You gonna go see him?

CHRIS

And say what, Heather? 'Hey, I'm  
not the son you knew but I am your  
son?'

KEN

(CONTINUED)



tosses a glance over his shoulder. It's quite evident that he's bothered by the encounter.

KEN

If you're going then so am I.

CHRIS

Why? You never existed on this world. He has no idea who you really are.

KEN

He may not know who I am but he's still my father.

(shrugs)

Sorta.

ANNA

Look, guys. If you're going to go see him then perhaps we should all go. You know, for moral support. I can only imagine how rough this has gotta be for you guys.

HEATHER

Sounds good to me. I can only begin to understand how weird it is to see your dead father come breezin' through the door.

CHRIS

He's not our real father, Heather. He's just a mirror image. One thing I've learned is that it's not a good idea to get emotionally invested with duplicates of loved ones.

ANNA

It could be worse.

CHRIS

How so?

ANNA

At least your loved one isn't working for Bremmer.

Chris smiles at Anna.

CHRIS

Good point.

**EXT. HILLSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON**

The "mystery man" from earlier stands before a MINER. The "mystery man" is no other than Secretary of Agriculture Larry McBane.

The miner hands McBane a thin stack of papers.

MCBANE

I don't need a long complicated explanation. Is the mountain rich with coal or not?

MINER

(hesitant)

We ran the test and yeah, they are. However --

MCBANE

However *what?*

MINER

Sir, I don't want to tell you how to do your job. This mountain's a protected wildlife reserve. While you can run all the tests you want you can't mine here.

McBane takes a step towards the miner. Even though the miner is of greater stature, McBane looks more angry and intimidating. Well, the two BURLY BODYGUARDS flanking McBane probably had something to do with the miner's reaction as well.

MCBANE

You don't tell me what I can and can't do, alright? You just do as you're instructed.

MINER

Mr. McBane, I've got a kid in college. I'm not about to go to prison for some illegal mining operation.

A FEMALE BODYGUARD closes the space between her and the miner.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Nobody is asking you to do anything. In fact, your services are no longer required. You can go now.

(CONTINUED)

The miner makes his way over to A RUSTED FORD F150 TRUCK and climbs inside.

McBane produces a pack of cigarettes. Lighting one he glances over the papers that the miner had given him.

Another BODYGUARD tries to look over McBane's shoulder.

MALE BODYGUARD  
What's it say, Boss?

MCBANE  
(grinning)  
Everything we need and more.

FEMALE BODYGUARD  
You want me to go ahead and make the call?

MCBANE  
No, not yet. We still need Richardson's cooperation. Until that times comes we'll just have to wait.

Off of McBane and his bodyguards, we --

FADE TO BLACK

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. JIM RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - SUNSET**

On one side of the living room, Chris and Ken sit on a love seat while Jim sits across from them in his recliner. Heather and Anna sit on a couple of dining room chairs.

VARIOUS PICTURES OF THIS EARTH'S RICHARDSON FAMILY

grace the walls.

Ken's attention is more on the pictures while Chris is trying to explain the true nature of their presence. We join them in the middle of the discussion.

JIM  
I didn't know you wrote science fiction, son.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I don't. I understand how weird this all may sound but every bit of it is true. On our Earth you had two sons.

(beat)

On our Earth, you died when I was eighteen.

JIM

(mumbles)

First you and now them.

HEATHER

Excuse me?

Jim, having just caught himself a second late, changes the direction of the conversation.

JIM

So, ah, you say that on *your Earth* I had two sons?

CHRIS

Yes.

As Chris talks to his father's double Heather checks the Timer in a discreet fashion. She then nudges Ken and Anna.

HEATHER

Hey, Ken. Perhaps Chris would like to speak with his father in private. I sure could use some fresh air.

Ken and Anna are confused but nonetheless follow Heather out to the front porch.

JIM

looks curious but doesn't say a word. He turns his attention back to Chris.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER**

The area outside the house looks barren and out-of-the-way, sort of what one home on the outskirts of town would look like.

Heather leans against the porch railing.

Ken goes over to her with Anna not far behind him.

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Alright, Heather, what's the deal?  
Why were you in such a hurry to get  
outta there?

ANNA

Does this have something to do with  
the Timer? I saw you looking at.

HEATHER

Take a look for yourselves.

Heather reaches in her pocket and pulls out the Timer for  
Ken to see.

THE TIMER'S LED DISPLAY

reads the following: **005 HRS 32 MINS 46 SECS.**

KEN

I don't get it. I thought we had  
twenty-six hours left. What gives?

HEATHER

I don't know. It's weird, that much  
is certain. We gotta warn this  
world of the Marauders.

KEN

First this and now the Timer. Chris  
would be the only one who'd know  
what's going on with it.

ANNA

This version of Ken's dad seems to  
believe us.

HEATHER

That's another thing, too. We all  
know that this Earth's Chris and  
Jim can't stand one another. Why  
would he just turn around and  
invite all of us to his house, huh?

KEN

I dunno. Maybe doubles share more  
traits than we might think. Yeah,  
at times my dad could be a stick in  
the mud but he was always there,  
always supportive.

(beat)

Maybe he has to believe, in some  
weird psychological way, to accept  
what's happened in the past.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

What ever we do, now's the time. If the Timer's acting up then what it reads now may change again. This entire world will be one giant wasteland if we don't do our job.

KEN

Alright. I'll go inside and get Chris. You two wait here. The sooner we Slide outta here, the better.

Heather and Anna watch Ken go back into the house.

HEATHER

Poor Ken. It must be rough, seeing his father again.

ANNA

I don't know how I'd react if I ran into my parents again and they never knew who I was.

ANNA

thinks upon this.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM**

Chris looks up as Ken enters the room. Jim isn't anywhere to be seen.

KEN

Where's Dad?

CHRIS

The phone rang. He went into the other room to answer it.

KEN

Hey, bro. We gotta another problem.

CHRIS

(sighs)

Of course. What's the matter this time?

KEN

The Timer's actin' all screwy. You know how it said we had just a little over a day here? Well now

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KEN (cont'd)  
it's saying we about five hours  
left.

CHRIS  
Damn. Alright. We'll get going.  
I'll have to take a look at the  
Timer after we go talk to this  
McBane guy.

Chris stands up.

Ken checks around to make sure Jim isn't within earshot.

KEN  
Do you get a weird vibe from dad's  
double?

CHRIS  
What do you mean?

KEN  
I mean, this guy hasn't seen the  
other you in years. You show up and  
now everything's a bed of roses?

CHRIS  
C'mon, Ken, the guy's had a rough  
life. His divorce from Mom hit him  
pretty hard and when she died and  
my double left, it crushed him.

KEN  
If he was anything like our Dad  
then he'd thrown us out on our  
asses by now with your story of  
Sliding.

CHRIS  
We've seen stranger. We've seen and  
met versions of ourselves that  
boggle the mind. Hell, Ken, we've  
met female versions of ourselves!

At that moment Anna enters the room. She looks over at the  
brothers.

ANNA  
Ah, excuse me boys but could you  
point me towards the bathroom?  
(off Ken's weird look)  
I gotta -- powder my nose?

(CONTINUED)

KEN

Yeah, it's in the back. Second door on the right.

Anna exits the living room.

Ken and Chris exchange amused looks.

CHRIS

I didn't even know women still did that sort of thing.

KEN

There's a lot about women that you have no clue about.

**INT. JIM'S BEDROOM**

Jim is speaking into the phone while tossing cautious glances at the door, making sure that he's not being overheard.

JIM

Now what the hell are you talking about?

McBane's voice, still disguised, is more vicious this time around.

MCBANE

A Timer. They should have it on 'em.

JIM

It's like what, a stopwatch or something? Some sort of timepiece?

MCBANE

C'mon, Jim, don't play ignorant with me. They've already confirmed their Sliders story. Their Timer is what governs their journeys. It tells them how much time is left and what activates the Sliding vortex.

JIM

And how would you know all of this?

MCBANE

I'm the one that asks the questions. We had a deal, Richardson.

(CONTINUED)



JIM

What's the deal here anyways? Why would the government be interested in a guy like me? What does the President want with these people?

MCBANE

Find the Timer. I want to know how much time they have left. You bring me the Timer and we'll work out the details of your reward.

The line disconnects.

Jim hangs up the phone, taking in a deep breath as he closes his eyes. He pinches the bridge of his nose.

NEAR THE BEDROOM DOOR

is Anna. It's obvious that she overheard the conversation. Before she can be caught she goes back to the living room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM**

Chris and Ken are still talking when Anna approaches them.

ANNA

We need to go outside for a minute. There's something that I need to tell you.

Chris and Ken note the urgency in her tone and both head out to the porch.

**EXT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER**

Once all four Sliders were outside, Anna closes the front door.

CHRIS

What's going on, Anna?

ANNA

I overheard your father talking to someone over the phone. From what I've heard your father's trying to pump us for information.

KEN

About?

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Sliding. I think whoever he was talking to was asking him for our Timer.

CHRIS

Until we know the full story, we need to be real careful. We'll go back inside and keep him talking. Maybe we can get him to slip up.

KEN

Or we can just get the hell out of here now, avoid playing detective, and actually do what we're here to do.

THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR

Jim Richardson watches, listening to their conversation.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

**INT. MCBANE'S OFFICE**

McBane sits at his desk, his gaze held on the telephone. He speaks to someone without looking at them.

MCBANE

Did you do it?

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Yes, sir. Richardson's home is bugged.

MCBANE

I want them under our constant surveillance. I don't trust the man, even under these -- unique -- circumstances. We can't afford to have Richardson turn traitor.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Not to worry, sir. As we speak we have our agents watching the place. Our dear Sliders are still there.

MCBANE

Good, good. I want a report on the hour every hour.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Yes, sir.

The female bodyguard takes her leave.

McBane is alone in the office. He picks up the phone and dials a number.

MCBANE

(into the phone)

Patch me through to him.

(beat)

Tell him it's important.

#### **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The Sliders are alone in the living room. Ken glances at his wristwatch as he paces. Anna and Heather sit nearby, watching Ken pace as Chris is looking nervous himself.

KEN

It makes perfect sense now. I mean, with Dad bein' all accepting of our story an' what not.

CHRIS

But who could he be working for?

HEATHER

I hate to say it but he could be working for the Marauders.

KEN

It is a possibility, Chris.

CHRIS

Look, guys, let's not jump to conclusions. Let's --

The rest of what Chris was going to say is cut off when Jim enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

What's going on here?

Ken stops his pacing and strides over to Jim with enough conviction to cause Jim to back pedal.

KEN

Look, pal. It's about time to open up to us. We've told you everything but you've hardly uttered a word. You better start talkin'.

Jim is only a bit fazed by Ken's boldness. However, Jim Richardson can be just a every bit bold as "his" son.

JIM

You just better back it up there, bud. I'm not about to be harassed by some punk off of the street who claims to be my son from another life.

Anna and Heather watch the interplay. Anna leans over to Chris.

ANNA

I can see where Ken gets it from.

CHRIS

You have no idea, Anna.

Ken and Jim have a stand off. Neither one is backing down.

KEN

Now, I don't believe you really think that. Who ever you were just talkin' to in there seems awfully interested in us, especially our Timer.

JIM

Your what?

KEN

(to Chris)

Show him, brother. Help me refresh this guy's memory.

Chris holds up the Timer for Jim to see.

Off of Jim's shocked reacton --

(CONTINUED)

KEN

You know damn well who we really are, that I'm the son you never had. You *knew* the entire time what was going on!

Jim can't -- or won't -- maintain the facade. Sighing and shaking his head he moves past Ken and the others, settling down in his recliner.

JIM

Fine, I give. Yes, I knew who you all really were nearly from the moment you arrived.

(to Chris)

I knew that you weren't really my son and that you were just his duplicate.

CHRIS

Why go through all of this?

JIM

I know this is gonna sound crazy but they promised me that if I helped turned you all in, I'd get to see my wife again.

KEN

And you believed that? The Jim Richardson I knew would never be so easily fooled.

JIM

They told me that they had access to Sliding technology.

CHRIS

Who told you about Sliding?

JIM

Some government official told me all about it but I thought he was just crazy.

(shrugs)

But just your being here proves all of that.

Heather takes a step towards Jim.

HEATHER

Wait a sec here. Who in the government told you about Sliding?

(CONTINUED)

JIM

Not a clue. All I know is that some official from the Department of Agriculture wanted information on you guys.

ANNA

Department of Agriculture? But why --?

KEN

The Department of Agriculture regulates the usage of natural resources.

CHRIS

The Marauders are here, aren't they?

Jim leans back in his recliner. Frustrated, worried, scared. These emotions play across his face.

JIM

Look, I've never heard of any Marauders, alright?

KEN

The Marauders will be your worse nightmare, pal, and you just helped 'em out.

JIM

What? I don't know what you're talking about here.

CHRIS

The Marauders. They're an organization with access to Sliding technology. They travel from various Earths, stripping them of their natural resources. This world is just one of many on their hitlist.

Jim is speechless, trying to take all of this in.

Heather speaks up.

HEATHER

They invaded our homeworld, reducing it to a mere shell. Now our world may well already be lost, but I'll be damned if they continue to get away with this.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

You bastard.

Chris, Ken and Heather all turned -- shocked -- towards Anna, who had until this point remained silent. She pushed past Heather and jabs an index finger at Jim.

ANNA

You were not only ready to sell us out but you were going to help those crazed sons of bitches invade your own world!

Jim shifts in his recliner.

JIM

What I'm saying is the truth, okay? Nobody ever said anything to me about Sliding Marauders or invading our planet.

CHRIS

Who's your contact?

JIM

Larry McBane.

CHRIS

The very same guy who we were going to warn about the Marauders.

KEN

(to Jim)

Look, buddy. You caused this mess and now you're gonna help us clean it up.

JIM

I can't. I mean, there's not much I can do. For all I know they can have us under watch.

KEN

Then we're just going to have really watch our step.

Off of the Sliders and Jim Richardson, we --

SLOW FADE TO:

**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

A WHITE SEDAN speeds down the street.

**INT. SEDAN**

The female bodyguard is behind the wheel with the male bodyguard in the front seat. Seated in the back is Larry McBane.

MCBANE

Hurry it up, will ya?

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Ease up, Boss. We'll get there in plenty time.

MCBANE

I can't really be upset. I expected Richardson would cave but not this soon. I will not lose my promotion over this.

The male bodyguard looks over his shoulder.

MALE BODYGUARD

Even if they tried leaving they can't get too far, Boss. There's nowhere for them to run. Besides, they seem like the gallant type. If anything they'll come to us.

MCBANE

Time is of the essence. We just can't sit around and wait for the Sliders to come to us. No, a more direct approach is in order.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

an ANIMAL darts across the road.

The driver swerves to avoid hitting it and instead collides with a tree.

The front end of the sedan crumples like an aluminum can. Moments later the sound of RENDING METAL can be heard as the passenger door struggles to open.

The female driver emerges, bruised and cut. So does the male bodyguard and Larry McBane.

(CONTINUED)



MALE BODYGUARD

You alright, Boss?

McBane, dazed and with a bleeding cut on his forehead, nods.

MCBANE

Yeah I'm fine. C'mon, let's keep moving.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Keep moving?

MCBANE

Yes. I promised the organization results and that's exactly what I intend on doing.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Sir, all of us are injured and we have no car. Let's call in somebody else.

MCBANE

To hell with that. Call in for a pickup. There's no telling when the Sliders will try to leave.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Sir?

MCBANE

Go on, do as I say.

As the female bodyguard pulls out her cellphone and makes the call, McBane produces a HANDGUN and checks to make sure that it's loaded. He looks up at the male bodyguard.

MCBANE

Make sure you're loaded. He said he only wanted Ken Richardson taken in alive. We'll figure out what to do with the others.

The male bodyguard checks his sidearm as the female bodyguard gets off of the phone.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Sir, a ride will be here in about ten minutes.

MCBANE

Good.

**INT. JIM RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Chris, Ken and Heather are speaking with Jim Richardson, planning their next move. Anna stands near the window, looking out.

CHRIS

We can't very well go in with guns blazing. We're going to have to find out where they're operating from.

KEN

We only got a little under four hours left till the Slide. Doesn't leave us much room for finesse.

HEATHER

Maybe we can draw them out of hiding somehow.

JIM

It won't work. They already know a great deal about you guys. They'd be expecting something like that.

KEN

So what do you suggest then?

Anna steps back from the window and calls out for the others to join her.

HEATHER

What's goin' on, Anna?

ANNA

I just saw a van parked out front. Not sure how long they'd been there but they just took off.

CHRIS

(looking out the window)  
Did you see any more?

ANNA

No, just the one.

JIM

I knew they'd find me. We have to leave now.

The Sliders and Jim Richardson leave the house.

**EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

The quartet and Jim head over to Jim Richardson's car. The  
TIRES

have been slashed.

Ken pops the hood open and looks inside.

The

DISTRIBUTOR CAP AND WIRES

are missing.

KEN

Well we can scratch that idea.

ANNA

Great, now what do we do?

CHRIS

(to Jim)

Do you have another car?

JIM

No.

HEATHER

We've been in tighter situations  
than this. I'm sure there's another  
way out of here.

CHRIS

We can either flag somebody down  
and hitch a ride or we can travel  
on foot.

KEN

I think we need another plan.

ANNA

Time's not exactly on our side,  
Ken.

KEN

Since when is it ever?

CHRIS

Let's go back inside and figure all  
of this out.

The five of them go back into the house.

(CONTINUED)

ACROSS THE STREET

unbeknownst to the Sliders or Jim, a FIGURE emerges from the shadows and, with firearm in hand, makes his way towards the house.

**INT. JIM RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Just as Ken is about to shut the door it's pushed open in the opposite direction. The GUNMAN steps into the living room, weapon pointed directly at the Sliders.

JIM

Oh, boy.

FADE TO BLACK

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

**INT. JIM RICHARDSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The gunman, a tall and brooding figure, stands near the front door aiming the gun at the Sliders. He turns his attention to Ken.

GUNMAN

All but Ken Richardson take a step back.

The group all takes a hesitant step back.

Ken, with hands raised, eyes the gunman.

KEN

Nice work you did on our car.

GUNMAN

Shut up. You're to come with me.

KEN

Yeah, I kinda doubt that. Who sent you?

(CONTINUED)

GUNMAN  
You'll find out soon enough.  
(gestures with the gun)  
Come on, get moving.

Chris takes a step forward, hands raised.

CHRIS  
What do you want with my brother?

GUNMAN  
I wouldn't worry about that right  
now. You better keep that trap of  
your shut if you want to make it  
out this alive.  
(beat)  
The rest of you, go make yourselves  
comfortable. We've got company on  
the way.

Chris, Heather, Anna and Jim head into the living room,  
taking their respective spots.

**SEVERAL MINUTES LATER**

The group is graced with the presence of Larry McBane, along  
with his ever present bodyguards. McBane heads over to the  
gunman.

MCBANE  
Sorry I'm late, friend. I trust you  
have everything under control here?

GUNMAN  
Of course.

MCBANE  
Good.

McBane turns his attention to Ken.

MCBANE  
Ah, you must be Ken Richardson.  
I've heard so much about you.

KEN  
You're the Secretary of  
Agriculture, aren't you?

MCBANE  
Well, not technically.

ACROSS THE LIVING ROOM

(CONTINUED)

Chris stands up and only manages a few steps before being halted by the gunman.

CHRIS

What's that supposed to mean?

MCBANE

The government of this Earth aren't after you. Never were. Your father's duplicate would never have cooperated with us if he thought otherwise.

(beat)

Poor fool didn't have the stones to join the winning side.

McBane looks past Chris towards either Anna or Heather.

MCBANE

Anna Donovan, I presume. Come on, sweetheart, get up.

ANNA

How do you know me?

MCBAIN

I don't know you personally but I've heard a great deal about you. Your husband will be pleased to know you're well.

ANNA

is floored by McBane's comment. She makes her way over to McBane.

ANNA

My husband? Is he here with you?

MCBANE

No, he's not with us. He's on another world. He started Sliding just after you left him to be with Richardson.

(beat)

Bring both you and Ken back with me will surely guarantee me my promotion.

CHRIS

Promotion?

(CONTINUED)

MCBANE

To Overseer. I hear there's a few positions opening up.

CHRIS

You're -- a Slider?

MCBANE

On another world I was just a mailroom clerk when the Marauders invaded. I saw the destruction that they brought with them.

ANNA

So how'd you pull off being the Secretary of Agriculture?

MCBANE

That's a real interesting question. On this world, my double was a real somebody. An upstanding guy. For your sake, you don't wanna know what happened.

While McBane's attention is held on the Sliders, Jim slips out the back.

HEATHER

So what's your plan now?

MCBANE

Isn't it obvious? The Marauders are preparing to move in. The first vortex opens at dawn. We already have our agents in position. It's too late to stop it.

KEN

Then you really don't know us real well, do ya, pal?

MCBANE

On the contrary, Richardson. I've heard plenty about you. I heard what you did to Bremmer's Extractor. It was no coincidence that you all ran into your father's duplicate.

(beat)

You see, while you and your brother here were taking a trip down memory lane, our forces were already moving into position. They were here before you arrived.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)

Overseer Bremmer is here. He was tracking your wormhole. He had me seek out your father's duplicate. I figured it wouldn't hurt to try and get Jim Richardson to join our cause.

KEN

(muses)

He was telling the truth. He never really knew.

(to McBane)

So you're just one of Bremmer's lapdogs. Where is he now?

MCBANE

No, not just yet. You'll get to see him in due time. For now I gotta tie up some loose ends.

(to Heather and Anna)

You two. Move it. Over here.

Heather and Anna move over to where McBane is. He then shifts the gun over to the two women.

Ken goes to make a move but the male bodyguard has him at gunpoint while the female bodyguard has Chris.

MCBANE

Don't even try it, Hero.

As McBane's finger curls around the trigger the room is filled with a loud BOOM!

MCBANE'S

eyes bulge and his body slumps to the ground. Standing behind him is Jim Richardson, with a shotgun in hand.

The other two bodyguards make a move but are stopped short by Jim.

JIM

(to the bodyguards)

Your weapons. Hand them over to my sons.

The bodyguards do as they're told. Chris and Ken take their weapons from them.

Ken talks to the male bodyguard.

(CONTINUED)



KEN

Alright, bud, there's been a change of plans. You and your friends here are going to take us to where Bremmer plans on opening the vortex.

MALE BODYGUARD

We don't know the exact location. McBane never told us.

CHRIS

Do you at least have an idea where they're operating from.

FEMALE BODYGUARD

Some warehouse across town, I think.

KEN

That's start.  
(to the group)  
Let's get a move on.

The Sliders and Jim Richardson head over to A WHITE VAN that McBane had used to get there. They keep their assailants at bay via gunpoint until they are safe inside the van.

The van speeds off into the dark.

SLOW FADE TO:

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

It's only an hour or so before the sun is set to rise, all is still dark out. The white slows to a crawl, across the street from an average looking warehouse.

**INT. VAN**

Ken's behind the wheel as Chris sits in the passenger seat. Heather, Anna and Jim are in the back.

KEN

I think this is the place.

CHRIS

We won't know for sure until we check it out.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER  
(sarcastic)  
And here comes the fun part.

KEN  
C'mon.

Ken opens the van door and steps out. The others exit the van.

**EXT. STREETS - EARLY MORNING**

Jim is willing to join the others but Chris stops him.

CHRIS  
It's not safe for you to come with us. I think you should stay by the van, it'll be safer for you.

JIM  
But I want to help out. I owe you all that much.

CHRIS  
And I appreciate that but there's nothing else you can do at this point. All you'll be doing is putting yourself in danger.

KEN  
(to Jim)  
Besides, you've done enough already. If it wasn't for you we'd be dead.

Ken claps Jim on the shoulder. He thinks for a moment.

KEN  
You know, I was wrong earlier. The Jim Richardson I knew was a lot like you. He was a real good man.

JIM  
I'm sure he was, and I'm sure that he'd be real proud of the both of you. I know I am.

Ken and Jim share a brief one armed hug. The group then, under cover of night, take off towards the warehouse.

JIM  
watches them leave.

**INT. OFFICE - EARLY MORNING**

This office bares a strong resemblance to McBane's office. As always there are two guards standing outside the door. The man who's sitting behind the desk is no other than --

OVERSEER BREMMER

in a leg brace, due to the gunshot wound he'd taken the last time he encountered the Richardson brothers.

BREMMER

Well, Larry bought us enough time. That's what we needed, right?

GUARD

Sir?

BREMMER

The first vortex is set to open in about an hour. Right on schedule. The Sliders have been too distracted to do anything about it. Not everything went to plan, though. I mean, idiots will be idiots after all.

GUARD

Shall I inform the others?

BREMMER

Not just yet. The loss of McBane is a small setback. Granted, he wasn't the sharpest pencil in the bunch, but he had been proven useful. All too eager to serve our organization. His position as Secretary of Agriculture served us well. We have all that we need to carry on.

Bremmer stands up and heads over to the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW

the city of San Diego sprawls out. The city is waking up.

Bremmer smirks.

BREMMER

We are set to begin the first wave. Resistance is expected but will be minimal at best. All of our Extractors are set in place.

(CONTINUED)

Bremmer's guard pressed his index finger and middle finger against his earpiece. He looks back up at Bremmer.

GUARD

Sir, I've just been informed that the Sliders are nearby.

BREMMER

And where are they now?

GUARD

They're at the warehouse on the corner of Monroe and Main.

Bremmer chuckles as he turns his attention back towards the window.

BREMMER

Their quest to stop us will go uneventful yet again. That warehouse has been empty for months now. Those fools were actually smart enough to misdirect them.

GUARD

What should we do about the Sliders?

BREMMER

Nothing. Let 'em fumble around in the dark. Maybe they'll be here long enough to enjoy the show.

GUARD

Very well, sir.

Bremmer continues to hold his gaze on the window. He reaches a hand out and picks up a thin stack of papers. These are the same papers that McBane had had earlier.

BREMMER

(flips through the papers)

The scouts have told us that this world's resources are abundant. People will find it a scientific anomaly, something to be studied rather than defended.

(beat)

Scientists will come and study it. In the end they will just scratch their head as they continue to analyze.

(CONTINUED)

Bremmer finishes reading McBane's report. Satisfied, he sets the papers back down.

BREMMER

After all, this is just another  
stop along the way.

SLOW FADE TO:

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - EARLY MORNING**

The Sliders manage to sneak onto the property without much difficulty. They make their way over to the entrance.

Ken bashes his elbow against the small glass pane, reaches in and turns the doorknob.

All four enter the building.

**INT. WAREHOUSE**

The group can't see much in the dark. Anna finds a switch and flips it.

The lights come on.

Now they have a much better view of their surroundings. What once looked like an elaborate set up is nothing more than a few pieces of abandoned equipment, complete with cobweb coverings.

Chris examines a particular piece of equipment as Ken and the girls look around.

CHRIS

There's nothing here that can be  
useful. This looks like it could've  
been part of a Sliding Machine.  
These coils are badly damaged.

KEN

It looks like who ever was here had  
a bad temper tantrum.

Ken picks up a chunk of damaged electronic components.

ANNA

Maybe who ever was here had to  
leave in a hurry.

(CONTINUED)

HEATHER

This can't be the place. Nobody's been here for quite a while.

KEN

Let's keep looking.

They continue to search the abandoned warehouse. They end up empty handed.

CHRIS

There's nothing here. What ever was here is long gone. This place was probably the Marauders' base at some point.

KEN

What do we do now?

Off of Chris, we --

SLOW FADE TO:

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN**

The Sliders stand across the street in front of the van with Jim Richardson. Chris glances at the Timer.

THE TIMER

reads: 00 HRS 05 MINS 16 SECS

CHRIS

We've been at this all morning, guys. We got five minutes till the Slide. Where ever the Marauders are working from, we won't know. Not here.

KEN

At least we stopped McBane, right? We don't even know for sure if Bremmer was really here. Don't you think we would've seen him by now if he were?

ANNA

I know we're pressed for time but there's gotta be something we can do. Something to warn the others.

Chris turns to Jim.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Dad, you now know the truth. You know what they're capable of. It's up to you to warn them, alright? Do what ever you have to to get 'em to listen.

JIM

(nods)

I'll do my best, Chris.

**EXT. SAN DIEGO - DAWN**

VARIOUS ANGLES

of the city are shown. People commuting to work. Neighborhoods waking up.

A DOG barks at the skies. His owner walks over to him and kneels down, ruffling his fur.

DOG OWNER

What's wrong, boy?

The dog continues to bark.

The owner, a middle-aged man in a business suit, looks towards the direction the dog is barking.

DOG OWNER'S POV

of an enormous RED SLIDING VORTEX opening at the end of the street.

Other neighbors come out of their homes to see what's going on.

The dog owner stands there awe-struck.

DOG OWNER

What in the hell?

DOWN THE STREET

an army of men emerge from the vortex, along with various types of machinery.

VARIOUS ANGLES

of Sliding vortices appear through out the city. The Marauders begin the invasion.

(CONTINUED)

The Sliders themselves stand by and watch the horror unfold as we hear Bremmer in a VOICE OVER.

BREMMER (V.O.)

Our soldiers, well trained and ready for any situation, will be on the front lines. Once the first wave is complete we will then erect our barriers. The resistance will hardly hinder our operations.

(beat)

This organization runs far deeper than anyone can possibly imagine. Our benefactors watch us closely, to prove to us how weak we are. Our actions will prove them wrong.

Chris looks at the Timer. He waits three seconds and then --

THE SLIDING VORTEX

winks into existence.

Jim Richardson stares at the wormhole.

Chris turns to the others.

CHRIS

Go! I'll be right behind you!

Heather hesitates before jumping into the vortex. Anna follows right behind her.

Ken tries to pull himself away from the horror that's unfolding.

KEN

I can't go, Chris! I can't just turn my back on these people!

CHRIS

There's no time, Ken! This world is lost. We gotta keep moving!

KEN

takes another long moment, as if he's debating on whether or not to stay. In a fit of anger he rushes towards the vortex and dives in.

Chris turns to face his father's duplicate.

(CONTINUED)



CHRIS

Come with us. There's nothing left  
for you here.

JIM

I-I can't. I have to stay here, to  
help these people fight. No matter  
what happens this is still my home.

Chris starts towards the vortex. He stops one last time to  
look on at Jim Richardson.

CHRIS

You sure you won't come?

JIM

I know who they are, Chris. I can  
use that information to help them  
fight. You go on, alright? You  
gotta keep the fight goin' on your  
side. Don't let them take another  
world.

Chris smiles at Jim and then jumps into the vortex.

Jim watches the vortex till it closes.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SAN DIEGO - DAY**

What once was a beautiful city is now a dirty militarized  
zone. RESOURCE DEPLETING MACHINERY stand in rows. A RED  
SLIDING VORTEX appears and more soldiers and equipment  
emerge from the other side.

**INT. WAREHOUSE**

The warehouse that the Sliders were in is now occupied by  
resistance fighters. Among them is Jim Richardson.

Jim is attending to a wounded young man.

JIM

(talks to a nurse)

Make sure he gets that leg checked  
out.

NURSE

Yes, Commander.

(CONTINUED)

Jim then continues to check on the others when SOMEBODY walks up behind him. He turns around to see --

ALT-CHRIS RICHARDSON

dressed in ratty clothes with dirt smeared across his face.

ALT-CHRIS  
Commander, huh?

JIM  
Uh, well, yeah. I guess. I never do get used to be calling that.

ALT-CHRIS  
I heard that a Jim Richardson was Commander of the San Diego branch of the resistance. I wanted to see it for myself.

JIM  
Look, son, I know it's been a long time since we've seen each other --

ALT-CHRIS  
Hey, Dad, we can discuss all that later. There's another reason why I came looking for you.

(beat)  
I've been studying how these people were able to invade our dimension. I've been working on a way to fight them on their own level. It's a form of travel I call Sliding.

JIM

beams a smile at his son -- his real son.

Off of Jim we --

FADE TO BLACK

**THE END**